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Editor—MR. T. J. JAMES.

EDITORIAL.

Half of the present Magazine is occupied with two items held over from the last number : the St. David's Day Address and the desired School Story. The latter might have been given in sections in future issues, but owing to the increasing scarcity of paper and the further depletion of the printing staff, it seemed wiser to complete the story at once, as the issue of a Magazine next term is uncertain.

The harvest scheme for the holidays is not yet settled, as the Ministry of National Service require a service of six weeks extending to Sept. 30, and as four more Masters are being called up at the end of this term, it may be impossible to spare another one or two for harvest supervision during the first fortnight of term.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Glan Powell back and wish him a speedy recovery. Mr. D. Phillips is in hospital and it is just possible he may rejoin us next term. Two Old Boys, R. Vergette and G. Washer, were at first reported "missing" but are now known to be prisoners in Germany. Lloyd Jones and Ken. Richards, Captain and Vice-Captain of the Prefects, have now left us, one for the Army and the other for the Navy. Both have given very valuable additions to the School library.

One gem from the recent Scholarship Examination was :—
masc. Marquis, fem. *marquee*. (Probably an echo of *marquise*).

ST. DAVID'S DAY.

Mr. J. D. Williams, the Editor of the "Cambria Daily Leader," was well received on rising to address the School. He first referred to himself as an old Higher Grade Boy and spoke affectionately of Mr. Roberts, the late Headmaster, of Mr. Burns in his "dismal lab." at Trinity Place and of Mr. Walter Shepherd, "our finest conception of what a teacher should be."

Mr. Williams then went on to speak of Wales and said :— "You know right well the meaning of the National Festival of St. David's Day. You realize that Wales has emerged as a Nation within our own time. We have cast off the tradition of inferiority. We stand proudly upon our nationality. If we are asked to justify ourselves we say the records of the Empire are open to the cynical inquirer. We send them back to Cecil the Welshman, who worked with Elizabeth the Welshwoman, to lay the foundations true and strong of the Empire as we know it. We send them to Cromwell, half a Welshman—and it was the better half of him—who built up again what weak hands had endangered, and made Britain's name feared once more on the continent. We have our great men and women leading in the counsels of the world. They are foremost among the fighters of the world. The nation has given a leader to the democracy of the world, and has given birth to the men who stormed that tragic wood upon a Picardy Hill ; to the men who were the spear-head of the attack when Flanders saw the backs of the Prussian Guards ; to the men who fought their way into the City sacred to Christendom.

The past of Wales is glorious enough. The present of Wales is as glorious. In wisdom, in bravery, Wales has won her place among the nations. We must remember that no country can live on its history, without falling from grace. Unless a country goes from grandeur to grandeur, the sceptre leaves it. The War has revealed to us the rottenness of self-sufficiency. We see that it is not enough to accept, without question, the inheritance left us by our fathers. The youth of to-day is living fuller years than ever our fathers knew or dreamt of, and so has earned a right to a place in the counsels of fathers. When the war for freedom is won—as it will be won—you, the citizens of the new empire, will have in your hands the making—or the marring—of that empire.

Let me suggest to you means by which you may best fit yourselves for the stern days ahead. The following illustration wraps up the burden of that which I wish to say to you. A cynic said the other day that half the quarrels are needless,

that they arise because we have never thought out the meaning of words. I will make this plea—that you strive after perfection of expression. You will get that in the books written by our great poets and prose writers. If you cherish ambition, you must attain to clearness of expression; and this is best reached by constant communion with the lords of language. Consider for a moment the ordinary conversations of the street! Consider the sloppiness of our letter writing! Think of the limitations of the average business letter. We in the press have our own system of jargon. The man is always precipitated into the water—he never just falls in. The patient always succumbs—he never just dies. A song is always rendered—it is never just sung.

The English language is too big for jargon. Our inheritance is too glorious to be neglected as it is in conversation and argument. Finally I would ask you to read much history, particularly of tendencies, such as John Richard Green and Jas. Anthony Froude wrote, and thus provide yourself with a guard against short-sighted views. And you must acquaint yourselves with political opponents, otherwise you neglect part of your responsibility and throw it on other people's shoulders. When Empire reconstruction comes, see that you are fit to make it greater still, and not by ignorance and indifference to wreck it. Use the days of respite which are still yours, so that you will be able to shoulder the burden of Empire bequeathed to you by your fathers.

Mr. Williams concluded his address, which had been listened to with close attention, by telling us that Swansea looked to the boys of our school for its future leaders, and that Wales would want us and that when the day came he hoped we would be ready.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

A very important part is played in this War by Radio-Telegraphy; the present conflict might almost be called a "Wireless" War.

In order to become a Wireless Operator, two things are essential: a knowledge of Telegraphy and of the theory of Wireless Telegraphy. Signals are made by means of the International Morse Code of dots and dashes, and the theory comprises a knowledge of the adjustment, upkeep and repair of the gear, when required.

There are several Schools of Wireless in the country, and here pupils are trained so as to obtain a certificate of competency issued by the Post Master General. In six or seven

months a pupil should be able to pass this examination. He must pass in speed (20 words per minute) and must satisfy the examiner that he has a sound knowledge of the principles of Wireless Telegraphy. The set on which he is examined is rendered faulty, and the pupil has to restore it to proper efficiency by detecting and removing faults. The faults are generally quite superficial and are such as are likely to occur during the ordinary working of the gear at sea—loose connections, broken fuses, etc.

Having got the Post Master General's "ticket," the operator is deemed competent to take charge of any station licensed by the Post Master General, either afloat or ashore. On board a passenger liner the work is fairly strenuous, for there are messages to be transmitted practically from leaving harbour until the first port is reached. On board a "tramp," on the other hand, it is quite a "soft cop," the only messages sent or received being those relating to the navigation of the ship. On all vessels the "Press News" is received, and this, on big liners, forms the basis of a newspaper printed and published aboard. Weather reports must also be received, and every ship going across the North Atlantic makes every effort to get the "Ice Report."

The gear is entirely under the control of the operator, and it is his duty to see it is kept efficient and ready for instant use. Wireless Telegraphy is being employed on land where communication by ordinary land-line telegraphy is impossible. The latter would be impossible, or at least impracticable in the forest bound regions of South America, whilst communication by means of Wireless Telegraphy is quite easy.

Wireless Telegraphy is still in its infancy, and there still remain many of its phenomena to be explained. Great strides have been made in its development, and already the original "spark" system generally employed at present is being superseded by the "arc" system as used by Poulson. Receiving gear has been so improved and rendered so sensitive that signals which a few years ago would be inaudible can now easily be heard by special detectors and relays.

But the one great problem of Wireless Telegraphy still remains to be solved. Atmospheric disturbance cannot be entirely eliminated. The interference caused by these disturbances can be reduced but not prevented. Wireless is a fascinating study and offers a wide field of investigation, and is well worth taking up, if only for a hobby, when the restrictions owing to the War will have been removed.

J. Williams (O.B.) C.P.O. Teleg. R.N.R.

FORM NOTES.

FORM V. As we write, we are still in the shadow of the Matriculation Exam., which will claim us for the greater part of next week. We are now busy working up our weak subjects (one boy remarked he was only weak in five subjects) and we all hope for the best. We were greatly surprised recently when one of our number appeared in khaki. At first we thought that he had enlisted, but an entirely different explanation was forthcoming and we breathed freely once again.

But nothing else of note has happened beyond the appearance of a *ghost* in our form-room. It was however not a case for the Psychical Research Society, the "Ghost" being only a caricature consisting of a map-pole and the gym-vest of one of the boys.

We had the pleasure of witnessing a very interesting basketball match recently—Boys v. Girls. The girls put up a good fight but were defeated by a big score. Another match, which attracted a large crowd was when IVM played the School. This match, we hear, is to be replayed in the near future.

E. R. OLSSON.

FORM IVCL. The final six weeks—and the face of wisdom, ever sad, and the stern rugged brow of knowledge have now finally entranced us, yea even to those whom learning is a mere momentary necessity—and we have but six weeks left, in which to gather up, set and polish many hitherto neglected gems of knowledge, and then all we shall have to do will be to seize that invaluable implement of steel and trace on every-day paper common words of every-day use; knowledge guideth ever our hand and we have six weeks to snatch that ever grasp-evading phantom. Sport items are like sugar and jam, doled out by the minister of human fate, and rare, but we do not grumble. I suppose we must put up with these things and contentedly accept our share if they are scarce: but the Summer holidays all too fast approach.

A. ROSS.

FORM IVM. Once more we put pen to paper, and offer our contributions to the "mag." At the time of writing, our English results are being criticised by their several owners, and one can see long faces.

L.C.C. means, not the "London County Council," but that all inspiring (!) exam the "London Chamber of Commerce." It is left to a faithful ten, to uphold our previous records,

Our form team has played the corresponding form—Vc in the Girls' School. There is no need to quote the score, as we do not want to "rub it in." We are playing their School Team soon, and we are hoping for a like result. Anyone entering our Form Room will find two new assets: a "brand new" picture of Norwich Cathedral, and the Basket-Ball Shield, which is hung artistically above the picture.

We owe our thanks to Mr. Gordon, (who has now taken on higher, if not sterner duties), for promoting, and carrying out the idea of presenting a picture to our Form Room before we become Old Boys of the school. In the corner of the said picture, there is a miniature representation of our noble selves. "Our" picture will be a reminder to other IVM's and may induce them to follow our lead. We had quite a pleasing ceremony, unveiling it. Mr. Beanland was asked to do so, but he nearly spoilt the effect, by accidentally visiting the class-room before the appointed time. But our "cave" gave the warning, and so we turned "the" picture to face the wall for a time.

We would like to extend a hearty greeting to our new Form-master and hope he will succeed in his new duties.

We understand that new hat-bands are on order and judged by the pattern, they should be very artistic.

"Surds" is a favourite "theme" with one of our masters, and as a new subject it is very interesting.

Our visit to the power-house, a few days ago, was very interesting—we should like to go again, and we heartily thank Mr. Phillips, for taking us there.

Our form is diminishing in numbers and we should like to invite the old IVM boys, to visit "our" IVM.

We have just had our English Homework returned in which the following lines occur:—

"He determined that he would pass the examination."

"Only those who have studied the subject know how difficult it is"—nuff said.

We have just learnt that our harvesting this year is to be in Pembroke and not in Hereford, as we had hoped. I.B.

FORM III_R. We are all waiting with "beaucoup d'anxiété" the fatal day which will commence the Oxford Exam. We have recently met with misfortune, our geography master, Mr. Gordon having left us. But we are sure his successor, Mr.

Price will ably continue the work. We made a good start in Cricket a few weeks ago by defeating the lordly IVc1, and we hope our success will continue.

Our French lessons are becoming quite amusing, for one of "geniasses," when asked whom he sees when he comes down to breakfast in the morning replied, "Je vois ma mère, mon père, et peut-être ma soeur, et souvent, *mes petits enfants*." Who says we cannot speak French?

FORM III_m. Our last term, what joyful prospects of a long, well deserved holiday. When being weighed last term, most of us were lighter and shorter. We attribute the loss in weight to worry, stress, overwork, nervousness and—war rations! To the shortness there is no answer, except that there must have been a mistake in the measurement. E.B.

Great was the amusement one day in a Geometry lesson when some boys drew "some" circles on the board which resembled produce from the plot. C.L.

FORM III_A. Yet another term is fading away bringing nearer and nearer the dreaded "J.O." Examination to the poor pen-scraping grinding boys of the Third. Some of us are studying so much that we are afraid they will have to begin the custom of applying cold-water bandages to their head, as the Jackal had to in "The Tale of Two Cities."

Don't mention glass to one of our Form—it is wiser not to. No one knows, however, all the story of the titanic struggle between boy, chisel, hammer and glass—thick, obstinate and one tenth of an inch too big for the frame. There only remains an ominous curve recording the partial victory of the boy and the breaking strain put on the glass.

We bulged with importance (and later with our extra rations!) when we were given our supplementary ration cards. The only thing missing was a *fat* cheque for the purpose of purchasing the extra quantities.

War condition have stopped the visiting photographer but a couple of forms are so keen on their "esprit de corps" that visits to local photographers have taken place. At the time of writing, we are hoping that nothing serious has happened at a local studio through the development of a plate our form recently disfigured!

Harvest work is going to be our holiday pastime. What we heard of last year's camp makes us hope for a very pleasant time.

"GOODBYE, III_A."

FORM IIR. We are now in the last term of the second year. We shall all be sorry to part, for part we must next year unless we all try to cram into IIIr. Our form football team is undoubtedly the best of the 1st and 2nd years, having only been beaten once by IIA because we had out our 2nds, and having drawn with IIB. We have beaten IIA twice and IIB twice. IIA had their revenge on us in cricket beating us by 50—23 runs, but we beat IIB by 24 runs, the score being 46—22. We are all sorry to part with Mr. Gordon but wish him good luck and hope he will get on well as Headmaster of the Parochial School. We also regret to part with Trevor Johns, our Form and Intertown footballer, who won the Welsh Schools' Shield for Swansea. We are also glad to admit to our form A. Honour and we hope he will get on all right with us.

CAPTAIN AND VICE CAPTAIN.

FORM IIA. The longest lane has a turning. All good things must come to an end. Behold us now nearly at the end of our second year. A few weeks more "grinding," a few weeks for recuperating, and lo, we shall be full-blown seniors, ready to uphold in every way the dignity and majesty of the Upper School. We have done very well this term at games at least, our only cricket match having resulted in an easy win over HR, by 27 runs. (Who said Boyle is not a cricketer? He is like the shoemaker—he sticks to the last).

Work! Yes, we do not forget that Terminals are coming and we are steadily working to displace last term's victors. Our sincerest wishes go with Mr. Gordon who has left us to become Head Master of the Parochial School. Floreat Parochial. Manual! Not so dusty! You should have seen us making preparations for our distinguished visitor, the Lord Bishop of Swansea. If he had come during the morning session instead of during the afternoon, he would have thought we were niggers—there was so much dust about. The effect of the supplementary meat-cards is already seen in the extra work (?) we get through.

H.E.V.R.

FORM IIB. We are now in our last term of our 2nd year which we greatly regret owing to the fact that we shall have leave our master Mr. Hughes to whom we have become greatly attached. I daresay most of us will be separated next term but nevertheless we won't die of being heart broken for there are many other boys in the school. In games we have been unlucky. Our first games looked promising but when we got down to the park it started to rain "cats and dogs." The other misfortune is that we have been restricted owing to

some "naughty" boys in the form, but we promise to be good next year. (I wonder).

We are all looking forward to the Summer Vacation to say nothing of the exam. the result of which bad or good will be forgotten in the sweets of pleasure. By Most of Us.

FORM IA. Early in the term we visited Oystermouth Castle and enjoyed ourselves greatly. In the morning we made a complete examination of the castle, and in the afternoon we had sports. We returned with our knowledge of castles greatly increased. In games we are going strong and we expect great things at cricket, though so far we have played no team. Some boys say we are having too much homework: anyhow we are having more now than in the winter, whereas it ought to be the other way about. We have a form library to be proud of. We have nearly sixty books, and we thank Mr. Beanland for presenting us with some very useful books, nearly thirty in number. In school we have had some very fine lessons lately, Each boy has to compose a story of his own and tell it to the class. This is in preparation for good English in compositions. Some very interesting stories have been told, e.g. accounts of British prisoners escaping from Germany etc. Some boys promise to be very good story-tellers. Who said poetry? Why, some of us must be reciting in our sleep. At least our parents nearly know by heart the shortest item of our selection which we are always repeating namely "The Uses of Adversity," and now I think I'd better close or Mr. Editor will put his blue lead through something.

I.S.J.

FORM IB. We are about finishing our first year at the Mun. Sec. and we hope to enjoy our second year as we have our first. The cricket season has not long come in. We always look forward to our games day, and our team is the "real goods," ready to play any Form without flinching, and to conquer if possible, and we hope to have more success in cricket than we had in football and basket-ball. Chemistry is our favourite lesson and has fascination for all. At the beginning of the term we had our much-longed-for visit to Oystermouth Castle. In the morning we devoted time to inspecting the castle and enjoyed running about the passages and dungeons and what not. We were lucky in having a fine day, but just as we were leaving it came on to rain. Were we downhearted? No! We just walked cheerily down to the station and sang a few songs coming home in the train, got out, and home.—"The end of a perfect day."—BR. JONES.

THE WIZARD'S TRIUMPH.

CHAPTER I.

The magnificently equipped gym at Lemington House School was filled almost to overflowing, and an excited buzz of conversation resounded throughout. It was indeed a pleasant scene. In the centre was a full-sized boxing ring, complete, from the white manilla ropes down to the resined floor-boards. Leslie Rexford, always called Rex, was giving his final exhibition spar before going to Aldershot, to complete, and, as all knew, to uphold the traditions and honour of the old school, in the Public Schools' Boxing Tournament. His school-mates were well satisfied with their champion, and a murmur of admiration rippled out at the close of a five-round spar, in which Rex had shown to the best advantage his wonderful speed, and uncanny judgment. Sergeant Riley, his face beaming with satisfaction and pride hurried Rex off to the dressing room, where he gave his charge a cold douche, and then a brisk rub down. He had cause to be satisfied, for the boy's skin was of a beautiful satiny sheen, and as clear and fresh as a baby's, whilst his muscles were quite free from any knottiness, being distributed over his body in soft ripples. After having had strict injunctions to avoid any horse-play, Rex, jamming his cap carelessly upon his curly head, left the building. His original intention had been to indulge in a quiet read until bedtime, but, when he saw how clear and starry a night it was, he changed his mind, and decided to go for a short stroll.

He was carelessly strolling along, when his ears caught the sound of a motor—at least what he thought was a motor car. As it became louder, he glanced keenly skywards, and was delighted to see, drumming its way overhead, a large monoplane. Suddenly, however, the even humming ceased, its place being taken by a series of coughing, hoarse roars. Rex instinctively became aware that something was amiss, for the machine, instead of continuing its way, was now descending in a long volplane. Yielding to his curiosity—the natural inheritance of all boys worthy of the name—he increased his pace, intending to see whether he could be of any use. After some brisk foot-work, he came to a small field, in the centre of which was the unfortunate airman. Approaching, he saw that the monoplane had overturned, pinning both legs of the pilot securely underneath, whilst to add to the danger, the petrol tank exploded, and was soon ablaze. By this time Rex had reached the scene, and, hurriedly wrapping his coat around

his arm, he rushed in to the midst of the flames. The dumb appeal in the eyes of the unfortunate airman spurred him on, and, with frenzied haste he slowly dragged the body from underneath. A red mist swam before his eyes, and everything became blurred, but, clinching his teeth, he persevered, and with a final heave rolled clear of the hungry, leaping flames, clutching the airman in his arms. It was his last effort, and he crumpled up an inert mass, the flickering flames lighting up the place for hundreds of yards around.

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The rescue party from the school soon found them, and their amazement was profound on recognizing in the smoke—a begrimed and unconscious figure—their idol, Rex. They were carefully, tenderly conveyed back to the school, and were soon, with the doctor in attendance, wrapped between the sheets in the sanatorium. Of course all knew that Rex was crooked, but a great feeling of relief swept through the school when the doctor announced that he had only been slightly burnt. The old sergeant was wild with disappointment, but confessed that rather than “his boy” should have played the coward, fifty championships could have gone.

CHAPTER II.

After a night’s slumber, the whole school settled down again to its usual composure. Bulletins from the sick-room assured all that the invalids were much better, and had become the best of friends. Kingsley House, to which Rex belonged, and incidentally the rowdiest, and most mischievous in the school, had also quieted down, thereby creating dark and gloomy suspicions in the mind of their housemaster, who, from experience knew what truth lay in the old maxim concerning peace after a storm.

However, in a cosy little study nicknamed the “freak-house,” dissatisfaction was predominant. It was tenanted by two of Rex’s sworn henchmen, William George Percival Llewelyn, who was a “wee” fellow burdened with a monstrous name, always called “Dash”; and Gregory Little, a boy of twelve stone, nicknamed “Dot.” They were great chums, and invariably got into hot water together. For the twentieth time Dash, who was seated tailor-fashion on a table, exclaimed, “Something must be done.” Whilst these were busily trying to solve the elusive “something,” a small boy entered, and shrilly informed them that “Tinny,” otherwise Mr. Tinfield, “desired to see them.” Postponing their “thinking match,” they left the study.

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"I'm sure you won't mind, boys, for this new boy will be so strange," and, with an expansive grin, "Tinny" dismissed them. That simple order, for order it was, although slightly sugared, meant the expenditure of the whole half, but the idea of gently pulling the fresher's leg somewhat mollified them, and so with unusual grace they set out.

* * * * *

With a roar and a rattle the train steamed into the quiet countryside station. With a slamming of doors, the train disgorged its passengers, and Dot and Dash curiously scanned them, looking out keenly for their new school-fellow. A tall and very slim youth, wearing thick glasses approached them, and, with a rather inane grin drawled, "Eh! excuse me, but are you from Lemington House?" The two answered in the affirmative, and Dot, who had rather a high opinion of the strength contained in his grip, advanced, and cordially shook the other's hand, but drew back with a strange, and pained look, ruefully examining his hand, which he afterwards confessed to Dash felt as though it had been slowly drawn through a mangle. After introducing themselves they led the new boy through the station entrance, and towards the school. His name, he informed them, was Thomas Benjamin Green, and the two Kingsleyites soon realized that he was quite as green as, if not a few shades greener than, his name. By the time they arrived at the school gates, Dot and Dash were nearly in convulsions. He innocently told them that he had heard of football, but did not intend to play it, as his aunty, with whom he lived, thought it was too rough. They presented him to the fellow-Kingsleyites, and then left him with "Tinny."

For the next few days the "Wizard," for that name was given him before he had been there a few hours, was japed unmercifully, and even the smallest fags dared to pull his leg. Two days before the Boxing Tournament was billed to commence, Dot and Dash were strolling dejectedly across the quad, when the gym instructor, who had espied them from his window, came hurrying across, and in his breezy way asked them to go to the village on their bikes, and send off a wire. Nothing loath they willingly agreed, and Dot, stuffing the form into his pocket took Dash's arm, and they both hurried to the cycle shed. They had nearly reached there when Dot stopped, a grin of immense proportions flooding his face. "I've got it," he yelled, "Oh! my great aunt, I've got it." Dash stopped in his tracks, "Poor old chap, he's got 'em, I've noticed it coming on for a long time," and with a great sigh,

that afterwards made him splutter and cough, he gazed sadly at his chum. "Don't rat, you image, listen." And Dot carefully unfolded a plan, that caused both to double up with merriment, and then to destroy the sergeant's telegram, which was a notice to the promoter of sports at Aldershot, that Lemington were scratching.

CHAPTER III.

The following day "Tinny" was much surprised at the request of Dot and Dash for four days' leave from school, which, after much listening to long explanations, he granted, much to those worthies' great delight, as the result of their request had been very doubtful. After morning school, Dash, with a face as grave as that of an archangel handed Green a small note. He was surprised, but still more at its contents which read:—

Dear Green,—No doubt you will have heard that the Amateur Boxing Tournament comes off in a few days' time, and that, unfortunately our man, Rexford, is hopelessly crooked. You are the only man left to uphold the honour of the school, so take all instructions from Llewelyn and Little. Wishing you the very best of luck,—I remain, Yours etc., Sergt. Riley.

Anyone but the "wizard" would have made enquiries, but he of course with a shrug of his shoulders and a wag of his head just acquiesced, although there was a peculiar gleam in his eyes. The two plotters carefully instructed him, cautioning him to secrecy, their excuse being that the sergeant desired to surprise the school.

At the appointed hour the wizard turned up, and was met by Dot and Dash. There was little time to waste, so the three hurried to the station, just being in time to catch the train. Aldershot was fifty miles distant, and during the journey the "wizard" nodded off to sleep. His companions were glad, for once he started to speak, no one but himself knew where he would end. Thus talking in low tones, Dot and Dash passed away the time quite pleasantly. They reached their destination, and, rousing the "wizard," left the train. Quickly they found a modest, but clean hotel, and after partaking of a capital meal, the three retired to rest.

The following day, early in the morning, Dot entrusted the wizard to Dash's care, and sallied forth, intending to find out the result of the draw. To his great delight he discovered that Lemington had drawn a blank, and consequently was exempt from the first qualifying round. Thus they had the day free, and, as the weather was fine, they put it to the best use by

going for a stroll. The town was full of excited schoolboys, all sporting the colours of their respective schools. Chaffing and bantering each other was the order of the day. The competitions were decided, and they again spent the night at their hotel.

At 3 p.m. Dot, Dash and the Wizard found themselves in the hall appointed for the contests. The Wizard's fight was a hopeless farce. His opponent was a stockily built youngster who was reputed to carry in each hand a deadly "sleeping-pill." But he was too eager, and this grave fault proved his downfall, for striking the "wizard" whilst the latter was on his knees, the referee had no option but to disqualify him, awarding the fight to Lemington's "champion." Dot and his chum, too amazed for anything, hurried the "wizard" back to the hotel, and it was there they left him until the morrow, the day of the final.

It was a scene as grand as it was impressive. The great dazzling arc lamp, which was placed in the centre of the roof, and immediately over the ring, lit up the whole with vivid distinctness. The white manilla ropes stood out clearly, and stretching into veiled obscurity were tiers upon tiers upon tiers of white eager faces. It was the hour of the final combat, when the Public Schools' Championship was to be lost and—won. A rousing cheer, and Guy Mainwaring, from one of the most famous military colleges entered the hall, and, ducking under the ropes went to his corner. Another, and the wizard, accompanied by Dot and Dash, clambered into the ring.

Clang! The gong pealed out, and the great fight had commenced. The wizard, wearing the black and amber waistband of Lemington quickly advanced across the ring. His long left was stretched out almost straight, his right covering his heart, and with his chin well tucked out of danger, he waited, balanced beautifully on his toes. The other adopted the yankee style, and, crouching low he "slithered" in with remarkable speed. A quick feint, and in came his left, but the "wizard" had seen it long before it was launched, so, countering quickly with his right, he gave Mainwaring a nasty little wrist jab over the heart with his left. Although his glove had not travelled more than nine inches it took effect, sending the other back. The spectators were then given a beautiful sparring exhibition, and a loud and prolonged burst of cheering rang out at the end of the round.

Round two again was a fine one. Mainwaring, thinking perhaps that the "wizard" had shot his bolt, assumed the offensive, but the long, snaky left, that locked his arms in a clinch like a bar of finely tempered steel, forestalled him.

There was no avoiding it. Tap! Tap! it played a merry tadoo, sending his head back with a jerk that threatened to dislocate it, and always keeping its owner far enough away from danger. The pace was tremendous, the wizard dancing around his man with the ease and delicacy of a ballet dancer, ducking, wheeling, as if on a pivot, and making his head sink almost into his body to escape a nasty blow; boxing that gained applause from all parts of the house.

During the interval between the second and third rounds, the wizard was plainly pumped, for it must be borne in mind that he had not undergone any special training, for the terrific pace was telling on him. While they carefully sponged his legs, and rinsed out his mouth, he told them that the third round was to be the deciding one, for he was going all out for a knock out.

Clang! The wizard was assisted from his chair, and, foolishly underrating his opponent's strength, rushed in, allowing his guard to relax slightly. But it was enough. Mainwaring was no mug, and, fainting rapidly he gave the wizard a right hook on the point. His knees sagged, and he weakly slid to the floor. One! two! three! . . . the time-keepers voice droned out, He had only reached seven when the fallen one rolled on to his side, and nearly caused Dot and Dash to have a fit each, for he deliberately winked at them. Nine! and he was weakly slipping into a clinch. He was rapidly pushed away, Mainwaring carefully measuring him for the "quietus," that never came, for the wizard became galvanized into life. "Back! Back!" yelled his seconds, but they were too late, the seemingly once beaten Kingsleyite, rapidly hooked his man, and then in came his left, sickening, crushing and awful. The other simply crumpled up, and the fight was won. The old "possum trick," had once more succeeded.

Of course there was a great deal of explanation due to the Head, but the old chap was delighted, and as for the school—they went nearly mad. The "wizard," who had always been a fine boxer, but who had also had a mania for acting the "dud," was the hero of the hour, and Dot and Dash, too, came in for a great deal of praise, everyone pretending to believe them when they said, with loftiness which at any other time would have earned for them a bumping, "of course we knew all along how mustard he was, and if it hadn't been for us, the old school would not have added yet another honour to its long list of athletic triumphs."

ELWYN HOPKINS, IVCL.

A ZEPPEL RAID.

I had been sleeping rather soundly when I was suddenly awakened by a loud noise. My first thoughts were that my bedroom door had not been fastened securely and that it was banging. Not fully awake, I reached out my arm in order to close it, when a light flashed across the window, followed immediately by another deafening noise. On second thoughts I presumed that a storm was raging outside and the flash must have been lightning and followed by thunder.--Zeps! The truth dawned upon me! I was soon out of bed and had put on a few articles of clothing and then to the window. The sky was lit up by the searchlights from the London area and they seemed like the claws of some wild animal groping in the darkness to clutch its prey. The noise was now truly deafening, and the "bangs" came in quick succession. For the first moment or so I thought that an anti-aircraft gun was engaging a hostile raider, but this was not so, as a few seconds later the Zeppelin itself came into view and one could plainly see that it was dropping bombs. The thought of this could not prevent a shiver, just for the moment. My excitement and perhaps the novelty of the event, eclipsed my nervousness and fear, at the time. It was on the following morning, after reviewing the incidents of the past night, that I, and, I believe, many others, felt the reaction. However I stood at the window and watched the raider sail majestically away. It looked like a huge cigar, lit up with electric light. It was a sight worth seeing—but not one which any person desires to experience twice. Some time later when I went into the street, I was informed that the bombs had been dropped within a distance of about two miles and that a soldier had been killed—I may say that that was the only casualty of the raid. The next day was certainly full of talk and excitement and it was ascertained that over fifty bombs had been dropped within a distance of two or three miles of this town and practically all had fallen in fields. Sufficient for me to say that there was not even a window broken as a result of the raid. I visited a few of the fields where the bombs were dropped and found that the holes were about ten feet across and six or seven feet deep and all seemed to be in one straight line. Stones that had been thrown out of the ground could be picked up thirty yards away. An incendiary bomb fell directly on a hedge and blew about five yards of it away; whilst in another part the hedge had been burned for several yards. I can only trust that in all future raids the Germans may do as little military damage as they did in this one and at the same cost—the loss of a Zeppelin.

BRIN. MORRIS (late 4m).