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Swansea Municipal Secondary School Magazine.

No. 27.

DECEMBER, 1917.

Editor—MR. T. J. JAMES.

There is really no room for an Editorial, as all available space is required for general contributions but we suppose one must be written. (Thus commenced one of the General Knowledge Paper editorials; other selections follow. Ed.)

Owing to increased cost, the price of the Magazine has been raised to fourpence.

Details of record Examination results, land-working and war-saving are among the chief items, the poetical contribution being much above the average and itself worth the new price at 4d. an hour. (An article on Journalism by an Old Boy is unavoidably held over).

Peace reigns once more in the Caretaker's dug-out after the recent heavy bombardment. The fourth year boys are now resplendent in green caps, a return to the former colour, but now limited to Seniors.

We regret to report the death of Tom Davies, in a Scotch regiment.

One of our masters, Lieut. D. D. Phillips, and also two Old Boys, 2nd-Lieut. Emrys Edmunds and T. J. Evans are reported wounded, but, we are glad to hear, not seriously.

The School sends hearty congratulations to Major T. Llewelyn Davies who has recently been awarded the Military Medal.

We acknowledge, with thanks the receipt of School Magazines from Barnstaple G.S., Parmiter's S., Swansea G.S., and Westminster City School,

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Summer Examination Results again surpassed all previous records. Thirteen boys passed the London Matriculation. Of the 23 Senior Oxford Local candidates, 21 passed and of these, 8 obtained Honours while G. P. Davies, although only 14 years of age obtained a First Class. All the 49 Juniors passed, 22 obtaining Honours and Samuel, Idris Jones and A. Ross were placed in the First Class, while Ross and Kilvington were awarded distinctions in French. G. Gibbs obtained the full certificate of the London Chamber of Commerce, whilst 11 others received certificates for less than the full number of subjects. C. Bennett and A. Oldham were awarded Senior Scholarships at the Technical College.

O. Lloyd Jones has been made captain of the Prefects. The new Prefects are K. Richards (vice-capt.), R. W. Hall, N. Kilvington, J. Mason, W. T. Owen (V); W. R. Samuel and W. J. Summers (IV); A. E. Hanson (IVM).

K. Richards and R. W. Hall are the new Library Monitors.

Five cwts. of potatoes were raised on the School Allotment. Also early in the Term, boys from IVM, veterans from the Barnstaple Camp, did harvest work on the Swansea Corporation Farm, and boys from IIIM lifted potatoes, which went to the Red Cross Hospital.

As the result of the recent War-Saving Campaign, including an address from Miss Ashton Jones and a home circular, the number of School subscribers has risen from 70 to 130 and the total sum subscribed from £75 to £180.

Last Term the old School boiler passed to its long home, and there arrived in instalments many pieces of metal-work that looked like supports for its successor, though their number seemed to suggest that the new boiler when it arrived would be a huge affair. These instalments in their wooden frames and straw jackets, which littered the playground for some time, at least ceased, and we awaited the arrival of the boiler. At last we learnt it had arrived. Where? Well, those "supports," when cunningly put together, would form a tube-boiler. When the cold weather arrived, the boiler which had now been fixed, was duly filled with water and it was then found that one section was cracked and leaked, and so had to be replaced by a new one. Thus we shivered for a further fortnight. Then, at last, the boiler started its new career and is giving entire satisfaction.

Gifts of books for the School Library have been received from A. Oldham, G. Gibbs, K. Richards, T. O. Richards and T. Wellington. There is still room on the shelves for further presentation copies, and further gifts will be welcomed.

FIVES.

Last Term a fives match was arranged with the Grammar School. Os. Owen and D. Williams were our first string. The courts were strange and differed somewhat from ours. We began badly and the score stood 6—1 against us, but afterwards improved to 15—9. However we won the rubber by scoring 15—5 and 15—8 in the next two games. Our second team, G. Gibbs and J. F. Bell, made no initial mistakes and won their match by game 3 and game 13.

NEW BOYS ADMITTED, SEPT., 1917.

IA.	IB.	IC.
1070 Bailey, L. G.	1100 Abraham, W.	1130 Bevan, C. L.
1071 Bevan, E.	1101 Blewitt, W. J.	1131 Beynon, L. C.
1072 Bevan, E. G.	1102 Bowen, G. I.	1132 Beese, C. C.
1073 Brown, S. C.	1103 Brooks, W. T.	1133 Cann, A.
1074 Charles, E. W.	1104 Burns, F.	1134 Ede, W. H.
1075 Coad, W. E.	1105 Coates, W. A.	1135 Evans, G.
1076 Davies, E. J.	1106 Davies, L.	1136 Evans, N. E.
1077 Davies, H. W. F.	1107 Francis, D. B.	1137 Floyd, H. B.
1078 Griffiths, S.	1108 Griffiths, W. E.	1138 Ford, W. H.
1079 Hanney, C. N.	1109 Harris, J.	1139 Freedman, S.
1080 Hopkins, W. N.	1110 Hendy C.	1140 Granow, C.
1081 Powell, F. J.	1111 Howells, L. V.	1141 Howell, H.
1082 Howells, L.	1112 Hughes, G. H.	1142 James, J. W.
1083 Jeremy, A. G.	1113 Hughes, A. S.	1143 Keys, W. G.
1084 John, H. J.	1114 Jackett, W. H.	1144 Kahler, A.
1085 Jones, A. C.	1115 Johns, T. A.	1145 Lewis, H. R.
1086 Jones, J. S.	1116 Jones, H.	1146 Lewis, T. J.
1087 Jones, S.	1117 Jones, W. M.	1147 O'Sullivan, H.
1088 Lovering, H.	1118 Jones, B.	1148 Page, S.
1089 Messer, H. G.	1119 Lubner, S.	1149 Raggatt, W. J. N.
1090 Miller, J. M.	1120 Mountstephen, H. J.	1150 Rees, F. C.
1091 Mogridge, W. E.	1121 Pepper, G. B.	1151 Roberts, G.
1092 Phillips, P. G.	1122 Phelps, T. I.	1152 Ratcliffe, F.
1093 Phillips, E. J.	1123 Rees, D. L.	1152 Seldon, L. R.
1094 Ridd, N. J. E.	1124 Schneider, H.	1153 Spray, F. B.
1095 Sims, J. B.	1125 Strawbridge, R. C.	1154 Thomas, W. D.
1096 Thomas, G. A.	1126 Thomas, B. E.	1159 Trot, W. I. B.
1097 Walters, S.	1127 Tonkin, G.	1155 Vaughan, U.
1098 Watkins, L.	1128 Tucker, H. W.	1156 Willett, T. A.
1099 Williams, J.	1129 Walters, T. C.	1157 Williams, C. J.
	1160 Davies, W.	

FORM NOTES.

FORM V. Our Form comprises nine boys, three boys having already left. One of them, G. P. Davies, has been transferred to the Grammar School, where we wish him every success. We have arranged ourselves in the class-room in a way which has earned us the name of "wall-flowers." We sit around the wall, so to speak, a huge space (reserved for visitors) being left in the middle. The form-duster seems to have been suddenly endowed with the attributes of a bird, for every morning we find it on the top of the cupboard from which lofty perch it is extricated with difficulty. The school library is now open and it is being constantly used by the boys of the form. We are looking forward to the approach of winter with considerably anxiety, because the builders who built our school evidently forget to place hot-water pipes in our room. Some of us are seriously considering the possibilities of a brazier as a means of heating our room, but *satis pro tempore*. Quite recently our form, and several other forms visited a local cinema-hall to see a portrayal of Charles Dickens' masterpiece "A Tale of Two Cities." We enjoyed it immensely and were surprised to see how faithfully everything, even the smallest detail was portrayed. The Debating Society has made a good start which seems to assure a most successful session.

E. R. OLSSON.

FORM IVCL. Last year's hard work is followed or to be followed up by another of the same type this year. We are told that, so great is the difference in standard between the Oxford Junior and Senior that—well, some of us are going to crash down from pinnacles of glory unless we work in the fullest sense of the word. *Logs. A. and G.P's*, are now our sole delight, but in spite of this we scarcely burn the midnight oil to steep ourselves in them. We intend getting the basket-ball shield when we have time to turn our attention to such matters. The Modern boys are trying hard and will "come" in time, whereas the benignant Vth often "drop in" to share our lessons.

A. R., IVCL.

FORM IVM. Fourth Modernites are progressing passably, though rumour says we are too fond of a joke and a laugh. In reality we all have a strong affinity for work (including farm work on both sides of the Bristol Channel), and occasionally, just occasionally for games. Our favourite lesson is Electricity, which we find very interesting and sometimes quite exciting. The three remaining Fourth

Modernites from last year, the Old Gang, do not associate with us in the electricity lessons; their ideas are too far advanced. Spanish is quite new to us and certain Spanish words we find rather indigestible. *Majorca* needs an effort, but *manana por la manana* has a fascination all its own.

War Saving Certificates seem to be the order of the day at present and we hope they will continue being so. Our Form Master is Mr. Gordon but unfortunately we do not see him very often. Through the kindness of one of our masters, several of the Form orators have had a chance to shine, but one member, greatly daring, commenced "Dear Boys and Girls!" What an insult! Recently the Form visited the Art Gallery to see the War Pictures and Exhibition of Printing, and greatly enjoyed the visit. Now that Truby has left us, the question is "who will head the list this Term?" and the answer is "wait and see."

A. E. HANSON, Form Captain.

FORM III_R. The wishes of II_R of last year have been fulfilled in the fact that nearly all of our form is composed of last year's II_R members. Latin has proved itself to be most fascinating. Strange mutterings such as "ago-agony" etc. have been heard issuing from the mouths of several of our "philosophical Ciceros" about 2 a.m. Tuesday morning, (Monday evening being our Latin homework night). But we stick it "constant as the northern star" although as Casca (in *J.C.*) says "it was Greek to me." L.O.B.E.

FORM III_M. We have just completed the first Term of our Third Year at the Mun. Sec. We are only twelve in the form but are as happy and as comfortable as can be, and are determined to work hard this year in order to be in perfect trim for the "Junior." Great excitement and enjoyment prevailed early in the term lifting potatoes at 4d. an hour, "down on the Farm." Most of us received over £1 10s. Our captain has been rather often to the head office in quest of games, and he only just avoided censure by the H.M. for coming so often. We have played III_R (invincible?) and drew with them, which was better than the "Twelve, nil" they promised us. CECIL LEWIS.

FORM III_A. How quickly the term with its sunshine and shadow (not to mention rain and cold!) has passed—and such a term! We returned after a Summer (!) Vacation to find ourselves "Seniors"—a mixed lot from II_A, II_B and II_R,

Whoever did the mixing was an expert though, for we are now "the" form of the year, not to mention the school. Any fears that we might have had of rivalries between former IIA, IIB and IIR boys have gone and the 29 of us go ahead as one, especially when the interval or end of school arrives. The only division we have arises from the fact that some are "Latins" and the rest "Commercials." This rivalry has been carried to the playfield where games between the two sections have been keenly contested. With the exception of beating the Junior Soccer team early in the term, we have met no other team. Thus soon has our Captain, R. Jones and Vice, W. Price inspired rival forms with our superiority. We still await a challenge from any Comers!

A local Cinema received our patronage on the occasion of the showing of "A Tale of Two Cities," an interesting story we are preparing for Examination. The film was very good and should help us later on, when questions arise at the Christmas Terminals. We all know who Jerry Cruncher is at all events. Certain literary critics fail sadly when they select any other hero for this story by Dickens.

The capacity of our form for meeting emergencies is great. A great conflagration in the Physics Lab. was promptly attended to. The rumoured appearance of "Houses" in the school encouraged one of our number to make a start. The tame mouse he produced was promptly "housed" in an empty chalk box, and consigned to "somewhere in school" for the duration of the afternoon lesson. "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley!" as the poet has it.

Such prompt attention greatly relieved the minds of the dinner boys who foresaw trouble in the matter of their mid-day meal. The three "Commercials" who sit on the desks in certain lessons probably know that is the only rise they'll ever get. Metal work is much appreciated, especially on cold days! Did anyone say "fire!" The clocks, the fan and the boilers are behaving too well these days. We did have hopes when we saw a great hole being knocked in the Boiler House wall, but alas! it was only there because someone had discovered at last that the longest way round isn't always the shortest way home, for coal at least.

Our Advert Column:—

Wanted: Golliwogs. Black, red or white, must be all wool—Golliwog Hunter.

For Sale: Definitions. Sample: "Etiquette"—"a small verse on a tombstone, sir!" Others on application, cheap.

Y. Zun.

Our Query Column :

“When are our Form Colours coming in ?”

(We are green with envy ! ”)

“Where is our Form Library ? ”

(You had better make a start. Ed.).

“What about our Scout Company ? ”

“OUT OF YETTIN,” IIIA.

FORM IIR. We are now in the second year in the Mun. Sec. Our Form is supposed to be the best Form in the second year for brains, and we have shown that we excel also in games. We played 2a twice, beating them the first time to the tune of 3 goals to 1, and the second time by 2 goals. We also drew with 2b. In our Form Library we have a fine selection of books. Our captain is W. Bowen, and the vice-captain is E. Squires, both from Ib. T.J.

FORM IIA. 2a-ites will appreciate the fact that lessons in one subject may be made use of to illustrate those of another. [Who said “Algebra ? ”] We have done our share on the School allotment, assisting in lifting the ‘praties !’ In football we have not shone—yet: IIR has beaten us twice. H.E.J.

OUR WAR-TIME VISIT TO BARNSTAPLE.—AUGUST 1917.

Something was in the air. Vague, uncertain rumours floated round the School. These were delightfully attractive from the very air of mystery which closely wrapped them round.

For a couple of weeks this state of affairs continued, until at last, one day our Head, Mr. Beanland, announced that a scheme for forming a Harvest Camp was under consideration. More details came to hand later, and each boy was given a graphed account of the Cavendish Scheme to take home.

As an American would say, “things began to hustle some,” and soon the boys of the required age were called together, and all details discussed. Examinations over, the holidays drew nigh, destined to be the finest vac. that many, if not all, of the Swansea Municipal Secondary School boys have ever enjoyed. The day fixed for departure quickly drew nigh, and, before we quite realized it, was at hand. No doubt it was the first time for many of us to pack our own bags, and consequently the first time for us to realize the vast importance of getting that hairbrush right down into the corner of the bag, and the absolute lunacy of wrapping a bar of soap, and . . . hush ! a pound of sugar together.

Thirty boys and two Masters (Mr. Hughes and Mr. Price) left Swansea on a Saturday morning. The station was full of

mothers, sisters and — friends! No soldiers going to battle, could have had a more hearty send off. The platform was strewn with an untidy jumble of bicycles, bags, and other luggage. From the windows of the reserved coach, nothing could be seen but heads and smiling faces. At last, "pheep" and a quick decisive wave of a green flag, and the train rolled slowly out of the station.

Our first change was at Cardiff. Here we had time to stretch our cramped limbs, and to cause as much commotion as possible. As we only stopped for ten minutes, we scarcely had time to look round, but of course some boys did, and delayed the train, much to the chagrin of the guard and the unbounded, unholy glee of the boys in the train. Soon from the neighbouring carriage came the roaring and (to the Juniors) delightful melody of "Cock Robin," and "One man went to mow a Meadow," frequently interrupted by roars of noisy laughter, which only served to show the boyish spirits we were all in. Thus our journey, though extremely long, was passed with exceeding pleasantness,—until we reached Bristol.

The weather had now become miserable, a "pea-soup" drizzle adding to the gloom and the general wretchedness of the scene. All platforms were crowded to excess, by a typically war-time gathering. All the little gaiety there was, was on the part of the younger people, and on the part of laden, but smiling Tommies. Thus in these surroundings we waited impatiently for our train, which of course was late. At last, with a rattle and a roar, it snorted in, and then,—my mind is still dazed, but briefly summed up it was a veritable "Big Push," everyone for himself. Fortunately we all found room, and in various conditions of discomfort, we chugged out of Bristol. I myself was jammed between two ladies, who made no pretensions to slimness. This little comedy, in which I was chief actor, gave unbounded amusement to some of our chaps, who were seated opposite., though for the life of me I couldn't see any humour in it.

Hungry, but in slightly better spirits, we arrived at Taunton, and here made our final change. Singing now recommenced, and drooping spirits revived, as we knew Barnstaple, our destination, was not very far off. We arrived there at last, and for the last time tumbled out of the train, three hours behind scheduled time. It was dusk, and dimly on the platform we saw the form of one of our masters, who had gone on before us, in order to pave the way. To our undisguised horror, it could not be tamely called indignation, we were informed that the Army Authorities had

not expected us until the following Monday, and consequently had made no arrangements for our rations over the week end. Thus despite the untiring and unflagging labours of Mr. Mendus, who had preceded us, no food had been prepared that evening, as it was expected we should arrive in time to take our first meal in a restaurant, and indeed we were subsequently informed that, only after immense worry, and frenzied visits to certain shops had Sunday's food been procured.

In eloquent silence we slowly wended our way from the station. Everyone carried something or other, and a few in addition trundled bicycles. Never had anyone's baggage felt so heavy, and what was of more import, their stomachs so very, very light. It was a mile to our billets, a mile that had not been subjected to the least suspicion of war economy. After wearily tramping for some time, the tail of the procession saw its head entering a large gate. Horrors! a drive? Would this mean another half-mile? But how can anyone blame us for a feeling of "fed-upness?" Fortunately there were no more cruel surprises, and with an intense feeling of relief we found ourselves in the large, impressive and well-lit hall of the Grammar School, of which we could not take stock as the rest of it was shrouded in impenetrable darkness.

Although hungry, to our immense surprise we did not notice our hunger, as we were all so tired that all we needed was bed. Without loss of time we were shown to our dormitory. It had straw palliasses arranged around the room. It is remarkable how many bumps there are in a straw palliasse, and how hopelessly impossible it is to sleep when lying on one for the first time. No matter how you turn, squirm or twist, there is always one nice, hard lump, ready and only too competent to torment. Thus the room was one low hum of conversation, and the only possible thing to do was either to chat, or listen to the endless patter of the rain, and the whistling of the wind. However, Nature was not to be so outrageously thwarted, and so, with the drum of the wind-driven rain against the windows, and the distant dying-down murmur of conversation, we one by one dropped off to sleep.

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"Tumble out, quick! Breakfast in twenty minutes!" This command struck our ears early the next morning, and, on glancing round we saw through our sleepy, half-open eyes some of the soldiers who were to attend to us during our sojourn in Barnstaple. Dressing as quickly as possible, we realized how very hungry we were, and so with ravenous appetites we entered the dining room. We breakfasted on a

humble product of Neptune's kingdom—haddock. Oh! how we enjoyed it! I'm sure it was the most enjoyable meal we've ever had. It was a beautiful morning, fresh and warm, and, all our woes gone after our night's rest, we discussed our journey with great zest, picking out the least touch of humour, and going over it again with roars of merriment.

Our first impressions of Barnstaple were pleasant ones, and the various Church services were fully enjoyed. Bank-Holiday Monday found us being dispatched in small parties to look for work, and thus in scouring the surrounding country-side we had opportunities of viewing the scenery. The beautiful freshness of Devonshire never failed to afford us great delight, and the stretches of golden corn, shimmering in the sun, and quivering in the breeze, called forth many exclamations of delight. The orchards too caused great wonderment, and caused many of us to realize how hard it is to battle against temptation, for, even from the days of Adam and Eve, the apple (if sweet) has its subtle power of attraction.

Day after day we tramped from farm to farm, and in our hunt for labour found many touches of humour and kindness. A mother's heart is the same all the world over, and many a glass of refreshing milk and many a generous, homely slab of cake, were given to us. During our rambles we encountered heaps of humour and one dear old soul caused us much inward merriment by innocently telling us that "of course we had never come to work, and were only going round the farms as a joke,"—indeed it did look like it, and the polite refusals to accept our aid came with such regularity that soon we wondered whether we really had come to work.

On the second and third days, however, some succeeded in obtaining employment, and were soon deep in the intricate labours of farm-work. In our spare time, the weather allowing, we played football and cricket, and to our immense delight succeeded in obtaining a match with the Barnstaple Grammar School. After a most enjoyable and clean game, we ran out winners by two goals nil. Soon afterwards, five of our players were asked to aid the "Grammarians" against a local team called Newport. The game was much rougher, and faster than that against our hosts, but during the latter half of the game the schoolboys held sway, and eventually proved victors by two nil.

At the end of the second week, when Mr. Beanland arrived, twelve boys were still unemployed. He visited 20 farms and succeeded in raising the number of workers from 18 to 27, but for the next three days the rain came down almost in-

cessantly and all work was at a standstill. Therefore on the Friday of the third week, it was decided to break up camp and return to Swansea, although the original intention had been to continue for four or five weeks. The weather had all along been very bad and had often kept us penned up in our digs.

One day, however, we visited the potteries and purchased several souvenirs. We indulged in boating to a small degree, and made good use of the library in the Sixth Form room, which was possessed of quality and quantity. Altogether we had a splendid time, and we came to know each other much better on account of our companionship during the three weeks' vacation.

At last the end drew near, and on August 25th we left Barnstaple determined to re-visit it in happier times, and to go over the old scenes where we had spent a glorious vacation, and had benefited physically and socially.

E. HOPKINS, IVCL.

[N.B.—In our next issue will appear a detailed account of the farm work, by A. Ross, who worked on every "workable" day at one or other of the various farming operations. Ed.]

A VISIT TO THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

A few years ago, in the piping times of peace, I was fortunate enough to go to Ireland for my summer holidays. Leaving Swansea at 8.30 a.m., and taking the "Boat Express" from Sheffield the same day, we arrived at Heysham at midnight. Going down the landing stage we saw, drawn up alongside the quay, the magnificent turbine steamer, "Londonderry," one of the Midland cross-channel boats. We proceeded with the crowd up the gangway, and duly found a cabin. I hastily prepared for bed, and climbed into a bunk, and soon fell asleep. A few minutes (?) afterwards, I heard a familiar voice calling, "Get up, you lazy scamp, it's 5.30." You no doubt wonder why I rose so early! Well, I went on deck and found we were just entering Belfast Lough. The channel is not very wide and among the first things we noticed were the buoys, painted with red and white stripes, marking the deepened channel, our boat taking the starboard course. The shores could be plainly seen. The huge skeletons of later "floating cities" were plainly discerned, and the clang of the hammer distinctly heard. Gigantic cranes could be seen picking up large girders, swivelling round, and lowering them slowly into the required position. All this gave me

a great impression of how many men must have laboured night and day, for weeks, in building the ship upon whose deck I was then strolling. The boat slowed down, and finally stopped opposite one of the quays. The captain shouted, the men scurried to and fro like ants, obeying his commands, and the boat was docked very quickly. As breakfast could be obtained on board, there was no need to hurry. After breakfast, we picked up our belongings, and left the boat, in quest of the station. This we found in the course of half-an-hour, in time to catch the 8.35 express northwards.

Arriving at the station we were surprised to find it was only 8 a.m. "That clock's slow," said my father, "why, its nearly half-past." Then suddenly, the "brainy" (?) youth of the family remembered the 25 minutes difference between Irish and Greenwich time. After this it dawned upon us what was the meaning of those mysterious three-handed clocks on board the boat. Anyhow the time soon went, and we found ourselves quickly leaving Belfast behind. For a short distance the train ran alongside the Lough, and then turned northward, until we reached Coleraine Junction. Here we got our bags and baggages together, and changed—one of the joys of travelling. We then started off again, anxious to reach Portrush. A peculiarity which attracted our attention, was the hedges of the fields alongside the railway, for these were clipped into quaint figures of such animals as monkeys, hares, sheep etc., and an amazing variety of birds.

Portrush, which we reached about mid-day, is a seaside town, and has a fine beach of beautiful sand. It is very bracing there, and sometimes the wind was so keen that it made your cheeks tingle. There is only one main street and two or three minor ones. Outside the station was the starting place of the electric tramway to the Giant's Causeway. Now, we talk enough about the Mumbles Express, but this railway not only "takes the bun, but the whole bakehouse." Three cars at a time was the maximum load, and even if these were packed no more would be attached. The speed was anything but quick; the tram stopped at stated stopping-places, but the driver also used his discretion. There was a half-way station called Bushmills. This is only a little hamlet, but it is renowned for its whiskey. Here the tram stopped for fifteen minutes while the driver had a smoke, and while the conductor went round taking tickets. We arrived at the Giant's Causeway some time after.

The Giant's Causeway as the name implies, is a causeway composed of basaltic columns, nearly all six-sided or, to use a

geometrical expression, hexagonal. But some are seven and eight sided, whilst one has been discovered with nine sides. The marvellous thing about them is the way they are packed together. They all fit so beautifully, and look as if they had been carved out by the human hand. A thing which is not universally known is that at different places the rocks take the form of such objects as a honeycomb, an amphitheatre, a wishing chair, a magnificent gateway with two gigantic basalt pillars, and what they call the "Chimney Pots." Two columns stand up much higher than the rest, and when viewed from a distance look exactly like chimney pots, hence the name. But what I considered the most wonderful thing of all was the "Organ." A short walk round the cliffs brings us to it. There it is high up on the face of the cliff, a fac-simile of a large church organ. The longest and largest basaltic pillars are in the middle, and they gradually become shorter and smaller towards either side. There is also a "wishing well" on the Causeway. The length of the Causeway is about seven miles. There are many fine caves, which are not unlike the Gower caves, with the exception of the formation of the rocks, and the fact that they can only be reached by water. The contour of the land is also similar to that of Gower. One end of the Causeway ends in two headlands, namely, the "Steucons," almost an exact resemblance of the Mumbles Head. A mile or two from this headland, towards Portrush, on a cliff and overlooking the sea, stands Dunluce Castle, mentioned in a book called "Sir Ludar." It is a fine old ruin, which, with regard to its position, reminds one of Oystermouth Castle. Near to this castle is a cliff named the "Giant's Head." This is a good name, for it takes the shape of an immense human head. The two latter, the Castle and Head, can be plainly seen from the tram. It is a grand place for a holiday, and I hope I may be lucky enough to go there again.

R. J. (A FOURTHITE.)

The Welsh School Boy of the Sixteenth Century.

"Does the Welsh schoolboy of to-day get as good a time as his predecessor of Queen Elizabeth's time? Just as England had her Elizabethan and King Edward VI Grammar Schools, so Wales had her Secondary or Grammar Schools quite as early as this, in fact some of them much earlier. As a rule a Welsh school of the sixteenth century commenced work at "the Stroke of Six or Seven of the morning," and

continued until 11 o'clock, when the pupils went to dinner. They returned at one and worked till 5 o'clock, thus making a total of from 8 to 9 hours a day, and this was for six and not five days of the week as is now the case. They had night work as well. It was quite a custom among the boarders in one school for a few to sit up the first part of the night to study, and when they went to bed about midnight to call others, the latter in their turn doing likewise. Little wonder then that at times the desire to sleep overcame them in school. The masters recognized this and leave could be obtained to drop the head upon the desk. There were usually but two vacations, at Christmas and at Easter, with a few holidays occasionally thrown in. The chief subject in the curriculum was Latin and it was studied, not as is usual nowadays only to read and write, but to be used as a living language. The boys in the lower forms had to speak English and the seniors Latin in School. If any pupil were caught speaking Welsh he was punished. It was by such means the young Becketts and Wolseys acquired their knowledge of Latin. I wonder how many of their modern successors might be pitted against them! Masters were much more severe then than they are to-day. He who could not wield the birch was deemed a poor master. (But they were excellent masters in the sixteenth century). It was part of their duty to thrash as well as to teach. In fact the former was as essential as the latter for the complete moral and intellectual development of the pupil. So thoroughly did some of the Welsh masters dole out their punishment that a founder of one of our schools made a rule that "Boys shall not be struck on the ears, noses, eyes or faces."

The Welsh schoolboy was as fond of sport then as he is to-day. One of his favourite pastimes was that of cock-fighting. For this combat every boy paid 2d. a year to the schoolmaster. The money so collected was called "Cocke-fight money," and it went to provide the requisite materials for the fight. All that was over went to the said schoolmaster. Another game was shooting with the long-bow. Every parent had to provide his boy with a "Bow, three shafts at the least, bow-strings, a bracer and shooting glove to exercise shooting." These little chaps knew all about Creçy, Poitiers and Agincourt and could shew you how they were won. They played football too, but woe betide the lad who damaged any part of the school building or broke a window. Such is a rough sketch of schoolboy life in the sixteenth century.

LUDIMAGISTER.

MEMORIES OF OLD SWANSEA BARQUES.

Many years ago, before steam ships were in use, Swansea owned a large fleet of sailing ships. They brought ore here to be smelted, as Swansea was and still is one of the largest smelting towns in the world. The ore was brought from Newfoundland, Cuba, Tucacs, Cape of Good Hope, Chile and Australia. Among the many boats sailing from Swansea were :

The CASWELL, on board which occurred a mutiny, caused by the tyranny of the captain. The mutineers murdered the captain, the mate and a number of the crew. The mutiny was, however, put down and the mutineers were executed : two of them being hanged in Swansea in view of the public.

The BETA, a barque of seven hundred tons, which on its way home off the Horn, was passed by the Standard Bearer outward bound to Valparaiso. The Standard Bearer discharged, loaded and passed the Beta in the Channed, arriving in Mumbles before it.

The CARMELITA (a Goldberg), a barque of seven hundred tons, reported to have done the outward voyage from Swansea to Valparaiso in 63 days (8000 miles) and the double voyage within six and a half months.

There are not many Swansea sailing boats left ; those that remain belong mostly to foreigners.

The record voyage was that of the Thermopyle, an Aberdeen Clipper, which made the record journey to Melbourne from Gravesend, in sixty days, the time that a tramp steamer would take. Many sailing ships have since endeavoured to accomplish this, but none have succeeded in getting anywhere near it.

A. Cox.

SWIMMING CLUB.

Owing to the success of the School Swimming Club last year it was decided to continue it this year. A new vice-captain, W. Price (3R), was elected, W. Hopkins (3M) remaining captain. The enthusiasm of the boys has apparently waned since last year, as only thirteen boys so far have purchased season tickets. The reason for this, it is said, is that with the prospect of a *cold* winter, many boys have not purchased 'seasons' owing to the risk of catching colds (by getting rid of an extra coat of dirt).

Meanwhile much fun has been obtained in the Baths with the polo ball, and it is hoped that a polo team will be formed in the near future. Any boys wishing to learn the methods of rescue and release in the water should give in their names to the swimming captain.

When the half-seasons are issued it is to be hoped that a good number of boys will buy them.

K.R.

THE SONG OF THE FARMER'S BOY.

(A touch of imagination lent to truth.)

He sings it in the morning (and the lark joins in his song),
 As he gets the horses ready for the day,
 He sings it, too, at mid-day (oh! the work is hot and long),
 When he sows the seed that ripens into hay;
 He sings it in the afternoon (the heat is less, thank God!)
 He sings it in the night, beneath the moon.
 Whatever time you meet him—well get ready to applaud,
 For you'll hear him sing his solitary tune—

* * * * *

You took me away from my school and desk, and put me to
 work on a farm,
 You said it would do me a lot of good, but it's done me nothing
 but harm.

I've forgotten all I've ever learnt in all my time at school,
 Gone is my French and Arithmetic, and gone is the Golden Rule.
 Everything's vague and curious, everythings's upside down,
 I wish I'd never seen this farm, I wish I'd stayed in town.
 For if 'x' is the unknown quantity, and 'y' the number of
 pence,
 Is the square on the side of a circle half the circumference?

I've forgotten all my Literature and I've not seen a book for a
 week,
 The only Debating I ever do now is to give the Farmer cheek.
 Oh! it isn't 'Mr. Chairman' now, and it isn't 'Gentlemen all,'
 But its "'Old that blessed 'orse up, boy, d'ye want 'im ta
 bloomin' well fall?'"

I've mixed up all my authors, too, so is it true or not
 That Dickens wrote "The Mill on the Floss," or was it Sir
 Walter Scott?

I'll never work on a farm again, my heart is full of remorse;
 I hate the sight of the old farmyard, and the sight of the
 'spasms' horse.

Now what's the good of wasting my strength and wasting my
 brain-power,
 To serve a bear with a mighty sore head, and all for 4d. an hour?
 I've forgotten all my French by now, but I'm willing to eat
 my hat,

If the sentence "*Le drôle tomba*" doesn't mean "The silly
 joke fell flat!"

War-time Harvester, T.O.R. (late 4m.)