

No. 12.

DEVONPORT
HIGH SCHOOL
MAGAZINE,



MAY, 1910.

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SWISS & Co., PRINTERS, 111 & 112 FORE STREET,
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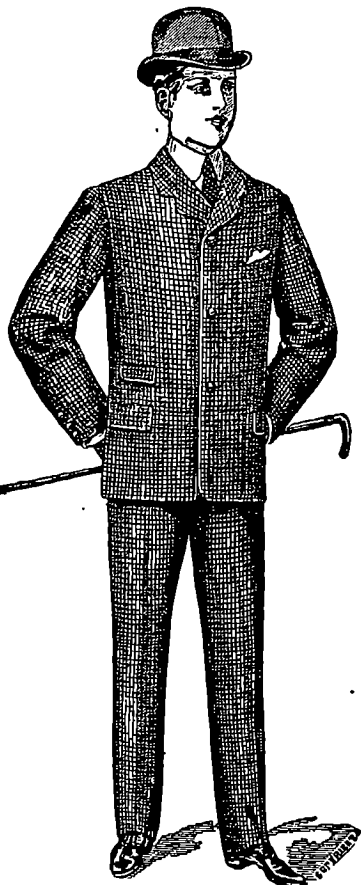
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THE DEVONPORT High School Magazine.

No. 12.

MAY, 1910.

Vol. IV.

Editor ... L. A. LAMPARD.
Sub-Editor A. R. LINTELL.

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

EDITORIAL.

WHILE the *D.H.S. Magazine* has itself been taking a rest for a few terms, the spirit which animated it has been by no means quiescent. Papers, sporadic and surreptitious, have from time to time circulated among the Sixites and the Fifthites. But of late there has arisen an almost irresistible desire to awaken the sleeping Magazine. Why this literary enthusiasm? We cannot tell. Perhaps it gathers its strength from the recent study of Addison's Spectators. Yet this fine frenzy of ours might never have culminated in act had we not discovered that the Headmaster as a firm believer in making boys help themselves (beware how ye interpret this, ye little ones!) was not only willing but anxious that the editorship should be in the hands of the boys themselves.

And so in an age of new departures this issue of the Magazine is itself for us a new departure, a product of our 'prentice hands. We crave your indulgence for it; but we do more than that, we ask fellow D.H.S.ians to see to it that this number is but one of a series of links which shall extend the already well-forged chain.

Communications for the next issue should be addressed:—The Editors, *D.H.S. Magazine*, The High School, Devonport.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The first XI. are extremely grateful to Mr. Williams for the loyal way in which he has turned out for every first XI. match, and for the second XI. on several occasions:

* * *

It would be very gratifying if all those who are not Scouts would make an effort to turn out for footer or cricket. Although the XI. have had a very successful season, there is still room for improvement, and this can be obtained by new recruits.

* * *

How mighty minds unbend themselves! We refer to a scene in the quad which has provoked considerable comment, namely, the *practical application of mechanics to spheres of marble*. However, we are afraid that the rumour that a plot of ground is to be acquired and laid out as a marble alley is without foundation.

* * *

Spring brought forth an exceptionally large crop of Snowdrops this year, a fact which has been commented on, and even reported to the prefects by members of the lower school.

* * *

We notice that the present term has been marked by the re-appearance of that ever-recurring and rarely lasting hobby, stamp collecting.

* * *

We cannot refrain from congratulating those, who, not so very long ago became old boys. Reed Dawe has entered the Indian Army, having left Sandhurst 6th on the list (1st in Hindustani—his everyday writing promised great prospects in this direction). R. Ferraro, a person we still often see, has entered the noble profession of Schoolmasters, while Love, who obtained a scholarship for London Hospital, is now goal keeper for that hospital's first eleven.

* * *

On March 21st, the whole school assembled after the interval in the big schoolroom to witness the presentation of first eleven caps by the Head-master, who briefly addressed the boys, pointing out that the school should not be looked upon as merely an avenue to obtaining future situations but as a place in which to be educated—and a large factor of this education was games. Unfortunately, MacKenzie was absent, being on his way to Scotland to take the Glasgow University Matric Exam., but Smith, Rawling, L. Crang, P. Crang, and Lampard received their caps amidst general applause.

* * *

We hear with satisfaction that the junior members of the school will receive special attention in games next term from Mr. Packer.

REVIEW OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

While the Football Season for 1909-10 is not quite completed, the near approach of the Spring Vacation and the demands of the Editor—he who must be obeyed—call for a brief review of our doings up to date. On the whole, we may consider that we have been as successful as certain unavoidable circumstances could warrant,—in the case of the First Eleven, far more so than the earlier matches would seem to promise.

Of the players individually who have represented the School in the First Eleven, a more detailed account will be found below, but of the team as a whole it may be said that, while the defence has, as a rule, been sound and steady, the attack on occasions has been woefully disappointing. This has not been entirely due to lack of will on the part of the forward line, but rather to the fact that scarcely on any two occasions has that line been composed of the same players,—an absolute bar to any sound combination. All through the season we have sought in vain for an effective outside right, and since Luce left us at Christmas the left wing has laboured under the same disadvantage.

So far as combination has been possible under the circumstances, it has proved inadequate on more than one occasion owing to a lamentable tendency, particularly developed during the latter part of the season, to pass almost at right angles to the line of attack, instead of well forward. Into the evident disadvantages of such a practice there is no need to enter here.

Apart from this our early reverses were also in no small part due to hesitancy and lack of dash in front of goal, and while in individual cases there have been latterly marked signs of improvement, in this respect there is still room for more.

What was said above with regard to the defence applies rather to the halves and backs, who as a rule have played a plucky and reliable game, than to the member of the team known in journalese as the custodian. This position has been entrusted to different individuals, and not always with the happiest results. But it is to be hoped that the present holder of that responsible post will go on improving as he has done to the no small increase of confidence and stability among the rest of the team.

The junior teams are of necessity each a nursery to the one above, and their success or failure must in consequence rest largely on the merits of individual players rather than on the combination of each team as a whole. From this point of view we find a sad want of forwards to fill the inevitable gaps in seasons to come; in the half-back

line, on the contrary, we appear on occasions to suffer from *embarras de richesse*; backs of promise should be adequate to our needs; but capable goal-keepers are all to seek.

In the Junior School, among the energetic exponents of the game, there is a gratifying number of promising players, but it is the distressing condition of the available material between, say, the First and Fourth Eleven which gives us pause. Is there no power that can move to an active participation in the game some portion of that non-combatant battalion whose highest flights of enthusiasm can at present only attain to a possibly ornamental, but scarcely useful, attendance on the touch-line?

CHARACTERS.

Mackenzie (Captain) for sheer hard work and determination leaves nothing to be desired, but, as Captain, is not fully alive to his responsibilities, for he has "skipped" a team which would have surely increased its successes under stricter handling.

Smith, as a half, is a splendid tackler, always in his place, and keeps his line well together; but, as a forward, although still a tower of strength, is too erratic in his shooting.

Rawling as a half is a sure tackler, and forward pays great attention to the wings.

L. Crang.—A player who has advanced greatly in the present season. A hard worker and a sure tackler; but should make his legs carry him faster than they do at present.

P. Crang at inside left is rather slow, and has a tendency, when centring, to kick behind instead of forward, is rather a good shot, and understands how to feed his wing.

Lampard.—Very fast, but liable to wander from his place; showed very well at the beginning of the season, but although still one of our best halves has of late "gone off." Must get on the ball first, instead of trotting behind his man.

Luce, our diminutive winger, makes up for his loss in weight and size by his trickiness; always reliable, and sadly missed since Christmas.

Jeffery, at the beginning of the season, played with varying success as a forward, but now, with Clarke, figures in our back line. A strong kick and a good tackler, he is at present too much inclined to dribble for a back, but hopes to amend that fault.

Langworthy, the "goalie," has a tendency to fiddle about with the ball, but is otherwise cool and reliable.

Simpson, at the beginning of the season, was rather nervous and did not show his true form, but has now mastered that fault, and if he progresses as he has done will soon be an ideal inside-right.

Grandy.—Very slow for a forward, but a good shot.

Bawden and *Trembeth* are two good players whom we should like to see a great deal more at the "field." *Bawden*, for a wing man, does not lie far enough up the field and should pay attention to his centreing.

First Eleven Caps have been awarded to Mackenzie, Smith, L. Crang, P. Crang, Rawling, and Lampard.

Goal Scorers (up to March 12th):—

P. Crang	...	11
Mackenzie	...	10
Luce	...	5
Smith	}	2
Garland		
Jeffery	}	1
Clarke		
Mackenzie II		
Grandy		
A. Rawling		
L. Crang		

FIRST ELEVEN MATCHES.

Oct. 2	Away	<i>v.</i> Saltash Baptists	Won 3—1
" 6	Home	<i>v.</i> Bedfordia	Lost 3—2
" 13	"	<i>v.</i> St. Boniface	Lost 7—3
" 20	"	<i>v.</i> St. Gabriels	Lost 6—5
" 27	"	<i>v.</i> Tavistock Grammar School	Abandoned (Winning 4—1.
" 30	"	<i>v.</i> Yelverton	Lost 5—3
Nov. 3	"	<i>v.</i> Corporation Grammar School	Won 2—1
" 6	Away	<i>v.</i> Kingsbridge	Won 4—1
" 10	Home	<i>v.</i> Hoe	Won 4—1
" 13	"	<i>v.</i> St. Simons	Won 6—3
" 20	"	<i>v.</i> Saltash Baptist	Won 2—0
" 27	"	<i>v.</i> United Banks	Won 3—1
Dec. 15	Away	<i>v.</i> Hoe Grammar School	Lost 5—1
Jan. 22	Home	<i>v.</i> Ford Wesley	Lost 5—3
" 29	Away	<i>v.</i> Saltash Baptist	Draw 2—2
Feb. 2	Home	<i>v.</i> St. Boniface College	Lost 4—2
" 9	Away	<i>v.</i> Hoe Grammar School	Won 4—0
" 29	Away	<i>v.</i> Yelverton	Won 4—0
Mar. 12	Home	<i>v.</i> St Gabriels	Won 3—2
" 19	Away	<i>v.</i> Tavistock Grammar School	Won 4—2
" 26	Home	<i>v.</i> Old Boys	Draw 3—3
" 30	"	<i>v.</i> Exeter Training College	Draw 0—0
Apr. 2	"	<i>v.</i> Saltash Baptists	Lost 1—2
" 9	"	<i>v.</i> Plymouth Y. M. C. A.	Won 2—1

SECOND ELEVEN.

v. P. Corporation	W	6—0
v. Lipson	W	2—0
v. St. Germans	L	0—1
v. St. Germans	L	0—6
v. St. Germans	W	5—3
v. Bere Alston	W	6—2
v. Bere Alston	L	2—3
v. Bere Alston	L	3—4
v. Fleetwood	L	1—6
v. Fleetwood	L	1—4
v. Fleetwood	D	3—3
v. Hoe Grammar	W	4—1
v. Hoe Grammar	W	11—1

Played 12, Won 6, Lost 6, Drawn 1.

Chief Goal Scorers :—Simpson, 17 ; Jewell, 12 ; Gaud, 4.

Caps awarded to Jewell, Peters, Simpson, Bishop, Langworthy, Taylor, and Ferraro.

THIRD ELEVEN.

Played 3, Won 2, Lost 0, Drawn 1.

Goals :—For 30, Against 3.

Captain, W. WATSON.

FOURTH ELEVEN.

Played 2, Won 1, Lost 0, Drawn 1.

Goals :—For 9, Against 4.

Captain, G. HART.

OUR DEBATING SOCIETY.

The above society came into being on January 28th, 1910. The Head-master had for some time been preparing for this event by pointing out the benefits accruing from the reading of a paper not only to listeners but in an especial degree to the writer. The officers were elected as follows : President, the Head-master ; Vice-President, Mr. W. Andrews ; Secretary, L. Ferraro ; Members, the Masters and Prefects.

The object of the Society is primarily to afford instruction and broaden the views of its members, as well as to provide entertainment of a musical character and otherwise ; one or two papers of historical, biographical or scientific interest will usually be read at each of the meetings, and afterwards questions and criticisms on the papers will be invited ; on other occasions a more or less formal debate will be held.

The first paper was read by L. A. Lampard on "The Life of Napoleon." A paper full of information, and very interesting. Arising out of this paper a hard question was asked by A. E. Lillicrap, who wished to know if the reader thought Napoleon a true democrat.

On February 2nd, L. J. Crang who must have given considerable time to the preparation of his subject, dealt with the life and work of "Gustavus Adolphus." During the evening a musical programme was provided. The President in opening the criticism on the paper congratulated the reader on the thoroughness of presentation, but remarked that a fuller introduction would have been advantageous. Important questions on Richelieu, and the religious views and aims of Gustavus Adolphus were respectively placed by A. R. Lintell and L. A. Lampard; the reader suitably replying to both. In conclusion, the Vice-President, as befitted a specialist in history, minutely criticised points, especially on the paper, disagreeing with the reader on a few and commented upon that of the real name of Gustavus Adolphus' chief minister.

The third paper on "Shakespeare" was given by J. Jewell, on February 9th, and as the subject was one likely to benefit them, the lower Sixthites and Fifthites were invited to attend. The musical programme on this evening consisted of selections on a gramophone provided by the Secretary, with a few pianoforte and violin solos. The paper, lasting about three-quarters of an hour, was somewhat longer than its predecessors, and contained information which could only have been gained by a good study of the subject. The President highly commended the reader for his paper, and amplified the reader's remarks on the "Baconian Theory." A thought-provoking question was raised by L. A. Lampard, as to whether Shakespeare's dislike for the Jews was real or assumed.

On March 2nd, a paper on "Free Trade" was read by J. Banbury. The paper lasted about twenty-five minutes, containing matter dealing chiefly with the historical view of the subject. The subject was well-treated, but owing to a fast delivery, a great deal of its excellence was lost. Soon the debate drifted to the political view of the question, and the Vice-President (in the chair) was continually forced to remind the members that the proceedings were on the historical matter of Free Trade. The time for the conclusion soon arrived, and supporters and opposition to the paper were a long way from agreeing, so a resolution was passed that the Debate should be adjourned, and re-continued under the head of "Free Trade v Tariff Reform." P. J. Crang, kindly consenting to write a short paper on the latter subject.

The debate was re-started on March 14th, but to give a description of it is far from beyond my powers. Every member present brought forward one or more excellent points, and the real situation of the two political views were well thrashed out. For the "Free Traders," who numbered four, Mr. Barnes, Banbury and Lillicrap added many "facts

and figures" together with many keen replies. The President, from the chair, put some very awkward questions to the "Traders," which were, more or less replied to, chiefly less. For the "Tariff Reformers" L. A. Lampard and A. R. Lintell kept up a hot attack upon the "Free Trade" bulwarks.

In the discussion, Mr. Barnes' large acquaintance with stock political arguments of Free Traders made him a tower of strength to his side. No vote was taken as the "Reformers" were known to greatly outnumber the "Traders," and the usual votes of thanks brought this lengthy debate to an end.

L FERRARO, Secretary.

AN UNCANNY ADVENTURE.

A TRUE STORY.

A year or two ago I had a most unpleasant experience which terrified me so much that I fear what might have happened had I been alone at the time: but luckily there was two of us.

It was in winter that it occurred, when the days were short. My father and I had been out all day for a walk and we were plodding back from St. Germans towards Saltash. The light began to fail as we passed through Tideford, and we saw rising before us the prospect of a five or six mile trudge in the dark. By the time we descended into the hollow before Landrake the daylight was gone, and a sickly moon in its last quarter was the only light to direct us. As we climbed the hill with the tower of Landrake church before us, a hazy mist began to obscure even the moon. The light of the village attracted us, and the buzz of voices seemed a welcome respite from the overpowering loneliness of the country lanes.

After the darkness the lights in the cottage windows seemed cheerful, and the embodiment of comfort, and the noisy square seemed brilliantly lit by its half-a-dozen shops. Across the square we went, past a squalid cottage where a beam of light came out over the half-door, and into lanes once more, and by contrast the darkness seemed doubly oppressive.

The road we were now on was narrowing at every step, we could feel that we were going down hill, and loose stones scrunched in wet pools at our feet, and we could hear a trickle of water. The gaunt leafless hedges met above our heads, and before us the road disappeared downwards into an inky black tunnel of trees.

Weird soughings of the wind in the branches added to the forbidding character of the place, and I instinctively drew back.

I started at the sound of my father's voice—"This can't be the proper road" he said, and we stood still and strained our eyes into the darkness. He pulled the map out of his pocket and struck a wax match. The sudden light blinded us for a moment, and with difficulty we followed the winding lines on the sheet. We saw Landrake and only one road leading from it in this direction, and that, sure enough was marked with an arrow, denoting a hill. "This must be right" he said, "come along."

And then the match went out. Darkness, thick and overpowering enshrouded us. You could almost feel it, and our eyes dazzled by the match, could see nothing. Hark! a rhythmical tap, tap, tap, tap came up from that horrible road before us. Our eyes beginning to regain their sight just made out an indistinct patch of white advancing in the distance. My first impulse, so much had that gloomy place got on my nerves, was to fly. However, I stood still, but with my heart in my mouth.

My father laughed. "Here's somebody coming; we can ask the way." We went forward in the darkness and the form approached. But as we came nearer, the more uncomfortable did I become. Approaching us was an old woman bent double with age. Her face was towards the ground, hidden by a huge white bonnet, and she leaned on a stick which tap, tap, tapped on the ground. She was passing rapidly up the hill, she seemed rather to glide than to walk. Her speed and evenness of motion surprised me.

My father said "Is this the way to Saltash, please?"—Tap, tap, tap, and that form did not falter in its march upwards. "Is this the way to Saltash, please?" he repeated. No sign, no response, only that uncanny motion. He raised his voice to a shout; the old woman was past us now. "Could you tell us the way to Saltash?" The retreating figure glided on up the hill, and the horrible tap, tap, tap continued into the darkness.

I felt as if I had seen a ghost and hurried down the hill. I was only too anxious to get out of that evil, stagnant lane. With genuine relief we turned a corner almost choked up with brambles, and found ourselves on a wide road again.

We had simply cut off a corner by means of an old, long disused road. A man approached riding a horse, clanking with chain traces looped up. We hailed him and enquired the way. "Aye, aye, sir, folley the telegram posts." We looked up, saw them, and felt in touch with civilization once more.

What was the explanation of our weird adventure? Simply two words I suppose—"stone deaf." No doubt, that old lady was a much respected villager in reality, but under the circumstances——

I have thought since what might easily have happened had it been one solitary person who had met that old woman that night. Suppose

she had looked up ; imagine her consternation at finding a man, as she would think, bullying her, when she thought herself alone ; imagine her instinctive motion of self-defence with her stick, her expression of fright easily mistaken for malevolence. Imagine the effect of this on a person rendered nervous by loneliness and darkness in such a place, and how easily might a deed of violence be done.

* * *

We saw that lane by daylight soon after. It was overgrown, deserted, and forbidding even in daylight. I have never been through it again.

A. R. LINTELL.

"FRAGMENTA LIBRI LUDORUM."

It may be stated that the following forms part of an almost un-decipherable manuscript known to the learned as Codex H A. M. The characters employed by the Scribe are best described as Ferrarian, familiar to the initiated as those used in the records of the proceedings of the Senatus Romanus. It is a matter for regret that more complete accounts of the early history of the great lucrative game are not accessible.

Account of a football match played on the Kalends of ——— [here the manuscript has a hopeless lacuna].

"Four to two Rome!" shouted a Soothsayer from the crowd.

"I hate the rude-mouthed rabble!" muttered Horace to Maecenas.

"Offside! Offside!" exclaimed some of the Spectators.

Here Cicero interposed, "O referee, I can give thee three most weighty reasons why thou shouldst rule it so. First, because ———"

"First read the rule" quoth another.

"But there are various readings" retorted the referee.

The point was settled and the game went on.

"Ho!" roared the plebs "Caesar has crossed the ——— [line—MS. Julianus; "Rubicon"—MS. Lintellianus].

The mighty Roman was recalled. A testudo, Anglice scrum, was formed. The Greek forwards pressed towards the mark, the Romans yielded stubbornly, and Alexander was just breaking away when Cicero shouted "Free kick!"

"Stop talking, Cicero" yelled the onlookers.

"Go into the scrums Fabius" was the cry, but the old boy persisted in his winging tactics which were unusually successful.

A number of Greek spectators were near the Aedile's seat in the centre stand, and, with throats more lasting than brass, encouraged their compatriots. Socrates, who had, of course, been doing the right thing, just failed to pass the last enemy, and the chorus arose from the Greeks "Hard lines!"

Play settled in the Roman quarters where stood the "dauntless three" [Ed.—Scipio had obtained the idea of three three-quarters from the All-Blacks during his *tour* in Africa]. Horace Cocles dashed

towards the Greek line, tricked Demosthenes, dodged Aristophanes, a smart Greek forward, got around Leonides but was collared by Charon, who punted across to Xenophon. The latter gathered well and sprinted as only he could sprint. He passed Sulla and Marius, hoodwinked Cato and ran round Pompey. Brutus appealed, and the referee disallowed the try.

A regrettable incident then occurred. Achilles left the field, declaring in sulky tones as he passed out by the Southern Gate "I'll never put on the tog(a)s again." Anthony, who was standing near the Roman goal, had been, for a long time, engaged in deep conversation with Cleopa —

It is extremely unfortunate that here this highly-illuminating account comes to an abrupt termination. The above will show how much posterity is indebted to one Leonardus Bompiscus, to whose careful rescension this fragment owes its present value.

"NESCIO QUIS."

FORMULAE CONQUERED.

Mathematics is to many men
 But one gigantic trick ;
 So some mnemonics I will pen
 For finding answers quick.
 From radians to get degrees
 A method somewhat fly,
 Is just divide by three sixties
 And multiply by π .
 "Equations" should they come to hand,
 The plan most "up to date"
 Is get a few "solutions" and
 Then simply "deflagrate."
 "Deductions," should they cause a hitch,
 The method most preferred,
 Is use "a fortiori" which
 Of course is "most absurd."
 Should problems of this Empire vast
 Your mental "force" o'erstrain,
 Apply the "grape nut law" and last ;
 "Resolve along the plane."
 These hints will seem to some a light,
 Yet simple as they look,
 The best way to get answers right
 Is "buy the answer book."

POINT.

THE SWINDON LOCOMOTIVE WORKS.

These works which employ over 14,000 men are considered to be the largest in England. There is some doubt as to the accuracy of this statement, where the Crewe works of the London and North Western Railway are concerned as in point of size, but not in value of machinery, they are half as big again as those of the Great Western. The works at Swindon were started in 1847 with the inception of the London and Bristol Railway, the original Great Western. This line was then the longest in the world, and there was much opposition to its building as it was stated by its opponents that the water required for the boilers of the engines would lower the level of the Thames by several feet

The line was built by I. K. Brunel and was set to a 7 foot gauge. Many portions of the old lines are to be seen in the various yards in the Works, not having been torn up when the conversion of the 7 foot gauge to the 4 ft. 8½ ins., the present one, took place. The works are situated about 300 yards west of Swindon Junction station. The locomotive side being to the north of the main line and in the angle formed by the Gloucester line, which enters the Swindon station from the north west. The wagon works are to the north of the branch and the station, whilst the carriage shops lie to the south of the main line. The extreme distances are ; taken roughly, about 1½ miles long and ¾ miles broad.

The main entrance to the works is by a tunnel and is known as the Tunnel Entrance, whilst there are large ones opening into the A shop yard, and W shop yard.

Let us suppose that having a spare hour or two on our hands we would like to inspect the Locomotive Factory.

Arriving at the tunnel at, shall we say, 9 30 we find the large doors closed and a small wicket gate only, in operation under the control of a watchman in a small office near by, whose duty it is to pass all people in and out, and make a note of their absence or the time of their arrival. Finding the wicket closed to us we diffidently approach Cerberus, or rather, the watchman, and ask if we can be shown over the factory. He rings up a watchman on the 'phone and in a few minutes we are on our tour of inspection, that is, after paying 6d. a head, which goes to the G.W.R. casualty fund. The first thing we notice is the subdued rumbling which seems to be coming from the roof of the tunnel. The cause of this is that we are walking under the car fitting shop and the noise is caused by the vibration of machines.

Arrived at the end of the tunnel we turn to our left, up a slope and then to our right down a broad walk, having the B and C sheds (where all goods and tank engines, except of the newest classes, are repaired) on our left hand. Coming from this walk into a large square we turn

into some doors on the right and come to the electrical fitting shop where all electrical repairs needed in the works are done. Passing through some large doors at the end of this shop we come to H₁ shop, which is, where all the patterns of various parts are made first in wood. The standard of carpentry in this shop is very high. Leaving the H₁ we come into the yard again and turning to our right we enter the spring shop. Here one finds furnaces and moulds for casting steel springs. Hydraulic presses for bending them when heated, and last but not least, piles upon piles of springs, volute, spiral, inverted, laminated, and many other kinds. They will make in this shop anything from a watch spring to one to stand 200 tons. We now leave this shop for G shop (millwrights) which is where all machine and crane repairs are executed. It is here one can see the biggest lathe in the factory with a 20 ft. face plate. Turning to the right we now come to the steam hammer shop where all heavy stamping or beating out (known as "jumping") is carried on. There are furnaces here for beating up the rough castings which when sufficiently hot are put under the hammer and beaten into shape. Eventually being sent to one of the fitting and turning shops for finishing.

Leaving the steam hammer shop behind us, we enter the X shop which is where all points and crossings are fitted. Here one witnesses the bending of cold steel rails in small hydraulic presses in order to form some complicated switch or cross-over. All the rails are bent cold in order that they may not lose their hardness which would be the case if they were left to cool.

From the X shop we retrace our steps into the stamping shop and nut and bolt shop. All small parts such as plates of various shapes, rings, coupling hooks, lamp brackets, life guards, and parts of head lamps are stamped at one blow out of solid sheets of metal by small steam hammers generally worked by one man.

In the nut and bolt shop one can see nuts of all shapes and sizes being stamped out by boys.

Leaving this place we once more find ourselves in a large yard surrounded by shops, one side of which is occupied by the Rolling Mills, towards which, under the guidance of our watchman who pilots us through mountains of axles and piles of brass domes, and safety valve covers, we make our way.

We enter the mills, and now the excitement begins. Everyone appears to be in a hurry, and wheeling large red hot blocks of metal about on bogies at a suicidal rate.

We hear a deafening screech and turn round to see a large burr-saw worked by a steam engine trying conclusions with a long bar of metal, over which several men, black from head to foot, and who with the red light beating upon them, look more like demons than labourers, are hovering with long pincers in their hands giving the bar a twist and a jerk to move it up. This bar is finished as we watch, and we are just

turning away when a very full-bodied shout brings us up suddenly, and we find to our horror and amazement, another bar about 30 feet long and simply white hot is slithering along the floor like a huge snake straight for us at about 12 miles an hour. Then it is that our extreme helplessness is brought home to us, and we look desperately round for succour, but no, everyone appears to be rushing at us with lumps of red-hot metal, and then at the critical moment our watchman rescues us just as we are about to trip and fall over some cooling metal, and leads us to where we can see the two 100 ton hammers at work. They don't appear to be doing much at present, but suddenly a boy pulls on a handle, thereby opening a shutter in a furnace, and two men jump forward and heave out a large irregular lump of glowing metal which is placed in an exceedingly skilful manner on to the waiting bogie which rushes it off to the hammer. The two smiths seize it in their tongs and place it on the anvil, and then signal the hammer driver. The hammer head hovers for a moment and then descends with a bumping thud into the spongy mass on the anvil. The sparks, or rather, I should say small lumps of metal fly in all directions, forcing you to take cover. You then see the reason for providing the smiths with iron top-boots, gauze wire masks, and huge gauntlets. These men take the lump of metal and twist and turn it back and fore until it is about four feet long, and in shape a rectangle. The blows become louder and harder as the metal is beaten into a more compact mass. After about four minutes hammering, it is placed on a bogie and taken to the scales where it is weighed, and from there it is taken to the mills where it is rolled into various lengths as required. From the mills it is taken to our old friend the burr-saw, and from there to the cooling tables, to be sent to the different shops as required.

We now leave the rolling mills, feeling very hot, and submit to be led by our executioner—I mean watchman, to the boiler shop. This shop covers 4 acres of ground and 2000 men work in it. The noise is absolutely deafening, in fact, to one who is not used to it, it is positive torture as one has literally to bawl into another man's ear to make oneself heard at all. The principal cause of the noise is the pneumatic hammers and chisels which are used largely and which sound like a maxim gun. Put a thousand of these "windy hammers" as they are known, each into an echoing confined space like a boiler and it does not need a very brilliant imagination to see that the noise is somewhat above the ordinary. Flying from the shop which resounds with the steady hum of industry, we arrive in a haven of rest, the W shop, where many of the small parts of locos' are turned and fitted. Here you see guide-bars waiting to be fitted to a "King" or a "Star," coupling pins, axle boxes, piston rods being turned, cross-heads being fitted, smoke box door hinges being shaped, and all the thousand and one little parts which go to the building of such fine engines as the G.W.R. possess.

Leaving the W shop we proceed through the foundry where one sees the stream of molten iron running like water into the crucibles

held in a bogie by a labourer, to be wheeled away to larger sheds where men are bending down and deftly shaping, cutting, and patting what look like large mud pies but are in reality moulds of sand, made to receive the molten metal which is poured through a hole in the top and then left to cool.

From the foundry we cross a huge yard and wend our wandering way through forests of wheels and *chevaux-de-frise* of copper piping to the pride of the factory, familiarly known as "The new shop," but more widely known as A shop. This shop is the largest in the world under one roof and employs nearly 4000 men. It is divided into two parts, the A E erecting shop, and the A M machine shop.

In the former is accommodation for about 100 large locomotives. Here one can see engines in such states of dis-repair and damage that one would wonder how on earth they ever managed to hold together. Huge hydraulic cranes traverse the shop from end to end over head, lifting immense engines as easily as if they were made of air. Three traversing tables travel the length of the shop. These machines are exceedingly useful as they do away with a great amount of shunting. An engine is hauled on to this machine, which, as its name implies is like a table, only it is not quite so high as the average run, being as a matter of fact only about 8 inches above the floor and running on about 20 wheels.

On the body of the machine is a set of rails on to which the engine is hauled. The whole table then moves bodily sideways down the slope until it comes opposite the road for which its load is intended where it stops and the loco' is hauled off. The later tables, such as are used in A c shop are electric, but in the boiler and B shops they are worked by steam marine engines fitted with condensing gear and vertical boilers.

Coming to the A M shop we find ourselves once more in the forest of belts and pulleys which are inseparable from the machine shop. Here one observes a pair of driving wheels held in a lathe having the tyres re-turned by a turner who is armed with a deadly looking gauge with which he takes frequent and careful measurements.

Over the way we see a boy about 15 years of age, so small that he has to stand on a block of wood in order to see in comfort what he is doing, turning a whole driving wheel crank axle at top speed, the cranks coming up and over at what appears to the inexperienced eye, an appalling speed. The boy perhaps will bend down over the tool to brush away the turnings, and apply some more water, whilst you hold your breath expecting to see his brains dashed out, but no, he merely finishes what he is doing and attends to another part of the lathe whilst you move on marvelling "that such young children should be trusted with work of that sort, it's so dangerous." We then retrace our steps back to the older part of the works, and arrive at the brass foundry where all the brass casting is done. From there we find our way into the T shop which is

where all the small brass parts are turned and fitted together. Leaving T shop we go into K shop and witness the moulding of white metal, and the tin and copper smiths at work making head lamps, water cans, and oil cans, bending copper pipes, and making brass safety valve and dome covers.

From there you arrive in the R shop. The largest fitting and turning shop in the Kingdom which employs 5,400 men and covers nearly 2 acres of land. All the fittings and parts of goods and tank engines are done here, whilst a good deal of express passenger engine fittings are dealt with. Everything on an engine except the frames, boiler, cab and wheels is made here. Safety-valves, glands, piston rods and back motion, buffers, axle-boxes, regulators, vacuum pumps, stays, bolts and nuts, and in short, every imaginable thing from a $\frac{1}{4}$ in. nut to a piston rod and cross-head weighing 10 cwt. From here we make our way into the B₁ shop, where as before mentioned all goods and tank engines are repaired. There is one steam traversing table at work here and in the tender shop (B₂) into which we wander we find another traverser also at work in clouds of steam, in spite of the fact that it has condensing gear. We leave the B₂ shop to find ourselves at the top of the slope again down which we wend our wondering way, marvelling upon the sights which we have seen, especially the A M shop 'prentice. Arrived at the wicket gate we see the wide doors are rolled back, we conquer our shyness and sound Cerberus—I should say, the gatekeeper as to the reason why? The last part of our question is smothered in the sonorous boom of the "hooter" and we hear a rush of feet down the slope, the B shed men come flying, pell-mell, one over the other for is it not dinner time? The boots with one accord make answer "Yes"! As the advance guard go dashing past us out into the sunlight, we stare, press a silver coin or several into our faithful watchman's hands, and casting one glance of horror and dismay at the indescribably grimy faces and clothes of the foundry men, we fly.

J. S. PYM.

BOARDING HOUSE GEOMETRY.

DEFINITIONS AND AXIOMS.

All boarding houses are the same boarding house.

Boarders in the same boarding house and on the same flat are equal to one another.

A single room is that which has no parts and no magnitude.

The landlady of a boarding house is a parallelogram—that is, an oblong, angular figure, which cannot be described, but which is equal to anything.

A wrangle is the disinclination of two boarders to each other that meet together, but are not on the same floor.

All the other rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double room.

POSTULATES AND PROPOSITIONS.

A pie may be produced any number of times.

The landlady can be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.

A line may be made from any boarding house to any other boarding house.

The clothes of a boarding house bed, though produced ever so far both ways, will not meet.

Any two meals at a boarding house are together less than two square meals.

If from the opposite ends of a boarding house a line be drawn passing through all the rooms in turn, then the hot-water pipe which warms the boarders will lie within that line.

On the same bill and on the same side of it there should not be two charges for the same thing.

If there be two boarders on the same floor, and the amount of side of one be equal to the amount of side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal also, each to each.

For if not, let one bill be the greater.

Then the other bill is less than it might have been—which is absurd.

THE LAST MAN.

A small iron, full-rigged ship was in the Tropics outward bound for a New Zealand port. The dark, velvety night had just fallen and the "Southern Cross" was just appearing in the sky. Three bells struck, and scarcely had the last vibration died away, when the second mate hailed the fore-castle.

"Forward there! is there anybody singing below?"

"Nobody singing here sir," came back the answer promptly.

"Nonsense, man! There's someone singing somewhere below forward, I tell you. Put your head into the scuttle and listen."

There was a pause, and presently came back the reply, "all's well in the forecastle, sir. There's no singing in this part of the ship."

The second mate walked up to the fellow at the wheel. "Did you hear a man's voice singing just now, before the bell was struck?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did'nt the sound come from forward?"

"It seemed like it," answered the helmsman.

"Hush! there it is again," cried the second mate raising his hand and stretching his head forward, with his ear bent toward the forecastle.

The sound was distinct enough—it was that of a husky voice singing, but no indication could be obtained in the gloom of any vessel lying in front of the ship. The captain and the watch on deck came up and stood beside the bulwarks and looked around. The captain expressed a doubt as to the authorship of the weird cries, but as if in answer to him the cry came floating over the water and was followed by a hoarse laugh.

The captain at once ordered a boat out, to go in the direction of the sound and find its cause. Hardly had the order been given when the moon rose and disclosed a boat to the starboard.

Immediately the crew shouted out their discovery but were instantly stopped by the captain and again the cry followed by the laugh was heard. The boat was manned, launched, and with the captain set out to the strange boat.

What was their surprise on reaching the object to find the boat was only an ordinary rowing boat and its occupant a thin, emaciated man, who was raving deliriously. They took him on board their ship where he received the greatest attention possible. From his ravings it was found that he was the master of a Spanish trading vessel which had been wrecked in those parts.

The poor fellow—although everything was done to save him—died soon after. This strange ending to a mere sound, heard by the sailors, was not forgotten by them for a long time.

A. FLOYD.

A DEBATE.

At *D.H.S.* there now exists
An Upper VI. Society;
For papers and debates it has
Achieved some notoriety.

One plucky member chose "Free Trade"
 As Subject for a Paper,
 And, as opinions differed,
 There were prospects of a caper.

The reading of the paper o'er,
 A hot discussion waxed ;
 And many stalwarts rose and said
 That Imports should be taxed.

Many were the speakers :
 Very varied were their views,
 But the Free Trade members present
 Started shaking in their shoes.

For their numbers were but few
 Against their enemy's array,
 And 'mongst the latter many who
 Should be M.P.'s some day.

Yet still the three Free Traders fought,
 Their arguments were cruder :
 When finally the crisis came,
 "A lion rose in Judah."

'Twas then the three could witness
 The majority dismayed ;
 Why need we have Protection while we
 Prosper with Free Trade ?

J. JEWELL.

AN ENJOYABLE BOOK.

It is occasionally one's good fortune to come across a book of which the recollections are entirely pleasant. Such a book is "Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall," by Arthur H. Norway. The author takes us round Devon and Cornwall, pointing out to us the beauties of the country through which we are passing, and giving us peeps into the history of this wonderfully interesting corner of England. His fund of anecdotes, grave and gay, rollicking and gruesome, is inexhaustible. There is a pleasant vein of banter running through the book, especially when the author is dealing with the superstition which "clings to the granite." Humour is present, too, as the following extract will testify :—

"There is a strange superstition in some parts of Cornwall about the colour yellow. A man once called to see my friend the doctor in great pain, which turned out to be due to lumbago. But what he

suffered from the ailment was as nought to the astonishment which tormented him when he found out its cause. He could not guess where on earth lumbago could have come from, seeing that since his last attack he had always worn a waistcoat made of the skin of a cat killed on 12th May—he did not know why that date was especially effective, but it was no good to kill a cat on any other. Was it possible that the remedy might have failed owing to the presence of a few yellow hairs in the skin? Everybody knew how bad yellow was for rheumatic people, and indeed he had been acquainted with a man who walked from Newquay to Bodmin in a yellow necktie and died of rheumatic fever.”

We are reminded that in olden days Plymouth, Dartmouth, and Fowey were the chief ports of the Western peninsula, the first-named being “no more than first among her equals,” and that further back still Fowey surpassed them all. “Indeed there was a time when this Cornish harbour led the kingdom in matters of seamanship, and not London, nor Plymouth, nor even Yarmouth, nor any one among the privileged Cinque Ports could furnish such a gallant fleet. . . . For the town sent to the fleet which Edward III. collected for the siege of Calais the majestic contribution of forty-seven ships, and no less than 770 men.” For the story of the decline of Fowey the reader is referred to Chapter XIV. of the book.

Mr. Norway, as a native of Wadebridge, is well acquainted with the coast scenery between Tintagel and Pentire, which he describes as being “wildly and superbly beautiful.” He pays a glowing tribute to the glories of the Dart, which he likens to “a beautiful and savage animal whose caresses are apt to be broken suddenly by moods of anger which not those who have known him longest can foretell.” It is with a certain satisfaction then that one turns to the following:—“I do not know how anyone who has seen both Dart and Tamar can blind himself by any but the strongest local prejudice to the far superior beauty of the latter. I stand to my guns in declaring that no house upon the Dart is so finely placed as Pentillie on the Tamar, as romantic as Cotehele, nor is there any crag which it is other than idle to compare with the Morwell Rocks.”

Naturally the smuggler and the channel pirate loom large in the book. Here one may read of the exploits of that intrepid rogue Jack Rattenbury, of Beer, the quaint little fishing village that nestles close to Seaton. Jack had many compeers, some of whom even carried their depredations as far as the coast of France, and we read of “the fearful pleasures of private war, such as often drew Fowey and Dartmouth into battle with the French when the rest of England was at peace.” Oftentimes, too, the sturdy sailors of the Shire and the Duchy were on the defensive, for we learn that two hundred and fifty years ago the coast was infested with Turkish pirates and Sallee rovers. In 1636 “seven boats and two-and-forty fishermen were taken by the

Turks off the Manacles between Falmouth and the Lizard." A squadron of Sallee rovers actually fixed their headquarters on Lundy Island in the 17th century, and played havoc with the Bristol shipping. All this combined to produce in the old channel sailor that dauntless spirit which served England so well in many an extremity.

The old country clergy appear to have had some rough material to work upon. On one occasion the church of Morwinstow served as a hiding place for a smugglers cargo. "We bribed Tom Hokaday, the sexton, and we had the goods safe in the seats by Saturday night. The parson did wonder at the large congregation; for numbers of them were not regular church-goers at other times, and if he had known what was going on he could not have preached a more suitable sermon, for it was, 'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess,' one of his best sermons, but there, it did not touch us, you see, for we never tasted anything but brandy and gin. . . . Once I mind in the middle of morning prayer there was a buzz down by the porch, and the folks began to get up and go out of church one by one. At last there was hardly one left. So the parson shut his book and took off his surplice, and he said to the clerk, 'There is surely something amiss.' And so there certainly was, for when we came out on the cliff there was a king's cutter in chase of our vessel the Black Prince, close under the land, and there was our departed congregation looking on."

And here we must take leave of this delightful book.

VIATOR ALIENUS.



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— to —



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