

GOREU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

# Swansea Municipal Secondary School Magazine.

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*Editors—*

W. J. HUGHES.

MISS THORP.

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## EDITORIAL.

In taking up the Editorial pen, resigned with the June issue of last session, we encounter at the outset the difficulty of avoiding encroachment upon the domains of past Editorials. Nevertheless, it falls to our province to make one or two observations.

We continue to live in a time when wars and rumours of wars abound, but up to the time of writing our school life has not been interfered with. It has gone on the even tenor of its way, for which we are very grateful. We fear, however, that things will be different in the immediate future. We see a time when the M.S.S. will be carried on with great difficulty. Of this we are sure: that however great the demands, the staff and pupils will be equal to the occasion in Britain's hour of need.

It is with a feeling of pride that we cast a glance back upon the successes of the previous session. We do not hesitate to state that they exceeded all expectations. The success of our School in the past is such that any School might be proud of. But last year we gained more "honours" than in any single year in its history. "Floreat."

Before laying aside our pen, we wish to extend a hearty welcome to the freshers. By the time this will appear they will have spent a term here. We trust that they have been inoculated with the best traditions of the School, and that they will do their utmost to carry them forward.

## BOYS' FORM NOTES.

## FORM VI.

The nucleus of this form is the remnant of the old Fifth, and as the newcomers (who passed straight up from the Fourth) appear to foster the intention of leaving soon, it seems as if the Sixth Form will in the near future once more resolve itself into the members of the old Fifth.

Of the old "Famous Fifth," two (Gunners F. O. Dowdall and A. L. Yelland) are serving in the Artillery; three (G. I. Davies, J. S. Davies, and K. Olsson), have obtained scholarships at the Technical College; one (H. Donald) is serving as an apprentice in the mercantile marine: another (K. Howells) is in charge of financial administration (Humph, Editor), at a certain well-known Welsh town: while four (D. T. Jeremy, A. E. Fairs, W. H. Thomas, and C. L. Davies) remain, and the other member (E. E. Edmunds) is pursuing a course of architectural study.

It seems that the above *révue* of events is necessary before proceeding with the business of the new session.

The new prefects of our Form are L. L. Abraham, G. Price, W. H. Thomas and G. Ll. Washer, while D. T. Jeremy has been appointed captain and A. E. Fairs vice-captain).

L. L. Abraham has been selected for the captaincy of the Senior A.F.C., while C. L. Davies retains the post of secretary.

In the debating world our most prominent member is A. E. Fairs, the secretary, whose propensity and perspicacity for debate are well shewn in a *critical* account of debates which is printed in the present Magazine.

Another member of some prominence is C. L. Davies, a speaker whose eloquence is somewhat marred, as the secretary comments, by continued harping on the superficial (this speaker would do well to exercise his intelligence and try to think in the manner suggested by the secretary, whose excellence as a speaker has long been established). D. T. Jeremy, another committee-man, proved himself a virile and moving speaker, but the distance he has to travel to attend debates prevents him from moving us very often.

To G. H. Washer and L. L. Abraham, who are shortly taking a Civil Service exam., we offer our sincerest wishes for a brilliant success. We also hope that the other member of

our Form, who is taking an exam. in the earlier part of next year, will try and acquit himself in the manner demanded by the prestige of our form.

The wit of the form recommends Michelet's "La Mer" to the Right Hon. Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions, as it is a most exhaustive and entertaining work on "shells," despite the fact that, in studying it, we are sometimes "seased" with waves of boredom.

On going to press, we learn that one of our form-mates is sending in a poem to the Editor. We hope its beauties will not be marred by the Censor, as it appears that some of the works of more famous rhymesters have been.

To the masters who have joined or are about to join, we offer our hearty congratulations, and if they can worry the Germans as they have worried some of us, then we beg them to proceed at once to the front.

"PARIAH."

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#### FORM IVCL.

The form poet has been put upon the rack, and the following specimen of his art (?) is the result. It is, he says, an epic in three verses, describing the noble achievement of our form (late 3R) in the Junior Oxford:—

When we returned to prison  
 From six weeks spent in bliss,  
 We were told that we were seven  
 On the Second Honours List.  
 We were not alone in glory,  
 For there was another lot;  
 "Thirds," said the master hoary,  
 Seven mentally less "hot."  
 Just to make up a good ending,  
 There were seven "only pass'd,"  
 Of brain power unastounding,  
 But sufficient for the task.

Our predecessors in this form did equally well, and it is up to us to break their record and to sustain ours. L. Jones and the other famous inter-townites desire to form a senior and junior rugger team. Will all boys who would like to play see him in 4CL, after school.

N.B.—No junior soccerite need apply. There are two complaints to make. Firstly, why is there no soap in the hand basins when we come up from manual (soap is only 2½d.

per lb.) Secondly, the fan has not broken down for a long time. There must be something wrong with it. It must be seen to.

W. Ross.

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#### FORM IV<sub>M</sub>.

We came back to school after the holidays feeling quite fresh and ready to cope with the work of the 4th year. We had hardly settled down to our new room when we had orders to leave it and take up our quarters in 2R. room. This room is very draughty, and the boys sitting on the left-hand side of the room are considered to be in the "Frigid Zone."

We elected R. Voyzey and Glyn Bevan to be our Form captain and vice-captain respectively. We have played only one match so far; that was with 4CL., and they were the victors by two goals to one.

That we 4 Modernites are of great importance, commercially and otherwise, cannot be disputed, for we were engaged on the "world-famous pink forms," and no other form was sufficiently qualified to take up such important work. Now we are accused of not doing our "bit."

We are looking forward to the coming exams., when we hope to achieve excellent results.

By-the-way, who suggests that "l'Allemand et l'Autrichien" means "the German and the other dog; and who translated "Vendre au rabais" as "to sell to the Jews?" Who is it that ventures to say that "good wines needs no Bosch?"

C.W.

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#### FORM III<sub>M</sub>.

We returned to School after the summer vacation, with our minds made up for hard work this school year. We are rather a mixed lot, drawn from IIa, IIb, and II remove, but we soon fell to each other's ways, and are now a happy little lot of fourteen.

We are much interested in our new subjects—Machine Drawing, Metal Work, Book-keeping, and Shorthand.

Our new classroom is a very cosy one. We are almost tempted to call it "The Poets' Corner," especially when some of us remember our achievements in IIa last year. One actually commenced a "poem" for this present issue. The first two lines give a fair idea of his ability in this direction—

"After the summer vacation,

We returned to school 'sans hesitation'."

These lines only have been "passed by the Censor."

The ticking of the clock is very welcome after the "scrapings?" we heard in the other Form-rooms. Cecil Williams has been elected captain of the Form, with H. Roberts as vice-captain.

We are very sorry to have to lose Mr. Jones, who has joined the staff of the A.S.C. We cordially wish him every success in his new sphere. We have much appreciated his instruction, and are very glad to say that our shorthand has so much improved that it is not "minutes per word" now but "words per minute."

We must not forget to record the pleasant afternoon we spent, through the kindness of our Headmaster, at the Picture House, where the "Julius Cæsar" film was shown.

One of the "Old Boys," Mr. A. Gear, kindly lent us a piece of shrapnel which he picked up after the bombardment of a town "Somewhere in France." It brought home to us the dangers which our brave Khaki Boys face.

"WE ARE SEVEN" TWICE.

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### FORM IIIr.

"Der tests!" say some of our worthies when the Masters announced the forthcoming events; but *we* (as the Teachers tell us), the cream of the third year, are going to fight for our positions. Some of the subjects were new to us—Shorthand and Bookkeeping—the teacher of which, Mr. Jones, we are sorry to lose. To his successor, Mr. Poole, we extend a cordial welcome. We are all looking forward to the Oxford Local Exam., and we hope to do as well as our predecessors 4 Cl., and better *si nous pouvons*.

IVOR THOMAS, IIIr.

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### FORM IIIr.

We are now in the Upper School, and are just settling down to work; three of the boys have taken to Machine Drawing instead of Latin. A larger division of the form has taken up the two commercial subjects, viz., Shorthand and Book-keeping.

H.T.

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### FORM IIIa.

After spending an enjoyable summer holiday, we took to our new Form Room, and have had one term in the third year, which we have thoroughly enjoyed. This year the majority of the boys from IIa and IIb (last year) form IIIa,

and have settled down as a class in good time. Now that we are in the third year, we must expect harder work and some different lessons. Some of us are taking shorthand and book-keeping, and others Latin; metal work is one of our new subjects, and we are becoming experts in this direction.

"The Merchant of Venice" is our literature, and sometimes when talking you are in danger of having some Shakespearian "wisdom" thrown at you, to show you the error of your ways.

The Terminal is just upon us, and there will be no little competition for top place.

In sport O. Owens (captain) and E. J. Tyrell (vice-captain) have led us manfully to—defeat. The victors were bigger and stronger, and could hardly have expected us to beat them! Games have come with delightful regularity, and we have had some good games as picked sides.

A few suggestions:—

Why doesn't the Editor put stories in the Magazine as they did in the old ones?

(Why doesn't my literary correspondent send some stories in for publication.—ED.)

Why not begin school at 8.30 and finish at 3.45 p.m.?

(We wonder if our "early bird" ever comes late for the 9.0 a.m. session now.—ED.)

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#### FORM IIB.

We are now in our new surroundings. Our Form Master is liked by all the boys. We do not go to Singing now, but we have Manual Instruction instead. We have a good captain, A. Hanson, who is worthy of the position. He is assisted by A. Jones, a good and safe full-back. We played a team called Mansel Villa, who just managed to beat us by 3 goals to 2. It was a very stiff match, and we had the favour of a warm day. Our form is interested in the junior football teams of the school. We have two boys in the Association and five in the Rugby. We are trying to keep up the honour of the form by having one of our boys captain of the Association. Last year's IIB. had the captain of the junior Soccer team. We like our new subject, Latin, though it does not bring any home-work.

E. FAIRS, IIB.

## FORM IIR.

After a year of hard work, our toil is well rewarded by our entry into IIR. We are again studying hard to prepare for the coming examination. Our form has been very successful in football, having won nearly all the matches played. The captain is F. Bell, his deputy being E. Hopkins. The Form Captain is W. Hutchinson, who is very ably supported by A. Ross. We hope to do credit to our Form and bring well-deserved praise to our masters. Early in the term we changed Form rooms with IVM., as we have an exceptionally large number in the class.

We all extend to Robert George and Aubrey Thomas our deepest sympathy in their late bereavements.

E.H. & W.F.T.H.

## FORM IIA.

We have been lucky enough this year to secure a nice cosy form room, far better than our old form rooms. We are working very hard for our Christmas Exams. We recently had a test in French Verbs; those who were near the top were surprised, and those who were near the bottom were amazed. In our football team we have many good players. We are represented by Bruce Barter (captain) and Fred. Kent (vice-captain). We have played three matches—two with IIR. and one with Ia.; IIR. beat us in the first match, but we beat them in the return match; in the match with Ia we both agreed to play overtime, as there was no score during time; after continuing play we scored a goal, thus beating our opponents. Our Form comprises boys from each of the Forms of the first year, some from Ia, the Form our Captain came from, some from Ib, and some from Ic, the Form our Vice-captain came from. We all enjoy our Chemistry Lessons very much; Mr. Phillips, who takes us, gets on very well with us, and we all look forward to his lessons.

B.B. & V.R.

## FORM IA.

We see quite a change in this school to our old one, our home-work making a great difference.

We are all anxiously waiting for our terminal examinations before we break up for our Christmas Holidays.

We have been to games four times this term, on one occasion playing Form IIA. We were beaten by a goal.

BRINLEY COX.

WILLIAM DAVIES.

## FORM Ib.

During the last mid-summer holidays we were all anxiously looking forward to the time when we might become scholars of the Municipal Secondary School. We have now found that it is quite up to our hopes and expectations.

Our Form is improving day by day. We have a good Soccer team, and as good and trustworthy a captain as we could ever expect. Our vice-captain, Cecil Lewis, also deserves praise, and when "on the ball" he can put some real stingers into goal. We like our school very much, and also our class-mates. We play together, and work together, as if we were brothers.

O.M.W.

## FORM Ic.

Three months have elapsed since we entered this School. At first everything was very strange, but we are now getting accustomed to our surroundings and change of work. Our time-table includes a number of subjects which were quite new to us when we entered the School.

Our Form Master takes a great interest in us, and is very anxious that we shall make good progress. There is an old saying that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but we are not likely to suffer on this account, for we are permitted to leave school early for games every other week; this privilege is very much appreciated by all. In a few days we expect to have our first experience of the "terminals," when everyone intends to do his best to secure a good position on the class list.

F.H.W.

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GENERAL KNOWLEDGE ANSWERS.

*Anzac* is the head of the intelligence department for scouting. Also the name of an ancient Piruvian race.

*Wire-pulling* is done out in the firing line, with those barbed wire entanglements.

*Yellow peril* is a fever which is caught in hot undrained countries.

*Walter Raleigh* was the founder of tobacco. He lived in the reign of Victoria.



## WITH THE GUNS AT LOOS.

..... Home for the time was forgotten when we were pumping lead into the Germans at the rate of 60 rounds an hour. It was hot work whilst it lasted, and the place reeked of cordite. I was relief man, and relieved the sergeants of the guns, in turn, because it was nerve racking work, and they were glad of a change with the ammunition wagons. Night and day we slammed over the shells, and then on the Saturday morning we advanced. Oh, the thrill of it as we left our hiding places and came out in the open. Shells screamed over our heads, but we pressed on, and then I saw the first batch of prisoners. What a sorry lot, and what baleful glares they threw at us as we galloped past—

## ON TO BERLIN—

as we thought. Then the halt, as we made good our position.

Still, what need to write when you can read it all in the papers—how we smashed through their impregnable (?) positions, through to the town behind, and our infantry hunted them out of the houses like rats out of a hole.

Then the straggling lines of wounded began to trail back! What horrible sights I saw, but yet they tended to make us all the more determined to do or die. Dead Germans lying in heaps, and our vehicles passing over them. The scream of shells drove us silly in a way, and I caught myself laughing out loud at nothing in particular; but I never forgot the work in hand. Wonderful to relate, we lost not a single man, but the Germans—God help them! Demoralised by our fire, they lay down their arms and ran out, crying out “Goot English!” In spite of all, I felt sorry for some of the prisoners, such boys some of them, and one I saw with a shattered arm was crying. Poor fellow; I wanted to pat him on the back and say “Cheer up, old chap;” but no, they are enemies.

We have been moved back now, out of the firing line to rest, after nine weeks’ fighting, and to replace our casualties.

.... You know most of our food is tinned, and the names on the tins are Fray Brutus and Marconici. I overheard a driver say—“I wish Mr. Blooming Fray Brutus and Marconici would enlist with it, and see how they would like their own rations.”

Please don't worry about me; I am quite well so far.

G. ROBERTS (Sergeant).

## CORRESPONDENCE.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,

27th October, 1915.

..... Well, we have been out here five weeks now, and although we have been in the firing line all along, I haven't been touched yet.

The village near here has been razed to the ground by the German shells, but even now some of the people still live in the ruins, although they lead a miserable existence. You at home do not realise the nature of this war, with its fury and havoc. Night and day the roar of howitzers, machine-guns and rifles, deafens the ears, giving the impression of incessant thunder. The weather here is simply awful—nothing but rain and fog, while the roads have been trodden into swamps. Sometimes one would imagine that we had deliberately rolled in a ditch.

The Germans seem to be fond of firing at churches, and they will waste any amount of ammunition in order to destroy one.

When we first arrived here we were naturally on the *qui-vive*, especially as the report had gone round that the enemy's snipers (picked marksmen) had been seen near our "Dug-out." Well, about the second or third night the sentry saw someone coming across the field, and, being a bit nervous, he fired without challenging. The result was that our cook got a bullet through his hat, and although uninjured he was thoroughly scared.

Aeroplanes are continuously hovering overhead, trying to locate our guns, and yesterday I saw a German machine fall to the ground after a tussle in the air with a Frenchman. They exchanged shots for some time, and the German suddenly turned sideways, and dived to earth.

The cheerfulness of the men out here is surprising, and when they are drenched to the skin and covered with slime, they will start singing as if they did not have a care in the world.

I am glad to think that ——— has joined, but it would have been better if he had done so when the war broke out, instead of nearly fifteen months after, when he has been practically compelled to do so.

Yours sincerely,

Bdr. HARRY LAMONT, 24438,

B. Battery, 113 Brigade R.F.A.,

Brit. Exp. Force, France.

LONDON, 24th Nov., 1915.

Dear Sir,—I understand that you are keeping a "Roll of Honour" of past students of the Municipal Secondary School who have joined His Majesty's Forces.

I should like you to know that I have joined the "Artists' Rifles" (28th London) Officers' Training Corps, and am at present training in London.

The "Artists," or, as it is commonly called, "The Corps of Many Talents," consists entirely of Public School Men and of men of a good education.

The Corps was established about sixty years ago, and many well-known men have served in its ranks.

During the Boer War the "Artists" served with distinction, and were known as the "20th Middlesex Volunteer Rifles."

In the Territorial and Military Tournaments the "Artists" are well-known, and on several occasions gained great distinction. Indeed, the "Corps of Many Talents" is the only Territorial Unit which has ever defeated the Regular Army at bayonet fighting. Thus the Corps can truly be called famous.

Until a few months ago the "Artists" was not officially known as an Officers' Training Corps.

However, some time after the outbreak of the War, Sir John French mentioned the "Artists" in one of his dispatches as being an excellent corps, on account of the splendid officers it turned out. Naturally, the regiment was brought into great prominence, and it was not long before the War Office recognised it as an Officers' Training Corps.

Thus the "Artists" was made a Training Corps for Officers on its own merits.

We have splendid instructors, some of whom have been fighting in France.

The duration of training varies, but the usual period is four or five months. The first month is spent in London, during which time the rudimentary drills are mastered. The remaining months are spent in camp, where the usual course of "Field Training for Officers" is gone through.

At present we are over a thousand strong, and are increasing at the rate of nearly two hundred per week.

I must now bring this letter to a close by wishing good luck to the "Old School."

I am, yours sincerely,

H. J. ELIAS.

FRANCE,

December 12th, 1915.

.... Cigarettes are very welcome, and at times are excellent as a means of barter. A Player cigarette will get a horse saddled up at any time.

The weather here has been intensely cold of late, the ground like iron, with snow and ice. I have suffered a great deal, and am evidently not made of iron, as I began to fondly hope. It has been so cold that I have lost all feeling in my hands and feet, in spite of gloves and two pairs of socks, &c. The cold making it impossible to control a horse, I have to ride on the box-seat of one of my wagons to fetch supplies, starting at 7 a.m., sometimes without breakfast or even a wash.

I arrive at the place frozen stiff, and proceed to thaw myself in front of a stove in the office. Of course, you will immediately say "Why not walk?" Certainly, but considering I have my old complaint still, walking is sometimes very painful, not to speak of sore feet caused by the stiff leather boots we wear. At present I am wearing a pair of Canadian boots coming up to my knees. You know the sort of thing—laced up high and buckled at the top. They are good leather, but the dickens to get soft, in spite of plentiful applications of dubbin.

Of course, the result of my ride was that I caught a very bad attack of influenza, of the variety I was subject to at home. I am now in the aches and pains stage, and feel just one big ache, I had a day in bed and let everything go hang, and in the evening asked to be sent back to the battery, as I couldn't see my way to carry on. It's too much for me. They have written to my battery, and I am hoping to be sent back, although they may take it into their heads to keep me here as a sergeant. I sincerely hope not, as I'd rather go back as a gunner to a battery. Give me the guns every time. Of course, I saw the doctor here when I got the first symptoms, but he, like the majority of army doctors, had a very elementary knowledge of medicine. He gave me some quinine, and that was all he could do. A No. 9 pill is considered by them the certain cure for all ailments, and the return of a "pilled" patient on the following morning evokes polite surprise, and perhaps, "But didn't I give you a pill yesterday?" At present I am sitting by the fire trying to get warm, but with little success. Eh bien, c'est la guerre! My battery was horribly shelled on Tuesday last, but I haven't heard whether we lost any men. The Germs sent over those

jolly old "armour-piercing" shells, and nothing can stand against that. They go through a 10ft. roof of sandbags. I've seen them burst, and it's like the end of the world. One burst in an old gun pit, next to K.'s gun, and blew it away. When the smoke was gone, there was only a big hole about 20ft. across and about 6ft. deep. Some shell! A few yards more to the left, and O. K. & Co. would have had no further interest in the war.

Poor old J. F. was knocked out the other day. An aeroplane bullet entered his thigh, ran down his leg, and lodged in the knee-cap. Sounds funny, I suppose, but I assure you we often get casualties from aircraft ammunition. A bullet that goes up has to come down again, and after a heavy engagement with a plane the bullets begin to rain down. . . .

G. ROBERTS.

26th October, 1915.

DEAR MR. BEANLAND,

I think it is about time I wrote you, so I will endeavour to outline the work I have gone through during my two months' training at the Crystal Palace with the R.N.D.

Before I succeeded in entering the Wireless Class I served six weeks in the battalion, during which time I went through every point in squad and rifle drills, besides a part course of musketry. Well, I had rather a stiff time at first, but after getting accustomed to my new work and surroundings, I soon found that there was nothing to equal it.

The "reveille" is sounded at 6 a.m., and from this time until 7 we have to dress, wash, lash and stow away our hammocks. We "fall in" at 7, and go for a short march, returning in time for breakfast at 8. We "fall in" again at 9, and commence our work for the day. The morning's work generally consists of squad and rifle drills. During the morning we have a "break" for a smoke or rest. Dinner is served at 12.15, and we are allowed one hour for it, "lining up" again at 1.15. The afternoon's work is much the same as that for the morning, except that we have physical drill for one-and-a-half hours. Work is finished for the day at 4 p.m., so that after tea, which is served at 5.30, we have the evening to ourselves. The "lights out" call is given at 10 p.m.

Now that I am in the Wireless School, the work is different, as we do our physical drill before breakfast. Instead of drill

we send and receive messages over the "buzzers," and do a little semaphore signalling towards the end of the day. Our tea is served at 5.

The boys are very much more refined, and, indeed, everything is much better, in the Wireless Section.

I expect to be drafted to Clapham next Monday week, to finish the course.

The course of electricity and magnetism I went through with Mr. Thomas serves me in very good stead, as do also my French and mathematics.

Well, I think it time I came to the end, and wishing the School success in all directions,

I am, yours sincerely,

H. R. MURRAY.

P.S.—For the guidance of those "Old Boys" who wish to drop me a line, and also the boys at present in School whom I know, I shall be extremely obliged if you will give them my address, viz:—

H. R. Murray, 1531 A Class,  
Wireless Section, Royal Naval Div.,  
Crystal Palace, S.E.

### SCHOOL SOLDIERS' FUND.

The Prefects desire most sincerely to thank all the boys who have so generously contributed to the fund which we have organised for the benefit of our soldiers at the front. The 250 subscribers will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have done something for Tommy, and that the Yule-tide of many a soldier will be brightened by their generosity. Thanks are also due to the Form Captains for their active and useful co-operation with the Prefects to make the fund a success. Mention must also be made of Mr. Beanland's kindness in making up the sum collected—£3 6s. 10d.—to £3 10s. 0d. A cheque for £3 10s. 0d. has been duly sent to the "Daily Chronicle" Fund. The following is a list of the contributions of the various Forms:—

1b, 9/-; 4Cl., 8/6; 1c, 6/3; 2r, 5/7; VI, 5/6; 3a, 5/6; 3r, 5/5; 2a, 4/6; 3m, 3/5½; 1a, 3/5; 2b, 3/3½; V, 3/3; 4m, 3/2; balance, 3/2; total, £3/10/0.

D. T. JEREMY, Captain.

## THE BOYS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

At a meeting held at the beginning of October, the following Officers were elected to carry on the Society during the 1915-16 session:—

Hon. Secretary: A. E. Fairs, VIth (re-elected).

Assist. Secretary: W. Ross, IV. Class.

Committee: Form VI., D. T. Jeremy and C. L. Davies; Form V., W. Rees; Form IV., C. Jones and A. Oldham; IVm., R. Palmer; Form III., R. Jelley and A. Bromham; Form IIr., A. Ross.

On Friday, October 15th, the session opened with a Mock Trial, which proved very successful, both as regards attendance and the proceedings. Before an audience of nearly 200, Mr. D. J. Williams presided as Judge. The Prisoner (J. Evans) was tried on a charge of burglary. The Counsel for the Prosecution (A. E. Fairs) conducted the case for the Crown, and brought forth conclusive evidence of the guilt of the prisoner, chiefly through the evidence of his witness (A. Oldham).

Then the Counsel for the Defence stated the case for the prisoner in a well thought out and forcible speech, bringing forward as witnesses C. Jones and C. L. Davies, to testify to prisoner's excellent character. A rather dramatic incident occurred when the chief witness for the prosecution shot a witness for the defence (W. Ross), who arrived late, and was endeavouring to expose the villainy of the former. Finally, however, further evidence conclusively proved the prisoner's innocence. He was allowed to leave the court with his character unstained, and the audience went home fully satisfied with the evening's proceedings.

### "That War is an Unmixed Evil."

On Friday, October 22nd, the above subject was debated, C. L. Davies (a Prefect) occupying the chair. A. E. Fairs opened for the affirmative side, and in a well-prepared speech vividly portrayed the horrors of war; the negative side was strongly represented by W. Ross, C. Jones, and R. Ollson, who severally delivered excellent speeches, and succeeded in swaying the evenly balanced opinion of the audience. The question was put to the audience, and the voting resulted in a wholesale defeat of the affirmative side.

Result—Affirmative	...	...	...	11
Negative	...	...	...	58

**"That Home-work is an Unnecessary Evil."**

A. E. Fairs (Prefect) occupied the chair in this debate, and two Masters were present—Mr. W. A. Beanland (headmaster) and Mr. T. Evans. The subject was extremely well contested. A. Oldham opened for the affirmative, and by his speech showed that he was well acquainted with his subject. He immediately gained the ear of his audience, and with his strong arguments nearly overwhelmed his opponent. W. Ross, however, dispelled the natural prejudice of the boys, and with his supporters C. Jones and E. L. Davies, carried the day.

Result—Affirmative	...	...	...	64
Negative	...	...	...	7

**"That England will Decay as the Great Nations of Antiquity have done."**

On Friday, November 19th, the above subject was under discussion, Mr S. Gordon occupying the chair. W. Ross proposed for the affirmative, and was ably supported by R. Olsson and A. Oldham, both of whom delivered their arguments in a very clear and expressive manner. C. Jones ably proposed for the negative side, while C. L. Davies seconded in a rather witty but pointless speech. The subject was now thrown open for the audience to express their views. Several boys came forward and spoke, but all seemed to be imbued with a patriotic spirit, and would not venture any argument for the affirmative side.

Finally the proposers of both sides summed up. W. Ross delivered a short but very forcible speech, and it seemed as if he would win the vote for his side. C. L. Davies, however, who summed up for the negative side, influenced the audience by appealing to their patriotic spirit. He vigorously attacked the affirmative side, and by his wit and biting sarcasm roused the mirth of the audience, and thereby succeeded in turning the result of the voting in favour of the negative.

Result—Affirmative	...	...	...	11
Negative	...	...	...	57

So far the debates have been very successful; the attendance has been regular, varying from 60 to 100. The chief aim of the Society—to develop the art of debating and public speaking—has been fully attained, for the debaters have been of excellent quality.

W. ROSS, Asst. Sec.  
A. E. FAIRS, Sec.



## FOOTBALL NOTES.

### SENIOR A.F.C.

At the annual meeting, held early in the Christmas Term, of those interested in senior football, Mr. Abraham took the chair. The officers elected were: L. Abraham, Captain; J. Evans, Vice-Captain; C. L. Davies, Secretary.

Of the seven matches that have been played, three have been won, one drawn, and three lost; twenty goals have been scored for, and eleven against, the School. The team has been very unlucky, for J. Evans was injured in the first match, and is not yet well again, while the members of the first and original team have not been available for later matches.

The team which has represented the School is the following:—Goal, T. Hodgetts; backs, L. Abraham and S. Jones; half-backs, E. Jenkins, W. West, O. L. Jones; forwards, L. M. Parker, G. O. Price, W. H. Thomas, B. McNerny, J. Davies.

#### Sept. 29. SCHOOL v. TECHNICAL COLLEGE.

This match was played at the School Field in bad weather. Early in the game our centre-forward, J. Evans, retired with a damaged ankle, but the School kept out the Collegians till half-time. In the second half the School forwards mastered the College defence, and goals were rapidly "piled on" by West (4), Price (2), and J. Davies (2). Final score—8—1.

#### Oct. 2. SCHOOL v. MORRISTON SCOUTS.

The weather was again bad, so that only seven of the School team "entrapped" for Morriston. Nevertheless, the team, consisting of five forwards, one half, one back, and goalie, made a good fight of it. At half-time the score was one all, but in spite of a gallant defence, in which West and E. Jenkins were conspicuous, we lost by the odd goal in five. Final score: School, 2; Morriston, 3.

#### Oct. 9. SCHOOL v. MANSELTON SCOUTS.

This match, also an away one, was played with a full team in fine weather. West, Tyrrel, and W. H. Thomas made some fine runs in the first half, but they came to nothing owing to lack of opportunism. In the second half, Barrett, on the right wing, was prominent, and his centres were perfect. The School were pressing for the whole of the second half, but just before the final whistle the Scouts broke away and scored again. Final score:—School, 1; Scouts, 2.

## Oct. 16. SCHOOL v. MEMORIAL. Home.

Memorial won the toss and played towards the west end of the field. Their forwards were heavy and fast, and time after time the School goal was only saved by the fine kicking of the backs. S. John played well at centre-half, while the School forwards did well with the long-passing game. West was remarkable for his head-work. Half-time score: Nil. In the second half the steadiness of the halves gradually mastered the Memorial forwards, and from a corner J. Davies headed a goal. For the remainder of the game the School was easily superior, the Memorial forwards being unable to beat our defence. Final score:—School, 1; Memorial, Nil.

## Oct. 30. SCHOOL v. TECHNICAL COLLEGE.

In this match the Technical Collegians were naturally determined to wipe out their previous defeat. The School team, however, again showed their superiority, but nearly half-way through the second half a misunderstanding between the backs, Parker and O. L. Jones, resulted in the Collegians equalising. The School forwards made a grand attempt to regain the lead, but the College custodian arose in his might and saved the side. West, Thomas and J. Davies tested him with "hot" shots, but he negotiated them safely. F. O. Dowdall, who played for the College, proved a thorn in the side of the School defence. Final score: 3—3.

## Nov. 6. SCHOOL v. MEMORIAL. Away.

This match was played at the Park in lovely weather. The School did not play so well as usual, and Memorial scored a goal in the first five minutes of the game. After that, however, they were kept out with difficulty, and no further score resulted. In the second half J. Davies, McNerny, Tyrrell, and West headed several rushes, but the shots resulting went awry. Final score:—School, 0; Memorial, 1.

## Nov. 20. MONTANA JUNIORS v. SCHOOL. Away.

The weather was fine, but the ground was poor. Nevertheless quite a good game was played. The first half was a hard struggle, and resulted in a goal each, but in the second half the School rushes were irresistible, the foot and head-work of W. H. Thomas completely beating the Juniors' defence. Hodgetts on the wing was speedy, and the halves, with West as pivot, steady. Winston played a good game in goal, while the backs were sound. Of the five goals scored, W. H. Thomas scored four. Final score:—School, 5; Montana Juniors, 1.

## MUNICIPAL SECONDARY SCHOOL (BOYS).

### List of Scholarships and Certificates.

#### Scholarships at Swansea Technical College.

SENIOR SCHOLARSHIPS—J. S. Davies, Cliff. Hopkins, Harold Jones.

JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS—Ivor Davies, M. Lynn; K. Olsson, T. M. R. Williams.

#### London Matriculation (1915).

First Division—A. E. Fairs, D. T. Jeremy.

Second Division—J. S. Davies, Ivor Davies, W. H. Thomas.

Through Oxford Senior—L. Abraham, H. Jones, G. Price, G. Washer, T. M. R. Williams.

#### Senior Oxford Local (1915).

First Class Honours—L. L. Abraham (c), distinctions in French and History, H. Jones (c), G. H. Washer (c).

Second Class Honours—H. G. Edmunds (c), G. O. Price, T. M. R. Williams.

Third Class Honours—C. L. Barrett, F. O. Dowdall (c), Cl. Hopkins, S. C. Jones, E. J. Matthews, T. H. Webb.

#### Pass—

Les. J. Anderson (c).	L. M. Parker.
Idris Davies.	W. Pickard.
T. J. Evans.	W. E. Rees.
Sid John (c).	R. E. Thomas.
T. J. Matthews.	T. R. Wales.

Idris Williams.

#### Junior Oxford Local.

Second Class Honours—Section 1: Fred. Phillips (c).  
Section 3: B. Gostomski, R. P. John, D. H. Jones (c),  
L. L. Rees, W. L. Ross, W. A. Walters.

Third Class Honours—T. L. Johns, C. G. Jones, J. A. Jones (c), B. C. McNerny, C. A. Oldham, E. S. Rees,  
I. J. Roberts, B. P. Williams.

## Pass—

H. W. Edwards.	T. E. Jenkins.	C. Rees.
W. J. Fairs.	C. S. Jones.	E. J. Rees.
R. E. Geen.	O. Ll. Jones.	W. G. West.
T. D. Griffiths.	L. L. Morgan (c).	J. Williams.
H. R. Harman.	E. R. Olsson.	J. D. Williams.
W. G. Hughes (c)	T. E. Pickering.	C. B. Wilson.
	C. J. Winston (c).	

(c) Passed in Conversational French.

**London Chamber of Commerce.**

Ivor Prater (full certificate), 8 subjects.

E. A. Marchant, 7 subjects.	Tom Williams, 4 subjects.
Ben Evans, 7 subjects.	T. Hodgetts, 6 subjects.
Glyn H. Evans, 7 subjects.	W. T. John, 4 subjects.
Sid. G. Evans, 5 subjects.	E. E. Smith, 2 subjects.

**Royal Society of Arts.**

Full Certificates—Ivor Prater, E. A. Marchant, W. T. John, T. Williams, B. A. Richards.

Four Subjects—Ben Evans.

Three Subjects—S. G. Evans, Glyn H. Evans, E. J. Davies.

One Subject—W. T. Hodgetts, E. E. Smith.

**Stage 3. French.**

First Class—A. E. Fairs, D. T. Jeremy.

Second Class—E. E. Edmunds, W. H. Thomas, F. O. Dowdall, A. L. Yelland, C. Ll. Davies.

**Shorthand Certificates.**

Speed—E. A. Marchant, 90 wds. per min.

S. G. Evans, 60 " "

G. H. Evans, 50 " "

Advanced Theory—Haydn Baptist, Clifford Rees, Gwilym Thomas.

Elementary Theory—Wm. Elias, Ernest Evans, Stanley Morgan, Reginald Palmer, Wm. Thomas, R. Voyzey, J. D. Williams.

**Successes of Old Boys.**

C. Hanson, B.A. (Cambridge).

R. H. Norby, B.A. (Cambridge), 2nd Class Honours in Theology Finals.

T. Llew. Davies, B.A. (Wales), Bangor, 1st Class Honours History.

Ivor Howells, B.A. (London), 2nd Class Honours French.

**Form Positions for 1914-15.**

- V.—1, D. T. Jeremy; 2, A. E. Fairs.  
 IV<sub>CL</sub>.—1, G. Washer; 2, H. Jones; 3, L. L. Abraham; 4,  
     T. M. R. Williams.  
 4<sub>M</sub>.—1, Ivor Prater; 2, Ben Evans.  
 III<sub>R</sub>.—1, D. Jones; 2, F. Phillips; 3, Leo Rees; 4, B.  
     Gostomski.  
 3<sub>A</sub>.—1, W. G. West; 2, T. D. Griffiths.  
 3<sub>M</sub>.—1, E. Rees; 2, R. Geen.  
 2<sub>R</sub>.—1, D. Washer; 2, W. T. Owen; 3, I. Terris; 4, G.  
     Davies.  
 2<sub>A</sub>.—1, D. H. Jones; 2, J. G. Williams.  
 2<sub>B</sub>.—1, T. J. Hammond; 2, S. Spray.  
 1<sub>A</sub>.—1, W. F. T. Hutchinson; 2, A. H. Bevan.  
 1<sub>B</sub>.—1, G. F. Truby; 2, W. R. Samuel.  
 1<sub>C</sub>.—1, Ivor Harris; 2, Alan Ross.

**THE SCHOLAR'S "TERMINAL" REQUEST.**

O stern austere scrutineer!  
 O critic great and wise!  
 Bedim thy searching light to peer  
     On our works before thine eyes.  
 Our works we lay before thee,  
     Fruits of our deepest thought;  
 O grant our labour may not be  
     A labour turned to nought.  
 For long we've toiled, our minds recoiled  
     For toiling made us glum;  
 Since work's not pleasure unalloyed,  
     When there's a doom to come.  
 Our offerings at thy feet we place;  
     The best that we can give;  
 O grant we see not frowning face,  
     Give mercy—let us live.  
 Grant justice—No, grant mercy,  
     For justice is severe,  
 And finds our faults unfailingly,  
     And makes us, trembling, fear.  
 So when our faults you seek to find,  
     Pray do as Nelson did;  
 And when you look, use eye that's blind,  
     And let our faults be hid.

EMLYN.

## GIRLS' FORM NOTES.

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### FORM VA.

#### IN MERRY MOOD.

May: "Girls, what do the papers mean when they talk of the seat of war?"

Ella: "I don't know any more than I know what a standing army is for."

Belle: "Why, how ignorant you are! The seat of war is for the standing army to sit down on when it gets tired."

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#### A TERRIBLE WARNING.

A farmer who was much troubled by trespassers during the nutting season consulted with a friend the botanical name of the hazel. Then the farmer put up the following notice: "Trespassers take warning! All persons entering the wood do so at their own risk, for although common snakes are rarely found here, the *Corylus Avellana* is abundant and never gives warning of its presence." The crop of nuts was unmolested that year.

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"George Washington," read the small boy from his history, "was born February 22nd, 1732 A.D."

"What does 'A.D.' stand for?" inquired the teacher.

The small boy pondered. "I don't exactly know," he hesitated. "After dark, I guess."

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#### ROARING ALL THE WAY.

"Hazel," said the teacher, "we had a lesson on the earth's axis last week. Now, what is the earth's axis?"

"The axis of the earth," replied Hazel, "is a menagerie lion running from the north pole to the south pole once in every 24 hours."

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"What is the Royal Mint?" asked the teacher.

A hand went up.

"Please, miss, the mint that grows in the King's garden."

---

Teacher: "Now, then, Tommy, you have no good excuse for staying away from school yesterday."

Tommy: "Well, it ain't my fault."

Teacher: "Why not?"

Tommy: "'Cause I done my best to think up a good one."

Willie was struggling through the story in his reading lesson.

"'No,' said the captain," he read, "it was not a sloop. It was a larger vessel. By the rig I judged her to be a-a-a-a"

"Barque," supplied the teacher.

Still Willie hesitated.

"Barque," repeated the teacher, this time more sharply. Willie looked as though he had not heard aright. Then, with an apprehensive glance around the class, he shouted :

"Bow-wow !"

The Senior Oxford looms in the near future for some of our girls ; we wish them every success. We hope that besides enjoying a pleasant trip to Cardiff, and having fine weather, they will have suitable papers. We hope that they will follow the glorious example of their predecessors last December.

E.L.

One of our Gowerton friends thinks that a man who attends to the eyes is called an "optimist," and one who attends to the feet a "pessimist," and that Charon was the man who "fried" "soles" over the "sticks."

E.J.

English Homework :—Give the meeting of Ferdinand and Miranda with quotations.

The following is yet another attempt to render Ceiriog's "Nant y Mynydd" in English, this time in *verse*. Our attempts were very *prosaic*.

Mountain streamlet, bright and sparkling,

Winding slowly down the lea.

Mid the rushes softly purling—

Would that I were like to thee !

Mountain heather, bright and blooming,

Glorious sight ! It makes me sigh

For a home among the mountains,

With the heather blooming nigh.

Birds that on the lofty mountain,

Soaring upward in the breeze,

Over hill and valley flying—

Would that I were one of these !

Far from home, a mountain laddie

Weaves this song of simple words ;

But his heart is on the mountain

With the heather and the birds.

*South Wales Weekly News.*

"What is an anecdote, Johnny?"

"A short, funny tale," answered Johnny.

"Quite right," said the teacher, "and now, Johnny, you may write a sentence on the blackboard containing the word."

Johnny hesitated a minute and then wrote: "A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."

#### FORM VB.

Our Form is diminishing rapidly, as we commenced with a class of 25, and now we are only 21 in number.

We are very sorry to lose four of our scholars, and especially to hear that our "Literary Genius," Gwen Morris, is leaving the Motherland for Australia. We all wish her a safe journey and sincerely hope she will not be submarined.

We are very sorry to hear of Miss Chegwiddden's illness and wish her a speedy recovery.

A Swansea Secondary School girl informed us one day that the feminine of "cog" was "cochon." Another informed us that certain markings on the onion were disease marks.

Who says our noble edifice does not contain geniuses?

F.T.

#### FORM IVA.

In spite of the rumour that our room is supposed to be one of the best in the school, we have our share of invalids. Gwyneth Williams and Margaret Evans are ill. We hope that they will be able to return soon.

We are all sorry to hear of Miss Chegwiddden's illness, and trust that she will soon be well and be able to return to school.

We should like a good many Botany walks this coming year, because we hope to enter for the Junior Oxford Examination, and they will be a great help to us. M.J.

We have had the pleasure of visiting some of our wounded heroes at the Y.M.C.A. Hospital, amongst whom were two Australians who had been seriously wounded at Gallipoli. One soldier, a Maori, amused us very much by the way he spoke English. We are looking forward to the time when we shall be able to pay them another visit. G.B., L.A., K.B.

#### FORM IVB.

We resume work after six weeks of delight. The first thing I noticed after I entered school was the beautiful white of the walls surrounding the playground. It has now faded under the persuasive influence of rain.



Joy of joys! We heard that the order-mark book had been filled, but alas! economy had been so disregarded that a new book has been purchased. The best of luck to all formites during the coming examinations!

R.W.

## FORM II.

WINTER.—The winds moan and the leaves flutter from the branches of the trees, leaving them gaunt and bare. Everyone looks half frozen, and the school children run home from school to get near the warmth and glow of the fire at home. The water in the pools is frozen over, and no little birds are to be seen on the road sides in the early mornings. The gardens that looked so prim in summer now look dreary and untended, such a contrast to what they looked when they were filled with beds of gaily-coloured blooms, their delicate heads swaying in the gentle breeze. But now the bleak winds blow, and Jack Frost spreads his silver frost on every window pane and house top. No one stands or loiters about, except perhaps a few schoolboys to have a game at snowballing or making a snow man, but everyone hurries out of the bitter cold. All these signs show that Winter has come again.

LOUIE GARDNER.

Little John had never been to the country before, and he was very excited when he left London, with all its bustle and noise, to visit an aunt. This aunt lived in a pretty country cottage in the beautiful county of Kent. He arrived in the evening, had some supper and went to bed, quite a happy little boy. He awoke in the morning very early to find the sun streaming in at the window. John dressed quickly and went down to breakfast. He had for his breakfast a basin of bread and milk, and on tasting it put his spoon down and looked up at his aunt. "Why, John," said his aunt, "don't you like bread and milk?" "Oh, yes, Aunt Mary," replied the boy, "it's very nice, indeed, only I was just thinking I wish our milkman kept a cow."

ELSIE DARE.

One evening when returning from school I saw a queer thing. Looking up at the sky I saw a moving star with a long tail of light. As the star moved, the tail gradually became shorter and shorter, until at last the tail and star disappeared. The star did not fall, but seemed to go right into the sky. I wonder if any other girl saw it?

N.M.

## IRISH HUMOUR.

The origin of the expression "Irish Bull" may be traced from the word "bull," meaning an edict of the Pope; for an Irish Bull may be defined as a ludicrous blunder in speech, implying some obvious contradiction.

The Pope signs himself "Servant of Servants," and yet he used to claim authority over the whole world.

A simple example of absurdity is the following anecdote of two Irishmen on the tramp, who came to a milestone showing that it was ten miles to the nearest town. "Fegs," exclaimed one delightedly, "I thought it was further: faith, it's only foive miles apiece."

Mixed metaphors, too, are often to be found in the speeches of even eminent men, one orator being guilty of the following—"The blaze that is lighted here to-day will not be quenched till it spreads a wave of indignation over the land, which will bring the bigoted directors to their knees."

A lawyer once put the question—"What is the speed of a vehicle on that road when there is no traffic?"

The reason for naming bulls "Irish Bulls" is because Ireland turns out the best specimens, for one must remember that English is not the mother tongue of the Irishman.

A poor little Irish boy explained to a benevolent person that he had no father—was an orphan, had only a mother, and no brothers except himself.

"Faith," said the son of Erin when he first saw the Channel Fleet, "it's the finest navy on earth."

Even an Englishman is responsible for this one—"All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen hand."

While this one sounds like a conjuring trick—"We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and it leaves the ashes in our hands."

"When first I saw you," said a friend to a gentleman, "I thought it was you, but now I see it is your brother."

A would-be kindly remark of Sir Boyle Roche to a friend was—"I hope, my lord, that if you come within a mile of my house you will stay there all night."

A good specimen of the true Irish bull is an inscription on an Irish tombstone—"This stone is erected by Patrick O'Reilly in memory of his posterity." S.O.S. Va.

## OWEN GLYNDWR.

It is the fate of great men to be misunderstood and misrepresented by the people of their time. The contemporaries of Cromwell did him a cruel injustice—the life of the Great Commoner was written from the standpoint of his most formidable enemies, who had no desire to understand the hero of the Commonwealth, but gloated in defaming him. It was Carlyle who had to appear on the scene to give the just and correct interpretation of Cromwell's character and work.

So with the remarkable Welshman, Owen Glyndwr. His character and life-work have been recorded in English history rather as an enemy of the King, as an author of plunder and atrocities, than as a great patriot, whose very life was the embodiment of his nation's aspirations and ideals. Nevertheless, even Glyndwr's enemies had to acknowledge his sterling and dashing qualities as a soldier and leader of men. Shakespeare justifies the assertion in his "Henry IV." He describes Hotspur, speaking the following words in defence of the supposed "Revolted Mortimer :"—

"When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
In single opposition hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an hour  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower."

The poet gives expression to the same soldier-like qualities in King Henry's retort to Hotspur :—

"He never did encounter with Glendower, I tell thee,  
He durst as well met with the devil alone  
As Owen Glendower for an enemy."

He was a great strategist, and never risked his small army to meet the invading thousands of King Henry in the open. When he found himself outnumbered he retired to his impregnable mountain hiding-places, and at the opportune moment descended as a mighty torrent upon his enemies, and, almost without exception, he was victorious.

Still, we must not forget that the fighting qualities of Glyndwr represent only one phase of his character, and a phase which was developed by the circumstances of the period. He became a warrior in defence of his native land, to defend his nation against the cruel arrogance of the Barons.

His life's record clearly shows that he was a scholar, and that he took a deep interest in literature. We are told that he studied law at Westminster, and had been squire to Henry

of Lancaster before he became king. Sycharth, Glyndwr's beautiful home in Glyndyfrdwy, was the shelter of the bard, the friar, and the scholar. And, undoubtedly, he knew something of the power of the muse himself, as his answer to Hotspur insinuates:—

“For I was trained up in the English Court  
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp  
Many an English ditty lovely well.”

Dante, the great Italian poet, paid Glyndwr a visit at Sycharth, and Owen has translated one of Dante's songs into Welsh. Another proof of Glyndwr's sympathy with and passion for learning was the flocking of Welsh students from Oxford and Grey Friars to his standard of revolt against oppression.

One of the great ideals of his life was to educate his nation. In a letter sent to Charles VI. of France he embodies the three ideals of his ambition:—(1) The Independence of Wales; (2) The Independence of the Welsh Church; (3) The institution of two Universities for Wales, one for the North and one for the South.

Owen dreams as to the independence of the nation and the restoration of the Church were never fulfilled, but his vision of an enlightened and educated people has been more than fulfilled five hundred years after his death. To-day we have our free schools—practically a perfect system of education, crowned by the two Universities, which are a tribute to the insight of the great Welshman of the fifteenth century.

GWENT VA.

## Y DDANODD.

Y mae hi'n anhawdd

Dyodde'r ddanodd:

20 o gyllyll yn brathu'n euchyll,

20 o gleddyfau yn gwneyd doluriau,

20 o weill poethion a blaenau meinion,

20 o ellyllon yn gyru hoelion,

Ac 20 haint, mewn un daint:

Dyna 100 mewn un dant.

Ar ol *addition*,

Treiwch *subtraction*,

Tynwch y dant.

CEIRIOG.

(Oriau'r Bore).

## CRICKET.

The most important event last term was Cricket (the Oxford Locals, of course, excepted). Quite a large number of girls joined the Club and attended the practices. We generally had an audience of cows, horses and hens, besides the people on the road. We often felt tempted "to take the hat around" to the onlookers, because we are *sure* they must have picked up a number of hints through watching our games. On nice fine days whole families used to have their teas in our field and leave the remains of the feast behind them. Little boys, who strolled from their "treats" in the neighbouring fields, were quite surprised to see that *girls* could play Cricket, and they used to stand in groups and criticize our play. On July 29th a match between the Teachers and the Girls of the S.M.S.S. was played on the School field. The match was played to time—each team played for one hour. The score was: Teachers, 54; Girls, 78.

B.W.VI.

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Red Cross Hospital,  
Church Road, Sketty,

Dear Little Friends, Saturday.

To me has been allotted a very pleasant duty, and one which I have much pleasure in executing.

On behalf of the wounded soldiers in this Hospital, I have been requested to convey to you our most sincere thanks for the gift of eggs which you so kindly sent us. I assure you they are much appreciated, and full justice will be done to them by the boys here.

Need I tell you that kindnesses such as these (and we are experiencing such at the hands of the good people of Swansea every day) go a long way in proving to us that the hardships which we had undergone, and the pains we have endured, have not been in vain; that what we have done is not being lost sight of by the people of the Dear Homeland.

Now, dear Girls—there is safety in the plural number—I should like to say a lot more, but as this epistle of mine will probably come under the eyes of the Censor—and that, too, of the feminine gender—I must needs be careful of my language, so in case I commit myself I will finish by assuring you that before partaking of our eggs for breakfast to-morrow, I for one will remember you in my Blessing.

Little comrades! Believe me to be in this Great and Noble Cause,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES O. LESLIE,

Lce-Corpl. 2nd Scottish Horse.

The Girls of the Municipal Secondary School, Swansea.

### Girls' Dept.--Egg Collection for our Wounded Soldiers.

Summer Term—1,334 eggs collected. Of these, 1,260 were sent to London for wounded soldiers in Base Hospitals. Remaining 74 were sent to the Y.M.C.A. for wounded soldiers there.

Present Term—437 eggs received. These have been sent to the Y.M.C.A., Heddfan, Sketty Hall, and Park Wern Hospitals.

£2 4s. 1d. received. 5/- per week is sent to London towards purchase of eggs for wounded soldiers in Base Hospitals.

### DEBATING SOCIETY.

On October 28th, a meeting was held to appoint the officers of the Debating Society. The meeting was well attended, and Annie Foner took the chair. The following is a list of officers:—Hon. President, Miss Phipps; Hon. Vice-Presidents, Miss Holmes, Miss Hopkins; President, Dora Catto; Vice-President, Cissie Powning; Secretary, Gwen Hounsell.

Our first debate was held on November 12th, when Miss Holmes presided. The subject was: "Should there be co-education?" The affirmative was taken by Esther Lyden, and the negative by Gwen Hounsell. After a heated debate, the affirmative won by 47 to 6 votes.

### NEUTRAL.

That pale word, "Neutral," sits becomingly  
On lips of weaklings. But the men whose brains  
Find fuel in their blood, the men whose minds  
Hold sympathetic converse with their hearts,  
Such men are never neutral. That word stands  
Unsexed and impotent in Realms of Speech.  
When mighty problems face a startled world  
No virile man is neutral. Right or wrong,  
His thoughts go forth, assertive, unafraid  
To stand by his convictions, and to do  
Their part in shaping issues to an end.  
Silence may guard the door of useless words,  
At dictate of Discretion; but to stand  
Without opinions in a world which needs  
Constructive thinking, is a coward's part.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX in *Nash's Magazine*.

## THE STORY OF THE QUARREL.

- 1878—Berlin Congress charges Austria Hungary with the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina.  
 1885—Austria-Hungary saves Serbia from destruction by Bulgaria.  
 1906—Tariff war between Austria-Hungary and Servia.  
 1908—Annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary.  
 1912—Serbo-Bulgarian Alliance, with a clause against Austria.  
 1913—Servia thrown back from the Adriatic in favour of an independent Albania.  
 1914.  
 (June 28)—Archduke Francis Ferdinand and Consort assassinated by a Pan-Serbian.  
 (July 23)—Austria-Hungary serves an ultimatum upon Servia.  
 (July 25)—Servia replies accepting conditionally most of the Austrian demands; Austrian Minister leaves Belgrade.  
 (July 28)—War declared by Austria.

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## THE RECITER.

Once there was a little boy, whose name was Robert Reece,  
 And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece.  
 So many poems thus he learned that soon he had a store  
 Of recitations in his head, but still kept learning more.  
 And now this is what happened: he was called upon one week,  
 And totally forgot the piece he was called upon to speak!  
 His brain he cudgelled. Not a word remained within his head!  
 And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:  
 "My Beautiful, my Beautiful, who standest proudly by,  
 It was the schooner Hesperus—the breaking waves dashed high!  
 Why is the Form crowded? What means this stir in Rome?  
 Under a spreading chestnut tree there is no place like home!  
 When freedom from her mountain height cried "Twinkle,  
     little star,"

Shoot if you must this old gray head, King Henry of Navarre!  
 Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachenfels,  
 My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills, ring out, wild bells!  
 If you're waking, call me early; To be, or not to be!

The curfew must not ring to-night! O woodman! spare that  
     tree!

Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! And let who will  
     be clever!

The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on for ever!"

T.D.G. IVcL.

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