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## THE SWANSEA MUNICIPAL *Secondary School Magazine.*

No. 33.

JUNE, 1924.



**BOYS' SCHOOL: DYNEVOR PLACE.**

ALBERT H. DAVIES, PRINTER, OXFORD STREET, SWANSEA

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GOREU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

**Swansea Municipal**  
**Secondary School Magazine.**

No. 10.

JUNE, 1924.

**EDITORIAL.**

When the time for issuing the Magazine arrived, the Editor found that all the contributions that had reached him were in so-called poetry; evidently the spring season had seriously affected the minds of would-be contributors. One writer naively explained that you could write any inane nonsense in poetry.

At the last moment frantic appeals were made to those responsible for reports of House Events and Games Results, of the Wembley trip and the School Dramatics. In the end, as usual, more matter was received than could be printed. Articles on the Morrision Train, the visit to Vivian's Works and much "poetry" are still in the Editor's box.

It is reported that Grove won the House Tournament in Fives, but no account of this has been sent in.

The contributions of Old Boys from Central America and Australia will be fully appreciated.

Tenders will soon be issued for the new School Buildings, and house-breakers may be already at work on our premises before the next editorial appears. Meanwhile a small army of them are holding the fort and keeping their hands in by pulling up the pavement and roadway in front of the School.

Monsieur Gallissaires will be leaving us in July and will probably take up work next session at the Roan School, Greenwich.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

The following successes of Old Boys are now reported—  
 Ivor Howells, M.A. (Lond.), in French.  
 G. Parker Davies, M.Sc. (Wales), in Chemistry.  
 Henry Simons, B.A. (Wales), 1st Class Hons. in English.  
 Brinley Cox, B.A. (Wales), 1st Class Hons. in English.  
 W. Idris Jones, B.A. (Wales), 2nd Class Hons. in English.  
 T. J. James, B.A. (Lond.), 3rd Class Hons. in French.  
 W. F. Waters, B.Sc. (Wales), 1st Class Hons. in Chemistry.  
 D. J. Stephens, B.Sc. (Wales), 1st Class Hons. in Physics.  
 T. I. Edwards, B.Sc. (Wales), 2nd Class Hons. in Physics.

Prize Day is fixed for July 2, when the Mayor will preside and the Mayoress will distribute the prizes.

The Sports will be held on the Training College Ground, on Tuesday, July 8th.

De La Beche House propose taking a trip to Porthcawl for their House Picnic, on July 28th.

The date of the next Dramatic Entertainment has not yet been fixed!

T. Bennett, E. Seal and P. Hodges recently sat for the State Scholarship Examination.

G. Parker Davies (O.B.) recently gained his M.Sc. for his research work on "The Influence of complex formation on oxidation potentials."

The Junior Soccer Team of the School has this year won all the four Swansea Trophies:—The Trevor Evans Cup, the Lennard Cup, the Hospital Cup, the Martin Shield; the School corridor has never before looked so resplendent with Cups and Shields.

A Case of Pictures and Art samples has been received from South Kensington, on loan for a year.

## BASKET-BALL NOTES.

The Basket-Ball Shield has been won for the second year in succession by the VIth, this year under the captaincy of W. R. Morgan, after a very fine struggle for supremacy with the Vth, under Chris. Bevan. Both teams obtained full points from the other forms, and when they finally opposed each other, the match ended in a draw, 3—3, a magnificent equalising shot by Les. John for the Vth in the last quarter of a minute making replay necessary; this resulted in a win for the VIth by 2—1. Of the other forms IVa was third, IIIr was the pick of the juniors, and of the second years IIb did remarkably well to claim a win over IVa. Taken on the whole, the fare served up was very good throughout.

## FORM NOTES.

FORM IVa. Great excitement was caused at the beginning of the Term by the startling appearance of "a scarlet waistcoat" and a "speckled jumper." There have been several attempts to organize a jazz band in the Form—but they have failed—perhaps a master mind is needed!!

Who wrote the questions on the black board? And where did he get his seven continents from? We plead not guilty to the possession of any surplus stock.

"The use of the motor cycle makes country walks more pleasant" writes one of our learned members. Visions of an engine "at rest" and of tyres retired make one question the pleasure!

Many of us have failed to see the sense of reading "Sense and Sensibility." We are all overcome by the stupendous excitement which prevails throughout the story "Tense Excitability" should be its name.

All of us can write Shorthand—the problem is how many of us can read it afterwards!

An outburst of fire nearly occurred in the room during the Shorthand Exam., through one of the boys trying to exceed the speed limit of the School. He is likely to be brought up before the Examiners and have his license endorsed for scorching!!

TO THE FORE!

FORM IIIa. We were the biggest Form in the School, but some are sick and some have left and we are now reduced to quite a common denominator.

There is some talk of financial difficulties, not unconnected with our Form Magazine, of which we were so proud in the early days of the School year. A sinister fate has dogged all concerned with it. The printer left for other work, and the Editor contracted a long and painful illness, but where is the treasurer and what about our subscriptions? When will our speediest bowler, who takes a run of x yards with y feet, wear out his z shoes?

FORM IIa. This year's IIa is probably the best on record. In any case, it has created some records.—It provided more boys for the trip to Wembley than any other Form in School.

Five of its members have been selected for Sergt. Bird's special Gym Squad. Some of these last have already developed into budding Sergeant Majors!

We specialize in Latin. If you want a motto or inscription for a tombstone, come along. If there are some small mistakes, they won't matter as few people will be any the wiser.

One of the number suggests a new series of lessons with questions such as "Who is your favourite batsman and why?" "Explain the terms—Centre Forward, Coverpoint, Mashie; State which game they belong to." Home-work would be: "Work out averages of the leading batsmen correct to three places, and estimate the positions on the League Tables three weeks hence, etc., etc."

He opines that under these conditions Schoolboy life would be all right!

Who is the Form artist who specializes in human faces? Is he the same member as brought somebody else's sister's autograph album to School?

The partition between us and Ib is too thin for sans lessons, consequently Latin and Welsh get strangely mixed as we learn "Res, res, defodlau, rei!"

What a fine thing it would be if the Form had a Swimming Club, not forgetting others such as Natural History and Stamp Collecting Clubs.

One member of the Form is keenly interested in dead stock, and his arrival with a viper or bird skeleton in his pocket causes trouble at times.

Who was the brilliant "geographician" who stated that Isotherms are fairly straight lines on the sea, because there are no mountains there?

Congratulations to Nicholas on his handsome medal as a member of the Swansea Schoolboy Team, which won the Welsh Championship.

We missed our annual char-a-banc outings during the Matriculation Week—Did the Wembley Party upset the local arrangements?

The amateur doctor who broke a thermometer in the Physics Lab. when taking his partner's temperature should remember that glass is fragile.

Oh! how for games we sigh  
Away from work to fly,  
And if by this  
Homework we miss,  
Ours not to reason why!

Es-tu Z?

## A PANAMANEAN BULLFIGHT.

Into the arena moves the procession, led by the Toreador, an agile, graceful young man, splendidly dressed in a cloak, knee-breeches and stockings, vivid in crimson and gold. Behind are the Picadors, with lances in their hands, mounted on worn-out-looking horses. Then come the men with the bandilleras, huge darts with cruel-barbs and gay streamers.

The audience, numbering roughly about three thousand, consisting mainly of Panamanean negroes, and half-breeds, with here and there a few Americans, and members of ships' crews, and tourists, receives the Toreador with acclamation.

This he acknowledges with the air of a king. Quickly the procession scatters. Each man assumes his post, and in a few minutes, amidst a comparative hush, out bounds a bull. A little dart in his shoulder with the colours of his ranch attached to it. He blinks and stops, for the sun is strong and fierce in the ring. He has come from a dark den underneath the banks of seats. He has been kept, with others, all his life of two years, apart from the Society of men, and is now, the centre of a roaring crowd of human savages. There can be no doubt that he is a very much bewildered bull. He paws the ground uncertainly. He glances from side to side, head down, but he can see that he is closed in, he has no idea of what is expected of him. The dart in his shoulder irritates him, he twitches, and is trying to reach it with his head. His eyes have a frightened expression. One would think that he is too small a bull to afford much sport. He is well made, black and active, but not very big.

My companion, a Spaniard from Barcelona, has been passing a series of derogatory remarks about the Panamanean style in these things; evidently he considers it far below the standard of old Spain. He says that the bull is of a fierce and courageous breed, well known to provide much sport during their last moments.

This man is becoming excited and eager; his eyes glitter and he utters short exclamations somewhat like an Englishman at a Football match; he is absorbed in the game.

The bull is now loosely surrounded by men with cloaks. They twirl the cloaks. The bull makes a rush, a little quick footwork and the man is on one side thrusting a bandillera into the animal as it passes. This goes on for a time, the animal becoming angrier and more furious in his

rushes, and, incidentally stock full of darts which sink deep with his every move. It is quite plain that he is suffering; he utters roars of rage and pain from time to time, sometimes stopping, bewildered and breathless and angry, wondering where to turn, or what to do, until a cloak is flashed under his nose, and he is off again, to be deftly avoided and stuck with a dart; these manoeuvres are greeted with much applause.

Now come the Picadors, forcing their blindfolded, tottering nags toward the beast. They engage him with their lances, until his sides are a mass of bloody, hairy blotches.

The ring is a whirl of darting figures. Sometimes the bull chases a reckless tormentor clear across the ring, who vaults behind a strong wooden fence, against which the poor beast bangs his head with a crash. His voice is mournful now and despairing. The people are shouting something, a picador rides up to the beast, his horse rears, the bull charges it and tears out its bowels in a flash. The rider jumps clear, the bull gores his mount and butts it fiercely, snorting, frothing madly the while. The horse groans pitifully. Other riders drive it away from the stricken creature, whose quivering remains are dragged from the scene.

The bull, being, as they say, blooded, is now mad with rage. The riders retire, whilst the bull tears up and down, crying and almost squealing with temper.

The people are hysterical with delight and blood lust, they are jumping up and down, screaming and shouting. One feels stifled and sick.

Things move quickly now. The picadors and others retire. The Toreador steps forth to face the bull. He bows to all and sundry, receiving their bravos with condescension.

The bull, with red and wicked eyes, perceives his enemy. He snorts and swings his head, his tail rises, he paws the earth, it flies around him. He is about to charge.

The Toreador, sword in hand, kneels down in his path, weapon outstretched as he glances along the blade, as though it were a gun. He waves his left hand to some fair woman, and turns his head to smile at her; this is the height of bravery, for the bull is charging now. Silence reigns, except for the snorts of the animal, and the pounding of its hoofs.

The man rises quickly in front of it; it seems that he must go down before that mad rush. Stepping quickly to one side he plunges his sword to the hilt into the bull's neck. Then a tremendous uproar from all sides, shouts, screams and roars

greet the successful one as the bull, poor gory beast, sinks shudderingly to its knees, to pitch forward with a groan to the sand, blood pouring from its mouth and nostrils.

Hats, caps, shawls and even coats are thrown into the ring. Some enthusiasts even jump down to dip their handkerchiefs in the victim's blood.

The Toreador strolls around, bowing and picking up the garments here and there, throwing them back to their owners who treasure them henceforth as symbols of victory, honoured by a great Toreador.

Several more bulls were tormented and executed during the course of that hot summer afternoon. It was a relief to get outside into the clearer air. W. Ross (O.B.)

#### WONDERINGS AFTER WEMBLEY.

Did someone say that the Egyptian Queen was the most attractive figure at the Exhibition? Ah-wai-ooo-in-bo-oo-la-la-ob-ee-ee.

At which exit would you stand to meet your friends if you lost them? Speech——

What has tying a bootlace to do with losing your party? Can this be "Engineered" in any palace?

Who wisely suggested that the paper bed sheets should be damped before use to stop the rustling noise? Oh, wise young man!

What was the name of the party which "should wear a feather in its cap"—on the authority of one of the assistant matrons at Park Royal? They would want a bigger size surely!!

Which member of the party took a shilling to spend at Whiteleys?—and spent it!! Was he a Scotchman? No.

Who spent all his money first day at Wembley and had to raise a loan?

How many had to be roused from their comfortable slumbers at Park Royal on the Thursday morning.

How many of the budding Lord Chancellors, who sat on the Woolsack in the House of Lords will ever bloom and bear fruit?

Who squandered their sixpences on the biggest "have" in the Amusement Park? Speech——"X," "Y" and "Z."

## AN ACTOR'S IMPRESSIONS.

When at last the eventful night arrived, everything was hurry and bustle. In the dressing-room several excited Juniors, under skilful hands, and in full costume, became transformed into players of ancient Greece. Thus, a charming young lady, whose raven locks caught the eye, became rather heated, when someone, rather ungalantly tipped those same locks over her left eye. The remarkable tenacity with which dust accumulated on poor Lion's nether limbs, led me to think "that grease paint doth not a lion make, nor burlesque its hair."

Soon, however, it was time for the characters of "The Rivals" to prepare. The whole of my mind was occupied in wondering how the play would be received. In a short time, though inwardly I remained just me, to all the world I was "Fag," whilst around me, others of my acquaintance were slowly changing their skins. Cushions make an excellent "corporation" as no doubt Sir Anthony Absolute discovered, but there was one thing I was exceedingly glad of, that my part was not that of a woman. The amazing Chinese puzzle that Mesdames Lydia, Malaprop, Julia and Lucy had to struggle into left one gasping.

And now all is ready. Thomas, the Coachman, is stepping across the stage. A last frantic gulp of air, and I follow him. The play is on.

In front of me I manage to catch a glimpse of a great black void, the audience. I am horribly afraid. Suddenly a voice speaks—it is my own. Automatically I have swung into my part, the result of numerous rehearsals. My own voice calls me back to myself, all fear leaves me, and I forget everything but the part I play. All is now plain sailing.

Such were my impressions when I first stepped on to the stage, but my trials were not at an end. Later in the Play my employer, Captain Absolute, resented my opinion of his father and, on leaving the stage in a fine burst of anger, was supposed to give me a violent push. He did, and I just managed to stop myself about a foot away from the footlights. You may be assured, an actor doesn't find his life a bed of roses, and I guess I found one of the thorns, when I saw the front rank of the audience come up and almost meet me.

Later, I was amply recompensed for my fears. It was all I could do to keep myself from yelling with laughter when I saw poor Sir Lucius struggling with his wonderful love-letter,

when Julia tried to leave the stage by walking through the piano, and Lucy walked on with the bottom of "her" trousers showing under her costume.

The Play ended, the last bows were bowed, Sir Lucius had made his speech, the curtain was down, and the funny part of it was, after all my fears and anxiety, I was sorry. R.H.I.

## SCHOOL CONCERT &amp; DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

The doors of Llewelyn Hall opened at 7.0 and before 7.30 the notice "House Full" was posted outside. There was great excitement and much chatter in the Hall until the bell rang and the curtain rose on Trevor Jones and the piano. Other musical items on violin and cello followed, and a song, "The Blind Boy" by Roy Jones. Then the star artiste, Garfield Phillips, gave an almost perfect rendering of *Il Trovatore* and was greeted by thunderous applause, during which the curtain rose and fell like a huge sea-gull in search of prey.

A tall, nervous youth now made his appearance before the footlights, and in a

"You would not think one of my age  
Could speak in public on a stage"

style, recited with feeling and expression *Le Roi d'Yvetot*. At the end of each verse the School with a will chanted the chorus *Oh, Oh, Ah, Ah, Quel bon petit roi, c'était la, La, La*. So this item was voted a roaring success.

Then followed a contribution from the Lower School:—The Lamentable Comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe. The Prologue in Elizabethan costume made the action of the play quite clear and introduced the various characters; Wall was a perfect example of the stone-mason's art, Lion proved too large for his skin or the latter was somewhat skimpy and stopped a trifle too soon; Moon entered with his lantern, bundle of sticks and his faithful Bonzo. Pyramus and Thisbe were voted simply sweet by every mother present and caused much laughter with "those yellow cheeks, that cherry nose," "I see a voice," "O night that ever art when day is not." Pyramus stabbed himself in a most realistic manner by plunging his dagger between his arm and side, and made matters quite clear by informing the audience that he was really "dead, dead, dead." He showed too strong a desire, however, to return from beyond the veil by rising again before the curtain quite concealed him from view.

Mr. Archie Simpson's song of "Willie Evergrow" was much appreciated, but when he endeavoured to keep the boys in time to the chorus of his encore, they took matters into their own hands, and Mr. Archie Simpson, O.B. after struggling manfully, had finally to resign himself to his fate and let the boys howl away.

During the interval the boys in the audience sang several songs, including "The Tarpaulin Jacket," and then the curtain rose on the long looked-for play of the Rivals. The performers looked quite "it" in their 18th century costumes and everyone agreed that they all played their parts wonderfully well. The audience fully appreciated Mr. Fag's drawing accent and unperturbed demeanour, Lucy's pertness and sly cunning, in spite of her being so "simple," Julia's winning smile and winsome ways and a laugh that was *sui generis*. It was evident that the appearance of D. Bladon in feminine dress and affecting feminine mannerisms touched the sense of humour of his class mates. Thomas' Glauster accent had been acquired with some pains.

On the programme it was stated that M. O'Desty was playing the role of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, but before that worthy appeared in front of the foot-lights, we had a strong suspicion who M. O'Desty was. Jack Absolute looked every inch a soldier in his smart uniform, and great interest was taken by the School in his duel with Sir Lucius. Some mothers were rather frightened at the apparent reality of the contest and certain boys wondered whether there would be any School next day. However, it ended in a draw, no blood being drawn on either side. D. C. John proved a fiery little Bob Acres in the second performance.

But the undoubted success of the evening was Sir Anthony Absolute, who was ably supported by that "weather-beaten old she-dragon," Mrs. Malaprop, whose malapropisms were keenly relished by most of the audience. However, the item that was received with greatest acclamation was undoubtedly the last one, when M. O'Desty in true Doran style stepped almost on to the foot-lights and said in excellent brogue that he hoped there was no dissatisfied person but howat was contint. He had seen the Head Mastherr, and the bhoys of the School would be allowed an extra hour in bed the next mornnin."

The School voted the entertainment the best they had ever known and the adult critics in the audience called it a very fine histrionic display of which we might all well be proud.

## DE LA BECHE HOUSE SOCIAL.

This year's Social of De la Beche was a great success, a greater success even than any previous House gathering if that were possible, and for this we have to thank the ladies for their kindly help so freely given, namely the wives of Messrs. Mendus, Jones and Price, and the mother of our House Secretary, Trevor Jones. We, the House members, feel very certain that we enjoyed our tea better by having it served to us by feminine hands. After tea there were plenty of tournaments, as is the custom, to keep one interested in the proceedings and the contests were very keen. Later in the evening we had a short and a very successful concert, that showed the musical talent of our House. Impromptu speeches were a feature of the programme and of course caused a great deal of amusement. C.F.B.

### BEHIND THE SCENES.

I did not think to play the woman. Great excitement prevailed in the Dressing Room on the morning of the arrival of the costumes. While others were busy divesting themselves of their every day apparel and adorning their figures with the picturesque costumes of the eighteenth century, I was endeavouring to transform myself from a boisterous schoolboy of fifteen to a stately woman of fifty. After trying every possible way of entering into the dress, I was placing it down in despair, when a mistress in the art of dressing entered the room, and under her magic touch, the dress, which had resisted all my attempts, fell gracefully around me.

The eventful night finally arrived. I was pacing to and fro in the Dressing Room, with additional facial adornments of patches, powder and paint, muttering my part and endeavouring to accomplish a graceful curtsy and wave of the fan. But suddenly the voices of my school fellows came to me as they joined in the chorus of "Le Roi D'Yvetôt," and I shuddered as I thought of the critics there would be before me.

The curtain rose, at last, on the first scene of "The Rivals," and as my fellow-actors proceeded in their parts, the various rehearsals came back to me, and I watched and listened with interest to see if they would stop where they had every time previously needed the prompter's help.

So interested was I in the final part of one scene, that when the prompter said "Come on, the curtain is up." I stopped and stared at him, then before being quite sure where I was,

the side curtain parted and I was on the stage. I expected to see rows and rows of smiling faces, but on the contrary I was staring into blackness, for the footlights were so dazzling that the stage seemed the mouth of a long, dark cave. Then suddenly I became cool and collected, a change I am still unable to account for.

In the fifth scene, I suddenly remembered that I had such articles as a fan, a letter, a handkerchief, and a cigarette, all of which had to be used by instinct. While endeavouring to use these in their proper places, I was slowly descending from the feminine soprano to a masculine tone, and the short steps I had been practising gradually lengthened to a manly stride.

M.W.

#### OBITER DICTA from EXAM. PAPERS.

- "It would be quite easy to *electrocute* the railway lines."
- "The Equator is nearer to the North Pole than to the South."
- "There is not enough oil *mined* to drive all the machinery in the universe."
- "Birds perched on the *bows* of the majestic trees."
- "What was the weather like during the holidays?" was a question in French conversation, and the reply "I spent them in Swansea," was considered quite a lucid and intelligent answer.

The following was written as prose in an English Composition on Spring, but reads more rhythmically than some lines sent in to the magazine as poetry:—

The grass in the field again appears,  
And even the cattle can tell  
That Spring has come by their change of food,  
Standing on the top of the hill  
The children once more come out of doors  
To play their favourite games

- Evidently the writer "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."
- "With a convex mirror you often obtain a *spiritual* image."
- "St. Paul was forbidden to teach (P.T.O.) Donald R. Ross IV Classical."
- "I am a *proselyte* and the son of a proselyte... (Pharisee).
- "They were surprised to see nothing happen to Paul, whilst the snake died."
- "Paul took the snake off his wrist and placed it on the ground, without doing any harm to the snake."

#### THE WONDER TRIP.

If some thirty magazines could be devoted to the record of the Trip thirty lads took to the British Empire Exhibition early in June it might be possible to get in some adequate record of the events. As it is we must be content with a tabloid survey of four crowded days "of glorious life." When it is known that only four of the party had ever seen London before, the extent of the experience can be imagined.

Monday afternoon's visit to the Zoo was an enjoyable experience and to many the Underground and the escalators at Paddington were novelties. The Hostel at Park Royal deserves a book for itself, but suffice it is to say that it fulfilled its purpose as an abiding place in close proximity to the Exhibition. How can we crowd nineteen hours experience in the British Empire into a page and a half? It cannot be done. To make a list of the things we saw and another of the x things as numerous (we know not the value of the x) we didn't see would want all that and more. We looked and we walked, we walked and we looked and so we kept on until physical and mental weariness sent us back to the Hostel content to the full, and yet regretting we couldn't see more. Thursday's bus-tour around London, with the half hour's visit to Morning Service at St. Paul's and the hour and a half tour over the Houses of Parliament under the genial, patient and painstaking care of Mr. D. R. Grenfell, M.P., for Gower, with the peeps at the British Museum, Tower, Temple Church, Buckingham Palace, Natural History Museum and many more items of interest was a grand finale to the trip, and it was a contented saloon-full which sat to tea on the train which steamed out of Paddington at 3.35 p.m. and poured itself out on to High Street Station at 8 p.m. to tell over the wonder trip.

What some of us think:—"We had a novel experience on a moving staircase and in the underground." "One group saw the lions and the sea-lions feeding, both being fine spectacles to witness." While we were passing through Regent's Park we saw numerous squirrels which were quite tame." Arriving at the Hostel we satisfied our hunger by a high tea." We went by bus to Wembley, the goal of every schoolboy's ambition. We were amazed beyond measure at the spectacle which met our eyes." "Everything was of dazzling whiteness." "One of the most interesting places was the



Palace of Engineering." "We were allowed to go through railway carriages and engines while in some models you could place a penny and they would light up and work. Some of our time we spent in the Amusement Park where we spent most of our money."

The buildings I liked most were Canada and Austria. The Indian Pavilion was very picturesque with its large lake in front of it.

The things we saw there cannot be described, and one has to experience them to know what they are like.

Having two days at Wembley is sufficient to teach as much as if we spent one year at School.

The best event, in my opinion, was yet to come, this being the bus ride round London. Mr. D. R. Grenfell, M.P. conducted us round the Houses of Parliament, and explained everything to us. It was very interesting.

It was a very enjoyable trip and thoroughly enjoyed by all. The coming home was a rather swift trip.

#### NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA.

SIDNEY JONES writes:—Since Christmas the weather has been cruel, though the wet season has not set in yet. Recently we started swimming in the river, but a chap got taken by an alligator a little lower down the river, so we got scared. Alligators appear to be oozing away gradually; I have only seen one this year and I have been up and down the river a good deal. Last month I was placed on the permanent staff and received an increase with a promise of another in May. I also got a bonus of £15 and another special one of £10. You should have seen me smile.

Last Thursday night three of us went down to S. Johnstone Mill which is owned by the Queensland Government and is 13 or 14 miles from here. The bad element, the I.W.W., and red-raggers, have a firm hold on it and there is always trouble down there. Owing to strikes and general trouble, they are still crushing cane, though most of it is useless; after Xmas the cane loses its sweetness and at the present time most of it would make better fuel. It is the poor farmer who loses because he is paid according to the sweetness of his cane. The C. S. R. Coy. pay on the average sweetness of all the cane crushed, which is certainly the fairer scheme under the circumstances.

We had a bit of a blow about a month ago, which blew most of the pawpaw trees down and also covered everything and everyone with dust. During the dry times experienced last year, we had a splendid crop of mangoes. Ours was a late crop, so I sent bags full to different friends round about to make mango chutney, and I generally got a bottle or two back from those who make it, and as our housekeeper is too lazy to do that sort of thing, it is very acceptable. At the present time our prospects for next season look very promising. The cane is growing great.

Please remember me to all old friends.

#### HOUSE "SOCCER" FINAL.

The Final of the Annual House Tournament took place during the Easter Term, at the Vetch Field, when Burns and Dillwyn were for the second time the Finalists.

TEAMS: BURNS— James (IIIr), Griffiths (IVcL), I. Lewis (V) Capt., M. Williams, H. Griffiths, T. Morris (IVcL), Yonge (IIIr), W. Lewis (IIIa), Glick (IIIa), W. Thomas IIIa, Davies (IIa).

DILLWYN— Orchard (IVa), Quick (IIIa), Richards (IIIa), D. Jones (VI), L. Davies (V) Capt., Hawkins IVa, E. Evans (IVcL), Waters (IIIr), C. Phillips (IVa), Taylor (IIIr), Rice (IIIr).

Progress to Final—

Burns 2 v. Roberts 1      Dillwyn 3 v. Llewellyn 0  
Burns 2 v. Del-la-Beche 1      Dillwyn 3 v. Grove 1

There was much discussion in the School concerning the House Final, the general forecast being a win for Dillwyn.

The day came, School finished early and the match started at 3.15 p.m. The Dillwyn Captain won the toss, and Burns had to play against the wind and sun.

The Game.—The play was very even during first half, Dillwyn not taking full advantage of the wind and sun. Near the close of the first half, Glick took the ball and drove for goal. Orchard fumbled the shot, enabling W. Thomas to rush in and score; and soon after the whistle for "lemon" time was blown.

Dillwyn made great efforts during the second half to equalise, and did the greater part of the pressing. Burns would have succumbed to the constant attacks had not I. Lewis (V), the Burns Captain, frustrated the efforts of the

opposing forwards. Movement after movement was spoiled by him when success for Dillwyn seemed probable.

The final whistle went with Bonus still leading, having won a very hard game, which was well controlled by Mr. D. J. Williams, the referee.

BECHITE & GROVITE, Form V.

MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS, PLEASE.

Upon my desk a pen is laid  
Beside a paper white.  
Before me speaks a word so stern  
" Now take your pens and write."  
' Tis well to say " Begin to write,"  
But he that holds the pen  
Compared with him that wields the sword  
Needs much the greater might.

Now as you know, to wield a sword  
Needs valour, strength and might.  
" So how can you, who set the task,  
Expect that *I* can write?"

Then down upon your knees you go  
(I use poetic license)  
And say, with faltering voice and low  
" Please don't hand in what's nonsense."

There's nothing for the Mag. you plead,  
Your face is pale and gaunt.  
So I will do my level best  
To satisfy your want.

So to your great School Magazine  
These joyful lines I'll sing,  
And may you have more entries  
As good as this I bring.

P.S. As down upon the writing boys  
With stately glance I look,  
Their writings are so good, that mine  
May never reach your book.

But if it does, well, reach the Mag.  
It will be read with zest,  
And boys will point it out and say  
" That is A.D.N.'s best." A. D. NICHOLAS (34)

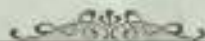
N.B.—If the first part is found suitable and needed, the last two verses may be omitted with the writer's permission.

# DAVID THOMAS,

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