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# Swansea Municipal Secondary School Magazine.

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No. 28.

MARCH, 1918.

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*Editor*—MR. T. J. JAMES.

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## EDITORIAL.

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On reading through the Form Notes, one cannot help noticing the unanimity of the opinion that this Term is drawing to a close and that the outstanding event of the Term has been the Basket Ball Competition.

The Editor's blue pencil has erased these items from some notes, but there is still sufficient residuum to establish these undoubted facts.

Apart from Form Notes, leading items in this number are Barnstaple in prose and verse, and a Basket Ball Competition Ballad.

Postponed to our next issue are the report of St. David's Day with the address of Mr. J. D. Williams, and—a story, if space permits. Probably less space will be available for Form Notes in the next number.

We heartily congratulate W. Ross (our future "Jack London") on his escape from shipwreck, and Private Watkin Ward on winning the D.C.M.

We regret to learn that Ben Davies has been killed in the Air Service.

Received with thanks the *Swansea Grammar School Magazine* and the *Westminster City School Magazine*.

## FORM NOTES.

FORM V. We returned after the Christmas vacation to find that we had decreased in number, W. T. Owen having left for Wellington College. Thus we are reduced to eight. On Tuesday, in the first week of the term, Mr. Beanland kindly allowed us, together with IVcl, to go and see the Tank "Egbert" depart. We were glad of the opportunity to see the tank on the move, for we had been unable to see it come in. Recently, one member of our form provided a great deal of mirth. The lesson was "Mental Gymnastics" (i.e., the high-brow term for Mathematics). The boy was asked which was the greater  $-2$  or  $-4$ , and replied " $-2$ , sir." "How do you know?" asked the master. There was a pause and then came the reply, "By instinct, sir." The form wit has recently blossomed forth with new "gags" also. He asked us, on one occasion if we had heard the latest definition of a hypocrite. As we had not, he informed us that "A hypocrite is a boy who comes into a Mathematics lesson with a smile on his face." We agree! A synonym has been defined as "the word you put down when you don't know how to spell the word you first thought of."

Our basket-ball team has played three matches so far. One against IVcl, the result being a draw, and the other two against first year forms whom we defeated by two and three goals respectively. We play IVm on Monday evening and the match promises to be a very interesting and exciting one. Our Captain is O. L. Jones, the famous footballer, actor (you'll remember him as Major Rattan, I'm sure) and hockey player. He is guaranteed to break any resistance and is a very valuable player for this reason. E. R. OLSSON.

FORM IVcl. Another term draws to its end, bringing nearer, looming, threatening, menacing, the "Senior," the only good points about which are its sense of dignity and its—result (if you're successful, of course). We do our work, and enjoy our play, for the proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," has no more enthusiastic followers than ourselves. We have a good "Soccer" team, and have not yet been beaten, while we hope to do "big things" at cricket, although handicapped by the loss of our "demon left-hander" R. George, who left us to start work. In basket-ball we drew with the Fifth, but lost, after a keen tussle, to IVm.

The most exciting event this term was, no doubt, the graceful dive of our board and easel against the glass of the

III m door, much to our glee, and to the detriment of the glass. THE Latin boys are taken by Mr. Beanland, whilst the rest of us, truly, "a happy band of pilgrims," descend downstairs, where in various form-rooms,—for we are quite homeless—we toil through the peculiarities of "Caesar in Britain," and in one chapter, plot with the Britons; in the next, plan with Caesar himself; and in another, while remaining strictly neutral, fight with both. Personally I think the tale written in English would be much more interesting, for one loses interest after struggling to "sex" a word that doesn't care whether you call it Feminine, Masculine, or Neuter. I wonder whether Mr. Editor will agree this time.

Next term no doubt the poor "orphan" shield will find a home in some form-room or another, and if we ourselves are not called upon to "mother" it, then we'll cheer the victors, and find consolation in the fact that we fought hard, and lost honourably to a better team. E. Hs.

FORM IVm. We have lost our Form Captain, A. E. Hanson, whom we wish every success in his new sphere of activity as an engineer. We understand that he is quite happy and satisfied in his new work, but rising at the early hour of four has somewhat the effect of a cold douche on an ardent spirit. Bruce Barter is now Form Captain and has been made a School Prefect. Since half-term great enthusiasm has been shown in the Basket Ball Matches and it does seem as if our backs are invincible. Due honour must also be given to our forwards, Bruce Barter and Stanley Hopton, who have succeeded in creating a high prestige for our Form. The Match of the season between IVm and IVcl took place a few weeks ago. Notwithstanding the notice which our opponents fixed on the notice board, namely, "No flowers by special request of IVm," we turned out victors through the excellent long shot by our worthy back, Phillip Bowen.

The R.S.A. Examination is looming up in the horizon and is at present obscuring the more distant L.C.C. We have a number of conjurers in our midst. Among the recent feats the most important are the following:—the disappearing inkwells, the re-appearing dusters, the changing of tea into bacon (on ration cards) and poor old Virgil into vigil.

One budding genius says "*Nous mangeons la soupe avec un cahier.*" Another vows the past tense is often called "Romantic" because it was used in romances, and calls up the shade of his sister in proof. (For this read "historic" and history.") One veteran makes three false starts in

answering any question and another ends each answer with the qualifying words "or something."

*Stop Press.* Latest news. Hooray! we came, we saw, we conquered. The "mighty Fifth" were forced to bite the dust at our feet. It was a great game and we won a great victory.  
THE SCRIBE.

FORM IIIA. "Recalled to Life," as Dickens might have said, after the Christmas Vacation, we were surprised to find that our room had been constantly occupied during the holidays. Abundant evidence of the presence of some living things was to be found in nibbled books and other traces. Evidently even mice have been put on war rations!!

Our numbers are fewer than they were, although the quality remains A1. We wish the few who have left us all good luck in their new spheres and to D. T. Martin a speedy and permanent return to health and strength.

We are getting more ancient as the terms go by. Last term we were in the French Revolution but now we have receded to the time of Julius Caesar! The sepulchral tones of our special long gaunt "ghost" were well worth the hearing.

It is questioned whether the origin of Shakespeare's works can be traced to Bacon!! We have pretty strong opinions that someone has been trying to force that fact on us—at all events the number of times we wrote "Bacon" one morning has made us ashamed to look at a pig!!!

Besides giving the Food Control people our help in that way, we are going strong as a War Savings body, our Form holding the record for one week's investments.

In the intervals between our preparation for the "Big Push" in July, we are maintaining our position in the realm of sport, being the "Flower of the Third Year."

Basket Ball is *the* thing these days and we have not yet suffered defeat at the hands of another form—shall we say "3a never did, nor never shall lie at the proud foot of a conqueror." Our scalps include both 3cl and 3m.

Have you heard that if you kill a little worm it is sure to rain? We'd like to know the name of the chap who killed one just before each of our holidays—that for the National Prize L.C.C. and Half-term.  
A.A.A.

FORM IIIM. Our form like the proverbial nigger boys has slowly diminished from being thirteen in number to a

modest nine. Our desks are often invaded by a swarm of mice and one boy had a huge piece gnawed out of his French book, but alas, they left most of it behind. We have had two days holiday this term and we hope to get another "rest" on St. David's Day. We have not done very well in Basket Ball, having won one match and lost two, while in football we drew twice with III R. The O.L.J. is looming up in the far distance and both boys and masters are preparing to meet it. (At first we thought the initials referred to the School Captain looming large. Ed.). We only hope that we shall have another call for farming this year again, but we trust it will not be "spud" picking this time. E.B.

FORM IIA. "Mag" time again. What shall we say? Our tale is not wholly one of joy, for, alas, we have some painful memories connected with our doings in athletics. Basket Ball? There comes the "most unkindest cut of all." Our glory in this competition is all "to come," as hitherto according to the competition thermometer we stand at zero. Still while there's life, there's hope—and may be points. So rally round the team, lads, in the matches still to be played, and cheer them on to victory. A little support goes a long way.

Life, however, has compensations, and no defeats can take away our joy and pride in our Form Library. We have 100 books to choose from—quite a good selection of works too. The Library is built up on Co-operative lines, as all boys were invited to contribute, and most have contributed books, which can be changed weekly. Business is combined with pleasure too, as the Librarian and Assistant are the 1st and 2nd boys in the Form on last Term's results. Will they be changed for next term? *Cela dépend*. But we mean to work hard so that the posts above mentioned will be temporary—not permanent—posts of honour for their present occupants.

Half-term provided a welcome break, and though the weather was unkind, it did not damp our enjoyment of that "respite from toil and trouble." And now for Easter, before which however comes the shadow of Reports. Still we'll enjoy the former better if the latter are good, so we must work.

We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Lewis who takes us in the lessons formerly taken by Mr. Evans. UNITED.

FORM IIB. Our form excels other second years in sports and we hope to keep our record up. The Basket Ball Competition is going strong, and in the tournament we have beaten

IIA and IIIM, the latter thinking they had an easy match on. We have also a good football team which has beaten IIIM and IIA and drawn with IIR. The Form on the whole is progressing very favourably. At the beginning of the term we had some heavy falls of snow. From this we derived great fun and the lower yard was a scene of bitter conflict between the first and second years. We had several good snow-fights with our rivals up the hill and as usual we came out victors.

D.N.B4. G.A.

FORM IA. We have just begun the second term, and the school is still somewhat new to us, but we are going tip-top in work and games. In December 1917, we went to see the Exhibition of War Pictures at the Art Gallery. There was a very good collection there and we thoroughly enjoyed our short visit. In Basket Ball we beat Ic, the score being 2—1. The great men of the Fifth only beat us by 3 goals to nil. Our Form Master is going to take the whole of the first year to pay Oystermouth Castle a visit on the first fine day, which we are anxiously waiting for. We excel IB and Ic in football and also in Basket-ball, and as IA was top of the first years last year we mean to keep up their reputation. A Swimming Club has been organized in our form. Most of us find Welsh a hard subject, but by sticking to it we are improving.

L.W., HJ., L.C.

FORM IB. Our entry into this School was sudden, and we, feeling very strange, were rather awed by the dignity of other forms especially the Fourth. But now we have nothing to fear from the dignity of the upper school.

In the basket-ball cup matches we were beaten by IIR, and we did not flinch from facing IVM, who managed to beat us by 5 goals to 3, which was quite a satisfactory result, considering the mighty results of this "crack" team against others.

We have learned that we have to thank the old Arabians for Algebra, but some of us think those wise people would have better deserved our thanks if they had let well alone.

A really fine day is what all of us are now waiting for, so that we may go to Oystermouth to capture and explore the castle.

WINSTON.

FORM Ic. Our form is doing well this term both in sport and general class work, and Spray, who was top last term,

must work hard to retain his position. On Feb. 15th, our form played IA. Play began with a great rush for IA, but they were unable to score a goal. The match ended in a victory for our form, O'Sullivan, by the way, a member of the junior soccer team, scoring a neat goal a few minutes before the end of the match.

While we are sorry to part with our old form master, Mr. Evans, who left us to become Head Master of Waun-Wen Council School, we gladly welcome our new form master, Mr. Lewis, who takes great interest in the welfare of the form.

We are all looking forward to our promised visit to Oyster-mouth Castle. We were all greatly amused, one Monday morning, to find that mice had been busy making a meal of some boy's books. Probably they were not satisfied with Lord Rhondda's rations. U.V.

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### THE CALL OF THE SEA.

Having signed my name to a sheet of buff paper officially designated as Home Trade Articles, I betook myself to the extreme end of the small sailing ship, to the fore-castle scuttle, and plunged into the mixed atmosphere of ropes, tar and tobacco, meaning of course the odours issuing from each separate substance and many more. Of the sight that met my gaze I will say little, save that it was triangular, low, stuffy and dark, with a floor that inclined as you advanced and a means of exit which was at once our skylight, staircase and ventilator, and a stove which smoked, as did every other member of the crew. I threw my bag into the bunk and immediately ingratiated myself with my shipmates by means of sundry gifts of hard tobacco. There were three of them, without counting the skipper,—a Norwegian, short, sturdy and fair, with pleasant blue eyes and the face of a drinker. Nevertheless, he was a friendly fellow and a good comrade, willing to share and lend a hand; his English was bad, his vocabulary worse, of which the least said the better.

An Australian, ex-blacksmith, ex-policeman, ex-soldier, was next of the crew. Tall, six feet three in his socks, and rather thin, with a droll air and expression; his nose testified his success in always finding the bottom of the beer can by his own, unaided efforts. The mate was a Dane, with big sea-boots and ears, and had a boyish face; he was married and liked to show us photographs of his children. I was a new hand and was given the edifying and digestion-destroying position of cook.

We sailed out of Swansea in October with a fair wind and fine weather ; mercifully I was not sick, and when night fell, we were well on our way to Falmouth. I had to keep a look out and lend a hand with the sails, but it was too dark to see anything of mines or submarines, so I leant over the rail and looked on the changing surface of the sea. The wind wailed mournfully through the rigging, now crooning, now threatening and dying away with a long drawn moan. Subconsciously one heard the steady swish of water against the ship's side, and the creaking of the ropes as the huge, swelling sails, white and ghostly in the darkness, strained heavily upon them. The helmsman was smoking, the glow of his pipe lit up his white face from time to time, with weird effect. Now and again the water gushed in through the scuppers on to the deck, flashing and sparkling, glowing with the radiance of millions of tiny phosphorescent creatures which abound in the seas all over the world.

How different the scene when, a few hours later, the fierce North East gales had swept the heaving seas. My senses were aroused with a feeling of danger. The calm, grave face of the Norwegian helmsman was now filled with concern ; both his arms were on the wheel, and he strove hard to keep the frail ship on her course. The huge sails, wet and freezing, were blown roughly backwards and forwards like pieces of paper, the ropes could scarcely stand the strain, as they rapidly tightened and relaxed. The comparatively gentle swish of the waters could not be heard, huge seas lashed into a fury by the gale, tossed the ship up and down, the bow leaping up and down like a fiery warhorse.

Now we had to cling to the spars and tackle for fear of being washed overboard, and in the gloomy distance, other small ships could be discerned leaping up and down with the sea. It was evident that the ship could not reach port in the gale nor lay to until it should abate. It was useless to fight, the wind shredded the sails, which tore down a tangled mass of tackle, the sea cleared the deck of all that was loose. Soon afterwards the ship foundered on the rocks off the coast of France. I was floating together with a broken spar in the rough sea, in a half conscious, dreamy state for some hours. When I was nearly dead with exposure and cold, a patrol boat picked me up. After a three weeks' stay in a hospital at Paimpol, St. Malo, and a similar period in London, I returned home, intending to enter the Flying Corps, but the call of the sea was too strong and I am now about to sail to New York.

W. Ross (Ex-V.)

## A FARMING HOLIDAY.

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Last summer, thirty boys from the Upper School enjoyed a farming holiday under the provisions of the National Service Scheme. Thirty tired and hungry boys emerged from a train which arrived at Barnstaple a few hours late on the Saturday evening before August Bank Holiday and silently made their way to the Grammar School (greatly to the interest of the peaceful townsfolk) where they were to spend that night and the subsequent ones. This interesting building remained un-surveyed by most of us for that night, partly because we were eager for a supper which we were destined never to receive and partly because we were too tired. We were met by six soldiers and conducted to a large hall, where we viewed with wonder a series of coffin-shaped straw mattresses, placed on the floor, and two neatly folded blankets by the side of each one. Soon afterwards we were informed that these coffin-shaped mattresses were to be our beds for three weeks; that, being unable to go to town to buy any food we should have no supper that night; that no definite work had been arranged for us, and lastly to be thankful for the thought of receiving three "square" meals on the following day.

Perhaps the organisation of the Government National Service Department was at fault and perhaps not. One can judge our feelings, and some doubtless felt the truth of their mothers' saying, "O, very well then, I'll allow you to go and then perhaps you will appreciate more what you have at home."

The following day, we walked along the Taw bank, and greatly enjoyed the scenery and fresh air of Barnstaple. On Monday, taking some food with us we set out in some six groups to scour the country round within a radius of four miles and to enquire at all the farm-houses whether there was any work available for the schoolboy harvesters. We felt it to be a fine day's holiday to get lost in a labyrinth of long Devonshire lanes, and wend our way slowly out of them, sometimes passing a solitary farmstead where they would greet us in broad Devonshire and invite us to drink cider. We encountered only one hill of any size; this was Codden Hill, from which we could see the R. Taw winding slowly towards the sea. Many orchards were encountered; let it suffice to say that the cherries, apples and pears looked very fine, hanging down in rich abundance from the clustered trees. Even the poor toiling cottager can display a fine orchard.

One farmer, having at length decided to employ a few of us, spent some hours instructing us in the binding and stacking

of corn, so that we should be prepared for hard work the following day. Having ascertained that he would not be obliged to supply us with food he bade us come the following morning. We neglected to mention the pay sheet to him and turned up fully prepared for work. As a matter of course we gave him this sheet and he looked at it with great surprise and indignation. He expostulated long, loudly and vehemently and flatly refused to give payment in return for our work.

Later in the week, fifteen were employed. Seven of these in apple or fruit picking and the others in corn stacking. All envied the fruit picking squad who were engaged on an interesting farm near the village of Wrafton. In a fine orchard we were engaged for fully a week, picking a ton of apples to be sent to Manchester. We all liked this and soon learnt our work so well that the farmer was quite pleased with us and told us to eat and carry away as many as we liked. This work finished, two of the seven were engaged on the same farm, stacking corn and leading the horses in the reaping and binding machine. Eighteen boys were now employed, but some had the unpleasant duty of loading manure. There was great sport during this work because rabbits and hares frequently darted from amongst the corn as the machine was going round the field, and tried to escape. They were either shot, or killed by the dogs and sometimes inspired pity, especially when the machine cut off their four legs. These unfortunates were taken "home" by the boys for their own eating. Most boys who worked met with similar experience with the rabbits, and the farmer allowed one of us to shoot. The remaining few days of the week, the farmer engaged one of us to walk round the field after the binder and raise the barley off the ground with a long stick.

At tea-time the farmer and myself were enjoying a well earned rest in the corn-field, and having made comfortable seats among the sheaves of barley he told me an interesting and curious story about his dwelling. I had worked for nine hours that day and consequently was glad to lend an attentive ear to his story. His residence is Heanton Court, a large stone building on the left bank of the Taw estuary as one approaches Barnstaple. It had formerly been a large castle, which is still quite complete except for one tower. It was once the residence of a wealthy person named Banfield, nicknamed the "Buzzard." This man owned two-thirds of Devonshire and was very powerful. He quarrelled with Oliver Cromwell, fought and was defeated by the latter, who fined him fifty parishes. Something tragic evidently happened

soon afterwards for Banfield hid his gold. Later, after his death, mysterious noises have been heard periodically and ever since there has been a "ghost room" in Heanton Court, which room has no windows and is therefore in continual darkness. The mysterious noises, which have never been fathomed, are heard in the form of bells ringing, for there are old bells in the house. Blackmore mentions Heanton Court, under a different name, in his "Maid of Sker." He offered to show me the room, but we departed the next day.

Many of us greatly enjoyed fishing in the Taw, especially at sunset, when the sport was good. Baskets of bass and mullet and troublesome eels, and sometimes trout were obtainable. Nothing was more pleasant than to row up the river with the tide at sunset, when the fishing was going on. One night at 12 a.m., three of us arose, dressed, went to the cycle shed and pedalled away into the country for all we were worth. We had no lights and were guided only by the moon which gave a good light. At one point, we were slowly advancing up a hill when a voice cried "Stop!" We turned to see a "Bull's Eye" lantern flashed upon us, and saw a uniformed person standing in our way. This "Stop!" gave us an enormous impetus and we were soon beyond pursuit.

Not long afterwards I felt my back wheel knocked from beneath me and heard a horrid grinding noise. Two boys and two cycles were mixed up. When these elements were separated, two boys and one cycle were in good condition, the other bicycle was out of shape, and its bright spokes were adorning the road. We now felt remorseful and had to walk back to school, carrying the bicycle in turns and expecting at every turn to see the policeman. We arrived home at 2.30 a.m. and fell fast asleep. Later, three boys were "wanted," and severely reprimanded.

Thanks to Barnstaple Grammar School and the A.S.C., all billeting needs were supplied. Six army men prepared our food and made excellent use of the cookery range, adjoining the Dining Room. The word *rissoles* will ever live in our memory and so also will *palliasses*.

The Masters and Governors visited us and football matches were arranged between their boys and ourselves. We often used to pass our spare time in playing cricket on their fine sports field. One of the chief events on record was a grand midnight supper, unfortunately limited to the twelve eldest boys. Items on the menu were Devonshire cream, tinned fruit, sardines, cake and other sundries. Great was the mid-

night revelry and . . . great, unfortunately, the early morning suffering which twelve boys experienced. As to the financial aspect of the venture, the total earnings were far from covering the expenses, but owing to the liberal grants from the Central Committee and from the Barnstaple Committee, eight out of our ten shillings caution money were returned to us.

We all wished to take some apples home with us and the amounts taken varied from a few pounds to a whole barrelful. At the time of departure, most boys were glad to return home, but I feel sure that most of them now hold happy and proud memories of the trip to Barnstaple, and I think there is a special bond of friendship between them. There is nothing I should like better than to go to Barnstaple again next summer under like conditions, and so would most of the other boys.

Thirty unconcerned boys entered the train at Barnstaple, and after many "farewells" to the soldiers, who had come to bid us "good-bye," we settled down in the train to think over the events of the past three weeks.      ALLAN ROSS (IV).

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### MEMORIES OF BARNSTAPLE.

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Often times in dreams I've wandered  
Through again a harvest day.  
Many times my thoughts have lingered  
O'er remembrances so gay.

Happy times we spent together  
In the orchards and the fields;  
Funny stories, songs and laughter  
While at leisure at our meals.

In the "Hall" we always gathered  
When our work we'd laid aside.  
There we sang, and there we chattered  
At the close of eventide.

Soon the time came for farewelling  
From the schoolboy friends we'd made,  
And the mem'ries of departing  
From our minds will never fade.

ONE OF THE V,

**JOURNALISM FOR BEGINNERS.**

(Hints for Adventurers into the Newspaper World).

The average boy leaving school who embarks upon a journalistic career usually does so with the idea that there is only one essential point, and that is to learn shorthand,—and then, in a few weeks,—or perhaps earlier, he will develop into a Charles Dickens, or a Jack London. Poor boy! He has much to learn. When he enters a newspaper office he has much to accomplish before he is regarded even as a reporter of no particular brilliance.

He seems to make a sudden huge leap from boyhood to manhood, when one day he has to be under school discipline and on the next, perhaps, he is introduced as *Mr.* Penn of the "Daily Recorder." His chest inflates considerably, and he wants to tell everyone he has started his battle with the world and in future will be known as MR. Penn, of the reportorial staff of the "Daily Recorder." (Here is my card!)

For the first year or so, he is engaged on work which is apparently simple, but which at the same time entails great attention to duty and a "nose for news"—I refer to "Calls." Every morning he has to visit certain offices and institutions, such as the Guildhall, Coroner's officers, etc., where he is given information with regard to forthcoming meetings and recent events. Then, later, he ascends to the dizzy heights of Police Court reporting where anyone with a Dickensian disposition can glean plenteous information on the law and other matters and comes into contact with many Oliver Twists and Jingles.

With regard to the office, he will find as a rule, that his colleagues are jolly fellows, excellent company and good friends.

In his new life he will meet three men who have a great deal to do—if not all to do with his career. They are the chief reporter, chief sub-editor (to the initiated, "Chief-Sub"), and the Editor,—that mysterious person who guides the destinies of the paper. The new-comer must be careful to listen to anything they have to say, and of course must respect the office traditions. In time his work becomes more varied, and very rarely, perhaps twice in two or three years—if he is lucky—he gets a stray word of well-deserved commendation for an article or paragraph—for journalists do not waste words.

I know a journalist who used to say, "Look here, a reporter must be a man without a soul." Well, if things are not quite so bad as that, the profession certainly tends to make a man

callous and perhaps a little cynical. He sees everything, hears everything, and has his finger in everybody's pie and gets into the habit of analysing things and people. On the street he thinks: I wonder do those people, passing so unconcernedly know that *I* am responsible for writing some, at least, of the news which they so eagerly devour from their papers! And he feels a person of consequence; one who is "doing something" in the world.

In conclusion, Journalism is, to my mind, a craft or profession, which, above all others demands versatility and tact. The Journalist who aspires to fame in his profession must acquire encyclopedian knowledge, and must exercise the greatest care in all things. Be careful, young man! *Care* is the watchword of the reporter. It is quite possible for a slip of the pen to get a newspaper into a libel action—or at least bring trouble upon the unfortunate scribe.

The ideal reporter is a journalist before everything; he must be prepared to give himself at all times to his work, and is more liable to be called upon at odd moments than even a Government Official! He will meet with many rebuffs, and occasionally is awarded compliments from appreciative readers; but Journalism yields more hard knocks than ha'pence—although, for consistent cheerfulness and optimism I would "back" a Journalist against any man. "THE SCRIBE."

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### BASKET BALL NOTES.

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The Basket Ball Competition is now in full swing, and is even more popular than it was last year. Every form seems keen on winning the shield and we should like to say *en passant* that this year's Fifth is not like last year's. The Fourth have reason to be proud of themselves and they are quite sure of winning the shield, but up to now they have not done as expected. It has been said that the sight of the ball and baskets makes some of them see red. As in last year's competition, junior teams are allowed to play seven men, and senior teams, five; this is a serious handicap. Each team will play eleven matches and the two teams leading the list will play a final.

The Shield has arrived and will be presented to the remnants of the old IVcl team in due course. Our hearty thanks are given to those who have refereed the matches played. The result of the Competition will be published in next Term's Magazine.

## BALLAD

*on events connected with the "Great Basket Ball Contest"  
between*

## IV CL. AND IV M. (1918.)

BY A CLASSIC-MODERN.

A doleful tale I now must tell,  
How Classic heroes nobly fell,  
How Modern heroes, too, did well,  
In fighting for the shield.

Before the fateful battle day,  
Fourth Classical let prudence stray,  
And boasted of the time, when they  
Would make the Moderns yield.

And thus they boasted in their pride.  
They drew up posters to deride  
The heroes of the Modern side,  
Who swore they'd win the field.

The time for battle now drew near,  
Both teams felt confidence,—not fear.  
Each thought the other was "small beer"  
And thought its fate was sealed.

At last the time for battle came,  
The Referee who knew the game,  
Cautioned the players not to maim  
Each other in their zeal.

The whistle blew, the ball was free,  
The forwards, with a shout of glee,  
Swooped down upon it merrily,  
The goalies' faces paled.

At last a Modern rushing hot  
Dodged both the backs, and took a shot.  
The ball went right into the "pot,"  
While all the Classics reeled.

They chanted low their "Classic" hymn,  
Their hopes of vict'ry now were slim,  
They danced like fiends round the Gym.  
But at last vanquished—kneeled.

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Oh! how the small boys shouted,  
And these the Classics clouted  
Because they had been routed,  
And had lost the precious shield.

## A BRAVE LETTER.

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The letter printed below was read to the School on St. David's Day. It was written by Sec. Lieut. Glyn Morgan, R.W.F., only son Mr. Rhys Morgan, County School, Pontypridd, on the eve of going into action, July 31, 1917. When the battalion, hung up by machine-gun fire, in its attack on the "Cockchafers," had lost nearly all its officers, "it was due almost entirely to Morgan's pluck, ability and leadership that the objective on the Steenbeck was reached." He fell at the head of his men on his 21st birthday and was recommended for a posthumous V.C.

B.E.F.,

FRANCE,

July 30th, 1917.

MY DEAR DAD,

This letter is being written on the eve of our "going over the top." It is only because I know by this time what are the odds against one's returning unhurt that I write it. It will only be sent in the event of my being killed in action. You, I know, my dear Dad, will bear the shock as bravely as you have always borne the strain of my being out here; yet I should like, if possible, to help you to carry on with as stout a heart as I hope to "jump the bags."

I believe I have told you before that I do not fear Death itself: the Beyond has no terrors for me. I am quite content to die for the cause for which I have given up nearly three years of my life, and I only hope I may meet death with as brave a front as I have seen other men do before.

My one regret is that the opportunity has been denied me to repay you to the best of my ability for the lavish kindness and devotedness which you have always shown me. I had hoped to do so in the struggle of life. Now, however, it may be that I have done so in the struggle between life and death, between England and Germany,—Liberty and Slavery. In any case I shall have done my duty in my little way.

Well, Dad, please carry on with a good heart. Then I shall be quite content. Good-bye, dearest of Fathers. Good-bye, Enid and Gwen.

Your affectionate son and brother,  
GLYN.