

*We heard you wanted...*

## **your new account ready in seven working days.**

Because banks can take "ages" to set-up an account, Midland has an account opening guarantee. Anyone moving to Midland will receive their cash card and cheque book within five working days and have their PIN within seven working days.

To assure you of this commitment, Midland will give you £10 in compensation, should we not live up to this promise. We can also arrange an interest-free overdraft for 2 months whilst you settle in.



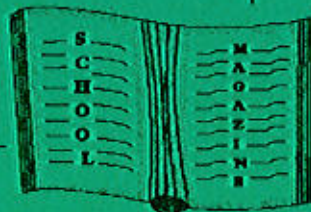
Visit your local branch  
at Midland Bank,  
4 Old Town Street  
Plymouth  
Devon PL1 1DD



or call  
0800 180 180.



# School Magazine



# 1998



DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL FOR  
BOYS

SCHOOL MAGAZINE



**November 1998**

Number 151

## EDITORIAL

Editor: Neil Martin

### Deputy Editors:

Niko Downie - Archives and general material  
Paul Dixon - General Material  
Gareth Holmes - General Material  
Peter Kingsnorth - Production, typing  
Mark Sleep - Sports material

This year's edition of the magazine is only the second edition after a nine-year gap, and we hope that we can present it to everyone interested in the school. Although the school and the OBA have commissioned the magazine, the pupils have written everything in it themselves.

One thing that struck us as we looked through the archives of the magazine stretching back to 1904 was the amazing range of articles on a huge variety of subjects. This year, we have tried to recreate this by including a range of articles that look at a variety of subjects, as well as personal comment from people and a few humorous ones too. We have copied last year's magazine to the extent that we have included articles from the archives - some we found were too good to leave out! However, we have reintroduced 'School Notes' for the first time since 1986.

Two articles that we have included this year have particular poignancy; editorials from 1918 and from 1938. As I write this in Armistice Week, I am reminded of the enormous death toll from both World Wars. On Monday of this week (9<sup>th</sup> November), I sat down to look at magazine no. 21 (December 1918) which includes a list of Old Boys of the school who died in the First World War. The magazine is not large enough to reproduce here, except to say that six young men died at Jutland alone, and one 18 year old died four days before the armistice. I feel that it is particularly important in this 80th anniversary year that we all remember those men and women who gave their lives fighting for King and Country and a better world, in both World Wars, and in wars before and since.

All that is left for us to say is that we extend our best wishes to everyone who reads this issue, and to say "we hope you enjoy it!"

*N.M., P.D., N.D., G.H., P.K., M.S.*

November '98

## DHS Old Boys' Association

President - The Headmaster

Chairman - A V Porter

22 Forest Avenue

Peverell

PL3 5DA

Tel: 01752 777428

Hon Membership D Rowe

Secretary -17 Compton Avenue

Plymouth

Tel: 01752 266488

The second AGM of the re-formed DHSOBA took place on 9 July 1998. The date was chosen to coincide with the school sports day. We had hoped that this might prove an incentive for you to attend the AGM but we regret that our hopes were unfounded. Apart from committee members there were only three others with one apology, perhaps next year an evening AGM would be better attended.

Our Membership Secretary reports that we now have over 1,000 names on the data-base. Last year we had 225 subscribing members, an encouraging start, which enabled us to produce the Magazine plus the mail shots. To date only 78 members have renewed their subscription, so please look out the banker's order sent to you, and return it completed to our Membership Secretary. It was approved at the AGM that the annual sub would remain at £5.00 with a concession for the under 25's of a minimum of £2.00.

We are hoping to report on current activities or movements of Old Boys, in the Magazine. If anyone has information which they consider may be of interest to their contemporaries, or indeed, of any other Old Boys, please let us know. Most important of course would be changes of address.

During the year the school was visited by C F Franken, a Dutch Old Boy, and his family. Mr Franken was at DHS during the last war - his father being a serving member of the Dutch Navy. The whole family were impressed with the school and its activities, despite the building renovations which were taking place. We hope to see them again when they re-visit Plymouth.

We understand that there are various reunions being organised throughout the county by year groups. Reports of such reunions would be very welcome for insertion in the Magazine. If the committee can help in any way in tracing members, we would only be too pleased to do so. Conversely names and addresses would be welcome of all those who have attended such reunions so that we may check details against the data base.

# DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS ASSOCIATION

(Bath & Bristol Branch)

President - J.M. Widdecombe Esq. C.B., OBE.

Chairman: G. Allin Esq.  
3 Wild Orchard  
Paukland  
Bath BA3 5XJ

Secretary: HDD Thomas  
53 Connaught Mansion  
Gt. Pultenay St.  
Bath BA2 4BP  
Tel/Fax 01225 464964

Since, our last notes, members of the branch and their wives have met up on three occasions. In March, Norman Chaff arranged a skittles evening at the Civil Service Club which was very well attended and was rounded off with a buffet supper. In early October we had our steak supper which attracted the usual good following despite a number of members being away on holiday commitments.

In May we held our annual dinner, at which we were once again honoured in a very satisfactory meal the "Head" gave us a mini "Speech Day" talk on the achievements of the school over the previous year. All of his listeners were educated in the days of School Certificates and Higher School Certificates but we were nevertheless very impressed with the results of today's scholars, and perhaps more so by the variety of activities which are available to the young people at school today.

We would be delighted to welcome any "Old Boy" who happens to be in the area at the time of any of our functions. A call to the Secretary at the number above or to the Treasurer (between 2<sup>nd</sup> November and 30<sup>th</sup> March) on 01225 317381 will confirm the date and place.

## Henry Whitfeld

Pupil 1914 - 1927  
Teacher 1934 - 1969

Most of our subscribers are aware that the 2<sup>nd</sup> July marked the 90th birthday of Henry Whitfeld, who is in Parliamentary terms is probably the 'Father of the Old Boys'.

The Committee on your behalf presented Henry with a framed painting of the school, a painting he has always admired.

Henry, who is still fairly active, and still driving his car, told us that he was quite overwhelmed by the large number of congratulatory cards he had received. His only problem, he told us, was how he could thank all the Old Boys for their good wishes, so on behalf of Henry and ourselves, we would say "Thank you to all those who did remember Henry's special day". We would also add 'Here's to the next ten!'.

*Alan Porter*

Henry Whitfeld  
Sunset Cottage  
Harrowbeer Lane  
Yelverton  
Devon PL20 6EA  
Tel: Yelverton 853533

20 - 7 - 98

Dear Old Boys,

As this is the first time your Chairman has invited me to write to the re-constituted ADHS Old Boys Association, may I start by expressing my deep gratitude for the wonderful, spontaneous ovation you gave me at the 'Pavillions' Theatre on the last day of the School Centenary Celebrations. It is an intensely moving memory which I shall treasure as long as I live. Thank you very much indeed.

And now, closely following my celebration of my 90<sup>th</sup> birthday, Alan Porter, your Chairman, and Tony Wreford have presented to me, on your behalf, a large framed print of the magnificent south-west colonnade of the present Devonport High School for Boys. I have greatly admired this ever since I first saw the photograph and now I can feast my eyes on it whenever I wish!

Thirdly, as I no longer have the strength or time to reply to each individually - I wish to thank the 28 Old Boys who sent me cards or letters. I particularly value - and intend to keep - those which contain personal reminiscence of the days when they were at DHS including the 'Cheeky Face' card sent me by Richard Sawle (1961-68), which captivated me!

Thank you all. I wish you health, happiness, and fulfilment in the coming year,

*Henry Whitfeld*

## Duke of Edinburgh Practice Expedition in the Brecon Beacons - October 1998

Arriving in school with 65 litre packs on their backs, the pupils taking part in the 4-day practice expedition were ready for anything. The planned trip was to involve a journey up to Wales in the school minibus, on Wednesday 21<sup>st</sup> October, three nights in tents in the Brecon Beacon mountains, and journeying back on the evening of Saturday 24<sup>th</sup> October.

When the group arrived at the campsite, it was already dark, and after staggering down a field, we received instructions as to how to set our tents up. This was managed without mishap, and following a hot drink from water boiled on one of the ubiquitous methylated spirit burning Trangias, I turned in for a well-earned rest.

The next day breakfast was again prepared on a Trangia. In many cases the breakfast consisted of cereal, as the group had been warned against frying, as they would have to scour the pan afterwards! Luckily, as we were to sleep in the same campsite that evening, we were able to pack our tents without tents and a proportion of our kit.

That day's walk was to prove the wettest of the trip. Taking turns to read the map and lead the group, the six pupils in each of the two parties set off in opposite directions (although walking the same route). It was a circular route, involving an ascent up to roughly 1500ft max. height. It was only as we began to gain height that the rain really started in earnest. The rain is how I will remember that walk in the future. It was heavy, and at the highest point of the walk, it was near horizontal.

The group of six that I was in arrived back at the minibus after the other group, and we thus had to be inventive when it came to getting all six in with their packs, while soaking! Arrival back at the campsite saw that it was still raining. I tried to cook a potato meal, but the Trangia kept going out, and so we ate it cold. The next challenge was that we had to move our tent into the shelter of a nearby building to escape the wind, so we had to drag it 100m up a hill in the pouring rain. There was a climbing centre at the campsite at which we were spending Thursday night. This gave the group a chance to dry off completely in the reception area. Climbing tuition was to follow that evening.

The centre was to my eyes huge, and my suspicions were confirmed when I stepped inside in saug-fit climbing shoes. Part of the layout consisted of tonnes and tonnes of actual rock that had had holds bolted onto it in various places. This was totally new to me, as I had only ever in the past seen totally artificial climbing walls. There was even a tunnel through which to practice bridging moves! Progressing on from the traverse 1 metre above ground level, through the tunnel, and then onto the artificial climbing walls, I was really enjoying myself. This was new, but incredibly good fun. Once I had overcome my slight fear at looking down when at the top of the wall was immensely satisfying. I even attempted shinnying up the rope that led to the ceiling of the warehouse, but failed - I didn't see anyone in our group complete it, but I may be mistaken.

Thankfully, Friday morning saw a hill in the storm, and the wind and rain had temporarily abated. This gave us a chance to pack up the tents and rucksacks without soaking them. By this time mud was a real problem for the whole group.

The route that followed was a compromise, as we didn't wish to ascend very far at all bearing in mind the weather conditions. We were accompanied for part of the distance by Mr. Coombs (Mr. Adams took the other group of six). They then walked back to collect the minibus and bring it around to the campsite.

The trip had to be eventually cut short by one day, as on the Friday night the forecast was for us to have 2 inches of rain and gale force winds. As our planned campsite for that night was situated such that the wind would funnel straight down it, we decided to leave, and not get completely blown away in our tents. This was good news for many in the group, as by that time they were completely soaked, and didn't have any spare sets of dry clothes remaining in their packs.

If I had to describe the in one word, that word would be RAIN. Whenever I am in a downpour now, I think of map reading in the driving horizontal rain in Wales with the school.

*Peter Kingsnorth*

## What do we want?

One of the main aims of our Association is to provide a forum for Old Boys to meet.

In an attempt to achieve this aim your Committee have organised a number of events but to date, the response has been somewhat underwhelming!

So, here is the challenge - 'Tell us what you would like us to do for you'.

I know that we are dispersed widely and this makes attendance at events difficult for many of you but this problem is not unique and I am sure that there is a solution out there somewhere. Swapping stories in print is not easy but it might be a start if you could put pen to paper (or, more probably, fingers to keyboards - DfS has a website!) and drop us a line - either for inclusion in the Magazine or in a Newsletter it will be a start. And please do it now! If you leave it you know it will not get done!!

If you are like me, and I bet that you are, the best way to build or re-establish a relationship is to talk face to face and with a glass in one hand! If you agree how are we to make it happen? My own preference would be for an Annual Reunion Dinner - but where and when? Any other thoughts on the subject?

Come on guys - overwhelm us with ideas!

*Pete Fielding*  
(1955 - 62)

PS - for anyone who doesn't believe we think the same way try this:

Think of a number from 1 to 9; multiply that number by 9; add the two digits of the product; deduct 5. Hold that number! If 1 = a, 2 = b, c = 3 and so on think of the letter associated with that number. Now the easy bit! Quickly think of a country beginning with your letter. Now take the next letter in the alphabet after the initial letter of your country and think of an animal. And now think of the colour of that animal. That's it - answer on the last page of this magazine.

## SCHOOL OVERVIEW

From 1896 to the present, Devonport High School for Boys has been a nest of academic, sporting, and artistic supremacy. From its beginnings on Albert Road to its present imposing site in the old military hospital in Stoke, the moves of the school from one site to another have failed to change its un-dying desire to succeed. Presently, the school is among the country's best, nurturing and developing the talent of its students.

With improvements to the school site in constant progress, the environment for learning and development is always evolving for the better. With a team of staff dedicated to bringing out the best in their students, young men leave the school with a head full of knowledge and a well-rounded personality. I am proud and feel privileged to be a part of this great institution.

*Niko Downie*



### SCHOOL NOTES

This is the first time for some years that "School Notes" has appeared, and we feel that the time is right for its inclusion again.

Something interesting to note this year is that, according to The Sunday Times, Devonport High School for Boys has the fourth largest number of Old Boys in "Who's Who". We have 25 entries, more than Gordonstoun!

Last year, we had 2 Olford Scholarships, 4 Lord Kitchener Scholarships. We also had a MOD Sponsorship. Last year's leavers also seemed to like international travel: one ex-pupil took up teaching in Cuba, one went to Pakistan, and someone went to South America. I also know of several people who travelled around Europe or Asia before they went to University.

This year, many new staff have joined the school: Mr Harrison-Jones to teach Physics; Mrs Howard (Home Economics); Mrs Headlam (Maths); Mrs Herdson (French); Mrs Sheridan (English); Mrs Thomas (Technology) and Miss Wilkinson (English and Media Studies). Also joining the team are Mr Taylor (IT Technician), Mrs McFarlane (Chemistry Technician), Mrs Redford (Resources) and Mrs Hughes (Special Needs). Last but certainly not least, we say welcome back to John Bowden, after his very short retirement.

Last term, several staff left: Mr Mason (Maths), Miss Stevenson (English and Media Studies), Mrs Prouse (Home Economics). We wish them all well in the future.

### GARETH'S COMMENT

When I started working on the magazine I felt proud to be part of this school's heritage, which is what this magazine really is - by reading this magazine you are reading history! What I write here will be forever remembered in print so I wish to say thank you for reading this magazine and I hope you enjoy the articles, and the messages that they bring. I feel that editorials can become boring so I will leave you with this message which I live by and hope you can too - "Always fight for Truth, Justice and The Proper Way."

Gareth Holmes

80 years ago. . .

### Editorial, 1918

The Editorial of a School Magazine should confine itself to things of the School. Yet seven times in succession the D.H.S. Magazine has tinged its opening page with thoughts of war. Could it be otherwise? Could an orgy of conflict involving 48,000,000 combatants, 20,000,000 casualties, a death-roll of 8,000,000 fail to move us, even if no Britisher had taken part. Small wonder then that the schools of our Empire are stirred when that Empire has contributed 8,000,000 men, suffered over 3,000,000 casualties including three-quarters of a million killed. The mind reels before such figures. Imagine the British dead to pass our school at quick march in columns of four, beginning nine o'clock on a Monday morning and to continue marching day and night. Eleven a.m. on Wednesday would be reached before the sad procession had gone by; and more than ten of those columns would in passing recognise the school as their own, where but a few years or even a few months ago they had been pupils. When we try to recall all that has happened since the April Magazine was issued, images and emotions so crowd upon one another as to become too blurred for clear expression. Save during the critical weeks of August, 1914, never did there seem to us at home such need of a square jaw as in last May, June and the early days of July. Yet

all the while a supreme military genius, found at last, given a free hand at last - and only just in time - was, with grim smile, awaiting the decisive moment. Then he struck. In France, in Palestine, in the Balkans, in Italy blow after blow, planted with magic precision, at length rendered effective the spirit and the might of the Allied Armies. But no account, however brief, of the demoralisation and lightning collapse of the foe must omit mention of the part played by the British Navy. We believe that in strategy, will power, concentration, of mind, insight and generalship, Foch and Napoleon were on a par. The latter, after achieving conquest after conquest for some fifteen years, ultimately failed; the former, in eight months of leadership, completely succeeded. This riddle is easily solved: Foch had the British Navy as a partner; Napoleon, as an opponent. It is well to remember this salient fact amid vague talk of some new and Utopian "Freedom of the Seas."

Down the corridors of time, 1918 will pass as a Wonder Year. November, the month of glorious sunset skies - beloved of Meredith - will be for ever honoured. And "The Day," the eleventh of the eleventh month, when the Armistice was signed, when a cruel and crafty foe, the avowed enemy of Right and Honour was compelled to lower his polluted flag, will live throughout all future ages as the triumphant end of the greatest struggle - and dare we hope the last? - in the long history of freedom.

On the news being fully confirmed, the first feeling was that of relief. The terrible burden, carried for over four years, had suddenly slipped off. To relief succeeded joy. Yet the joy, of the last few weeks has been tempered by sorrow. The fallen were not forgotten in the hour of victory. On Armistice Day and the days following, thousands felt more attuned to silent meditation than open rejoicing. If the streets were full, the churches were not empty. For throughout our land, and other lands, there is scarcely a soul but has lost some relative or friend. To all such the truth enshrined in the lines:

*"There's a pang in all rejoicing,  
There's a joy in the heart of pain,"*

will appeal, dimly perhaps at first, but with ever-growing certitude as they realise that none of their dead have died in vain.

With such thoughts as these, in which pride and regret and sure and certain hope commingle, boys and old boys will read the Roll of Honour published in this issue. They will, we are sure, do more than read it. They will resolve that the sacrifice of those fallen heroes shall not lack some fitting commemoration.

R. H. Cauchman

### JUST A THOUGHT. . .

Since the school magazine was revived a year ago, Devonport High School for Boys has continued in its tradition of academic, artistic and sporting excellence.

This past year the school has been represented nationally by several teams and individuals, and some students have been members of teams outside school, competing county and nation wide, spreading the reputation of the school across the country and to a lesser but significant extent abroad.

As improvements to the school site continue the environment for learning and development is constantly evolving to suit students' needs. For example, changes are currently being made to the Sixth Form Centre in F-block to improve facilities for "A" level students.

To conclude, the school is always striving to give the best in terms of education and other opportunities to its students.

Anon.

It is the mark of a true great that in the face of such adversity, in the shape of relatively poor facilities, the school continues to strive for a better environment for all. The apparent death of the formerly relentless drive for a new sports hall, it transpires, was simply needless negativity. The community activity centre awaits approval for a National Lottery grant, and remains very much alive.

Cynics amongst us would also have us believe that the extensive external building work over the summer was in fact a devious means of disguising the poor state of our somewhat elderly limestone buildings. Again, this is simply not true. Now that the clouds of dust and mountain of scaffolding have begun a (somewhat slow) retreat, it is not with great pleasure that we may view the fruits of the builder's labours. The school's appearance is much improved, again demonstrating the value of a little effort.

The same may be said of the increasingly impressive Sixth Form centre, which is currently undergoing extensive refurbishment. Gone is the era of a seldom-used stage and storage area, and in comes the epoch of a kitchen, coffee machines and pool tables.

All teenage angst and cynicism aside, I feel that these efforts should be acknowledged. Therefore, before criticising the school for a lack of facilities, consider what efforts are being made to make life better. Change is very much underway.

Paul Dixon

84 years ago. . .

**The Editor's Quandary**

*[An entirely imaginary interview with a harassed Magazine Editor.]*

It was in his den I found him, in his editorial chair,  
In a mood of deep depression, in a mood of great despair.

There he sat in tears surrounded by his editorial staff,  
Looking like a jilted lover on the cinematograph.

"All is lost," he feebly muttered, "all my toil has been in vain,  
Wasted are my months of labour, lost the efforts of my brain.

Manuscripts in tens of thousands, poems long and full of wit  
Letters numerous and funny, criticisms opposite

These, 'tis true, were poured upon me, till my bosom swelled with  
pride,

And I said, 'This Mag. at least will have success unqualified.'

But I fear I spoke too quickly, I perceive to my dismay  
That, alas, the Mag. can never, never see the light of day.

For, you see, it's bound to lack an editorial, because

In the manuscripts I cannot find the most minute of flaws

So I have no cause to grumble, and unless you that possess  
You can't write an editorial for the Mag. of D.H.S.

And the Mag. without its foreword is unthinkable," he said,  
" 'Tis a sardine literary, with a body but no head."

On his anguish I had pity, sorrow nearly made me weep,  
Sorrow for the would-be readers, sorrow most for Mr. R-p.

So hereby I try to aid him, and his obstacle disperse,  
By presenting him a grievance - in the shape of feeble verse.

S. Retep

*(This representns how I feel! -Ed.)*

**Sports and Activities Report '98**

This year the school has enjoyed a wide variety of successes in all aspects of sport. The much-admired "Sports Award" was awarded to our school this year, which proves our sporting excellence is progressing far beyond that of other schools in the area.

The school has enjoyed the usual successes in the traditional sports of Football, Rugby and Basketball. However this year we also came eighth in the National Swimming competition, this is the highest our school has ever come in this competition, and with the help of Peter McNeil (12B) and various members of Year Ten, we hope to go one better this year and come seventh.

The school has had several individual successes in rugby with Gareth Williams of Year Ten getting into the South Devon Rugby squad. The Rugby squad of Years 12 and 13 have had several successes this year, especially in one game where we won 55-7, with Dean Griffith of year 13 scoring a try when he received the ball at the touchline of our end.

The school's Chess Club has had a huge success this year in the shape of Peter Goodchild and his team; they entered in the National Schools Chess championship and came highly placed. This was especially good as this was the first year the school had entered such a high level of competition in such a sport as chess.

People would debate that Debating in itself is a sport. Even so it is something that the school is very good at, and with the team practising at every opportunity, they have got the rest of the country on the edge of their seat about what argument they are going to put forward. Equally so is the Young Consumers - this year's team was placed amongst the top few schools in the country, this being a very strange competition to enter as it is more about business than sport. That is just what the uneducated masses may think, we however know better, and this is where we outpace other schools in every event we enter, by the sheer amount of attention and dedication we give to any task we set ourselves to do. This I am sure you would have seen for yourself when you attended the school many moons ago. Things will never change in a school that is so focussed on individual and team efforts as this establishment is.

Mark Sleep

## 197 ATC Sqn.

This year at the squadron we have achieved far beyond our expected potential, we have managed to be awarded the prestigious "falcon" trophy which is only awarded to the best and most efficient of all the squadrons in the southwest.

The squadron entered a 35-mile Ten-Tors team this year and also gained places in the 45 and 55 mile teams representing the wing. Our 35 mile team came in to the finish line quite early, after battling against the elements for the entire weekend, and suffering the hardships that are characteristic of the event. The 45-mile team fared equally well, even if they did cross the line about ten minutes before the end of the event. The 55 mile team had a very hard time of it, with two members collapsing after the first day, and a third member quitting halfway through the second, this last retirement forcing the team to make an early withdrawal as without a minimum of four members they could not carry on.

The squadron's sporting achievements have been equally as successful, with two members of the squadron involved in wing rugby and hockey, with a third coming highly placed in the national swimming competition. The squadron has a go-kart almost up and running thanks to the keen attention of C1, Mr Eato and Cdt Stevens. This is on schedule to be entered for racing later on next year.

The squadron is always happy to see old cadets and is always very hospitable to them, often managing to rope them into organising something for us to do, so if you are in the vicinity on a Friday night 6:30pm to 9pm, or you have a child aged 13+ then come down and see what we now have to offer, and see if we compare to other squadrons.

Cdt Mark Sleep (12B)

### Friday Choir trip to Ireland '98

*For Several Years, the choir has been on a trip to Ireland. Here is this year's report:*

As the famous Irish writer James Joyce put it, "The weather is as predictable as a child's bottom". The same could be said of the annual Choir trip to Ireland - you just don't know what is going to happen!

This year we left on Tuesday, July the 14<sup>th</sup> at 6:15pm. We arrived in Pembroke in time to catch the 3:15am ferry (which was two and a quarter hours late), and after a four-hour crossing, we arrived in the Emerald Isle. This year's crossing was unique because no one was sick (*which makes a change! -Ed.*)

We arrived at Kilree Lodge at 1pm on the 15<sup>th</sup>, and relaxed for the rest of the day. The pool table was especially popular. Kilree Lodge was run by a character called Paddy, who seemed to spend most of his time in the local pub (*sensible bloke! -Ed.*). Some people may have tried the odd Irish tippie, but none of the staff of course (*And no pupils under 18 either, I hope! -Ed.*)

On the Thursday (16<sup>th</sup>), we visited the spectacular Cliffs of Moher, which are well worth a visit. Later on we went Ten Pin Bowling, and went to a ceilidh in the evening.

Friday came round, and we paid a visit to the Killaloe Activity Centre, where I tried Kayaking and Windsurfing; when we'd recovered from the day's exertions, we finally did some singing! We did a very enjoyable concert in St John's cathedral in Limerick.

On Saturday the 18<sup>th</sup>, we sang in Lismore church. This was probably the best concert of the whole trip - people travelled from miles around to see us. One lady said that she

was about to move to Wales, but would be back next year to see us. I didn't enlighten her to the fact that we will be in Paris in '99! We arrived back in Limerick in the small hours of the 19<sup>th</sup>, and as soon as we'd got off the coach, we hotfooted it to the Chinese takeaway, where someone put on a very unconvincing Chinese accent when ordering number 69. On the evening of the 19<sup>th</sup>, we sang during Evensong at St John's cathedral in Limerick, and sang a concert there as well.

Monday the 20<sup>th</sup> was the final day, and we visited Galway, where people bought lots of second-hand clothes and some of the girls had henna tattoos done. Later that evening, we sang in the Galway Irish Crystal Heritage Centre and then we went out for a final evening celebration.

We arrived home tired but happy on the 21<sup>st</sup> of July.

Becky McLaughlin

## SCIOLOGICAL STEREOTYPES

*Everyone knows that you can put school pupils into stereotypes - here are three examples:*

"The Stud":

Jordan has just swaggered into class, five minutes late. He grunts at the teacher by way of apology, and then accosts his friends with "dude" and "how's it hanging?"

Meanwhile, the teacher stands by in a stunned silence, and then proceeds with the lesson, unwilling to reprimand this particular recalcitrant for fear of a counter-attack.

Jordan is the unrivalled, unequivocal school stud. What he wears to mufi days is the new school fashion, and what he wore last multi day is very much "out". His sideburns extend down to the goatee he's growing for the simple reason that he is the only one who can grow them. His hair is the most vivid peroxide yellow and (along with the Great Wall of China) is the only manmade feature that can be seen from space; but it's cool because it's his hair.

He has a list of ex-girlfriends that stretches around the world three and a half times, and knows every erogenous zone on the female body, plus a few more.

He is brilliant at every sport and dominates Sports Day every year. He plays for every School and County team, and is their top scorer.

He tried smoking once, but decided that he didn't like it, and couldn't afford it anyway. He also claims that he has taken every illegal drug under the sun, but hasn't, in fact, the only drugs he has ever taken are those on prescription.

He enjoys his status, but doesn't abuse his popularity. He isn't malicious and, despite what many teachers think, comes to school to learn (although you'd never hear him say it).

"The loafer":

Paul is a loafer. He just drifts through school, meandering from lesson to lesson without any purpose or direction. He's the school paradox; he's sort of cool (in a bizarre way) but at the same time a bit of a geek.

He arrives in school, fully aware that he hasn't done any of his homework, but he



13 doesn't worry because he "can do it during registration."

That's not to say he isn't bright. If a teacher sets a two page essay, his handwriting expands and has 7cm paragraph

Indents

And numerous:

Sub-headings.

When asked to run a lap of the playing field, he cuts corners, and starts walking when the teacher's back is turned.

He's always forgotten his protractor for maths, but manages to borrow someone else's when he remembers two minutes before the lesson.

All he does at lunchtime is converse with his fellow loafers, about what they didn't do last night, and if they did do something, how not to do it again. He has never joined a club, and if you suggested it to him he would nod his head vaguely, and never turn up.

As far as women go, they are as alien to him as the world outdoors. Yet he sniggers about naked women and about the late-night satellite channels he watched last night.

He has no ambitions in life, only to be Johnny Vaughn in the Strongbow advert and perfect the art of loafing. However, we mustn't deprive him of his due applause, for the art of loafing is very complex and skilled. You just try it, and you'll see what I mean.

**The Volunteer:**

James is a volunteer. Whenever a teacher asks for a volunteer, his hand shoots up first like a space ship at blast off. He then smiles sickeningly, when the teacher cries "ah, James, well-volunteered." At the end of class, you'll see him at the teacher's desk telling what extra homework he did and forcing him to look at it.

He's the first to arrive in school, at 7:30 when the gates open. He then reviews his timetable and checks he has all his homework. As he has a good half-hour until another soul even leaves the house, he takes out his Geography textbook, and reads the next four chapters.

When someone arrives, he eagerly looks up and asks, "have you done your English homework?" and then "How much have you done?" For his essay must always be the longest, and his diagrams the most detailed. When he's ill, he does extra homework, so that, rather than being behind, he's ahead.

When in a group, he laughs too long and loudly, and then explains why the joke was funny- to let everyone know that he gets it, although most of the time he gets it wrong.

At home, it's four hours homework before anything else. Once completed, he watches TV, so that he has seen every programme he should have seen.

His obsequious nature can drive his peers nuts, but really he's not that bad. All he's doing is striving to do well, and shouldn't that be commended, not criticised?

David Coombs.

94 years ago.

## "Cornish Superstition"

14

There are few parts of the world where the inhabitants are more superstitious than in Cornwall. Superstition is a trait only to be found, to any great extent, in the characters of the uneducated. As the "Heathen Chinese" seeks to propitiate evil gods, so in Cornish folk-lore, inhabitants of the isolated parts of the county attribute all misfortunes to the devil or his followers-those who have the "evil eye".

As the sagas of Iceland and Scandinavia have been much exaggerated by the skalds who taught them, so have some of the seeming impossible tales of Cornwall gathered by continuous repetition.

Not many years ago, those who were said to have the power of the "evil eye" were greatly dreaded in all parts of the country. It is curious to note how the ingrained superstition of Cornish people caused their imagination to run riot and made them think evil of innocent persons. If an old woman reached her second childhood and muttered to herself, she was looked at askance and reported to be making spells. Should she chance to have a black cat it was called her "familiar", and tales were circulated that it was the devil in disguise, who, when the old woman's door was opened by a villager, vanished up the chimney in a cloud of smoke leaving a smell of brimstone behind. When the dame collected herbs and brewed medicines, the odoriferous fumes immediately brought down the virulent and clandestine accusations of her neighbours, who spoke of her concoction as witches' potions. From such occupations she was set down as a witch and was stated to make children sick by casting on them the "evil eye", to curdle the milk from the cows and anathematise those whom she specially disliked.

Many Cornish people believe in pixies. Pixies were little people who may be classed with fairies and were credited with doing as much mischief as possible. To be "pixie-led" was a dire misfortune from which the inhabitant of the most westerly county fervently prayed to be saved. Countrymen were mysteriously lured across desolate moors by music and all kinds of fascinations, until, music and everything having stopped, they found themselves far from any habitation. Probably the true reason for this phenomenon was that plodding along in a half-asleep state, it was quite possible for a man leaving the beaten track and penetrating into the most desolate parts of the moor, at last to fall asleep. If a man saw a pixies fair he was sure to suffer greatly. The pixies would seek to steal his children, or they would milk his cows and otherwise do as much harm as possible.

In different parts of Cornwall there are many stories of bad characters claimed after death by the devil. In the Cornish hills there lived a squire called Tregagle who was noted for his wickedness and irreverence. He was greatly feared by his neighbours and said to be in league with the devil. At his death he was indeed claimed by the devil and was set several tasks for his wickedness in life. He had to empty Doznare Pool, with a limpet shell, a miniature lake about ten miles north of Liskeard, make ropes of sand and other impossible tasks. He was also said to be chased at night by the devil and the hell-hounds, and the howls of their victim could be heard for miles around. The howls, of course, were caused by the wind, which always blows at that height.

In conclusion, it should be said, nearly all the superstitions of Cornishmen have been the outcome of their intense imagination.

C. W. Tresise

## Niko's Travel Article

As Europe becomes more and more unified, travel opportunities within Europe become more frequent. Indeed, the school has organised countless trips abroad for all year groups. For many younger pupils, the weeklong stay in Uzel is their first experience of a foreign country. Exchanges to Pont L'Abeç in France and Celle in Germany have also been arranged through the school. With ski trips to the Alps and the current Year 7's trips to Uzel planned for next spring, the school's travel schedule already seems full, but there is also talk of short trips to Germany as well as exchanges. Relatively recently groups of students have travelled to such places as Prague, leaving their mark over all Europe. The opportunities for international travel through the school are always increasing, helping the students to spread their wings and see the world as international ambassadors for the school.

After 25 years membership of the E.U and as communication grows, making the world smaller, travel is becoming ever more important, ensuring today's youth experiences a variety of diverse cultures to open their minds to new and exciting customs and ways of life.

After two successful expeditions to Kenya and Morocco, world-wide travel with the school is now a possible opportunity for those students wise enough to seize every such chance.

*Niko Downie*

62 years ago. . .

### So This Is Education!

In the year 2000 A. D., a Commission, presided over by the World Dictator, was set up to investigate social life during the first half of the twentieth century. One meeting was devoted to Education in the early twentieth century, of which little was known, as all the old records had been destroyed in the war of 1980. One of the members, however, had in his possession some old letters, which had belonged to his grandfather, and it was thought that these might shed some light on the matter.

The Dictator opened the meeting by calling on Mr. - to read extracts from his grandfather's letters.

Mr. -, a studious looking young man, explained that he would read an account of life at a place called Devonport High School.

"What does 'school' mean?" asked the Dictator.

"I really can't say," replied Mr. - "but I should imagine, from this description, that it was some kind of amusement-hall or public exhibition. My grandfather mentions that a large number of entertainers were to be found there. About a score of them were professionals, he says."

"It appears," continued Mr. - that for members of the school, attendance was compulsory. There were two sessions-morning and afternoon.

"But how soul-destroying," interpolated the Dictator.

"In the morning, before entering school, the majority of the boys assembled in the grounds for bare-knuckle fighting and other old fashioned pastimes. Amongst them

wandered a flock of youths called 'prefects' -endeavouring to maintain some semblance of order, but failing miserably. They had to rely solely on will-power and -facial expression. 16

"How horrible," said the Dictator.

"At 8.37 a bell would ring, summoning them to the day's activities. This would cause an immediate stampede to the only entrance, during which, my grandfather fears, not a few were maimed for life. A great thinker, on viewing this spectacle one morning, was so impressed that he enunciated a doctrine which has since become famous - the survival of the fittest. Grandpa goes on to say that inside conditions were little better. The rushing torrent of boys forced its way through a dim tunnel, up a narrow flight of stairs and into a cold, ugly corridor, where it was broken up into a number of minor torrents, which dispersed to different rooms.

"These rooms were specially built, so that they were either too hot or too cold. This was, Grandpa believes, to make the boys hardy. These rooms were also constructed in such a way that little or no sunlight could enter, a dim twilight being considered most suitable for the games that were played there."

"Grandpa says that the boys next went to Assembly."

"Oh, and what is that?" asked the Dictator.

"Well, sir, Grandpa's a bit vague, but I gather that Assembly was a game like Sardines and was played by the Master Entertainer. The idea was to see how many youths could be packed into a very small room. If a youth was sick the M.E. lost, but if no one was sick he won."

"I see," said the Dictator, "and what did they do then?"

"They went to their rooms for 'lessons'. Grandpa's meaning isn't quite clear, but I think this was a sort of entertainment organised by the Entertainers. About thirty boys sat in queer things called desks, that squeaked and wobbled and grunted and collapsed. At first the young ones were content to sit and shout abuse at their neighbours; then they stood and threw things at each other. Soon there was a noise at the door and, according to Grandpa, immediate silence. Now the game began. A black-shrouded figure strode in, scowled at the class and turned to the blackboard."

"What's a blackboard?" asked one of the members.

"Well, it was used generally as a dart-board or a target, but occasionally, Grandpa says, caricatures of the Entertainers were drawn on it."

Mr. - continued. "The rules of the game were that as soon as the Entertainer's back was turned, they all had to shout as much as possible. If, however, the Entertainer caught a boy making a noise, he could strike him on the head with his clenched fist or any other convenient object or else send him to the Master Entertainer, to be struck with a rod."

"And who was the Master Entertainer?" asked the Dictator.

"Grandpa says that he was a very great man, who sat all alone in a room; at his side was the rod with which he struck all those who were disqualified from the game."

"Oh, I see," said the dictator, "but what did they teach the boys who went to this delightful place?"

Grandpa never discovered."

*C.W.E.*

## Young Enterprise

This Autumn saw the creation of this year's numerous Young Enterprise companies. Now well established in Plymouth, Young Enterprise seeks to give sixth form students the experience of setting up their own company and striving to make a profit. Most groups choose to manufacture a product and use their finely tuned skills as salesmen to sell their product to consumers at various events. Favourite products of the past include photo frames and coasters although with each passing year the companies become even more adventurous as they try to better their predecessors. This year several groups considered the idea of undertaking the mammoth task of organising concerts and other functions.

The popularity of Young Enterprise has gone from strength to strength over the years, mostly due to the prospect of a share in the profit for each employee at the end of the business period. In fact, YE is now so popular that so many applied to take part this year that it was nearly impossible for all to take part. However, due to the foundation of other new companies with schools such as DHSG, Plymouth High, St. Dunstan's and Southway, everyone now has a place within one company or another.

Niko Downie

## An obituary of Young Enterprise

It is with great sadness that I must announce the parting of a former great. Born in the late 60's, Young Geoffrey Enterprise, known as "Ol' Blue Eyes" to his friends, lived a mixed existence, swaying between extremes of innovation and prosperity, and unoriginal, futile tendencies. His life started opportunisticly: a vision of endeavour, success and financial gain, which filled its participants with the infection of profit motivated disease. And it was this that led to Mr. Enterprise's downfall.

In a new era of Sony Mini-Discs, portable televisions and alcopops, Enterprise found it increasingly difficult to meet the needs of an ever-more cut-throat market. Wax candles and pencil holders, once original, vibrant and exciting, soon collapsed into a bygone era of cave-dwelling Neanderthals and Betamax video recorders. Public relations began to sour, with share-holders' money being squandered on bus fares, Big Macs and cigarettes.

A temporary revival with the advent of CD clocks and beer mat cushions served only to worsen his health, as the responsibilities of his former success turned Mr. Enterprise to over indulgence in food and alcohol. His Mafia connections served only to add controversy to his tempestuous life-style. Young Enterprise died peacefully in a drunken stupor. He will be sadly missed, leaving a controversial legacy behind. Young Enterprise, who died today, aged thirty-two.

Paul Dixon

## FLAW

For the past six years, Mrs Pierpoint, head of Modern Languages, has run a course in commercial French especially aimed at those students who are not studying A-Level French but wish to carry on their studies. F.L.A.W. (Foreign Languages At Work) offers Year Twelve students the chance to take part in a week's work experience in France to expand their knowledge of "every day" French and put into practice what they already know. So far the course has had a one hundred percent pass rate and those who have taken part recommend the course to others. The type of work experience students choose ranges from working with a mechanic to working in a

solicitors office. The strength and popularity of the course is set to increase and, staying in the school's house in Uzel, Brittany, the next week of work experience is organised for March 1999. The current group of F.L.A.W. students is already working hard to prepare for their first experience of working abroad which they hope will be enjoyable as well as enlightening.

Niko Downie

11 years ago . . .

## The Tuck Shop

Nine members of the Lower Sixth took over the running of the School Tuck Shop, renamed "TIME MORGUE", in October last year. Sales remained constant throughout the winter as a more varied stock range was introduced.

At the beginning of 1987, the Tuck Shop was in a state of disrepair, so certain members of its staff took it into their own hands to revamp and redecorate it in their spare time during the school holidays. A major facelift was executed and completed to a high standard. The newly decorated Tuck Shop raised many eyebrows, and attracted more custom.

The newest venture undertaken by the Tuck Shop staff was the Mobile Tuck Shop, where the goods were taken to the customer. This was successful in increasing sales.

Our time as the management of the Tuck Shop has been both enjoyable and useful. All members of staff have gained an insight into, and an increased awareness of, the running of a small shop.

## Rejoice, hangover cure! (which many of the VI Form sorely need! - Ed!)

Sixth form council,

Bar mock trial,

Young Enterprise,

Friday Choir,

Activities Afternoon,

Prefectship,

School Magazine,

Public Speaking Competition,

Duke of Edinburgh (Gold)

(If you've got a poor GCSE hangover, get involved!!)

Paul Dixon



19 51 years ago.

## Visit to Cherbourg

The Plymouth Delegation which visited Cherbourg in March this year consisted of representatives of many sections of the civic and business interests of the city. Included in the party were two schoolboys, and it was my honour and good fortune to be chosen to represent Devonport High School. The French Government had placed a destroyer at the disposal of the party, and on Saturday March 22nd, we crossed the Channel. The crossing itself was, I hear, not too bad, but personally I was content to lie on a bunk, longing for terra firma once more.

We reached Cherbourg late in the afternoon, and received a hearty welcome. To meet us schoolboys there were several French students, and we were soon the best of friends. There was no time to lose, for a very full programme was mapped out for us. The Delegation divided into separate parties, and while some went to view the Dockyards and Stations, we took a busman's holiday and visited the schools, ranging from Elementary and Infant Schools to Training Colleges; and everywhere we went we received a great welcome. Several souvenirs were given to us on the tour, and in the Infant Schools we were greeted with the strains of "It's a long way to Tipperary" and "Auld Lang Syne". In spite of the German occupation the people of Cherbourg have worked hard to keep the education of youth at a good standard, and they have overcome many handicaps.

The tour of the schools being completed, the Delegation made its way to the Town hall where we drank the *Aperitif d'Honneur* and heard speeches by the Mayor of Cherbourg, M. René Schmitt and by our Lord Mayor. After a brief stay here we once more boarded the coaches and went to one of Cherbourg's largest cafes where we ate a dinner which made many of the delegation sit back with surprise.

We then went to the Opera House to see a production of the Opera "Lakme" by Delibes. The delegation was spread out among the audience, and we had a great chance to meet and speak with the ordinary French people, and this in itself was an education.

The performance was extremely good, and the singing was of a very high standard. Our first few hours in Cherbourg had certainly been well spent, and when the opera ended at 1 o'clock in the morning we returned by coach to the hotel feeling weary but very happy.

Early the following morning we were off again. Our objective was the cemetery where we made a pilgrimage to the graves of British airmen who had fallen. After a short service and the laying of wreaths by the Lord Mayor we left for the Library where there were many interesting and historical books, some of them of great value. Next on our list after the Library was a visit to the Square to see folk-dancing by a troupe who specialised in the folk-dances of Normandy and who wore the traditional lace dresses. This again was very interesting and enjoyable. It seemed that most of the population of Cherbourg had turned out to watch, for as we left in the coaches, the crowds waved and cheered almost as if we had been an army of liberation passing through.

We drove out of Cherbourg and headed out into the French countryside. Normandy is much the same sort of rugged landscape as Cornwall. There were several stops to be made on the way, and the first was at Barfleur, where we had lunch, a six-course meal, in a hotel known as "Le Homard Rouge"; then on to La Perelle to see the Radiolocation sites, and so along the Atlantic wall to view the German emplacements. Out of one of the block-houses the Americans had made a memorial to their dead, and this was a really great piece of work. From this memorial on Utah Beach we went to the American cemetery at Blosville. Here, stretching away for a great distance, and marvellously cared for, are the graves of Americans who fell in the liberation of France. It is a fitting resting-place for the liberators. From Blosville we made our way through the towns of Montebourg, which the Germans captured seven times, and thence to Valognes. All the villages and towns we passed through were smashed and devastated and people were living in houses made from the rubble. These people were right in the firing line, but they bravely carried on. From Valognes we returned to Cherbourg where we went to the hotel and tidied up for the banquet.

At 9.30 in the evening we arrived at the Town Hall where the banquet was to be held, and again many of the delegation were surprised to see the sumptuous meal that had been prepared for us. All told, there were 108 guests at the banquet, and we were well spread out, thus having another chance to meet French people and to talk with them. They were all very helpful, and we got on

famously with them. The banquet lasted for three hours, and after speeches by the Mayor of Cherbourg and the Lord Mayor, we boarded the coaches for the bill. 20

Here we schoolboys broadcast over the French radio, but unfortunately the recordings were scratched and were useless. The ball soon developed into a sing-song. This was Anglo-French friendship in the real sense of the word, but all good things had to come to an end, so we returned to the Hotel at about 3.45.

On our last morning in Cherbourg we went round the town to buy some souvenirs, and though many of the things were rationed nobody was really disappointed with his purchases. Then at 10.45 we went to the Dockyard and embarked once more: but something had been achieved during our short visit. A great friendship had been forged between our two cities, and personal friends had been made, and it was with regret and hope to return again that we headed out to sea in the destroyer "Desaix", while French people on the dockside sang tunes of the First Great War and the Plymouth delegation replied from the deck of the destroyer.

*Moger*

60 years ago. . .

## Would You Believe It?

In the small and only hotel boasted by an Oklahoma cow-town, a crudely hand-printed copy of the following notice was displayed in its one guest-room:

### HOTEL RULES

- Gents going to bed with there boots on get charged extra.
- If that hole in the window where the pain has gone is too much for you there's a pair of pants behind the door to stuff in it.
- Rite your name on the wall-paper, so we know you been here.
- The other leg of the chair is in the cupboard if you want it.
- Don't remove them bricks from the bedspring, else we won't know where to find them.
- Don't tare off the wall-paper to lite your pipe. 'Nuff of that already.
- Two men in one room must put up with one chair.
- Gests is not allowed to remove sawdust from the pillars.
- If you gets cold, put the oilcloth over your bed.
- If there ain't no towell handy, use that loose pece of carpet.
- Don't kick about the cockroachs, we don't charge no extra.
- The washing place is that tub in the back street behind the stables. If you don't get there before eight its the horse-troff, and you can't use it.
- If we don't serve no breakfuss you gets extra for tee, so don't create.
- Three raps on the door means there's been a murder done in the house, and you got to get up.
- If it rains through that hole in the sealing there's an umbrella under the bed.
- As a gentle reminder of a guest's obligations to his host, the notice ended with:

GENTS LEAVING WITHOUT PAYING GET'S SHOT ON SIGHT, AND A FUNERAL AT PUBLIC EXPENCE ON BOOTHILL.

*Veteran Vith*

## Why teachers need to encourage stress, not help prevent it

There exists a worrying trend within the school society for apparent nonchalance about GCSE and A-level examinations. One explanation offered for this is the growth of a generation which simply cannot be bothered to work hard enough. As a result, the pupils tend to understate the exams' significance and convince themselves that their performance does not REALLY MATTER. Up to a point, one can agree with this principle; that it is all too easy to substitute stress and hard graft for an overly relaxed attitude, indifference about the results, and minimal exam preparation. However, it does seem unlikely that the prevalence of laziness is any greater today than ever before. It is part of growing up: the sudden absence of youthful enthusiasm and corresponding arrival of cynicism, and obstinacy. Given this, there must be a different explanation for the fall of pre and post examination stress.

The first of these, I believe, is the conditioning that pupils of fast-tracking grammar schools, such as our own, undergo. The initially unpopular introduction of annual examinations for all year pupils has led to pupils becoming accustomed to the practices of intense periods of testing, and developing means of suppressing stress, and tackling the task of revision. The fact that from the end of Year 9, pupils are set Foundation Level GCSE papers removes the unpleasant mystique surrounding these exams, and allows pupils to do the necessary acclimatisation before the arrival of the GCSEs proper.

A second explanation is the all too noticeable introduction of enormous quantities of coursework. Whilst in no way reducing stress, what this does achieve is the distribution of stress over a longer period of time. Again, this results in pupils becoming used to producing work that actually contributes to their GCSE grade, and often take solace in the fact that, come exam time, sometimes upwards of 50% of the marks have already been obtained. One might argue that an absence of stress is due to the fact that GCSEs are too easy. This is simply not true. Dividing efforts across ten subjects, coping with seven separate coursework deadlines in one week and dealing with homework in the remaining subjects is in no way an enjoyable task. This is in no way easier than sitting ten - fifteen separate exam papers over the space of three weeks, nor does it offer exemption from the latter. What coursework does offer, however, is the opportunity to condition oneself to cope with multiple deadlines and large quantities of work in all subject areas, which can only help, in the long run, in dealing with the prospect of a summer of career-shaping examinations.

Contrary to this, it could be argued that the GCSE exams are too easy. Not in a literal sense (as the burdens of coursework will prove), but in terms of the ability range represented by schools such as our own. Ninety-seven percent of pupils this year succeeded in achieving five or more GCSEs at grades A-C; a genuine success. The fact that this figure was achieved in many instances without the need for months of revision and nervous break-down inducing proportion of stress is a clear indication that this may be the case. That is, if pupils can achieve some degree of success without the need for months of stress, then this is the approach that is adopted.

Perhaps one final explanation for this phenomenon is the positive attitude with which males generally tackle their examinations - GCSEs have come to represent an opportunity to prove how good one can be, and not an exercise in inducing agonising weeks and months of worry. It is this positive school of thought, compounded by the careful conditioning that the school provides, which may be the major contributing factor to an apparent absence of examination stress.

Paul Dixon

13 years ago.

## £250,000 REDEVELOPMENT

Devonport High School for Boys was formerly the Stoke Military Hospital which was established in 1762. In the Boer War the Hospital was extended to look after the swelling numbers of wounded soldiers returning after bloody battle. Once again these facilities are being expanded and improved but this time for a different reason.

In September of 1985 the school welcomed additional Sixth Formers from Sutton, Public High, Widey and Torpoint Schools, and this sudden influx has swelled the Sixth Form numbers to an unprecedented 250 pupils, all taking four or five subjects at "A" level. Foreseeing the intense pressure that would be put upon already strained facilities, the school, aided entirely by the Local Education Authority, commissioned redevelopment work on all of its science laboratories. The improvement work lasted throughout the summer and the results are indeed remarkable.

Old rooms have been joined together to produce larger spaces for new laboratories and old laboratories have been completely refurbished with new lighting, new furniture, extra electrical appliances, new gas fittings and better work surfaces. The Biology Department alone has had approximately £60 000 spent upon new equipment and facilities, and similar amounts have been spent on the Physics and Technology departments. The result has been the creation of superb working conditions for the pupils. The teachers have also benefited from the developments with extra preparation rooms and storage areas. Six new additional Sixth form division rooms, each seating twenty pupils, have been constructed to relieve the pressure of congestion in other rooms.

In addition to the material gains of this year the number of staff has also risen with the arrival of fifteen new teachers, and the total of full and part-time teachers now stands at fifty one. Teachers have arrived from various other well known schools such as Sutton High School, Public High and Stoke Damarel, and all are very experienced in their profession.

All in all the total bill is around £250 000 and any visitor to the school would be able to see quite clearly the manner in which this sum has been well spent. If Doctor Who could bring patients and doctors from the Boer War to visit the school, they would find still the same caring dedicated attitude of staff and pupils in evidence. They would be able to walk along the original colonnade linking all the former hospital blocks but, as they entered what were formerly the overcrowded wards, they would be amazed and delighted to see such progress and change.

Devonport High School for Boys looks forward to the challenges ahead, building upon the excellence and record of former years ensuring that children from all walks of life and backgrounds have every opportunity to develop to their full potential in a caring community.

## Schoolboy Humour

A huge influence on how we act in and around our own social groups, the type of humour used by your peers can cause your life to turn on its head. This is emphasised in many groups in school - these are described below.

1. The Keys: Specialise in laughing at the misfortune of others, constantly interrupting lessons with their inane laughter - when asked to share it they giggle and look at the teacher in a hurt fashion - the teacher then struggles to return to the lesson over their continuing laughter.

2. The Boffins: This elite group of intellectuals specialise in very complex jokes that no one understands, they can take the simplest jokes, such as "Why did the chewing gum cross the road? - because it was stuck to the chickens foot!" into an essay by explaining exactly the physical properties of the gum, and why it would need a certain amount of pressure to become attached to the foot, and stay on it until the other side of the road was reached.

3. The Rest: These are the middle group, of which most of us belong, the jokes consisting of sexual innuendo or the misfortunes of others. This group is understood and liked by many, because of their ability to switch from group to group understanding each and every group's unique type of humour, mixing and matching until they have their own style made up. This group is often the most successful in life, and hardly ever contract terminal diseases, such as mass hysteria and pure boredom.

Mark Sleep

### Answer to Peter Fielding's fiendishly difficult problem:

If you aren't thinking of a Grey Danish Elephant then you're right - we don't think in the same way! Anyone with a Brown French Gorilla clearly failed 'O' level maths and if your elephant is Pink you have a different kind of problem!

### DHSOB Subscription List - November 98

Aala R	21 Blandford Rd	Lower Compton	Plymouth	PL3 5DS	01752-669389
Adams A J H	40 Yew Tree rd	Southborough	Tunbridge Wells Kent	TN4 0BL	01892-523640
Ash S G	Linden Lodge	1 The Parkway	Rustington Littlehampton	BN16 2BS	01903-786874
Ashworth CBE DL G W	Manor Court Farm	Preston New Road	Sarnesbury Preston	PR5 0UP	01245-812011
Babbage A H	32 Brionne Way	Longlevens	Gloucester	RH2 7BN	01452-415719
Ball M G	23 The Close	Reigate	Surrey	PL9 9LJ	01737 244224
Bennett D W H	Nansloc 112 Green Park Rd		Plymouth	PL12 4JG	01752-403722
Bollard J R	10 Fairmead Rd		Saltash	W5 2LY	01752-846433
Bowden W P	58 Haven Green Ct	Eating	London	SN13 9NQ	0181-997-5051
Brealey J F H	7 The Knowle	Corsham	Wilts	PL17 7EZ	01249-715239
Buckler T S	Torvale 57 Liskeard Rd	Callington	Cornwall	BN12 5AU	01579-382141
Burt D A	15 Fernhurst Drive	Goring by Sea	Worthing	BA2 4LJ	01903-248671
Chaff N E	Norbury 7 Greenway Lane		Bath	GU10 3PL	01225-312079
Clark R E	Biscovey Dene Walk	Farnham	Surrey	TW10 6JX	01252-721426
Clayton P W C	Flat 1 45 Queens Road	Richmond	Surrey	DN21 3DZ	0181-9483726
Clews D S	Rose Cottage 32 High St	East Ferry	Gainborough		01427-628177

02-Nov-98



Cole D	33 Vapron Rd	Mannamead	Plymouth	PL3 5NJ	1939	01752-661425
Cole-Mackintosh	RE	1 Burges Close	Marthull Dorset	DT10 1QQ	1941	01258-820578
Collier B J	Great Close House	Great Close	Ampfield	SO51 9BE	1948	01794-367596
Cook F	87 Heddingham Rd	Hornchurch	Essex	RM11 3QH	1939	01708-452917
Cory R J S	18 Walrod Rd	Swanage	Surrey	BH19 1PB	1943	01929-422353
Cousins CBE	B H	14 Garbrand Walk	Ewell	KT17 1UQ	1943	0181-394-0018
Cross A J	22 Sunningwell Rd	Oxford	Compton Bishop	OX1 4SX1942	1944	01865-726969
Curfioe T A	Rosemary Cottage	CrookPeak	Axbridge	BS26 2HW	1950	01934-750894
Dareh R J	Brook House	Middle St	Misterton	TA18 8LZ	1950	01460-72040
Davies M E	65 Arundel Way	Newquay	Cornwall	TR7 3AG	1959	01637-850979
Dawe Tony	The Old Oak	Lutton	Ivybridge	PL21 9RR	1954	01752-837432
de Gruchy L C	39 Cavendish Meads	Sunninghill	Ascot	SL5 9TB	1932	01344-26283
Deacon A	51 Goldsworthy Way	Moobury	Slough	SL1 6AZ	1976	01628-666417
Denyer R A	2 Benedict Way	Hartley	Ivybridge	PL21 0TJ	1976	01548-830-777
Dewdney D J	10 Venn Way	Hartley	Plymouth	PL3 5PN		01752 772849
Evens C D	22 Thorn Park	Mannamead	Plymouth			
Field R J	1 Caernarvon Gdns	Beacon Park	Plymouth			
Fielding P G	22 Berry Park Rd	Plymstock	Plymouth	PL2 2RY		01752-403418
Forbes E J	23 Woodbourne	Augustus Rd	Birmingham	B15 3PH	1933	0121-454-0244
Foster D J	1 Fletcher Way	Plymstock	Plymouth	PL9 8LG	1942	
Franken C S	Papetaan 116	1382 RP- Weesp	Holland			
Gaskin R H	Tredague House	Devonport Hill	Kingsand Cornwall	PL10 1NJ	1941	01752-823044
George R P	Azura Coast Rd	Portloman	Truro	TR4 8AQ	1941	
01209-890381						
George R N	6 The Moorings	Embankment Rd	Kingsbridge Devon	TQ7 1LP	1939	01548-856266
Harbert S	10A Russell St	London		WC2E 5HZ	1934	0171-836-0270
Harris M B	Broomcroft Hall	Ford Lane	Didsbury Manchester	M20 2RU	1955	0161-448-0331
Hawkins D S	Stoney Lea	Buckland Monachorum	Yelverton		1964	01822-854893
Hay B	11-80 South Lane	Oakville	Ontario L6L 5L3		1948	(905)-847-2831
Haydon R	Brasenose College	Oxford	Canada	OX1 4AJ	1958	01865-277838
Hele C B	3 Greeway Close	Horrabridge	Yelverton	PL20 7SW	1917	01822-853727
Hill D	Abbotsfield Cottage	Abbotsfield	Tavistock	PL19 8EZ		01822-615871
Hill L	91 Akeman St	Cambridge		CB4 3HF	1990	01223-560659
Hills J D	47 St Augustines Rd	Canterbury	Kent	CT1 1XR	1959	01227-452155
Hitchings J P	T N	17 Torbay Rd	Lower Parkstone Poole	BH14 9JQ	1926	01202-745071
Holloway K R	3 Keswick Close	Beeston	Nottingham	NG9 3AR	1946	

Horrell M	2, The Bridge	Custom House Lane	Martina Village	Plymouth	1964	01752-257784
Hughes CB	L H	1 Wood End Road	Harpenden	Herts	1956	0171-798-7678
Hunting J L	1 Brynmoor Walk	Higher Compton	Plymouth		1933	01752-778729
Huzzey R H	Higher Lovaton	Yelverton	Devon		1936	01822-855011
James AC/B	H S	7 Lynton Close	Belmont	Cheam	1948	0181-642-0699
Jarrod P C	6 Beverley Rise	Ilkley	W. Yorks	Oxon	1961	01943-601084
Jenkins R J	6 Nash Lane	Freeland	Stoke		1961	01993-882761
Keene B R T	Pharos	42 St Michael's Terrace		Plymouth	1943	01752-562450
Lakeman J H	27 Wyebank Way	Tuisbill			1941	
Lenden G H	Glebelands	Franklins	Derriford		1950	01752-702907
Madge A G M	Chelfam House	Saltburn Rd	Plymouth		1967	01752-862595
Mahony J	Picket Rock	Retaney Rd	Heybrook Bay		1939	012657-31211
Meyler R M	56 Bayhead Rd	Portballintrae	Bushmills	Co Antrim	1967	01452 612459
Mills T C	5 Fincroft Close	Huacalecote		Gloucester	1976	0171-577-1472
Moore D G	8 Norwood Close	Twickenham		London	1963	01772-748798
Morrill R	15 Castle Walk	Priory Park	Penwortham	Preston, Lancs		
Mugridge A R	63 St Stephens Rd		Saltash	Cornwall		
Nichols G E	Nutsberry?	Lower Brook Park	Woodlands	Ivybridge	1939	01752-897090

Oakes G L	50 Town Hill	Broughton	Nr Brigg	N Lines	1939	01652-652656
Orchard T G	41 Widey Lane	Crowthill		Plymouth		
Otter A C	19 Lybner Drive	Saltash	Cornwall		1946	01752-845091
Owen C B	9 Venn Court	Hartley	Plymouth		1947	01752-775522
Parmenter M J S	9 Jubilee Rd	West Park	Plymouth		1990	
Paul J	35 Henleaze Rd	Henleaze		BRISTOL	1966	01454 452241
Pengelly J	36 Thorn Park	Mannarshead		Plymouth	1936	01752-661100
Perry S S	Hillside	35 Westbury Hill	Westbury on Trym	Bristol	1959	0117-9624831
Phillips P J	Buttermere	3 Durwent Close	Mountbatten			
Plymouth	PL9 9TP	1962	01752-491149			
Philpotts G C	350 Pinhoe Rd	Exeter			1936	01392 467492
Pike G	82 Winston Rd	Exmouth				
Porter B D	8 Park Close	Winchester		Hants	1946	01962 864347
Porter M C	Les Revcaux	Route des Sages		C.I	1971	0148-171-5588
Porter A V	22 Forest Avenue	Plymouth				
Potapowicz	G J	309 Crawford Rd	Inglewood	Australia	1952	(08)9271-3205
Rice M J	Lupridge Chapel	Diptford	Tomes	Devon	1965	01548821414
Ritch C A	Sands	Bay View Rd	East Loos		1948	01503-265200

Richards G	23 Vermont Way	East Preston	Littlehampton	West Sussex	BN16 1JY	1919	01903 775331
Richards H V	St Fred's 4	Eastfield Cresc	Higher Compton	Plymouth	PL3 5JX	1939	01752-776496
Rickard R J	40 Warriston Drive		Edinburgh		EH3 5NA	1943	0131-5524953
Robins A G	14 Wilderness Rd	Onslow Village	Guilford	Surrey	GU2 5QX	1939	01483-503818
Robinson N S	16 Sunnymead	Tyler Hill	Canterbury	Kent	CT2 9NW	1953	01752-266488
Rowe D A	17 Compton Ave	Mannamead		Plymouth	PL3 5DA	1968	0181-8791186
Scoble C D	1 Melrose Ave	Wimbledon Park		London	SW19 8BU	1982	0019054690028
Sharp A	1234 Rushbrooke Drive	Oakville		ONTARIO	Canada	1930	01822-890270
Short W J	Roundhill Cottage	Two Bridges	Princeton	Princeton	PO1 2TF	1936	01705-829789
Simmonds M H	14 Chadderton Gardens	Portsmonth	Portsmonth		SE1 7NA		005112113114
Skinner B	Shell Prospecting & Dev	EXPAT MAIL	Shell Centre	LONDON		1968	
Skinner G J	PO Box 68 GT	Grand Cayman	Cayman Islands	West Indies	HD8 0NA	1950	01484-604555
Slade V F	40 Town End lane	Lepton	Huddersfield	Berks	SL6 5AU	1949	01628-633895
Smith K	Rougemont House 2	Westfield Rd	Maidenhead	West Sussex	BN12 4HL	1957	01903-505850
Smith K	20 Trent Rd	Worthing	Plymouth		PL9 9ET	1939	01829-751769
Smith R W J	37 Princess Crescent	Plymstock	Cheshire		CW6 0QN		01883-0623969
Stinchcombe	A B	21 Brooms Lane	Kelsall Turporicy		CR3 0BA1974		
Stinson C	314 Godstone Rd	Whyteleafe					

Stoate P D	95 Bowden Pk Rd	Crownhill	Plymouth		PL6 5NQ	1974	
Stone J M R	3411 Paul Anka Dr#32	Ottawa	Ontario	Canada	K1V 9R8	1956	6131-521-3393
Stuckey J R	10 Holmsfield	Keyworth	Nottingham		NG12 5RD	1956	0115-9375751
Stuckey P D	Flat 12D London Court	41 Conduit Rd	Mid-levels		Hong Kong	1959	(852) 25486724
Thomas E J	3 Pitchcombe Gardens	Coombe Dingle	Bristol		BS9 2RH	1949	0117-9682314
Thompson C R	10 Blaskoven Close	Roborough	Plymouth		PL6 7AX		
Thorning A G	15 Priory Way	Hitchen Herts			SG4 9BJ	1954	01462-433479
Townson D	19 Inney Close	Callington	Cornwall		PL17 7QQ	1951	01579-384085
Tredget E A	36 Duffryn Avenue	Cynood	Cardiff		CF2 6LF	1933	01222-752991
Truscott L R	16 Fitzmaurice Place	Junction Rd	Bradford-on-Avon	Wilts	BA15 1EL	1929	01225-862250
Turner C P	27 Lockeridge Rd	Bere Alston	Yelverton		PL20 7A		
Viggers P J	7 Beauchamp Rd	Pevenell	Plymouth		PL2 3QA		
Walford G F	92 Sunnysbanks	Hair	Salisbury	Cornwall	PL12 6SA		
Warren L H	5 Minley Court	Somers Rd	Reigate		SH3 9EA	1923	01752-842750
Watson C S	36A Ashleigh Court	Grand Parade	West Hoe		Plymouth PL1 3DJ		
West M	4 De La Hay Villas	Stoke	Plymouth		PL3 4HC		
West L M	29 Broadlands Gardens	Plymstock	Plymouth		PL9 8TU		
White G N A	23 Shallowford Close	Egguckland	Plymouth		PL6 5TN		01752-773177



White G	47 Norris Close	Chiseldon	Nr Swindon	Willis	SN4 0LP	1940	01793 740840
Whitfield H F H	Sunset Cottage	Harrowbeer Lane	Yelverton		PL20 6EA		
Wilcox OBE F G	50 Dunstone View	Plymstock			Plymouth PL9 8TP	1967	0171-531-9859
Wilks P D H	170 Wheatbeaf Close	Mill Quay			London E14 9UZ	1942	01732-458811
Willcocks D	54 Malborough Crescent	Sevenoaks			Kent TN13 2HU		
Williams P S H	Cranbourne Hotel	282 Citadel Rd	The Hoc		Plymouth PL1 2PZ		
Willis D B	26 Meadow Park	East Preston	Nr Lj				
Wtlehampton	W Sussex BN16 1EG	1930	01903-774690			1945	01453 832508
Woosey B A	Box Green House	Box	Nr Stroud		Glos GL6 9HH		
Yandell R E	Flat 26, Elim Court	Peverell	Plymouth		PL3 4PA	1965	01503-230284
Young G J	Polgreen Cottage	Polbathic	Nr Torpoint		Cornwall PL11 3EU		
Wtlehampton	W Sussex BN16 1EG	1930	01903-774690			1945	01453 832508
Woosey B A	Box Green House	Box	Nr Stroud		Glos GL6 9HH		
Yandell R E	Flat 26, Elim Court	Peverell	Plymouth		PL3 4PA	1965	01503-230284
Young G J	Polgreen Cottage	Polbathic	Nr Torpoint		Cornwall PL11 3EU		