

GOREU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

Swansea Municipal Secondary School Magazine.

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VOL. III.

Editors—

MR. BEANLAND.

MISS PHIPPS.

EDITORIAL.

This Term the approaching examinations have cast their shadows before and have made work the order of the day. It is to be hoped they will be true to nature and cast shadows one way only.

This examination fervour caused a lack of contributions from the Upper School, with the result that at first it seemed highly probable that no magazine would be issued, but the boys of the Lower School have come nobly to the rescue, a good augury for the future, and we hope the present number will be found to be in no way unworthy of its predecessors.

A week's holiday at Whitsuntide was a welcome innovation, the weather being exceptionally fine, but since then we have been *treated* to a very wet June and several cricket matches have had to be abandoned.

Just as we go to press a heat wave has come upon us, with a temperature of 85 in the shade and still rising, and this is the Oxford Week!

SCHOOL NOTES.

For the Boys' School the numbers entered for Oxford Local are 12 Seniors and 33 Juniors.

T. M. Jenkins has been awarded a Senior Scholarship at the Technical College, and A. Bates and A. Tregaskes have been awarded Junior Scholarships. The latter excuse the holders from fees (£10) for three years, and the former carries in addition a grant of £10, £15, and £20 for the first, second, and third year respectively.

The School recently received an invitation from Lieutenant-Colonel C. R. Crosse, Secretary of the National Rifle Association, to send a squad of boys to Bisley for a week, but as the minimum number was ten, and the total cost was over £2, we were only able to get three volunteers at the short notice given. Possibly, we may be able to raise ten next year.

The Junior Fives Competition resulted in excellent play and a very even contest, three games being necessary to decide each of the semi-finals. Scores: Idris Williams and Leonard Hill beat Graham Jones and S. Snipper by 15-13, 11-15, 15-10; S. John and G. Edmunds beat B. Hawes and A. D. Scarfe by 9-15, 15-7, 15-8. In the Final, John and Edmunds beat Williams and Hill by 15-13 and 15-11.

S. John was the best individual player; he varied his strokes, frequently found the crack, and was able to swirl round and catch a ball that had passed him. This latter feat was greatly applauded by the spectators. The losers in the final played up courageously against severe odds, because in each game they had allowed John to score heavily (10-1, 6-1) before they really settled down to their play.

The School Sports will be held, weather permitting, on Tuesday, July 23rd, on the Grammar School Field. Sir Alfred Mond, M.P., sent us a subscription of two guineas, and we have also received subscriptions from the Ex-Mayor, Councillor D. Matthews, and from Mrs. H. D. Williams.

High Back, a more difficult form of Leap Frog, has been a very popular playground-game this Term, but contrary to expectation, this has not increased the entries for Hop, Step, and Jump, the number of these entries being unusually small.

H. L. Baynham (S.T.) has won the Welsh Championship High Jump, with a record leap of 5ft. 5ins., the previous Welsh Record being 5ft. 4ins.

Mr. W. E. Thomas has recently obtained his London M.A. in French. The School offers him its hearty congratulations.

Mr. W. R. John, an Old Boy of the School, has been granted his M.A. (Wales), for a thesis on "The Metallurgical Industries of S. Wales from the economic and historical standpoints."

Another Old Boy, Mr. Lewis S. Knight, has just taken his B.A. (Wales), with Second Class Honours in History.

It is proposed to hold a Re-union of Old Boys shortly before Christmas. Messrs. W. C. Barrett and H. G. Leyshon, of Rutland Street School, have undertaken the duties of Hon. Secretaries, and Messrs. D. J. Thomas (Cae Bailey) and T. W. Richards have also kindly promised to act on the Committee.

Next Term begins on Tuesday, September 10th, and two days' holiday will be given at Half Term, Friday, Nov. 1st, and Monday, Nov. 4th.

CAMPING OUT.

A TRUE STORY.

Yes, we were going to camp, everything was settled, and it was to be on Whit Tuesday, at Langland Bay; "a watched pot never boils," they say, "but it's a long lane that has no turning," and even that memorable Tuesday came at last. Loaded with parcels, we caught the Mumbles tram at Brynmill, and went as far as Oystermouth (no farther, because funds were low). After a lot of tramping we reached our camping ground, and were by no means sorry when we had pitched our tent quite close to that of the other campers, of course, and coaxed our fire to light, because by this time we were all very hungry. We didn't take long to decide to have tea, but then came the question of what to eat; after a short—I said we were hungry, didn't I?—but spirited debate, we

plumped for periwinkles—a very nourishing food for seaside campers, as, of course, you know—and we did full justice to them. After clearing up the remains of tea we set about gathering firewood for the night, for as time went on I and my chums began to feel just a bit shaky; still, we had to look brave, even if we couldn't feel it, so we had a grand farewell sort of supper, and turned in. How the rest got on I cannot tell you, but I *do* know that *I* didn't get much sleep, having settled on an ants' nest (all self-respecting campers do this, but I joined the ranks of the respectable quite unintentionally); and at about 5 o'clock I was so struck by the wickedness of lying late in bed on a lovely summer's morning, that I roused up the others, who didn't seem to see things quite as I did. We lit a splendid fire, and started singing, much to the discomfort of the other campers. The day passed wearily away, and we noticed with alarm that our stock of provisions was running low; by tea time we had hardly any eatables left, and starvation stared us in the face, so we packed up and returned home, armed with the splendid excuse that "provisions had given out." Once more we boarded the Mumbles tram, but this time for home, thinking ourselves heroes for staying out one whole night; and if you don't agree with us, dear reader, just you try it for yourself and see!

IVOR FITZGERALD (2a).

EARLY MORNING BY THE RIVER.

"Turn out," said my father, as he tugged me by the shoulder at five o'clock one morning during my holidays. "I am going fishing before breakfast. Would you like to come?" "Thanks, father, it is just what I wanted," was my answer, as I slipped out of bed and began to dress. Within a quarter-of-an-hour we were crossing the orchard on the way to the river. After avoiding playing pitch-and-toss with a bull, we entered the wood through which we proceeded for some distance, and slid down an almost perpendicular bank on to the river side.

In five minutes or less we had the rods fixed up, and were fishing merrily. Somehow the fish would not bite, so father tried fly-fishing, but still the fish would not take the bait, so he began to get desperate, the result being that he lost two new flies. However, he did catch something, to wit, an old boot and a broken salmon tin. We were fishing in a most

beautiful spot ; at our backs was a hill clothed in the beautiful rich green of summer ; in front of us was the silvery river, singing its merry song as it rippled over the rocks. On the opposite bank a row of trees lined the edge, which sloped to the water along a beautiful stony beach. Behind the trees cows were grazing with some sheep who broke the sweet silence with their bleating.

After moving up and down the river without success, except the capture of small minnow about one-and-a-half inches long, we gave up all hope of catching anything, so we put up our rods returned home to breakfast at 8.30, feeling none the worse for our expedition.

“ COCH-Y-BONDU.”

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PENNY.

I was born, as all may see, in 1875, when a very distant relation of mine, a bright and glorious sovereign ruled the land. I well remember the day when I left the mint with a number of other burnished pennies. We were all bright and pretty, and were being taken to a children's party to be given away.

My mistress was a fair little girl, who was very proud of me. She looked after me carefully and kept me well polished, and her mother gave her a new purse to keep me in. In time she got tired of me, and so with other pennies I was exchanged for a doll.

The toydealer put us into a drawer among a large number of chilly Polar Friends, Chillings, by name, and next door to some very weighty friends from the Tropics, called Pounds. At night we were carried away in a bag for safety. In the morning I was brought out and given as change. I then went through many vicissitudes, passing from one person's pocket to another's. On one occasion I was lost, and was out all night, caught a severe cold and became black in the face. A gentleman was buying an evening paper and he dropped me. I lay there till morning, when I was picked up by a little boy in great glee. He put me into his money box, as he was saving up for a bicycle. I am now having a long rest. What the future has in store for me I will not attempt to forecast.

J.J.L. (1d. from 2A).

TWENTY YEARS ON.

"Whom find we here before us?" Four stalwart men, once exceedingly promising boys in "Form Ib of the Municipal Secondary School." And who is he who assumes to himself such graceful bearing and gives the appearance of a polished Welsh professor? This, in all truth, is Professor Idris Davies, M.A., LL.D., of Bangor College, twice top boy in Form Ib, and then and now an esteemed personage. Looking further down the line I espy an athletic looking figure in white flannels. And who may this be? This is the captain of the M.C.C. cricket XI in the person of W. Brown, already a promising bowler while at school. Conversing with Brown is another plump, yet athletic young man, whose appearance would suggest his age to be about 30 to 35 years. This is the Welsh football captain, whose name is Frank Chislett, and who can claim the honour of having been a prominent member of his school team in his youthful days. Coming towards us is a young man, towel in hand. This is the world's champion swimmer, having swam the English Channel twice and ably defended his position against all comers. "Good evening, Sir Joshua Evans," for such it was, and two old members of Form Ib clasped hands, but his grasp was so vigorous that I awoke from my dream, to find that my right hand was suffering from cramp.

W. HARMAN (Ib).

Several other boys of Ib have been forecasting the future of their classmates with the following results:—

Sir Brynmor Morris, K.C.B., Admiral of the Fleet.
 Professor Alec Mills, D.Sc., of Cambridge.
 Trevor Jones, Champion Cyclist of England.
 N. D. Holt, A.M.I.C.E., Chief Engineer on the G.W.R.
 Lord Treforris (alias Idris Davies), Lord Chief Justice.
 Sir W. Brown, Poet Laureate.
 Dr. W. Harman, a musician of world-wide repute.
 D. Jones, M. P. for Swansea, Home Secretary.
 Reggie Kibblewhite, K.C., a celebrated barrister.
 Sir Joseph John, British Ambassador in Paris.
 G. Maggs, M.A., H.M.I., Chief Inspector of Schools.
 Sir Joshua Evans, Chancellor of the Exchequer.
 F. Chislett, Postmaster General.

[Although the fact was not recognised at the time, apparently this was the Form of all All the Talents, and instead of being called Ib it should have been named Ia, for evidently it was quite A.I.—Ed.]

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FORM NOTES.

FORM 4 MOD.

We have not done so well in cricket as we were hoping to do this season, not because of bad play, but owing to the loss of our Captain, W. J. Burman, who has left school for a position as a Telegraph Apprentice in the G.W.R. Telegraph Office. He was our best batter, bowler, stumper, and fielder. We were beaten by 2B, but only nine of our boys were available for play, as the tenth was detained. The 2nd Removites were beaten by a good margin of runs, considering the difference between the two teams.

At the end of the term the boys of the Fourth Modern will be spread over the North, South, East, and West of Swansea. It is gratifying to know that R. J. Comley, H. J. Edwards, and W. J. Burman have started well in their new positions. We wish them good luck.

CLIFFORD THOMAS AND SIDNEY WEBBER.

FORM IIIcL.

The Summer Vacation is very near, and the pupils of IIIcL will welcome it with open arms. The atmosphere in our Form-room is horribly close and stale. We all hope that the ribbons attached to the air-shaft, which have for some time past been flying the signal of distress, will shortly indicate a stronger current of cool air. The "Oxford Local," with all its terrors, is upon us, and many are to be seen strenuously engaged in polishing up their different subjects. We hope all will pass the "exam," but in the meantime we must wait "and see." Students who desire to master English Grammar in every detail are advised to join us (I don't think).

H.E. IIIcL.

FORM 2R.

Our Formites were agreeably surprised when they were informed that there were no examinations to be contended with last term, as anticipated. We have a fine cricket team, which has won all its matches except one (4M). Our best batsmen are Clement and Powell, and our best bowler is Donald. The cricket scores were as follows:—

2R—30 runs	...	2A—17 runs.
2R—44 „	...	4M—5½ „ (7 wkts.)
2R—98 „	...	1R—25 „
2R—67 „	...	2A—32 „

I am glad that our Formites are taking an interest in debating, and "Conny" is our most promising debater. Our latest recruit is not strong in History, witness the following:—

"Becket was appointed Archbishop by Jane Seymour."

"Stephen Langton was a good wife and a good father."

FORM 2B.

Two great events are now looming large on the 2B horizon:—The Headmaster's Examination and the School Sports, and could we but realise our hopes and desires, our prize list would be a record, and we should also win the Sports Championship of the Lower School.

Our cricket team is famous; we are as yet unbeaten, and there is not a team in the Lower School (2 Rem. included) to touch us. We have beaten 1a, 2a, and 4m. (I might here remark that any one in search of a good sitting of eggs and future ducklings should apply to 4m. In this match Idris Williams did the hat trick). Incidentally, I may also remark that we beat 1a when they had Mr. Williams playing for them.

We are now experiencing a feeling of attraction towards 3m, because most of us have decided to join the Modern Side of the Upper School next Term.

E.A., Sec.

FORM 2A.

"Never a win!" This remark applies to the great successes (?) of our cricket team. We have had three or four visits to the School Field since the last number of the Magazine came out. On the first occasion we played 2r. They went in first and made about 32. Then we went in and started missing nearly every ball, and out we went for 17. Their captain (H. Clement) hit up 17 runs himself. Our next match was against 2b. We went in first and made 14. We went out to field, trying to look cheerful, but it was a failure. They made 28, and I. Williams shone again with 15. On Wednesday, 3rd July, 2r were to be met again by our 1st and 2nd teams. 2r fielded first, and got us out for 34—G. Jones being top scorer for us with 11. This looked brighter, but, alas!—our hopes were damped when we saw Clement hit a couple of successive boundaries. They were all out for 60 odd; Clement beat us by himself with a brilliant score of 40 odd. That is what the first phrase means: three successive defeats. But we have something to be proud of.

The inter-schools Sports came off on July 4th, and Municipal Secondary came very near the top; but the two boys who won most prizes were from 2a, namely, S. John and H. Murray. The chariot representing our School was composed of 2a boys, and came very near winning, too. The form has distinctly improved in work, and is hoping to do well in the coming exams. The School Sports come off at the end of this term, and we hope to take a good share of the prizes. We have a Seconds cricket team, and we beat 2r Seconds on July 3rd. Our Seconds will challenge any other Seconds in the Lower School.

K. HOWELLS.

FORM 1R.

"Are you going to the Baths?" is what may be heard every Wednesday afternoon. All the boys are anxious for the day to come when they may have their usual "weekly dip." But we cannot always be at the baths; lessons must come as well. The boys of our Form are all eager to get into the 2nd Remove next year.

Our cricket team is anxious to administer a sound defeat on the 2nd Removites, because of the utter rout we suffered at their hands last week, the score being 94 to 24.

We congratulate Ed. Smith, our form representative in the Swansea School League Sports, upon his winning a prize in the 100 yards race.

L. T. ANDERSON AND A. G. DANDO.

FORM 1C.

On Tuesday, June 25th, we indulged in a cricket match with our ancient enemy, 1b. We found to our cost that we were not so successful with the willow as with the football. We won the toss, and elected to bat first against the bowling of W. Brown and F. Chisletr. We soon discovered that W. Brown was a destructive trundler, and worked havoc with our batsmen. We were soon dismissed, after compiling (!) an extraordinarily low score. 1b opened their innings with plenty of confidence, hitting merrily around the wickets, despite our smart fielding. We made strenuous efforts to "stem the tide," but to no avail. After a few wickets had fallen the girls appeared, so out of politeness we gave them our pitch. We then went along the field in quest of a pitch. At last we discovered one where our second "string" had been playing, and we resumed our match, which ended in favour of

1b. On Saturday, June 29th, we were due to play Pwll-y-domen at the Recreation Ground, but owing to the inclemency of the weather the match was postponed. "Click," "click," was the familiar sound which greeted us at the School Field on Tuesday, July 2nd. We played 1b again, and the proverb "practice makes master," came nearly true, 1c being only beaten by 10 runs. "Now then, 1c, practice fielding and batting as often as you can."

TREVOR WILLIAMS, 1c.

FORM 1b.

We are all sorry to hear that Monsieur Sireygeol has left us.

The boys in 1b are trying their hands or pens at poetry. If they cannot do anything else they can compose poetry very well; and I think they have been greatly slandered in the following outside criticism:—

There is a Form of low degree,
As you must know, it is called 1b.
The children in it think they're smart;
They might be if they'd make a start;
But that they will not do.

We are all looking forward to our summer holidays, but we are all shivering to think that we have still to pull ourselves through the Headmaster's Exams.

Our Form Cricket XI. is doing well against the 1c "lams." If we were poor at football, we are quite invincible at cricket. We have played two cricket matches and won both.

Never have our cricketers shown such good form. Two of them deserve special mention, viz., Norman Holt and W. Brown. The former punished the bowling severely, while W. Brown took 7 wickets for 4 runs; truly a creditable performance. Certain it is that Brown and Holt will long remember that day, and when they have passed from the School and have become old men, they will remember with pride the work they did for 1b. It was really on a much less important occasion that Henry V. said:—

"Old men forget—yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day."

The 1b boys congratulate Mr. Thomas, of 1 Rem. on obtaining his London M.A.

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FORM 1A.

Our last term in Form 1a has nearly expired, and we are now looking forward to the time when we shall be in a Second Year Form. We are hoping that when the list of the examination results is issued, it will be headed by a 1a boy. Our cricket team has only played two Forms as yet, namely, 2b and 1b. We were beaten by the former team, but were victorious over the latter.

We sent in a candidate for the Swansea Schools' League Sports, and were well pleased when we heard the result, for Tudor Davies of our Form succeeded in carrying off a prize.

L. R. MORRIS, T. WALES, G. W. DAVIES.

GEMS OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

The Yellow Peril means opium smoking.

Chiltern Hundreds means the sheep that graze on Chiltern Hills.

Nailed to the Counter is a phrase used to describe a person who is passionately fond of serving in a shop.

Nailed to the Counter means "apprenticed to a shop."

Nailed to the Mast means "ditto to a ship."

Mr. Lloyd George, former Leader of the Conservatives.

Sandow, an M.P., a Liberal.

Lord Roosevelt is a Tory M.P.

Ballantyne was an adventurous writer.

Micawber is a tribe of Indians belonging to North America and lately on the war path.

An *alibi* is (a) one who is in touch with a gang of thieves, (b) a helper in any special piece of work. A blackmailer usually has one.

A *mare's nest*. When a person is in a difficulty or beset by odds, he is said to be in a mare's nest.

His Holiness is a judge of an Assize Court.

An *oculist* is the name given to a humorous person.

A *pessimist* is (a) a man who believes that the future is ordained and no man can alter it, (b) one who lends money and doesn't expect it back.

9d. for 4d. : (a) a phrase used in shops. It is a "draw" to catch the unwary customer; (b) means giving something away; (c) this is the policy of Lloyd George's Insurance Bill. We pay 9d. and get 4d. : a very sound investment (!).

THE SCHOOL IN THE YEAR 2000.

When walking along Dynevor Place one day I saw before me rearing its summit into the sky a stately building.

It was of Portland stone faced with black marble. Above the gate I saw in gold lettering "Swansea Municipal Secondary School, re-built 1999 A.D."

Seeing a man in uniform by the gate I asked him if visitors were allowed inside. He replied in the affirmative, and asked if I wished to be shown through.

I answered, "Yes," and he led me through the gate into a spacious playground. This was paved with wood blocks, and had nets for cricket, a football pitch, and two fives courts. Meantime masters were arriving in aeroplanes and boys in cycloplanes. My guide next took me up a broad flight of steps and into the school.

Everywhere luxury seemed prevalent, the seats were cushioned, and electric radiators supplied heat. Non-spilling inkpots were used, and the old-fashioned lockers were abolished, and roll-topped desks used instead. I was then conducted to the Chemical Lab. There every known chemical was to be found, and apparatus for hundreds of experiments was greatly in evidence.

From there we went to the Physics Lab., which was a room of electric wonders.

But the manual workshop was just splendid, and, oh! what a change was there, my countrymen, from the workshop of old. Every boy had his own bench and tools, and there were lathes in profusion, also planing machines and electric saws, thus saving the boys time, trouble, and aching arms.

On going through another door I beheld something which reminded me of the "Village Blacksmith," with the following exceptions. There were several smiths and neither chestnut tree, nor forge, for the heating was done electrically, and, therefore, no sparks were flying around.

Everywhere were stamping machines and hammers, smithing tools and lathes. Certainly silence did not reign supreme here, and the noise reminded me of a suffragist meeting of old.

The gymnasium was next entered, and the boys seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely on the rings and trapeze and vaulting horses.

My guide next opened a door in the side of the gym., and one can imagine my surprise when I saw before me a fresh-

water swimming bath, artificially heated and provided with spring-board, shower-bath, and dressing boxes, all complete.

On the way out my conductor told me that this was only the Winter School, and if I cared he would mention my name to the Headmaster, who would no doubt give me permission to pay a subsequent visit to the Summer School. Thanking him for his kind offer, I handed him my card as I bade him adieu, and went home thoroughly pleased with my visit.

On the 2nd of May I received a letter from the Headmaster inviting me to his Summer School. I accepted the invitation and on the following day set out for Fairwood Common.

On arrival I soon found a gate on the top of which was inscribed "Swansea City: Municipal Summer School." Here I again encountered my friend of the previous visit, who once more took me in tow.

We walked along a broad, gravelled drive, bordered with turf, until we came to a number of large tents or marquees.

A small footpath led to the door of each tent, and the tents were so constructed that the walls could be moved along a pole, leaving the sides open, the pupils thus getting the benefit of the fresh air and sun on fine days.

The lawn on which the tents stood was of freshly cut turf, and was one of which no gentleman would be ashamed.

Each tent was large enough to hold about 30 boys and the camp was divided into two sections, the upper and lower school.

The boys were taught special subjects, namely, those for which they were best suited, and for which they showed special ability.

Therefore, boys with a mechanical turn of mind, were taught machine drawing and simple engineering, boys with a special liking for woodwork, would be trained in the theory of it.

Boys who wished to go into the journalistic side of life, would receive a literary education, whilst boys who were better fitted for a commercial life gave more attention to Mathematics, Languages, etc.

On certain days the boys went for Botany Excursions, and they had also certain times for recreation, for which certain parts of the grounds were allotted.

The Summer School lasted from May 1st until October 31st, during which period the clerk of the Metereological Department undertook to supply perfect summer weather.

J.T.G. (IIA).

THE SCHOOL CREST.

Many of our present pupils have probably at some time or other wondered how and when the School Crest originated.

It dates back to 1902, for from the magazines of that year we find that three prizes were offered for the best design. There were a good many artists, but few were of outstanding merit. The first prize was won by F. R. Jelley for a design which had distinct merit, the parts being well chosen and combined. The second and third were awarded to D. Goskar and Linn Terrill. However, none of these designs were finally adopted, and Mr. G. Haughton, of the Swansea Art School, then came to our assistance. It was first decided that our town and country should be represented by Swansea Castle and the Welsh Dragon, then the Editor, Mr. R. J. Jones, suggested the Lamp of Learning to represent the School with *Nihil Sine Labore* as a good working motto. This has since been flanked with an additional Welsh motto: "Goreu arf, arf dysg." Best weapon (is) weapon of knowledge."

Mr. Haughton made the first drawing and then, after a few minor alterations, this was sent to Mr. Bertie Payne, of London, who made the final pen-and-ink sketch for the block makers.

Mr. Payne, one of our Old Boys, is a regular contributor to *Chums* and other boys' papers. He has also contributed to some of the London illustrated weeklies.

Mr. Haughton is a well-known carver and sculptor, his most recent work in Swansea being the stone carving in the front of the Glynn Vivian Art Gallery.

The School Crest first appeared in the Magazine in October, 1902, and in the same number appeared a description of the Welsh Dragon, which we think is well worth quoting.

"The Dragon, as you know, is the national emblem of Wales, and the motto that accompanies the figure on the national flag is one of which Welshmen are very proud. It reads as follows: "Y Ddraig Goch a ddyry gychwyn." (The Red Dragon gives the start—spurs on—quicken to activity—inspires)."

The Red Dragon was, beyond doubt, the treasured standard of the native Princes of Wales. He appeared in all the glory of wings, he had four legs, a long barbed tail, generally knotted, while his body was protected by scales.

He was no ordinary dragon; and the Anglo-Norman kings were nothing loth to adopt him. The dragon is, of course, in

his way, a figure of old romance. Thus did the poet set him forth :—

There was a dragon great and grymme
 Full of fire and also of venym ;
 And as a lion then was his fete,
 His tale was long and full unmete ;
 Between his head and his tayle
 Was twenty-two foote withouten fail,
 His body was like wine tun,
 He shone full bright against the sun ;
 His eyes were bright as any glass,
 His scales were hard as any brass.

According to old British history there is a theory that Uthur Pendragon, the reputed successor of Aurelius Ambrosius (the reputed builder of Stonehenge), got the designation from the picture of a dragon with a golden head on his royal banner. Another theory is, however, that the name arose from the fact that "at his birth there appeared a fiery comet with a dragon's head."

CYCLISTS ALL.

At the end of last Term the boys in the II Remove who had bicycles decided to form a Cycling Club.

A meeting was held, at which Mr. Beanland kindly presided, to elect the Captain, Vice-Captain, and Secretary ; H. Donald, Ivor Davies, and E. Hammond were duly elected.

We met at the Swansea Baths about 10 o'clock on a certain Saturday morning, and started for Parkmill, going by way of Woodman Lane, Bishopston, and Kittle Hill. We arrived at Parkmill about 11.30, left our cycles at a shop, and then went to the foot of the hill on which Pennard Castle stands.

We fixed up a tripod, and collected plenty of firewood. We then made up the fire and arranged our tripod so that our kettle would hang down into the fire. We obtained water from a spring at the foot of the hill. When the water was boiled and the cocoa made, we took out our packages of food and ate a hearty dinner.

In the afternoon we played a game of cricket. We then had tea and left for home at about 5 o'clock, coming home by way of Fairwood Common, Killay Hill, and Sketty.

Other Forms would do well to form a Cycling Club. Note our motto : "We lead, others follow."

A IIR CYCLIST.

S.S. QUEBRA,
SOUTH SHIELDS,

June, 1912.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I am going to give you an account of my voyage from the Tyne to Bassein. We left the Tyne on the s.s. Quebra on February 28th with a cargo of coal for Port Said. Yarmouth, London, Dover, and Beachy Head were passed in turn a few days later, and after passing Cape Ushant, we found ourselves in the Bay of Biscay on March 6th.

"Mal-de-mer" was quite prevalent amongst the "land-lubbers," and much to my discomfort I helped to swell their ranks, but we felt a little more relieved when Cape Finisterre was passed on March 8th, and we knew then that we were out of that dreaded bay. Cape St. Vincent was next rounded, and March 9th found us passing the "Key of the Mediterranean," and the batteries could plainly be seen in and upon the rock.

Malta was next passed, and Port Said reached on March 16th. Our stay here lasted ten days, and during that time my French conversational powers were tested and, I think, I emerged successfully from the encounter—better, I think, than I should have done before a stern-faced examiner. French is much spoken at Port Said, and the population is chiefly made up of Egyptians, Arabs, French, and English. It was March 27th that found us passing through the Suez Canal, and it took about twenty hours to go through. Mount Sinai was sighted soon after leaving Suez, and some days later Perim and Aden were passed, and Ceylon was sighted on April 11th. Five days after this Diamond Island was passed, and we were piloted abouted seventy miles up the river Irawadi, and Bassein was reached on April 17th. We remained there eight days, during which time a cargo of rice was loaded for Hamburg. The natives of Burma hold the white man in awe, and schools have been established in Bassein where all the scholars learn English.

I must now close, and wishing every success to the Swansea Municipal Secondary School Magazine and to its editor, staff, and readers,

I remain,

Yours respectfully,

TOM C. NEAGLE

(Late of IVB).

SIR THOMAS MORE ON ST. KATHARINE'S
COLLEGE.

To my very pleasant lot hath the joy fallen of describing to you a visit to a building, one of the most worthy in the City of Tottenham, hard by the town of London; to wit, a Training House for maids, yclept St. Katharine's College.

Diverse ways are there employed to exercise those maids in the fairest virtues; but I may not tell you all these ways, for they be too many.

The chief and almost the only thing demanded is that no maid be idle. But she is never wearied from early in the morning to late in the evening with continued work. It is a solemn custom there to have lectures daily in the morning and to study some three hours in the evening.

The rest of the day is bestowed in play, save in the afternoons of Tuesday and Wednesday, when these fair maids do practise the exercise of their bodies by skilful movements of the arms and legs on the first day; on the second day, as above, they take clay and fashion it into many animals, cut paper tents and boats, and make baskets of rough straw. This they call "handwork," and much power of wit it requireth to do these things.

In summer they play in their gardens at Tennis. Croquet, and Badminton, for by such names do these students call their games.

In winter they sport with balls; one, where marvellous hooked sticks do more work on the legs than on the ball; the other requireth the players to throw a leather ball into a basket, when shouts of "goal," "goal," go up from every throat.

If they so require, they exercise themselves in music, or else in honest and wholesome communication in their common rooms, or else they wend their way to their chambers of rest.

After lectures in the morning, there is a rush made to a common dining hall where these maids sit at eight tables or more, according to the number of their company. The Staff sit at the high table, for as much as from thence all the whole company is in their sight. For that table standeth over athwart the one end of the hall. So then be joined two of the ancientest and eldest groups. And throughout all the hall they sit in order. Seniors at the top and Juniors below them. One table-mother presides at each bench. This custom, they

say, was ordained to the intent that the sage gravity and reverence of the elders should keep the younger from over bubbling of spirits.

Their dinners be very short, but their suppers be somewhat longer, for then they incline to jest and merriment.

After supper they sing in chorus, dance, or debate. They have singular delight in the dance, for even the five minutes between their studies they devote to this art, and are flushed and breathless when strange noises show that a mistress of study is at hand.

And strange to tell these maids rejoice in the art of feigning the lives of others, and of assuming their apparel. The hours of play are all too short, but the hours of study are not too long for the time passes quickly as the learners listen to the science and the arts.

The days go as quickly as they come, for life is lived to the full at the college, but no day is begun, no day is ended without all repairing to the House of Prayer, the College Chapel, where everyone recogniseth and acknowledgeth God to be the Giver of the many benefits received.

Now I have declared and described unto you as truly as I could St. Katherine's College, which verily in my judgement is not only the best, but also that which alone of good right may claim upon it the name of a "A real Training house for Teachers."

MUSIC EXAMINATION RESULT.

INTERMEDIATE PASSES.—S. Ts.—K. Barrett, A. Davies, F. Francis, A. Glasson, B. Gooding, B. James, M. Gill, B. Long, G. Olsson, L. Price, G. Pritchard, M. Roynon, M. Thomas.

VA.—H. Couch, A. Grey, M. Jenkins, D. Lloyd, E. Martin, L. Payne, R. Wheelhouse.

VB.—D. Bowen, E. Durk, F. Evans, E. Jones, G. Matthews, Maggie Williams, Marion Williams, O. Williams.

ELEMENTARY PASSES.—VA.—E. Owens, D. Daniel.

VB.—G. Davies, S. J. Davies, F. Bevan, A. Evans, E. Gustavus, E. James, F. Jelley, G. Lewis, O. Lewis, D. Pering, L. Rees, R. Salmon, A. Smithson, A. Thomas.

INTERMEDIATE PASSES.—VI.—Queenie Adcock, Estelle Davies, Queenie Killick, Ray McCraith, May Price, Olivia Rees, Mildred Tarling.

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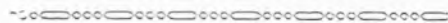
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SCHOOL NOTES.

In a week or so we shall have reached the end of another school year. Many of our pupils will be leaving, some to enter on business careers, a large number to go to College. Of these, the majority have chosen Swansea College, but others are going further afield, to Tottenham, Stockwell, Bristol, Bangor, or Cheltenham. We wish them all great success and much happiness, and hope soon to have from some of them records of their impressions in their new life.

We are delighted to state that two of our ex-pupils have distinguished themselves at Swansea College: Miss Dorothy Thomas is top, and Miss Muriel Hibbert is second, of the out-going students. Among the Juniors, Miss Edith Atkins is second, and has been awarded half of the Joseph Lancaster Exhibition, and Miss Flossie Williams is third; while Miss Netta Island is top in Music, and Miss May Gustavus top in Mathematics.

Esther Lyden, Form III, secured top place in a Scripture examination, which was instituted for the selection of Sunday School teachers.

On a recent Friday, strains of music of varying sweetness and power issued from a certain classroom for the space of five hours. We print below a list of the results in Certificates.

On July 5th Jennie Cole, Form I, upheld the honour of the school by winning two prizes in the Combined Schools Sports—the 2nd prize for running 100 yards, and the 3rd prize for skipping. Her classmates are so proud of her that they have “dropped into poetry,” like the immortal Wegg. Thus:—

FORM I. CLASS-SONG.

1. We all love Jenny
 Better than any,
 For she can run, run, run.
 And all the other lasses,
 From all the other classes
 Cheer our Jenny when the race is run.
2. There was Beth, and Jane, and Mary,
 But our little Fairy,
 Oh she can run, run, run.
 She left them far behind her,
 And when they tried to find her
 They heard the cry, “Jenny’s won, Jenny’s won.”

The thanks of the school are due to Mr. Leason Thomas (uncle of Doris Bowen and Alice Thomas), who has kindly promised to the Girls' Library a copy of "Historical Sketches of Glamorgan." Mr. Thomas has, we understand, done the same for the Boys' Library.

FORM IIIA.

We are all sorry that we cannot continue our Morris-Dancing lessons every Tuesday afternoon, as some girls thought we were to do it in the Sports on July 4th. We have again to complain of those very uncomfortable desks in our room, which some girls have to endure.

There is a display of botany specimens on July 15th and we have to go in for it. We shall soon be third year girls and we are afraid we shall not have sports, but we must hope for the best.

[Go on hoping.—Ed.]

FORM IIIB.

The Form room of IIIB is conspicuous among the Form rooms for its absence of light. This absence is not owing to any want of windows, but rather to want of any clean spots on the windows through which the sun can disperse the gloom and give warmth and light to the present occupiers of this Form room. The girls of this Form have not the least advantage to learn painting or drawing. It is not because they lack a good teacher, but because of their windows. The light cannot shine through properly and so we always have a dreary looking room. We hope to see cleaner looking windows when we return to school next Term, and we hope they will be kept clean.

L. GRIFFITHS.

"How many girls are going to take the magazine?" This is an important question. A few put up their hands and most of the others say, "My brother takes it." Could not these brothers let their sisters take it alternately?

B. JOSEPH.

FORM II.

OUR BOTANY RAMBLE.—There was great excitement in Form II room on a Friday afternoon. It was caused by a list of notices which were brought into our room and amongst

which was one announcing that Form II had obtained 100 per cent. of attendance during the week. We meant to have our reward this time, so three girls went to ask Miss Phipps permission for a botany walk. It was granted, so on the Monday following we arranged with Miss Landon to go on the Wednesday.

The day came at last. We arrived at school at 1.45—or at least most of us did—but a feeling came over us that perhaps Miss Landon would not take us as there were one or two late arrivals. This did not happen, so we were soon on our way to Rutland Street station. The train was there as though waiting for us, and we were soon gliding away from smutty Swansea, to Blackpill. The ride finished all too soon, but we consoled ourselves with the thought that another would be necessary later on. We then walked back a little on Mumbles Road—this is the only road I can mention, as I do not happen to know the names in these parts—and then we crossed the old Roman Bridge and soon got into Clyne Valley. We were soon as busy as bees running to Miss Landon eager to know the name of some wonderful plant we had found. We had promised our drawing mistress to get her some marguerites but, unfortunately, we could not find any. At last we came to a field where these flowers grew. Some girls went in, but when Miss Landon came up they found they were trespassing. This was proved by a man coming on the scene. They all managed to get away, but one tore her coat so much with the wire, that she had to carry it all the way home. We were lucky enough to find some wild strawberries. After walking a very long way we were then told to turn back. It was a long walk back, but Mumbles Road came in sight at last. We then walked to Blackpill station and soon came to Rutland Street, and then dispersed in different directions. We all enjoyed our ramble and we hope to have another before the holidays.

[Did Form II in their ramble find out what kind of fish is called the “dolphin of France” ?]

FORM I.

One afternoon Form I welcomed a new pupil. She was very nervous of her new playmates, but gave us all an example in going softly out of the room. We are afraid lessons made very little impression on her for she was—a cat, our black and white friend, who looks in at us through the window.

BEATRICE LACEY.

CRICKET.

Our Cricket Club flourishes, and its practices are well attended by enthusiastic players, who are determined to rank second to no local girls' team in their mastery of the intricacies of the truly noble English game.

By now, we venture to hope that our various cuts, leg hits, drives, and their attendant runs, merit the applause they frequently receive from apparently interested spectators.

Our cricket pitch leaves much to be desired. Decidedly uneven, it makes bowling difficult, and often a well-pitched ball, through no fault of the bowler, results in a "wide." We have experienced a whole "over" of such balls, which are inclined to discourage and tire all bowlers and batsmen save those of our worthy teams.

We realize that half a rough field is better than none, and not even its bumps and unevenness, and the torrential down-pour which at times quickly place our pitch under water, have in any way damped our enthusiasm for the game.

We have had one match, Seniors v. Juniors, when the former won by seven runs. The Juniors were rather afraid of the Seniors' fast bowler, but they acquitted themselves fairly well for a first match, and the "outs for a duck" were few. They must look to their fielding, which at present is weak, remembering that quick returns save many runs.

Good catches by G. Olsson, Vera Rees, and Elsie Madel deserve commendation. Thanks to Miss Fisher, who, playing for the Juniors took nine wickets, the losers saved a more severe defeat, whilst the Seniors owe their victory largely to the help of Miss Lord, whose score was highest.

We are grateful to these mistresses and to Miss Landon for their efforts to make the game a success, and for their encouraging presence on our field.

We have hopes of being able, at an early date, to meet the cricket eleven of another school, and meanwhile intend to redouble our energies, halve our faults, and benefit by even painful experience so that we shall attain the desirable achievement of winning the match for our school.

"A LOVER OF CRICKET."

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ANOTHER DREAM.

The Swansea Education Authority had arranged for a number of pupils of the Municipal Secondary School to visit Paris in order to practise our French, and learn more about our nearest neighbours. The visit was to last for a week. I had the honour to be one of the party which consisted of 25 seniors and three masters, viz.:—Messrs. Beanland, Abraham, and Thomas, who were to be our “guides” in Paris.

The Committee decided upon Saturday, August 10th, as the date of our departure.

After, what seemed to us, years of waiting the eventful day arrived. But I must now make use of some extracts from a diary, which I faithfully kept during our splendid holiday.

August 10th.—Left High Street Station at 10 p.m. in special carriages. . . . Had a hearty send off by rest of school and citizens generally. A few boys have forgotten their dictionaries, but I hope the others will be generous.

August 11th.—Arrived in London 4 a.m. Five motor cars conveyed us to the Savoy Hotel, where, a few hours later, we were entertained by the directors of the hotel. . . . After the “feast,” we went to see the sights, but we had to go to Charing Cross Station, whence our train left for Folkestone at 10 a.m. We embarked an hour later, and reached Boulogne at 1.30 p.m. The passage was rough, and many of us were rather sick—I doubt whether it was home sickness. The “*officiers de la douane*” did not give us much trouble, as we had little baggage. We were again in a train at 2.30, and two hours later reached Amiens—half-way between Boulogne and Paris. The train stopped here for a quarter-of-an-hour, during which time we inspected the cathedral there. At 6 p.m. our train approached the “*Gare du Nord*,” which was decorated with the flags of England and France. On the platform were standing persons well known in both countries. M. Lépine was there—he did not come to arrest us but to welcome us to Paris. M. Fallières was absent, but we shall see him to-morrow. After the usual greetings we were conveyed to a first-class hotel, where I am writing these notes. . . . Most of us are going to bed now, for we have not yet got rid of the effect of the sea-passage. I see many boys studying their dictionaries for to-morrow, when the Parisiens and Parisiennes may hear us speaking French.

August 12th.—To-day we visited, among other places, the following: “*Le Boulevard de la Madeleine*,” and other

"boulevards"; "la Place de la Concorde," with its "Obelisque de Lougsar," and fountains; "l'Avenue des Champs-Elysées"; "la Rue de Rivoli," and "le Jardin des Tuileries." We saw the "Arc de Triomphe" in the "Place de l'Etoile." The Cathedral of "Notre Dame" was very interesting, but not so much admired as the "Louvre," with its priceless treasures. (The "Louvre" was begun in 1541, and was not finished until 50 years ago). I must not forget to mention the "Tour Eiffel," which we ascended.

After these visits we were invited to the official residence of the President.

The French spoken by us is understood by most Frenchmen, but a few boys, who are frequent visitors to the cafés, still persist in saying, "J'ai femme."

We are looking forward to to-morrow's trip to the suburbs.

August 13th.—The suburbs were uninteresting, except the "Bois de Boulogne" and "Vincennes." In the evening we were out "shopping."

August 14th.—The arrangements have been altered; we are leaving Paris to-morrow morning. Reason is not known—to us, at least. However, this evening we were entertained at a farewell banquet. M. Lépine, in the chair, expressed his wonder at the fluency of our conversation in French. . . . He hoped that the example set by the Swansea Education Authority in sending over youths, not children, would induce many other English Authorities to do the same. (Cheers.) This would make the French and English nations more amicable and more peaceful. (Hear, hear.) In conclusion, the "chief" hoped that the guests had enjoyed their short holiday, and that they had found out that no unfriendly relations existed between the French and English nations. (Loud and prolonged applause.) Mr. Beanland replying on behalf of the party, thanked the Prefect of the Police and the Parisian citizens for the kindness they had shown to his pupils and to the masters. In conclusion, the speaker said that he hoped that a French party would soon be able to visit England, where, he was sure, they would find a very hearty welcome. (Applause.)

August 16th.—We are in Swansea again. We left Paris yesterday at 10 a.m.; reached Boulogne 2.30 p.m.; arrived at Folkestone 4.45 p.m.; and were in London 6 p.m. Leaving the capital five hours later, and reached home 7.30 this morning. Fathers and mothers awaited us; we have come back from abroad. Brothers and sisters awaited us; we have al

brought to Swansea souvenirs and presents from abroad. There are not many who are not jealous of our holiday.

We fortunate ones—the Twenty-five, as the Press named us—are not sorry, for we have come back to Swansea with a new and increased energy for school-work; we have come back to resume with great alacrity our French lessons: we have come back to find that the result of the Oxford Local Exams has already been published; and, moreover, we have come back to find that our Grand Tour was but

A DREAM.

“NIGHT WAHR” (IV. Class)

THE WRECK OF THE OCTOPUS,

OR HOW FATHER BROKE THE HANDLE OF THE PUMP.

It was the schooner Octopus
Which sailed the wintry sea.
Besides the crew, the rest of us—
My father, you and me.

We lined the deck with anxious mien,
The ship had struck a leak.
Around the pumps a sight was seen;
The crew could hardly speak.

My father to the handle jumped
With vigour up and down.
The handle of the pump he pumped,
For fear that we might drown.

But hist! did ye not hear the crack,
The pump would work no more.
Father was thrown upon his back,
The crew, their hair they tore.

The captain smiled, but could not speak,
It was St. David's Day.
'Twas natural to strike a leak
On such a day they say.

The cook came up with smiling mien
And brandished on the poop,
A leek the like you ne'er have seen,
The crew—that day—had soup.

H.L.B.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

The 28th of June was looked forward to (?) by some music students who were anxious to burst forth into song (and time and tune exercises). Some had pained expressions on their faces as if contemplating the extraction of a tooth, others had pale faces that seemed to indicate that they were face to face with some terrible calamity. Quaky little feelings were pervading our systems, whilst the candidates who were fortunate enough to pass the ordeal last year grinned upon us from afar, trying to cheer the timid ones, who, however, only became more timid. Time and tune exercises as well as jarring chords were heard in the vicinity of V.B. classroom. Some candidates were labouring under the impression that voices had to be judged, but their fears were baseless. It would be a humane act if next year's candidates were allowed to wait a little further off from the dreadful room, for the chords issuing forth caused us to be terror-stricken. When once inside the room, the situation was not so bad; but why did the pointer and knees shake simultaneously, the notes dance about so much and I seem miles away? Everything must come to an end, and one by one the candidates emerged smiling but still rather shaky, and recorded to the crowd their experiences. One said that when the ear-test came to an end she had not fixed the first note. Rather discouraging to the ones who had not been through the ordeal! Next year we hope to see the girls enter as well as emerge smiling, for after it is all over we wonder what was the cause of our now vanished fear.

REMINISCENCES OF AN AERIAL TRIP.

I decided to go for an aerial trip with Monsieur Henri Salmét, whose exhibition flights at the Swansea Sands had filled me with a desire to rise above the multitude. I had always longed to be a bird, so that I could soar into higher regions, and see if Mars is inhabited or perhaps "sing the whiskers" of the "man in the moon." My only difficulty was how to persuade M. Salmét to take me with him on one of his flights. It matters little whether I posed as a representative of the French Government who had been sent over to accompany him on a trial trip and to inspect the engines of his machine, or whether I became a "Daily Mail" reporter and so accompanied him officially on his flight. Suffice it to say that I flew and that I had no reason to feel "sore" after the trip, neither was I laid up with a sprained ankle or a broken collar bone and with heaps of time to reflect how I might

otherwise have enjoyed my summer holidays. During the flight I made a "bird's eye view" map of the country and put in all the large fortresses such as the Salvation Army Barracks, the Headquarters of the Sketty Boy Scouts, the Swimming Baths and last but not least the huge Naval Dockyard at Brynmill Park. I was fortunate enough to exchange this map for secrets belonging to another foreign power, and the "Lord of the War Office" outside Mount Pleasant Chapel was so pleased that he nominated me as his successor for the post of "Purveyor of Cheap Ice Cream." Then, I heard of a plot to drop a bag of bombs on to the constructing "Aerodrome" at Morriston, to tear away the "slips" at the Naval Constructing Yards at Vivian's Stream and finally to blow up the "Blackpill Police Station." This plot was made by the notorious "Kilvey Anarchists," but with the aid of "Patriotic Paul" of "Lot-of-Fun," I was able to frustrate these wicked designs, and all through my interest in aviation I was able to save Swansea from several terrible calamities.

THE MODERN AVIATOR, IIR.

ORDER-MARKS.

Of all the evils in the world,
The worst are order-marks.
For all the pupils must keep cool,
Or else their brows will soon be dark,
To hear the teacher call aloud,
"Please sign an order-mark."

The pupil tries to make excuse,
But finds that it is of no use,
And signs the order-mark;
Thinking all the dreadful time,
Of marks she has to lose.

Whoever thought of such a thing?
He well deserves to die,
And have *his* name put in the book,
In letters big and black.
And too the horrid order-marks
Away with him must fly.

O! won't we girls be happy then—
With ne'er an ugly order-mark,
Awaiting us at noon!
And won't we sing aloud, that day,
"O! order-marks, good-bye!"

OLWEN RHYS, IVA.

SCHOOLS' LEAGUE SPORTS.

Thursday, July 4th turned out a most remarkable day in that it was fine. The Cricket Field was filled for the 13th consecutive year with some thousands of children, many hundreds being competitors in the Annual Sports of the Swansea Schools' League.

Considering the fact that the school is only able to enter for 12 events out of the 22 on the programme on account of the age limits of the younger classes, the result of the day's racing was highly creditable to our competitors.

In the 100 yards A. Murray and John carried off the first and second prizes respectively, running in excellent style whilst Smith secured third place in the 100 yards B. Lloyd and Murray ran off with the first and third prizes in the 220 yards A, the running of both being extremely fine in their heats. In the final Lloyd again showed brilliant form, and Murray, but for a bruised foot, would have pushed him hard for a first place,

For (we think) the fourth year in succession our Despatch Team (Murray, Lloyd, John and Harman) easily gained premier place in spite of the fact that a bad start nearly lost us our place in the final.

In the variety races, Lloyd found his body rather long for the sack and other obstacles, and so could gain but third prize. Davies (1A) scrambled home to third place in the Peg Gathering. Last, but not least, Jennie Cole carried off the second prize in the 100 yards, Class A girls, and also the third in the Skipping Race. A word must be spared for our Chariot Team which was only put out of third place in the final by a matter of inches—They did well.

These results gave the School a total of 18 points, placing us third, the winners taking 26 points and the runners up 20 points. These figures however do not give a fair view of the results as far as we are concerned. For the reason stated previously, we could only gain 56 points if our competitors carried off every available point whilst the first and second schools had a possible total of 102 points. Working out a percentage on these figures, Mun. Sec. gained over 32% of their possible, whilst the winners of the Shield only scored 25.4% of their larger possible figures.