

No. 27.

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE.



DECEMBER, 1917.

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SWISS & Co., PRINTERS, 111 & 112 FORE STREET.

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121

122

123

124

125

THE DEVONPORT High School Magazine.

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DECEMBER, 1917.

PRICE 6d.

EDITOR :—R. F. E. COCK.

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

EDITORIAL.

Our 27th number ! How time flies ! It seems but a year ago we adorned Form III. and sat groaning under the arch-inquisitor " Limen."

And when those who at present grace Lower Forms have attained to patriarchal years and prefectorial dignity, we hope that their prospects will have long been assured by the return of Peace.

Now alack ! the green pastures of peaceful career are given over to the ravaging War locusts. Far be it from us to assume the character of seer, but we hope that ere long the foul cloud will be dispersed unto the dimmest horizon.

Locked with the rest of the nation, D.H.S., never backward in deed of duty, seeks to maintain a face calm and unperturbed amid the exigencies of present dislocation, to work as it ever wrought, untiringly, unflinchingly.

Meanwhile we sigh for Peace and Victory. Time will bring them we know—and he is swift of wing. Witness Omar's balmful words :—

" The bird of Time hath but a little way to fly,
And lo ! the bird is on the wing."

REVUE.

We make bold to state that this past term D.H.S. has lived up to its best traditions.

* * * *

We make note of two unique occurrences at the Sports this year. The first is that the Silver Cup—aspired to and carried off by many a bygone hero—has at last passed out of the School. Its desertion is in consequence of the brilliant feat of H. J. M. Westlake, who, winning the Cup for the third time this year, becomes its sole proprietor. Bravo Westlake!

* * * *

The other event was the singularly keen contest between the two leading houses, "Raleigh" and "Gilbert." As their respective points before Sports' Day were exactly equal, the securing of the final points proved immensely interesting. The subsequent victory of "Raleigh" by the narrow margin of 2 points is entirely unexampled in our annals. May we cheer the winning house, and its late Captain, C. A. Oakley!

* * * *

We would thank Mr. Cox for the keenness and energy he has displayed as Sports' Master.

* * * *

Yet another rare happening. At the beginning of the term each house found itself without a Captain. The four new Captains have our best wishes.

* * * *

Again we offer proof of the fact that when D.H.S. aims, the target falls. Proudly we record the dazzling success of one of our ex-Prefects, W. H. Bosworthick, who entered last July in competition with the whole of Devon, Cornwall and Somerset, for the Dyke Exhibition, and carried it off unscathed. This Scholarship entitles the winner to a grant of £60 for four years, tenable at Oxford University.

* * * *

In the Army, too, we have found our level. H. J. M. Westlake, the only candidate sent in by us for Sandhurst, secured the 2nd place among a list of some 300 successes. He wins a King's Cadetship.

* * * *

Twenty-four Honours with twenty-eight distinctions and only four failures is our result in the Cambridge Local examinations. The successes, too, have the merit of being of an "all-round" nature.

* * * *

Eleven students also qualified for Matriculation.

The long line of medical students who claim D.H.S. as their "alma mater," was lengthened last term by C. Budge and Reed.

* * * *

The library of our Senior Prefect (L. Budge) has been substantially enlarged by volumes received in virtue of his having won the last Holmes Exhibition.

* * * *

We are sorry to have lost Mr. Burrows, our Handicraft Master. Mr. Burrows always gave us his practical support, and recently officiated as "manager" at Shillamill camp. You will find more about this on page 14.

* * * *

We wish to express our thanks to C. A. Oakley, to whom we are indebted for the humorous cartoons exhibited in the corridor.

* * * *

Our War Loan now amounts to over £500.

* * * *

To all our contributors and subscribers—"Thank you."

* * * *

[May I be permitted to add to this "Revue" what the Editor, with his usual modesty, has omitted, viz., that in July last he obtained the Inter B.A. at London University. He also won the French prize given by Alderman Munday—a prize which is doubly welcome since the Education Authority are, as a wartime economy, withholding the usual "Speech Day" prizes.—The Headmaster.]

PRAEFECTI VALETE.

We record the departure of the following Prefects :—

- T. H. MARTIN—Entered School September, 1910 ; became Prefect 1914 ; Captain of "Raleigh," 1915 ; Senior Prefect and Chairman of Debating Society, September, 1916 ; Corporal in Cadet Corps, 1916.
- W. H. BOSWORTHICK—Entered School September, 1911 ; Captain of "Grenville," July, 1915 ; made Prefect, September, 1915 ; C.S.M. of Cadet Corps, September, 1915 ; Cadet-Sub-Lieut., April, 1916 ; O.C. of Cadet Corps, March, 1917 ; Committeeman, Debating Society, April, 1916 ; Co-Editor of D.H.S. Magazine, December, 1916.
- H. J. M. WESTLAKE—Entered School, September, 1911 ; became Prefect, September, 1915 ; Captain of "Gilbert," November, 1915 ; Victor Ludorum, 1915-7 ; C.S.M. Cadet Corps, April, 1916 ; Captain of 1st XI., 1915-7 ; Committeeman of Debating Society, September, 1916.
- C. A. OAKLEY—Entered School, 1910 ; became Prefect 1917 Captain of "Raleigh," April, 1917.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

The amended list of School Officers is as follows :—

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

SPORTS' COMMITTEE—Masters and Prefects.

1st XI.—Captain : W. H. Treays. Sec: G. L. Usher.

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

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

D.H.S. CADET CORPS—Officer Commanding, Sec.-Lieutenant A. Hutchings.

D.H.S. TROOP OF BOY SCOUTS—Scout Master, Mr. Bennett.

THE CRICKET SEASON.

The programme for the Season 1917 was somewhat disappointing, for in spite of the efforts of the Hon. Secretary, R. Smale, only four first eleven fixtures could be arranged. Our opponents of former years, such as Kingsbridge Grammar School, were unable to meet us this season on account of the restricted railway facilities and the increase in fares. No matches were arranged with the C.M. Drawing Office or the Barbarians' C.C., as their overwhelming superiority in 1916 showed that they were too good for School cricket.

The cricket season, however, proved that the game is popular, and that the players were keen; for many availed themselves of the long evenings to go to Greatlands and practise. Their efforts were somewhat nullified by the ground, for owing to the weather the grass grew rapidly and presented a fine appearance, more like a hayfield than a cricket pitch. Although the practice taught them to time and place the ball, they found it imperative to "slog" in order to get the ball away and score. The batting showed much promise, but it was unfortunate that our Captain, H. Westlake, was unavoidably absent in the matches against the Plymouth

Technical School, and that R. Smale, the Hon. Secretary, and the former season's best bat was taken ill and prevented from participating in the cricket. The most stylish bat was G. Usher, who had extremely bad luck at the commencement of the season.

The bowling honours were carried off by Willcocks, who took 18 wickets; Westlake captured 11, Budge 5, and Collier, Hosking and Mitchell 2 each. Unfortunately, the bowling analysis was not taken in the match against the Plymouth Technical School, and in another match not completed, so that it is impossible to give it. However, our opponents' forty wickets fell for 155 runs, or an average of 3.8 for each wicket. Our forty wickets produced 224 runs, giving an average of 5.6 runs for each wicket. Willcocks' bowling combined pace with length and direction, and was most difficult to play. Westlake's bowling was irregular, but most successful. Without attempting to send down fast balls, he inveigled his opponents into smiting at balls that had spin or swerve. Budge, although not so successful in capturing wickets, was very disconcerting to his opponents with his left-hand bowling.

The fielding was not so good as it should have been, although some fine catches were made. To Yeal a great mead of praise is due for his consistent wicket-keeping. His mannerism behind the wicket suggested a pugilistic training, and he was evidently quite "ready" for the ball when it came.

The Second Eleven, under the Captaincy of Thomas, and then of Pritchard, was a very fair side, and enjoyed some good sport. Their first opponents were the Hoe Grammar School 1st XI., who last year played our 1st XI. The first match was a somewhat easy win for the visitors, who made 64 (Nethery 33) against 38 made by the School. The return match was also lost, but only by 2 runs. Both matches were won against the Corporation Grammar School 2nd XI. Against the Junior Technical School we won the first match, Laverty making a nice score of 25, and Usher making 13. Warren proved successful with the ball. But in the return match, owing to the Cambridge Locals, we were unable to field a representative team, and were beaten accordingly. Thomas, Oakley, Warren and Laverty were the most successful bowlers, while Laverty and Pritchard proved the best bats, the latter scoring 42 for four wickets.

The Third Eleven was also a fairly strong team, under the Captaincy of Tanner iv. a. Although it lost its first match, it made amends by winning the remaining three with ease. Mears, Tanner and Stiggs proved very successful both with bat and ball.

Our most successful day was July 7th. Then our 1st XI. defeated the Plymouth Technical Seniors at Greatlands 32-30 ; Treays scoring 11. The 2nd XI. defeated the Corporation Grammar School 2nd XI. at Prince Rock, scoring 70 in the first innings, while their opponents' total for both innings was just 70 ; Mears scored 22 and Harwood 17 for the School. The 3rd XI. beat the Mutley Grammar School at Greatlands, their opponents scoring 36 for both innings, while the School made 42 with 9 wickets to fall.

The House matches proved very exciting, and aroused great enthusiasm. " Gilbert " beat " Grenville " and " Drake," but lost to " Raleigh ; " " Raleigh " beat " Gilbert " and " Grenville," but lost to " Drake ; " " Drake " beat " Raleigh," but lost to " Gilbert " and " Grenville ; " " Grenville " beat " Drake," but lost to " Gilbert " and " Raleigh." Undoubtedly the great match was between the leading rivals, " Raleigh " and " Gilbert," on June 23rd, " Raleigh " scored 45, Collier making a contribution of 32, after being presented with several " lives " in the beginning. Then, to the astonishment of all, Westlake, " Gilbert's " stalwart, was out to the last ball of the first over. But the succeeding batsmen, by careful batting, raised the score to 33 runs for 8 wickets. Then the excitement became great. The bowlers began to lose their nerve, and sent down bad balls. The 9th wicket fell for 35, but wide balls, byes, and no-balls carried the score to 40. Oakley, the Captain of " Raleigh," made a splendid catch, and brought the innings to an end.

In connection with the House matches, an attempt was made to run Junior House matches, but, unfortunately, there was not sufficient time to complete them. The boys were very keen, and next year it is hoped that the Junior House matches will be completed, and the results produce points for the respective Houses.

Mention must be made of the splendid batting of H. Westlake in the 1st XI. match with the Corporation Grammar School, at Prince Rock. The School fielded first, and Westlake amazed all by appearing on the ground in unconventional headgear. Neither the pleasantries of his fellows nor his movements when bowling succeeded in dislodging that 'kerchief with its four fanciful knots. Then, still with his primitive protection, he strolled in to the wicket to bat. But he rewarded us. He cut and drove the ball in fine style. The bowling was made to appear so simple. Comrades came and comrades went, but Westlake remained undaunted. Collier, Yeal and Willcocks made 11 each, but it looked as though Westlake would carry his bat through the innings. At 47, however, he gave a chance to an opponent, who made no mistake about

the catch. All felt so sorry that their Captain had just failed to secure the Head Master's bat. The half-century is the number to be reached. But the bat still remains to be won.

Saturday, May 26th, School *v.* Corporation Grammar School, won 57—38.

Saturday, June 16th, School *v.* Plymouth Technical Seniors, lost 25—61.

Saturday, July 7th, School *v.* Plymouth Technical Seniors, won 32—30.

Saturday, July 14th, School *v.* Corporation Grammar School, won 110—26.

BATTING AVERAGES.

| | <i>Innings.</i> | <i>Not out.</i> | <i>Total Runs.</i> | <i>Highest Score.</i> | <i>Average.</i> |
|---------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------|
| Westlake ... | 2 | — | 65 | 47 | 32·5 |
| Laverty | 1 | — | 9 | 9 | 9 |
| Yeal | 4 | — | 29 | 15 | 7·25 |
| Collier | 3 | — | 14 | 11 | 4·66 |
| Treays | 4 | — | 17 | 11 | 4·25 |
| Hosking ... | 3 | 1 | 8 | 7 | *4 |
| Warren ... | 2 | — | 8 | 8 | 4 |
| Willcocks ... | 4 | — | 15 | 11 | 3·75 |
| Watson | 1 | — | 3 | 3 | 3 |
| Mitchell ... | 4 | — | 9 | 5 | 2·25 |
| Usher ... | 2 | 1 | 5 | 5 | *2·25 |
| Maddock ... | 1 | — | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Paltridge ... | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | *2 |
| Budge ... | 4 | — | 5 | 3 | 1·25 |
| Bosworthick | 4 | — | 3 | 2 | ·75 |

NUGAE.

Chestnuts seem to have a great attraction for the Lower School. Nearly 4 cwt. have been collected and sent to the Director of Propellant Supplies. We congratulate Miss Whyte, who has organised and superintended this collection. Yet we do trust that she will not find a further supply in this Magazine.

* * * *

At the last Sports, H. Westlake did not succeed in beating his magnificent record of 19' 8" for long jump. But the fact of his slightly injuring his ankle beforehand naturally made some difference to his "feat."

* * * *

The VI.th Form Library is still flourishing, and now numbers over 450 volumes. The Librarian informs us that like all edifices it has been built up "story upon story."

* * * *

A Forestry Party, consisting of members of the Upper School, took a "holiday" last summer cutting down timber. We should like to have seen them "packing their trunks."

* * * *

We have to thank one of the gallant workers for presenting us with a very interesting relic of the occasion in the form of a "Log."

* * * *

There were no Prizes again at the Sports' Meeting this year. Yet the winners of the "Musical Chairs" certainly came off with the "stakes."

* * * *

At one time our Debating Society was provided periodically with an exposition of some subject interesting or otherwise. But at present we are at one with the world in experiencing the "paper" shortage.

* * * *

One evening a number of members bitterly denounced the cinematograph. But if their idea of refusing to allow anything to be "screened" were adopted, what a chance for the Gothas!

* * * *

In the VI.th, some time back, we were subject to a fearsome draught resulting from an invalid door constantly ajar. The danger of promiscuous cold-taking was averted by placing the paper basket against it. Yet some people say we've no idea of using our waste paper!

We repeat the wail of a bygone Poet :—

Listen, ye small boys ! Mirabile dictu !

Over the Sixth ye now can crow.

Your rooms are electrico cum luminatu,

While the Sixth's " gassed," what dignity low !

Yet, at least, we have our " illuminating " ideas !

* * * *

A question. Have things really come to such a pass that we need " cap-tickets ? "

* * * *

On Saturday, October 6th, we experienced a triple disaster, all our School teams being beaten. In this case three " elevens " in defiance of arithmetical rule, decidedly failed to make 33 !

* * * *

The bounds of mathematical discovery have been enlarged by a member of Form III., who finds that " an angel of elevation is one looking upwards," while " an angel of depression is one looking downwards."

* * * *

A Limerick :—

There was a small boy in Form II.

[Thank Heaven such youngsters are few !]

When told about Santa,

He said to his Grandpa,

" What rot ! there ain't room in the flue ! "

* * * *

Please excuse us if we are verbose. We defy anyone to sit in the chill VI.th and refrain from " chattering."

THE SPORTS.

The annual Sports were held at Greatlands on the morning of Thursday, July 26th. It was a matter for regret that at the outset the weather was not all that could be desired, for the opening of the day's proceedings was marred by a cold drizzle, which damped the long grass, but not the ardour of the competitors. As the day wore on the weather improved. It was pleasing to note that in spite of the unfavourable conditions some parents and friends and a few old boys were present.

The interest in the Sports, however, was remarkable. This was due to the keen rivalry between the Houses. In Football and in Cricket "Raleigh" and "Gilbert" had tied on points. It was common knowledge that "Gilbert's" Captain, H. Westlake, would make a strenuous effort to carry off the Challenge Cup, and in doing so accumulate points for his House. It was also known that Oakley, "Raleigh's" Captain, had discovered some valuable recruits for his House, and the whole School was, consequently, interested in the course of the Sports. The number of competitors was 192, or slightly more than half the number of pupils in the School. When it is remembered that the Sports almost clash with the Cambridge Locals and other examinations, and that no prizes were offered, then the large number of entries fully testify to the enthusiasm of the boys. It also proves that the School maintains the true sporting spirit, and that the boys run, not for the sake of personal gain in the form of valuable prizes, but for sport's sake. No valued trophy could have produced a better or more hard-run race than the Mile, when Treays, after setting the pace throughout, was just beaten by Mitchell, in almost record time for the School. The Senior Relay Race provided another exciting finish, for Hurden, with not more than three yards start, managed to win the event for "Gilbert," in spite of the una-Bate-ing efforts of the "Raleigh" representative to bring off the event. The parti-coloured relay flags used in this race will not be available next year, for the House Captains successfully claimed Mr. Burrow's flags as souvenirs of a very pleasant Sports' Day.

The result of this day was very gratifying to Oakley, the Captain of "Raleigh" House, for although not a successful runner, yet he carefully organised his House and so succeeded in repeating last year's performance, and winning the St. Levan Shield with an aggregate of 186.1 points, "Gilbert" being the runners-up with 184.1 points. Westlake took consolation in the fact that for the third successive year he scored the highest number of points, 16, and so won the Challenge Cup outright. His victory was closely contested by Mitchell V.r. 11 points, Treays with 10 points, and Hurden and Grubb with 9 points each, were the next most successful competitors.

Only two records were established this year. In the 220 yards for boys under 12, Gilpin beat last year's record and did the distance in 33 $\frac{1}{4}$ secs. Cape IV.a. succeeded in throwing the cricket ball 68 yards, the previous best for boys under 15 being 62 yards. Oliver II.r. succeeded in equalling the record high jump for boys under 12, which stands at 3' 10".

At the conclusion of the Sports the boys assembled, and the Head Master presented the Challenge Cup to H. Westlake, the

Victor Ludorum, who had won the cup outright. After speaking of the great advantages of athletics, and referring to the splendid athlete who stood before them, he presented the cup to Westlake, with the hope that the recipient might live to see his grandchildren toasting his health from the cup in—ginger beer. Westlake, in reply, frankly admitted his inability to make a speech—a statement promptly endorsed by his schoolfellows—but spoke of the great pleasure it gave him to find himself the possessor of a cup that was engraved with the names of so many school heroes. Cheers given all round ended a very pleasant Sports' Day.

RESULTS.

100 Yards.—Open : Westlake, Mitchell, Usher. Under 16 : Hurden, Mears, Legg. Under 14 : Grubb, Waters, Caunter. Under 12 : Gilpin, Brockman, Ritchie. Under 10 : Pinegar, Williams. Under 8 : Stitson, Outfin (i.), Outfin (ii.).

220 Yards.—Open : Westlake, Mitchell, Treays. Under 16 : Hurden, Parsons, Mears. Under 14 : Grubb, Waters, Williams. Under 12 : Gilpin, Brockman, V. Smith. Under 10 : Irving, Green, Williams.

440 Yards.—Open : Mitchell, Treays, Westlake. Under 16 : Hurden, Parsons, Lawley. Under 14 : Waters, Harwood, Turner. Under 12 : J. Leete, Pinegar, Webb.

Half-Mile.—Under 16 : Parsons, Lawley, Legg. Under 14 : Turner, Hegarty, J. Leete.

Mile.—Open : Mitchell, Treays, Westlake.

High Jump.—Open : Treays, Westlake, Mitchell. Under 16 : Mears and Taylor equal, Smale. Under 14 : Harwood, Grubb : Ingram. Under 12 : Oliver, Sutcliffe, V. Smith. Under 10 : Pinegar, Mudge, Mitchell. Under 8 : Frost, Walls, Goad.

Long Jump.—Open : Westlake, Treays, Bate. Under 15 : S. Williams, Cape, Grubb. Under 11 : Gilpin, Webb, Wilson.

Cricket Ball.—Open : Westlake, Parsons, Cape. Under 15 : Cape, Harwood, Mears.

Tug-of-War.—Open : "Gilbert," "Drake," "Grenville," Under 15 : "Grenville," "Raleigh," "Drake."

Relay.—Open : "Gilbert," "Raleigh," "Grenville." Under 15 : "Raleigh," "Gilbert," "Grenville."

Fielding Competition.—"Gilbert," "Raleigh," "Drake."

Musical Chairs on Bicycles.—Yeal, Cock, Murrin.

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL CADET CORPS.

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

Officer Commanding—Cadet Second-Lieutenant A. Hutchings.

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

Sergeant-Major—L. Budge.

Sergeants—W. Reep, S. Davidson, J. Maddock, and R. F. Cock.

Corporals—G. Trevithick, W. Treays, E. Damerell, and L. Usher.

Lance-Corporals—R. Stephens, H. Taylor, T. Laverty, and H. Urch.

The most important event of the Summer Term was the Competition for the Lampard Cup. A very keen contest took place, especially between Sections I. and II. Not until the final result was published was it at all certain which Section had gained the much-coveted reward. Section I. (Sergeant Budge) ultimately ran out winners by a lead of 5 per cent. All the Sergeants are to be complimented upon the high state of efficiency which existed in their several Sections.

Since the last Magazine was published, the Corps has undergone several changes. It has witnessed the departure of both its Officers, Cadet-Lieutenant H. Ferraro and Cadet-Second-Lieutenant W. H. Bosworthick—the former is now serving "somewhere in France," and the latter is at present in the Inns of Court Officers' Training Corps, Herts.,—and also of its Sergeant-Major, H. Westlake, who has gone to Sandhurst.

Not for long, however, was the breach left undefended. Mr. Hutchings, who joined us this term, decided to undertake the responsible post of Officer Commanding. May the Corps prosper under his guidance!

We should still like to receive more recruits from the Senior boys. They would not go far wrong if they copied the example of their Juniors, several of whom have joined the Corps this term.

Here is an extract from a former Sergeant of Section I. It runs as follows:—

"The Cadet Corps has been of the greatest use to me. I was the only fellow who could put the Company through Company Drill the other day, as all the Sergeants, being used to Yeomanry, were completely "done." This was the principal factor that caused my promotion to Lance-Corporal."

THE D.H.S. DICTIONARY.

- ATOM. See Shenstone, page ?
- BELL. Any explanation is superfluous.
- COLD. A troublesome malady, necessitating the remaining indoors of the unfortunate possessor. Usually contracted by members of the Corps on Parade days.
- DEBATE. Any spirited fight ; confusion.
- EXAMINATION. Something which (1) hangs heavily on the mind ; (2) enables a Master legitimately to squash any poor little boy.
- FATHER. He who reads our reports and is *occasionally* pleased.
- HOLIDAY. The period in which we " revise all our back work " (?)
- IMPOSITION. (vulgarly, Impot.) See *Line*.
- JOKE. Anything which Masters refrain from making.
- KITCHEN. The home of Epicurean delight.
- LABORATORY. A dangerous area, from which " weird " smells " waft o'er the breeze."
- LATIN. See *Rubbish*.
- LINE (never occurs in the sing). A means of keeping small boys quiet.
- MASTER. Mum's the word.
- NOTES. Our " *bête noire*."
- ONOMATOPOETIC. Ask Mr. Packer.
- PREFECT. See *Snow-drop*.
- QUESTION. Something Masters can't answer.
- RUBBISH. Piffle ; bosh ; anything absurd.
- SCHOOL (Lower). A body of small boys, whose chief object in life is to create trouble.
- SERGEANT. Anyone who is constantly shouting without provocation. Some authorities say he is addicted to the swearing habit.
- SHENSTONE. The author most popular in the VI.th (?).
- SNOW-DROP. [*Snowidroppicus swankissimus*]. A rare flower, usually found sprouting in odd corners of second-hand book-shops.
- SWOT. A very rare animal, much prized by Masters.
- TIME. That which calls forth subdued cheers.
- UPROAR. See *Debate*.
- VAGUE. Our examination answers.
- WAR LOAN. A manifold mystery yet unsolved.
- XENOPHON. A person who lived " $\frac{1}{10}$ " years B.C. ; too long ago in fact to warrant his encroachment upon our peace of mind.
- YAWN. A necessary accompaniment to the exposition of a problem of geometry.
- ZEAL. That which we all show [in shunning work].

THE FORESTRY CAMP.

The chronicler relates that on August 4th, 1914, the Great European War commenced, but it was on August 1st, 1917, that the Devonport High School Forestry Squad entered on their new phase of hard labour.

Not being a Bairnsfather, I am unable to enrapture all those who may chance to read this humble effusion by drawing vivid sketches of our little abode at Shillamill, and not possessing the talents of a Bacon, I fear there will be little or no attraction in this meagre effort of mine.

Now Shillamill is not a city, nor is it a flourishing town ; it is simply a suburb of Tavistock, which place I believe may be found somewhere in the county of Devon, consisting of a farm, a railway viaduct, four sentry boxes, and three huts, previously occupied by men of the Warwickshire Regiment.

There was no small stir among the populace at our arrival, even the trees trembled, and the clouds dropped water.

The first afternoon was spent installing the furniture, together with the gear of each individual member of the squad. No sooner had the tent been erected, along with a porch and a " kitchen," than the elements expressed their surprise at seeing us by shedding tears, and we took it for granted that they were wet, though none penetrated the deep recesses of our noble structure.

The feelings that one has during a first night in camp are many and varied. Shall I wake up in time for breakfast, was my first thought. It did not take me long to decide that I should.

We all " showed a leg " in time for breakfast, chiefly because we thought it advisable, as it was extremely annoying to get in the way of a flying boot or a cake of soap. As a rule the choice of missile varied with the owner's generosity. Each morning after having discarded the mantle of sleep, we politely asked each other if we had slept well, at the same time apologising for any sundry thumps we had distributed free of charge during the night. At times a heated debate took place as to whether we preferred the hooting of an owl, which occasionally took a fancy to our tent pole, or the sonorous breathing of a certain individual on the starboard bow. A hasty toilet was then completed, which consisted of dipping one's head in a bucket of soapy water, and cleaning one's teeth.

The two orderlies for the day were then detailed off to prepare breakfast, while some one else was despatched to the farm to fetch the mail, which arrived about 6-30 a.m., also any " fodder " that

might be there. The main artery to and from the tent to the provision base ran full with mud of rich hue, the life stream of many frogs.

We all gleaned a great deal of information in cookery and although I should not care to officiate as chef at the Savoy or, Cecil, I did pick up one or two hints. I learned, for instance, not to light a fire with a rasher of bacon, as one well-meaning youth tried to do, and not to fry the peelings of the potatoes but the potatoes themselves.

Each day two orderlies were appointed, whose duties were to provide the meals, gather up the broken fragments, fetch the water from the ever-flowing spring, induce the fire to burn, and pose as a martyr for the whole day. Somehow or other we did not exactly love that job of bringing up the water. It was the sort of excursion in which a bottle of Sloan's liniment comes handy, as none of us felt inclined to become a walking tank or a miniature reservoir.

Well, we all survived the cooking, which Mr. Millett can testify to be excellent. No boot laces were found in the soup, nor sixpenny pieces in the stew.

When in the woods we worked in pairs, toiling with a cross-cut saw, or wielding an axe, or "swiping" with a billhook. No one was idle. The constant passing of the trains of the L. & S.W. Railway relieved the monotony of sawing and by the time we left Shillamill we might have informed an enquirer that the 11-0 a.m. express from Waterloo was due to pass our abode at 3-30 p.m., and I am sure we knew that the 6-45 p.m. "slow" from Friary passed us at 7-50 p.m.

Our periods of hard labour were from 8 a.m. to 12 noon, 1-30 p.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 p.m. to 7-30 p.m., after which strenuous work we dealt with our correspondence, which was taken to the farm for the post-girl to take with her early the next morning. I passed a vote of sympathy on my own for that "female postman." Every morning, besides being the bearer of a stock of correspondence she was loaded with innumerable tuck parcels, the contents of which were sampled by each member of the squad.

After having seen that all the stamps were on straight—I repeat, straight—the squad adjourned to the River Tavy, where ablutions were performed. Many a cake of soap was used on the banks of that gurgling stream in removing the stains of the woods. It would be incorrect for me to say that we returned to camp with fleeces as white as snow, but of this I am sure, that the Tavy carried down with it more sediment after we had performed our little

ceremony. The remainder of the evening was spent devouring the daily journals sent from home, playing whist or draughts, the board for the latter game being made of a sheet of paper and pencilled "squares," neatly designed by an industrious enthusiast of the game. As some of the men were on holiday, a collection was made for stray trouser buttons, and it is surprising the number of such necessities which were continually severing relationships with our garments. We all had to effect our own repairs, which recalls to my mind a painful, nay, touching experience which I underwent.

Owing to a difference of opinion with regard to stretching, my trousers had parted asunder some way above the knee, thus necessitating a repair. Having complimented myself on my tailoring prowess, I forgot the matter until I was about to turn in; then I found that my garments were no longer detachable—I had sewn my trousers on to my shirt!!

During our stay several visits were paid us by our parents, to whom we are indebted for the advice to change our socks, if it so happened that we got our feet wet. These visits were greatly appreciated, especially as they meant an increase in the tuck supply.

We do not vouch for the nationality of the clerk of the weather, but think he must have been of German extraction. Perhaps he knew we were cutting props for British trenches. Still, we baulked him; for we felled, cut up, and loaded over 58 tons of such props. Moreover, we cut up 20 loads of firewood, and became entangled in innumerable quantities of brushwood.

Having relinquished the laudable desire of filling this Magazine, I should like to make public the efforts of those who made the camp the success it has proved to be. It was Mr. Westlake, an expert forester, who trained us in the art of forestry work, but it was Mr. Cannon, an old D.H.S.-ian, who, besides being one of the principle factors in enabling us to accomplish what we have done, showed us every kindness, at the same time paying us frequent visits, during which he gave us introductions to "Willum," also to Frank Blank, Esq., and his pal, Frankie. We cannot speak too highly of Mr. Burrows, our squad manager, to whom we are indebted for our increase in weight. Besides being an all-round "sport," he was excellent in his rôle of "boss," and was held in the greatest respect by all the members of the *Shillamill Camp*.

G. L. USHER.

D.H.S. LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

Session 1917-18 opened on Wednesday, September 19th, when J. Maddock proposed that "Trades Unions were conducive to national welfare," the opposer being W. H. Treays.

J. Maddock was a believer in Trades Unions, inasmuch as they benefited the masses. Now the masses represented all that counted, hence the Unions were beneficial to the nation at large. They served to organise Trade in a country, to introduce uniform wages, and produce arduous workers in general. They were a democratic influence which tended to produce universal satisfaction, and would assuredly prove an instrument for good.

To this view W. H. Treays was violently opposed. He turned his attention to the evident discord and discontent brought about within our land by the Union System,—discord which in his eyes did no more than to irritate the employer, and to encourage the employee in slothfulness. He dwelt on the probability of this movement identifying itself with Socialism, and thus gaining a stranglehold upon the country's interests.

The seconders were S. V. Davidson and C. Mitchell. The debate which followed was not so animated as we have experienced, as most of our members being fresh were prevented by their modesty from regaling us with their logic. The motion was carried by 15 votes to 13.

* * * *

On Wednesday, October 3rd, we assembled to solve the following question, "Does the cinematograph afford healthy amusement?"

R. F. E. Cock, the proposer, said that any indoor amusement could not be expected to be healthy physically, but that we should confine our investigations to the moral health of the Cinema. Cinematography was an art which had not yet reached the zenith of perfection, but even now it provided an entertainment of such purity as to afford healthy amusement to all, including especially the poor man who was hitherto regaled entirely with melodrama. The Cinema trained humour, propagated good social and moral knowledge. As an entertainment it was unimpeachable.

G. L. Usher spoke in flat denial of everything the proposer had said. He estimated that a large proportion of juvenile crime was due to the lurid influence of the screen. He refused to think that cinematograph productions could uplift anyone. They were all grossly exaggerated, the funny becoming acutely absurd, the human weakly sentimental. Better far, said he, for us to abstain from such crude amusement.

The seconder for the proposition was G. Urch, and H. Taylor for the opposition.

In the spirited debate which followed, many fierce denunciations were made of the cinema, which, however, failed to prevent the carrying of the proposal by 21—4.

* * * *

On October 17th we discussed the advisability of "Air Reprisals."

This method of carrying the war into the enemy's country was upheld by G. L. Usher, who said that we must not shrink from the word "reprisal" as such. What, indeed, was War itself if not a reprisal? He was not a advocate of a fiercely offensive policy so much as of an effectively defensive one. The bare knowledge of our intentions would tend to keep enemy planes at home, and also weaken enemy aircraft at the Front. Why let the Gotha pilot gloat over us in his unfair advantage? Surely it was right for us—considering our just cause—to strike *back*, blow for blow, weapon for weapon!

J. Maddock, the opposer, whilst expressing utter contempt of all Press opinions, urged the humane aspect of the question. Why, said he, should we sacrifice our unspotted hands to the altar of expediency and become murderers in the fact? All excuse would be of no avail to shroud our vengeful spirit. Besides, he expected that this action of ours would even increase German hatred for us, and bring no sooner end to the war. As many other speakers had done, he urged British honour as his plea.

The proposer was seconded by G. Trevithick, the opposer by C. Mitchell. A fairly even debate ensued, in which we were favoured with the views of an ex-member, Sec.-Lieut. Waddington. The result supported the motion by 19 votes to 7.

It is interesting to compare this result with that of a meeting held exactly two years before, at which a motion to disregard the terms of the Hague convention suffered a wholesale defeat.

* * * *

On October 31st, the following resolution was put before the meeting: "That England should become a 'dry state.'"

R. F. E. Cock, proposing, asserted his freedom from the "crank" taint and wished fairly to discuss the benefits accruing from dryness, individual and national. Proving these points in detail, he dealt with the physical unadvisedness of alcohol-taking, and desired to point out the very real danger of fostering a craving for intoxicants, citing "John Barleycorn" as a potent and in-

structive example. He considered that among the benefits derived from an abstemious nation were a happy and healthy people, and an efficient Army and Navy.

C. Mitchell, the opposer, protested that the action of Prohibitionists was meddlesome and grossly unfair. He denied that alcoholics had a bad effect upon the physique, and wished to lay stress on their use in medicine. The revenue resulting from the sale of intoxicants was too considerable to be lightly disregarded, and he deemed it ill-advised to ruffle the temper of the working man by denying him his usual beverage. He appealed to the "common sense" of his hearers for their support.

The seconds were G. L. Usher and W. Major.

The liveliest debate for the term ensued, many speaking heatedly in defence of either side. The meeting ended by the carrying of the motion by 20—13.

* * * *

Though the debate was not so keen at the beginning of the term, we have marked a decided improvement at the last few meetings. Yet, be our eloquence ever so estimable, we have to confess a lack of musical talent, which is truly deplorable. We fear that Orpheus' spirit no longer haunts our classic walls.

Subsequent meetings will be reported in the April number.

WAR SAVINGS' ASSOCIATION.

In the nine months from February 7th to December 12th, the War Savings' Association has received the sum of £560 17s. 6d., with which have been bought 529 Certificates.

This is an excellent result, and all credit is due to the members, especially to those who have kept up their subscriptions steadily from week to week. In this respect the record of the Preparatory Forms and Form I. is highly to be commended. They never fail.

But, we can do better. Our members number only about one-third of the School—and these are not all regular subscribers. If *all* the School would help we should make a very worthy contribution to the nation's necessities. General Smuts has said: "The battle front is not merely in Flanders: the battle-front is here in this country also." *Prorsum honeste* D.H.S.!

THE PASSING OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP I.

The Championship Cup having been won three times by the same Victor Ludorum, Westlake, passed on the 26th July last into his possession, not for a year, as previously, but in perpetuity.

It is an interesting cup—an epitome of one part of the School's life for the past 13 years. It is a much-travelled cup. Untold energy has been spent over it. The coming of the cup was due to Mr. Barnett, who was Sports' Master in 1904. Persuasive of tongue, a gifted beggar, he translated into reality the excellent idea that a trophy, over and above the ordinary prizes, should be held from one Sports' day to the next by the athlete scoring the highest number of points in the day's contests. Moreover, should the "Victor of the games" twice repeat his performance, he would win the cup outright. Two boys, Soady and Kenshole, succeeded in repeating their performances and so holding the cup for two years each. On two occasions, in 1905 and in 1911, there was a tie, and so the cup was held for six months by each winner. There was no contest in 1907.

Of the ten champions whose records are engraved on the cup, three have written their names still more imperishably by giving up their lives for their King and Country in the present great struggle. They are Kenshole, Peters and Rundle.

Inscriptions on the Cup :—

- On Shields.* I. Devonport High School Championship Cup.
 II. L. J. Soady, 1904.
 L. J. Soady } 1905
 W. O'Neill }
 F. R. Limpenny, 1906.
 R. H. Cumming, 1908.
Around rim. L. A. Lampard, 1909.
 D. W. McKenzie, 1910.
 P. J. Crang } 1911.
 W. C. Peters }
 T. Kenshole, 1912.
 T. Kenshole, 1913.
At bottom of the Bowl. H. L. Rundle, 1914.
 H. J. M. Westlake, 1915.
 H. J. M. Westlake, 1916.
 Won outright by
 H. J. M. Westlake, 1917.

Pertinent to this note on Cup I. is the question of how to obtain its successor. Perhaps some old boy—as in the case of the Lampard Cup for the Cadet Corps—may come forward and replace it. But, in any case, I feel confident that next year's Victor Ludorum will not lack his cup : for I know Devonport High School—past and present—I know its resources, its resilience, its capability of rising to the occasion.

A. T.

OUR VICTORIOUS AIRMEN.

(By our own Correspondent.)

When first I sat mē down upon a seat,
 To write this story for the waiting throng,
 I thought to find in Fancy, phrases meet,
 To hide the imperfections of my song.

Alas ! the faithless minx refused to come
 At my behest, to make my theme inspired.
 So please don't take my effort as mere fun,
 Though excess lack of feet may make you tired.

* * * *

The night was hot and sultry, though quite dark,
 And in his bunk each tired-out warrior lay,
 And e'en the very dog forgot to bark,
 Exhausted by the heat and toil of day.

When all at once the silent air was rent
 With noise of whizzing plane and beating screw ;
 And wakened soldiers cursed the airman, sent
 To tear from them the hours of rest so few.

A hubbub rose from all around the camp,
 And noise of missiles filled the quiet air ;
 But howsoever those men did rage and stamp,
 That 'plane invisible was still heard there.

The camp commander telegraphed to Town,
 To tell them that a raid was " under way,"
 And people in the streets took refuge down
 The Tubes, to wait there till the break of day.

At camp the men were nearly out of mind,
 The 'plane proved quite elusive to each shot,
 And every searchlight tried, in vain, to find
 The man who drove his 'bus right through the lot.

When suddenly, or so the " locals " say,
 A rustling noise was heard above the trees ;
 Into a searchlight's penetrating ray,
 Glided on glitt'ring wing—a swarm of bees.

J.M.

UNMASKED,

IN WHICH THE HUNDREDTH CHANCE OCCURS.

No little excitement was awakened in the usually uneventful village of Newport when the news leaked out. Jeanette, the postmaster's daughter, first caught sight of the secluded but glaring fact in the newspaper. "Father," she said with a glint of admiration in her eye, "someone's going to take 'The Willows.'"

"What!" roared the old man, "'The Willows?' Why, you must be dreaming my dear! I'd sacrifice my pension to avoid staying *one night* at 'The Willows.'"

The house which the good fellow held in such dread was shunned by all mortals alike. 'The Willows' was synonymous with something awful, something uncanny—like those things Pastor Edwards would talk of some Sunday evenings around the ruddy hearth, whilst outside the driving rain and rattling windows would suggest all kinds of apparitions terrifying to the superstitious Cornishman. It was branded with an ineffable ill-name. It was haunted, and as such it stood—in their eyes—aye accursed on the face of the earth. Some twenty years before the then occupant had chosen to curtail his life by swinging on a hempen rope. Suffice it to say, the bold spirit who had had courage enough to take up his abode in the selfsame house immediately after the crime had been found lying lifeless in the garden early one morning, and for no apparent reason. The town doctor had said "heart failure," but what did he, a stranger, know about it? The conclusion was indisputable. The Ghost had killed him. Then there was Jolinnny Tucker. He rushed home one Thursday evening, his face and limbs scratched terribly with briars, his every muscle a-quiver, and sobbed without stopping for a solid hour. What was it? He had been attracted by a well-laden cherry tree in the garden of the haunted house. Then there had been two eyes looking at him from the conservatory window. The Ghost? Of course it was! No one ever denied the existence of the Ghost. Refractory youngsters were cowed into obedience by the mere mention of his name, and nobody ever passed within a hundred yards of the gate without a shudder creeping down his spine. And now, some bold and foolish person was going to defy the eternal laws and set at nought the inevitable consequences of invading a Ghost's Kingdom, by setting up his menage at the abandoned house.

No wonder the old man was flabbergasted. "What's his name?" he asked, taking out his spectacles.

Jeanette announced in her pretty voice, "Mr. Frank Hardy, father. It's here in the advertisements; 'Wanted a smart house-keeper. Sleep out. Two guineas a week. Apply, Mr. Frank Hardy, 'The Willows,' Newport, on the 13th inst.'"

"Well, I'm blest," said her father. "Two guineas a week. He's a rich 'un to be sure, and it's a powerful lot for say a girl like you to earn,—but 'The Willows.'"

"Of course, father, you're thinking of ghosts, but ghosts only show themselves at night time, and I shouldn't have to sleep there," said Jeanette.

"Why, so you wouldn't, but look here, Jeanette, who suggested you should take that job?"

"Why you did, father!"

"I did! What nonsense! I declare you shall not go."

But Jeanette had a persuasive manner of her own. And in the end she went.

* * * *

The 13th of the month came and with it the mysterious newcomer. He was seen first by Perkin, the meat boy, walking hurriedly along the high road carrying a portmanteau in his hand and a light dust-coat over his arm. Perkin had been wondering who the stranger was when the man accosted him and demanded the way to "The Willows," thus giving the surprised youth the clue to his identity. The next person to see him was Jeanette, who came tremblingly to apply for the post as housekeeper. The stranger spoke to her very kindly, and expected she would suit him splendidly. He would pay her liberally, and would on no occasion require her services after 9 o'clock. Jeanette told him he was lucky to get anyone, as the house was "haunted by a most terrible ghost." He started and turned pale (as Jeanette told everyone gloatingly afterwards), and then laughed, saying, "Perhaps you're right."

Such was the arrival of Mr. Frank Hardy at Newporth. The local cronies and soothsayers assembled at "The King's Head"—the favoured tavern—to speculate on his identity. Many were confirmed in the belief of his criminality until Mr. Beck, the agent who had let "The Willows" (much to his relief) dispelled the illusion by stating that he came from a highly respectable family, and that such ideas could never, never be. So in the end conjecture was given up. He was just "Mr. 'Ardy and none else."

At first he was not often seen in the village, though, indeed, some had asserted that they had seen him walking on the cliffs late in the night. This caused him to be voted "a queer bird," but then, no one really knew much about him but Jeanette.

To look at him, through Jeanette's eyes, he was a fine specimen of a man, with white skin, fair hair, and clear cut features. He was young, dressed in a loose grey suit, and always wore a high stiff collar. The collar was what Jeanette couldn't understand. He would have looked ever so much more distinguished without it, she

thought. "The Willows" was a spacious house, and he allowed Jeanette full liberty of the majority of rooms but a certain few he kept regularly locked. She naturally wondered at this, and noticing her wonder one day, he said "It is nothing extraordinary, Jeanette. I write books, and I claim the privilege of quietude at times."

So Jeanette gave out in the village that her strange master "wrote books."

After a sojourn of two or three months at Newport, Mr. Hardy seemed, as the cottagers expressed it, "to slip out of 'is shell." His visits to the village became more frequent, he rented a pew, much to Pastor Edward's gratification, turned up regularly at Matins, and generally increased his popularity. With Paterson, the coastguard, he formed quite a close acquaintance. And at times it was said, Mr. Hardy, out of compassion for the hardworking sailor, relieved him by taking charge of the lonely signal station.

But this was strictly a rumour !

* * * *

It was just nine months later that Jeanette's brother Leo came home from the business side of the channel, to bask in the adoration of Newport's populace. For the coveted bronze and scarlet ribbon were his, and on his breast he wore the proud token of an act of gallantry. Every village of less than a thousand inhabitants cannot enthuse over its own V.C., and the people of Newport were resolved to do the thing right royally. Consequently, the day of the hero's homecoming was a day of jollification.

But all was not happiness among the fisherfolk. Troubles and disasters had come upon them. And why? It was simple to tell. The trawler went out at set of sun with the hope of returning home at dawn with bulging nets, but came back—never. For it was the German "Underseaboats" outside that kept a sinister watch upon the coast. More than fishing boats too. Three large foodstuff ships had been sunk beneath the waves this last week only. And when food was dear in the cold dreary winter it would be those terrible boats which were to blame.

Hence the agitation. The green was crowded with listeners as the hero V.C. opened the proceedings with a bitter speech against enemy tactics. He sat down amid rounds of applause, and another figure mounted the platform, whom the onlookers had no difficulty in recognising as the owner of "The Willows." "To you and to Newport perhaps," he commenced, "I am a stranger, to my country's dearest interests I am none." He went on with his face transfigured, speaking long and ably, deprecating German modes of warfare, denouncing their crimes with a keenness which aroused hatred for the foe in all his hearers. He drew pictures of the rise

and greatness of the Empire, sought to call forth patriotism, love of one's father's home, to stimulate power of resistance to those who would overthrow its might. "I do not fight myself," he concluded smilingly, "but believe me I have my mission in the war." The charm of his speech was irresistible. Others followed, but the impression made by "Mr. 'Ardy'" remained totally uneclipsed. His popularity became more general than ever. For had not the khaki idol of the village stated at the close of the meeting that "Mr. Hardy was doing far more for his country than anyone there realised!"

After the affair was over, the two favourites were escorted to "The King's Arms," where toasts were proposed and drunk to the King's Majesty and all others entitled to the honour on the auspicious occasion.

That night Mr. Hardy's patriotism ran away with his sobriety

* * * *

When Jeanette got home she found her brother overflowing with excitement. This she attributed to the events of the day, but divining that he had something privately to communicate to her, she drew him aside and inquired what was thus affecting him.

"Well, Jeanette," he said slowly, "I must confide in someone and it is to be you of course. Now don't ask questions, but just answer me a few. How long has your employer, Mr. Hardy, lived here, and who induced him to take 'The Willows'?"

"Why he's lived here nearly a year now," was the ready response; "and of course you know how long Mr. Beck has been trying to get 'The Willows' off his hands, as it was a regular white elephant."

"So Beck let it, did he? Look here, it's quite possible I shall be away for a couple of days. But don't tell anyone why I've gone, that's all."

"But I don't know myself even, Leo."

"Yes, that's right. Don't tell anyone you don't know, say anything but that—and now, Jeanette, don't ask questions!"

* * * *

It was two days before Leo returned, his face wearing a triumphant look. Jeanette rushed to him in the parlour. "I think you've got a lot to tell me," she said, holding up an accusing finger.

Leo tapped his pocket. "We're going to have some excitement here," he said. "All the evidence is in my pocket book."

"Evidence?" "Don't use that horrid word, Leo. It seems associated with such dreadful things."

"Yes," was her brother's comment. "We have to deal with dreadful things."

"Why what do you mean, Leo? Where have you been?"

"To London," he said.

"Whatever for?" said Jeanette.

"Now sit down and let me do some asking. Mr. Hardy——"

"Oh! it's he, is it?"

"Yes, but don't interrupt me. He generally wears a high collar, doesn't he?"

"Why yes, always," answered Jeanette, thinking it a strange question.

"Has he ever taken it off in your presence?"

"No, Leo, he was always careful to keep it on, but wait—yes once I took it off. He had a fainting fit in the dining room, and I pulled off his collar to give him air."

"Did he make any comment?"

"Comment? Why, he was furious at me. I remember I cried, and then he relented. But I never understood why he was so angry."

"Then I do. Listen, Jeanette," he seemed very expectant, "was there a mark of any kind on his throat?"

Jeanette puckered her brow. "Yes!" she exclaimed. "I remember there was one."

"There was?" cried her brother exultantly. "Ah! I knew it, and it was a small round brown mark, wasn't it?"

"Why how did you know that?" said Jeanette, lost in admiration.

"Deduction," said Leo, sagely. "You realize that Hardy wants to cover up that mark, don't you? Well then, the mark means something. The question is what does it mean? You asked for an account of my doings, so now I'm going to relate the whole tale. I called on Beck, the house agent, and asked him how he had secured the present tenant for 'The Willows.' 'Oh! he communicated with me,' he said 'he lived in London formerly.' I asked him if he could give me his former address, and he gave me the name of a road in Hammersmith. 'You never saw him until he arrived here?' I queried. As I expected, he had not, but as he was growing suspicious, I thought it prudent to leave. I took the Express to London, and looked up the address Beck had given me."

Yes, the people living there had known Mr. Hardy. He was an *artist*, they said, Had he any relations? Well, he had a brother at Wood Green, but they had quarrelled and never wrote each other. Oh certainly they would give me his address. So I went up to Wood Green and, fortunately, found his brother at home. He didn't seem too pleased to see 'a friend of his brother,' as he styled me, but I told him I was glad to see him, and by way of opening the conversation I asked him if he wrote books, as his brother did. 'Write books!' he exclaimed. 'Frank write books! Why, my dear sir, Frank is an artist, and a poor one at that.'

"Why that's strange," interrupted Jeanette, "he told me *himself* that he did."

"In the course of the conversation," went on Leo, "I asked him if he would show me a photograph of his brother. Now I launch a bombshell at your feet . . . You see this photograph. It is one of Mr. Frank Hardy, given to me by his own brother, remember. Now look at it."

Jeanette found herself gazing upon the features of a man *she had never seen before*.

Involuntarily she gasped. "There's a mistake, this is not a photograph of my master," she said.

"No, it is not," assented her brother.

"But a minute ago you said——"

"I said and I say now—this is a photograph of Mr. Frank Hardy, late of Hammersmith. You have never met Mr. Hardy, Jeanette!"

"But my master?"

"He is not the same man."

"Oh! what nonsense, Leo! That picture must be all wrong. Whatever are you hinting at?"

"I'm going to prove all I say," he went on, "but I want you to give me a little confirmation. On what date did your employer arrive at Newporth? If I were guessing I should say the 13th of July last year."

She looked at him in astonishment. "How on earth did you know that?" she exclaimed. "That was the exact date. I remember it because it was two days after father's birthday."

"Your brother is still a trifle sane, eh Jeanette? But I can see you want plenty of convincing yet, so let us examine more evidence." He drew out a newspaper cutting, taken from 'The Watchward,' of July 13th. It read as follows:—

PRISONER AT LARGE.

We have to report the escape of another prisoner from the B—— Prisoners of War Camp, of whom we give the following description: Peter Himmel, aged 26, tall, fair hair and complexion, wearing uniform of Lieutenant of Army, *small round birthmark on throat*, speaks English like a native.

"Of all cock-and-bull stories, you delightful Sherlock Holmes," burst out Jeanette. "Just because a man happens to have a birthmark on his throat he is identified by the omniscient investigator as a German spy. You see I happen to remember that case, Leo. Do you know what happened to that prisoner?"

"Yes," admitted her brother. "The newspapers recorded a sequel." He showed Jeanette another cutting, dated the 14th:—

SAD FATE OF ESCAPED GERMAN. BODY RECOVERED.

A body was recovered yesterday at a lonely part of the coast near the B—— P.O.W. Camp, which is indicative of the sad end of Peter Himmel, the German whose escape was announced previously. The face and head have been terribly battered by concussion with the rocks, but the uniform is recognisable, and in one of the pockets was found a silver cigarette case inlaid with the monogram of the dead man. It is concluded that the latter was accidentally drowned.

"Yes, that's it," said Jeanette, triumphantly. "He's dead, of course, so what's all the nonsense about Mr. Hardy's birthmark. It is simply a coincidence, that's all!"

Leo smiled in a way so placid that his sister stamped her feet. "Listen while I play my trump card," he said. "You must believe me now. This is not surmise, but fact. I will spare you the details, but—I helped to capture your master in France, and he was wearing the uniform of a German Lieutenant."

Jeanette's eyes opened wide with horror. "Why ever didn't you tell me before?" she said, jerkedly. "Can it be after all that he is—a German? . . . But supposing he is, how can he be drowned too?"

"It seems an amazing thing, but it can be easily solved. You must brace yourself for the truth, Jeanette. This is the conundrum. One man is drowned. Mr. Hardy is missing. Peter Himmel is here. Now who is dead? It seems like a nursery catechism, I know, it's so simple."

"Why, if you're certain," whispered Jeanette, "it must be Mr. Hardy—the real Mr. Hardy who was drowned. But how . . . ?"

"To-morrow I will pay a visit to 'The Willows,'" said her brother, determinedly, and we will hear the story from your master's own lips."

"I—I hardly like going there now," she said, with a little shudder.

"You need never go again" was the firm assurance.

* * * *

"How is it that he did not recognise you yesterday?" asked Jeanette, apprehensively, as they climbed the hill to 'The Willows' at present hidden in a clump of trees.

The sunshine was warm and radiant. Throngs of feathery, carolling creatures disported themselves among the leafy branches, sending forth their notes and thrills as unstintingly as nature had furnished their haunts.

"He was stunned by a blow on the head before he had time to notice me," said Leo. "But what a glorious morning it is for an unpleasant duty. I'm afraid our friend Himmel's tune will scarcely harmonise with the song of these little creatures."

They were nearing the house. Jeanette put a trembling hand upon her brother's shoulder. "I'm beginning to get afraid, Leo," she said.

"Afraid? What nonsense. All the trumps are ours, my dear girl," was her reassuring answer.

On arriving, Jeanette, in her capacity of housekeeper, went to the kitchen to prepare her master's breakfast, and left Leo there whilst she tremulously flitted to and fro. At last she came with the breathless information that "he was in the breakfast room."

With his heart pounding rapidly, Leo mounted the staircase. His right hand in his tunic pocket closed about something cold—and useful. Responsive to a thrust of his foot the door swung open. Before him was a table neatly laid out. A man sat facing him, consuming an omelet.

Attracted by the noise of his entrance, the man looked up. He dropped his knife and fork smartly.

"Who the dickens are you?" he rapped out angrily.

On the threshold of the drama, Leo shunned it, and turned to the commonplace.

"You know me, I'm Jeanette's brother," he explained easily.

The other had recognised his visitor, and heaved a sigh of relief.

"You must not presume upon acquaintance," he said sharply, "by visiting me at any hour of the day."

" But supposing I came—on business ? " inquired Leo, looking keenly at the disturbed breakfaster.

The latter started. " On business, what do you mean ? "

" You remember the—the tribute I paid you last night ? "

" No, I do not."

" ' That you were doing more for your country than many people realised ! ' "

" It was kind of you."

" I meant it—thoroughly. You are doing a lot for *your* country I'm sure."

" What on earth do you mean ? "

" I mean this Herr Peter Himmel ; I mean that you are an escaped prisoner of war ; I mean that you hold a false position here, in fact, that you're an imposter."

" What insinuations," stuttered the other, crimson with rage, " you impudent rogue. How dare you ? "

" More than insinuate," went on the soldier, " I accuse.—What do you know, Peter Himmel, of the man who you pretend to be ? 'Twas neatly effected, my friend."

The German looked up as if thunderstruck, made a dash for the open door, but was held up by the sight of Leo's revolver.

" How did you know ? " he demanded, hoarsely.

" I had the pleasure of capturing you in Xmas, 1915 " said Leo, " and I have ample proof of the other matters. You're finished, my friend, you know what it means."

The man's lips quivered. " God ! " he said, " I do."

He seemed to collect himself. " I've always expected it, though. When I came here first I was told that the house was haunted. Of course I don't believe in ghosts, but I was dogged day and night by visions . . . But I will tell you the story. When I escaped from the Prison Camp, my first care was to get rid of my uniform. I lurked upon the lonely cliff road. Then this Mr. Hardy came along. He had been to the Camp on a matter of business, I imagine, and was now walking to the station. It was night when I broke out—11 o'clock to be precise—and, well, I wanted his clothes, so I got them. I threw his body into the sea. You know what the papers said about the state of his head . . . Well, in the pockets of my new clothes I found papers which told me I was Mr. Frank Hardy, late of London, who had rented a house here at Newporth. There was ample money there, and credentials to establish my new identity. The thought of impersonation occurred

to me, but fear of detection at first deterred my resolve, until I discovered a letter from 'Ned,' who appeared to be my brother, saying 'I know I am your only brother, Frank, and you've no friends. I say you deserve none. Bury yourself in Cornwall if you like. No one knows your address, and I, for one, shall never want to know it.' That decided me that the role would be safe. At first, of course, I was reserved, but later I gained confidence. It was the hundreth chance that I should meet anyone who would recognise me. I speak English well, don't I? I was born in England, my friend. My sojourn here at Newport has been very, very useful."

At this juncture the man stopped.

"What is your business here?" urged Leo.

"Excuse me one minute," said the German, "I have not finished my omelet."

"But it's cold now," said Jeanette, who had been summoned into the room to hear the story.

"No matter, this will flavour it," was the reply, and taking from his pocket a small bottle, he began to sprinkle the omelet.

"That's a funny thing to do," pronounced Leo. "Does it make it taste better?—But, on with your story."

"This omelet," said the German, ignoring Leo's impatience, "is to me *now* the sweetest thing in the world."

Then he started up and fell heavily on the table.

* * * *

The suicide of "Mr. Frank Hardy" through prussic acid poisoning, as analysis of the omelet afterwards proved, together with the subsequent revelations, caused a stir throughout the country. Whatever the clever spy's mission was, it certainly had to do with the frequent visits of enemy submarines in neighbouring waters, as since his death they came but rarely.

Leo is covered with yet more glory. In fact, the only person who regrets the outcome of the affair in any way is Mr. Beck. For he is the house-agent, and "The Willows" is at a greater discredit than ever.

R. F. E. Cock.

MODERN BAGHDAD.

[We are very gratified to receive this article from Capt. R. Mc Neill Love, an old D.H.S.-ian. It is indeed a pleasure to print such a first-hand description of the old City of Enchantments.—Ed.]

Baghdad of to-day is a striking instance of the march of civilization invading the ancient and remote corners of the earth. In the one and only street in the city, recently made by the Turks for the transport of troops, etc., one sees the military despatch rider on his "Douglas" hum, past under the nose of a dignified and apparently disgusted camel, while on the Tigris a motor-launch picks its way along between bellums and guffas, paddled by Arab watermen, whose craft has been handed down from generation to generation.

The guffa is a strange barque, and evidently interested Herodotus, as he included a description of it in his writings of this part of the world. It resembles the coracle of the ancient Britons, being circular in shape and constructed of reeds. It is daubed outside with pitch, which is found in a natural state near Babylon. The size of the guffa varies from three to nearly twenty feet in diameter, the large being used to convey donkeys and sheep across the river; they are prevented from spinning round by alternately paddling on either side, and being of very shallow draught are especially convenient to cross the shoals of sand, which hinder navigation in the summer months, when the river is low.

Baghdad itself extends for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles on the left bank of the Tigris, the river here curving almost in a semi-circle. The river front is occupied by a row of well-built three-storied houses, with cool basements, shuttered windows, verandahs, and flat roofs, for use when absence of sun permits. The residencies are also on the river front, the British residency, now General Headquarters, being especially prominent, as it is the finest building in Baghdad.

Behind the river front one immediately comes upon a maze of narrow crooked streets and networks of bazaars, some streets so narrow that pedestrians of necessity pass each other sideways. The bazaars are of unending interest, crowded with Arabs, Jews, Chaldeans, Armenians, Persians, Sabeans, Greeks, Indians, etc., mostly expostulating with each other, and trying to prove that their own goods are the finest obtainable and their neighbours' worthless.

Most of the bazaars consist of passages ten or fifteen feet wide, with high vaulted roofs, the shops being represented by raised niches, five or six feet long and four deep, wherein the merchant sits crosslegged, surrounded by his goods and chattels.

The whole city is still surrounded by a wall of considerable height and thickness, with narrow loopholes and bastions, formerly for defensive purposes ; but now it is fallen partially into decay, and serves the purpose of a promenade and 'burial' ground, as by pulling out loose bricks sufficient room can soon be made for that purpose, and with a minimum of labour, which is a point always uppermost in the Eastern mind.

Many buildings now extend beyond the old city walls, notably the Turkish Military hospital and the Cavalry Barracks. The former is now used as a British and the latter as an Indian hospital. The Turks left their hospital intact, with a complete German medical library and a considerable supply of medical and surgical equipment, and although this was probably due to haste, and not to thoughtfulness, the equipment was much appreciated by our own doctors.

Baghdad is connected with the opposite side of the river by a bridge of boats, and four miles distant is the famous mosque at Kathamain, with its two domes and four minarets, covered with pure gold. Doubtless the Germans in Baghdad often coveted the gold when they caught its gleam in the setting sun, but any vandalism in that direction would have raised the neighbouring Arabs against them to a man, an emergency not to be reckoned with lightly.

It is said that the Turk had orders to burn Baghdad and massacre the Christians before retreating, but, owing to the rapidity of our advance, he had time to set fire to only a few buildings and no time to attend to the Christians, so by good fortune one of the most historical cities of the East was spared to another generation, and one can still people the ancient streets and scented orange gardens with Sinbad the Sailor and other worthies from the Arabian Nights.

R. McNEILL LOVE (*Capt., R.A.M.C.*)

MISSING.

OLIVER, FRANK LAMBTON, Second Lieutenant, Somerset Light Infantry, attached to Royal Flying Corps, missing since 13th July, 1917.

RIDER, ALONZO WARD, Second Lieutenant, Machine Gun Corps, missing since 12th October, 1917.

IN MEMORIAM.

BRYAN, RICHARD ALBERT, Sub-Lieutenant, R.N., killed by mining of H.M.S. *Russell*, April 27th, 1917.

MAY, PHILIP TIERNEY, London Scottish Regiment, killed in action, May 18th, 1917.

PETERS, WILLIAM COURTMAN, Sergeant, P.W.O. (Civil Service Rifles), and Examiner in the Exchequer and Audit department. Late Senior Prefect and Editor of the D.H.S. Magazine, killed in action, November 8th, 1917.

SHARP, MAURICE J. R., Engr. Lieut.-Commander, R.N., D.S.O., killed on active service, August, 1917.

STATTON, PERCIVAL GRAHAM, Second Lieutenant, The King's Liverpool Regt., died of wounds received in action, April 18th, 1917.

STEPHENS, ARTHUR KINGDON, Assistant Constructor, R.N., killed on active service in the Jutland Battle. ○

WINCHESTER, JOHN HENRY, Int. B.Sc., R.E. (Chemical Battalion), killed in action, June 11th, 1917.

CURNOW, ARTHUR, aged 9 years, of Form II., died from injuries sustained through being run over by a motor lorry, July 5th, 1917.

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