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THE SWANSEA MUNICIPAL *Secondary School Magazine.*

No. 38

DECEMBER, 1921.



BOYS' SCHOOL: DYNEVOR PLACE.

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Swansea Municipal
Secondary School Magazine.

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EDITORIAL.

The Editor is in the happy position of having a reserve of matter after supplying the printer with all he can take. The most substantial item is the article on the Khaiber Pass, while several attempts at parody or poetry have centred around the "time-worn" subject of homework. A further letter from S. J. Jones (Australia) will appear in our next issue.

The photographer has recently paid us his biennial visit and photographs have been taken of Houses, Forms, Sports Teams and certain rooms.

Mr. H. Miller, M.A., who had held a temporary post at the School for over a year, left us at the end of last term. His work had been much appreciated and he took with him our best wishes.

Monsieur Bresch also left us and has been succeeded by Monsieur Gallissaires, from Bordeaux, while Mr. W. Ritson, A.R.C.A., has joined the Staff as Art Master. We all offer a warm welcome to both.

The School is now trying to look through the mist of exams, towards the bright ending of the Term, namely, the House Socials. These were a very distinct success last year, but it is quite expected that this year will eclipse previous records; the new Dining Room will contribute something towards this.

There may possibly be a School Concert and Entertainment at the beginning of next Term.

SCHOOL NOTES.

In the July Examination of the Oxford & Cambridge Joint Board, W. H. Ede and S. Walters obtained the Higher Certificate in Modern Studies (English, French and Latin). They also gained £50 Borough Scholarships to the Swansea University.

In the Oxford Local Examination, T. Bennett was placed in the First Section of the First Class Honours with distinctions in English, French and Latin, whilst E. Seal was placed in the Second Section.

H. Schneidin, at Middlesex Hospital, passed his first M.B. with distinction in Physics.

Glyn Jones, at Birmingham University, obtained First Classes in all his subjects, was First on the list in Chemistry and was awarded the Ascough Scholarship of £40 a year for three years.

M. F. Bates has been awarded a Scholarship in the Swansea Borough Treasurer's Office of a total value of £300.

This year's Prefects are : T. Bennett, P. G. Hodges, D. T. Jones, W. R. Morgan and E. Seal, while Chris. Bevan from last year is Captain of the Prefects.

T. Bennett is School Librarian. Donors to the School Library are :—G. B. Pepper : Peacock's Selected Essays, Dickens' Christmas Books ; Leon. Davies : Parritt's Strategy of Life.

The School team (Captain, F. J. James, 3r) in the Schools Soccer League have not had a goal scored against them in either League matches or Cup matches. In the former they have scored 10—0, and in the latter 16—0. The next match may win the Cup for the School.

The Senior Rugby team is now playing in the Secondary Schools League, and one or more of the team may play against France later in the season.

The Junior Rugby team (Captain, Wilfrid Lewis, 3a) has not had a very satisfactory season so far : too often we have fielded a team less than fifteen in number. Eleven matches have been played. Lost 6, Drawn 1, Won 4. Points for, 27. Points against, 36.

Llewelyn House won the Sports Shield under the leadership of Chris. Bevan, who won the Championship Medal.

The Basket Ball Shield has recently been re-won, by the holders, Form VI (Captain, W. R. Morgan) after a very keen struggle with Form V (Captain, C. Bevan). The final result was 2—1 after a previous draw, 3—3.

Rumour says the Fives Court is going to be repaired and that the Fives Competition may be revived in the summer.

The Prize of a Cricket ball offered by Mr. Senior for the best essay written by a Lower School boy on the subject of the Dental Lecture was awarded to G. Merrie-field (1c).

A VISIT TO A LOCAL TINPLATE WORKS.

During the Easter holidays, I accepted the kind offer of one of my friends and accompanied him to see the many wonders of the tinplate industry at one of the local works. Starting at the steelworks, we saw a furnace being "charged" with scrap and pig iron which was melted down at a very high temperature. Chemicals were also added and the necessary heat for melting them with the iron was produced by coal gas which was also made at the works. When the metal was ready, the furnace was "tapped" at the rear, the metal running through a shute into a ladle capable of holding a hundred tons. The metal was then run into moulds which were in a pit underneath the ladle. These were left there until cool, and then taken up as solid ingots. The ingots were then removed to the bar mill department, where, after being heated they were rolled out, from ingots 3ft. long, to bars about 50ft. long, which were next cut up to the required length, and then sent to the mill department. Here the bars were heated, rolled and doubled and placed back in the furnace once more. This operation was performed three times and when each bar had thus been separated into eight sheets, these were then opened out into single sheets. The sheets were then "pickled" or cleaned in acid and afterwards placed in an annealing furnace from where they were taken to be "cold rolled," i.e. to be passed through the rolls while they were cold. This was done in order to get a shiny surface on the steel plate. They were next "pickled" and "annealed" once more and then sent to the tinhouse. Here after they had been passed through flux, they were given a thin coating of tin, dried in bran, bad and good, assorted, and the good ones packed into boxes and taken away to be shipped abroad.

J.C.J. 3r.

THE KHAIBER PASS.

In 1916, I was unexpectedly ordered to join a battalion of the Devons at Peshawar, a town perched right in the North-west corner of India, a few miles from the frontier hills. This town guards the exit of the Khaiber Pass, which is one of the great gateways leading from Central Asia into India. Our life there was the usual life of a garrison: monotonous guards and outposts, varied by imposing ceremonial parades intended to impress the native with the might of the great white king. One day, a fellow officer and I received permission to visit the Pass itself. We hired a ramshackle tonga or native carriage drawn by two sturdy ponies and set off on our journey.

A few miles out of the town we came to Jamrud Fort, which stands right at the mouth of the Pass. Here we had to declare solemnly that we had no cameras in our possession, but we took good care to see that our revolvers were just where we wanted them, in case of need. Then off we drove through one of the most impressive and forbidding pieces of country I have ever seen. Close on the right hand side rose the foothills of the Hindu Kush, while away on the left, the country was rugged and broken with great masses of rock standing up at different points. We drove along a beautifully engineered road which turns and twists right through the Pass to the country of the Afghans. At one place the road winds up the side of the hill just like a spiral staircase, and after twenty minutes driving we had not advanced a yard, but we were about a hundred feet above our starting point.

About half way through the Pass, the valley narrows until it is not more than thirty or forty yards across; a few dozen men could hold this point against an army, as the Spartans did at the Pass of Thermopylae. Guarding the gap is a small fort, defended by a small body of the Khaiber Rifles—a native force commanded by a few British Officers, who must spend a very lonely life in this remote outpost of the Empire. As we came up the valley we noticed a number of blockhouses on the crest of the foothills; as we passed each one, we heard a faint call "Guard, turn out" and out darted two or three native soldiers—who at that height seemed like toy soldiers; then in the eerie stillness of the Pass, we heard the command "Guard, present arms," and with their rifles which seemed like toy guns—these midgets presented arms to us as we passed far below them.

We stopped at one place where the people were dwelling in caves hollowed out of the side of the hill. They were fierce looking hillmen—all finely built people, who treated us with respect, but with none of that servility which I noticed in Southern India. They are expert thieves, and showed us with great pride rifles which they had stolen from British battalions on the frontier. They could not be touched, however, for they were in neutral territory; and in any case, I had too much respect for my well-being to entertain the idea. One old Pathan was the proud owner of an ancient Martini in which he used home-made cartridges. His bullet was a piece of lead as thick as my thumb, and and this was wedged into a roughly made cartridge case of tin by means of a band of paper. I was indiscreet enough to ask to be allowed to try a shot with this almost prehistoric weapon. The owner assented with a twinkle in his eye, and so I aimed at a bottle we had placed up as a target. But alas! I had forgotten about the home-made cartridge. When I fired, the "kick" of the gun was so tremendous that I thought a hurricane had struck me; and there was great joy in the Pass at the discomfort of one more Sahib.

Then came the drive back in the cool of the evening. The sinking sun cast a crimson glow over the countryside, and added yet another glory to this wonderful piece of country, which has seen the march of many conquerors, and, sad to say, the annihilation of more than one British force.

P. I. HOWELLS (O.B.).

A "GAUNT" SPEECH.

Methinks I am a schoolboy new inspired,
And thus perspiring do foretell of him,
His rash fierce craze for homework cannot last,
For violent fires do soon burn out themselves
Small sams last long, but sudden props are short.
He tires betimes who fags too much betimes.
With eager cramming, swot doth choke the crammer,
Light vanity, insatiate Master,
Consuming tasks soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of brains, this sceptred School,
This edifice of majesty, those seats of wood,
This anti-Eden, &c.

THE DINING ROOM.

The long felt want of a Dining Room has at last been supplied. Previously the boys who brought their lunch to School were allowed, on sufferance, to partake of it on the bare, creaky, collapsible desks in the Manual Drawing Room. There were various ways of conveying banana skins and other remains to the rubbish box at the far side of the room; some of them reflected no credit on the aim of certain diners and were a constant nuisance, not to say source of peril, to others who happened to be sitting near the said box.

Mais nous avons changé tout cela!

The room is now furnished with nice varnished tables covered with white oil-cloth, and Mr. Harris' *Sanctus Sanctorum* has been transformed into a kitchen and scullery with cupboards, racks, and a Stott's boiler.

Boys are grouped at tables according to their special fancy in the way of hot drinks. The three B tables are specially devoted to tea, under the watchful eye of H. Sinnett who presides at the end of B 3 table. A 1 boys rightly believe in the nourishing qualities of cocoa, whilst C 3 boys with equal reason feel they need the fuller nourishment of Oat. [Incidentally one of them hopes to get a Xmas stocking.] Table A 3 is a band of twopenny non-descripts, whilst C 1 is usually the casual ward for occasional visitants.

A window about a yard square connects the kitchen with the Dining Room. Before the boys arrive at 12.30, the tables have already been laid by the school monitor, Tom Puxley by name, and each table has its own jug of beverage ready for the table-prefect to pour out for his charges. The fees for the week are collected by the table-prefects on the Monday morning. A master is present each day to add dignity to the scene and to see that no boy pays twice.

Each boy as he finishes takes his cup and saucer to the kitchen window and as soon as a table is quite cleared, the last boy rolls up the cloth and returns it to the kitchen. The laid tables offered the school photographer at his recent visit an opportunity of taking a photograph of "still life," and this will appear in the albums.

It was proposed that the boys coming from afar should have a cup of something hot during the morning interval but nothing has been done as yet with regard to this. It is to be

hoped that this proposition will be carried out. Perhaps when the new School is built, say before 1973, the Dining Room will supply hot dinners with pastries, etc., and will challenge R. E. Jones' 1/- Dinner. Meantime, however, the School is grateful for the present improvement and, (thanks to Mr. Beanland and his ideas) we now partake of our food in a far more peaceful and appetising manner.

V. A. RIOUS (IV).

A TRIP TO MARGAM & NEATH.

On the 14th of June, the last day of the Matric. Exam., the boys of the first and second year journeyed by char-a-bancs, to Margam Abbey, accompanied by Messrs. Beanland, Miller Lewis and Huxtable. After a ride enlivened by the boys' singing and cheering we reached Margam. On arriving at the abbey we broke up into smaller parties, and were kindly conducted around the church, where some interesting sights were to be seen. The stained-glass windows were a beautiful sight in which we were all interested. Many memorials of dead Talbots were to be seen all over the church. We were shown some very curious wheel-crosses and other very ancient stones, and afterwards the seven lamps and the great organ, worked by water power. We next went into the grounds, where we saw the chapter-house, orangery, and the fountains. After a good time in the grounds, where several photographs were taken, we ate our lunch in the lane outside. The char-a-bancs were then boarded again, and soon we were en route for Neath. Here we partook of refreshment in the form of lemonade and ices, after which we were taken to see the ruins of Neath Castle. However, we could not stay there long, and next visited St. Thomas' Church. Mr. Beanland kindly translated the Latin written on the tablets on the walls of the church. From here we went to Neath Abbey, which was voted the best of the places we had visited. Here we had a fine time, the spiral staircase and the underground passage being the chief centres of interest. However, to our disappointment, we were warned that the walls were not safe. Several photographs were taken of this fine old ivy-clad building. All too soon came the time to return, and although we were tired we were happy, and as the char-a-bancs took us back to school we greeted each policeman with a special song and yell. C. H. MILLER, 2r.