

"GOREU AEF ARF DYSG.



Swansea Municipal

Secondary School Magazine.

No. 4.

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VOL. 1.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

The current number closes for the first year our new venture. Judged from several standpoints the new form has met with approval. The sales have been maintained—and that is some index of the popularity of the Magazine. Certainly there has been more ample scope for our contributors; and the manner in which they have availed themselves of the opportunity (particularly is this true of our girl readers) confirms the opinion of those who advocated the change at the close of last year. Since the publication has become exclusively the product of those in the schools, there has been created a fresh stimulus and the standard of contribution is decidedly higher. It must not be supposed from these remarks that the magazine is either as attractive or as interesting as it might be—for there remains much to be accomplished; but, its infant stage has demonstrated its possibilities and has proved what an asset it may become to the general work and life of our schools.

Now that the beginning has proved so promising, we hope our scholars will continue to do their utmost in every direction for the future welfare of the magazine. It rests with them to make or mar it.

We are sure all our readers will join in a hearty expression of thanks to Miss Phillips and Mr. D. D. Phillips for their efforts in connection with its distribution, and to Mr. T. D. Evans for his work as Treasurer. All, too, will accord the praise so well deserved to those who contributed to its pages during the year, and to those whose efforts were directed in any way towards its success.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Richards upon his success at the recent London University Inter. B.Sc. Examination.

Everyone regrets the cause that has kept Mr. Roberts away for so long a time. All will be happy to learn, however, that he is making fair progress towards recovery—we all hope it will be a speedy one, and that he will soon have so regained his strength as to be able to return to resume the excellent work which he has so faithfully and worthily discharged during his long and honourable tenure of the Principalship of our Boys' School.

We have just received the gratifying news that Glanffrd Powell, one of our students of last year, has been successful in winning an open scholarship (of £30 a year) at Southampton where he has recently gone to continue his studies for the teaching profession. He took first place among all the students at the college; and in a letter he sent to Mr. Abraham he writes of the praise he received for his competency in French—both oral and written. Well done, Glan!—you have our best of good wishes for the future!!

To Mr. and Mrs. Rowland H. Williams and to Mr. and Mrs. J. Mendus, we tender our heartiest felicitations and wish them many years of happy days.

This year's Examination Results are again splendid; and we cannot too highly compliment our pupils upon their very praiseworthy achievement. Those who are candidates for next year's examinations are already busy at work resolved, we trust, to maintain the high standard set before them in the lists published in the present number.

AN ADVENTURE.

All around us lay the great Bornean Forest, hushed in an almost complete silence, for it was night. My fourteen companions were sound asleep near the large fire which was kept up solely to scare any prowling wild-beasts. I, Jack Sinclair, was pacing my lonely beat and ruminating on all things earthly, but mainly upon our expedition. We had been sent by the British Government to map a portion of the interior, if possible. Our party consisted of eight white men and eight native porters and guides. We were near our destination; and, so far, all had gone well.

At break of day we arose, had breakfast, and again set out. When we stopped for dinner, I, with two native guides set out to look for game. We had proceeded for about a mile, when we heard a low sound which gradually drew nearer. I turned to our guides for an explanation. They were shaking as if

they had the ague. "De Dyaks, dem come for noddles" they moaned. Then I knew the notorious head-hunters were near. My guides turned, with scared cries and plunged into the forest. I turned to follow, but I had not gone many yards when three hideously painted savages burst into view. I raised my rifle and fired. One fell with a sobbing moan. Then I was struck on the head by a club and I remembered no more.

When I awoke, I was being carried into a native village by two savages, the rest following behind. I was roughly pushed into a mud-but and left to myself. Soon, one of my guides was pushed in also. The poor fellow had been soon captured. In about an hour a native entered with food. He spoke to my guide and went out again, fastening the door securely. My guide turned to me and said, "Him say our heads chop off in d' ebening."

At last the night came. A fire was kindled in the middle of the village. A man entered and gave us to understand that we were to die in an hour. He turned to go, I leaped on his back and choked the cry he was about to utter. I increased the pressure on his throat and soon he rolled over unconscious. The door was closed, so the guide and I began scraping the mud from the back wall of the hut. Soon an aperture was made and we crept out and stole to the outskirts of the village. When we thought we were safe we rose to our feet. No sooner had we done so than a sentinel, who had been hidden by a rise in the ground, gave a piercing shriek of warning. We rushed on him and before he had recovered from his surprise, the guide seized his spear and pierced him through the chest. He fell and we rushed on. The alarm had been given, however, and a crowd of natives was soon pouring after us.

We hastened on and clambered over a rude native bridge. The foremost native rushed after us, but in his excitement lost his footing and fell into the placid river below. A long snout appeared above the surface. There was a scream of human agony and the native was no more. The others seemed stupefied. We hurried on and soon all sound of pursuit died away.

Halt! The challenge rang out clearly on the night air. I recognised the voice of old Pat Rooney, one of our party. I shouted loudly in answer. Soon our whole party came forward and we were received joyfully. Eventually, we partly succeeded in mapping the district, but the incident that stands out clearly in my mind of that expedition, is "My night with the Head Hunters."

P.I.H.

A WALK BY NIGHT.

Night has cast its mantle o'er the earth and silence reigns unchallenged. Suddenly the stillness is broken by the noise caused by the opening and shutting of a door.

A man steps into the deserted roadway and makes his way with rapid strides down the street in the direction of the sands.

Soon the soft sand and loose shells are crunching under his feet, while the warm land-breezes make ripples on the surface of the incoming tide. The moon is partly hidden by lowering clouds; but, out to sea, a lightship sends its warning lights glimmering in an undulating path on the ever restless sea.

The seagulls scream and turn as they skim the ocean's incoming waters, each one jealous of the other and all intent on securing their evening repast. Inland, the wooded hills of X——are bathed in a soft pallid light as the trees stand out in the ghost-like rays of the moon.

The night walker pauses at the sand dunes and presently turns inland, walking towards the wood. Soon, he is enshrouded within its leafy folds and the silence of night is broken by the sound of his heavy body forcing its way through the brushwood, for in parts the path is overgrown.

The hoot of an owl is now heard echoing through the valley, while the chirrup of a myriad nocturnal insects makes the wood resound with life.

However, the wood is now traversed and the highroad stretches out before. The crow of a cock in an adjacent farmyard warns the man that day is approaching; so with a hasty glance at his watch, he hurries on.

With a swinging stride he hastens up to the main road of the village until he reaches a house to which is attached a shining plate. Here he pauses. Presently he knocks at the door and after a short time he is admitted. You ask me what this mystery is? Well, all I can answer is—Do as I did—Read the plate!

On the plate was inscribed, Mr. Teeth, Dental Surgeon; and then I understood!

GIRLS' SCHOOL NOTES.

SEEDS AND FRUIT COMPETITION, FORM III.—I have to congratulate the competitors who entered and sent in specimens for the best collection of seeds and fruits. The numbers perhaps might have been greater; but it is very gratifying to find that sixteen girls are enthusiastic enough to give up some of their time to nature work.

The actual number of specimens sent in by the several candidates varied from 86 (Anita Charles) to two.

I have no hesitation in giving the first prize to Anita. She has thoroughly earned it. Anita also deserves commendation for pressing into her service the various receptacles in which she placed her specimens.

The second prize to Olive Cox; but I would like to point out to Olive that in two or three instances she has sent in really the dried flowers. Allowing for these she has a greater number of examples to her credit than any of the girls who follow. Mabel Haynes and Evelyn Harris tie for the third place.

Of the remaining girls I need not discriminate. No doubt they did their best, however little that "best" appears to be in numbers.

H.R.W.

BOTANY COMPETITION IN MAGAZINE.—The successful competitor in the Botany Competition was Frances Jelly, who received a box of chocolates. Forty-two girls competed, five of whom obtained equal marks. A second attempt by these five girls, resulted in Frances Jelly obtaining 70 per cent of the marks. The following are the correct solutions:—Cowslip, plantain, edelweiss, speedwell, poppy, anemone, wild arum, hyacinth, lotus, pansy.

Last year, through the enterprise of some of our mistresses and senior scholars, a flourishing hockey team was formed. Unfortunately, we started rather late in the season in the formation of our club, and so few games were played ere the season closed. We hope to see the club re-formed again soon, and extend a hearty welcome to the new girls who wish to play. We were pleased to see the mistresses enthusiastically supporting the girls and hope for their co-operation in the coming season again.

Hearty congratulations are extended to two of our old pupils, Miss Kate Morgan and Miss Florence S. Davies, who have obtained the top and the second places respectively in

the first year terminal examinations of Swansea Training College. We hope that these two students will be equally successful in their second year.

"Fine day for the Race," said one.

"Yes, very," said the other, "but what race is it?"

"The Human Race," said the first.

IGNORANCE ON BOTH SIDES.—The inspector had visited the village school and was relating his experiences that evening to the Squire at dinner. "I asked one little boy," he said, "Who wrote Hamlet?" He looked very frightened and began to cry: he managed to gasp out amongst his sobs, "Not me, Sir." The Squire laughed loud and long and when he had sufficiently recovered himself he said, "And I bet the little rascal had written it all along."

IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW MAGAZINE.

A year ago we were told that we were about to have a new magazine, a threepenny one four times a year instead of the usual penny one monthly.

While waiting for the first number to appear we had all kinds of surmises as to what it would be like. When it did appear we were, most of us at least, agreeably surprised. It was looked forward to with much interest because it contained news that only concerned the school.

The thing that struck us most was the contrast in appearance. The new one really looks like a school magazine, while the old one was saved from looking like a book of advertisements by the badge on the cover. The size is much more convenient, and colour is both delicate and dainty in contrast to the vivid green of the old one.

After examining the outside we turned our attention to the contents and after perusing it we agreed that the material in it was good.

Instead of revised versions of fairy tales and nursery rhymes suitable only for the younger ones, we had a number of good articles by teachers and scholars of the school. These have proved of interest to all.

We have put off writing our impressions of the magazine until now, to see what the subsequent ones would be like, fearing the first was good simply because it was first, but our fears were unfounded as each has been better than the last.

E.T. & F.I.

LONDON UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

MIDSUMMER, 1910.

MATRICULATION STANDARD.

SWANSEA MUNICIPAL SECONDARY BOYS' SCHOOL.

FIRST DIVISION.

William Llewellyn Hathaway.

SECOND DIVISION.

Cecil Lloyd Davies.
 Eleazer Edward Stanley Davies.
 John Lloyd Davies.
 Benjamin John Griffiths.
 Sidney Charles Hopkins.
 Thomas Hudson Rowlands.
 Harold John Tyler.
 John Williams.
 William Dudley Williams.

Candidates who, having previously passed the Examination, now pass in additional subjects shown after their names.

Haydn Frederick Arthur Ace—Mechanics.
 Ivor William Evans—Mechanics.
 David Graham Hopkins—Mechanics; Heat, Light
 and Sound.
 Sidney Oswald Jenkins—Heat, Light and Sound.
 Thomas Trevor Lawrence—Mechanics.
 Henry Miller—Chemistry.
 Glanffrwd Powell—Latin.

JUNIOR SCHOOL STANDARD.

William Davies (honours)—Distinction in Arithmetic, French and Chemistry.
 Henry George Fortune—Distinction in Arithmetic and Chemistry.
 Philip Ivor Howells (honours)—Distinction in Geography, Arithmetic, French, and Chemistry.
 Jno. Gwyn Hughes—Distinction in Arithmetic and Chemistry.
 Tudor Morgan Jenkins—Distinction in Arithmetic and Chemistry.
 John David Jones—Distinction in Arithmetic and Chemistry.
 Thidal Francis Meyrick—Distinction in Chemistry.
 Thomas Martin Phillips—Distinction in Arithmetic and Chemistry.

Evan Hugh Trevor Rice—Distinction in Chemistry.
 Thomas Harold Leslie Sampson.
 Herbert Allen Webber.
 Gabriel Williams—Distinction in Arithmetic.

UNIVERSITY OF WALES.

(JUNE, 1910).

First-Class Matriculation—T. Llewellyn Davies.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY LOCAL EXAMS. (1910).

BOYS—SENIOR EXAMINATION.

2nd Class Honours	...	W. Dudley Williams.
3rd Class Honours	...	E. E. S. Davies.
1st Class Pass	...	H. L. Baynham.
"	...	C. H. Brazel.
"	...	R. L. Davies.
"	...	R. Francis.
"	...	T. F. Meyrick.
"	...	T. M. Phillips.
"	...	H. R. J. Thomas.
"	...	W. Thomas.

SCHOLARSHIP BOYS.

(SEPTEMBER, 1910).

BRYNMILL.—C. R. E. Baylis, I. Fitzgerald, J. T. Gordge, H. R. Murray, H. T. Seldon, G. D. Batcup, K. Howells, C. B. Jones, B. Radford, W. Beynon, H. Deane, A. Morgan, H. D. Thomas.

TERRACE ROAD.—C. Davies, G. Snipper, D. R. Davies, W. Roberts, E. Adams, J. Morgan, A. E. Fairs, Jno. M. C. Price, E. C. Vaughan, H. R. Gibbs.

MANSELTON.—J. H. Lewis, W. H. Loosemore, J. G. Davies, Wm. S. Rees, D. E. Williams, H. G. Trafford, H. Thomas,

MORRISTON.—Idris Williams, Leonard Hill, H. Morris, S. John, J. J. Lewis.

BRYNHYFRYD.—G. H. Washer, A. V. Hughes, F. E. Hughes, P. Williams, E. Powell, W. H. Thomas, H. Thomas,

PENTREPOETH.—D. T. Jeremy, A. John, E. Harris, T. E. Jones.

DYFATTY.—J. C. Parkes, L. Weisbard, P. D. Bowen, B. Lewis.

WAUN WEN.—Wm. Day, B. J. Evans.

PLASMARL.—G. J. Davies.

ST. THOMAS.—E. R. Hammond, A. Williams.

CWM.—W. Hopkins, J. James.

ST. HELEN'S.—G. O. Price, D. Scarfe, T. W. Jones.

HAFOD.—A. Johns, D. W. Williams, W. G. Rail.

SKETTY COUNCIL.—L. L. Abraham.

SCHOLARSHIP AND FEE-PAYING BOYS.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST.

T. H. Barton, Dyfatty; W. R. Davies, Waun Wen; W. G. Harris, St. Thomas; G. Jones, Morriston (1/-); M. Mitchell, Terrace Road; H. J. Thomas, Pentrepoeth (1/-); Thomas Richards, Morriston; C. J. Fox, Brynmill (1/-); W. J. Donald, Oxford Street (1/-); C. Cole, Terrace Road (1/-); J. G. Jones, Morriston (1/-); L. Brunel, Dyfatty; H. L. Witts, Terrace Road; Dd. Weisbard, Dyfatty; H. W. Thomas, Terrace Road (1/-); W. C. Phillips, St. Thomas (1/-); D. G. Lewis, Hafod (1/-); T. D. Hancock, St. Helen's; W. J. Cox, Waun Wen.

LONDON UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION.

MIDSUMMER 1910.

MATRICULATION STANDARD.

SWANSEA MUNICIPAL SECONDARY GIRLS' SCHOOL.

SECOND DIVISION.

May Violet Alewood.
 Evelyn Edith Forster.
 Nesta Goldsworthy.
 Temperance May Gustavus.
 Lucy Annetta Island.
 Ellen Leyshon.
 Christabel Violet Mansfield.
 Daisy Vanorah Wearne.
 Flossie May Williams.

THE EDITOR'S DREAM.

The Editor, very worried, very harassed, entered his room one day (the time for publishing the magazine was drawing near) expecting to go through the same weary task of hunting for materials with which to compile a magazine. He had fully justified the name, "A voice crying in the wilderness," given him by someone in a moment of inspiration—the burden of his cry being "Articles for the Magazine." Looking listlessly round as he entered, his weary eye is arrested by the enormous pile of M.S. which covers all the available space of his desk. Scarcely believing that he has seen aright, he stops to examine it—yes, M.S. it is without doubt, and moreover written legibly and neatly on one side of the paper only, dealing with subjects as varied as they were numerous—of such intense interest as to hold even him spellbound. Ranging as they were from the highly instructive to the lightly humorous he wondered whether he could find room for all of them, but instantly overcame that difficulty by contemplation of possibly barren times ahead. No longer would he have to invite! nay, compel people to write articles—no longer need he send the cry reverberating through the school, "Have you anything for the magazine this term?" The wondrous wealth that lay before him would suffice for this and for many more magazines. Is this true? Was the heart of the long-suffering editor really so gladdened before the appearance of the present issue? Alas! no, it was only a dream.

N.B.—We can *make* some dreams come true. ANON.

GIRLS' SCHOOL NOTES—(cont.)

We take this opportunity of welcoming the new girls and of wishing them all success in their school career.

Hearty congratulations are offered to those girls who passed their examinations, especially those who matriculated.

We extend our sympathy to Miss Bevan in her illness and hope she will soon recover and take her place amongst us again.

It is perhaps needless to call the attention of our readers to the fact that the school-yard has been white-washed—a much-needed improvement. Unfortunately the supply of lime gave out before the Laboratory received its share. The change from the dazzling whiteness of the yard to the dirty dimness of the Laboratory is really too sudden.

Echoes of the Scholarship Examination :—

“ Edward the Professor died and Harold took his place.”

“ The use of a river is to water the wayside flower.”

“ The use of a mountain is to keep out draughts.”—(We should like a few to surround our school).

Result of a problem to find ages of father and son—

“ Father 30 years, son 1001 years.”

“ I should like Spain to spend a holiday in because there you can have an undisturbed siesta.”

All the things that happened in the time of our forefathers was either told by authors or poets, as all our forefathers are in heaven long ago.”

THE DEBATING SOCIETY—(Girls’).

Now a new school year has commenced, the Debating Society will probably resume its meetings. It would be advisable to start the session earlier than last year; the Debating Society was not formed until about the middle of February and, as a result, there were very few debates held before the session closed. This was unavoidable; but, nevertheless, the fact that the society was formed at all showed that the girls were not lacking in enterprise.

Before any debates are held this autumn it might be wise to make a few improvements in the arrangements. Last year some of the girls were lacking in punctuality, and although the hour at which the debates were to start was fixed as 7 o’clock, more often than not they did not start until quite a quarter past seven. The girls who intend to come to the debates could surely make an effort to be more punctual.

Last year, too, the senior girls monopolised the society, none of the juniors being allowed to join. Surely this might be remedied; the members of the lower school should prove as good speakers as the seniors, and they should at least be allowed a chance of displaying their power of speaking. Moreover, if the juniors are not allowed to join the society now, they will probably have no desire to support it and carry on the work when they become members of the upper school.

Again, if more of our number would take their share in the debating instead of leaving it to the energetic few, it would tend to make the society more of a success than it has been hitherto.

In a few weeks a meeting will be held to decide the debates for the coming session, and we hope the society will be more heartily supported by all the scholars than it was last year and that it will be a great success.

A VISIT TO SANTIAGO (CHILI).

From Valparaiso (Vale of Paradise) to Santiago the route was one of the grandest imaginable, leading through beautiful valleys and along the sides of parts of the Andes, rising higher and higher, until at Montenegro it reached the height of 4,000 feet above the sea-level.

In some parts the soil was dry and barren-looking, in others it appeared to be well watered and in every place fruit grew in abundance.

The natives live in miserable looking huts and exist chiefly on fruit, chollo or Indian corn, and meat when obtainable. Their bake-houses are made of mud and have rounded tops.

The Cactus grows in immense quantities the whole of the way.

After a ride of five hours, Santiago, the capital of Chili, was reached. The approach to the city was anything but inviting, the houses looked poor and dirty and the people were evidently of the very lowest order. The better class of people live in the centre of the city and not on the outskirts as they do in England, as it is considered safer to do so.

The Railway Station is a fine one situated at the end of the Alameda or Avenue along which we drove. Trams run along the principal streets from the Central—as the most important part of the city is called. The Alameda is considered one of the longest and finest in the world.

The streets present a peculiar appearance as the houses are built of one storey with few visible windows. The street door opens on to a garden or plaza round which the rooms are built, the windows in most cases forming doors. When windows do appear in the front of the houses they are very heavily barred and the doors are lined with sheets of iron.

Amongst the places of interest visited may be mentioned the Church of Ignecia San Agustin, a most lovely building. Mass was just over and the whole of the High Altar was lighted up, the priests in beautiful white vestments were in the act of putting the lights out.

The Theatre Municipal is a very large and beautiful building.

Santiago is built in a plain from which the Cerro Santa Lucia rises and round which the city lies. This hill is laid out as pleasure grounds and rises to the height of 601 metres. From the top, a magnificent view of the whole city is obtained, surrounded as it is by the magnificent range of the Andes rising in some places to a height of from 18,000 to 20,000 feet and having the remains, in some parts, of last winter's snow.

The Church of Merced (Iglesia Merced) or Marble Church, as its name would indicate, is almost entirely built of marble, but, at the time of visiting, was not quite completed. The pillars of marble, and also each picture, cost 2,000 gold dollars. From the church, the way lay through the Plaza Abastos past Iglesia Dominica and Iglesia Vere Cruz (outside of which was a cross whereon was placed various parts of the instruments used at the crucifixion, consisting of the ladder, nails, spear, sponge, etc., also the ears and vesture of our Lord) to the cemetery, quite one of the show places of Santiago. The monuments here are most beautifully built and take various forms, such as churches, houses, pyramids, etc., and cost, in many cases, enormous sums of money. The Quinta Normal Gardens are very prettily laid out as Zoological and Botanical Gardens.

The Post Office is a very fine handsome building situated in the Plaza Municipal. The cathedral, also in the Plaza, is a fine building dating from the latter half of the 18th century, the tower of which commands a good view of the city. The Public Library and House of Congress—which were built by President Balmaceda—were also visited. In the grounds of the House of Congress is a fine monument erected to the memory of the victims who perished in the fire of the Compania Church where about 2,000 people were burnt. Many other places of interest were visited and a most enjoyable and profitable few days spent.

PORTSMOUTH: ITS DOCKYARD AND DEFENCES.

“ Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep.”

Those fortunate beings who have had the good luck to see our Navy in its entirety have had an experience which seldom falls to the lot of many schoolboys in Swansea. Apart from that poor, puny pageant which paraded our harbour in May 1909, Swansea has had no real opportunity of witnessing these vast fleets which:—

“ Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine.”

With this in view, it would not be amiss were we to obtain a glimpse of the interior of that famous stronghold of our Navy, Portsmouth. Before we enter the dockyard and begin to

inspect it, it is necessary to obtain a clear idea as to the means of defence employed in and around the harbour. The harbour itself, when compared (from a sailor's point of view) with our own, sinks into comparative obscurity, mainly on account of its artificial nature; but from a naval standpoint, it is of primary importance. If we look at our atlases, we shall find that there are two narrow necks of land jutting out from the mainland, and enclosing a portion of the sea. Now, the dockyard is built on these two narrow pieces of land, and the harbour consists of that portion of the sea enclosed by them. The most southerly part of this creek is fairly deep and much resembles a large river. Here you will see the "Victory," "stately and majestic," "where mighty Nelson fell," and near at hand to this "Heart of Oak" may be seen such magnificent warships as the 'Bellerophon,' 'Superb,' 'Indomitable,' etc. Indeed, from the number of warships found here, one might well imagine that a great mobilisation of our fleets had taken place. Further north, the creek broadens out into a series of shallows, called 'Flat Homes' and its flatness and open aspect at once gives rise to the thought of weakness, which fear is soon dispelled, however, by the sight of three immense forts frowning over the scene from the brow of a neighbouring hill. Protecting the dockyard on the land side, besides numerous barracks and garrisons situated in different parts of the town, is a huge wall entirely surrounding it, guarded at intervals by sentries and metropolitan police. Having touched upon the land defences, we now come to those of the sea, which are much more important and interesting. Right along the foreshore we see nothing but forts and cannon, and these memorable lines:—

" Cannon to right of them
Cannon to left of them
Cannon in front of them,"

force themselves upon one's memory. These forts extend on either side of the harbour and in front of them is the great promenade of Southsea, dotted here and there with numerous memorials to those—

" Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true
On the deck of fame that died "

and our minds go back to those old times of which we have so often heard:—

" The memory of what has been
And never will be more."

Directly opposite these monuments stand three or four huge forts placed in the sea sufficiently far apart. These, to the eye of a stranger, look like great, submerged domes. Between these run those terrible mines which play so important a part in the defence of a harbour. A massive, complicated boom, placed across the harbour-mouth in time of war, completes the defence. And now we come to the dockyard. Inside this we see every phase of naval and military life; marines and sailors, in their different uniforms, are to be seen everywhere; to say nothing of the ubiquitous artisan in overalls. Close to the eastern gate is the great ship whereon the chief of our *Dreadnoughts* have been built. The "Neptune," the largest in the world, has just left the stocks; while another, the "Lion," destined to be still larger, is rapidly rising into being. Everywhere we see graving docks, workshops, foundries and warehouses; while the stranger's unaccustomed ears are assailed by a perfect thunder of hammerings, etc. All around are warships, everyone of them painted in that dull grey colour, which in misty weather renders them almost invisible. Here, is a destroyer, grim and dark; there a clear cut cruiser, with its four long funnels, busily loading for sea.

In yonder dock we may see some submarines, grotesque and ugly, so small that their destructive powers seem nothing short of wonderful. And so it is all along, every ship, every dock, is a source of wonder and delight, and to describe these wonders in detail, were an impossible task.

With this display of forces and instruments of war ever present in the mind, one cannot but again revert to Campbells lines.—

"The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled might depart,
And the star of peace return."

I.W.E.

Spiritus sumere Sussionses dixerunt—They said the Sussionses were consuming spirits.

Vobis parta quies—You are partly at rest.

Hors de combat—The hour of battle.

Praedamque ignara putabat—She in her ignorance took me for a beauty.

Cæsar incolumis exercitum duxit—Cæsar led his army in columns.

LE FRANÇAIS TEL QU'ON LE PARLE.

Un jeune Anglais descendait hier après-midi, à 4 h. 45, en gare du Nord, du rapide de Calais.

Notre insulaire, William Cutler, vingt deux ans, dont les parents habitent Lewisham Road, à Londres, s'engagea Boulevard Denain, sa valise à la main, et, avisant un gardien de la paix, s'approcha de lui et, soulevant poliment sa casquette, lui dit froidement : " Mort aux vaches."

L'agent ahuri resta abasourdi devant le jeune Anglais qui, le sourire aux lèvres attendait poliment une réponse.

" Vous dites ? " hurla-t-il.

— " Mort aux vaches ! " répéta placidement le fils de John Bull.

Furieux le gardien de la paix emmena William Cutler au commissariat de police, où il fut interrogé par M. Archer, commissaire de police, qui essaya vainement de lui faire entendre l'énormité de l'injure qu'il venait de proférer à l'adresse du représentant de la force publique. Peine perdue ! Le jeune homme, qui ne comprenait pas un mot de français, répondait en regardant toujours l'agent et le commissaire :

" Yes ! yes ! Mort aux vaches ! "

On dut avoir recours à un interprète qui traduisit l'expression en anglais, disant que les agents français étaient appelés communément vaches ou bourriques par les malfaiteurs.

" Aoh ! down vith the cows ! " (ah ! mort aux vaches !) répéta l'Anglais estomaqué. " Aoh ! truly it is not possible ! " (cela n'est vraiment pas possible !)

Et se tournant vers le gardien de la paix dont c'était le tour de ne rien comprendre :

" Excuse me master policeman ! "

Alors au moyen de l'interprète M. William Cutler raconta que, dans le train, il avait questionné deux voyageurs pour connaître la formule usuelle pour réclamer l'aide d'un agent pour avoir un renseignement.

Tout le monde rit de l'aventure et après un vigoureux " shake hands " l'Anglais quitta le poste, suivi de l'interprète qui le conduisit à son hôtel.

THE PASSION PLAY.

A great many years ago a terrible plague was raging among the villages of the Bavarian Highlands, and one of them, Oberammergau, by name, had suffered even more than the rest, for a hundred people had perished there within a few days. So the villages determined to make a solemn vow to God that if He would stay His hand, thereafter they would give, every ten years, a representation of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. Seemingly the vow was accepted, for in three days the plague abated. That was about 1650 and ever since, with one exception, as each decade of years is accomplished, the Passion Play has taken place.

Before printing was invented, as many will remember, books were scarce, so people had to be taught by other means, and thus originated "Miracles Plays." These were dramas representing scenes from the Old and New Testaments, as well as from the lives of the Saints, which were at first performed by the clergy in the churches or the churchyards, and later on, by members of the Trade Guilds. Not only were they designed for religious instruction, but were regarded as acts of devotion as well. When printing was introduced, and books became plentiful, the necessity for the "Miracle Plays" passed away, so they dropped out of use. Occasionally, however, we find survivals of them in remote villages, and the play at Oberammergau is one of these. It consists principally of tableaux of scenes from our Lord's life, interspersed with a few from the Old Testament, but there is a kind of plot as well, woven around the incident of the Cleaning of the Temple, the merchants whose unholy doings had been exposed then, being encouraged by the chief priests, to persuade Judas to betray his Master.

Nowadays the play is acted in a theatre which has been built from the proceeds of the plays, and is capable of holding over 4000 people. The stage is open to the sky, and weather is never allowed to interfere with the performances, which take place on every Sunday from May to September, and during August on Wednesdays as well. They last from 8 o'clock in the morning until 12 noon. Then comes an interval of two hours, followed by four hours more acting. The first performance this year took place in a snowstorm. Until 1860, the Passion Play was comparatively little known outside the neighbouring villages, but Dean Stanley called the attention of the English people to it, and since then it has become of world-wide reputation.

Now, what of the people of Oberammergau? The village itself consists of some thousands of inhabitants, most of whom

are wood-carvers, which trade has been handed on from father to son for hundreds of years. It has been said that there are no rich or poor there, as he that hath two coats, gives to him that hath none.

Most of them have a little house of their own, where they make and sell their wares. They also send quantities of their carving all over the world. Frequently, too, they themselves go to carry out important work, as did Peter Rendl—who takes the part of St. John, the beloved disciple—when he came over to England a few years ago to carve the altarpiece of Selby Abbey.

The one who takes the part of the "Christus" is Anton Lang, who also took it in 1900. He is a potter and his work consists chiefly in making the earthenware stoves which are found in every German home. When he was first given the rôle he went to his predecessor, Josef Mayr, who had become too old for the "Christus," for hints. He was told to study the Gospels, to let the life of Christ enter into his own, and then only, would he be able to fulfil the part.

A committee of householders is elected to choose the parts, and they, too, decide what money shall be granted to the actors to recompense them for the time lost at their work. There never is any disagreement over parts. Each accepts meekly what is given to him, although once, in the case of the actor who used to do the part of Judas before Zwink, who does it now, the disappointment of being superseded broke his heart and the poor old man died soon after.

The villagers have a real talent for acting, and many have been offered huge salaries by theatre-managers if only they would accept posts under them. However, no Passion Play actor has ever been known to avail himself of such an offer.

Each year the Oberammergauers perform a little play, sometimes on the life of a saint, sometimes on a purely secular subject, at which few people other than themselves are present. The purpose of these is to afford opportunities for practice in acting in order to prepare for the Passion Play. It is not only histrionic talent that is necessary for a part. No one is ever chosen whose character is not of the highest integrity. The standard of life that is held up as the ideal is expressed in the words of the parish priest in 1870:—"Let us so live that we may have nothing to fear from the all-searching eye of God, and the scrutinising gaze of our fellow-men. Let us from this time show, by increased zeal for our holy religion, by our deep reverence for holy things, by our greater love for our Redeemer, by our pure morals, by an avoidance of sin, and our renewal of virtues, that the representation of the Passion is not only of spiritual benefit to others, but to ourselves as well."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SILK HAT.

I feel it my duty to write an autobiography because I am such an uncommon hat. In the first place, contrary to the rule that silk hats last a life-time, I only lived for six months. Nevertheless my short life has not been uneventful; I may even say that I have had an adventurous one.

For some months I had been leading a retired life on one of the shelves in a hatter's shop, when one day I was brought out for inspection and subsequently bought. I shall never forget the first day that I went out with my new master. He had evidently just left school, and thinking that he was now a man, having decided to put away childish things, he likewise decided to assume what he considered to be manly ones; and that is the reason that when I now accompanied my master and his mother to a concert, a thin walking-stick also formed one of the party. My young master, feeling very important with his new hat and stick, walked along with that swagger which I notice is peculiar to youths in their teens, and his nose tilted in the air. He was serenely unconscious of the smiling glances cast upon him. Suddenly, a little urchin darted across the road, and touching his cap, said in an innocent manner to my master, "Shall I carry your stick, sir?" In my delight I nearly fell into the road, but the young man walked wrathfully past the boy, while his poor mother was becoming quite red in the face in the vain endeavour to prevent her merriment becoming too audible.

I invariably accompanied my master to church on Sundays. One day we arrived there very early. The church was empty with the exception of a corner of the gallery, in which there were about two dozen small boys. My master walked gallantly up the aisle feeling very delighted with me in his hand. His nose was as usual in the air, and failing to see the hassocks in the pew, he stumbled. I flew over into the next pew, and could see my master's legs waving wildly above the hassocks; and those wretched boys in the gallery only laughed at our humiliation.

I survived this shock, however, only to receive my death-blow a few Sundays later. My master saw some little boys outside church one day, and persuaded them to go into his pew with him. I was placed on the seat. The lads behaved very well until sermon-time arrived, when they began to amuse themselves by pricking each other with pins. One, more adventurous than the rest, stuck a pin into my master. He, totally unprepared for such an attack, jumped and—I shudder when

I think of it—landed right on top of me. Thus in the flower of my youth I was cut down, and now I am living in retirement in the rag-bag. A.M.E.

WONDERS OF STELLAR SPACE.

Can anything be more familiar than the star-spangled canopy of heaven? And yet how unfamiliar is the average girl or boy, aye, woman or man, for that matter, with even the most conspicuous constellations or the names of the most brilliant stars. Comparatively few can distinguish and name the various planets of our own solar system which are generally spoken of and erroneously called "stars."

Astronomy is said to be the most sublime of all the sciences, and without endeavouring to enter into the complexities of science regarding the stars, we can nevertheless recognize its sublimity with an elementary knowledge of the heavenly bodies and their groupings. It is strange that most of us regard the stellar space as a canopy on which are fixed in bewildering confusion big and small stars. It is that idea which must first be dispelled and a notion of stellar perspective acquired; how the stars are arranged, one beyond the other, and at a distance which makes our brains reel at the thought; how the apparent confusion is one of the most wonderful order conceivable to us only in the smallest degree.

Few subjects are so fascinating (once one becomes on speaking terms with the stars, so to speak) as picking out and defining the most conspicuous constellations, such as Ursa Major, Ursa Minor, Hercules, Orion, Draco, Canis Major, and as many as possible of the twelve constellations forming the Zodiac. This becomes easy if one commits to memory the name and position of the most brilliant star or stars in each constellation such as the Pole Star in Ursa Minor, Sirius in Canis Major, Antares in Scorpio, Vega in Lyra, Dubhe and Merak in Ursa Major, Rigel and Betelgeux in Orion; the belt formed of three brilliant stars midway between the two just named, Aldebaran in Taurus. These are but a few, but it is wonderful how soon one becomes familiar with those marvellous suns, how one realizes what an infinitesimal part of it all our terrestrial globe is—a mere speck in that infinite space, inconceivable even by the greatest of astronomers—we are filled with wonder and awe by that stupendous whole and realize our own insignificance.

G.O.

SCHOOL LITERARY & DEBATING SOCIETY—(Boys).

We shall soon be entering upon the second year of existence of the above society, and doubtlessly we shall meet with the same success as last year.

Glancing rapidly over this, we feel justly proud of the high level of excellence displayed throughout all the debates—the good arguments, the genial good humour, the sparkling wit and smart repartees, not to mention certain famous “tragical descriptions.” From the very beginning fortune favoured us, and the concert at the end was no exception to this. Holding it at a time when many of our lads were busy with the Oxford Local Examinations, we were nevertheless able to spend a very enjoyable evening. Among the items of the varied programme were violin solos contributed by F. Wheelhouse (1c), a charming (?) performance on the ocarina by Allan Bates (2b), a story-telling competition (at which Ben Davies won the prize for a loudly applauded Welsh story), and a mock trial, which, though arranged for at a moment’s notice, was a great success. [Probably we can arrange another for one of our winter evenings]. Horace Roberts (2a) acted efficiently as accompanist.

Turning to this year, we are confidently hoping for the same support from our boys as last year. This, of course, is absolutely essential, for the welfare of all societies depends upon the hearty co-operation of all their members. Therefore we are looking forward to finding all our scholars taking an interest in our society and contributing their talents towards making it a success. The meetings will probably be held on the same lines as before, though we shall be always prepared to have new suggestions for improving them. With the help of our older boys, who last year were the mainstay of our debates and who now have left, we should be able to pass some very profitable evenings together. *All* boys are cordially invited to take an *active* interest in the meetings and to be prepared to take a share in the discussions. In this connection Forms 3a and 3b must do their utmost this year, for, judging by the progress made by last year’s speakers, we should say that great advantages may be derived from a regular attendance. (In this connection, was it the enlightenment he received at our debates which got C. L. Baynham through his Political Economy at the Oxford Senior Examination?)

As soon as possible, an announcement will be posted up, giving details of our next discussion. This may be expected in about a week’s time. Meanwhile we ask our boys to do their best towards the success of the Society. W.B.T.

THE SNARLING SNARK PATROL.

One of the outcomes of the visit of B.P. to Swansea was the formation of a Scouts Patrol from among the boys of the M.S.S. A meeting was held, a scout master elected, and the Snarling Snark Patrol launched on humanity. All this happened on a Thursday evening in the short space of half-an-hour—the following Saturday being selected for a grand review.

Wishing to be up-to-date, we procured the services of a bugler who, however, was not exactly a success as he could only blow one call. To the stirring call of "cookhouse," we fell in for action. Our weapons were many and varied, comprising sticks, knives, and stones, besides a valuable meat-chopper which called forth a chorus of admiration from the numerous and enthusiastic spectators. To the refreshing strains of "Lets all go down the Strand," played on a tin whistle, we wended our way up the Valley of Clyne, the Scoutmaster blazing the trees as we went, in order, as he said, "to mark over trail." Many thought this superfluous, but could not refute the clinching argument,—“ what is the use of a chopper if you don't use it.”

This, however, soon ceased to become a matter of argument as the head of our valuable axe fell into the river. Presently one of our members wished to return, as, owing to his efforts to rescue our ally, the chopper, his attire had become, to say the least, slightly damp. However, on my pointing out to him that wet clothes hardened the system, he was persuaded to continue, especially when I mentioned casually that a court-martial would be the result of his departing.

Tea time arriving, he of the wet clothes was detailed off to sit in the river and catch fish by means of the scouts' famous worm song, while the remainder of us sat on the fence and recited the "Greengrocer's shop" with such effect that we had no difficulty in enticing the wily rabbit from its lair. Suddenly, we saw our comrade of the wet attire making strides for home. With a rush we pursued, caught him, and condemned him to the torture, for leaving his post without orders. Yet his hour had not arrived, for just as we were sharpening our knives and dancing around our doomed comrade, we were suddenly assailed by such mighty strokes of a stick that we were forced to flee (that is to say, retreat) for the user (a well-developed keeper) was saying nasty things about damaging (blazing) trees, etc. Just then I remembered I had an important engagement elsewhere.

Scoutmaster—S.S. Patrol.

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SPORTS.

SCHOOLS' LEAGUE RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the lads was held on Friday, the 9th September, when the election of Captain and Vice-Captain for the Rugger Team took place. There was a muster of nine or ten lads who played last year and about thirty others—most of them being members of the first year—amongst which are a few who have already played in league games for their schools.

When ex-Captain Fischer collected and sorted the voting papers it was found that David John Waters had obtained an almost unanimous vote for the Captaincy. The result was greeted with much applause, and we feel sure that under such a popular and skilful—and unassuming—player the team will continue to play good and clean football as in past years.

Here's to Captain Waters and success!!!

The voting for the Vice-Captaincy was distinctly interesting. On the first vote no one had a clear majority, and so a second had to be taken on Frank Dowdall and Griff Williams. This resulted in a tie of 18 votes each. The spin of the coin settled the matter—Dowdall calling the correct side up.

A large number of lads entered their names as desirous of playing, with the result that probably one or two trial games will be carried out before the business of the League gets started.

Members of the first year can be sure of receiving a trial if they give their names in to the Captain or any other playing member of the team.

SWIMMING.

The School Swimming Club now enters on its third year. Although very little has been done in the past by combined action, each year has found quite a large number of lads availing themselves of the opportunity afforded to obtain "dips" at the first-class baths at a fee of 3d. in place of the usual 6d. charged. Lads new to the school this term may be interested to know that a membership ticket may be obtained for 1d., lasting over next summer's vacation, by showing which at the pay office at the baths they may obtain the above-mentioned reduction in price.

SOCCER NOTES.

At the close of last year there was some evidence of desire on the part of some of the upper form lads, to run an Association Football Eleven. Accordingly, on the last day we were in school, a meeting was held in 5a room. At this meeting, Mr. W. T. Davies kindly took the chair.

It was decided to form a team. The election of a captain was left over till this year, but the following officers were appointed at a subsequent meeting:—Secretary, I. W. Evans; Treasurer, T. M. Jenkins. T. M. Jenkins was also appointed as Assistant Secretary.

The team will play home matches at Victoria Park, where we have been lent a dressing room.

All lads belonging to the Senior Classes are cordially invited to join. Names should be given to the afore-mentioned officers.

Many thanks are due to Mr. W. T. Davies and Mr. R. J. Jones for their friendly interest always in our senior football.

“SOCCERITE.”

THEY SAY—

That a space has been reserved for our games at Victoria Park.
That we shall now be able to obtain a proper football fixture-list for the senior scholars.

That our return to school is always celebrated in glorious weather.

That the heavens smile on work and weep during holidays.

That this is unkind, and not as it should be.

That the new boys look smart in their new caps.

That the new scholars are thirsting for home-lessons.

That the thirst will soon cease.

That the “Honours List” this year is a record one.

That the school looks well after its fresh coat of paint.

That the air from the whitened ducts smells sweeter.

That the fan wants oiling, however.

That the “Old Boys” who have become teachers have already modified their views about the virtues of pupils.

That the notice announcing the formation of a “Soccer” Club was very artistic.

That tea and coffee are still absent from the menu in the Dining Room.

MY BEST HOLIDAY (*Conclusion*).

Occasionally, one heard a mighty roar like thunder, but turned and saw nothing because of that curious quibble of nature that sound takes time to travel; but we learned to be quicker, and, during the heat of the day, saw several fine specimens of the devastating avalanche. Several of us picked the famous eidelweiss, with the assistance of the guide. He was very firm about our picking it ourselves, even though we trembled for an hour after doing so. It is a very ordinary looking woolly flower—which quality lends itself to the inventive and enterprising German. Large quantities reputed to have been picked on the Alps are made in Germany.

I must hurry on to the last days of my holiday. We visited an ice-grotto at Grindelwald. It was cut in the glacier. It was amusing to see great healthy sunburnt men and women suddenly become blue and pale, especially as things were not what they seemed.

The day before leaving Grindelwald we climbed the Faulhorn. This is a rugged mountain, 9000 feet high (about three times the height of Snowdon). It is quite the smallest of the snow-clad giants around, but it serves as a magnificent platform for seeing one of the grandest sights of Europe—the whole array of the Bernese Oberland. We set out at six o'clock in the morning. We had no guide, as Baedeker, the authority on these things, said it was unnecessary. There are no dangerous places, there being a plain, but rough road right to the top of the mountain. We toiled up in the calm, clear air, keeping on the alert for a sight of an avalanche on the opposite peaks. We overtook a party of mules, and witnessed an exhibition of their proverbial obstinacy. They would deliberately tumble down and disarrange the packages and then refuse to stir. We had occasional feasts of wild fruit at the little huts on the mountain side.

We lunched at a kind of cow-town half way up the mountain. It was picturesque in the extreme. We would see huge clusters of fawny-coloured cows, with no signs of a keeper, wandering about and making music in the clear air, with their bells. Close at hand it made one think of Irving's famous representation in "The Bells": "What is this clanging in mine ears?" The last part of the climb tested our powers of endurance to the utmost; but we crawled to the top by about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The air at the top was most exhilarating, after the effects of over-fatigue had passed. You would have said so if you had seen the way we entered into

the frolic of tobogganning. We had no proper sledges, but used alpine stocks, old pieces of wood, in fact, anything we could lay hands on. There was a merry French party much more impressed by the delights of tobogganning than the grandeur around us. The French party started down before us and hailed us from the path below. "Vive l'Entente Cordiale" sounded through the air. We struck up, "The Marseillaise" and they replied as lustily with "God Save the King." It was an extraordinary experience—this climb! The only ordinary thing I saw and enjoyed was a cup of tea, for which we paid an extraordinary price due no doubt to the stubbornness of the mules.

I have raved so often of the mountains, that I will now leave them standing there in all their glorious beauty and pass on.

The journey down from the Grindelwald to Interlaken was full of interest. A tremendous storm broke over the mountains as we approached the Scheidegg glacier. Before we took train again at Scheidegg, it was dispersing, and one of the most impressive sights I saw in Switzerland was that of the huge masses of clouds which seemed like huge giants stalking down the valleys. They looked like natives of these regions going home appeased after a stormy gathering.

Interlaken, with its casinos and shops, seemed ordinary after the glories of the mountains.

We now started for home by the Lake of Thun to Berne. The whole character of the Swiss capital is peculiarly Swiss. The houses are built over the pavements in a solid heavy fashion. The most interesting place to me was the Swiss Houses of Parliament. They are built in a solid fashion characteristically Swiss, with stalwart halberdiers guarding the entrance. The simple but exquisite oaken walls are very imposing looking.

The solidity and immovability of their mighty mountains appears to have entered into the making of the Swiss nation. After spending the day at Berne we started for Basle, and hence by night train to Paris and home.

Herodotus (B.C. 484—B.C. 408) wrote:—Calumny is a monstrous vice; for, were parties indulge in it, there are always two that are actively engaged in doing wrong, and one is subject to injury. The calumniator inflicts wrong by slandering the absent; he who gives credit to the calumny, before he investigates the truth, is equally implicated. The person traduced is doubly injured—by him who propagates, and by him who credits the calumny.

A SPRING CHICKEN'S FIRST "TWEET-TWEET."

The awful moment when first entering the exam. room for the final exam. was as nothing compared to the feeling experienced, when first entering a class-room as a student-teacher. A centipede with hundreds of icy legs, seemed to be running up and down one's back and the knees seemed to have developed a wonderful affection for one another. As the gaze encountered seventy odd pairs of staring eyes, one felt to have been summed up and found wanting by seventy small children. This feeling, however, soon wore away, the amusement at the seemingly extraordinary methods of teaching gradually became an awakened interest. Never was so much respect paid to us and a new feeling of responsibility and interest came, until now, after three weeks, one feels quite at home in one's new sphere of work, although a terrible inclination to laugh at some child's amazing answers almost overwhelms one and is only stifled by the fact that it would not be consistent with one's new-found dignity to laugh at the mistakes of an eight-year-old genius.

M.E.H.

MORE "HOWLERS."

The Whale is an amphibious animal because it lives on land and dies in the water.

The river provides excellent sport for fisherman and ample accommodation for visitors.

In the stomach, starch is changed into cane-sugar, and cane-sugar in sugar-cane.

Shakespeare founded "As you like it" on a book previously written by Sir Oliver Lodge.

Nelson was killed by a midget-man and buried in the cock-pit of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Romulus obtained the first citizens of Rome by opening a lunatic asylum.

The magnesium salt in the sea creates the effervescence when the tide comes in.

To make a barometer, take a long glass tube closed at one end, insert a cork in the other, and fill with mercury.

Lord George Gordon was the head of the Gordon Highlanders and the hero of Khartoum.

The Duke of Clarence was drown in cold blood.

Talia reddi—He laid down the weapons.