

GOREU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

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EDITORIAL.

The Editorial, being the Preface, is always written last, and now the printer's *ultimatum* states "No room for more than ten lines."

The School greatly regrets the departure of Monsieur Ruault, who was universally popular. *Vive Monsieur Ruault.*

Repeated requests to the "School" for copy met with a poor response, and the ever welcome contributions of Old Boys have filled the void.

Grove House won the Football Tournament, and Form 4M the Basket Ball Shield. *Point. C'est tout.* Ten lines. Q.E.F.

SOME ARMY EXPERIENCES.

I remember that in 1915, when we were going through the Mediterranean, bound for Gallipoli, a considerate Army Department issued to us large supplies of printed matter on our behaviour when we had beaten the Turk and occupied Constantinople. Particularly, I recall the paragraphs warning us against turning round in the street to gaze at a Turkish lady, however beautiful she might be: and the injunction to remove our boots before entering a Moslem house.

It was not till after the Armistice that British troops entered Constantinople, and they, probably, had never seen the printed notices of procedure.

Personally, I arrived at Constantinople about the middle of November, just after the signature of the Armistice. Everything was quiet and orderly; the Germans had all been collected on the Asiatic side at Haida Pasha; and the great military exploits of Allenby and Marshall were still

fresh in the minds of the Turks, and had not yet been obliterated by blunders of the "Peace Conference" at Paris.

Most of my childish beliefs in the beauty and splendour of the eastern cities had already been destroyed; the pomp and glory of the bazaars had decayed into stench and filth; and the gorgeous city of the Caliphs degenerated into beastly Bagdad. The Pera side of Constantinople, however, agreeably surprised me; for here I found a modern city, with quite good buildings, and a much better tramway service than can be found in most provincial towns of England. Stamboul, although covered over with slums nowadays, is still of absorbing interest. Many of the Byzantine edifices are still intact, and wonderful. To my mind, the most interesting place is the 'Kutchuk Aya Sophia,' which was the trial model on which the magnificent Aya Sophia was built, and of which most of the world's most beautiful churches are copies.

In July, 1919, a very amusing incident occurred when I was at G.H.Q., Constantinople, which sheds a little light on the Turkish national character.

Ever since the Greek landing at Smyrna, a few weeks, previously, the Turks had been giving a certain amount of trouble, and one day I was given a letter by the M.G.G.S., and told to give it personally to the Ottoman Minister of War, but it was to be given to no one else.

I went over to Stamboul, to the Ottoman War office and found the Minister's A.D.C., who was a Colonel, speaking perfect French. I told him that I wanted to see the Minister, but he seemed not at all anxious to allow me to do so. However, the mention of General Milne's name acted as an "Open Sesame," and I was ushered into a room where two elderly men squatted at lunch at a low table. One who was in uniform came forward to meet me; we saluted each other formally and I gave him the letter. He tore open the envelope and wrote on it his name, handing it back to me as a receipt.

Now, the Minister's name was Suleiman Shefik Pasha, but on examination of the signature outside the Pasha's door, I found the signature to be "Suleiman Kemala." With a great fear that I had given the letter to the wrong person I went to the A.D.C., when the following conversation took place:

Self: Which of those two is the Minister?

Aide: His Excellency is the one in uniform.

Self (showing him the signature on the envelope): What is that signature?

Aide : I am sorry, I am unable to read French.

Self : What is the name of your master, the Minister ?

Aide : I regret, but I do not know his name !

Exit self in high dudgeon.

As, however, Suleiman Shefik was the thirteenth Ottoman War Minister in about six months, perhaps there was some little excuse that the A.D.C. was unable to remember the names of all his masters. Incidentally, I discovered that Suleiman Kemal merely means Suleiman, son of Kemal.

Another amusing incident happened when I was with the Greek army in Asia Minor.

On Easter Day, there was a Doxology at the Greek church for the Victory in the Great War, and I was invited to go to it with the representatives of the other allied nations. After the service, there was to be a March Past before General Iouannou, the second in command of the Greek army. While the troops were reforming for the parade, we went down to the general's house, where we were offered cakes and hard-boiled eggs dipped in the blood of a lamb, according to the ancient Greek custom.

The Greeks have a game with the eggs, very similar to the British boyhood game of "Conquer." One egg is held by one person with the pointed end upwards, and the opponent holds his egg with the point downwards, the latter then brings his egg down on the lower egg, so that the two eggs meet point to point. One of the eggs shows a mark of the impact in the form of a crack. The unmarked egg is the winner and proceeds to conquer more eggs in the same manner.

On this Easter day the Chief of Staff asked me to do him the honour to "crack" with him, to which I replied that the charm would be mine, indeed. He held his egg beneath mine, resting his hand on his belt, and I brought mine down with a thwack.

Unfortunately, they had forgotten to boil my egg at all, and the result to the Chief's uniform was most disastrous. I don't think that he ever quite forgave me for the shout of laughter, which I found it quite impossible to restrain.

It is interesting to note that General Iouannou has been an exile at Constantinople ever since the return of King "Tino" to the Greek throne.

I should like to point out the extraordinary value I found for French during my travels. A good knowledge of French will take one anywhere in the Mediterranean or in the Balkans, and I strongly advise everyone to pay the greatest

attention to the study of this language. I found myself regretting many a time my inability to speak German, too, although this was not so important as French.

T. M. JENKINS, O.B.

A VISIT TO KIDWELLY CASTLE.

Both the Fifth Form and the Lower School look forward to London Matric. but from quite different points of view. To the one it comes all too soon and "casts shadows before" which to some Fifth Formers grow deeper as it approaches. To the other it seems to advance with lagging steps, for in the second week in June we of the Lower School know that it is our Room and not our presence that is required and we shall therefore have four days' holiday, while the Upper School are at work.

It was decided to spend one of these days in Gower and another at Kidwelly. On June 14th, 98 of us journeyed to the ancient town of Kidwelly to visit the Castle which is in a better state of preservation than are most of the castles in South Wales.

We were accompanied by Mr. Beanland, Mr. Williams, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Miller. The train left High Street Station amid loud cheers, for all were in high glee. Mr. Beanland very thoughtfully, had distributed graphed notes and plans of the Castle, and during the journey passed from carriage to carriage and explained the plans and showed certain pictures of the church and castle, so that we might have a clear idea of what to look for, when we arrived. He also told us to keep our eyes open, when passing through Loughor, as we should there see a very simple type of castle on its mound. At Kidwelly we trooped out on to the platform to the astonishment of the local porter, who apparently had never counted up to a hundred since he was a boy at school and was now not at all sure that he had got the boys correctly counted. He preferred to accept Mr. Lewis' number.

As we trooped through the streets all the inhabitants came to their doors to see the latest invaders of the Castle.

We passed through the old gateway, leading to the ancient Bailey, now covered by houses and the village school, and at last stood on the site of the Barbican and gazed up at the gatehouse with its machicolations, draw-bridge recess and portcullis grooves. In our mind's eye, we could see grim-faced warriors pouring molten lead down on to us, as we charged the portcullis with our battering ram.

Then we entered through the heavy wooden door and saw the guard rooms on each side and the pit which once served as the water tank of the Castle. But we hurried on, and up an almost interminable number of steps to get at the defenders. We reached the tops of the various towers without opposition and so exchanged greetings from tower to tower.

When the Vicar arrived, we assembled in the outer ward at the sound of the School whistle and were told to be very careful in our climbing for as the stones were loose in some places accidents might happen—in fact a boy from Llanelly had broken his leg there the previous week. We were given half an hour to explore the Castle, with its towers, walls, chapel, hall, solar, kitchen, baking oven and postern. Merddyn Lloyd developed such a genius for finding the most dangerous points from which to view the landscape that it was considered advisable to confine him to the ground floor. We then split up into small parties and found low dark passages leading to the depths of gloomy dungeons, where we could imagine we were imprisoned. We also found a passage containing a flight of steps which were so dark that we were unable to mount them. We afterwards learnt that it was a blind passage, put there to mislead parties searching for fugitives. There were also hidden steps with small openings at the top for men who were being sought for to hide in.

We examined the large bake-oven with no chimney, the large fire-place in the kitchen where we could picture the big, blustering cook, doling out the men's rations. In one dungeon with the help of matches we saw the picture of a horse and its rider scratched on the wall. We had not examined everything when time was up and we had to go.

We were then taken to the church where the Vicar kindly showed us round. At the entrance we saw the holy water basin, dating back to Roman Catholic times. Inside the church the Vicar pointed out the tombs of two knights whose memorial tablets were on the walls close by. A flight of stone steps in the wall led up to a secret loft above, where was a curious eye looking on to the choir. This loft seemed an excellent hiding place for fugitives. In the chancel was the ancient piscina, and in the vestry a statue of the Virgin Mary, which is said to be six hundred years old.

A curious fact with regard to the architecture of the church is that it has a larger span than any that was built

during that century. The steeple had fallen no less than three times and was at present so shaky that it was not safe to ring the bells.

On leaving the church we saw a very old house, which until recently was thatched but was now covered with corrugated iron.

After raiding the shops for provisions and lemonade, we were directed to the shore where we should find plenty of room for cricket. Room there certainly was when the tide was out, but no suitable ground. An unsatisfactory cricket match ended abruptly with the loss of the ball. A private cricket party of four had been more fortunate. They had had the sense to ask a small boy and not an adult, if there was anywhere they could play cricket? with the result that they had a very enjoyable game in a park.

Our heartiest thanks are due to Mr. Beanland and the Masters for enabling us to spend such a very pleasant day.

P.S. We are now looking forward to London Matric. from the other point of view.

D. ROSS, T. MORRIS & OTHERS (2R).

DE LA BECHE HOUSE SOCIAL.

Towards the close of the Christmas Term, the above house held its first Social, which incidentally turned out to be a great success. Mr. Beanland, the three House Masters, Messrs. Mendus, Price and Huxtable, together with the fifty boys present, spent an enjoyable evening, and all the latter participated in the many and varied games, the heats of which were played before tea, and the finals later on in the evening. As soon as tea was over, all moved from the Manual Drawing Room, in which tea had been held, to the Gymnasium, where the short musical programme, previously arranged, was carried out successfully. Whereupon the finals of the games were played off, the winners of which were:—Rings, T. C. John; Ping-pong, G. Cann; Bagatelle, E. C. Rees; Draughts, I. Edwards.

To finish up a delightful evening, impromptu speeches were arranged by Mr. Mendus, the eventual winner being the Secretary, J. S. Jones.

It is hoped that these Socials will become annual affairs, and that they will bring about a closer bond of friendship between the boys of the upper and lower school.

“BEECHITE.”

"REVELRY OF ROBERTS."

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST "HOUSE PARTY" IN THE
ANNALS OF THE SCHOOL.

"Bene Age quod agis."

After weeks of expectation and days of curiosity yearning to be satisfied—(everyone will remember Mr. Williams' corks, candles and gallipots, of which more anon)—the hour of our festival arrived (so did we).

We began with an *al fresco* tea; little, but sufficient, notwithstanding.

In making the tea, we didn't know how to tell when the water for it was boiling, so we had to use a thermometer from the "lab.," where we drank it—the tea, I mean, not the thermometer.

Cabalistic incantations having been enunciated over a steaming cauldron—(reminds you of "Macbeth," eh? But there wasn't a ghost!)—lo and behold! there was tea!—at least it purported to be tea. However, though it did taste rather queer, we drank it—and still live.

Tea was nearly finished, and, save for the munching of fifty busy mouths, "silence reigned supreme," when suddenly occurred a series of terrific explosions: some boys had burst the bags which had contained their cakes.

After tea, Mr. Beanland, who, with M. Ruault, had accepted our invitation to be present, made a short speech, complimenting us on the institution of a custom which he hoped would be enthusiastically kept up in the future.

Then came the event of the evening—the Whist Drive.

We played twelve most enjoyable rounds, and the winner, ———, scored 109 points. ~~SOMEONE~~ *nearly* took the Booby Prize. School discipline prevents us from specifying more definitely who the ~~SOMEONE~~ was.

Concurrently with this was held a Draughts Tournament, for those unable to play Whist. Then we had a most excellent concert, which showed what exceptionally remarkable talent we have in Roberts'.

This was followed by an "Impromptu Speech" Competition, occasioning great fun. The subject which one boy was given, was "Work," and all he said in three minutes was, that he didn't like it.

When this had finished, Mr. Williams' "chandlery" came into play (*N.B.*—The rumour that he intended to set up a "rag-and-bone" store was entirely without foundation). A

series of laughable competitions, such as, "Racing on Jam-pots," "Drawing Blindfold," "Fishing for Corks," "Tying Bows," "Threading Beads," and "Lighting Candles," took place, although we were quite in the dark about them—till the candles were lit!

The competitions were progressive, and marks given for each, the winner being he who had gained most marks by the end. Then the lucky competitors were rewarded, and we went home at about 10 o'clock, having passed a very pleasant evening.

ARZT.

"RUGGER" NOTES.

Our School "Rugger" Team has done itself credit during the late season in the School League games. Playing almost throughout the season with a light pack, we have finished up very well. The loss of Griffiths and Cann made a difference in the pack, but thanks to a good set of backs we have more than held our own.

The forwards were rather slow in the loose and more than once could have done some more pushing in the scrum. For halves we had D. C. John, whose play is wonderfully good, and Wilkie. John is nippy near the enemy's line, but unfortunately is rather too small for a long sprint. Here Wilkie showed to good advantage. His only fault being that little bit of selfishness that makes all the difference in a fast game.

Our "threes" were fast enough to have done more, but did not often get the ball from their forwards.

At full back we had the invincible Treloar, who has a safe pair of hands and a nice strong kick.

A nasty pill to swallow was our defeat at the hands of St. Thomas in the first round for the Cup.

This has not happened for many years, but every excuse can be made for the team. Eight of our regular players were dropped through age. Thus it came about that several were played who had never played before. Treloar, Wilkie, D. C. Johns and Harry Griffiths worked like Trojans, but they could not stem the tide of defeat.

At the beginning of the season the team could not get going and did not shine at all well, but the manner in which we beat Pentrepoeth, Dyfatty, and the Intermediate, speaks much for our improvement.

H.I.

A 'RAG.'

A proper college 'rag' should attend some event of importance and interest to the students. The occasion of the excitement here described was the London University Soccer Final between King's and East London Colleges, played on the Arsenal ground at Highbury when King's won the Cup.

It was the last day of the term and all restraint had been cast away. Scores of students in ridiculous clothes—checked trousers, frock coats, blouses, top hats and shirts—climbed on top of half a dozen special London omnibuses, and with the banging of drums and blowing of bugles we streamed out of the quadrangle. Our noisy progress frightened the usually imperturbable horses, which raised their sleepy eyes aloft, and on seeing the motley crowd from whom the din was coming, bolted up the street whilst their drivers muttered imprecations suitable to the occasion and in their best style.

We rushed into the stand at the football ground and were surprised to see no traces of our rivals. Our progress and entry had been undisputed. After half an hour's waiting the teams took the field, and at the same moment the East London crowd pushed in and took seats behind us. In a corner of the field they planted a special battalion of 'Maoris,' that is to say a number of students with blackened legs and faces, dressed in football jerseys and straw skirts.

The game began and kept a furious pace. A long low shot gave East London the lead, and in a moment their wild savages began a frantic dance in their corner of the field. Wild yells of mad defiance accompanied their jig. We sat still. Ten minutes later King's seemed to be doomed, for our opponents had scored another goal. Up sprang the 'savages' and jumped and yelled defiance. Their ordinary supporters now ranged themselves in front of the stand as the game stopped for the interval.

Without warning a furious bombardment was started by our enemies. Strange patches of white appeared on the heads and bodies of the King's people. They were pelting us with small bags of flour and we were defenceless. We all began to look like bakers, and decided to teach them a lesson. Just as one bag exploded on my bowler hat, I saw one of their wretched flour bag 'merchants' chasing one of my pals. I got hold of him. Both his overcoat pockets were crammed with flour, and I took it out and made a real 'doughboy' of him. He fled, and we ran for the railing

in front of the stand. Flour bags hurtled through the air in all directions, for we were now returning their own flour upon them. It became a hand to hand tussle. When we had climbed the railing, I found one of our men being mercilessly whitened by two of the 'savages.' I took hold of both of them; at the same time someone came behind me and crashed his fist on my already outraged bowler. Another bag of flour in the mouth and I retreated to put my bowler out of the way and to get to work unhindered.

It was high time the game was restarted. The referee appealed to us to sit down and behave ourselves. We did so, and King's kicked off and rushed down the field. They were soon on the defence again, but a brilliant clearance by the right back gave the left wing a chance. He went for their goal and a fine centre enabled our skipper to score: 2-1.

A ding-dong struggle went on for twenty minutes with no result. Fifteen minutes before the end, a free kick just outside the half-way line gave King's a faint hope of equalising. The right back ran up, planted the ball and took the kick in a moment. It whizzed high and fast into the corner of the net—two all. Our friends the "savages" had kept quiet in their corner during the second half—now they yelled with fury and their team rallied. A fine run by their centre enabled him to reach our goal, but our right back cleared.

In the last ten minutes the result was put beyond hopes and fears. Another free kick almost in the same spot as the previous one resulted in a goal. Our right back made no mistake; the goal-keeper was beaten by sheer speed and accuracy.

East London were now quite beaten. Another goal from our centre forward resigned them to their fate. The teams left the ground to our deafening yells and cheers.

It must be admitted that they had the final laugh—but a poor one it was. They had come to the ground in char-a-bancs and now they sped away, leaving our "General" bus drivers twisting away in vain at the starters. For fully five minutes our drivers frantically twisted the starting crank, without getting the engines to respond. Then they examined their engines and found that the magnetos had been disconnected. We might all have been furious if we had had any energy left, but we were so tired out that nothing mattered very much to us, and so we waited patiently until our buses were repaired, and could carry us home for bath and brush and recollections of the recent rag.

AN OLD BOY (IVCL).

A FIRE AT SEA.

We were a matter of 1,700 miles from Lands End when the fire was first discovered. It was a Sunday morning and the first signs of the fire were noticed about 4 a.m. by the lookout man,—he saw dense clouds of smoke coming out of the No. 1 ventilators, and of course he promptly reported it to the officer on the bridge, who at once saw that all hands were immediately turned out. In a few minutes there were about twenty of us in various stages of undress buzzing around the offending hatch like wasps around a jam pot. We were all pretty mad at having our beauty sleep disturbed by a common or garden fire, and we opened up the hatch fully prepared to turn it inside out if necessary, but our ardour was somewhat damped by the thick black smoke that greeted our first attempt to look down. That was just where the fire went too far, and from a gang of annoyed and excited men we became a gang of cool determined fire fighters—(personally I was too ignorant to appreciate the danger!). Our first job was to get the hoses along and with the pumps (steam, not hand!) going at full pressure, we calmly proceeded to “put out” the fire. We worked in gangs of six or seven, taking turns of roughly ten minutes each, and we carried on in this way up to about 10.30 a.m. without apparently making any impression on the flames, in fact one would have thought we were pumping petrol on them for all the good the water did. After having worked so long without any success, it began to dawn on our “cool determined minds” that the fire was absolutely ignoring us, and with this dawning our “determination” oozed away and we all sat down and waited for somebody to think out an idea. I don't know whose idea it was in the first place but the order was given to batten down again and cover the mouths of the ventilators. The engineers then set to work and pressed the hold up with steam; this was quite an easy matter for them, because each hold is fitted with a steam pipe for such an emergency and they only had to turn on the steam. Everything was left then until Monday morning at 10 o'clock when we opened up again, and to our relief we found the fire was out. I believe the principle of this “steam” idea, was that the steam drives out all the air and as the fire couldn't live without air, it took the only course left and went out. Of course we were quite convinced that we with our “coolness” and “determination” had put the fire out, but strange to say, the engineers claimed the honour. All I can say is that “its a pity they

didn't think of the steam pipes in the first place. I know I was coughing up smoke for days after!"

I may say that the fire originated through two barrels rubbing together as the ship rolled,—the result of being badly stowed, and it has taught me one big lesson which in closing I should like to pass on to my readers,—“Never go about with two pieces of wood loose in the same pocket!!”

D.J.G. (Formerly 4m).

CYCLING.

Now that the Summer months have come we must think of cycling. Last Summer several boys of the School formed a sort of “Club.” This was just at the end of the official cycling season, therefore they had only one or two outings. It would be very nice if some of the boys who own bicycles would form a party and go for a ride on a Saturday or on a holiday. No doubt some of the boys also own cameras—photography would make the outing all the more pleasant. Last year about ten boys went to Pont-Neath-Vaughan on a delightful Saturday. We met at the School at half-past nine on a beautiful sunny Saturday morning, each boy had his food in a haversack and four of the boys had cameras. We proceeded to Skewen, via the “Burrows,” thence on to the town of Neath. We rested at Neath for about ten minutes, during which we partook of some light refreshments, and then continued our way through Glyn-Neath to our destination. We dined at the Angel Inn, the village “Empire,” “Theatre” and “Assembly Rooms!” After dinner we walked to the beautiful falls of Pont-Neath-Vaughan. On our visit to the falls we took many photographs, and one of our number, a prefect, who was very interested in Geology, took many samples of rock away. He spent most of his time tapping at the rocks around the falls with his beloved little hammer. Our physical state then told us it was time for returning to our hotel to have a little tea (not actually tea, but lemonade), so we retraced our steps and took tea at our former “Salle à Manger.” We were then informed by the proprietor, that a cricket match was about to begin in the cricket field opposite, and that if we cared to go, the admission was “free of charge.” We did not slight the invitation because of the price. After the match we snapped several of the players. I am sure if a Club was formed we should spend even better and much more enjoyable days “À la Campagne.”

E.C.R. IIIA.