

GOREU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

Swansea Municipal Secondary School Magazine.

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Editor—MR. T. J. JAMES.

EDITORIAL.

The Term has had plenty of excitements, a full account of which would have filled even our enlarged Magazine, but in this issue it is a case of *Place aux dames*, and the girls have claimed their share as "the better half."

The snow lay thick on the ground one Monday morning and lay there, now in one place and now in another, for more than a week, and the lower playground was the scene of many a thrilling battle. Then followed Prize Day (without prizes), graced by the presence of the Mayor and Mayoress and concluded with votes of thanks in Welsh, French and English. Next day was a holiday. St. David's Day arrived as usual on March 1st, and we had *inter alia* a most enjoyable address from the Rev. J. J. Williams, Morriston.

The printer cried "Hold, enough," before the accounts of these functions reached him and there was only room for a mere *précis* of the Debating Society Report. The story of "the Coward" is completed but a good alternative version by L. Solomon is postponed.

A meeting has been held re the School Allotment—more than sixty boys offered their services, so that, given the land, the movement ought to move very vigorously. We have already contributed Literature and also razors—ancient and modern—for the Postmaster, the Sheffield cutler and finally the troops. We are now collecting "silver bullets" both as War Loan Certificates and as "silver paper."

The present shortage of paper may prevent any issue of the Magazine next Term.

BOYS' FORM NOTES.

FORM V.

The atmosphere of the Vth Form room, having recovered somewhat from its intense frigidity, is now supersaturated with an intense air of mental activity. We are a particularly bright form and it is astonishing that certain revered erudites do not seem to have realized this: however such is the conviction of the prefects and to endeavour to confute any of their statements amounts almost to sacrilege.

Having realized to the full what is meant by dividing a straight line internally and externally in a thousand and one different ways, the mathematical genius of the form has blossomed forth in a manner almost superhuman (it is unnecessary to apply to our Form Master for corroboration, it might cause offence to certain members of the community). Considering the assiduity with which we are pursuing our studies, and our innate psychological capacities, we are all absolutely confident that the result of this year's London Matriculation Examination will be——as per printed pass list.

Early in the term, W. Ross, Secretary of the Debating Society, Captain of the Swimming Club, Allotment Proprietor, etc., etc., left us in order to take up duties as Mining Engineer amidst manifestations of heartfelt grief; howsoever totally oblivious of certain slight pecuniary obligations.

The IVCL. has so far forgotten its position as to challenge us (the V!) to a game of "Basket Ball." By far the more dignified course, on our part, would have been to have treated such presumption with the contempt it deserved, but the Senate has decided that for the good of the School, the perpetrators of so audacious a proposal should be made an example of; therefore with magnificent condescension, the challenge has been accepted.

Ben. Gostomski, Tommy Mathews and Lloyd George are now doing munition work so the War will soon be over.

The War Office has made a great sacrifice in dispensing with the services of D. H. Jones till after June. Incidentally this is the date of the Matric. Exam. C.A.O.

FORM IVCL.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Laurence Morgan who was successful in the "Senior" at Cardiff last December.

We are progressing like "snails" in our work, and all hope to have distinctions in the Oxford Senior, but I am afraid some of us will have "extinctions." Geography, Mathematics and French are our "star" subjects. In the first mentioned, one boy had the audacity to say that rocks, after having been worn away, form coal. In the second subject, one of our mathematical geniuses reckoned that mn was m to the power of n . The Master being absent one day, the following was seen on the board :—

NOTICE.

No homework this evening.
Thanksgiving Service at 4-15 p.m.
All are requested to attend.

Evidently one master is fond of "ocular demonstrations." Our French master says that some of us are worse than we were in the second year, I believe age is telling, but we must live in hope. One of our "linguists" said that "*une côtelette, des œufs brouillés*" was a chop of boiled beef. Another said that "*de bon bouillon de cheval*" was "good broth of horses." Whilst on another's homework book was found the pleasing words, "Grammar and Syntax murdered !"

£5 reward to anyone who can prove that IVCL is not the coldest room in the School. During the latter days of January and the earlier days of February, it reminded me of "The Deserted Village." We are doing well at Basket Ball at present, and on St. David's Day we opposed IIR, who are reckoned to be "hot stuff." After a hard sporting game we ran out victors by 2 goals to nil. T.D.G.

FORM IVCL.

Once again we have to report good progress made, especially in one or two subjects (Official). This term we have endured an exceptional cold spell. The form room has been like a refrigerator, and it is a wonder that some of us did not freeze. The thermometer was regarded every five minutes. One Monday morning, the pipes were luke warm, and the thermometer registered 37 degrees. Oh Ye Gods! what a nice welcome on a Monday morning. During the term "Prize Day" came off. The Mayor and Mayoress were present, the latter distributing the Certificates. But "the" event was the speech by one Senior member of the School. By a witty speech he gained us a whole day's holiday. Many boys are working hard, for the "Senior" nears. At the time of writing it is understood that a Basket Ball Match has been arranged

between this form and III.R. "Ware III.R, thou enterest on a 'grave' campaign." But a report of this match will appear by "Anonymous." It is understood also that a Hockey Match against "X" is arranged.

It has been suggested that a Cadet Corps. should be formed in the School. How many boys agree with this? Don't let other schools take the lead. A number of "gems" have been collected during the term, but these are printed elsewhere—some in poetry, some in prose. R.M.J.

FORM IIIA.

Every day brings us nearer the Oxford Local exams which we eagerly look forward to (we don't think!!). In regard to work—especially home work—we want to know why we cannot join in the paper saving schemes afoot throughout the country. Why not do away with written home work—and do some "fagging" instead? (Perhaps neater work will help you to save paper! E.D.) Will any charitable person furnish us with a map of France? We are in great need of it in our room. Who is the ink—drinker in our midst? Who can this slave to the "well that so often runs dry" be? Perchance the night school boys—or the victims of the Detention edict, who (dis) grace our room daily, may reveal the poor inebriate. In any case we appeal to him to fill the pots up after he has had his fill. Like every other form with any claim to fame (!) we can prove absolutely that our room was the coldest in the school during the recent snap. If the thermometer tells true—a falling one meaning cold—surely we were in the coldest room for one day it fell—below freezing point? ay, a good deal! In fact it fell to the floor!

Games have been as regular as the weather permitted and although we lost on two occasions to a (physically) bigger form we harbour no grudge. We mustn't expect to have all the talents—physical and mental! Everything is going up! Our little hint in the last Mag. has evidently borne fruit for the Certificate Distribution Holiday has grown from a half to a whole day!! The member of our form who picked up a piece of red-hot metal with his fingers in the work-shop has earned the envy of the rest of us for his pluck!!

St. David's Day found us celebrating in the right atmosphere! The present day cry for Vegetables—not flowers—found us ready. Why is it that the smallest member of the form should be found sporting the largest leek? Fortunately he sat nearest the door. The address of the Rev J. J. Williams was highly

appreciated so good, so witty and so short. We were celebrating "Dewi Sant" in the best possible fashion before midday.

A to W.

FORM IIA.

At the commencement of the term, we were visited by a thick fall of snow which caused much sport in the lower yard.

We have founded a Form Library and already have 104 books.

The boys of the Form sincerely thank II Remove for their "kind and thoughtful" poem last term.

During this term we have played several football matches. When we played IB there was a dispute whether the match was a draw or whether we won, but finally we gave them the benefit of the doubt. Apart from this we have won every match, the most exciting being against IC whom we beat by 12 goals to 1.

TWO OF THE FORM.

FORM IIB.

During the winter we have felt the advantage of having a good room. For whereas the other forms have been bewailing the coldness of their rooms, we of IIB have been warm enough.

There are some changes to be recorded. Tom Rees has been transferred to IIR whereas G. Little, formerly of Llanelly, has joined us. We extend him a welcome and he will agree with us when we state that it will be his own fault if he is not happy here.

We congratulate D. J. Lewis on his fine play in the Swansea v. Cardiff match. He was unanimously adjudged the best forward on the field.

O.B. NOTES.

We are glad to hear of the success of W. Somerville, an old boy of the School. He has been appointed Staff Sergeant Instructor to the Northern Army School of Signallers, stationed at Caius College, Cambridge.

Tudor Davies is now in the Navy and is stationed at Plymouth.

Alan Bates has obtained his "wings" and is engaged in conveying aeroplanes across to France.

Cadet A. E. Fairs will be gazetted from Sandhurst in April.

Luther John (iv cl) has left school to take up work in the upper laboratory of Mond's Nickel Works.

"THE COWARD." (by E. Hopkins, III.)

CHAPTER IV.**A NIGHT OF ADVENTURE, PERIL AND TRIUMPH.**

One particularly dark night, the moon being obscured by dark, fleeting clouds, the two chums, as was their usual custom, left the school to follow the master. At the usual time, and at the same spot on the cliff edge, the quarry secreted himself, carefully watched by the two Third Formers. Suddenly, near at hand, a dry twig cracked, and the boys stiffened with excitement. Out of the inky darkness a green flash stabbed the black void. A few seconds later a similar signal was given from the shingle at the foot of the cliffs. Soon, scrambling footfalls could be heard and before long ten men had congregated on the edge of the cliff. They were met by their accomplice, and soon eight of the men were led towards the lonely house, while two remained as sentries.

The boys were in a fever of excitement, and were therefore greatly startled when they were confronted by their "master shirker." He grimly surveyed them for a few seconds, which seemed like hours to the two chums, and then asked their reasons for breaking bounds after "lights out."

Jack related everything, how they had suspected him, and suspecting, had shadowed him night after night. The master's stern face relaxed and after pondering for a few seconds told them in hurried whispers a story which changed their uncomfortable feeling of guiltiness to one of thrilled excitement. The mysterious house was the home of a half-mad and aged inventor. He had discovered a perfect process of making armoured steel, which, when applied in the making of our battleships, would convert them into absolutely shell-proof floating fortresses. The government had scoffed at the idea, and refused to have anything to do with the matter. He was sent by a syndicate of wealthy men to guard the inventor, who, being eccentric, had made no precautionary defences. By numerous agents he had received intimation that an endeavour to obtain the formula of the steel was to be made by the Germans, which no doubt was to be made that night. He recruited the boys' help, to their great delight.

The eight Germans had now been gone about three minutes, and were soon followed by the three adventurers. No sentries besides those on the top of the cliff had been posted and

therefore little difficulty was experienced in getting into the grounds. Treading carefully, they reached the block of buildings reserved for the miniature foundry, and by peering through a dirt-begrimed window they were able to see the interior. It was brilliantly lit, of oblong shape and fitted out as a scientific foundry, having a miniature furnace, troughs for the white-hot metal and in addition several weird complicated pieces of machinery. The room was unoccupied, but adjacent to it was a second room which might be. Therefore, using extreme caution the three crept round to the other side of the building, and were rewarded by seeing another window. The master peeped in but drew back with a look of disgust on his features. Motioning Jack and Pat to look, he drew back. What they saw filled them with pity and indignation. The old professor, tied securely to a chair, was being taunted by a blustering bully of a German, who tantalizingly waved the stolen formula before his helpless prisoner's face. When the boys looked round the master was examining a small but deadly revolver. Beckoning them to his side, and telling them to follow him he burst into the ante-room and covered the astonished Teutons. Jack and Pat at once liberated the dazed and grateful old inventor. The amazingly brave "shirker" then deprived the German in command, of the priceless formula.

Unfortunately, unnoticed by the master or the boys, a German had picked up, when pretending to lace his boot, a short, thick and weighty iron bar and with an unerring aim sent the revolver spinning from the master's hand. Without a moment's hesitation he muttered to the boys to make a dash for the open door. The next moment, hitting out right and left, they fought their way to the door and freedom. Indomitable British pluck and hard fists won, and they soon found themselves in the open air. With torn collars, ties awry, and dishevelled hair they ran, pursued by their furious enemies. They reached the cliffs fifty yards ahead of their pursuers. Mr. Allen stopped, lit a match and touched the fuse of a rocket, and soon high up in the heavens it burst into a shower of green stars.

They stumbled blindly down a secret precipitous path, almost exhausted, the bullets from their pursuers' revolvers whining and droning past them, while spurts of flame stabbed the darkness and urged them onward. At last they reached a big, jagged rock, from behind which Mr. Allen launched a small but powerful motor boat. He started the engine and a

spluttering roar shattered the silence and echoed among the surrounding rocks. Their pursuers had launched a rowing boat and shook their fists at the motor boat which was rapidly receding from the shore.

The German pursuing boat had slowed down. The captain took a whistle from his tunic, and blew a long shrill blast. Suddenly the waters were disturbed, and the ugly, grey menacing bulk of a submarine rose to the surface of the water. It took on board the pursuers; slowly the tanks filled, and she submerged. All that could now be seen was the periscope, the eye of the boat, as it went in pursuit of the daring three.

On board the motor-boat the steady roar had stopped. The engine was out of order, and the three were mad with anxiety. Their searchlight picked out the periscope, which was coming nearer and nearer. Soon a death dealing torpedo would be fired and— they shuddered to think. Mr Allen feverishly repaired the engine. Nearer, nearer the submarine approached, and it looked as if nothing could save them. The motor-boat was now motionless on the oily swell. Every second they expected to see the long white line of foam creep towards them, while they could only watch and wait for the end.

The East was lighting with the coming dawn, and with the coming of the day came deliverance. Out of the sky leapt a beam of light and down on the unsuspecting submarine came a pear shaped bomb. A shattering explosion sounded, and all the waters heaved, while a big swell almost swamped the motionless motor-boat. All that remained of the submarine was an oily patch on the surface of the water.

The answer to the rocket alighted on the surface of the water, in the shape of a waterplane, which towed the motor-boat back to the land.

Jack and Pat did not return to School that term, but went on a tour to recover from their exciting experiences.

Needless to say, this exploit brought under the notice of the government the professor's extraordinary invention, but how it helped to win the Naval War is another story.

St. Peter's has forgotten "the master shirker," but will never forget the first name emblazoned on her Roll of Honour, Captain Allen, V.C.

THE END.

E. HOPKINS, III REMOVE.

SUGGESTIONS.

Many of the Public Schools of England have been given plots of land to cultivate. This seems an excellent opportunity for the public school boy to help increase the supply of food. With the aid of the Local Education Authority this could be done in our own school. At the same time volunteers for such work would have the satisfaction of doing something towards the solution of the food problem.

If the Education Authority is unable to provide us with land, would it not be feasible to offer local farmers the services of the older boys for work during their spare time?

Another matter that has escaped attention is the poverty of our School Library. The Library is undoubtedly inadequate to the needs of Senior Oxford and Matriculation Students. The works of the most important novelists, viz :—Thackeray, and George Eliot, are each represented by one volume.

Most of the Senior boys have to rely on the Public Library for their supply of reading material. But as that institution has only one or two copies of these classics it follows that only a few can be supplied.

Many Secondary Schools have introduced a system by which every boy on leaving is asked to present a book to the School Library. If such a practice were adopted here, it would help to increase our stock of books.

On the other hand, it is quite probable that, if applied to, the Local Education Authority would grant a sum of money for the purchase of an adequate supply of literature.

G.R.P.

[If there are sufficient volunteers, the suggestion for a School Allotment can be carried out. Boys on leaving have been asked to bequeath a book to the School Library and to leave the sum of one shilling for copies of the School Magazine for the ensuing twelve months, but so far in vain. The present library was supplied by the Education Authority, but a request for an initial sum of £20 and an annual contribution of £5 was not granted. Meanwhile Form II^A have established a Form Library by lending books of their own. A Form levy of sixpence per term or per annum would in time establish permanent Form Libraries. Ed.]

BASKET BALL MATCH.

At noon on St David's Day, just after the address by the Rev. J. J. Williams, a crowd assembled to witness a Basket Ball Match between IVCL and IIIR. Sergeant Bird was referee. The teams lined up as follows :—

(IVCL) Goal: O. Owens; Backs: B. Davies, O. L. Jones, and M. B. Edwards; Forwards: J. Mason, T. D. Phillips, and E. Jenkins.

(IIIR) Forwards: C. Allen, B. Barter, and D. H. Lloyd; Backs: S. Hopton, P. Bowen, and A. Hanson; Goal: C. Mathias.

Play began, and good passing by the IVCL forwards was witnessed. This enabled them to get the better of their opponents during the first half. T. D. Griffiths and E. Jenkins had several shots which just missed the mark. Lloyd Jones, the human "tank" used his weight with judgment, but he often lost the ball after good runs. The Removites stuck to their task and defended well, making one or two good rushes, which however proved fruitless owing to faulty shooting. Intercepting a pass, T. D. Griffiths sent home an excellent shot just on half time. Half Time Score:—

IVCL	...	1 goal.
IIIR	...	Nil.

The game was resumed, IVCL still pressing, and almost immediately T. D. Griffiths scored the second goal, by a well judged shot. The Removites made some desperate sallies, when B. Barter and Allen were ever conspicuous. Several shots by the former were all but effective. But IVCL kept on attacking, only failing badly in their shooting. Final:—

IVCL	...	2 goals.
IIIR	...	Nil

Most of the play was of a striking character, and on the whole the match was a well-contested one. It is to be hoped more of these matches will be arranged in the future.

ANONYMOUS.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Received with thanks:—The Swansea Grammar School Magazine, the Parmiter Magazine, and the Westminster City School Magazine.

JUNIOR RUGBY.

The season which is just ending has been very successful and very disappointing! The disappointments have arisen through the unkindness of the weather and war conditions which have sadly curtailed the number of matches and also the size of the League.

The absence of many teachers "on active service" brought the League down to six teams and "exemptions" in the schools have caused some of these teams to withdraw before the end.

From a playing point of view, the School Team has had a most successful season. In fact, if the team had had its opportunities as in ordinary seasons, it would have turned out one of the best the school has had and quite a number would have gained places in the Town Team, with more than one figuring in a Welsh team.

During the season, nine League games were played. Seven of these resulted in wins, the remaining two (v Industrial) being draws. The wins were gained over Danygraig (3), Baptist Well, Hafod, St. Helen's and Industrial—the last game of the three.

The feature of the season in this respect has been the marked superiority over our old friends and rivals from Bony-maen, who were the inferior team on each of the three occasions, especially in the last two games when we fielded a man (Coker or Lane) short.

The scoring sheet does not contain such a total as former years showed—only 20 tries having been scored. The scorers were R. Coker, (Capt.) 7, B. Jones 6, S. Hopton 3, C. Lane (Vice Capt.) 2, T. John and J. E. Gray (full back) 1 each.

B. Jones has the honour of scoring twice against Industrial and of kicking the only goal.

Points against us were a little larger than is usual, but never more than one try per game, Industrial scoring one in each encounter and Hafod and St. Helen's annexing three points apiece.

Thus the points for and against are 62—15.

In all, 22 lads took part, but 15 of the following 16 were the usual team:—Gray (full back); Jenkins, Evans, Jones and Shephard ($\frac{3}{4}$); Coker and Hopton ($\frac{1}{2}$); Lane, Parfitt, Cockle, Ragione, John, Williams, Ogborn, Gravelle and Payze.

Gray, though on the small side, has been an excellent last line of defence and against Danygraig made himself the first line of attack by notching a try on his own.

The threequarters worked well together, Bernard Jones being the outstanding player in offence and defence. He tackled unerringly and his strong runs were most difficult to stop.

Captain Coker has done exceedingly well, leading the team with unfailing energy and goodwill. His football shows that his third season was the result of two years' development, being "heady" in all its movements.

Hopton worked the scrum with success and towards the end of the season he got rid of his slight hesitancy and went for the line in good style.

Of the forwards, Lane, Parfitt, Cockle and John were the "big uns" and Ragione a little "big un" who all worked hard in scrum and open. Their open play was excellent and took some pulling up. The others, although smaller in physique were never lacking in vim and pluck.

Ex-Capt. Barter must have a word for his faithful attendance at the games. His support was much appreciated by the Team.

The season, though so badly cut into, has been most enjoyable and the sporting play of all the lads was, in itself, an education in self control and unselfishness.

Well played, lads!

WHO'S WHO IN THE SCHOOL TEAM.

The School has played 11 matches. Won 7, drawn 2, and lost 2. (The School lost by 1 goal on each occasion, players failing to turn up). The School Team of this year has surpassed all previous records and is noted for its combination, a thing which has been lacking in the previous school teams.

O. L. JONES.—(Captain). The School's human "Tank." Goes through anything—nuff said!

H. EDWARDS.—(Vice-Captain). Has rushed through many a team leaving a track (?) behind. Very good at long kicks. Also very interested in the "passers by." A good hand at hockey.

M. LYNN.—Our "goalie" and Hon. Sec. In spite of mud, generally about three inches deep, he has saved many certain goals. Takes much of the school field home on each occasion.

L. PARKER.—Right back. An excellent player both in offence and defence. Now "old boy" of the School. Always turns up to home or away matches.

B. DAVIES.—Left back. A bold, strong and powerful kick, has often set the opposition thinking. Generally stops the man or the ball. Also an excellent forward. Has scored first "hat trick" for many years.

W. R. WILLIAMS.—A consistent and cool player. On good terms with the cow of the neighbouring farm. A good hand at breaking hockey sticks.

G. WHYATT.—The wonder of the School Team. Always admired by his opponents. Has a magnificent left kick and has made the goal average go up.

I. DAVIES.—An old player for the School and can play like a professional. Has often decided our fate in a match.

E. TYRREL.—The School's centre. The mainstay of the forward line. A bag of tricks. Has surpassed all previous centres. Has obtained his Schools' International Cap.

L. ABRAHAM.—The "Tower" of strength in the forward line. Generally steps over the opposing halves. An excellent back also. Never known to fall.

G. GIBBS.—The School's right wing. The pride of the School Team. Lack of weight is no obstacle here. A fast runner. Gets knocked about at times.

THE SPECTATOR.

PASSING.

The happy shouts of merry lads at play
 Awake the echoes of an autumn day.
 Careless and joyful, heedless of the morrow,
 School hours forgot, they chase away dull sorrow.
 But down the shady lane, o'er new-shed leaves.
 A slow and solemn cortege they perceive,
 And while they gaze, they doff their caps and stand
 Silent and awed, a thoughtful reverent band.
 When all of that sad train had softly passed
 Onward to where we all must be at last,
 Then, back to play with zest once more they run.
 And soon forget in boyish, boisterous fun.

W. Ross. (V)

“ ‘SOME’ FORM.”

There is one Form, in our old school,
Well know to all the rest;
And that is easy to explain,
For 'tis by far the best.

Our Form is strong in Geography,
These 'gems' have come to hand;
One boy when asked, "What is a sound"
Said, "'Tis a strip of land."

In French again we do our best,
To please our master 'bien';
One day he asked one of our boys,
What means, "Un mouton chien."

The boy was taken unawares,
"A mutton dog," said he;
But he did not quite see the joke,
When told, "You're all at sea."

Of course, it's not an easy thing,
To be intelligent;
And often times you'll find things said,
That are not really meant.

In Algebra we're getting on
(And off). We're doing Logs;
And every time we do things wrong,
"We're going to the dogs."

But still we hold our own against
School work; "The Senior" nears;
And 'tis the wish of all the Form,
To beat all previous years.

One of our boys, pronouncing 'dough'
(He must have been a muff),
Instead of saying dough like 'doe',
Well, he pronounced it 'duff.'

Now, if our English master heard
Of this, it would be rough-er,
Because, he would have then replied,
I guess, that boy's "some duff-er?"

But nothing daunted we work on,
And swot with all our might;
For oft through doing things all wrong,
We learn to do them right.

And now you know how we progress,
And see, we get on well;
And if you wish to know the Form,
Sans doute c'est IV cl !

SILAS WEGG, IV CL.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Session opened on October 13th, when after impromptu speeches, a scene from Sheridan's Rivals gave scope to histrionic talent. Incidentally Ross's hat was a nightmare and Lynn's moustache a dream.

Subjects of later debates were : "That a Kingdom is more desirable than a Republic," "That a savage is happier than a civilised man," "That Ghosts are real."

An entertainment was held on the last day of the Xmas Term in the Unitarian Schoolroom. Miscellaneous items included Widdicombe Fair, a chorus in which O. L. Jones was the central figure. In the Merchant of Venice, A. Oldham made an excellent Portia and M. Lynn surpassed himself as Shylock ; other parts were taken by G. R. Phillips, W. Ross, A. Ross, A. Bromham, H. Harman and O. K. Richards. The total takings were over £2 but owing to the amusement tax and extra expenses the net proceeds were reduced to 11/6.

One dark and stormy night (Jan. 12th, 1917), a band of strolling players, fatigued by a long march and encumbered with baggage, presented a similar programme at Parc Wern Hospital to the soldiers, wounded in the Great War.

After their pronounced success as public performers, several boys are thinking of taking to the stage as a permanent profession !

It is hoped that the Debating Society will be carried on with even greater success next winter, and that a Dramatic Society may be permanently established.

SCHOOL SWIMMING CLUB.

BADGES.

FIRST CLASS—W. Hopkins (2) L. Whitlock ().

SECOND CLASS—G. Boyle (1A) M. Drummond (2B) G. Evans () T. Pickering (1VCL) W. Price W. Waters (2).

Municipal Secondary School (Girls).

Editress ... Miss Gwen John.

EDITORIAL.

We regret very sincerely losing our late Editress. We are truly "ships that pass in the night" and the passing of a genial, kindly member of the staff is always a loss. The staff presented Miss Thorp with a fountain pen as a small token of esteem and perhaps as a gentle hint that they would like to hear more of her. I am sure our magazine readers would. Miss Hoey, our new Art Mistress, is very welcome amongst us. We are sorry we cannot welcome her to an edifice more in keeping with her vocation, but in these hard days when our brave soldiers and others are in such sordid surroundings, in constant danger and suffering great discomfort, we must get out of our chronic habit of complaining (not without cause) of our poor school building.

We cannot very well let this number of our Magazine go to print without mentioning what an inspiring and enjoyable morning we spent on St. David's Day. The girls opened with a very fine rendering of "Land of Hope and Glory." The Rev. Picton Evans of Morriston was then introduced by Miss Phipps, and he gave us a nice chatty and homely address, telling us many things worth bearing in mind. He gave us interesting peeps into the state of things in the schools of his boyhood days and impressed upon us that we, as a school, had a great reputation to live up to. He urged Welsh girls to appreciate the beauties of the English language, but in the words of the poet "Cofia Pantycelyn yr un pryd." In conclusion he preached the gospel of work, very appropriately at this time, when every shoulder should be at the wheel to save our great Empire.

In proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Evans, Miss Phipps gave a most interesting and inspiring address on working for work's sake and was particularly impressive when she spoke of the talents, often lying dormant, which existed among the girls, and also of the influence for good or evil that girls might wield over the school, the home, and even the nation. Beth Williams seconded the proposition most happily, referring appropriately to our School motto, "Nihil Sine Labore."

Ceinwen Thomas gave a spirited rendering on her violin of the Welsh air "Hela'r Ysgyfarnog" and the plaintive air, "Yn Nyffryn Clwyd" was also much enjoyed. I wonder if we could have renderings on the harp with penillion singing next St. David's Day?) Ida Davies recited "Y Brythoniaid Bychain" very well indeed. Janet Williams gave us "Carwn ein Gwlad" with Welsh fervour and not a little histrionic talent. The celebration terminated with the singing of "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," and "God Save the King." The workers amongst us, and the others, thoroughly appreciated the respite from work in the afternoon, in honour of our worthy Saint.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We are pleased to hear of the success of a former pupil, Mabel Evans. Miss Evans, after obtaining her Lond. Matric. at this School, graduated at Leeds University, and at the end of an exceptionally brilliant course, obtained her Degree with First Class Honours (History), winning the Gladstone Prize for the best dissertation on an historical subject. Miss Evans is at present Lecturer in History at Sunderland Training College. Professor Grant, in the preface to his recently published historical work, acknowledges his great indebtedness to Miss Mabel Evans for her assistance in research work.

We regret to announce the death of the father of one of our Staff—Miss G. Williams. Mr. Williams was a well known Swansea schoolmaster, greatly loved by all who knew him. We offer sincere condolences to Miss Williams in her bereavement.

Miss Thorp has taken up a position as Art Mistress at Southport High School, and Miss Hoey, of Blackburn Secondary School has taken her place at our School. We wish them both every success.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of "The Kookaburra," the Sydney Training College Magazine. Miss Gwen Morris kindly forwarded it to Miss Thomas.

We were glad to see one of our old Mistresses the other day, Mrs. Sid. Bevan. Her husband, Corporal Bevan, a local teacher, has recently sent us some very interesting specimens of French copy books picked up near the firing line. This shows us that many children are not allowed to pursue their studies in the calm and security we enjoy.

It is of interest that the Welsh name for our newly adopted emblem, the daffodil, is "Ceninen Pedr,"—"Peter's leek." So we were determined to have a leek as our emblem after all.

We regret to note the death of Private Dovell, an old boy and a brother of one of our former mistresses, Mrs. C. Wilson. He was a hockey enthusiast, and helped to teach our girls to play when hockey was first started at our school. We sympathise with Mrs. Wilson in her bereavement, and would also offer her congratulations on the birth of her son.

I wonder what the Food Controller would have said to the "goodies" consumed at the Hockey Social, but the Social was greatly enjoyed, so "nuff said!"

The girls are to be congratulated upon their self-sacrificing contributions to the Egg Fund, and great credit is due to Miss Chegwiddden for having inaugurated and kept up the Fund.

Why is the fire-horn heard no more? Is it because we have more real and sterner alarms? It hangs on its accustomed nail undisturbed, more reminiscent of Boy Blue of Nursery Rhyme fame, than of the horrors of a fire.

We had an extraordinary holiday the other day. It was one of those blessings from whence one kneweth not. But we can guess. Thank you Mr. Mayor!

The girls enjoyed the serial by a budding author in the Boys' School. In fact we enjoyed all the Boys' School contributions, but regret that we are losing our reputation as the fairer sex for having a lot to say, as proved by the fact that we can only fill such a small proportion of the Magazine. Place aux dames—s'il vous plaît!

With what emotion and conviction the seniors sang "Blow, blow, blow Winter Wind," before the cold snap. Surely they are persuaded ere this, that man's ingratitude is preferable. Anyhow we are more used to it, and it is not the primary cause of chilblains and other woes that flesh is heir to.

In the eyes of our Juniors the notice-board is a thing to be treated with respect, and not to be stared at unduly. We know now why St. David's Day and half term holiday is announced in January. Lest we forget (to look)!

GIRL'S FORM NOTES.

FORM VI.

Hearty congratulations to all who have passed the Senior Oxford in December, and a sincere welcome to the three newcomers, to swell our class! We have already taught them a considerable amount of General Knowledge, including the fact (?) that white lime is exceedingly good for the hair, or at least, so our ceiling seems to think, for it is very generous with its scanty store—in war time, too! Another fact which they have learnt, and which is not generally known, is that there are six senses—seeing, feeling, smelling, tasting, hearing and adoring, so one of our girls recently informed us in a French Lesson.

We hope that the fabulous new school, which is, at present, a vague dream in the far distance, will be situated at the top of a hill for then there might be a chance of a few holidays in the winter, when haulage is difficult, for at present we have about our normal amount of coal, while other schools have a holiday, because they cannot obtain any—much to the chagrin of the girls.

Did you say that Form VI girls are domineering? Why, they are as modest as violets, especially the Latin section, for they are quite content to be called Form II. That shows how unassuming they are, for the list thus headed has been on the wall for about a fortnight, and even now the majority of the girls have not noticed it. It is evident that not one of them was ever intended to be a Scout or a "Sherlock Holmes."

G.H.

Every kind action receives its reward! But little did the Upper Forms dream that theirs would be rewarded so quickly and in such a way. In order to provide a Christmas Tree for Christ Church Infants the girls of Forms IVa, Va, Vb, and VI dressed dolls for it. We heard that they were much appreciated and to show their gratitude some of the children came up on Thursday morning (Dec. 21st) to give us a concert. They were quite little mites and were dressed in appropriate and pretty costumes. They were not in the least abashed to see such a crowd of smiling girls, but they were very proud to have the privilege of coming to the Secondary School which they consider as a sort of Heaven. ("Where ignorance is bliss . . . !")

The first item was a "soldier song," by the little boys. They all had khaki uniforms on and the louder they shouted, the better pleased they seemed. Next the smallest children came up and recited "How'd *you* like to be a baby?" This was said most feelingly—experience being the best teacher. A little boy and girl then came up and gave a Scottish duet and dance. They kept on jigging for quite five minutes and we expect many of our girls remembered a time when they used to do the same in the "Morris Dances." Much amusement was caused among the scholars when they saw the queer places in which the children thought their hearts were. The last item on the programme was "The Minuet." This was done very well, each girl keeping strict time and in perfect step with the others. Miss Gwynn kindly allowed the girls to choose any item for the children to perform again. We expect you can guess which one was unanimously called for—"The Little Soldiers." Miss Phipps then proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Gwynn, Miss Way and Miss Adcock for the admirable way in which they had trained the infants. The collection plates (empty chalk-boxes!) went round to the accompaniment of the National Anthem. A sum of £1 2s. 8d. was realized and was handed over to the B. & O. Fund.

G. HOUNSELL and B. WILLIAMS.

Our school-fellows of last year are now launched upon the world, pursuing their respective studies. We credit them that they do not lack originality.

Our old friend, Annie Foner, is the only pupil at the Technical College who is studying to become a lady doctor. We are justly proud of her nerve in cutting poor frogs to pieces, and vivisectioning dog-fish, from which the odour is most savoury. *Cela va sans dire!* Elsie Madel, her old colleague, is going in for applied Maths, intending to take her B.Sc. We hope that they will both make such splendid progress as they have hitherto made.

The other girls are, of course, out as S.T's. We are all sorry to learn that M. Hopkins, who was so successful last year is now seriously ill. "Form Sixites" wish her a speedy recovery.
D.H.

Gwen Morris, an old pupil at our school, who left to go to Australia, is now teaching out there. She has been through her training and is a fully fledged teacher. There is some compensation even for living away from the old country.

They have six weeks holiday in Australia at Christmas! We hope that will be our luck when we enter the noblest of professions!! Although Gwen was very excited about going to Australia, she is now looking forward to the time when she will return; for after all, there is no place like the "old cuntry." She wishes to be remembered to all her old teachers and school-pals.

K.C.

FORM VA.

Congratulations to the girls who passed and to the girls who completed their Senior Oxford in December. We all wish them well in their future careers. We would congratulate Ida Davies upon the recitation rendered on Gwyl Dewi Saint. An old VA girl, Gwen Morris, has sent Miss Thomas a very interesting account of her college life in Australia which will be found on another page.

FORM VB.

The ubiquitous mouse has inspired a Welsh authoress in this class.

PWY YW'R DRWGWEITHREDWR?

Un bore wedi dyfod i'r ysgol ac wedi agor fy nhesc, arswyd anwyl! beth welais i, dim, ond arwyddion fod llygoden wedi tori mewn i fy nhesc. Yr oedd yr un digwilydd wedi cloddio tyllau drwy un gongl o'r desc wrth wneud hynny yr oedd yn angenrheidiol fwyta yn chwarian drwy lyfr cyn gallai gael ffordd rhydd fyned i fewn i'r lle y mynai. Yr wyf yn sicr nid yw'r llygodeu yn gwybod dim am y gofyniad mawr, sef, "Trefniad Rhyfel" (War Economy) neu fyddai dim môr anfwyn a bywta llyfr merch. Ond feallai y mae rhyw esgus ganddo am droi yn leidr; feallai y mae'r tywydd oer diweddaf yr ydym wedi cael wedi fod yn galed arno; ond yn wir byddem yn fwy boddlon pe byddai'n bywta rhywbeth arall yn lle llyfrau'r ysgol. Os ydyw rhywun yn adnabod y drwgweithredwr, byddem yn falch iawn os byddech yn dweud wrtho i fyned at ddesc rhyw eneth arall am dro.

Gydag esgus odion i'r alaw, "Doli," yr wyf yn cyflwyno hwn i'r Llygoden.

"A welaist, adwaenost lygoden
Sydd yn hoff o fywta llyfrau merched?
Dechreu yn yr hwyr, gorffen y wawr wen,
O hoffwn ni ddala'r un ddiniwed."

ECIRTAEB, VB.

FORM Vc.

We welcome the return of the clock to the next room after a week's holiday, with internal pains, but in the words of our beloved Shakespeare, "Thereby hangs a tale."

Mag. Week ! How pleasantly the sound rings in my ears ! As soon as the first mention of the Mag. is made, I picture someone sitting before a blazing fire ; (my ideal of comfort in winter), reading a grey backed book.

Well ! Mag. week advances. It is now three days since the notice for contributions to the Mag. came round. There is a continual sound, incessant as the murmur of the ocean. It is "What are you going to put in the Mag ?" and a reply of "I don't know." If the contributions are not as numerous on the part of the girls as they might be, it is not through any flagging on the part of the editress. We have always been blessed with a very enthusiastic editress, and the editress this time exceeds the limit. I hope the contributions will also. Vive Le Mag !

DORA MASS.

We hear that Vc are on more than nodding terms with Shakespeare. They converse with him daily. How ? you will ask. Ask them. This accounts perhaps for their philosophic outlook upon life.

Alphonse Dandet, the author of "La Dernière Classe," of which a translation appears in this number was a very illegible writer. He thought seriously of adopting the type-writer. I wonder if this is the reason, so many of our girls have such a decided "penchant" for this machine.

FORM IVA.

IVA are quite convinced (or rather some of them are) that the "Moratorium" was the name given to the early part of the War. As their mistake shows that they evidently are not liable for long bills and are in this way practising War economy, we will forgive them.

FORM IVc.

Even one of the dreariest of dreary rooms in our dreary school sometimes has its diversions. Our respected commercial master happened to be standing by the fire-place one afternoon, when the snow was on the ground, when a snowball

came right across the room and nearly hit him in the face. Luckily it went into the fire instead. "Many a shot at random sent finds mark the archer little meant."

Latest economy !—Put golden Syrup into your tea instead of sugar. I should not say it was advisable to mix one's drinks thus.

FORM IIIA.

There are poets and authoresses in the making in this form. We would like to hear more of them.

FORM IIIB.

An exciting incident in Form IIIB Classroom.

One Wednesday Morning during our French Lesson we had rather an unwelcome visitor. It was about half-past ten when a movement from the end of the classroom attracted my attention. One of our girls was trying with an anxious and amazed expression on her face to sit (in plain words) on her feet. The girl sitting behind was also looking with an amazed and also puzzled expression on her face, on the floor underneath her. Whatever could be the cause of all this? As I was looking at these poor individuals who seemed so distressed, one of the girls whispered across to me that the cause of this commotion was a small harmless creature called a mouse..

GWEN JAMES.

FORM II.

Form II will be glad to hear that the dirty little grey kitten that came to gladden their hearts for one day and for which they showed so much solicitude, has found a home with an old scholar in Richard's Place.

We hope that someone who says that she "cannot be a genius at everything" will shortly discover that she has a genius for story-telling—pardon ! I mean tale-writing. We quite expected a serial from Form II !

FORM I.

We would thank A. Murray for her nice topical article about "Sights at Sea in Wartime." We shall be expecting great things from Form I in the future.

SENIOR OXFORD RESULTS, DECEMBER 1916 (Girls).

PASSES.—I. Goldsworthy—Arithmetic, English, French, Mathematics, Drawing.

A. Hosking—Arithmetic, History, English, French, Maths.

G. Le Bars—Arithmetic, History, French, Mathematics, Drawing.

F. Thomas—Arithmetic, Scripture, History, English, French.

The following girls completed examination in the following subjects :—

K. Clement—English.

D. Matthews—English and Geography.

M. Jenkins—Geography.

HOCKEY.

This season has proved to be most busy and eventful.

On Dec. 2 after traversing the most delightful (?) neighbourhood which leads to the Midland Station, we arrived there only to be met with the comforting news that the Ystalyfera Hockey Field was six inches under snow. However, the following Saturday found us in the train en route for Ystalyfera. There we were met by some of the opposing team who conducted us to their "noble edifice", the sight of which aroused pangs of envy in the hearts of the "Emessessites." After a most enjoyable game we, the vanquished, were quite ready for the excellent tea which our opponents had provided. After tea, the usual speeches were made by the two Captains, and after a deal of persuasion Miss Landon spoke a few words. We returned a much more tired and wetter team than when we set out, but more determined than ever to practice ready for the return match (which unfortunately (?) cannot come off). On January 20, the 1st XI played a team of girls who had formerly attended the M. S. S. In that game we proved that practice makes for improvement, for at last we managed to reach the opponents' goal. The forwards passed well one to another and were well supported by the half-backs. As a result the half-time score was two all; but we had the wind against us for the second half and the final score was 6—3. (never say die!)

On February 10, we were very disappointed to hear that the Ystalyfera team could not come down, but thanks to Miss Landon, we played the 2nd XI of the Training College instead. While we were awaiting our formidable opponents, we were immensely cheered (?) to hear that the Coll. back had never let a goal pass her during her whole career. The game was against us from the first, but we put up a good fight. Thanks to our goalie and backs, the enemy shot fewer goals than they might have done. After the match we went back to Trinity Schoolroom where tea awaited us. The Coll. girls greatly amused us by anecdotes concerning their life "up on the hill". Afterwards, games were played and tricks performed. At 7 p.m. the social gathering broke up and the team thanked Miss Landon and the girls who gave up their afternoon to prepare the tea. On March 17 we are playing a return match with the "Old Scholars" and on March 24 the Intermediate Girls School Team. We hope to publish in the next issue that we have at last been successful.

At present the great fault with the team is that the forwards will persist in playing halves. They have certainly improved since the beginning of the season, but there is still room for improvement. The halves and backs are fairly steady and the goalie rarely loses her nerve. With careful practice this team could become one of the best.

THE HOCKEY SOCIAL.

For the fortnight previous to Dec. 15, six harassed girls might have been seen each evening, emerging from the laboratory, where together with Miss Landon, they had been in consultation. The result of the secret conclaves was apparent on Dec. 22, when a most delightful social took place. It was to commence at 6.30 p.m., but long before that time a bevy of girls was assembled in Trinity Schoolroom, which had been quite transformed in the course of the afternoon.

It had been arranged that those who wished, could come in fancy dress and as a result the room was filled with gypsies, courtiers, Japanese, Irish, etc. The older and more sedate represented a book, and this competition provided great amusement throughout the evening. After a few games such as musical arms, twos and threes, had been indulged in, the hard-working "committees" performed their charade.

Scene—A Desert Island.

Dramatis Personæ.

Ferdinand	Beth Williams
Violet	Winnie Atkins
Augustus	Bronwen Abraham
Daisy	Ruth Grenfell
Yalla (a negro)...	Winnie Thomas
The Witch	Dora Mass

Of course, the intelligent assembly (?) guessed the word, which was "Sandwich" in a very short time.

Now came the most important event of the evening, viz., the refreshments, which were abundant and varied. The work of the cutting up and making of sandwiches devolved upon Miss Landon and some of the girls.

After "supper", Miss Phipps regaled the girls with two of her most amusing "yarns", a Scotch and a Welsh one. Then followed some miscellaneous games, stations and singing proverbs. At the urgent request of some of the girls, dancing was begun; but owing to the large number of girls, the music could not be heard, so the elegant dancing ended in hopping and jiggling.

At 9.30 (the hour for the carriages) the social was brought to a close by a vote of thanks to Miss Landon for her untiring energy in preparing such a pleasant evening. Thanks were also given to Miss Holmes, Miss G. Williams, Miss Hopkins, Miss Fisher and Miss Thorp for their kind assistance during the evening.

Beth Williams (Captain).
Winnie Thomas (Sec).

SIGHTS AT SEA IN WARTIME.

At the time when this great European War started, I was at sea with my mother and father. We heard the great news when our ship was at Dover. On our way to Hull, I saw many submarines submerging in the North Sea. Our ship was stopped many times by patrol boats, because the men had to look at the ship's papers. The name of our ship was the Eppleton which belonged to Swansea. I saw many warships, and sea-planes went floating along the water like graceful sea-gulls. Reaching the river Humber I went on deck, and I saw many ships being loaded and unloaded by the side of the quay. We stayed in Hull for two days. Then we started for Jersey. Here and there I saw the top of a mast which

belonged to some wrecked fishing smack. My mother and I were permitted to go on a Hospital ship, but we did not see any of the soldiers. Nearing Jersey we were told that a mine had been sighted. That day the three small boats were slung over the side and food and water was put in them in case anything should happen. Many men slept on deck that night, but my father was not willing for us to go on deck. I could not go to sleep that night because I was excited and partly because I was afraid. Nothing happened that night and the next morning we reached Jersey. I went on shore next day with my mother. We saw the Castle and fortress which stood on the hill. Fruit and vegetables were very cheap. The cargo was taken off very slowly in baskets. We stayed there for a week. Then we returned to Swansea.

A. MURRAY, FORM I.

DOING OUR BIT !

Mid these wars and struggles rife,
We sometimes fail to see,
That every little matter helps
For the good of our old country.

We cannot fight like soldiers,
In the battle long and drear,
We cannot all be nurses,
Though much we'd like to be.

But what we can, though small
And poor it may be,
We'll do it with a will
For the old country.

We'll put our contributions
Though little they may be,
To help to swell the War Loan
And help the old country !

On the allotments too
We do our little bit,
By weeding and attending
The potatoes till they fruit.

And when the war is over
And Peace regains her power,
We'll say we "kept the home fires burning"
And that we did our bit.

A. JAMES, IIIA.

COLLEGE LIFE IN SYDNEY.

Last May I wrote to the Department of Education asking for particulars of the Training of Teachers, also enclosing my certificate for the Junior, Oxford. I soon received a reply informing me, that in view of the pass I had gained in the Junior, and provided that I could pass the medical examination, I should be admitted to Hereford House Training College for a course of six months. I was also requested to sign a form binding myself to the service for three years, and expressing my intention of accepting any appointment in New South Wales. The students trained at this college are mostly appointed to the country districts. No student under the age of 16 years is admitted to the college. Students over 18 years are appointed to small schools, of any number of pupils from about 10 to 50 at the most. Occasionally a student is appointed to two halftime schools. There are generally about six children in each school. The teacher then rides generally on horse-back, between the two schools spending two days in the first and three days in the next. The next week she teaches for three days in the first and two days in the next. Children from about 5 to 14 years attend these schools and if the school is very far out, and it is the first school to be established there, quite big boys and girls will attend occasionally, although the settlers generally manage to find some way to educate their children. Students under 18 years become Junior Assistants in country schools and from Xmas 1916 the wages will be £110 per annum, and £132 per annum for small school teachers.

Certain of the best schools in Sydney are used as practising schools where the students go twice every week for practice in teaching. The Students also spend part of the time watching demonstration lessons which have been especially prepared for students. The only subjects that are especially studied are Nature Work and either History, Geography, or English. A scholarship of £25 is awarded to each Short Course Student. Every student is also provided with all necessary text books. There is also a long course training where the principles followed are all very similar to those in England. After 4 years at a high school, two years training is needed. £100 is given to each student while in training and all text books free. The Long Course Students are appointed to city schools. The Short Course Training College is a fairly recent institution. It was commenced owing to the great scarcity of teachers after the outbreak of war.

G. Morris.

Hereford House Training College, Sydney, N.S.W.

Translation of "La Dernière Classe" (Alphonse Daudet)

By GWEN JOHN.

MY LAST LESSON IN FRENCH.

That morning I was very late for school, and I was very much afraid of being scolded, especially as M. Hamel had told us that he would question us on the rule for the participle, and I did not know a word of it. A thought came to me that I would not go to school, but go and play in the fields instead. The weather was so warm and bright, the shrill song of the blackbird could be heard from the outskirts of the wood, and in Rippert's meadow behind the saw-mill the Prussians were drilling. All these things attracted me far more than the rule of the participle, but I had the strength to resist, and I hurried to school.

In passing in front of the small town hall I saw that there were some people standing near the case in which the notices were hung. For two years it was there that we had received all the bad news—lost battles, levies, and the orders of the authorities, and I thought without stopping to look, "What is the matter now?" As I ran across the square the blacksmith Wachter who, with his apprentice was reading the poster, shouted to me, "You need not be in such a hurry, little one, you will reach school quite soon enough." I thought he was making fun of me, and I ran so quickly that I entered the little schoolyard quite out of breath.

Usually, at the beginning of school there was a great uproar that could be heard from the street, desks opening and shutting, the repeating of lessons out loud, everyone shutting their ears in order to learn better, and the big ruler of the master, which often struck the desk, demanding silence. I was counting on this disturbance to help me to reach my place without being seen, but that day all was quiet like a Sunday morning. Through the open window I could see my school-fellows arranged in their seats, and M. Hamel who walked backwards and forwards with his terrible stick under his arm. I had to open the door and enter in the midst of this great hush. You can imagine how I blushed and how afraid I was! There was no need of fear, however. M. Hamel looked at me without anger, and said very quietly, "Go to your place quickly, little Frantz, we were going to begin without you." I jumped over the form and sat down immediately at my desk. Then becoming a little more composed, I noticed that our master was wearing his handsome green coat, his black embroidered silk cap that he only wore on inspection days and for the distribution of prizes. Besides, all the class had an unusual appearance and were very solemn.

But what surprised me most was to see at the back of the room, on the seats which were usually empty, the people of the village seated silently like us. Old Hauser with his three-cornered hat, the mayor, the old postman, and others. Everyone looked sad, and old Hauser had brought an old spelling book, worn at the edges, that he kept wide open on his knees, with his big spectacles placed across the pages. While I was getting over the surprise of all these unusual events M. Hamel got up in his desk, and in the same gentle grave tone of voice that he had greeted me, he said, "Children, this is the last time that I shall teach you. The order has come from Berlin that only German is to be taught in the Schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new schoolmaster will arrive to-morrow. It is our last lesson in French, and I beg of you to be very attentive." These words upset me entirely. Ah! the wretches! That is what they had posted up on the notice board. My last French lesson! I scarcely knew how to write French. I would never learn it! I would have to always remain in ignorance of it! How I wished back all the time I had wasted! Classes that I had missed to go bird-nesting, or to go sliding on the Saar. My books that I had found so tiresome, so heavy to carry, my grammar book, my Bible history, these seemed like old friends that I should be very sorry to leave.

It was the same with M. Hamel. The idea that he was going away, that I would never see him again, made me forget his punishments and the taps of his ruler. Poor man! It was in honour of his last lesson that he had put on his handsome Sunday clothes, and now I understood why these old folk had come to sit at the back of the room. This action was to express that they were sorry that they had not come more often. It was their way of thanking our master for his forty years of faithful service and to pay their respects to the Fatherland, which was passing away from them.

I was full of these thoughts when I heard my name called. It was my turn to say my lesson! What would I not have given to have been able to say at length the well known rule for the participle, out loud, quite clearly, without a mistake: but I stumbled at the very first word, and I stood first on one foot and then on the other in my desk, on the point of breaking into tears, not daring to raise my head. M. Hamel said to me, "I am not going to scold you, my little Frantz. Your punishment is already great enough." That is the way! Every day one says to oneself, "Oh! I have plenty of time. I will learn to-morrow," and then you see what happens. Oh! that has always been the great misfortune of Alsace—always

putting off things till to-morrow. These Germans are right when they say, "What! you pretend to be French and you do not know how to read or write your language." In this respect Frantz, you are not more guilty than the rest of us. We have all a good deal to reproach ourselves with. Your parents have not been anxious enough to see you well educated. They preferred to send you to work on the land or at the spinning factories to earn a few more pence. Have I nothing to reproach myself with? Have I not often made you water my garden instead of working and when I wished to go a-fishing did I hesitate to give you a holiday?"

Then from one topic to another M. Hamel began to talk about the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world, the clearest, the most forcible, telling us that we should zealously guard it, talk it amongst ourselves and never forget it, because when a people are conquered, as long as they retain their language, it was as if they held the key of their prison. Then he took the grammar book and read our lesson to us. I was astonished how clearly I understood. All that he was saying seemed so easy. I do not think I had ever listened so carefully and he had never been so patient in explaining. One would say that because he was leaving us, the poor man wished to teach us all he knew, to make it enter our brains in one lesson.

The grammar lesson over, we passed on to the writing lesson. For that day M. Hamel had prepared new head-lines and had written in beautiful, clear, roundhand, "France, Alsace, France, Alsace". The copies produced the effect of little flags, hung to the corners of our desks. You cannot imagine how busy everyone was, and how quiet it was. One could only hear the scratching of the pens on the paper. Some large flies came in, but no one noticed, not even the very little ones, who were busy tracing their pot-hooks with a will and diligence as if they were French. On the roof of the School the pigeons were cooing softly, and I said to myself, "I wonder if they too will be obliged to coo in German?"

From time to time when I lifted my eyes from the page, I saw M. Hamel sitting quite still in his desk looking fixedly at the objects around him as if he wished to carry his little school away in his memory. Think of it! for forty years he had sat in the same place, with the schoolyard in front of him, the same school, except that the forms and desks were rubbed and polished by constant use. The walnut trees in the yard had grown and the wild hops that he had planted himself had climbed up the windows as far as the roof. How heart-

rending it must be for the poor man to leave all this, to hear his sister walking about in the room above, busy packing, for they had to go the next day—to leave their country for ever! For all that, he had the strength to continue school to the end.

After the writing we had a History lesson, the little ones said their alphabet together. At the back of the room old Hauser had put on his spectacles, and holding the primer in his two hands he spelt the letters with them. One could see that he was working hard too and his voice was trembling with emotion. It was so funny to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and to cry. Ah! I shall never forget that last morning school.

Suddenly the church clock struck twelve, then the Angelus sounded! At the same time the trumpets of the Prussians, who were returning from drill, broke forth under our windows. M. Hamel, very pale, got up in his desk. He had never looked so tall. "Friends," said he, I - - - But something choked him. He could not finish the sentence. Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and with all his strength he wrote as large as he could, "Long live France." Then he stood there supporting himself against the wall and without saying another word motioned to us with his hands, "School is over, you may go!"

A SNOW RIDE :

Or, Clifton Hill during the recent snow.

Oh, the joys of a slithery slide!
 Oh, the delights of a Clifton ride!
 When one day some boys we espied,
 Seated in state, on a beautiful slide.
 Full many a schoolgirl stood gazing around,
 To watch the sledges skimming o'er the ground.
 But some, more 'venturous than the rest
 Soon mounted boldly the hilly crest.
 One school-boy kindly gratified their hope,
 And lent them a box which once contained soap,
 But they, with many trials were forced to cope
 Before they descended the glassy slope.
 Some urchins while standing each side of the hill,
 Pelted the bold ones with great gusto and will.
 But anon, those two school-girls their ride finish'd at last
 Turned their steps home-ward both nimbly and fast.

W.A.B., Collaboration of B.W. and W.T., Form V1.