

GOREU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

Swansea Municipal Secondary School Magazine.

No. 30.

JULY, 1919.

EDITORIAL.

At last the War is over, all Masters have returned and paper and printer are again at our service.

The only present pupil who knew the School in pre-war days is R. W. Hall, Prefect and Librarian.

Mr. L. S. Knight left us for the Grammar School last Easter and we have been weekly (or should it be *weakly* and vainly?) expecting the return of Mr. D. D. Phillips all this Term to take his place—until his arrival on July 11. He was the first to go in 1914 and the last to return.

More than thirty Old Boys have given their lives for King and Country, and two of them, P. Lloyd and H. Elias. were in school a week before War broke out.

A Committee of Old Boys has been formed to raise funds for a War Memorial, the joint Secretaries being Messrs. Hawkins and Dowdall. The first subscription received was £5 from a very recent Old Boy and it is hoped to raise a fund not only to pay for a Memorial Tablet to the Fallen, but also to establish a War Memorial Loan Fund.

Several meetings of Old Boys have been held and a wish has been expressed to form an Old Boys' Club with athletic, social and dramatic sections, and--an annual dinner.

The question of forming Houses in the School is again under consideration.

Demolition and rebuilding for the new Girls' School will commence next term in De-la-Beche Street, and when these buildings are completed, we shall be housed on that side whilst our own School is being remodelled and extended on the Dynevor Place side, and after that a new system of ventilation and the millennium!

If a field is available and the weather permits, Peace Sports will be held on Friday, July 18th, and the whole School is at present all agog at the prospect.

HARVEST WORK.

In the heat and fervour of the Oxford Locals, our attention was drawn to the proposed Harvest Camp Scheme. The "veterans" of the last farming expedition, all who had not been drawn into the greater thing, of which this was one of the countless results, volunteered to spend their six weeks holiday helping to get the corn from field to granary. Twenty-seven boys and three masters, in all, volunteered for six weeks. We knew that we should have to work for 4d. per hour and, from the total weekly earnings, pay for the food we ate at the camp, which was sent three times weekly from Pembroke Dock, the local centre for Army rations.

On Aug. 15, boxes, bags and bicycles were crammed into the train, future campmates tumbled into their carriages and we left Swansea not to return until late in September. Quitting the train at the quaint old-fashioned town of Haverfordwest, we spent two hours there, walking round and preparing for our cycle ride of sixteen miles varied with seventeen hills, to St. David's. Those who did not cycle, travelled in an antiquated and almost prehistoric blue brake of exceedingly plain structure drawn by two horses, quite appropriately harnessed to such a vehicle (or was it a curricule?), for they certainly did not appear to have won the Derby, even in its earliest days. The Jehu was also quite typical and was worried to death about his brake and pair. Our start was delayed for some time owing to some hitch. A policeman appeared and asked to see our permit. The proprietor had had verbal permission from the head constable, but as the latter was now taking his holiday at Tenby, the proposition was as difficult to prove as one in Euclid. We declared we were on farming war-work and therefore a veto was absurd. The Deputy Chief would not accept our *ad absurdum* proof. The law said "not more than six persons" might travel without a permit and there was no mention of war-farming exceptions. A visit was paid to the Deputy Chief in the castle. He at first proved adamant and must await a telephone reply from Tenby. However, the velvet glove and, so it was rumoured, a certain admixture of bluff at length set all wheels in motion and at last we set out from Castle Square, an imposing procession.

At about 5.30 p.m. we found ourselves at Hendre Cross Schoolroom, six miles from S. David's, a large disused stone building having the shape of a letter L, the tail part of which was formerly the Schoolmaster's house but now a private

dwelling and shop, where they sold candles, 'bulls' eyes', cigarettes, and crab apples. The schoolroom part was for our use, and on entering we saw the palliasses and blankets, as last year. There was a rush for the cosy places, each one dumping his property on the "bed" he fancied. We did justice to a good meal which was served in a marquee erected at the end of the building, where we took all our subsequent meals with great convenience. Six juniors and four seniors ventured to camp out in two bell-tents during the whole time, greatly to their satisfaction. Most of us now took our first stroll along the quiet roads at dusk. Strangely, we always remember our first walk; we notice places and buildings with interest at first, which soon lose our regard entirely. The freshness of the countryside was enough to keep us walking along in silence, drinking in our first impressions. We retired to rest for the first time, seventeen in the schoolroom and ten in the tents, in a field across the road. We soon became known as the 'tent boys,' quite distinct from the rest, because we lived almost quite differently. We had the pleasure of sharing the real camp life. The first night of course was the most varied. First we had to lay our waterproof ground sheets on the grass inside the tents, then our palliassss and blankets. We tied a candle to the tent pole and shut the flap. The 'Senior' tent was quite full and would not have held another one with comfort; a cosier dwelling could not have been found. That night we sat on our beds, and had a great sing-song and fought with an invading trio of farm labourers, with whom we had a friendly supper later in the night. It must be said that the 'tent boys' did not always get up with the lark; we had to be 'fetched' to breakfast every morning. In fact the noisy, throaty cawing of the rooks and crows was our signal for arising, and they, like we, were invariably late birds. Once up we soon had a cold wash outside the tent flap in a canvas bucket and sprinted though the keen air to the marquee where we would find cold porridge awaiting our late arrival, but a hot ration of bacon and tea and a 'filling up' of bread and jam. On Friday we went out for work. By Saturday all the boys were engaged on no less than fifteen farms; there were never more than two boys on one farm. In the first fine days we all had to stook corn after the binder; first the oat fields were cut and these far exceeded the wheat which was exceeded by the barley, cut last. This work soon became monotonous so that we longed for the time when the binder would be packed away for twelve months. But stooking never ceased. The corn never all kept up; field after field was blown down and had to be set up again. The

first week was the most successful of the five. Enthusiasm was at its height, and eagerness was displayed every morning in getting off to work quickly in order to 'put in' as many hours as possible. We always dined at the farm and the typical Pembroke dinner consisted first of 'cawl,' which never failed day after day and was eaten with wooden spoons. The farmers liked to attribute our good health and now rosy cheeks to the effects of the 'cawl,' and never failed to administer it accordingly. The monotony of stooking was always relieved by the sport with rabbits, which were as numerous almost as blackbeetles. The smallest, stumpiest dog would seldom fail to catch at least a few in a day. A good hound would often catch even two at a time. We ran after them until breathless, not because of running but because we screamed so much to frighten them. Our cook was a Lancashire Irishman who had never practised the art of cooking before and never even boiled a *potater*. He succeeded admirably with rabbit stew, however, which we never lacked at any rate in the early weeks. He grumbled every day that there was not enough water to boil a cup o' tea nor enough wood to roast one side of 'a egg.' When joked with, he was very verbose and his constant cry, repeated *ad nauseam et ad infinitum*, "Where is that good looking-chap?" was a nightmare, not a dream. Two other privates acted as orderlies. After each day's work, no matter how many meals we had had at the farm we could always do justice to another at the camp. Then the eternal "water question" had to be settled. At dusk we trudged, each with a bucket, down to the water-farm, some 400 yards away. Later the problem was somewhat simplified when we obtained a water-barrel on wheels. To this some eight or ten boys were harnessed and the procession gave the impression of a team of German prisoners at work.

We knew that, this necessary duty performed, it would soon be dark, so we remained about the camp till bed-time. There were also firewood 'fatigues' on occasion but these again were later somewhat simplified, by the hiring of a donkey and cart. The sunsets were often very beautiful. Had they been painted as we saw them, one would scarcely have believed such a glorious blending of colour possible. When the sun had lost its fierce white glare, and was taking a red glow, the black storm clouds sometimes covered it up. Then it burst out in a last effort to overcome the clouds and tinged them all with gold and a blood red blaze of light. When it sank beneath the horizon and left us with the lowering dark sky we had prayers and went to bed. Sometimes we went to

Solva a small rural port with the cosiest little harbour one could imagine. Solva is situated at the foot of a deep fern and heather-covered valley ; it has only one long street which is part of the St. David's road. Solva's harbour only allows small sailing vessels to enter with their cargoes of coal and culm, which is bought by the farmers of the country-side. They pound to dust lumps of dry clay and mix it with the moistened culm, which forms their only fuel. Their fires never go out from year's end to year's end.

The City of St. David's was teeming with interest—its antiquity, its historic surroundings, and, above all, its Cathedral. St David's Cathedral lies below the town in a sheltered hollow. It is a stone building, solid, square and massive, with a square short tower at the East end. Viewed from outside the Cathedral presents no stately grandeur ; its external work, as a whole is not beautiful. Inside its stateliness and workmanship are straightway apparent. Its solid pillars of bathstone, towering up to the roof ; the gallery surrounding the walls quite near the roof and the fine view from the nave proclaim its solemn beauty, but its most striking features is its highly decorated roof. There are effigies of the Saints, particularly of St. David himself. In the ruins outside are the old Bishop's Palace, including the famous rose window, one small fragment of the beautiful old building, now the ivy-covered home of rooks. The roads were excellent for cycling, but it was quite an easy matter to get lost. One turning leads you on to a road exactly similar to the one you have left. Thus you turn corners and corners until you have found your way into the centre of a puzzle garden from which there is no exit. Honeysuckle and plentiful blackberries gave all the hedges a fine appearance. As the time went on, one day creeping upon the following with uneventful monotony, we began to feel that we had been absent from home a long time. The corn was now mostly cut, and was going through the threshing process. At night we used to hear the traction engines trailing their threshing machines, thundering over the roads : we used to scamper out of bed and give these nightly travellers a passing salutation. The piercing cries of rabbits rent the air at intervals and we often went out to look at them. They were caught in iron traps.

As the weather became worse, so the work became harder. Sometimes we had to pitch manure, and mend the roads about the farm—or not work at all. Thus the financial success of the camp was threatened. Nevertheless we proved our

ability as capable labourers, we, who had been distinguished as scholars taking four years mental training. Still the weather became worse and worse until all desire to go to do a hard day's work seemed dead. The boys in the tents, although previously troubled by black slugs, "daddy long legs" and frogs, were now troubled by the rain. It began to drip through several leaky seams and form pools on our blankets. Then envious schoolroom boys were waiting to see us scuttle over to the schoolroom some stormy night. It must be admitted that there were times when we seriously contemplated abandoning the tents. On one occasion the wind nearly forced them to leave us as unceremoniously as possible. The gale shook and rattled them like a ship's topsails; but we clung to the ropes from inside, although we were in bed, and held it down. In the morning the site of the marquee was one of wreckage—a large portion of our crockery was broken and the work of clearing had to commence.

The fifth week arrived with a still worse weather account for us; the cook still grumbled mercilessly, but accomplished his duties in difficult circumstances. On Tuesday it was decided to break up camp. On Wednesday we paid our last visits all round and had a last look at familiar haunts. Blackberries were as plentiful as—blackberries, and in the early days we could have gathered tons for export, but no receptacles were then obtainable. Later, just before we left, some barrels arrived and on the last Wednesday certain boys spent the day in gathering about a hundred pounds of blackberries; Leonard Cole obtained 7/- as his share of the spoil.

On Thursday morning the "cabby" arrived with his conveyance and pair and we departed. Seven of us in the St. David's bus, five in a motor car from Newgate bridge, and ten cycled. At Newgate the disappointed "cabby" was left with three passengers and the baggage. A last look round Haverfordwest and we departed and came like strangers into Swansea. Few of us could sleep on a feather bed that night—we had become hardy, healthy and capable farmers, ready for anything next time: but schoolboy Harvest Camps are only the innovation of war—one of the war's pleasant necessities. They are not for all time, but I believe most of us would have gone to the real thing as brightly we have seen our soldiers do. The little bit we did was important and necessary and will always be remembered by us with great pleasure.

A. Ross.

FORM NOTES.

“ Along the quiet vale of school
They kept the chosen path of rule.”—Anon.

FORM IVCL. The primary interest of this Form has been bestowed upon Basket Ball to such an extent that it has led our Head to declare that the present Fourths are “ men of action, not of thought.” So marked has been our powers in its game that we have even beaten the hitherto invincible Fifths. This crowning achievement has inspired in us the ardent desire to make the Fourth Room the permanent resting place of the Shield.

Many and varied, humourous and otherwise, were our experiences on the land, but we are all agreed that it was a glorious summer holiday.

We unite with the other Forms in extending a hearty welcome to our Masters who helped to bring about the downfall of the Kaiser, and observe with pride that the Old School is beginning to assume its former grandeur as we knew it in our first year.

B.C.

FORM 4M. The Form extends a very hearty welcome to Mr. G. Powell, our new Form Master, on his return from Active Service, to resume his former position in this School.

The work differs greatly from that of last year, many new and interesting subjects (Trig. included) being added to our time-table.

We regret to add that owing to the “ flu-holiday ” we have not made such progress in these as we should have wished to, but we, at least, believe that we are making up for lost time if Friday nights’ home-work be considered at all.

Although not as formidable as last year’s 4m basket-ball team, we may safely say that we have a passable team.

Our Form would very much like to know who is responsible for our taking the Senior ; we would thank him (would we ?).

FOR SALE : Photographs of the German Submarine and the “ Mystery Ship ” ss Hyderabad—Price 2d. each. Apply : The 4m “ Official Photographer.”

FORM IIIA. Our first term as Seniors has been the most wonderful in the history of the School and the world. A mid-term holiday of four week (thanks to the epidemic) with

consequence of its "no term exams and no report" is sufficient to mark the advent of our learned selves into the Senior School. But to that, we must add the fact that there is to be no Oxford Junior at the end of school year. Another tribute to our keenness for learning—without incentive—and also to the fact that we are reliable!!! (modesty forbids us quoting the opinions of our many masters on this subject!). Above all else—the Armistice in the World War has made this term unique for all time.

The long pause for Mid-term has not been altogether bliss for since our return Home-work stretches on to the line of infinity, while School work has been carried on on the intensive principle.

The honours in our form have been distributed as follows:— Captain:—D. N. Beard; Vice-Captain:—R. C. Evans; Librarian:—H. L. Turner; Deputy-Librarian:—R. H. Jubb, and right well are the duties attached to them carried out.

In 'footer' we have yet to be beaten (no match with any other form having been played!!) while in Basket Ball, a glorious triumph over our rivals of 3R (6-3) and drawn games with 4M and 5 are balanced by a defeat at the hands of 4cl.

The library is well patronised—twice weekly—and the 70 odd volumes provide reading matter suited to all our tastes.

The Conspirators in "Julius Cæsar" must have stirred uncomfortably in their last resting places when they knew the overwhelming opinion of the Form—which decided almost to a man—that they were absolutely in the wrong in their foul deed!! Only one stalwart supporter of their tragic act was to be found.

We have various nationalities represented in our Form—the limit, however, seems to be one who poses as a Scotchman and enforces his assertion by introducing that ancient instrument of torture—the bagpipes—upon us by stealth. It is to be hoped that someone in authority will speedily "bag" those pipes!!!

The War is at an end and we are anxious to know the prospects of a Sports in the coming summer (will someone tell us, Mr. Editor, please?).

FORM IIIr. Last term a memorable event occurred, the Signing of the Armistice, which marked the close of hostilities. This took place at 11 o'clock (a.m.) of the 11th day, of the 11th month. During the month of November the School was closed

owing to the so-called influenza, and this necessitated the postponement of our usual Xmas Terminals. We have not done much in the way of "Soccer" owing to climatic conditions, but we beat IIA and IIR respectively by 2 goal to nil.

SQXXRXS.

FORM IIA. We have found ourselves very quickly in the second term of our second year. This is because our first was so unexpectedly short.

When the submarine was here we patronised it in force and learnt a good many lessons. Indeed some of the Forms could give interesting lectures on "How to run a Submarine."

Our lesson "Topics of the Day" on Friday is proving very interesting, but an occasional debate would improve matters and would give our budding orators an opportunity to display their talent.

We welcome the return of the Assistant Manual Instructor, Mr. Bennett, after having served his country. He has promised to show and permit us to make model aeroplanes; so we intend to be very good.

J.B. & Co.

FORM IIR. We are now quite settled in our new home. What a mixed and varied lot we were at first! Some were good in some subjects, some in others.

Who said Latin? Of our studies, this is the most difficult. We are lost in a maze of conjugations and declensions. But encouraged by our School motto—"Nihil sine Labore"—we mean to find our way out. Masters are administering doses of Homework in full measure. This we can account for as we are the prime selection of the first years.

J. S. JXNXS & E. J. PXILLXPS.

A SUDDEN DELUGE.

One beautiful day, after ten minutes' play
 We resumed our seats in the Form Room.
 Our work we started without delay
 When water fell from the Lab. Room.

It fell from a height of 18 feet
 To the neck of the boy below it;
 It was worse than hail or rain or sleet
 From the looks of the boy who said—"Stow it."

SPARK, IC.

CROSSING THE LINE.

One of my most interesting experiences on my trip out to India was the ceremony of being elected a son of Neptune.

The day on which the ceremony took place was exceedingly hot—so hot in fact, that one could not bear to place one's hand on any part of the ironwork of the ship. In the fore well-deck a big canvas bath was erected and filled with salt water; and a chair of state, made out of a bacon box, tastefully decorated with strips of brilliantly coloured cloth, was placed on the combing of the hatchway to serve as Neptune's throne.

Just at the time of crossing the Equator, a stentorian hail was heard, seeming from out of the deep. "Ahoy! what ship is that?" came the hail. "His Majesty's Transport ——" replied the Officer on the bridge. After a short pause the voice from the sea called out "Steady! Father Neptune wishes to come on board." We all rushed to the side, up which was swarming the most motley collection of beings it is possible to imagine. First came Neptune with a long flowing beard to which were clinging many varieties of seashells and seaweed. His head was surmounted by a painted cardboard crown and in his hand he carried a trident—the symbol of his despotic sway over all the sea. After him came about twenty of his myrmidons clothed in the most grotesque and startling costumes; and it is difficult to conceive a more terrifying collection of henchmen than these servants of Neptune, as they marched around the deck amidst a deafening din of combs and paper, mouth-organs, frying pans violently beaten with iron ladles, and shrieks and groans.

After Neptune had ensconced himself comfortably on his throne, he issued orders to his minions to hunt around the ship and bring before him any persons whom they considered to be fit and proper persons to become sons of Neptune. A number of us had looked a little way ahead and had changed into pyjamas, for Neptune's retinue were no respecters of good clothing.

Violent struggles and wrestling now became the order of the day. Very early in the proceedings I was captured by two hefty pirates, and dragged before Neptune like a lamb to the slaughter: and now my trial began.

The charge against me was read out, the substance of it being that I had illegally resisted the liege servants of the Lord of all the Seas. I was given no chance to defend myself, but was immediately condemned to the most excruciating and degrading torture.

First of all I was forced to swallow a pill about the size of a small cannon ball: it was made of the most disgusting and evil-tasting ingredients that could be thought of, and I felt awfully sick and queer for hours afterwards. When I had disposed of it, I was lathered with a big whitewash brush, and the official barber took care that most of the lather entered my mouth. Then he seized a terrifying-looking razor made out of hoop-iron, and while my head was held securely, the barber drew this over my face and succeeded in removing as much skin as lather. The final act in the "comedy" occurred when I was slung headforemost into the big bath; for as soon as I got to my feet and flung the water from my eyes, two of the ship's hoses were promptly turned on me and I disappeared from view once more.

Very foolishly, one of the victims resisted violently when he was undergoing the playful punishment to which Father Neptune had condemned him, was hauled back on the spot, tried again, and condemned to have his hair cut off. This was done with a pair of horseclippers, and the poor victim was an object of derision and the butt of perpetual jokes during the rest of the voyage.

The proceedings were brought to a summary conclusion owing to a plot hatched by half-a-dozen of the outraged victims. We crept quietly around to the rear of Neptune's chair of state and suddenly made a violent rush at Neptune himself, seized him and flung him into the bath. Then Bolshevism reigned supreme, for a violent battle ensued between the newly initiated sons of Neptune and his old retainers. Finally every one tried to throw everyone else into the bath. We must now ring down the curtain on a scene of indescribable pandemonium.

Just before the end of the voyage I received a certificate stating that I was "in Lat. 0%" officially welcomed as another son of Father Neptune after having duly passed through the ceremony appertaining thereto." I have had the certificate framed and it forms a most interesting souvenir of my painful presentation to the Old Man of the Sea.

P. IVOR HOWELLS, O.B.

THE TOWER OF LONDON FROM WITHIN.

The Tower is one of the most famous sights of London and although countless persons have visited it, few have had the privilege to know it properly from within. In this respect,

I was a privileged person, for I spent several weeks in the Tower, where my regiment, the Honourable Artillery Company is stationed. In such an old place, there are of course, many old customs, such as the King's Keys. At ten o'clock every night, the Chief Yeoman Warder (erroneously called beef-eater) assisted by the other warders, parades with a large key—of undoubted antiquity to judge by its appearance—and a lantern, and thus equipped makes his way to number one post, where a sentry is standing. "Who goes there?" queries the sentry. "The Keys" is the reply. "What Keys" enquires the sentry, "The King's Keys" is the patient reply. The sentry's thirst for knowledge seems insatiable, for he next asks "What King's Keys?" The reply now is "King George's Keys" and the sentry, thus appeased says "Pass the Keys, all's well at number one post." This goes on, until the last gate is reached, and each sentry having joined on, the procession is now rather large. Removing his hat, with piety befitting the occasion, the Key-bearer cries "God Bless King George," to which his followers exclaim "Amen," with feeling occasioned by their honest sentiments, or by the joy of being able to get to bed at last.

Those who visit the Tower, will see the Union Jack proudly floating over the Keep—or White Tower. This flag is hoisted at day-break, and at dusk each evening when the "Retreat" is sounded, it is hauled down. At the first note of the "Retreat," any soldier out of the rooms, must stand to strict attention and must remain so until the last notes of the bugle die away. Adjoining Waterloo Barracks, stands the famous church of Saint Peter ad Vincula, so called because it was once attended solely by prisoners who went thither in chains. Here lie buried Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, Katharine Howard, Lord Dudley and many other unfortunate persons who perished on Tower Hill. Near the church is the scaffold site and it is around here that ghosts are said to flit at night and the executioner's axe—which by the way is safely locked in a glass case in the White Tower—is said to glide. Never having witnessed these entertaining spectacles, I cannot truthfully assert that they exist, but considering the past history of the Tower, I should show no emotion at encountering a headless spectre, or an executioner's axe.

There have, however, been many grim scenes enacted in the Tower since 1914, an account of which is best omitted.

E. R. OLSSON, Form V.

Hendre House, Penycwm,
Pembrokeshire,

Sept. 16, 1918.

THE DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, SWANSEA.

Sir,

On behalf of the Agricultural Executive Committee for Pembrokeshire, it gives me very great pleasure to give you a brief report on the work of the boys of your Municipal Secondary School. This report, in full agreement with my own view, is a summary of the report from all farmers who employed the boys and from people who came into contact with them.

The farm work has been performed most satisfactorily and far surpassed everything that was anticipated. Indeed, some of the boys performed the functions of skilled Agriculturalists e.g. ploughing, hopping and carting, to a most gratifying degree. The fact that everybody has been engaged continually at work, weather permitting, is conclusive proof of their valuable aid to the farmers who are loud in their encomiums. Further I have been expressly asked to request, if you decide to continue the work next year, that you will give us the first offer of your services.

The conduct and bearing of the boys have been exemplary. The aged and the younger natives bear testimony to this; the former were delighted with their frank, confident (but by no means presumptuous) and gentlemanly conversation, the latter with their youthful buoyancy and humour. In fact all who have met them have benefited considerably and express the deepest regret at their departure, and will cherish fond memories of their visit for many years to come. The masters Mr. Beanland (headmaster) Messrs. D. Davies, W. J. Hughes, D. J. Williams, and L. Stanley Knight, who supervised the camps have worked most assiduously and have contributed no small share towards making the venture such a complete success.

Having conferred with my colleagues, we consider it the least thing we can do for the boys, seeing that they sacrificed their vacation to help us at this critical period and their work having been accomplished so satisfactorily to urge you to give them and their masters a week's holiday, if possible to recuperate after their strenuous labours; should you grant us this favour, we shall be indebted to you as the farmers are to the boys. I trust you will bring this report before the notice of your Education Committee that they too may share in the

tribute thus paid to the seminary in which the characters of these scholars have been moulded, and which they as governors regulate and control.

Believe me to be, Sir,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) E. H. LEWIS,
Chairman Pem. Agri. Executive Committee.

THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.

It was usual, when our Division moved from one sector to another to take up position in a quiet part of the line.

To state that a front is quiet, does not imply that it is not dangerous—at least it did not to us—it was the old case of the calm before the storm. In a few days that Sector would be a hell. It is during those few days of quiet, that all preparations are made for the holding or advancing of the line.

When we reached the line, it was dark—as dark perhaps as Egypt's night—but there were no stars, no wind, not a shot, not a shell—everything was quiet—a fearsome stillness, that strung the nerves to their highest tension. An officer came up the trench, and in a voice which sounded loud and unearthly, gave orders that an advance post must be dug. "Boys," he said, "Jerry's too quiet to-night, we're in for it, we must have an advance post out." Picks and shovels were brought up. All ready we shakingly climbed over the parapet, reached the required spot, and started. What a din and clatter we seemed to make—zip-zip-zip! a Jerry's machine-gun spits out—down we dropped and all was quiet once more. We rose and carried on with the digging, when suddenly a flare soared upwards on its cometary way. We remained quite still until it vanished and then resumed our work.

With a whistling shriek—like some prehistoric bird—a shell passed high over our heads. Soon dozens passed backwards and forwards, whistling and shrieking to their respective targets. Again the flares rushed upward, again the machine guns spat—we carried on with redoubled energy. In a while we began to breathe more freely—we had dug deep enough to be under cover. At last the advance post was finished and we returned to the trenches, men being detailed off to take up position in the post. Several of these advance posts were dug in front of the line—which were afterwards linked up, until ultimately they formed a new line of trenches. W.P.

1ST. SHERWOOD FORESTERS.

COMMENTS ON THE BASKET BALL COMPETITION.

Great enthusiasm has been shown in this competition.

The "First Years" were so excited that they would not take the offer of not playing for the first weeks until they had learnt the game, with the result that in a match in which they alone were engaged, the referee was kept very busy.

We have to thank Mr. Mendus, Sergt. Bird, Mr. Williams and Mr. Huxtable for their services as referees. Similar thanks must also be extended to the Prefects.

Some very promising basket-ball players are to be found amongst the new comers and with a little practice they may become quite excellent.

The team that seems to be collecting all the points is 4 Cl, and between this team and the Fifth and 3a, there is keen rivalry. The finest match was between 4 Cl and the Fifth, which resulted in a win for the former.

Stop Press : The Shield will now go to 4 Cl.

W. J. SUMMERS.

PUPILS ADMITTED, SEPT., 1918.

IA.	IB.	IC.
1163 Beynon, D. G.	1193 Anderson, J. F.	1223 Bell, W. D.
1164 Collins, A. D.	1194 Annett, A.	1224 Dewitt, W.
1165 Dare, R. G.	1195 Bottoms, A.	1225 Evans, D. I.
1166 Davies, T.	1196 Chislett, G. C.	1226 Evans, H. C.
1167 Davies, W. R.	1197 Coker, T. J.	1227 Fewings, H.
1168 Edwards, W. I.	1198 Davies, C. G.	1228 Fisher, H.
1169 Elias, H. D.	1199 Davies, W. A.	1229 Gabriel, F.
1170 Glick, A.	1200 Davies, W. D.	1230 Hill, A. A.
1171 Green, C.	1201 Francis, C.	1231 Hill, K.
1172 Harries, G. B.	1202 Gard, E. I.	1232 Hodges, P. G. L.
1173 James, G. O.	1203 Griffiths, G. T.	1233 Hollister, F. L.
1174 James, R. H.	1204 Hall, W. G. H.	1234 Hughes, T. E.
1175 Johns, W. N.	1205 Hanson, A. R.	1235 Jenkins, H. T. K.
1176 Jones, C. J.	1206 Hendy, J. J. G.	1236 John, L. A.
1177 Jones, D. T.	1207 Jenkins, M. R.	1237 Johnson, L.
1178 Jones, G. B.	1208 Jenkins, R. A.	1238 Lewis, C.
1179 Le Bars, F.	1209 John, H. E.	1239 Morgan, B.
1180 Lewis, D. I.	1210 John, R. W.	1240 Oldrieve, E. J.
1181 Lloyd, S. T.	1211 Jones, A. H.	1241 Owen, T. V.
1182 Morgan, F. W.	1212 Jones, E.	1242 Phillips, I.
1183 Morgan, W. R.	1213 Jones, J. H.	1243 Preece, B. E. D.
1184 Phillips, W.	1214 Maimone, A. E.	1244 Rees, I. E.
1185 Porter, E. E.	1215 Petters, C. G.	1245 Rees, T. O.
1186 Rees, D. J.	1216 Searle, R. L.	1246 Richards, S. W. J.
1187 Shires, T. H.	1217 Stapleton, R. A.	1247 Rubinsky, B.
1188 Summers, T. R.	1218 Twomey, W.	1248 Smith, S. G.
1189 Thomas, B. E.	1219 Thomas, I. H.	1249 Thomas, D. H.
1190 Thomas, E. W.	1220 Thomas, F.	1250 Thomas, T. E.
1191 Waters, G. H.	1221 Walford, H.	1251 Treharne, T. L.
1192 Watkins, R. B.	1222 Muxworthy, L. J.	1252, Watson, R.

ST. DAVID'S DAY.

The St. David's Day celebration was held on Friday, Feb. 28, when an excellent programme was carried out.

Throughout the School special lessons were given by the Form Masters and in some Forms the scholars gave recitations. A special feature was a Debate between Forms 2A and 2REM.

Later, the school assembled, under the Chairmanship of the Headmaster, and suitably welcomed the special speaker, Rev. Pedr. Williams. The boys of the Lower School gave as their items two Welsh Folk Songs *Suo-gan* and *Tra Bo Dau*. The Rev. Mr. Williams impressed upon us that as the Flag is the symbol of the Empire, so is the St. David's Day the symbol of devotion to good hard work for the good of all. For him it was a proud memory that as a boy he had seen Beaconsfield and Carlyle.

We should not despise cheap things because they appear cheap and regard them as almost worthless, but look through them into their past and realise the amount of work expended in obtaining or producing them. He illustrated this in the case of cheap herrings, cheap matches and the cheap Bible. All our advantages had been obtained by the efforts of those who worked for the benefit of humanity.

It was urgently necessary that boys of to-day should put their best efforts into everything they did, for these were the days of our Opportunity. He illustrated "Nihil sine labore" from Hawthorne's Stores of Dr. Toil, the Schoolmaster and his brothers, Toil, the farmer, and Toil, the blacksmith, and his sister Miss Toil in the shop. Hard work is necessary to success in our life work, for the difference between the strong and the insignificant depends on well-directed Energy. The New Patriotism demands our best work for the benefit of the world.

The Vote of thanks to the speaker was proposed by E. Olsson, in English, and seconded by T. J. James in Welsh.

The proceedings concluded with the singing of the Welsh, English, and French National Anthems.

SUITABLE TIMBER.

Wood pulp is made into paper and so trees become books.

For problem novels, knotty trees are most appropriate. For soulful works, the pine. For schoolboy stories, the birch. For animal tales, the dogwood. For necrologies, the weeping willow. For sporting articles, the boxwood. For books on style, the spruce. For seaside books, the beech. For joke books, the chestnut.

D.H.L.