

GOREU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

---

# Swansea Municipal Secondary School Magazine.

---

---

No. 22.

APRIL, 1916.

VOL. VII.

---

---

*Editors—*

MR. T. J. JAMES.

MISS THORP.

---

---

## EDITORIAL.

---

We must apologise for the late appearance of the Magazine, the explanation being that some of the printing staff were suddenly "called up," and it was impossible to replace them owing to the war and the depleted state of the labour market.

In response to the general wish, a contributor has come forward with a School story, and we hope his effort may be duly appreciated. We were promised contributions from Old Boys from the Wireless World, the Flying Corps, Suvla Bay, and from one who has sailed the Southern Seas; but these contributions must have been delayed in the post. Still we hope they may arrive in time for our next issue.

St. David's Day was celebrated in the Boys' School by an address from the Rev. D. E. Walters, M.A., and by a half-holiday. St. Patrick's Day was this year marked by a whole holiday, and St. George's Day by a whole week's ditto., although, as this fell inside the Easter vacation, it may not have been generally noticed.

Several would-be contributors have sent in selected stories from Tit-Bits and other periodicals, not realising that only original matter is acceptable for a School Magazine.

## BOYS' FORM NOTES.

## FORM IVCL.

Now that the Christmas holidays have been left in the past we again engage ourselves in preparing for the coming Oxford Senior Examination.

We are all extremely sorry to learn that four of our masters are now about to leave us—Mr. Powell, Mr. W. T. Davies, Mr. Knight, and Monsieur Claeys—and in each case we wish them every success in their new sphere of life. We welcome back into our midst Sergeant-Major Bird, who is very popular with the “energetic” members of our Form.

We have received a very interesting epistle from W. G. West, now in Bristol, who seems to be getting on very well “in spite of the war.”

We are all glad to observe that Joshua Evans has returned to school after such a long period of absence.

One who entered our Form Room would surely conclude that it was lying nearest the Polar regions. “C'est vraiment insupportable.”

At the present time there seems to be a lack of interest in the Debating Society at our School, and we must look to W. Ross and C. Oldham, “honourable” members of our Form, to revive its interest.

“The mystery of the mysterious dusters” yet remains unsolved in our Form. A duster is never kept longer than twenty-four hours in our room. It vanishes. It is heartrending to hear the cry of one of our masters, “Oh! where is that duster?”

I think that our Form receives justice when it is called “Chief of the Fourth.”

H.R.A.H.

## FORM IVM.

Since the beginning of the fourth year we have gradually but steadily decreased in numbers. We started off with about 22 boys, and now we are six. We who are left are busily preparing for the Royal Society of Arts and London Chamber of Commerce examinations. Not only boys, but some of our masters have gone. Mr. Jones, our commercial manager, joined the A.S.C. as a first-class warrant officer, and is now in East Africa. His place has been taken by Mr. C. E. Poole, from Brynmill School. Mr. Powell, our Form and French Master, has also joined the Colours.

When our ranks were not so depleted as at present each boy used to have a desk against the wall, and we were, as one teacher said, like wall-flowers. The walls are also decorated by drawings and pictures cut from newspapers.

As we are so small a class we are in danger of being annihilated (ahem!). We have been amalgamated with one Form for Gym. and with another for Metalwork.

Our Form is the coldest in the School. (Shivers!)

By the way, Mr. Jones sent a post-card to the Commercial Forms, and, of course, mentioned us first. ('Nuff said).

"HAWL OF HUSS."

(Amounting to Six).

Alas and alas! after numb'ring a score,  
 We are left now with six—just six and no more;  
 Our friends have departed and left us behind,  
 With plenty of room and with plenty of "grind."  
 We miss their sweet faces, their zeal for their work,  
 Which often reproved us when we wanted to shirk.  
 They're gone from our midst to play many parts,  
 While we calmly "swot" on for "Society of Arts."  
 The cares of exams. they did well to shun,  
 But we must remain till our labour is done.  
 And we're firmly resolved Fate shall play us no tricks,  
 But all labelled "Passed" shall be found the "Great Six."  
 We bear with us surely the best wishes of those  
 Whose beings our Form Room one time did enclose.

J 2.

---

### FORM IIB.

This is the second term for us to be in IIB., and we have spent a merry time together. While we are sorry to part with some of our teachers, we gladly welcome their deputies. We are all very sorry to hear that there may not be a Junior Oxford Exam. next year, but we hope that circumstances will admit of it being held as usual. We have played a few matches with IIR. and IIA., but were beaten by them. We must take our defeats in good part, and hope to beat in other games if we cannot beat them in Soccer. In the second match with IIR. we were victorious.

E.F.

## FORM IB.

Our second term finds us more at home in the Municipal Secondary, for strange ways and faces have become familiar. We offer a hearty welcome to our new masters in place of Mr. Knight and Mr. Powell, who have left with our best wishes to serve our King and country.

Our Form team have played most of the Juniors, and we feel proud of their record, for they have only once been beaten, and we shall be glad to meet our IIA. victors again.

The lantern pictures of Castles, shown us by our Headmaster, proved an unexpected treat.

We are looking forward to our Easter holidays, when we hope we shall be favoured with fine weather.

AUBREY AND OGBORN.

---



---

“ROLL ON, PEACE!”

---

While the battle fierce is raging  
   O'er the land,  
 Friend and foe alike engaging  
   Hand to hand,  
 'Midst that canopy uproar'us  
 Of the boys who're fighting for us  
 You may hear the soldiers' chorus—  
   Roll on, Peace!

'Midst the Navy's grim patrolling  
   Of the deep  
 On the might billows rolling,  
   While you sleep.  
 As they guard us by the sea,  
 This their wish, their one decree,  
 Carried by the wind to me—  
   Roll on, Peace!

While we keep the bright fires burning  
   Here at home  
 Till the boys we see returning  
   O'er the foam.  
 Listening to the widow's moans,  
 Or the father's heart-torn groans,  
 Let us pray in fervent tones—  
   Roll on, Peace!

“UNCLE SAM.”

## The World's Deadliest Weapon—the Maxim Gun.

---

This war has been one of many surprises, but perhaps the greatest of all is the making of machine-gunnery. A Maxim gun used both by German and British is a weapon which fires rifle bullets at the rate of 420 a minute. It is fed by belts each holding 250 cartridges, and has a range of 3,000 yards, and a useful range of about a mile. The essential part of the weapon itself consists of a clever bit of mechanism, which takes up the shock of the discharge of each round by allowing the barrel of the gun to recoil. Each time it recoils the force is harnessed in such a way that a fresh cartridge is picked out of the belt and placed in a chamber of the barrel. So long as the trigger is pressed and there is a cartridge in the gun's belt it will continue to spit out lead. Around the barrel is a water jacket which keeps the barrel cool. The gun weighs from 32 to 60lbs., while the stand or tripod weighs another 40lbs. One man can carry any one part, but since it only takes two men to keep the gun going in action, it is seen that a machine-gun, worked by two men, and having a frontage of about 5 ft., can produce a volume of fire equal to that of 40 men firing 10 rounds a minute. The results from the Army Staff say that 40 riflemen covering 40 yards of frontage, and exposing 40 lives, develop 400 rounds a minute. Twenty machine-guns, covering less than 40 yards frontage and exposing 40 lives, develop 8,000 rounds per minute. Therefore machine-guns are 20 times more useful than infantry and more accurate than the best marksman. Also, a gun is never tired and hungry. At short distance the gun will do as much damage as 150 riflemen, while at long range it will do better than a company (250) of riflemen.

Let us trace the history of this weapon. It first came to the British Army about 15 years ago, and each battalion or regiment had two guns. These two were in charge of a selected soldier, but no officer above a lieutenant had anything to do with it. The Germans have an average of about 50 riflemen to every machine-gun. The gun has some bad faults:—(1) Its noise; (2) its danger of overheating; (3) difficulty of filling and refilling the belts; (4) transport difficulty; (5) difficulty of ammunition supply.

T.I.E., 1B.

**TO THE MEMORY OF Mr. SAMUEL ROBERTS, B.A.,**  
HEADMASTER, 1883-1910.

On December 9th last—too late for the insertion of a report in our last issue—the movement to erect a memorial to the memory of Mr. Samuel Roberts, B.A., was brought to a successful issue, when, in the presence of a number of the staff (past and present), prominent “old boys,” and friends, Mr. Richard Martin, J.P., unveiled the handsome brass mural tablet in the lower corridor, facing the main entrance to the School buildings.

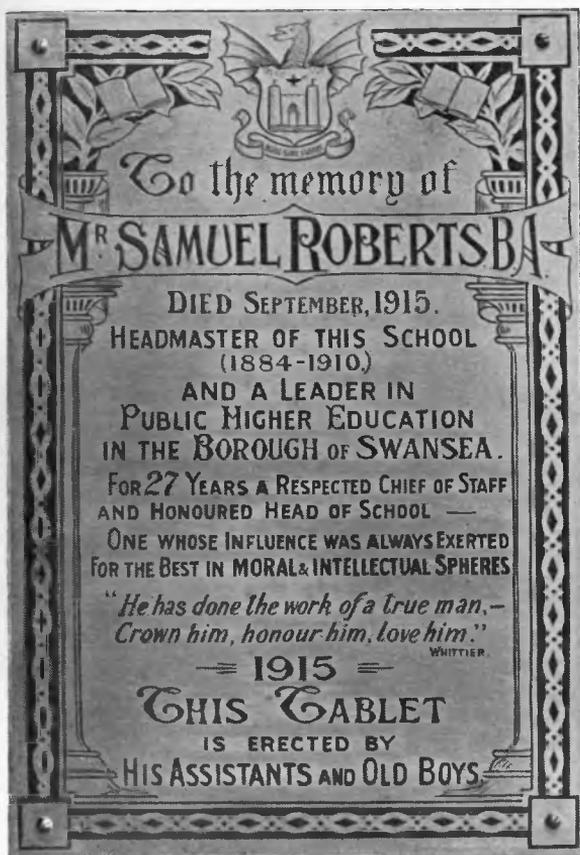
Early in September, Mr. Roberts, who had been in ill-health ever since his departure from Swansea in the summer of 1910, passed away at his home—Trowbridge.

The staff felt that it was but fitting that his connection with the School should be permanently recorded, and on the 13th September it was unanimously decided to proceed with the project. Feeling that many former masters who served under Mr. Roberts, and also “old boys,” would like to be associated with the movement, a subscription list was opened. The response was so ready and generous that the Committee of the Staff was in a position early in October to ask for estimates and designs for the work, the permission of the authorities having been obtained. After careful consideration of those submitted, the work was placed in the hands of Mr. D. J. Harris (Alexandra Arcade), and all who have seen the tablet agree that the choice was justified by results.

The subscription list had to be closed long before the tablet was ready for unveiling, as by the early part of November sufficient had been obtained to cover the expenses incurred.

The subscribers were limited to a maximum amount, so as to permit of a larger number, and it is gratifying to note that the list contains the names of many who have travelled far in distance and position—the City Analyst of Glasgow, Surveyor of Taxes at Cambridge, the Head of a County School, Officers of the Navy and Army, and many influential business men being amongst the “old boys,” whilst former Masters are represented by a Principal of a Training College, Superintendent of Education, Inspectors, and many Headmasters.

The night of the unveiling was of the wet and stormy type, which largely affected the attendance. Amongst those present were Mr. L. Burns (the only remaining member of the original staff), H.M. Inspectors Taylor and Thomas, Messrs. T. J. Rees and A. W. Halden (Education Offices), Mr. Abraham



To the memory of

MR. SAMUEL ROBERTS BA

DIED SEPTEMBER, 1915.

HEADMASTER OF THIS SCHOOL  
(1884-1910)

AND A LEADER IN  
PUBLIC HIGHER EDUCATION  
IN THE BOROUGH OF SWANSEA.

FOR 27 YEARS A RESPECTED CHIEF OF STAFF  
AND HONOURED HEAD OF SCHOOL —

ONE WHOSE INFLUENCE WAS ALWAYS EXERTED  
FOR THE BEST IN MORAL & INTELLECTUAL SPHERES

*"He has done the work of a true man, —  
Crown him, honour him, love him."*

WHITTIER.

— 1915 —

THIS TABLET

IS ERECTED BY  
HIS ASSISTANTS AND OLD BOYS

Francis (a member of the School Board which appointed Mr. Roberts), as well as most of the former Masters (who are now headmasters in Council Schools), and the present Staff.

After Mr. Richard Martin, J.P., had unveiled the tablet before a silent gathering in the corridor, those present adjourned to the adjacent class-room, where his Worship the Mayor (Ald. T. Merrells, Esq.) presided over the meeting.

In his opening remarks the Mayor spoke of the appreciation of the work of Mr. Roberts as reflected in the education of his own boys, and also paid a tribute to the selection of Mr. Martin to do the unveiling as being most fitting in view of his long and valuable work for education in the town.

Mr. Francis, in a brief speech, referred to the "terrific" opposition the School experienced in its early days, and voiced the feelings of the School Board of those days, when he asserted that they had never regretted the appointment of Mr. Roberts, who made a splendid schoolmaster.

Mr. T. J. Rees, B.A., Superintendent of Education, added a few words as one of the original "old boys" and a former master, thus having met Mr. Roberts in more varied capacities than anyone else. His touching reference to the greatness of "the little man"—as he was known to so many of his staff—was warmly applauded.

Mr. Richard Martin, J.P., after expressing his great appreciation of the honour conferred on him, kept the meeting keenly interested in his word pictures of Mr. Roberts, as shown throughout his long career by personal touches and official reports. These were full of proof as to the personal worth and nobility of Mr. Roberts, whose quiet, unobtrusive manner was but the outward cloak for a strong and determined will to carry on the work with the highest educational and moral ideals in view. The present building and the recognised standing of the School were both tributes to his value. In conclusion, he read extracts from a letter from Dr. Williams (former Superintendent of Education), who paid tribute likewise to Mr. Roberts' name and memory.

---

### MARRIOT'S MISTAKE.

A SHORT SCHOOL YARN.

BY "UNCLE SAM."

Jack Marriot, head prefect and captain of Woodlawn College, closed his study door with a bang, threw his books upon the table and sank heavily into the arm-chair, his brow wrinkled in thought. He was worried and troubled by an occurrence which had never before happened during his stay

at Woodlawn, and he felt that it was up to him as captain of the College, to solve a mystery upon which the honour of the school depended, and now, as he stared into the fire, he recalled the whole matter to his mind and re-examined every detail.

Mr. Priestly, the Fourth Form Master, was an ardent and experienced stamp collector, and the result of his labour in pursuit of this hobby included, or, rather had included many rare and valuable stamps.

One morning after breakfast, Mr. Priestly discovered that some of his most prized specimens were missing, and an immediate inquiry was made throughout the school, which, however, proved fruitless. Apparently, no one had seen the stamps or heard anything about them, and, rather than cause a scandal over such a matter, he insisted on allowing it to drop.

The next morning, however, much to their amazement, all the boys were summoned together in the Hall. It appeared that more of the rarest specimens had disappeared over night, and the Headmaster, in a right royal rage, threatened to gate all the fellows for the next dozen half-holidays, if the truth did not come to light. After a general inquiry had been made to no effect, the head questioned every boy in his turn—with the same result. Every fellow declared that he had heard nothing of the stamps, some venturing to add "sotto voce" that they had no desire at present to hear any more either, being quite fed up with the matter.

Marriot, however, in the privacy of his study, persuaded himself that it was his duty to unearth the thief.

The next moment there came a knock at the door, and in walked Forham, his chum. "Hullo Jack" began the intruder "still worrying over those blessed stamps?" Marriot's reply was a grunt of assent. "Can't imagine who could have done it, myself," commented Fordham. "There aren't any collectors in the coll. besides Priestly, are there?" Marriot reflected.

"Not that"—Yes, there is one though. Young Beresford, my fag, is as keen as a razor on 'em. It was only last week that he borrowed half-a-crown of me to buy some blessed stamp or other. Ran short of cash you know, and on tenter hooks lest someone else should get it before him. But it couldn't have been him. I believe he'd rather give up his hobby than stoop to making his collection by stealing. "Well," said Fordham, "whoever the thief is, no doubt he'll come back for the rest, and we'll have to keep watch henceforth. We'll toss up, loser taking first guard. "Heads or

Tails?" Fordham glanced at the coin as it fell. "You're wrong, Jack. It's Tails." "It's your night out to-night," he said. "Let's have tea."

## CHAPTER II.

"Boom!"

The old church clock in the neighbouring village was tolling out the hours of midnight, and Woodlawn College had long been wrapped in healthy slumber. It was a cold, crisp night, and to Marriot, pursuing his first hour's vigil outside Mr. Priestly's study, it held only one advantage—the full moon, which was shining through the study window and lighting up the room as clearly as could be wished.

Marriot, as he promenaded up and down the passage, was just considering the possibility of relaxing his sentry go and retiring to bed, when he heard a sound in the study, and he immediately darted into the room.

Bending over Mr. Priestly's desk was a dark figure, which seemed familiar to Marriot. Catching hold of the lad's shoulder, he swung him sharply round, and pulling up the big cap which had been drawn over the eyes, he peered into the intruder's face. With a sickening heart, he recognised the thief who had caused so much trouble—it was his fag, of the Fourth Form, the sneak!

"Beresford," Marriot cried in amazement, "you!" The boy said nothing, but shrank from his captor's stern gaze, a look of pain crossing his face. Suddenly, recovering from his inactivity, he placed his heel behind Marriot's and hurled himself at the school captain. The move was so unexpected that it took Marriot by surprise, and he fell with a crash to the floor, whilst the raider quickly threw open the window, vaulted over the sill, and sped off into the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come, come, Beresford, I did not expect this of you," said the Headmaster, more in sorrow than in anger. "If you confess to your guilt and return the stolen stamps immediately, you will be allowed to depart quietly by the next train, whereas if you persist in this ridiculous defence I shall have no option but to go through the formality of a public expulsion. Surely you realise which of the two would be infinitely more to your advantage?"

Gathered in the Head's study on the morning after Marriot's midnight adventure were Dr. Evans, Mr. Priestly, Beresford, and the head perfect himself. The latter, with characteristic promptitude, had laid all the facts before the

Doctor, and Beresford had been immediately summoned to his presence. With tears in his eyes, the youngster had pleaded his innocence, much to Marriot's surprise, and even after he had been lectured for fully a quarter of an hour, he still persisted in his defence.

"Come, come, Beresford," said the Head for the second time. "Do you think Marriot is capable of making such a statement unless he knows it to be true. He could not have, and he assures me that he did not mistake your face for another." The last suggestion had a magical effect upon the fag, and Marriot saw him bend his head down in shame.

The next moment a knock at the door was heard, and in response to Dr. Evans' invitation in walked Moggs, the page, with a letter in his hand.

"I beg your pardon for hinterrupting, sir, but this 'ere letter were given to me by a man from the Crown Inn hin the willage. Oi 'ad it from a boy there oo said it were werry himportant."

The headmaster took the envelope; then with a curt gesture commanded the "boots" to leave the room. Mechanically he reached for a paper-knife, and slit open the flap of the letter. Immediately a shower of stamps fell to the floor, and with a glad cry Mr. Priestley bent down and gathered up his beloved specimens!

Amazed, Dr. Evans opened the note, and as he read it he nearly fell out of the chair with astonishment. For this is how the letter ran:

"Dear Sir,—See those stamps? Well, they're the ones I pinched from your school this week. I heard my beloved twin brother speak in the holidays of Mr. Priestly's collection, and being on my uppers, I decided to appropriate them for my own use. When that big idiot" (here Marriot coloured and Mr. Priestly suppressed a smile) "caught me he called me 'Beresford,' so I knew he'd mistaken me for my brother. Hoping this will clear him,—I remain, yours trewly,

"Dick Beresford.

"P.S.—Ask that big fellow how he liked that fall. It's no end of a trick."

"My boy," he said, "you have been grievously wronged, and I am sorry I laid the fault at your door. You may go."

Outside the Head's study door Beresford and Marriot were standing alone. The latter's apology was short and sweet.

"Kid," he said bluntly, "I was a fool to doubt your word. Shake!" And Beresford silently complied.

THE END.

## CAMP LIFE IN WINTER.

---

In winter camp troops live in huts, which are about 55ft. long and 20ft. wide. Each hut will accommodate thirty men quite comfortably. In well-constructed camps the huts are illuminated by electric light generated by the Electrical Power House in the Camp. It is of vital importance that these dwellings should be kept clean and tidy. For this purpose each hut has to provide one man every day to look after the tidiness of the place, and if there is any cause for complaint it is always the Hut Orderly, as he is called, who is blamed by the Orderly Officer. The above description is more or less an introduction to that which I am going to write about—that is “Camp Life in Winter.”

Usually the soldier's day commences at 6.30 a.m. in winter, which is quite early enough to satisfy most men. At this hour the electric lights are switched on at the Power Station, and the huts are flooded with light. For a short time no movement of the blanketed forms is seen, but soon they begin to heave and roll. Snores give way to grunts, and grunts to growls of “Ugh! it's c-c-cold!!!” In about ten minutes the hut is a scene of great activity.

Pte. X “strafes” the man who was shouting in his sleep.

Pte. Y wants to know who had let the fires go out.

Pte. Z mournfully sings :

“Oh! it's nice to get up in the morning,  
But it's better to lie in bed.”

Some time later the door is suddenly opened by the Orderly Corporal. “Any sick?” he cries. “Yes!” several shout; “we are sick.” “What is your sickness?” asks the Corporal. “Oh! sick of the Army,” they reply. The Corporal grins and disappears.

At about 7.15 a.m. the cry of “Grub Orderlies!” is heard. On hearing this cry three men hasten from the hut in order to parade for breakfast at the cook-house door. After a tedious wait they return with the breakfast. “Grub Orderlies” are really men who have been detailed by the inmates of the hut to help the Hut Orderly to serve the various meals and wash up the dirty dishes. The various “courses” are served out on one plate, and the following is a sample of the “menu” :—

## MENU—BREAKFAST.

1st Course: Porridge and Husks (porridge with plenty of husks).

2nd Course: Ham or Fish or Sausage.

3rd Course: Thé à Epsom Salts (good for the health), Bread, Margarine, Marmalade.

Usually breakfast lasts for about three-quarters of an hour. The company parade follows soon after breakfast, and very often men may be seen desperately cleaning their equipment ready for inspection. Before marching to the Battalion Parade Ground the different companies (there being four companies to a battalion) assemble on the Company Parade Ground. Soon the cry of "Right Markers" is heard. At this cry four men from each company gather round their respective Sergeants-Major. Each Company Sergeant-Major "falls in" his own company. When everyone in the company is in his place the rolls of the four platoons are called. In fact, each platoon must be proved by the time the officers appear on parade, and it is one of the duties of the Company Sergeant-Major to see that this is so. As soon as the officers appear the company is called to attention, and everything reported correct. Then each subaltern takes over his platoon.

The first duty of a platoon commander is to inspect the clothing and equipment of his men. The inspection is severe, and woe betide any man who has not shaved or cleaned his rifle and equipment. Usually it means an hour's "pack drill" after dismissal. When the various platoons have been inspected the company is marched to the Company Parade Ground. On this ground the four companies unite, and are then known as a battalion. The Colonel then drills the battalion. It is an impressive sight to see a well-drilled battalion performing rifle exercises. Imagine about nine hundred men standing motionless. A word of command is heard. Instantly the rigid figures are galvanized into life, and in a few seconds they are motionless once more; but now the ranks emit hundreds of vivid flashes. It is the sun's rays being reflected off the bayonets. Another curt word of command, the same movements of precision, and the bayonets are returned to their scabbards.

After battalion drill the companies separate to their different duties, which last until about 1.0 p.m. From 1.0 p.m. to 2.0 p.m. is lunch-time. The "menu" is simple but satisfying:—

1. Bread.
2. Cheese.
3. Water.

At two o'clock the company parades again, and then usually splits up. Some platoons have one duty, while other platoons have another duty. About 4.30 p.m. the company is dismissed for the day. Generally after dismissal there is a lecture for all who wish to attend until 6.0 p.m., which is the hour for dinner. Of course, dinner is the chief meal of the day, and ample justice is done to it after a hard day's work. The usual dinner consists of

1. Roast Beef.
2. Potatoes.
3. Stewed Fruit or Currant Roll ("Spotted Dog").

Very often "stew" is substituted for roast beef. It might be mentioned that "stew" consists of lumps of meat plus boiling water. The mixture is allowed to simmer until the meat is cooked, and is then known as "Stew" or "The Cook's Favourite."

The Hut Orderly and the two "Grub" Orderlies serve the "courses," though the former has to do most of the carving. It is no light task to carve for thirty men, especially when the carving knife has never been sharpened. By the time the unfortunate carver has supplied fifteen men he might be heard "strafing" the men, meat, and the knife. However, somebody usually helps him out of his difficulty, and ultimately everyone is served, to the great satisfaction of the Orderlies. Sometimes the hum of conversation is broken by a growl from someone who has found that his mug of water has been filled with potato skins, kindly deposited there while his back was turned. About halfway through the meal the Orderly Officer enters, and asks if there are any complaints. Generally the reply is in the negative, since the quality of the beef is always excellent, though any shortage of meat or vegetables is at once reported. After satisfying himself that the men have enough food to eat, the Officer leaves the hut.

As soon as the meat and vegetables have been finished, the "Grub" Orderlies bring round the second "course," which sometimes consists of stewed fruit and sometimes of currant roll or "spotted dog," as it is familiarly called. Of course, there is the usual puzzle of finding the currants. As might be expected, "spotted dog" is a very satisfying pudding, and one generally rises from the table feeling as if one will not want another meal for a few days. It might be mentioned that all the food is served on to one plate in order to facilitate "washing up."

After dinner one is free until 9.15 p.m., though there are some nights in the week when attendance at the Rifle Range is compulsory. The evenings are spent in various ways; some men play cards, while others walk to the village, about a mile away. Frequently there are concerts. In every regiment there are sure to be good singers and comedians. Concerts and entertainments in camps greatly relieve the monotony, and this is one reason why the Y.M.C.A. Hut is such a popular institution. A "Hut Song" will always "catch on" with soldiers. Here is a song composed by the inmates of a certain hut :—

"THE LAMENT OF HUT 4A."

There is a muddy field  
 Not far away,  
 Where we do company drill  
 Three times a day.  
 Oh! how we love that drill,  
 For the Corporal makes us ill,  
 Shouting "Can't you all keep still!"  
 All the blessed day.

Then we have the Swedish man,  
 Who by name is known as Dan.  
 Once every day  
 Oh! how he makes us squirm  
 With his "Left-right, left-right, a-bout turn!"  
 Our "brass" we d— well earn—  
 One bob a day!

By 9.15 p.m. everyone, except those with special passes, must be in camp. Most soldiers are in their huts at this hour preparing to "lie in." About half-an-hour before "lights out" each hut is a scene of great activity. Blankets are being laid out in a way known only to men who have experienced camp life. Boots and buttons are being cleaned ready for the parade next morning, and some men may be seen shaving in order to have more time at their disposal. Before "turning in" the Hut Roll is called, and the Orders of the following day read out by the Hut Commander. Sighs of relief may be heard when there are no "fatigues" detailed for the morrow. By the time the lights are switched out everybody is in bed, and after a chorus "Good night!" silence reigns for a time only to be broken by the snores of heavy sleepers.

PTE. H. J. ELIAS,  
 28th London Regt. (Artists' Rifles O.T.C.).

## GIRLS' FORM NOTES.

## FORM VI.

Who was the "poor benighted heathen" who said that the age of miracles was past? it certainly couldn't have been a Sixthite. at least after the appearance of our new radiator. Why; we had only applied for it about a fortnight when it turned up! And as for the radiator itself, it is the acme of perfection, composed of as many as three pipes and heating all around for the astonishing area of nearly one square yard. Indeed, since its advent, only about half the class has been ill with the cold, one unfortunate creature catching it, alas, in her eye, whereas formerly there was not a single one who did not suffer.

And then again that new flooring on the landing. Ah! "thereby hangs a tale." A certain light-footed (?) Sixthite was pursuing her course rather rapidly upstairs, anxious, no doubt (?) to be back at her work, and planted her heel firmly, in fact, rather too firmly, upon the landing. How shall the disastrous consequences be related? But there, it only followed the fashion in the Upper School, and had a severe breakdown. For some days the "yawning chasm" was covered with a mat to prevent further accidents, and, one never-to-be-forgotten morning, a Sixthite stood at the top of the stairs to break the news gently that new boards covered half the landing. If it had not been for the thoughtfulness of this person, some of us would not have been alive to tell the story—the shock would certainly have been too great.

Form VI. are proud of two of their members, namely, Elsie Madel and Annie Foner, who passed their Matriculation in January.

We have had to write essays in the styles of Carlyle and Pepys. Some of our zealous ones out-Carlyled Carlyle and out-Pepysed Pepys.

B. W.

## FORM VA.

Owing to the wretched weather we experienced during our Christmas Holidays, most of us were glad to return to School again in January.

The result of the December Senior Oxford compels us to give our heartiest congratulations to Olwen Salmon and Averil Thomas.

We were all sorry to lose Cissie Powning, but we wish her every success in any duties she may undertake.

Holidays seem to be quite *à la mode*. We have had recently half-term, Gwyl Dewi Sant and St. Patrick's Day. Two of the greatest events this term were the Jumble Sale and the Festival of St. David's Day. Since the former was a novel event, it created quite a stir. Mysterious parcels kept arriving for some days, and on the Friday their contents were displayed temptingly on desks arranged as stalls. These disappeared very quickly, and hours of excitement were over in "one crowded hour." We rendered as much help as was possible, and some of our girls proved themselves adepts at clothes-selling, and some even at auctioneering.

We are all greatly pleased with our new play-ground, and intend to make the most of it now we have it.

We had a very interesting address and musical programme on St. David's Day. Let us remember the advice given: "Fear God, Love the Brotherhood, Honour the King." (E.L. & V.W.).

It is not generally known that the "Big Ben" chimes of the Alexandra Road clock, which we hear from our room, accompany the following prayer:—

O Lord, our God,  
Be Thou our Guide,  
That with Thy help  
No foot may slide.

---

#### FORM VB.

Excitement prevails in our Form for the first time. We are studying very industriously for the coming Senior Oxford Examination.

On St. David's Day all the School attended a concert in VA. and VB. Rooms. We had a speech from the Rev. D. Williams, of Llangyfelach. We all enjoyed it very much. Then Miss Phipps spoke to us, and we most certainly enjoyed that. We finished by singing "God Save the King." In the afternoon we had a holiday.

One of our Formites has just returned after an absence of a month.

I wish every girl good luck in the coming examinations.

D. G.

## FORM IVc.

Wonder of wonders! We have had three holidays this term. One to celebrate St. David's Day, another half-term, and the third St. Patrick's Day. We only had a half-holiday on St. David's Day, for we spent the morning listening to an address by the Rev. D. Williams, and a musical concert rendered by pupils from each form. The address was very interesting, being on "Patriotism," and we all listened attentively without making a noise (rather a great improvement in our behaviour). Perhaps we were all so good because a Reverend was addressing us!!! The only game indulged in during recreation is skipping; economy in war-time, wearing out boots and shoes!

A.L.B.

---

This term has had one great event—the celebration of St. David's Day. I am sure every girl enjoyed the lecture delivered to us by the Rev. David Williams. I wonder how many girls thought over what he said about behaviour in public carriages. After the lecture some girls gave recitations and songs in Welsh, and the Welsh National Anthem was sung. In the afternoon we had a holiday. All our girls are working hard at their commercial subjects, for the N.U.T examination is not far distant.

M.M.

## FORM III.

## BOOKS.

In early times books such as we have in the present day were unknown. When men wished to record historical and other events they did it by means of pictures on tablets of stone and clay. Many of these have since been dug up from the ruins of ancient cities in Assyria and Egypt. As time went on they improved on these methods and began to write on papyrus and on skins of animals. In the fifteenth century type printing was invented, and the first book was printed by William Caxton. Books are the most valuable possessions that a person can have, and a wise man makes them his great friend.

I.E.

## FORM II.

Our form is not without its excitements. One day, when we were deep in an English lesson, someone caught sight of a little brown mouse, and whispered in an awe-struck voice, "there's a mouse!" We were so taken by surprise that we all jumped up on our desks. The poor mouse, now quite

frightened, darted frantically about and at last disappeared, when we sat down again, feeling rather ashamed. I think the mouse paid our class rather a compliment. I wonder why all the stray dogs of the neighbourhood are attracted to the immediate vicinity of our gloomy little room! N.C.

#### THE PAYNES OF FORM II.

Our first term in Form II. was happy because we had no Paynes. At the beginning of the second term our joy ended, for a Payne entered our form. It was very acute, especially at geometry, but it has left us. We did not maintain this joy long, for a second Payne from Form III. entered our form. We only hope that the first Payne will not return until the second Payne has left us. O.G.

#### MY EXPERIENCES ON FLAG DAY.

In a generous mood I promised to sell flags on St. Patrick's Day. So Friday morning of April 17th, which found our soldiers in the trenches, our sailors guarding the seas, found me also on duty at the Albert Hall, provided with a tray of flags and a tin for cash. I found the business of selling not quite so pleasant as I had anticipated, for although there were no shells bursting around me, there were sometimes cross looks and sharp rebuffs. When the office people had passed and business become slack, I determined to go to High Street Station and capture purchasers from the trains. I did indeed feel that I was "doing my bit," when a fine-looking officer saluted me and bought a flag. By one o'clock I was tired and hungry, and went to father's office for lunch. The afternoon proved long and dull, but I persevered until five o'clock, and then took my remaining flags to the office. I returned by train to Landore, footsore and weary, but feeling I had done my small "bit." M. T.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

The following has been extracted from a letter written to Kate Clement (V.B.) by Gwen Morris while on her way to her new home in Australia:—

S.S. ORONTES, 30/1/16.

Dear Katie,—It is Sunday night, and you are probably singing the closing hymn in chapel. Here there is no sign that it is Sunday. I saw a Roman Catholic priest once this morning, and someone says that he held a R.C. meeting here, but I didn't know of it.

There are several Australian soldiers here returning to Australia. One poor soldier has had his brain operated upon, and his memory is almost completely gone. He repeats his words over and over again, and forgets what he intended to do. To-day he had a big onion from one of the crew, and a man brought him some bread and butter, and he ate it for his dinner. Just as he finished two women came up and asked him what he had for dinner. He turned to me and asked me what it was. I told him "Onion." Then he remembered. He is married, and has some children. Isn't it an awful pity? What can he do now?

But I am putting the cart before the horse. Before we left Aberdare we had a farewell concert at Nazareth Chapel. It was real Welsh style—harp, penillion singing about us all, including Charles Edward Landeg Morris, and poems by all the bards about us. There was nearly a column about it in the Aberdare papers.

On Tuesday, at 7.30 a.m., we left Aberdare. We saw Windsor Castle, and arrived in London at 1 p.m. That afternoon we went to Madam Tussaud's, and had tea there. When we got out it was dark, and searchlights were continually searching the sky. The place was awful; you couldn't see half-a-yard in front of you.

On Wednesday we went on the top of a 'bus, and saw old London and several places mentioned in Dickens. We saw Lloyd's, The Exchange, Bank of England, The Monument, St. Paul's, the Mansion House (Lord Mayor's official residence), Westminster Abbey, House of Commons, etc.

At 9 a.m. Thursday we left St. Pancras Station for Tilbury Docks; arrived about 11 a.m. on Orontes; set sail 12 a.m. Everybody here is supplied with a life-jacket, and every day when the whistle goes we are to go on deck and put them on. Even our baby has one. Fancy four great, big lumps of cork sewn up on him! It is twice as big as himself.

There are all nationalities here—two Hindus dressed like English gentlemen, a Russian, an Irish family, two Scotch women, a Jewess, besides us Welsh.

Saturday we were in the middle of the Bay of Biscay, and oh! don't talk about sea-sickness again. We reach Gibraltar to-morrow night.

With many thanks for the Magazine.

GWENDOLINE.

## A SCHOOL GIRL'S TASTE OF THE WAR.

---

During last summer's vacation, I visited London, arriving on Monday, August 16th. I was rather unfortunate in my choice of time, because London was visited three times by Zeppelins during my stay. Fortunately for me, I heard them only twice, but that was quite enough to make me nervous for days to come.

The first visit was the very night after I arrived at South Hackney. We were all seated at supper and my cousins were discussing the power of German air-craft, when we heard about eight successive explosions. My cousins jumped up, for they knew what it was. I looked at them, and when one of them wrapped a coat around me, I suddenly thought of the danger we were in.

We crouched together in the darkness, for auntie had heard the cry of "Lights out," and had extinguished them. The suspense was terrible, and all the time we could hear the crashes, smell the sulphur from our guns, and see the search-lights flash across the sky.

Then all was silent, a patrol ran through the street crying, "all safe," and we breathed a deep sigh of relief. The next day everyone was talking of the previous evening's destruction. So many rumours spread that we decided to see for ourselves. We got into the 'bus, and as we came nearer to Leyton, the people were thronging the streets. Our vehicle could go no further, so we walked the rest of the way. As we passed through the streets I noticed that the windows of houses were shattered, and in many cases chimneys and roofs were blown off.

We suddenly came to a halt, for a bomb had fallen on to the road, and had made a very large hole extending to the tram line, causing rails actually to bend up.

We then came to a building, called "The Bakers' Alms Houses," where live German bakers who have retired. It was built in the shape of a semi-circle, its grounds facing the road. We looked with awe, for quite half of it was in ruins, while the rest of the building was minus windows and roofs. Inside the grounds were two large deep holes made by bombs. While the large iron gate which held the German crest was blown to pieces.

Lower down, there was a bridge outside a Midland Station over which trains pass, and it was said that the Zeppelin had pursued an express which came into Leyton that evening.

Outside the bridge a watchman was killed and a steam roller smashed to atoms. The result of this raid was ten people killed and thirty-six injured. I felt very sad as we walked home that evening across Sea Marshes with the searchlights playing above our heads. I wondered if I were going to live to relate to my school mates all my adventures.

The next time we were visited by the Germans we were in bed, and I was congratulating myself on having escaped any more adventures, for I was returning home on Saturday ready for school on Monday, when I heard those never-to-be-forgotten explosions. I knew this time what it meant, and I rushed downstairs. My cousins were standing out on the lawn and I joined them, I shall not forget the shrieking of women, their little ones clinging to their skirts, men rushing about extinguishing street lamps, and 'buses and cabs rushing along to get to their destinations.

Just at that moment we heard a great shout, for by now hundreds were outside; for who can stay in the cellar when danger is lurking around? The searchlights were flashing across the heavens when they all met just above our heads, and revealed a Zeppelin to us. It was very broad and long, pointed at both ends, with a very powerful light attached to the front. We afterwards heard that it was a hundred miles (?) away from us, yet we could get a sufficient glimpse of it to know what a Zeppelin is like.

We watched the machine going right away from South Hackney, when, all of a sudden, it was surrounded by clouds of smoke and disappeared. Everybody shouted "Hurrah," for they thought it had been struck, but to our disappointment we learned the next day that it was only another scheme of German aviators. It seems that a Zeppelin has four engines, so that if one is damaged the other can be used. It also carries a supply of material which they use when sighted by searchlights to surround the machine, and then dart upwards into the sky, and so are lost from view and are able to return home again.

Bombs could be heard exploding, and shrapnel from our guns could be seen bursting like balls of fire around the machine. The choking sensation from the sulphur which filled the air made it very unpleasant.

We went next day to try to have a peep at the damage, but everything was guarded by policemen, and it was difficult to get near there. A fire had broken out at a large warehouse near St. Paul's Cathedral, nothing being saved.

Fresh rumours were spreading every hour, but half of them were not true. We heard that Tower Bridge was on fire, which was afterwards proved untrue. When all the excitement of that evening was over, I vowed I would never go to London again while this war is raging, and I can truly say I was very much relieved to return to the "beautiful mountains of Wales."

R.P., FORM IVA.

---

## WOMAN AND WAR.

---

The rôle of woman in life's interplay has often been viewed too lightly. She has been expected to lead the monotonous existence of the "stay-at-home." War has now altered all this and proved that she is susceptible to high inspiration and unselfish devotion to noble ends.

The woman of bygone years may recede into bare memory, and she who has been born amid storm and stress will display enduring courage, strength of character and fineness of purpose, disclosing quiet heroism that shall yield greater victories than it is given to hostile armies ever to achieve. The woman has hitherto been as prone as her male partner in accepting the material explanation of things, building upon it the vast superstructure of self-indulgence. She has been supposed to have thought of nothing but the vagaries of fashion and the frivolities of the passing show.

The incurable shallowness of feminine nature has always been insisted upon.

Those of the more hasty and passionate nature, those champions of Women's Rights, have generally succeeded in raising dense clouds of prejudice for wise advocates to disperse. Woman has always been regarded as the "lesser man," but the war has proved her to be man's equal in many respects; one to be relied on at critical moments.

The war has awakened in us hatred of Teutonic barbarism; yet, in a mild form, is it not barbaric to keep a woman within the domestic circle when her soul yearns and aspires to greater things?

Her spiritual equality can be, and has been acclaimed by authorities, and splendid examples have attested her genius in the upper zones of effort, yet still her claims are bandied to and fro by those who have not yet grasped the principle of the golden mean.

## THE JUMBLE SALE.

Having heard that a Jumble Sale was to be held in School on Friday evening, Feb. 25th., in aid of the B. & O. Fund of the N.U.T., I determined to be an unseen spectator at this important and exciting event; so I persuaded a friend of mine, a sorcerer, to lend me his Cloak of Invisibility for the occasion. Wrapped in this, I sallied forth at about 6.30 p.m. and took my stand with the women and children that were impatiently awaiting the opening of the doors. Seven o'clock came at last; the doors were opened, we rushed upstairs, paid one penny admission, and lo! we enter the gates of Valhalla.

Is this Selfridge's or Ben Evans'? No. Only VA and VB rooms; the walls, desks and black-boards hung with smart blouses, gowns, evening dresses, men's suits, and children's clothes. I see at once that the things are beautifully arranged and that both mistresses and girls kept a watchful eye on the crowd, and are especially suspicious of women in shawls. I follow the crowd. On a window-sill on the right there is a stock of boots and shoes, for which there is a great demand, and which are "cleared" in a few minutes. On the left, a beautiful sight meets the eye. It is the Art Department, tastefully arranged and presided over by Miss G. Williams. Besides an original painting by some unknown genius, I see also pictures by so famous an artist as Sir David Wilkie, R.A., to say nothing of the numerous glass and china ornaments, fancy pipe-racks, etc., etc.,

I find myself pushed forward by the crowd; evidently there is something exciting going on at the end of the room. Oh! an auction sale, with Miss Lord as the very able auctioneer, rapidly disposing of all her stock.

At the end of half an hour, everything has been sold with the exception of a coat (a frock-coat, I believe). As I pass out, I hear one girl trying to persuade a woman to buy it for a penny (!!), and I hear the woman answer, "You waits till you gets married, my gel . . . ." But she did buy it, I heard later.

The people disperse almost as rapidly as they came, with happy expressions on their faces betokening successful bargaining, while they leave behind them satisfied expressions on the faces of mistresses and girls, the surest sign of a successful Jumble Sale.

A.F. (VI).

## ST. DAVID'S DAY.

On St. David's Day, we had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. David Williams, Vicar of Llangyfelach, delivering an address on St. David. He gave us an interesting account of the connection between the famous saint and his parish church. Here St. David received gifts, which in later years attracted numerous pilgrims, the number increasing each year, so that booths were necessary to provide refreshments for them. This custom has since developed into the Llangyfelach Fair.

The Vicar thought it advisable to instil into us the virtues we ought to possess, viz., purity, gentleness, modesty, and trust in God. His concluding remarks were scriptural—"Fear God, love the Brotherhood, and honour the King."

A musical programme was then provided by students from different forms, who shewed that the "Hen Iaith" is as dear to us as ever. W.P., VI.

### MY STORY: BY A CAVALRY HORSE.

"I'm a British cavalry horse, and I'm tremendously proud of being in the Army. I have left the training school, and you see, I am now a fully trained cavalry horse. I think school is great fun, don't you? We used to learn all sorts of things—to halt the instant the word was given. And I can tell you this is a jolly difficult thing to do if you happen to be galloping at the time! When brought to the halt I stand quite still, scarcely twitching an ear. Another thing we learned was to lie right down, keeping so still that scarcely an ear twitched, and this under heavy fire! It is rather difficult to learn to be quiet under a heavy fire, as if nothing was happening. I worked hard at school, and soon I was promoted, and a white stripe painted on me. This meant I was a lance-corporal. I was proud of the stripe! But I wasn't a lance-corporal horse for long, for soon I rose to the rank of sergeant, with three stripes. Of course there were some naughty horses at school. I saw one that refused to be saddled, and used to lie down and squeal like a rabbit! But he soon got over his naughtiness, when he was sent to the stables fully harnessed, to remain there until he was good. A horse doesn't like that at all, any more than a boy or girl likes being put into the corner. But we don't get many naughty ones. Most of them are as good as gold—like me!"

N.M. FORM II.

EXTRACTS FROM A DICTIONARY IN 1920.

---

- Anzac—Word formed from initial letters of “Australian and New Zealand Army Corps.”
- Armlet—The regulation band of khaki worn on the sleeve, and signifying enrolment.
- Armleteer—Person who wears above.
- Bosche—French word denoting the Germ(H)un, now Anglicised.
- Black Maria—Nickname given to the gigantic shells of the Germans.
- Bombers—Men engaged in hurling explosives at the enemy.
- Bully Beef—Staple rations of our soldiers, consisting of salt beef.
- Crater—Hugh pit caused by high explosives.
- Clown Prince—Most appropriate title of Kaiser’s eldest son.
- Curtain Fire—The continuous and heavy firing of many guns to prevent advance of enemy.
- Diplomatic Sickness—A phrase referring to the resignation of Von Tirpitz. May also be applied to Ferdinand of Bulgaria’s dread of returning home.
- Dug-out—Place of shelter in trench warfare.
- Eligible—This word has widened its meaning. Originally it meant “suitable for marriage,” but now also “suitable for the army.”
- Funk Hole—Munition factories where youths of military age concealed themselves during first years of the Great War.
- Gassed—Those who suffered from the effects of poisonous fumes, introduced by the Germans, were said to be gassed.
- Derbyites—Those who attested for service under a system introduced by Lord Derby.
- Shirker—Term of contempt applied to men of military age in mufti.
- Slacker—See “Shirker.”
- Strafe—Word culled from short but fervent prayer offered up by German nation—“Gott strafe England.”
- Zepps—Popular term for huge airships invented by Count Zeppelin.  
M. M. V.A.

## HOCKEY.

---

On March 6th a meeting was held, in which it was proposed that a hockey match should be played between the "Reds" and the "Greens." As there were 29 members present, three were doomed to disappointment. Little slips of paper, with "red" and "green" printed on them, were shuffled, and then we drew lots. Intense silence reigned while we unfolded our slips, which told us our sides.

Saturday afternoon was rather gloomy, but it did not rain. On the field we were presented with little red or green bows. The "Reds" won the toss, and played with the wind. By half-time the "Reds" had 3 goals, but in the second half the "Greens" pulled up, and gave the "Red" backs something to do.

Final Score—"Reds," 4; "Greens," 3.

The girls wish to thank Miss Landon for her kindness in arranging such an enjoyable match.

It is a strange fact that the girls seem to think that a wet week is bound to end in a wet Saturday, so they do not give their names in for hockey. Hence, several fine days have been wasted, because of a wet week. If the week is very fine the result is the same, so we contemplate asking the Weather Clerk to give us a doubtful week.

We hope that the Cricket Club will be as successful as the Hockey has been.

B. W. (Captain).

G. H. (Vice-Captain).

**DO YOU KNOW THAT—**

- All the wasps of a nest die in winter except a few females, which hibernate in a hole or under a stone.
- Blotting paper was discovered by accident, a workman forgetting to put size on some ordinary paper.
- Cork legs are made of wood, metal and leather, or a strong form of canvas. They are called so from the name of the inventor—Dr. Cork.
- Dinner-time was called “pudding-time” in olden days, pudding being the first and principal item.
- Every bank clerk has to sign a declaration of secrecy so far as customers' accounts are concerned.
- Fish cannot see water.
- Great Britain is divided into eight munition areas.
- Holland breeds cats for the sake of their fur.
- In Cochin-China the inhabitants prefer rotten eggs to fresh ones.
- Juggernaut is the name of the great Indian idol at Puri, which, once a year, is brought from its temple, and conveyed through the streets at the head of a mighty procession.
- Keys made of wood are still used in Egypt.
- Living in the far north of the Russian Empire is a race of people who do not know who the Russians are or that there is a war.
- Maoris enjoy equal rights and privileges with white settlers in New Zealand.
- Nails on persons' hands grow faster when they are ill, and the average growth is an eighth of an inch a month.
- One ounce of Gold can be drawn into a wire 50 miles long.
- Philosophers and Statesmen have been noticed to have large and sloping ears.
- Queen Victoria objected to the use of her name in the initials V.C. when it was first suggested to her.
- Rapid speakers pronounce 7,000 to 7,500 words per hour.
- Serbians shake their heads when they want to say “yes,” and nod when they mean “no.”

The temperature is only just above F.P. (freezing point) at a depth of 2,000 fathoms under the sea, and the pressure of water is two tons to square inch.

Until a guard gives the signal, not even the stationmaster can authorise the departure of a train.

Vultures have no feathers on the head and neck.

Whales have no teeth.

Xeres is a district in Spain ; the centre of the sherry industry, the wine taking the name from the district.

Young scorpions eat their mothers.

Zoolatry, or animal worship is still carried on among the Hindoos and on the West African Coast ; the Hindoos worshipping the zebu, and the African the snake.

BEN. G., IVCL.

---

### DEPARTURE OF D. T. JEREMY.

D. T. JEREMY has recently left us, after a stay of 5½ years. He was first boy in his Form during each of the sixteen terms he was in the School, and he obtained First-classes in every public examination for which he entered. This is indeed a record. After occupying a temporary post for three months in the Swansea Borough Treasurer's office, he has now been appointed an audit clerk with Messrs. Carson Roberts, Local Government Board Auditors, at a commencing salary of £90 a year. He was accorded a royal send-off by the School at the end of the Easter Term.

---

### OBITUARY.

The death occurred on December 24th, 1915, of Mr. Hyman Finkelblech, an "old boy." The deceased emigrated to South Africa in 1910 to improve his health, and took up a position as clerk to a Kimberley establishment. When the rebellion broke out in 1914 he joined General Botha's Army, which soon quelled the rebels. The deceased, however, was soon discharged on account of ill-health, and returned to his home in Swansea in June, 1915. In December he was taken seriously ill, and passed away on December 24th, 1915.

The late Mr. Hyman Finkelblech founded the "Swansea Junior Zionist and Literary Society" (of which he was the president) in September, 1915. He was loved by all who knew him, and his kind disposition and keen sense of honour and duty gathered for him innumerable friends.

---