

GOREU ARF,



Swansea Municipal Secondary School Magazine.

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Editors—

MR. T. J. JAMES.

MISS THORP.

EDITORIAL.

The key-note of this Term has been Work, with no Whitsun holidays, and not even a half-term. Examinations have loomed so large that the Upper School have had neither time nor inspiration to write even Form Notes, and as there have been no School Matches and no Sports Day, the Editors, in order to supply the full quota of copy for the Magazine have had to fall back on the reserves, which were crowded out of previous issues. We are now looking forward to the seven weeks' vacation, which has been well earned. We have had very belated Prize Days, so-called, although only Certificates were distributed by the Mayoress.

The War has again been brought home to us as a School, for we regret to report the deaths of two Old Boys in the recent fighting in France, Harold Tyler and Oswald Lewis. Second-Lieutenant W. Gwynne has been wounded, although, we are pleased to learn, not as seriously as was at first reported; he is now making very good progress towards recovery.

BOYS' FORM NOTES.

FORM III_M.

When we commenced the third year we were "Seven Twice," but alas,

"The old order changeth
Giving place to new."

We are now "Seven" plus three, having lost four of our noble worthies who have gone out to face the world, and we wish them every success in their new spheres of life. Two of our stalwarts have entered for the Oxford Local Junior Examination, in which they will try to add to the honour of the form. Our terminal examinations are now over (thank goodness), and with great anticipation we await the results.

We have been to games several times this term, and played a team of remnants from III_R and III_A. We defeated them easily and another time defeated a team from III Remove. Our notes were not inserted in the Magazine last term, through no fault of ours. We miss our gymnasium instructors but we are fully compensated by having our form Master to instruct us. We look forward to the Summer vacation, which will be longer than usual owing to the extra week promised us as compensation for the Whitsun week of which we were deprived.

A.B., C.D.

FORM III_A.

This term we have again experienced the doubtful pleasure of witnessing the departure of more comrades,—men who have battled resolutely for us on many a field of sport in the past two years, only to desert us when they are most required. Their positions are many and varied—some are office boys, one is a cinema-operator, another a farmer, and so on. And now at the end of the term we shall have to bid "good-bye" to a few more of our number; that is if report speaks correctly. This breaking up is very sad, of course, and also very annoying. Consider our humiliation, if you can, when we— we whose names were household words in the athletic world, are defeated by a team which we had vanquished previously— with scarcely an effort! Truly, it's a bitter world.

The sages in our form who will sit for the Oxford Local (now coming unpleasantly near) are expressing their feelings pretty freely on "The Daylight Saving Bill"—a bill which

has been the means of providing us with sunlight up to about ten o'clock in the evening, and thus absolutely driving a fellow out of doors. We, while expressing wonder at the little "fagging" done by others, console them with the fact that, if they fail, the masters will know the reason why, and lay the blame accordingly at the door of the House of Commons.

What's the matter with School? No cricket team, no Debating Society, no Fives Tournament, no Swimming Gala, no Sports—"no anything."

Compared with the situation a few years ago, it seems that we're getting slacker year by year, and it's about time a Revival took place.

The generosity of the School at large has again been appealed to, and, it is to be hoped, not in vain. Several collections have been made here since the War, with very gratifying results, and that which has been accomplished can be accomplished again. Which form will head the list for the Belgian Fund?
T.O.R.

FORM IIA.

At last we have reached the third term of the Second Year, and we shall soon be established in a Third Year Form. The term has passed without any important events. We have just started our Examinations, and we are eagerly looking forward to the holidays, which have been very scant this term. We have Gymnasium every Thursday where we generally have a fine game of basket-ball or pin-ball. King football has left us, and we now play cricket. We were unlucky this term in losing our first match. We have had a very enjoyable year, and shall leave some of our old masters, with regret, when we go to the august "Upper School." We hope the weather will turn over a new leaf, and be fine for the holidays.
B2 AND V.R.

FORM IIB.

The end of our last term in our present form is at hand, and we are hastily preparing for our coming examinations, which no doubt will be stiff. We have had a very pleasant time in Form IIB. Several of our colleagues have left us and we wish them success. Our form cricket team has played two matches against IIA and IB respectively. We managed to

win both after very pleasant games. We have got on splendidly with our form-master, Mr. Hughes, and have had a jolly time together. The lesson we like best is Physics, because it is so interesting. We also like Manual, every Wednesday afternoon, which prevents us from having singing. We have not had a hard time in IIB, and we are all loth to leave it as it may break up old friendships. A.li., A.M.

FORM IIR.

We, in Form II Remove, are just completing the third term of our second year. We are all working hard, or supposed to be working hard, for our Terminal Examination, the results of which will decide into which of the third year forms we shall go. We offer a hearty welcome to Mr. Rowland, our new Latin Master. When the best boys of IA, IB, and IC entered into II Remove, we went into a small form room adjacent to the Physics laboratory. A few weeks later, we went into form IVM. Not long after we went again to the room we had left, now we are again in our old room. Evidently we are a record form for having "moving days."

We extend to Mr. Rowland our deepest sympathy in his late bereavement.

It is hardly worth noting that we have beaten IC in a cricket match by an innings and eight runs. We hope we shall have an opportunity of playing IIA and IIB in cricket.

Here is a poser for the First Years, as we expect that they think they can speak French already.

Je suis ce que je suis.
 Je ne suis pas ce que je suis.
 Si j'étais ce que je suis,
 Je ne serais pas ce que je suis.

A. Ross.

FORM IA.

We are nearing the end of another term, and we are all anxiously waiting for the coming examinations, which are to pick out the "bright ones" to be 2 removites next year.

We have become quite at home with our new form-master, with whom we shall be sorry to part next year, when we are 2nd year schoolboys.

Our form has visited the school field several times this term, but we have not played any class.

We are all sorry that H. Jones has such delicate health, which has prevented him from attending school for a long time. But we are hoping that he will be able to come to school next year.

B.C.

FORM IB.

Our first year in the Municipal Secondary School is now drawing to a close. Soon we shall have a considerable change in our class-mates. We have a fairly good cricket team, having especially strong bowlers, although our batsmen are not to be despised, as some of our adversaries have found out at the price of a well-contested match. We have defeated Ic once, but in the return match the tables were turned on us. Our next match was with IB: in this we were beaten by six runs which was a very close finish. Our Examinations are about to commence, and we are very anxiously preparing for them. We are about to break up for our Summer holidays, and when we come back new boys will be occupying the places in which we have spent such a happy year.

T. SIEDLE AND B. JONES.

EGLWYS LLANGYFELACH.

Saif yr Eglwys hon oddeutu pedair milltir i'r gogledd o Abertawe. Bernir mae Cyfelach, Esgob Llandaf yn yr wythfed ganrif a' i hadeiladodd yma gyntaf, gan ei chyssegru i Ddewi Sant. Ond mewn cyfnod diweddarach cyssegrwyd yr Eglwys ar enw ei sylfaenydd, Cyfelach. Mae yr Eglwys a'r clochdy hyn ymhlith hynodion y wlad, oblegid fod y naill o honynt wedi ei hadeiladu mewn un rhan o'r fynwent a'r llall oddeutu hanner can llath oddiwrthi mewn rhan arall. Ymhlith y trigolion y mae hen draddodiad mai yr achos o hyn oedd, fod yr adeiladwyr wrth godi 'r Eglwys wedi methu codi y clochdy yn gyssylltiol a hi am fod yr hyn a godid y dydd yn syrthio y nos. Felly am nad allent godi y clochdy tafodd un o'r adeiladwyr ei forthwyl un diwrnod o ben yr adeilad, gan gynyg fod y clochdy i gael ei godi yn y man y disgynai y morthwyl, ac felly y bu. Ond mae yn fwy tebygol o lawer mai ym mhen cyfnod maith ar ol adeiladu yr Eglwys, yr adeiladwyd y clochdy, yn y man y saif yn bresenol.

D.J., 4cl.

PRIZE DAY.

Tuesday, July 11th, 1916, was Prize Day, and this year was held in the School itself :—At 11.0 a.m. in the Assembly Hall the gentle hum of voices was suddenly transformed into boisterous cheers as the Mayor, Mayoress and party took their places on the platform. Alderman T. Merrells spoke of the pleasure it gave him and the Mayoress to be present at the Distribution of Certificates to those who had been successful in obtaining them. He himself had never had their advantages. The boys had much to thank the older people for in the educational provisions of to-day. When their school-days were over, their real education would begin. He wanted them to remember that so long as they retained their mental activity, their education would never be complete. If they realised that and thought for themselves, they would do credit to the nation to which they belonged. They were too young to realise the terrible state of affairs that now existed throughout the civilized world. Their brothers, cousins, perhaps fathers were fighting to-day for the sake of humanity. The boys would have to continue the fight in another form; in a struggle quite as bitter and necessary as this—the economic struggle for existence. They must therefore, give their best attention to their work at School, so as to be well equipped for this coming struggle.

Mr. Beanland on behalf of himself, the Staff and the boys, thanked the Mayor and Mayoress for their presence. When it was announced last year that no more prizes, but certificates only, would be given until after the War, they had hoped it would be over by now. Although this had not been realised they still hoped they would have peace and prizes by next year.

The certificates had been specially designed by the Art School. They were well executed and in themselves a work of art, and might in future be valued more than prizes.

He was glad to say that in spite of war excitement, they had not only equalled but even surpassed the work of previous years. Their successes comprised 7 Scholarships to the Technical College; 10 London Matriculation Certificates (two being First Division); 23 Senior Oxford Local (12 being in Honours); 34 Junior Oxford Local (15 being in Honours); 9 London Chamber of Commerce, 18 Royal Society of Arts (5 being full certificates); 13 Shorthand Certificates.

He especially mentioned Form III Remove, where all the 21 boys had passed the Oxford Junior, 14 being in Honours. Every boy had passed in French, Physics, English History and Foreign History. There had been no failure in Arithmetic in the whole School.



W. Hathaway, who left school four years ago, when he obtained a Junior Appointment in the Civil Service, had recently been promoted to be Surveyor of Taxes at Bristol, at a commencing salary of £200. D. T. Jeremy had recently left, after six years of unparalleled success at school, to take up work with one of the best firms of auditors in London, at a commencing salary of £90 a year. A. E. Fairs was sitting for the entrance examination to Sandhurst Military College and it was expected that he would be successful. L. Abraham

and G. Washer had obtained Civil Service Appointments in the town, and T. H. Webb held a position in the Borough Offices.

The School had been much disorganised during the present year. Five of the Masters were serving their King and Country, and this year's Examination results might show some falling off in consequence. There was very good material in the present Second Year boys and this promised well for the future. Having referred to the contribution of the boys to the Belgian Relief and the Y.M.C.A. Hut Funds, the Head Master thanked them for their hard work and the Staff for their whole-hearted co-operation.

The Mayoress then distributed the various certificates. Mr. Councillor Ivor Gwynne, Chairman of the Education Committee, complimented the School upon its successes, and said that as a result of the Conference of British, Italian, French and Belgian Labour leaders at Leeds, it was evident the future trade of the nation depended upon education. Education, however, meant something more than material success, something high, something noble, that would enable them to be of the greatest possible benefit to the country in which they were born.

Idris Davies then proposed a vote of thanks to the Mayor and Mayoress in Welsh. W. Ross seconded in English in a speech which was punctuated with cheers and laughter.

It had been decided that as a war economy there should be no prizes, and this was right and proper. But they had also had no Whitsun holidays which was hard lines. At one time there seemed a strong possibility that there would be no Mayoress at the Prize Day, but this he thought would have been carrying war economy too far. On behalf of those who had received no prize Certificates and yet had worked hard (and he was one of the former clan at any rate) and because they would have to come to School on the Saturday morning for the Oxford Examination, he asked the Mayoress to use her influence with his Worship the Mayor to obtain freedom from lessons for the rest of the day. They would then have an opportunity of properly digesting the words of wisdom they had heard from the Mayor and the Chairman of the Education Committee. The Mayor in replying thanked the proposer for his eloquent speech in Welsh. He had not understood a word of it but he knew it was eloquent from the way in which it was delivered, and in appreciation of the excellent examination results, he granted a half-holiday.

MUNICIPAL SECONDARY SCHOOL (BOYS).

List of Scholarships and Certificates.

Royal Society of Arts, 1916.

Examination Results: Elementary Stage.

W. J. Fairs—Book-keeping, Shorthand,
 Reg. E. Geen— " "
 Gwilym P. Thomas " " Typewriting.

London Chamber of Commerce, 1916.

Cecil G. Jones, 8 subjects.—FULL COMMERCIAL CERTIFICATE.
 Passed with Distinction in the following Subjects:—
 Arithmetic, Geography, Business Routine, and Book-
 keeping.

Passed in English, Handwriting, French and History.

Reggie Geen, 6 subjects.—Passed with Dist. in Arithmetic.
 Passed in English, Handwriting, Geography, Business
 Routine, and Drawing.

Willie J. Fairs, 5 subjects.—Passed in English, Geography,
 Business Routine, Book-keeping and Drawing.

J. D. Williams, 4 subjects.—Passed in English, Arithmetic,
 Geography and Drawing.

G. P. Thomas, 3 subjects.—Passed in English, Geography
 and Book-keeping.

Bernard McInerny.—Passed in Book-keeping.

T. E. Pickering.—Passed in Book-keeping.

Pitman's Special Examination, June 21st, 1916.

Speed—Haydyn Baptist, 50 words per minute.

Elementary Theory—G. Gibbs (Prize winner), H. A. Burns
 (Prize winner), I. Hammond (Prize winner) W. R. Williams,
 G. S. Whyatt, T. O. Richards, C. R. Dickens, L. Palmer,
 H. Thomas, T. Wellington, A. Williams, D. Jones, and
 W. Hughes.

MUNICIPAL SECONDARY SCHOOL (GIRLS).

London Chamber of Commerce, 1916.

Jessie Barnes—Shorthand (with Distinction), French (with Distinction), and English.

Beatrice Jones—Shorthand and English.

Marjorie Mallen—Shorthand, Book-keeping, Typewriting, and English.

Doris Davies, Handwriting.

Sylvia Moss, Drawing.

Dorothy Tyrrell, Drawing.

Lillian Jones, Shorthand.

Nesta Davies, Drawing.

Ethel Childs, English.

Pitman's Special Examination, June 21st, 1916.

Speed—Lillian Jones, 60 words per minute.

Elementary Theory—Winnie Noot (Prize winner), Violet Morgan (Prize winner), Dorothy Williams (Prize winner), Irene Palmer, Rita Jacobs, Lillian M. Jones, Neta Stephens, Gladys Bona, Rhoda Leyden, Mabel Merrimann, Marjorie Lewis, Antoinette Le Bars, Jennie McQue, Rosie Pallatt, Florrie Ball, Dora Mass, Evelyn M. Jones, Gertie Phillips, Doris Watts, Katie Teesdale.

A VISIT TO THE SWANSEA MUSEUM.

Our fortnightly games day being too wet for games, we, 2 Remove, instead of going to the School field, went to the Museum with Mr. Beanland. The first thing that met my eye on entering was a large elephant, which stood by the side of the staircase on the left hand. On the opposite side was the Library, which did not draw the attention of many of us. Some of us went upstairs and saw hanging on the walls above us old bows and arrows, war knives, a tremendous war club partly made of steel, and many African spears. On the landing was a large case of animal bones, many of which had been found in the Gower caves. One which drew my attention most was a very large bone, supposed to be the bone of a mammoth found in Bacon Hole, Gower. On our left was a large room given up entirely to specimens of birds, birds' eggs,

moths, butterflies, and a few stuffed animals. Among the eggs was an ostrich egg, very large in size, whilst in the egg cabinets there were the eggs of every kind of British bird. All round the walls were stuffed specimens of owls, kites, eagles and numerous smaller birds. We then walked into the room which drew more attention than any other room in the building. In it were Egyptian mummies, one of which was about 3,000 years' old. Others were lying about in cases, which were broken, the contents of which seemed to us to be pieces of the body wrapped up in rolls of cloth. We drew back a curtain just above a mummy and we saw an Egyptian head, 3,000 years old. The features were quite distinct and only parts of the flesh had fallen off. Lying by the side of this was a piece of hair which was also 3,000 years old, and around this were lying some very old Egyptian necklaces.

In the same room was the Death Warrant of Charles I and many other interesting inscriptions on stone tablets. We also saw an ancient plough, and an invalid's chair which no invalid would deign to sit in nowadays.

There was an old Roman milestone found near Neath, and in glass cases models of ships in full sail. We also noticed a weather-cock, a very realistic rooster, which for many years surmounted the steeple of the old St. Mary's Church. There were models in cork of Neath Abbey and of Raglan Castle, but the most interesting model was that of old Swansea, showing a very narrow Wind Street, the old Manor House in Temple Street, where Ben Evans' establishment now stands, and the Castle with the open Market beneath its walls.

In the Art Gallery we saw many pictures of Old Swansea, when the Strand was really a strand and the Tawe flowed along what is now the North Dock.

One interesting view showed Dynevor Place as a main thoroughfare, before Alexandra Road was built, and we could plainly see the old mansion, Russell House, whose site is now occupied by our Schools.

Some of us gazed upon the original betrothal agreement of Edward II, which is one of the prized treasures of the Royal Institution, and which jealous outsiders think ought to be in the British Museum.

We went home feeling very satisfied with the way in which we had spent our afternoon.

ALLAN ROSS, 2R.

"CARMINIBUS SPRETIS."

"Oh Muse : e'en deign to shed thy light
Upon this trembling neophyte,
And teach me every sacred rite,
Esoteric to those who write."

Thus do I trembling court the Muse,
E'en with these numbers, weak, profuse
And beg of her to kindness use,—
But still askance my gift she views.

I've read of other bards sublime,
And sought to lisp their praise in rhyme,
And by my weaker tones imprime
Their fame upon the scrolls of time.

First I the Greek did emulate,
In Homer's steps I trudged, elate,
But such, alas ! has been my fate
The numbers pall,—they're out of date.

Then at the English muse I sought—
Dan Chaucer soon my fancy caught,
With Spenser's stanza next I fought,
When Shakespeare's charms their magic wrought

And long awhile I sojourned here,
Fed on sweet Will's unfailing cheer,
Till, softened by a mellowing year,
His music soothed by chant severe.

And so roam'd I thro' many a mead,
Yet ne'er did reach the wished for meed,
And, deck'd out in Pan's own weed,
I wander'd, wand'ring to succeed.

Yet all awhile the Muse hath frown'd
By loftier chimes my 'peals were drown'd.
Where other bards success have found
I, soaring high, yet hug the ground.

But 'tis to each to sport himself,
So I'll away with nymph and elf.
An' since ye scorn my verse for pelf
Know then, I'll brood o'er it myself."

A GLIMPSE AT SOME SWANSEA TREASURES.

What a number of people are heard saying "I don't know what to do with myself to-day," and yet fifty per cent of these bored people have not sufficient interest to enter either of the Swansea Art Galleries. They do not realize what Masterpieces of Art are to be found "even in Swansea." I have heard many business men say they cannot bother with such stuff; money is their only concern. But even in this case, the Deffett-Francis Gallery should tempt them, if only for its monetary value; in it is one of the best collections of engravings in the world, and one engraving alone is valued at no less than £300. This is a stipple engraving of Mrs. Siddons as the "Tragic Muse," by Francis Haward, after Sir Joshua Reynolds. Then there are the soft and clear Mezzotints of which there are a number, by talented engravers after the most prominent of artists, such as Correggio, Titian, Wilkie or Turner. Some of these are worthy of particular notice. There is "Count Ugolino and his family in prison," by John Dixon, after Sir J. Reynolds. This is a clear, dark, engraving, distinctly "creepy" in character, depicting wonderfully the hopeless despair on the features of the doomed Count.

Another, "Rembrandt's Mother," by James McArdall, after Rembrandt, is just typical of the original artist—it is an old lady, her head and shoulders enveloped in a dark hood and cloak, from underneath which her happy old face seems almost to shine. "A Spanish peasant boy," after Murillo is rather attractive because of the peculiarity of character in the boy's face. It is quite impossible to attempt a full description of these pictures. This Gallery alone will afford "something to do" for some days.

There are people, however, who might think these colourless plates decidedly "dry." But there is no need for them to despair. Quite near is the Glynn Vivian Art Gallery. Here lovers of old china may indulge to their hearts' content, in a wonderful collection of old Swansea and Worcester specimens, while perfect miracles in the way of twisted iron work and inlaid tables find their place in the rooms of the Gallery. The best of these collections, however, is that being only lent, they continually give place to other specimens of the Arts and Crafts.

The crowning feature of the Gallery is found in its paintings,—selected from the various schools,—which are the work of the master artists of all nations. In the first room

are paintings of the old English school. Excellent examples are found in "Princess Anne" and "Duchess of Bedford," by Sir Peter Lely and "Charles Kemble," by Henry Haward. Just one little picture "Bacchanals" is sufficient to illustrate the rounded forms and warm colouring of the Italian School.

Gustave Doré occupies a prominent place in the Swansea Gallery. At one end of one of its long rooms is his famous "Judith with the Head of Holofernis," a perfect representation of the tragic scene, while opposite is "Mocking the Saviour" by the same artist. Both are enormous, dark paintings, with each detail clearly marked, while the striking feature of both is the wonderful painting of the flowing draperies worn by the central figures. There is nothing like having public opinion of these works; a woman, standing before "Judith," remarked to her husband, "lawk John, look at that 'oman 'olding that man's 'ead up, there's awfu!" Another of Doré's, exhibited in Swansea, is "Ecce Homo," remarkable for the fine expression in the eyes. A distinction is made, too, between the red in the robe worn by the Saviour and that of the blood upon His forehead. This "Ecce Homo" might be compared with a smaller one by Corregio, which is dark and grey, and has a very indistinct face.

A special feature of the Glynn Vivian Gallery is its collection of impressionist paintings. These are examples of the modern school, which at close quarters, look like an absurd conglomeration of colours, but at a distance, form themselves into perfect pictures. One of the best, by Marcel Couchaux, is "Lecture à la Grandmère," which has a remarkably fine fire-light effect. Pinchon's "Les Dahlias," and "Allée des Rosiers," by Chas. Fréchon are striking in their brilliant colours. Joseph Delattre, has his "part," in rippling water, while Guilbert's snow scene, and an interior by Mm. Allard-Frère, find their place upon the walls. Vignet's "Rouen Cathedral at sunset" is worthy of note for its delicate setting. Besides these, there is a gem by Turner, a series of Richardson's Italian pictures, and beautiful watercolours by such as Fielding, Rowbotham, and Tayler.

A unique collection of specimens of Chinese Art are to be found in the Upper Gallery, while numerous pieces of enamel work and hundreds of perfect miniatures add to the attractions below.

A description worthy of these treasures is impossible, but let it be said that no boredom is allowable while such pleasure is within the reach of all.

A JOURNEY TO NORTH WALES.

Last Easter holidays I was fortunate enough to spend my holidays, in perhaps, one of the most charming spots in the world—picturesque North Wales. I would ask my readers to imagine the train leaving Swansea Victoria Station at 7.40, on a bright, sunny morning.

Having quitted the disagreeable station, we had an excellent view of Town Hill, and then on nearing Swansea Bay, the "lowlands" of the town came into sight; the sun shining on the water presented a pretty picture. Having passed Mumbles Road, the train rushed with a rumbling noise through Clyne Woods and did not stop at the quaint, little station of Killay. On arriving at Gorseinon I was struck with the rapid growth of the town. My previous recollection of it was a quiet, sleepy, little place with one or two rows of houses and an inn. After passing through very pretty country we arrived at Llandilo. There a sweet picture was seen and reminded one of Landseer or Rosa Bonheur's pictures.

The river had swollen, owing to the heavy rains, and in the sleepy, quiet water some eight or nine cows were busily drinking, and on a patch of grass near the river were horses and a donkey. On sped the train and I regret to say I disregarded the route from here on, until we reached Llandrindod, with its quaint, pretty red brick-houses, its lake and spacious hotels. On the station were many Swansea people and I felt quite near home. At last we came to Shrewsbury, and having an hour to wait for my train I walked around the old town with its Roman Walls and Castle. What attracted me most was the German Concentration Camp with about two hundred prisoners. After leaving Shrewsbury the next interesting sight was the large mass of R.A.M.C. huts near Whitchurch.

We now journeyed on through Cheshire passing Malpas and Tattenhall, and eventually arrived at Chester. From the train one had an excellent view of the River Dee, the old Cathedral, the Race Course and the contrast between the new houses on one hand and the very old on the other. It is a very quaint, low lying town upon which one could write a great deal. After passing many fairly large places, Old Colwyn and Colwyn Bay came into view. Colwyn Bay possesses a fine pier with a large pavilion and concert hall. Rhos was reached and high upon the hill Penrhos College for

Girls was seen. Llandudno Junction was reached, where we changed and went by train to Conway. Pretty Conway with its white Suspension Bridge, Ancient Castle, its pretty houses and Welsh hills, deserves all the praise for beauty one could give. And now I think you will have gathered some idea of my journey and join with me in saying "Cymru am byth."

F.M.T., Vb.

GEMS—TAKEN FROM THEIR SETTINGS.

The Cameras now got to work, for they looked very peculiar when running about almost resembling human beings. (IVcl).

The weather was favourable, having but been caught in two blizzards. (IVcl).

The rear of the party were some distance behind those in front. (IVcl).

Ariel is the opposite of Caliban, and Caliban is the opposite of Ariel. (IVcl).

The ancient mariner was in the silent *see*. (IVcl).

The "jest of Fume" is an expression too fine to be explained—it explains itself. (IVcl).

Arm, Arm, it is, it is the *Canon's* opening roar. (IVcl).

Pope's education was private owing to being deformed. (IVcl.)

The "Rape of the lock" is the story of a rich lady who was loved by a gentleman, who could not get her to acknowledge the *suite*. (IVcl.)

Scott's favourite study was History, and lighter study, such as that of the fair sex. (IVcl.)

Opposite of knowledge—insanity. (IIIM.)

Opposite of knowledge—disunderstanding. (IIIM.)

We left at 6 a.m. by the tide loaded with shells. (IIIM.)

I will erect a tomb wherein his *corps* will be interred. (IIIR.)

He asked which one of the family was the best, and he answered, "poor Die," though she was not one of the family. (IIIR.)

Great was his amusement when the Highlands began to fire at the English soldiers. (IIIR.)

GIRLS' FORM NOTES.

FORM VI.

Many things have happened this term,—the celebration of Empire Day, our visit to Penllergaer, and the Matriculation Examination. But its importance for some of us lies in the fact that it is the last term in School.

The years that we have spent in the School seem but as a few months. We may have wished, perhaps, while signing an Order-mark or writing out an imposition, that the time had come for us to leave this "grim old building," but now that the moment HAS arrived, who but the most unfeeling wretch does not long for at least "just another year?"

But it is farewell to the School, to Miss Phipps and the Staff, to the girls that are staying on, to Hockey, Cricket, and the Debating Society.

FLOREAT M.S.S. ! A.F.

Before the close of the term I think it is the duty of the "we are sevenites," to bring to the notice of the School that we are losing some of its most illustrious members, the majority of whom are going to swell the ranks of teachers; but three of the more ambitious intend to further their education at the Technical College, one of them we hope will become a famous Lady Doctor. (May you acquit yourselves well there!) To those who are going to teach—good, intelligent, attentive pupils. May the other three make such a discovery which shall render unnecessary all the hard work attached to the scrubbing of floors and the washing of clothes!

Can the old School still count upon your support in the next year's sports Club? B.W.

CRICKET.

Early in the term a cricket meeting was held in Trinity Schoolroom, when:—

Dora Catto was elected secretary; Beth. Williams, captain; and Gwen Hounsell, vice-captain.

Miss E. Williams kindly undertook the office of Treasurer.

Owing to the "excellence of the weather" there have been few games.

A GAME OF CRICKET.

It is not surprising that such a popular and fascinating pastime as Cricket should be patronised by girls. The hardness of the ball, the handling of a heavy bat, the necessary (yet unnecessary to slackers) quick running, the risk of a blow, the stinging sensation; these and many other "draw-backs," often found deep down in the hearts of anti-cricketers, seem to have been completely overruled by the game itself.

In a typical game we find a lucky or an unlucky bowler, the former being favoured with a stumper, the other desolate. Those averse to work place themselves in some remote corner of the field, where the ball never strays. There are some, who, anxious to relieve, what they think, the monotony of the game, hold discourses on popular subjects of the day. For this purpose, small groups form themselves, these are dispersed only by the hardness of the ball, skilled and unskilled batsmen, straight and crooked bowlers—all these types are to be found in the S.M.S.S. Girls' Cricket Club. E.M., B.W.

FORM Vc.

Once upon a time there was talk of having a serial story for our Magazine. It seems a good idea which could easily be put into practice, and surely there is someone in the school who could do so. E.C.

Our Form is soon to be invaded by new-comers. Most of the old girls are leaving, but there are plenty more to fill their places. I hear the new-comers are longing to come and learn typewriting.

We are sorry Marjorie Mallen, one of our Formites, has been ill and away from school so long. But all will be pleased to hear she is now able to leave Swansea to recuperate.

A PICNIC IN THE COUNTRY.

What is more delightful for a mind lately released from terminal examinations, than a long holiday. Then school may be put away from the mind—for a few weeks at any rate. In the Summer holidays some kind person almost invariably suggests a picnic in the country. A conveyance is hired and the long-looked-for day at last arrives. It is best not to discuss such a dismal occurrence as rain.

A lovely day, the sun shining brightly, already it is beginning to get hot. Lunch baskets are packed, all likely necessities are ready and the conveyance arrives. We climb in it, in holiday mood, very likely some person adds to the general excitement by being a little late. At last the person for whom we are waiting arrives, and the horses start. Soon leaving town and suburb, roofs and chimneys behind, the picnic party is in the open country. After many such trivial incidents as, a horse losing his shoe, somebody's hat flying off, or catching in an overhanging tree, the party arrives at its destination. After a little delay lunch is ready and food disappears in alarming quantities. At last the meal is over, and we take a walk through woods, fields and country lanes, and come back ready for tea. A few hours pass in games, etc. The conveyance appears and we climb into it. The ride back is taken through a country over which shadows are already beginning to fall and through a brilliantly lighted town, and at last a party of tired but happy people alight from the conveyance, the party disappears and all is quiet. D.T., Vc.

FORM IVa.

We offer Lizzie Adams (IVa) our hearty congratulations upon her recent success in the Trinity College of Music Examination, Intermediate Division.

FORM III.

I had the pleasure of visiting the wounded soldiers at Parc Wern Hospital, when I conveyed the eggs collected by the girls of our School. I saw some of our brave soldiers who have been badly wounded. I think if more of our girls paid a visit to the Red Cross Hospitals, there would be a better response to the appeal for eggs in future than there has been in the past. I.R.

We are anxiously looking forward to the walk which Miss Landon has promised after the Oxford Examination.

FORM II.

What a great disappointment we had this term when we found that there was to be no holiday at Whitsun. Those who had planned all for their holidays must have been more disappointed than the rest of us girls. It is said that we shall have the extra week we should have had at Whitsun, added

to our summer vacation—but will they do so?—that is the question. I am sure, we all hope that they will keep their promise. D.C.

Softly the nurse smoothed the sufferer's pillow. He had been admitted only that morning, and now he looked up at the nurse who stood at his bedside.

"And what did you say the doctor's name was, nurse,?" he asked.

"Dr. Kilpatrick," was the reply.

The sufferer winced and pulled a wry face.

"That settles it," he muttered firmly. "That doctor will not get a chance to operate on me."

"Why not?" asked the nurse in surprise. "He's a very clever man."

"That's as may be," said the patient. "But my name happens to be Patrick." (Original) R.H.

'Tis fun to be a Schoolgirl,
When Friday comes along ;
That day we do not mind a bit,
No matter what goes wrong.

On Fridays we're so very good,
Really a model class.
The teacher smiles at us and says
"The first line rise and pass."

We get our hats ; our books we strap :
And hum a lively tune.
Then hurry home. There's nothing like
A Friday afternoon.

You think it odd that Friday should
A part so famous play ?
Then ask a girl. She'll tell you why
The next is Saturday.

(Original) G. FEWINGS.

We celebrated Empire Day this year, with deep thoughts. On our way in from recreation we saluted the flag, and our Form-mistress talked to us about patriotism, and what we could do for our country, as our country had done so much for us. Then we went to Form I room, and were treated to

a programme from our own Form and Form I. No one in Form II ever dreamed that we had so many famous artistes.

While we were saluting the flag, Miss Phillips took our photographs quite unknown to us. Some of us who took part in tableaux were also photographed. Miss Phillips afterwards sold the snapshots and gave the proceeds to a fund for wounded soldiers.

O. GRIFFITHS, MARG. THOMAS, IRENE REES.

We have got over the disappointment of having no Whitsun holidays, and are now looking forward to our extra week in the Summer.

ANNETTE LE BARS.

All the girls are pleased to welcome back Nancy Morgan, who has just returned to school after her illness.

ELSIE DARE.

We are all looking forward to the Summer holidays, but will be sorry to part with the girls who are going to Commercial Forms next year.

NANCY MORGAN.

PECULIARITIES OF FORM II.

1.—*Louie* the French Prince is at present a *Gardener*, doing war work, of course.

2.—It *Payne(s)* a few of our form girls to know how to catch *Ra(chel)* in *An-nette*, as they were asked a few days ago by the *Burgess*. They laughed at him, and their *Rees-on* for laughing was because he spoke in a *Crowley* voice.

3.—The other day a little child while out with her mother, ran away a little distance. Her mother, having missed her, she turned quite *White* with fright, and *Calderba(n)k* and told her not to *Dare* to run away again.

4.—How *Glad-ys Thomas*! He walks in his garden to see the Sweet *Williams*, the trailing *Rose*, the *Grace-ful Ivy*, the *Gilli-an* the *Lily*.

5.—“Please may *Ei-leen* on you to play *M(y)organ*?” said tired James.

6.—“*Ho-well*,” said *Davey*, after being scolded, “If you scold me I will *Coll(o)* more.”

W.M.B.

FORM I.

At the end of last term the girls of Form I were granted a “walk,” on account of having obtained 100 per cent. for attendance three times in succession. We went by the Mumbles train as far as Blackpill, and then walked to Bishopston Common. As it was not a very hot day, we

enjoyed the walk very much, though the hill tired us. When Bishopston Common was reached, we were allowed to have some games and enjoyed particularly a game of two's and three's. We had such an enjoyable time that too soon we found we should have to return to catch the four o'clock train at Blackpill. One of the party was fortunate in finding a solitary violet and the rest of us searched in vain for more. We ultimately reached the station and took the train for home having thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. M.D.

EMPIRE DAY.

We celebrated Empire Day in our Form with a concert. Before our concert began, we assembled in the yard to salute the Union Jack. Each Form had a programme of its own, ours comprising numerous patriotic poems and songs. We also had a tableau representing Britain and her Allies; it was very effective. Miss Phillips very kindly took our photos and we were very pleased with them when we saw them later. In the afternoon, we had a holiday which we all appreciated very much. G.H.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE M.S.S.

A "fresher." What agony this word recalls! My first entry into the ancient and historic building of the M.S.S. was anything but cheering or inspiring. I was escorted through a porch which, to my mind, would have better graced a prison, and thence along a dark, stone-flagged passage, which certainly had the advantage of being, to say the least of it, airy. This led to an open space, enclosed by white-washed walls, from which a glimpse of the blue sky, to which I had almost bidden farewell, could be obtained. It was, when I first saw it, far from being deserted. Girls of every description were congregated there in groups, seeming to vie with one another for the privilege of being able to produce the greatest volume of noise. In short, it was Babel with a vengeance! Each new arrival was boisterously greeted, and then she in turn joined one of the many "cliques." However, despite the fact that one and all were so busily engaged the appearance of a "fresher" attracted many curious glances, and for the next few minutes I was criticised up and down by dozens of pairs of inquiring eyes. No pen can describe my state of mind when thus unceremoniously thrust into the middle of a crowd of strange school girls. To my relief many, after favouring me with a cursory glance, turned away, and under cover of

the confusion I found a few scholars who were not quite strangers, and was just beginning to feel more comfortable, when a bell rang, and, marvellous to relate, silence instantly reigned supreme. My life at the M.S.S. had begun; I was assigned to a form, and led thither like a lamb to the slaughter. Having traversed, what seemed then to be, miles of passages and ascended interminable flights of stairs, I arrived at my destination. Now came the most trying ordeal I had to undergo. I was placed in a class with about twenty-four strangers, who for a time regarded me as if I were a natural phenomenon or something similar. However, I soon became "acclimatised," and in a short time the novelty wore off, and I began to observe and enjoy the school routine. Now, alas! I am no longer a "fresher," but a student who has almost come to the end of her career at the M.S.S., and although I shall leave it with regret and carry away many pleasant memories, yet my first impressions of it can never be quite obliterated. E.

GEMS FROM ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIP PAPERS.

Shakespeare is the one and only best poet and playwright ever seen. His mother's name was Ann Hathaway, and his father's name John Hathaway.

Shakespeare's father John became thief (sic) magistrate when he was five years old.

Shakespeare when born lived at Stratford-on-Avon. Lucky Stratford-on-Avon to give birth to such a great man who made his name famous through this world. He made his way to London walking on foot. He did a very unwise thing when he was 18, he married Ann Hathaway.

He was a composer of plays, then a writer. Some of his plays are Hamlet, Merchant Avenice and books. Some of his books are a pleasury to read; one of the best is Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.

His works were not believed to be his, but Robert Burns's, who lived at that time. His death was celebrated all over the world, also in Germany.

He died at the age of 53 or 63. This year is the tenth centenary of his death.

The sun was setting in the east.

It is cold in the street, but in the pictures it is hot.

The fire brigade came up with *woose* pipes and began to *dout* the fire.

WITH APOLOGIES.

Play and the Form plays with you.
 "Swot" and you "swot" alone.

EXAMS.

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not
 In mind—we feel no laughter
 For we with pain are fraught.
 Our saddest thoughts are those that tell of facts forgot.

Shelley.

O what can ail thee, scholar mine,
 So pale, devoid of hope.
 My Wordsworth I've forgotten quite,
 Forgotten too my Pope.

Keats.

This paper tolls the knell of all my hope,
 It's gaze upturn'd I do with sorrow see.
 It makes requests with which I cannot cope,
 And leaves my world to darkness—not to me.

Gray.

AFTER OXFORD—RESULT.

Victorious men of earth no more
 Proclaim how wide your empires are;
 Though you bind in every shore.
 Your triumphs reach not near no far
 As ours to-day.

For we, proud monarchs, on this day,
 From proud Minerva's stately clasp
 Have seized the laurel garland with a certain grasp.

Shirley.

AFTER HOLIDAYS.

Now the last of many days
 All beautiful and bright as thou,
 The loveliest and the last, is dead.
 Rise Memory, and write its praise,
 Up to thy wonted work! come trace
 The joys of holidays all fled.
 For now my world has changed its phase,
 And I must hie to school instead.

Shelley.

STRATEGY AND TACTICS.

Strategy and tactics deal with the operations of an army and the carrying-out of these operations. The two terms, though always mentioned together, are essentially different, and the most brilliant strategy may be nullified by poor tactics. Briefly strategy is the conception of a plan or plans before a campaign while tactics involve the execution of these plans during the campaign.

Before sending an army upon a military expedition, the commander-in-chief and his general staff (or their equivalents) decide upon a course of operations. Naturally the first consideration is the objective—this may be either to conquer or overrun the enemy territory, as was Germany's, or to wear out the enemy, as was ours—and then a suitable base is chosen from which operations can be most successfully directed. Then it is absolutely necessary to have a detailed knowledge of the theatre of operations, so that positions of strategical importance (such as railway centres to-day) can be at once picked out and seized; of positions suitable for offence or defence as strategy demands; and of the relative positions of various landmarks so that the distribution of the army can be so arranged as to form one long solid line, with easy communication all along. With a knowledge of all these facts the leaders of an army can then arrange and decide upon points of attack or defence. Again it is the strategists' business to have as deep a knowledge as possible of the enemy, his numerical and military strength, his objective, and his mental disposition, so that he can form his plans as necessity may demand, and decide upon a frontal movement, or a flanking and surrounding movement, initiated by Caesar, and used by every general of note since.

The strategist's main work finishes when operations commence, though he may have to modify or even change his original plan as they develop. With actual fighting the tactician comes into play. It is impossible to give a clear idea of the various tactics, because they continually change—everyone has heard of Napoleon's statement that a nation to maintain its military pre-eminence must change its tactics every ten years. All we can say definitely of the tactician is that he conducts the actual methods of fighting, field organisation, communications, movements of troops and fortifications.

The fate of an army, and consequently of a nation, depends upon the military genius of the chief commander. His skill is shown in the distribution of his own forces, in his methods

of defence and attack and of meeting successfully the plans of the enemy, and finally in his ability to alter his original strategy as a campaign develops. No less important a role does a tactician play, for a tactical blunder may upset all calculations. As an illustration of this we may refer to the British operations at Neuve Chapelle, Suvla Bay and Loos, where doubtlessly our strategy was sound, but our tactics were anything but completely satisfactory, and it must be admitted that tactically the Germans have hitherto proved superior to us.

As it has been said before, tactics have been continually changing; this is due almost entirely to the constant change of weapons. The key-note of the tactics of the ancients and the barbarous was shock. The Greeks in their battles depended upon utterly demoralising the enemy by the weight of their phalanges and the tremendous impetus of their charges. In the Roman legions we see a mixture of the ancient idea of impetus with modern idea of plan. Their discipline enabled them to meet any enemy, but when it came to routing him, they always had resort to "shock." The same idea remained more or less until the Middle Ages. It was the introduction of gunpowder at that period that revolutionised tactics. Armies became composed of pikemen in the first rank to make or meet charges, and musketeers in the rear to scatter the enemy with their fire; the importance of fire was greatly increased when the use of the bayonet made every man a pikeman and a musketeer, and still more increased by the introduction of artillery. Here we must make mention of Marlborough who has been admitted by all to be England's, and claimed by many to be the world's greatest strategist and tactician. He never lost a battle and never failed to take a town which he besieged. He reserved the old "shock" idea for the cavalry, and trained his infantry to be skilled in the use of firearms. Every soldier was taught to be an accurate marksman, and all ranks fired simultaneously as opposed to the French method of shooting consecutively. He handled his artillery superbly, and at Blenheim it is said that every gun was laid under his own eye. Indeed he may be called the father of modern strategy.

Frederick the Great initiated the modern idea of employing linear tactics, but Napoleon, who was also a superb general and has a claim to be called the world's most brilliant strategist, still adhered to the orthodox close formation—his infantry charging in serried ranks under cover of smoke from his artillery. Wellington employed the same methods as

Frederick. Up to the middle of the nineteenth century the use of fire and artillery has always had the same object—that of demoralising the enemy (a relic of the old “shock”) before a charge. About the middle of that century however, the employment of the rifle, the bullet, and rifled artillery brought about another change. The preponderating factor was gun-fire; closely-formed ranks of infantry could not stand against it, and if they did the only result would be their entire annihilation. Cavalry as a means of attack became obsolete, but became extremely useful as scouts for discovering positions of the enemy, who were usually hidden on account of the great range of modern guns. To-day however cavalry has been ousted even from this role and its place has been taken by aeroplanes. The methods of fighting to-day are otherwise the same in principle as those of the end of the last century. Yet in certain particulars great alterations have taken place even during the last ten years. The distance separating modern armies in the field has made absolutely necessary abundant supplies of artillery. The great range, accuracy and power of penetration of modern guns have rendered forts useless, and have necessitated the use of entrenchments during the present war, while the very use of these trenches has caused the essential shell to be not shrapnel but high explosive. To deal adequately with modern tactics, however, would mean a book in itself.

D.T.J., VI.

ROYAL NAVAL BARRACKS,
DEVONPORT,

Feb. 13th, 1915.

Dear Sir,—I left Swansea on January 2nd at 5 o'clock, a.m. and arrived here about 2.30 We did not go on the Indus as we were ordered, but the chief stoker who met us, took us to the barracks. The first week we were here we were vaccinated. That disabled us to a great extent but not enough to have drill. The first three weeks we did about three hours a day. It fairly tired us out. I got my uniform the fourth week we were here. On the Monday of the same week we started work. We were given a very rough steel cylinder and we were told to chip the ends flat. By the time mine was finished there were great pieces of flesh knocked out of the back of my hands by the hammer. At the same time the palms of my hands were all blistered. However, I finished mine this week. The Indus I is being used as a hospital ship and two of the workshops are at Cromarty as repair ships, so we have only two workshops left. The

seniors are in the dockyard taking the place of the men who are all on a battleship getting it finished

I have seen a large number of warships of different classes. I was quite close to some of them, when we returned to the ship through the dockyard, after a visit to the dentist.

The hours are fairly easy here. We get out of our hammocks at 6 a.m., and start for the ship at 7.15. We have prayers and cocoa at 9.30 until 9.45. Then we knock off at 11.30 and start again at 1.0 p.m. We finish for the day at 4.30 unless we have school, which we get on Wednesday and Friday. We get fairly good food here, and I am quite enjoying myself. It is much better here than I expected.

I remain, your old pupil, IVOR FISCHER,
Boy Artificer, E. Block, Mess 267.

WAR FUNDS.

When the first wave of Belgian War Refugees reached Swansea and numerous Belgian children were seen in the houses and gardens of De-la-Beche Street, apparently with no other amusement than that of watching their strange surroundings, the School Prefects decided to raise a fund in the School in order to provide footballs, swings, and toys for these children. Over £2 was raised for this purpose. Later as a result of two Debating Society Concerts, £1 was sent to the Y.M.C.A. General Fund. Below are the amounts recently received from the various Forms as contributions to the Y.M.C.A. Hut Fund and the Relief Fund for destitute children in Belgium.

Form.	Hut Fund.			Belgian Fund.		
	£	s.	d.	s.	d.	
V	0	5	9	2	2	
IVCL	1	0	0	1	11	
III _R	0	18	10	1	5	
III _A	0	7	8	1	4	
III _M	0	3	10	1	5	
II _R	0	5	8	2	3	
II _A	0	3	10	0	3	
II _B	0	3	6	0	7	
I _A	0	3	11	2	0	
I _B	0	5	3	3	3	
I _C	0	10	0	1	11	
Extras	0	1	9	1	6	
	<hr/>			<hr/>		
	£4	10	0	£1	0	0