

THE SWANSEA MUNICIPAL  
*Secondary School Magazine.*

No. 42.

DECEMBER, 1925.



BOYS' SCHOOL: DYNEVOR PLACE.

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## Swansea Municipal Secondary School Magazine.

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No. 42.

DECEMBER, 1925.

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### EDITORIAL.

After many unfulfilled prophecies and many unexpected delays, there are at last real signs of work being done in the matter of our new School Buildings. Officially, the work of demolition commenced on Thursday, Dec. 3rd, and by the following Monday, men were actually seen at work removing the slates from cottages in Pell Street, and next day the railings and walls were removed from the frontage on De-la-Beche Street. Therefore, we may very reasonably expect to see great changes by the time we return in January.

The Two Minutes Silence was duly kept on Remembrance Day and later in the month followed a very impressive service on the day of the funeral of Queen Alexandra.

Early in February is to be held the School Dramatic Entertainment. Judged by the applause given to the Juniors' Play, when it was read over to them recently, it should prove a screaming success. The Seniors will play selected scenes from the School for Scandal. It is proposed to have the Entertainment on two succeeding nights, the first night for the Junior School, their parents and friends, and the second night similarly for the Seniors.

It is possible that the proposed School Trip to Paris may be postponed from Easter to early in August.

Mr. T. Morgan, Art Master, and Monsieur J. Tartinville have joined the Staff this Term.

Sergeant Major O. A. Bird is leaving us this month after more than 20 years' service at the School. We all wish him many years of happiness in his retirement.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

Among the University successes of Old Boys last summer were :-

Graham Hopkins, Ph.D.

G. Parker Davies, Ph.D.

T. N. George, M.Sc. (Wales), in Geology.

T. I. Edwards, M.Sc. (Wales), in Physics.

D. J. Stephens, M.Sc. (Wales), in Physics.

C. D. Morgan, B.A. (Wales), 1st Class Honours in Classics.

G. S. Morris, B.A. (Wales), 2nd Class Honours in English.

D. E. Morgan, B.Sc. (London), 1st Class Honours in Geology.

Scholarships to Swansea University—D. E. Thomas £25.  
Geraint Evans £25.

School Leaving Scholarships—E. H. Evans £50. T. James £25. W. R. Hardwick £25.

Oxford Higher Certificate—E. H. Evans, T. James.

London Matriculation—A. J. Balkwell, E. H. Griffiths, H. Isaac, T. H. Walters, T. R. Watkins, H. W. Wright.

Oxford School Certificate Examination.

*First Class Honours*—(A) W. H. D. Davies, H. Richards, T. R. Williams. (B) D. M. Lloyd, W. H. Waters, E. J. Williams.

*Second Class Honours*—(A) J. T. Davies, W. B. Trick, A. E. Watts. (B) W. H. Morgan.

*Third Class Honours*.—B. L. Davies, L. J. Powell, D. Soloman, and 30 Passes.

*Distinctions*—W. H. D. Davies, W. B. Trick, A. E. Watts and T. R. Williams in Geography; A. E. Watts in History; T. W. Owen in French; D. M. Lloyd in English; P. L. Jones in Scripture.

School Prefects from last year are W. H. D. Davies and H. Isaac. New Prefects are H. Richards, B. Trick, T. Walters, W. H. Waters and Evan Williams from Form VI; Ll. Davies and Leon. Powell from Form V; L. Wilson from Form IV.

W. H. Waters is School Librarian.

The Editors acknowledge with thanks the receipt of:—*Dawn*, *City of Westminster School Magazine*, *The Pontypriddian*, and *The Newport School Magazine*.

## BURNS HOUSE SOCIAL.

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The exams. over, Burns House assembled to celebrate this with a Social. This year we had the advantage of the canteen, and tea was partaken of in the Manual Drawing Room.

A musical tea may not be so rare now that the Wireless Station has been opened in Swansea, but as our social took place the day before the opening we all enjoyed the music rendered by a gramophone. After tea we assembled in 2a & 2b form-rooms, and here several tournaments took place. Everyone was provided for, there was even "tiddly-winks" for the first years, and everyone enjoyed this part of the programme. Whilst these games were going on, Dillwyn House were having their tea.

The last part of our programme was by far the most enjoyable, for in conjunction with Dillwyn House we gave a few musical items. H. Jones on the violin, G. Isaac with the 'cello, and Solomon who accompanied, showed good talent, while our budding magician, A. Howell, was also very good. There was a short story competition, and as usual, "Pat" played a prominent part. The prize-winners were E. Lewis, whist; U. Williams, ping-pong; B. Matthews, draughts; J. Manning, rings; whilst the best short story was given by E. Glick.

Now that the House Socials have been established, I feel sure that it will be a long time before there is ever a possibility of their being abolished, and I can imagine some of us, when we are old and hoary, telling our off-springs (budding first-years) of the grand time we spent at the first of the Burns' House Socials.

RETIOD (IVA).

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## FORM CAPTAINS AND VICE-CAPTAINS.

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VI—Harvey Isaac, W. H. D. Davies. V—Llewelyn Davies, Leonard Powell. IV—R. L. Wilson, J. H. S. Bevan, 4A—Wilfred Lewis, W. J. Davies. 4M—A. G. Morgan, III—L. Hearne, P. Solomon. 3a—F. J. Williams, G. H. Davies. 3M—M. Solomon, F. R. Trengrove. 2R—R. L. Treharne, H. Mendus. 2A—Glyn Deeble, Robt. Williams. 2B—Alwyn Jones, I. Phillips, 1A—Arthur Anderson, Frank Jones. 1B—Donald Houston, Norman Hunt. 1c—Ronald Forman, Ivor Evans.

## DE-LA-BECHE HOUSE SOCIAL.

---

The event of the season took place on Dec. 15th last, when De-la-Beche held their House Social, in the time-honoured "Gym."

There was an excellent attendance of boys of all ages, from members of the lordly Sixth, who afterwards forgot their dignity in the joys of the elusive ring-board, to the smallest first year with short trousers and a voice several sizes too big. Thanks to the voluntary and, what was more to the point, effective help of the wives of the House Masters and the mater of the head boy, an excellent banquet, commonly called "a spread" was disposed of promptly at 4.30, and it was with a satisfied sigh that most boys left the tables. W-k-ns, who had gone home to rearrange his tie and other matters, did not, however, echo this.

The "inner man" contented, the members with valiant mien tried their fortunes at rings, draughts and table-tennis. Under the flowing fountain pen of ———, members came and members went, but the rings-championship went on. Finally the ring master congratulated the winner, T. R. Watkins, who will probably enter for the championship of Great Britain, so accurate was his aim.

It was the eagle eye of Mr. Mendus, which directed all matters pertaining to table tennis. His eye roved everywhere, leaving the poor Sec. far behind. At last, with triumph written over every feature, he evolved order out of a chaos, and produced the semi-finalists, G. Evans and H. Davies. Amid seething excitement senior and junior fought out the final, until with six points to spare Davies was allowed the privilege of stroking his upper lip and calling himself a man.

Later came impromptu speeches, won by Dobbs, in which Mr. Mendus, whose "boys, more boys more *still* boys" still rankles, succumbed to Time and Lloyd.

Cock-fighting, in which giants strive, on being won by D. E. Jones, gave place to Musical Chairs, whose victor, Warner, still amuses himself with that German mouth organ.

At 9 p.m., a rather weary, yet joyful body of beings climbed to the Art Room, where Mr. Beanland, our guest for the evening, allowed the far away strains of a London Musical Play to quiet the excited mind. Here a few minutes later,

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Mr. Beanland kindly presented the hard won prizes. Then slowly and sadly the House passed out into the night to wait for yet another year to elapse before a joyful reunion.

SEC. (IV).

### DILLWYN HOUSE.

The members of Dillwyn House held their Annual Social on Thursday, Dec. 11th, 1924, in conjunction with Burns.

Prior to the Social a great deal of work had to be done to ensure success, and strange to say, the officials found that the subscriptions were paid up more or less promptly.

Immediately after school the boys were assembled in the Physics "Lab" where a pleasant hour was spent in various games, including table-tennis, rings and draughts.

Many of the boys regarded this hour as a "hunger strike," but the time passed quickly and we were soon wending our way to the dining-room where another pleasant half-hour was spent at the tea tables. While the feast was in progress we were entertained by selections from a gramophone. When even the "keenest" appetite had been satisfied we adjourned to the "Gym," where sleights of art and feats of strength went round.

Everything was then prepared for the concert. For some unaccountable reason our respected Headmaster was absent, and so the Chair (the only one there) was taken by Mr. E. Phillips. A stirring solo was rendered by C. Gregory and the other artistes gave some excellent solos on the violin, piano and 'cello.

The House was later convulsed with laughter by the Joke Competition which was easily won by Norman's "hymn book" joke.

A very enjoyable evening concluded with the distribution of prizes. The prize winners were :— Ping Pong Tournament : 1st, S. Richards, 2nd, T. Bowen ; Rings Tournament : 1st, L. Shephard, 2nd, L. Davies.

### HEADS OF HOUSES.

A—T. R. Watkins (VI). B—Wilfred Lewis (4A). G—W. H. D. Davies (VI). D—Harold Richards, Head (VI). L—Evan Williams (VI). R—Head ; B. Trick (VI).

## SENIOR RUGBY NOTES.

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In the matches in which the Rugby Team have played this season, they have not fared as badly as the scores might suggest; not, of course, including the game at Llanelly which was a decisive victory in favour of the homesters.

The first home match was with Llandilo County School, and was, on the whole, rather interesting. The ground was in good condition, and the weather being ideal for Rugby, an open, spectacular contest should have been witnessed. This, however, was replaced by a close slow game, confined mainly to the forwards. Llandilo scored first from an effort on the part of their three-quarters, but the try was not improved upon. In the second half, Harold Richards dribbled over with an unconverted try for the School, who should have given more scope to their backs.

Following this match, Pontardawe visited Singleton, and were fairly defeated by fifteen points, all of which were well earned. The three tries were scored in the second half by Evan Williams and Harold Richards, the former crossing the line on two occasions. Llew. Davies converted all three, which was a creditable performance on a wet day: one kick had to be taken almost from the touch line. The halves found considerable difficulty in supplying the threes with sufficient opportunities, owing to the greasy state of the ball.

The next match was played at Llanelly, where we were "entertained" by Llanelly County School, and a memorable contest took place. Llanelly possessed an extremely fast set of backs who were constantly supplied with opportunities by an industrious pack, all of whom were fast enough to act as three-quarters, should occasion demand. During the game the Llanelly team were occupied mainly in crossing the line, and when the final whistle was blown they had reached the half century. The ground was in a wretched state, and made the game into more of a mud-lark than Rugby.

Our match with Carmarthen was more to our credit, though we were defeated by sixteen to nil. Llew. Davies again made himself conspicuous by two solo efforts in which he pierced the opposing defence.

One of the reasons why the School Seniors do not play more creditably is because they have insufficient practice. They cannot get used to each other's play and, consequently, collaboration and combined effort are seldom shown.

The School pack has sufficient weight in it, but one or two forwards are merely passengers in the scrums. W. Davies is always a hard worker and a splendid hooker, and he and Evan Williams are a great asset to the team.

The threes have much ability which is not often displayed. Aneurin John is a good stand-off half when he gets going. W. Lewis at centre has a happy knack of dummying his opponent, which is often very effective, but a little more speed would be very useful. Harvey Isaac and Pavolny on either wing are very fast, but they are given little chance of shining. Llew. Davies at full back leaves little to be desired in kicking and fielding. Altogether, the team should improve after a few more games, and the latter half of the season should show more creditable results.

R. DREW, V.

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### THE LLANELLY STAMPEDE.

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Players of the School Rugby Team were looking forward to the Llanelly Match, as it was the first away match of the season. The team and a sprinkling of spectators reached Llanelly, and after taking what an optimistic guide described as a short cut arrived at the County School in half an hour's time. Whilst changing in a bleak and cold classroom, the players were informed that the two best men on the Llanelly side were unable to play. We were now practically certain of a win, and of keeping our undefeated away record, if the spectators shouted loudly enough. We won the toss (another good omen) and played with the wind. After an inauspicious beginning, a forward rush by our men resulted in Llanelly scoring a try. A bout of passing between our three quarters increased Llanelly's lead. All Llanelly three quarters then heat the whole team, and to show there was no deception repeated the performance once or twice. Our forwards heeled the ball out of the scrum every time Llanelly did not. To vary the monotony, Llanelly had a drop goal or two (Half Time—29 pts.). The second half was a repetition of the first, only the scorers were different. Logs and the calculus were now used to add up the score. The few School spectators were by this time in a frenzy of excitement, and still saw hopes of registering a win. Llanelly scored again. The School played well in the last five minutes and the line was only crossed twice. The ball was worn out by being grounded so often, whilst the referee's whistle was blown inside out. Llanelly scored again by having a half holiday for their win, and next time we play them we hope to give them a month.

Why was not the war cry given at the end of the game?  
and why did the majority of the team wear bowlers in  
Carmarthen? T.R.W. (VI).

### JUNIOR RUGBY NOTES.

We have nothing to boast about! Seven matches have been played and of these we have drawn two and lost five. The easy matches are now in front of us.

Several matches have been played under full strength. Members of the team who know they will not attend and do not inform the Captain in good time, are certainly not fit to represent this school. They keep out other boys and "let down" the School.

Our Captain, Tom Tasker (3M) is likely to be selected for the Swansea Team. He played in the trial match, North v. South.

We shall do better if we tackle strongly and practice in passing the ball when on the run. "TOUCH LINE."

### JUNIOR SOCCER NOTES.

The Martin Shield has been held for two successive seasons and hopes were entertained for holding it a third year. However, some of the stalwarts of last year's team have become "too old at fourteen" and are now sadly missed. The recruits have not been up to the usual standard, and the team has therefore not been performing so successfully as in former years. The record in the Martin Shield Games stands as follows:—

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals For	Goals Agt.
4	1	2	1	9	4

In the Trevor Evans' Cup we won our way to the Second Round, but after a dour replay against St. Helen's we lost by the odd goal in five. This was a surprise result, as the team played so well in the first half as to be two goals the good. The team should learn the lesson not to relinquish their efforts while holding a lead and to remember that a game is never won until the final whistle is blown.

We are pleased that the good name of the School is being upheld by the Captain, Willie John (3R) who has been playing so well that he has gained his Inter. Town Cap. He has our heartiest congratulations.

c/o BURMSIDE RD. & NEW CHURCH ST.,  
TAMBREIS KLOOF,  
CAPE TOWN,

Sept. 1st, 1924.

Dear Mr. Harris,

At Southampton we were medically examined in a shed on the quay, and after being passed A1 we were allowed to go on board. This was last February.

We roamed about the deck until lunch time, when we were summoned to lunch by a bugle. We enjoyed a good meal, which was the first and last for three days—in my case anyway. During the meal, the boat left the quay to the sounds of tumultuous cheers and singing. The crowds grew dimmer and dimmer as we went further away. At last we could see no more and we returned to finish our interrupted meal.

Later I went up on deck. It was terribly cold and I wore a thick blanket coat. It started to rain and the ship rolled a lot. I began to have a funny feeling, the fore-runner of mal-de-mer.

At 6.30 we encountered a storm and that put the tin-hat on it. I ran to the side to examine the waters. I could see them rolling and I began to roll as well. I was very sick, but I tried to counter it by marching briskly round and along the deck. I could not keep it up, however, and I was forced to give in. My guardian-angel, the steward, helped me down to my cabin, which was a four-berth one, which I shared with my father and two brothers. For three days I didn't get up but was stretched out in my bunk all the time without having the energy to remove any clothes or even my overcoat.

On Sunday, the second day out, we passed through the Bay of Biscay, the Golfe de Gascogne, as a Frenchman on board said. It was terrible. The Bay is noted for its storms, but I think it excelled itself this time. I was in my bunk, watching the coats swinging on the door when I suddenly heard a terrific crash. I could not imagine what was the matter. It was the whole of the tea things thrown on to the floor. The ship had given a fearful lurch and there was no tea that day for the people who had recovered from their sickness. On the rack above my head was a china clock, given me before I left. This fell down within an inch of my head and was shivered to fragments.

On the fourth day I reached the deck, with the help of the steward. One of the sailors, whose native place was Oyster-mouth, told me that this was the worst storm he had experienced for three years.

On the first Wednesday we came in sight of Madeira and I was greatly struck with the beauty of the Funchall with its green trees and its well laid out fields. I had a pair of field-glasses and at this time the weather was glorious and the sun was shining brightly although it was only 7 a.m. in the month of February. When we had a good view of Madeira, we noticed the black clouds hanging over the island. We could see that this spelt rain, and sure enough when we entered the Bay the rain was falling. Before the liner stopped, hundreds of boats, each containing two boys, put out from the shore.

I will describe the occupants. One was the oarsman, a great bulking boy, who shouted with all the force of his lungs. He was dressed in a dungaree jacket and a pair of trousers with multi-coloured patches. The other was a little boy of about nine or ten years old. He had on only a pair of trousers or a loin-cloth.

He shouted "chuck penny, baas; small boy dive." He meant us to throw silver into the water and he'd dive for it. These divers on the whole were very thin, so thin that you could count their ribs. They were shivering with cold, and the rain was beating down on their half-starved bodies. However, they were very clever in the water and it was funny to see two boys from different boats, diving for the same coin. If one threw a penny into the water and the youngster dived for it and saw it was copper, he'd throw it back into the water and jabber to his friend in the boat who would shake his fist at the thrower.

After an hour of this, the people became tired of throwing their money away. Realizing this, the boats put back to the shore.

Ten minutes later, we had another invasion. This was the fruit boats and wicker boats. The gangway was lowered and the traders were permitted to come on the deck. One of the fellows tried to push in front of another of his compatriots; whereupon an officer kicked him into the water. I expected a row then, but nothing happened, the man taking his place again at the end of the queue. The fruit was brought up in baskets, which were placed upon the third class deck.

Now all became bargain hunters. If the Madeira merchant asked a 1/- for an article, one usually bought it for 4d. or 5d. People were disappointed as the fruit was of an inferior quality. The fruiterers sold custard apples, which were strange to me. I bought some at a penny each, but found them too sweet. A custard apple has a hard, green covering, containing a custard-like substance with large black pips. At Capetown these cost 6d. or 7d. each.

Getting tired of this I went on to the upper deck, where "real Madeira lace" was being exhibited. On tickets at the corner it said "made in England." This was the spurious stuff, but the real Madeira lace was bought at high prices. While I was there a lady came up and asked the price of a counterpane. The wily owner answered "£5." The lady replied "15/-" and bought it at that price. The man was highly pleased, to judge by his smiles and gesticulations to his *confreres*.

A party of us went on shore and were immediately besieged by guides who handed us references. Some were in foreign languages. One in French said "This man is a terrible thief but a good guide." We engaged this chap. He took us about until we stopped at a shop where picture-postcards were displayed. We bought some and were given a glass of wine free for buying them. Someone, possibly the guide, purloined my fountain pen.

After leaving Madeira, the sailors rigged up a canvas shelter, which was badly needed, for it had become so hot that all we did was to lounge about and eat ice-creams—in winter! It was too hot to hold sports, but in the evening the orchestra played on deck as it was quite cool above at that time. There was nothing to do for seventeen long days, except write letters. I used to write long letters every day and then tear them up. I also used to write compositions on any subject, but these also met the same fate.

We passed the Cape de Verde Islands and the Canaries. We also passed some mail boats so near that we could see the people waving with the naked eye. (Really! Ed.).

One of the sailors told us when we were on the equator. I told this to my little brother and he replied "Monfy, where's the line?" Many of us slept on deck now, as the heat was terrific.

Two days out of Capetown, the weather rivalled that of the Bay of Biscay. The ship pitched and tossed and the waves were like mountains.

We arrived at Table Bay at 6 a.m., but I was on deck at 4 a.m. and saw a sight which I shall never forget. The town was lit up and I could see the streets by following the line of street lamps. Over this, like a sentinel, stood Table Mountain, a gaunt grey mass, standing out against the sky. A great cloud was covering the top. "It has the table-cloth on," I heard one of the passengers say.

The tugs then came out and conducted the Wolmer Castle to its berth on the East Pier. After I had left the docks, I had my first taste of the "South Easter" or the "Cape Doctor" as it is called. This wind was like a typhoon. It blew the gravel off the ground into our faces.

It seemed strange to me to see so many Kaffirs walking about or driving mule-carts, but now I am quite used to it. Another thing I noticed was convict-labour. If you want to have your garden done or something of that sort, you apply to the Prison and a convict is sent in charge of a warder, who carried a revolver and a rifle. The convict wore a jersey of red and white stripes, like a Rugby jersey.

We have had a very hot summer with very little rain, but, when it has rained, it has come down in sheets. Up country there has been a drought and cattle have died in hundreds. Last week was a locust invasion and all the crops were ruined.

At Capetown all tram fares are a "tickey" (3d.) Fruit is very cheap:--seven pine apples for sixpence, grapes a penny a pound, pomegranates are twenty or thirty for a penny, but no one buys them even at that price, as they can be picked anywhere.

Please give my kind regards to Mr. Beanland and all the Masters.

Your late pupil,

MONTY LIPMAN.

### ANCIENT HISTORY (Revised).

*Cerberus* was the second emperor, following Augustus, (Tiberius).

The battle of *Charon* was fought in 700 A.D., Charles Martel being the hero of the battle, (Chalons).

*Zama* was a Greek warrior. He won the battle in 220,



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Phrenologist and Human Scientist, he is as much above the ordinary  
lecturer and examiner of heads, as is the skilled medical practitioner  
above the quack.”—*The Press.*

*Issus* was the wife of Osiris and the mother of Horus, (Isis).

Thothmes III was a great King of Egypt and built the Vocal *Memaphone*.

*Ziggurat* was a huge cart drawn through the streets during festivals, (Juggernaut).

*Æneas* was a character mentioned in the Bible and was a traitor, (Ananias).

## BRADSHAW'S BOOMERANG.

### CHAPTER ONE. A BET.

"Oh dear!" said Jack Wilson, "whatever was Algebra invented for! When I leave school nobody's going to ask me whether I can factorize  $x^3 - y^3$ , or whether I know the Remainder Theorem." Thus speaking, he closed the book with a bang. "You'd better stick to it a bit longer," said his chum, Harry Bowen, "Remember, the Head's setting the paper himself." Just then the study door opened, and in walked a rather lazy looking youth. This was Bradshaw, the slacker of the Fifth. Bradshaw prided himself upon the fact that he could find a quotation for every event possible. Unfortunately he always ascribed the quotations to wrong persons.

"Hullo!" he said, "How pleased our revered Maths. Master, Mr. Bentley, would be to see such industrious youths! But surely you're not trying to revise Algebra, Wilson? Well, as Louis XIV said to the Young Pretender, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

"But aren't you going to swot at all?" said Harry Bowen. "No fear," replied Bradshaw. "Then you are looking for trouble." "Hub, I bet you a plum tart, I don't do a single thing in the exam, and yet I shan't be punished." "Taken," chorused Jack and Harry.

### CHAPTER TWO. BRADSHAW'S RUSE.

Next morning, during the exam, Jack glanced at Bradshaw. He was writing industriously. After the exam, in the corridor, Jack said to Bradshaw, "Where's that plum cake? You were writing all through the exam." "Yes I know," replied Bradshaw, "But it was my English Essay for to-morrow that I was writing. As Mr. Lloyd George said to Mr. Asquith, 'Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.'"

In the next Maths. Lesson Mr. Bentley gave out the results. He proceeded through the list of names until he came to Bradshaw's, "Bradshaw," he said half pityingly, "has no marks." Then his tone changed, "Bradshaw," he thundered, "Have you any explanation to offer?" "Yes, sir," replied Bradshaw, "But I'd like to give it privately." Mr. Bentley was rather taken aback, but ordered Bradshaw to accompany him to his room. To the astonishment of the form, Bradshaw returned smiling, while Mr. Bentley regarded him almost affectionately.

"There you are," said Bradshaw after the lesson, "What did I tell you? As Caradoc Evans remarked, "A prophet is ever without honour in his own country." "But how did you do it?" queried Harry Bowen. "Well," replied Bradshaw, "I heard you tell Jack Wilson that the Head was setting the paper, so I told Bentley that, when I took some lines to the Head's Study yesterday, I had to wait a few minutes before he came, and that unthinkingly I looked through a paper on his desk. Then I found it was the maths. paper, and thought it would be taking a mean advantage of you to do the paper afterwards. Old Bentley fairly beamed at me."

"You bounder," said Jack Wilson. "Perhaps I am," admitted Bradshaw, "But as Napoleon said to the Governor of Elba, 'Where there's a will, there's a way.'"

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### CHAPTER THREE. RETRIBUTION.

But Bradshaw's jubilations did not last long. That evening he was summoned to the Head's Study. He returned groaning "Hullo!" said Harry Bowen, "What's happened to our cheery trickster?" "Its all your fault," said Bradshaw, "Old Bentley was so elated over my honesty that he told the Head about it, and the Head didn't set the paper at all. It was Greene, the Master of the Shell. Phew! I didn't know the Head was such an athlete, he laid it on well, I can tell you."

"Then your plot was something like a boomerang," said Jack Wilson. "Yes," chuckled Harry, "And as the Kaiser said to Little Willy, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.'"

A.W. (V).

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### SHORTHAND IN THE FIFTH.

The school paper used on each subject's appalling, While the high cost of wood pulp keeps prices from falling, So to counteract this and at H.M.'s command, We're learning to practise the art of Shorthand.

Meanwhile Mr. Jones has us under his wing,  
 And us to perfection in three Terms will bring.  
 Then our notes and our essays less paper will take,  
 And a five per cent. decrease in costs we shall make.

At present with word-signs and phrases we're struggling  
 Of diphthongs and vowels the loops we are juggling.  
 But ere many moons, unless something's amiss,  
 We'll be speedily taking down pieces like this :—

“ Dear Sir, we are greatly obliged for your letter  
 And certainly hope that your sales will be better.  
 We assure you our bloaters are just quite the thing,  
 They're fit for a cottage, and fit for a king.

The cost price of shavings has now ceased to fall  
 And the cost of King Edward potatoes is small,  
 Yet because fewer orders arrive at our office,  
 There's a notable check in the rise of your profits.”

. . . . .

You see how the Fifth Form have come up to date  
 In the practical branches of learning of late.  
 But now I must end this epistle and merely  
 Sign—“ Drew of the Fifth ” and “ yours most sincerely.”

R.D. (V.).

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### TO MUSIC.

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Charmed music, sweet and clear,  
 Broke upon my willing ear ;  
 Marvelling at the song, I stood  
 In the shadow of a wood.

'Bove the sighing of a breeze,  
 As it whispered in the trees,  
 Gushing like a roaring flood,  
 Music drowned the neighbourhood.

Like bells that chime in belfry tow'r  
 And solemnly declare the hour,  
 Like mystic music in the main  
 Sung for honoured heroes slain.

—In such melodious strains did sing,  
 Unseen, the warbling woodland king.  
 The golden song still haunts my ear  
 And in my heart I hold it dear. H. DAVIES (V).

## ADMISSIONS—SEPTEMBER, 1925.

1831r	Davies, D. R.	1865r	Fender, S. C.	1899l	Morris, P. G.
2b	Francis, W.	6l	Forman, H. R.	1900r	Nicholls, H.
3g	Phillips, V.	7a	Fowler, V. C.	1b	Noon, L. G.
4d	Walters, G. G.	8l	Gibbs, T. B.	2a	Norris, B.
5l	Williams, N.	9a	Gooding, B.	3a	Olsen, H.
6r	Allen, C. H.	1870d	Gorvin, G. F.	4b	Osman, D.
7b	Anderson, A.	1d	Griffiths, C. P.	5l	Owen, G. I.
8g	Andrew, D.	2l	Griffiths, L. J.	6d	Payne, H. C.
9l	Badcock, A. H.	3b	Griffiths, O.	7b	Penhale, H. R.
1840d	Bainbridge, A. E.	4a	Gully, R.	8g	Phillips, T. Ll.
1a	Bainford, W. J. T.	5r	Harris, I. T.	9l	Pople, A.
2r	Bevan, N. Ll.	6r	Hayward, C. J.	1910d	Prater, E. H.
3b	Beynon, D. W. J.	7d	Higgs, W. W.	1a	Pryer, E. A.
4d	Bluestein A.	8g	Houston, D. J.	2g	Radmore, I. A.
5r	Bowen, I. R.	9g	Humphreys, D.	3l	Recke, L.
6b	Bryant, G. N. L.	1880d	Hunt, J. N.	4a	Roberts, I.
7d	Buckley, T. V.	1d	Jacket, W. J. R.	5g	Rose, L. F.
8g	Budge, W. S.	2b	Jenkins, G.	6r	Smith, E. D.
9b	Colwill, P. B.	3b	Jones, F.	7b	Snell, I. C.
1850r	Davies, B. J.	4d	Jones, H. F.	8l	Soloman, J.
1d	Davies, E. G.	5l	Jones, M. H.	9r	Stuttle, R. C.
2r	Davies, J. R.	6a	Jones, W. H.	1920d	Thomas, C. H.
3d	Davies, K. W.	7a	Kelly, L. D.	1b	Thomas, D. G.
4l	Davies, M. M.	8l	Kenny, J. L.	2r	Tribe, J. W.
5a	Davies, S.	9d	Lacy, G. F.	3b	Tustian, T. B.
6b	Davies, W. H.	1890a	Lane, E.	4r	Walter, A. R.
7a	Devonald, K. W.	1g	Llewellyn, R. L.	5a	Warlow, J. A.
8l	Dooley, J. P.	2b	Lewis, D. H.	6r	Watkins, W. L.
9l	Elford, G. H.	3l	Lewis, S.	7g	Williams, J. W.
1860g	Enoch, J. Ll.	4g	Looker, A. T.	8d	Williams, T. L.
1a	Evans, E. R.	5a	Maguire, O. B.	9b	Wilson, G. W.
2r	Evans, I.	6l	Mascot, D.	1930a	Wineberg, M.
3g	Evans, L.	7g	Minney, T. F.	1r	Yonge, S.
4g	Fairs, R. A.	8g	Morgan, F. D.		

## STOP PRESS.

The Basket Ball Tournament was won by Form V. (Capt. Llew. Davies) with four points ahead of the runners-up, Form VI.

## ROBERTS HOUSE SOCIAL.

Mr. Beanland obtained the highest score in the Whist Drive but was ineligible for the prize, being *Hors Concours*, *Membre de Jury*. The first prize was awarded to Squire, and the booby prize to Hedley, who had previously won the Long Endurance Prize at the tea table.

The Draughts Competition resulted in a tie. Skittles, Rings, Fishing, Donkey-driving, Jam-pot running and other games of skill are now proceeding and will be duly reported in our next issue.

The other House Socials will be held Dec. 14—16.

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Pins. :: Diamond, Engagement, Wedding,  
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