THE WEEK-END IN THE WEST

AGED 13—AND IN CHARGE OF SHIP

CORNISH PIONEER OF SAILING DAYS

Though the days of sailing vessels are over as a practical proposition it is good to think that there is still a wealth of stories of the enterprise, seamanship, courage, and stamina which they engendered to inspire the machine-pampered modern.

One of the best collections of such stories is "Vanished Fleets," by A. J. Villiers (Geoffrey Bles, 16s.), author of "By Way of Cape Horn" and "Falmouth for Orders."

In this account of the early history of Australia, the discovery of the River Clyde, the first settlement of Hobart, Capt. Kelly's voyage around Tasmania in a whale boat, the exploits of the amazing Jurgen Jurgensen, and the stormy days of the whaling industry Villiers brings to light an extraordinary series of tales of adventure, calculated to stir the blood of the most jaded reader.

CAPT. TREGURTHA'S LOG.

It is only natural to find a Westcountryman among his "heroes." Two chapters are devoted to the log of Capt. Edward Primrose Tregurtha, for some time master of the old Hobart Town whaler, Caroline. Capt. Tregurtha, says Mr. Villiers, was one of the old band of pioneers. Born near the Land's End in 1805, the son of a naval gunbearer, he entered at the age of 13 in the King's Navy, and before he was 20 had taken part in several actions. At the age of 13 he was in charge of a ship!

He was a midshipman then when his ship took a small French brig made on a passage from Madeira to the Channel, and he himself was sent as prize master, with a crew of six and a quartermaster, to take her into Cork. Later he left the Navy, and after sailing with the Caroline sailed out of port of Hobart with his own and other ships. He remained a Tasmanian.

STRANDED ON ISLAND.

He was only 28 when, although he never had any experience of whaling, he took the offer of command of the Caroline. The log of his powerful and not unperilous cruise—he was stranded on an island for several months with no food or drink but "mutton-birds," "cabbage-palms," and little muddy water, and had several exciting skirmishes with native—provides all the elements of a masterful and daring captain, often undertaking tasks for which his men had not the courage.

Mr. Villiers acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. W. F. Dennis Minter, through whom the existence of the log of Capt. Tregurtha came to his knowledge, and to Miss Compton, of Launceston, a descendant of the captain, who permitted the use of this material.

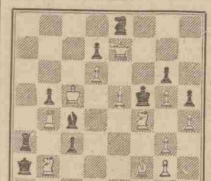
Active readers and particularly those in the Westcountry will share his gratification.

CHESS.

By A. R. COOPER, 3, DEVONSHIRE-AVENUE, SOUTHSEA.

No. 3,826, by Z. Zilahi, Budapest. (Specially contributed.)

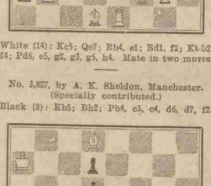
Black (10): Kf6; Qa2; Ra3; Bc4; Kt e8; Pb5, c5, d7, g6, h5.



White (14): Kc5; Qe7; Rb4, e1; Bd1, f1; Kt b2, f4; Pd5, e5, g2, g3, g5, h4. Mate in two moves.

No. 3,827, by A. K. Sheldon, Manchester. (Specially contributed.)

Black (8): Kb5; Bb2; Pb4, c5, e4, d6, d7, f2.



White (5): Ka7; Rh3; Bb3, d8; Kt c6. Mate in three moves.

CORRESPONDENCE.—Holiday address, please, until August 22: A. fi. Cooper, c/o St. Elmo, 10, Church-street, Lyme Regis.

PROBLEM NOTES.—No. 3,822 (Chicco). 1, Rg4, with triple of 1... Qe1, and duals if 1... Ph4 and 1 Rd3 (6 points). A very entertaining problem, with some unusual pinning and interference effects in the main variations. 1... Qd4, 1... Q x Q Kt, and 1... Rc3. Construction is so happy as one could wish, the dual when 1... Ph4 being a case in point. No. 3,823 (Schulz): 1, Kt c5, with multiple if 1... Re4, &c. (5 points). It comes almost as a surprise to the solver that this is an incomplete block position. The variety is good, with the mates well distributed. The setting is somewhat inelegant, due mainly to the heavy pawn formation necessary.

WOMAN IN THE WEST

SAILORS DANCE THE TANGO NOW

By FEMINA.

Never tell me that sailors foot the hornpipe nowadays, for when I went a-visiting the "King's Navee" during Plymouth Navy Week I saw a sailor dancing most prettily a tango in the hangar of H.M.S. Eagle, to the accompaniment of dreamy Spanish music and the clicking of castinets!

To attempt to describe even in part this year's attractions would be a task far beyond me, for it would need at least a whole week to visit everything there is to be seen.

Like a good many other people, I had to visit straightway one of the submarines. All through the afternoon I saw large queues of people waiting to board the fascinating craft, to see what the living conditions of those who go under the sea in ships are like.

Perhaps the recent disaster of the ill-fated Poseidon, still fresh in our minds, caused a number of people to visit a submarine, and even those of us who have never been on one before came away with a clearer realization of the courage of submarine crews.

A POPULAR SHIP.

It seems incredible to the feminine mind that this huge mass of towering steel is, indeed, the aircraft carrier Eagle, and that it can float. It resembles a huge fortress rather than a ship, and how one manages to keep one's balance on the faces of the men who fought on the old wooden walls if they were shown this way-to-do about the seas.

From the crowds I saw swarmed up her gangways I should imagine that the Eagle was the most popular ship at Devonport. I saw family parties, with young sons staring open-mouthed at the huge shiny guns, parties of Boy Scouts, manned Bluejackets, many from London and the Midlands, and not a few Westcountry folk who had come in from the country to spend the day among the ships.

It was from under the towering bows of the Eagle that I watched a fearsome band of pirates, disguised as visitors, board the Ping Wo with a fell intention of looting her. A clever message of distress came from the gallant little vessel, and soon a cutter and launch came speeding to the rescue from nearby H.M.S. Norfolk.

Warfare raged fast and furious. The sound of rifle shots re-echoed in the peaceful harbour, and volumes of yellow smoke were seen issuing from the Ping Wo. British sailors were aboard her, and were seen in hand-to-hand fights with the "heathen Chinee."

THE ROKEY.

Naturally, the gallery of the great Rodney (we land folk call it kitchen) proved most interesting to me. Hot it certainly was, but how I envied the white marble tiled floor, so easily cleaned, and the shiny, smokeless stoves, where huge steam chests spinnaked with vegetables.

I saw, by the menu outside, what the jolly Jack Tars were to eat that day: Haddock for breakfast; veal and ham pies with mixed vegetables, and prunes and custard for lunch; bread and butter with lettuce for tea; and for supper, cold roast beef and beetroot.

The little chapel of St. Christopher received the attention of many visitors, for it is something of a novelty to be able to visit a house of worship on a battleship.

The plain, but artistic, oak panelling, recently executed by the ship's carpenters, has been paid for by voluntary subscriptions. Everything reflects a note of simplicity. Raphael's Sistine Madonna and a copy of an early print of the Last Supper are the only decorations.

CAPT. FRYATT'S END

HOW INDISCRETION LED TO HIS CAPTURE

New light is shed on the capture and subsequent execution of Capt. Fryatt in "In the Enemy's Country," published by Hutchinsons at 7s. 6d. The author, Joseph Crozier, directed the French espionage in Germany from Holland, where his rôle was that of a prosperous business man.

He had made voyages to England with Fryatt and had obtained two early warning that Fryatt was to be met by three German destroyers from Zeebrugge at the limit of Dutch waters on the ordinary route of steamers leaving from Flushing.

Describing how Fryatt's activities were discovered, the author states that after Fryatt had written at a dem in Rotterdam he had been rash enough to show in public the gold chronometer which the British Admiralty had given him in witness of their recognition of his submarine sinkings.

So that there could be no doubt about it in the minds of his companions, Fryatt had let them read the inscription engraved on the watch. This information was transmitted at once to the German secret service. Within the second day at daybreak the Brussels would be at the edge of Dutch waters, and the German secret services had stopped all other activities to surround him there with their destroyers.

"I went immediately to the English authorities," Crozier writes, "who cabled to the Admiralty to leave Fryatt stone unturned. I directly warned the French services. At the given hour, early and at the place indicated the Brussels was surrounded by German destroyers and brought to Zeebrugge in spite of our efforts to prevent the misfortune."

WESTERN OBITUARY

OLD TOR CHURCHYARD, TORQUAY.

Here Lyeth The
Body of John
Huish who diedye
11 day of April
Aged 23 1735
Now this you see then
think on me what de
ath to me hath done
and take that warnefor
to prepare for it AGain
si t coms.

(Sent by P. Putt, Sanford-road, Torquay).

Underneath lieth the Body of James the Son of James and Mary Cossham He departed this life the 30 of December, 1751. Aged 38 years.

Here lies lamented in his silent grave
A tender Husband and a Parent brave.
Pale King of Terrors how could'st thou Destroy
The Widow's Hope and her dear Child's joy.
Alas he's gone and like a spotless Dove
Increase the Number of the Bless'd Above.

WHEN FEAR WAS IN DEVON

STEPS TO MEET AN INVASION

EARLY HISTORY OF THE VOLUNTEERS

Mr. J. Wear-Gifford outlines the part played by Devon in the great Volunteer movement at the beginning of the last century and a few other incidents of that period.

Devonshire headed the list of Volunteers at the start. Returns for the year 1803 show that Devonshire came first with 16,565 men, Lancashire next with 14,856 men, London occupying third place, having furnished 13,898 men, the total number of Volunteers in the United Kingdom for that year being 379,948.

Exeter has the honour of having first initiated the Boys' Brigade movement. In 1797 Mr. Michael Dicker Sanders enrolled a brigade of boys in the ancient city with the object of bringing them up to become useful soldiers. They had a special uniform, and were ultimately armed with short light guns.

In the same year a small French squadron made a raid on the North Devon coast, which is recorded in the following letter from the colonel commanding the regiment of North Devon Volunteers to the Duke of Portland, who was then Home Secretary:—

"Barnstaple (sic) Abbey, Feb. 23.

"I think it my duty to state to your Grace that I yesterday received an express from Ilfracombe mentioning that there were three French frigates off that place, that they had scuttled some merchantmen, and were attempting to destroy the shipping in the harbour. They begged that I would immediately order the North Devon Regiment of Volunteers, under my command, to march to their assistance. In consequence of this representation I ordered the men to get ready to march as soon as possible. I have great satisfaction in saying that in four hours I found every officer and man that was ordered on the Parade at Bideford (15 miles from home) ready and willing to march to any place they should be ordered to go to."

CAMP AT WOODBURY COMMON.

In 1799 Woodbury Common was converted into a fortified camp for the protection of Exeter, many guns being brought from Plymouth and Exeter, and placed in position, and a considerable body of troops being encamped upon the common. Fears of invasion died down somewhat, only to be revived in an intensified form a short time later, and then the authorities set to work in a thoroughly businesslike manner to be prepared for the invaders. Beacon fires were erected on a number of selected hills. The fires were to be lighted directly the invading fleet should be sighted. Piles of wet straw were kept beside each beacon fire to be used for the purpose of creating dense smoke should it be necessary to light the fires in the day time.

It was the duty of the incumbent of each parish to make a schedule of every horse, donkey, wagon, and cart, and a statement of the cattle, sheep, and pigs in his parish. It was his duty, also, to make provision for the carriage, in case of emergency, of those who were unable to walk and too poor to provide vehicles for themselves, and also for carriage of the goods of the poor in his district. In making these arrangements he was ably and zealously assisted by the local gentry, yeomen, and tenant farmers. Each wagon and cart was numbered. As much of the corn as possible was thrashed, so that the grain might be in portable form.

TO MAKE A BARREN WASTE.

Immediately the beacon fires were seen, the incumbent had to see that the church bell was tolled. All the inhabitants were to assemble at an appointed place, generally the village green. The able-bodied men were to join their respective regiments, according to precise directions. All foodstuffs and forage which could not be removed were to be burnt or otherwise destroyed, and all the inhabitants with their flocks, and herds, poultry, and a limited quantity of household goods, were to leave the parish and march northward across Dartmoor, the incumbent being the last person to leave the village, he being responsible for seeing that these orders were duly obeyed.

It was thus hoped that the invader on landing would find himself in a barren country, and would consequently have to fight starvation as well as the men of Devon. Happily, these elaborate and drastic arrangements were not required.

How necessary these precautions were is now apparent from the following extract from the instructions which have since come to light, which were furnished to the officer in command of "La Seconde Legion des Francs."

. . . "Subsistence is to be seized when it can be found. If at any time a village or town refuses to supply it, notice is to be given up to immediate pillage."*

SUCH LITERATURE.

As might be expected, this exciting period produced a flood of patriotic literature, much of it, it must be confessed, being more admirable for the sentiments expressed than for the manner of expressing them. Three somewhat bloodthirsty verses were added to the National Anthem, which have since disappeared.

The following ode, written by Dr. Charles Burney in 1803, may stand as a sample:—

To the Volunteers of Great Britain on the Threatened Invasion.

Arm, Brothers, Arm! Your country's cause,
Your Monarch, Constitution, Laws,
Religion, Wives, and infant train
Now call to arms! Nor let their call be vain.
No: tread the path which erst your fathers trod,
The stake is England! Britons rise,
Your foes are Gauls! Those foes chastise,
Foes to your King, your Country, and your God!
Then follow six more verses in the same strain, the 8th and last verse reading—
The trumpet sounds! Ye British host
On British ground defend your cause!
In every clime you've tamed their pride
When Kings their Rulers—Sanctity (sic) their guide
Now tread the path which erst your fathers trod,
United, brave the impending storm
One drained phalanx Britons form,
Friends to your King, your Country, and your God!

A young gentleman of Exmouth in the year 1805 printed a poem in three cantos entitled "The Anti-Corsican,"

Continued in Next Column.

REMINISCENCES OF NOTABLE PEOPLE

NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF BALACLAVA

[No. 2.]

Below is the second of the series of articles on "Reminiscences of Notable People," by Mr. Henry Jenner, of Hayle, whose memory, as he stated in the first article, goes back as far as June, 1830, although he was born less than two years previously.

This article is a series of extracts from a lecture given at the University College, Exeter.

The earliest public event that I remember was the Great Exhibition of 1851, when I was taken to this wonderfull glass building, which was afterwards removed to Sydenham and still stands as the Crystal Palace. I remember being taken to the exhibition and drinking from what was known as "the crystal fountain"—probably an insanitary performance, but nobody bothered about pure drinking water in those days.

Then historical events, of which I remember the impression while they were going on, followed fast. The Crimean War was the first of these. Of course, you are all well acquainted with Tennyson's spirited verse on the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, on October 25, 1854.

This is quite old history to you. Well, I not only remember the news of the battle coming to us, but I have also distinct memory of one officer, a major in, I think, the 11th Hussars, who was killed in that charge. His regiment was quartered at Penzance, where we then lived, just before the war, and he often came to our house. I remember going to Deal and watching from the beach there the British fleet sail through the roadstead known as the Downs, on its way to the Baltic.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

The grown-ups of our family, and especially my maternal grandmother, who lived with us, took care, I think very wisely, that I should follow the whole story as it unfolded.

Then came the Indian Mutiny. I remember well the horror of it, but not the details, for, quite rightly, they were considered too terrible for children. The one outstanding event that I remember best is the excitement at the news of the relief of Lucknow and the quite contemporary legend, which greatly fascinated me, of the dying Highland woman who declared that she could die happy, for she heard the coming force playing "The Campbells are Coming."

It is a pity to spoil the story, but, as I learned long afterwards, the tune who was there, no pibrochs were played, for they were too short-handed to spare a man from such work, but, no doubt, that is what they would have played, had the force consisted largely of Highland regiments led by Sir Colin Campbell.

Then there was the war, or series of wars, of the Italian "Risorgimento." I was a schoolboy then, and, like many other schoolboys, collected postage stamps, and the constant changes in Italian stamps directed my attention to what was going on. I remember, too, the American Civil War very well, and how dull we thought it, when I came in contact were on the side of the Confederates, or Southern States. I was not much interested in that war, but I remember going on board of a Federal warship, the Kearsage, which lay for a long time within the English three-mile limit at Dover, watching a Confederate ship which lay in French waters off Boulogne. They seemed to be both afraid of each other.

THE GERMAN WARS.

Then came the German wars, Prussia against Denmark and later against Austria, and still later against France. It is strange to remember now how almost everyone one met backed Prussia. Curiously enough I did not, arguing, perhaps rather precociously, that the grandfather of it be too aggressive a Power as Prussia had always been was a danger to Europe, and besides, though I liked many Germans, I didn't like those Prussians who I had met.

I was only a boy in those days, but I rather fancied myself on my knowledge of history, but I am inclined to believe that I don't know as much history now as I thought I knew then.

Though of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 one may say, as Scott said of the battle of Waterloo, "It is sixty years since," things after that seem to me to be modern history.

(To be Continued.)

(Continued from Previous Column.)

It was published by Wollmer, and was likewise dedicated, "To the Volunteers of Great Britain."

During these exciting times the curiosity of the Westcountry was proved a source of much anxiety to the good people of Plymouth. In 1808 and 1809 Dartmoor Prison was built for the reception of those prisoners who were occupied by several thousand of such prisoners until the peace which followed the Battle of Waterloo.

AT PRINCETOWN.

Prisoners of war are naturally not treated with that severity which is meted out to criminal prisoners, and a considerable community sprang up round the prison in order to supply the wants of the prisoners, and many of those who were without private means produced themselves with pocket money and at the same time passed away the weary time of confinement by manufacturing fancy articles, which they sold to the neighbouring inhabitants. These were mostly fashioned out of wood, or straw, or bone, the bones being obtained from the joints of meat supplied to the prisoners.**

On the removal of the prisoners of war, the great prison became a white elephant, and the numerous tradespeople who had migrated to Princetown were faced with ruin.

In 1820 a movement was set on foot to convert the prison into an orphanage for children from the slums, who could there grow up in a healthy atmosphere, but though Parliament interested itself in the scheme, and many subscriptions towards this laudable object were forthcoming, the scheme fell through, and the prison remained vacant until it was converted into its present condition of a criminal prison.

*The writer possesses a commission, dated 1803, signed by Earl Fortescue, as Lord-Lieutenant of the County, appointing the writer's grandfather, who held a living in the Western part of the county, chaplain of the West Devon Regiment of Volunteers, and, as a boy, the writer often listened with intense interest to the story of the measures which were to be adopted should the invaders come.

**The writer has several of these articles—whist markers, paper knives, puzzles, and the like—but he has seen an elaborate and excellently carved representation in bone of an execution by guillotine. It consists of over 100 figures of soldiers, executioner, and victim, each 6 inches in height, a working model of a guillotine, with all its dreadful paraphernalia, the tumbril and basket.

HOLIDAYS IN A CARAVAN

JOYS OF OPEN AIR FOR MODEST SUM

INGENIOUS FEATURES BANISHING WORRY

By Capt. Sir MALCOLM CAMPBELL, Holder of the World's Land Speed Record, Motoring Editor of the "Field."

The perennial question of how and where one shall spend one's annual holiday presents a perplexing problem to the majority. Those who find all they need at the orthodox seaside resort are in a more fortunate position than those who desire more than anything else to get away from crowded centres.

For those, however, to whom an open-air life really appeals, I can think of no more delightful holiday than one spent in a caravan in the heart of the country. There is a sense of adventure and freedom about such a vacation that is rarely found in other forms of annual relaxation, in addition to the independence.

Let me briefly enumerate a few of the advantages of such a proposition: One is spared the trouble and anxiety of finding suitable hotel accommodation each evening for one's party and the car; one is free to choose what and when one shall eat; and, finally, one's expenses are considerably lower than one would have to pay at an hotel, and—a no inconsiderable point—there are no tips to pay out.

Imagine for a moment that you have acquired a trailer-caravan and are setting off with your family or with a party of friends for a few weeks' change and rest. You are free to roam wherever you will, can have whatever food you desire; in other words, you are independent of hotels, which in itself is a stimulating thought. Having found a spot that appeals, you unhitch the trailer and rig up the camp amidst delightful scenery, knowing that, at any rate, you will be breathing pure air.

FOR FOUR PERSONS.

I recently inspected one of the latest type of trailer-caravans manufactured by Eccles, Ltd., and was greatly intrigued with the manner in which this firm have devised all sorts of details in such a necessarily confined space. The accommodation was for four persons, and during the daytime the beds can be converted into commodious settees, whilst there is ample ventilation and sleeping head room. At night there are two separate rooms divided by a panelled door. Another feature worthy of notice is the excellent table arrangement, below which is neatly installed a meat safe.

The Eccelite No. 10 sells at £165 complete, is 14ft. long and 4ft. wide, and can be easily towed almost everywhere by an 11.9h.p. car. The price includes a complete equipment for four persons, even down to cooking utensils and crockery. A neat little two-burner Valor stove and oven is installed, and all cooking and table requisites are fitted rattle-proof in lockers. The beds themselves are equipped with Bouyant mattresses, besides which there are lockers beneath all the seats for stowing gear and bedding when not in use, as well as four further large lockers (arranged in the roof), and two wardrobes.

The construction of these trailers has been carefully planned and carried out; the frame is of steel, whilst the walls and roof are panelled with wood for warmth, the windows are fitted with lined lights, and all are made to open, and a wash-bowl, complete with outlet for waste water, is fixed close to the stove. Another innovation is that the outside framing on the near side of the trailer has been specially constructed to facilitate the fitting of a lean-to tent for further accommodation should this be required. Screw jack legs are provided to place the caravan level when it is situated on uneven ground, besides which they materially reduce the weight from the wheels and tyres.

FOR £75 AND £60.

But for those who do not require anything quite so elaborate there are many other firms who specialize in this kind of work, although I believe Eccles, Ltd., claim to be the originators of the modern trailer-caravan.

The Angela Caravan Co. advertise one of their models for the modest sum of £75. This has accommodation for three adults, and can be easily towed by a 7h.p. car. The Wayside Caravan Co., of Hawkesworth, Notts, also build a three-berth caravan for £60.

It will therefore be seen that one of these outfits can be purchased at a price to suit almost any pocket, and it seems to me to be an excellent investment, for in the course of two or three seasons the original outlay is refunded by what one has saved in hotel bills. It should also be borne in mind that if after that time one had grown tired of this type of holiday, the home on wheels can be turned into cash by selling.

The writer, who are interested in this proposition will be glad of the welcome news—which has already appeared in the Press—that the 20m.p.h. speed limit, recently fixed by the Minister of Transport for light two-wheeled trailers has been increased to a limit of 30m.p.h. This concession is undoubtedly due to the efforts of a part of the Government, as the old speed limit was irritating in the extreme.

A new and remarkable "baby" car will make its appearance in 1932. It will be known as the Standard "Little Nine," and its coming has been announced in the programme for 1932 recently published by the Standard Motor Co., Ltd.

Four grown-up people with luggage can, it is claimed, travel in the "Little Nine" in comfort. The model has four doors, and a sliding roof; while a feature usually associated only with large cars is the placing of the petrol tank at the rear. On the other hand it possesses the "Baby" virtues of low petrol consumption (over 40 miles per gallon are claimed) and a tax of £9. The price is from £145.

MOULDED INTO WORKING SHAPE

The new Avon 'Premier' and 'Supreme' Motor tyres are ROAD-CONTOURED—*moulded into working shape!*

¶ By means of severe and protracted road tests Seiberling discovered that the secret of maximum safety and slow, even wear was to mould his tyres into the shape they are impelled to take *on the road under load.*

¶ Road-contouring is a cardinal virtue of the new Avens. It eliminates undue strains on the cord plies and ensures that your tread pattern is less liable to rapid or irregular wear—that its anti-skid pattern remains effective for 'months and miles' longer. . . . Not only more miles, but more *safe* miles!

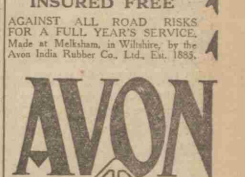
ASK YOUR dealer for Avon Premier 4-ply or Avon Supreme 6-ply

INSURED FREE

AGAINST ALL ROAD RISKS FOR A FULL YEAR'S SERVICE. Made at Melksham, in Wiltshire, by the Avon India Rubber Co., Ltd., Est. 1885.

AVON

AVON-SEIBERLING MASTER PRODUCTS



Asking for them.

When you hear a knocking and a thumping in your engine, you'll probably suspect the worst and have visions of an expensive overhaul. But more often than not the trouble is simply WORN or INFERIOR Piston Rings. Get the garage man to inspect, and if he finds the rings are faulty, tell him to replace with "WELLWORTHY" Piston Rings. Stress the name "WELLWORTHY," for it stands for the best in piston ring manufacture. Most engine builders specify them—their choice, a decision made only after the most exhaustive tests is surely sufficient reason for you to have them. Ask your Dealer!

WELLWORTHY PISTON RINGS

"The Choice of the Expert"

YOUR DEALER HAS THEM

Local Stockists: Brickwood & Stratfort, Octagon Street; W. Farwell, Ltd., 7 and 8a, York Street, Plymouth. Western Area Service Depot, 16, Bristol Street, Bristol. 'Phone 2192.

WELLWORTHY Ltd., Piston Ring Specialists LONDON AND LYMINGTON, HANTS

STANDARD

THE CAR of the FUTURE

Wholesale & Retail Distributors:

PRINCESS MOTORS

'PHONE: PLYMOUTH 2721.

CRYPTIC CROSSWORD PUZZLE—32

Four propelling pencils (two for ladies and two for gentlemen) will be despatched to the readers whose envelopes containing the correct solution of the puzzle are the first to be opened.

Solutions must reach this office by noon on Wednesday, August 12th, and must be addressed to:—

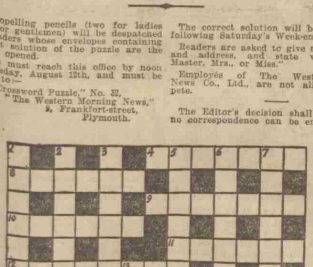
Cryptic Crossword Puzzle," No. 32,
"The Western Morning News,"
3, Frankfort-place,
Plymouth.

The correct solution will be given in the following Saturday's Week-end Page.

Readers are asked to give their full name and address, and state whether "Mr., Master, Mrs., or Miss."

Employés of The Western Morning News Co., Ltd., are not allowed to compete.

The Editor's decision shall be final, and no correspondence can be entertained.



CLUES across.

1. "Red" and "aged" and lower in rank.
2. Put your headgear over a cereal for a change of humour.
3. Lose the middle to get nearer.
5. To cut down a pear seems to make it come up again.
6. You couldn't possibly be wiser by "stages."
7. What the dole never is.
11. Rust away with "cobs" in "sand."
14. What Africa is often known as.
15. Persevere "air" in the "pest."
16. We cut on a whole and guided the end of it.
17. An image at the interior.
19. What 25 do with me reversed at first.

CLUES DOWN.

1. It was rash inside.
2. It make it possible to get this.
3. Lose the letter to loiter and lands drag backwards.
4. Sounds the most part, and nothing is to be scarcer.
5. Dull and discard early.
6. Man is inside to ornament.
8. Rare to be "seen" when you're perplexed to mystery, my part is first.
9. What the past pushes against bits of a ship about at the roof covering.
10. It's contrary to "save red."
11. Rust away with "cobs" in "sand."
12. Rise away with "cobs" in "sand." (Bis.)
13. Rise away with "cobs" in "sand." (Ter.)
18. Ore in the "pest."

SOLUTION AND WINNERS OF LAST SATURDAY'S PUZZLE (NO. 31).

ACROSS.—1, Brought; 8, Emblem; 9, Canting; 10, Really; 11, Inrush; 12, Sundries; 13, Dowdy; 15, Pencil; 21, String; 22, Splints; 23, Intern; 24, Inspire.

DOWN.—1, Rebate; 2, Obtains; 3, Dealer; 5, Realizes; 6, Utters; 7, Honest; 13, Idolator; 14, Dethroned; 16, Engineer; 18, Pamper; 19, Scrimp; 20, Outing.

Out of the over 170 entries only 71 were successful in solving Puzzle No. 31. The majority of the unsuccessful entrants stumbled over clue No. 1 down. Winners:—

Miss COUSINS, 4, Mutley Park-villas, Plymouth.
Mr. J. S. SOPER, Trehurdon, Hurdon-road, Launceston.
Mrs. M. G. GIBBONS, The Grove, Tavistock.
Mr. S. H. RADMORE, 88, Lemon-street, Truro.

LIST OF SOLVERS.

Miss F. Agassiz, The Rannies, East Looe; Miss D. Armstrong, Fairview, Plymstock, Plymouth; Mr. H. A. Armstrong, Ashburton, Devonport; Mrs. E. E. Armitage, Havensworth, Falmouth; Miss W. E. Ashley, Mutley, Plymouth.

Mr. E. Bailey, 36, Cmdow-road, Peverell, Plymouth; Mr. E. H. Beer, 3, Kingsley-road, Plymouth; Mr. Albury, Mr. C. Scott Bingham, Greystones, Western College-road, Plymouth; Miss Bolitho, Dedsleder; Mr. W. G. Broad, 84, Germans; Mrs. J. T. Burrows, Penrose House, Mr. J. Barrett, Mount Pleasant, Penzance; Mr. T. Thorne Barnes, 6, Argyle-terrace, Plymouth.

Mr. C. Cleaves, 3, Grafton-road, Plymouth; Miss Chandler, 38, Waterside, Lydford; Mr. C. T. Clemens, 3, Grafton-road, Mutley, Plymouth.

Mr. J. Dunn, Devonport; Master P. Clemens, 3, Grafton-road, Mutley, Plymouth.

Mr. J. Dunn, 16, Herbert-terrace, Lipson, Plymouth; Mr. E. Edgcumbe, Bay Tree Hill, Liskeard.

Mr. F. Fouell, 7, Princeton, Chelson, Plymouth; Mr. C. T. W. Finch, Lydford; Lieut. F. Farr, 36, Mutley, Plymouth; Miss M. P. Foster, Penzance; Mr. J. Fleland.

Mr. E. Gill, 11, Haddington-road, Devonport; Mrs. F. I. Goldberg, Royal William Yard, Plymouth; Mr. J. Gill, Greenbank, Hayle; Mrs. Gibbons, Tavistock.

Mr. E. Hill, 4, Alma-road, Plymouth; Miss Enid Harris, 4, Castle-terrace, Liskeard; Miss K. M. Hoare, 3, Marlborough-road, Plymouth; Mr. J. Hughes, C.B.E., H.M.S. Rodney, c/o G.P.O., London; Mrs. N. Hoare, Plymouth.

Mr. H. Jewell, Lee Moor, near Cornwood.

Mr. J. Kent, 3, Gerrans, Bodmin; Mr. G. S. Leonard, 42, Clarence-road, Torpoint; Mrs. F. E. Lee, 3, Glenwood-road, Mannamead, Plymouth; Mr. J. Lethbridge, "Bradford," Exeter.

Mr. J. Mitchell, 2, Alexandra-terrace, Penzance; Miss F. E. Mallett, 18, Mount Wise, Newquay; Mr. J. Lullie, 3, Haswell-terrace, Cornwood; Mrs. L. E. Marsh, Quinta, Teignmouth.

Mr. J. Nicholls, 3, Rodney-road, Exeter.

Mr. J. Pearce, 38, Trevenson-terrace, Camborne.

Mr. J. Rowe, 20, Hoxton, Park-road, Plymouth; Mrs. E. G. Rooks, 18, Ladysmith-road, Lipson, Plymouth; Mr. J. Rowe, 20, Hoxton, Park-road, Plymouth; Mrs. E. G. Rooks, 18, Ladysmith-road, Lipson, Plymouth; Mr. J. Rowe, 20, Hoxton, Park-road, Plymouth; Mrs. E. G. Rooks, 18, Ladysmith-road, Lipson, Plymouth; Mr. J. Rowe, 20, Hoxton, Park-road, Plymouth; Miss E. Retallick, 12, Ford Park-road, Mutley