

THE SWANSEA MUNICIPAL
Secondary School Magazine.

No. 49.

JULY, 1929.



BOYS' SCHOOL: DYNEVOR PLACE.

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Swansea Municipal Secondary School Magazine.

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EDITORIAL.

This year has been and will be a year of many changes. Most of these have been duly recorded in this issue. Monsieur has made his farewell speech, which was clever and witty as usual, and punctuated by cheers and laughter. His successor will be Monsieur Cauderc, from Montauban, near Toulouse.

The School will open next term with a new Head Master, Mr. Llewelyn John, B.Sc., of the Swansea Grammar School. He is already known to the Staff and will, we feel sure, be heartily welcomed by the School.

For some months the Boys' Playground, as seen from afar, has resembled the ruins of Pompeii, in a state of excavation. Its surface is now even once more, covered with the black scoriæ of a new eruption of Vesuvius. It may eventually become the arena of the once popular Basket Ball Competitions. The Swimming Club has been resuscitated and the Lit. & Deb. has made a very praiseworthy effort to follow suit and almost succeeded.

No mention has been made of the new piano which is coming, nor of the new Geography Terrace for experimental work, which is already here, nor of the new stained-glass windows, nor of the new Library Room which still awaits its new books. We dare not prophesy the Matric. results, nor those of our first C.W.B. but if they equal our recent University successes, every one will be satisfied.

Our Loan Fund for University students stands at over £100 and is proving very useful.

Rumour reports that there will be a Masters v. Boys Cricket Match on the last Saturday morning of the term.

The Editor-in-chief now lays down his pen and bids farewell to the Magazine, wishing it and the School all success.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Among the University successes of Old Boys are:—

- T. E. Bennett, M.A.
- Harry Morgan, B.Sc., First Class Honours (Chemistry).
- D. Myrddin Lloyd, B.A., First Class Honours (Welsh) and Research Studentship of £100.
- J. Dillwyn Jones, B.A., Second Class Honours (Latin), and Second Class Honours (Greek).
- E. Harold Evans, B.A., Honours (Chemistry).
- D. E. Thomas, B.A., Second Class Honours (French).
- W. Hardwick, B.A., Second Class Honours (French).
- D. Solomon, B.Sc., First Class Honours (Physics).
- T. Janies, B.Sc., Honours (Chemistry).

Eli Seal, B.Sc., who obtained First Class Honours in Chemistry a year ago, has now obtained a post as Research Chemist with a Firm in Scotland.

The three students, Messrs. J. I. Jones, B.Sc., D. Trevor Jones, B.A., J. C. Bevan, B.Sc., who have spent two days a week in Teaching Practice at our School during the past year, have all obtained their Diploma in Teaching.

At the invitation of the G.P.O., the Fifth Form are about to pay a visit to the local Telephone Exchange. An account of their visit will doubtless appear in our next Magazine.

The new Fives Courts are nearly finished, but our playground will not be ready for use until next Term. Meanwhile, although we are in the Boys' School, we still use the Girls' playground in which two ancient trees have been preserved to provide sylvan shade.

Recently, on a very windy day, one of them proved a cause of great anxiety. The various excavations had weakened its foundations. It swayed violently and threatened to fall. A Committee of Safety was called, and after due deliberation it was decided to lash the swaying tree to its more firmly rooted neighbour on the one hand, and to buttress it up with planks on the other.

This was merely a temporary measure, for the following day saw further precautionary measures underground. There were also certain surgical operations on the tree itself. It received a plaster of cement on its chest, and as a life saving remedy, it received what looked like an attempt at applying artificial respiration to its underground lungs. It is hoped that its threatened life may now be extended for several years.

The new electric clocks are a great improvement on the old ones in that their half-minute tick is not so aggressively disturbing. The manufacturer claims that they can be

regulated to keep time within a second a day. If so, there is something wrong with the regulating, for the clocks have varied from three minutes slow to four minutes fast. The Clerk of the Works is clerk of the works, and when he returns from his holiday we must talk seriously to him about it. The new Geography Room is not yet fully equipped with hanging globe and epidiascope. Only one Form so far has had the privilege of a geography lesson in this room.

This year for the first time the School has taken the C.W.B. examinations instead of the Oxford Locals. These have been held in the new Hall, with folding desks and chairs. During the first fortnight, the conditions were ideal, but during the third week the sun beat so fiercely on the roof that the room was like a hothouse, and shirt sleeves were the order of the day.

In the Grammar School Cricket Match, E. D. Parkhouse was our one bright star. He scored 46 runs in excellent style.

VI Form Echo:—"Les dates du XVII^e siècle ne sont pas difficiles à retenir, car il n'y en a que deux: Henri IV mourut en 1610, Louis XIII en 1643, et alors Louis XIV eut (du moins dans l'opinion des élèves) *la bonne idée* de vivre jusqu'à 1715." (Ombre de Monsieur, 1927-1929).

Rev. Idris Jones, B.A., O.B., formerly of Morriston, is now a Missionary in Arabia. He has written a very interesting letter to the School, and enclosed a poem on "The Camel." Both will be included in this issue, if space permits.

THE SWIMMING CLUB.

Until 1914 the First Year Boys visited the Baths once a week during School hours at the expense of the Local Education Authority. Thus all boys had swimming lessons and the majority could swim at the end of the year. There was a School Swimming Club for the senior boys and a School Gala.

During the War the privilege was withdrawn and has not since been renewed, but each year some thirty boys have had swimming club tickets and have visited the Baths independently of any School Club.

This year Mr. D. T. Jones has revived the Swimming Club and held meetings on Friday evenings and Saturday mornings. When he first called for names, he received foolscap sheets of them. Later the numbers dropped to 35. It is hoped that the Club may survive and even increase next year, for with Swansea's facilities every boy in the town should be able to swim.

MR. BEANLAND.

This Magazine marks two definite steps in the history of the School. The first, which is rather a sad one is the retirement of Mr. Beanland, who has ruled the destinies of the School since 1911; the second is, that this is the first Magazine issued from the new, remodelled and extended "Mun. Sec.;" of these two, the first is the more important.

Mr. Beanland, our Headmaster, is retiring at the end of the Term. We are sure he will take with him the best wishes of the whole School. We all liked him as a Master, especially in the Sixth, where we came into close and frequent contact with him. He has a fund of good stories, which used to keep every boy interested in the lessons. After receiving his explanations upon some tricky point in our French or German, we were not at all surprised to hear Mr. Beanland tell a short story which would help us to remember the point. Who ever heard of irregular verbs and other difficulties in French being interesting? Yet Mr. Beanland could make them so.

What astonished most of us in the Sixth was Mr. Beanland's wonderful vitality. He was always an enthusiastic Master in School hours. Many of us have seen Mr. Beanland giving lessons when he was not fit to be in School—but he survived it all with his excellent health. We all appreciate his readiness to help. We can say that as a Master he is very difficult to surpass.

The School is grateful to Mr. Beanland for the great enthusiasm he has displayed in organising and supporting things outside the School curriculum. The very successful Dramatic Entertainments, the Senior Rugby and Cricket Teams, and last but not least those never-to-be-forgotten trips to Paris, St. Nazaire and the Rhineland—all owe their success to him. Those boys who were fortunate enough to go abroad with him cannot forget the fatherly interest he took in each one of them, his patience and never-failing good humour.

All Old Boys will look back to the time they spent in the School under the Headmastership of Mr. Beanland with true happiness. It was a pleasant time.

To conclude, we are sure we are echoing every boy's feelings when we say that we all wish him a long and happy retirement, and hope that he will be blessed with that perfect health which will enable him to make the most of the rest he so well deserves.

DEUX VETERANS (VI Form).

REMINISCENCES OF SOUTHAMPTON.

On our trips to Paris and Brittany the first stay was made at Southampton. Here on both occasions, we were met by schoolmasters and the Town Librarian, who kindly showed us the most important of the antiquities of Southampton. Our first visit was along the line of the ancient walls of the town. These walls are pure mediaeval and were built shortly after the Norman Conquest. Most of the work in the walls dates from the fourteenth century. Our guide informed us that it was the duty of each tradesmen's guild of that period to build a portion of the wall.

We next inspected the remains of a Norman house which dates from the twelfth century. Proceeding to the rear of this we entered the "Tudor House," a well preserved house of the Tudor period, which is now used as a museum. Amongst other sights of interest were the "Guard Room" and the West Gate. The latter, an extremely picturesque object, still remains practically untouched by the hands of Time and man. Two portcullis grooves and apertures through which molten lead was dropped on the besiegers may still be seen in it. Through this gate the soldiers who fought at Crecy and Agincourt, as well as many Crusaders, must have passed.

The "Guard Room" is a large wooden apartment on the top of the walls. Tradition tells us that it was a guard room for the use of men-at-arms who watched from the walls. This view is supported by historians. Here we noticed the old walls made of "wattle and daub." This "wattle and daub" survived from Roman to feudal times, as a substitute for plaster.

Leaving these, we visited a fine old 14th century building—the "Woolhouse," which was formerly connected with the Southampton wool trade, then a flourishing one. Here the wool was weighed, stored and shipped principally to Flanders, some of it to come back in the form of cloth. In the earlier part of the 19th century, it was used to confine French prisoners of war.

This concluded our visit to the ancient parts of Southampton, but on coming more into the centre of the town, we passed through the "Bargate," an ancient gateway which was once the principal entrance to the town, and the spot where all dues payable were collected. This also dates from Norman times. On its battlements were placed the heads of the three

traitors, Grey, Scroop and Cambridge, who had conspired to kill Henry V, prior to his embarking for France in 1415.

After visiting the "Bargate" we adjourned for a late tea. Thus refreshed, we were conducted over the extensive parks and playing fields, on the outskirts of the town. From here we walked to the world famous docks. On the occasion of the Brittany trip, we were fortunate enough to see a giant liner in the floating dry dock. Being illuminated, the liner provided a magnificent spectacle, which, I think, was more to the liking of the boys than the historic sights. We embarked at 10-30 p.m., taking with us memories of a most interesting and enjoyable time.

S. N. MEREDITH, IV Cl.

HOUSE FINAL.

DILLWYN V. ROBERTS.

The match was played on the Vetch Field, which was in good condition and suitable for a fast, open game. Dillwyn, (the holders) won the toss and elected to play towards the Arsenal end. The opening exchanges were fairly even, but towards the interval Roberts attacked strongly. Their efforts were ultimately rewarded when L. Vagg scored a good goal. This was the only score during a keen first half.

A change came over the game during the second half; Dillwyn attacked persistently, H. Richards eventually scoring after a good pass from the wing. With the scores level, both teams strove hard for the winning goal. The respective defences, however held out and prevented any further score until the final whistle.

Final: Roberts 1, Dillwyn 1.

During the first half of extra time, there was no score, both teams appearing to be feeling the strains of a strenuous game. Towards the end of the game, Roberts exerted pressure, and R. Williams scored rather a doubtful goal.

Final: (after extra time) Roberts 2, Dillwyn 1.

Remarks:—Dillwyn were best served in defence by W. John in goal, and G. Davies at back, while H. Richards was the best of the forwards. For the winners the outstanding players were Arnold, L. Vagg and R. Williams. The game was ably controlled by Mr. Mendus. The linesmen were L. Hearne and E. D. Parkhouse.

S.G.T. (O.B.)

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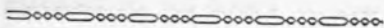
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LE CROISIC.

What memories this name must recall to most of the boys and masters, who went from St. Nazaire, and they are certainly not very pleasant. Setting out one morning, after an early 'déjeuner,' we embarked at 10.30 a.m., on what seemed little bigger than a tug! The first half hour passed pleasantly enough; but when we got more into the open sea, evidences of 'mal-de-mer' became visible and audible. Each wave seemed to be about to overwhelm the frail cockleshell upon which we had been so venturesome as to embark. It was tossed about like a cork, now up on the crest of a wave, then down in the green trough of heaving waters.

Those who were hitherto free from sickness, smiled in mocking sympathy at their less fortunate comrades, until, apparently prompted by some supreme emotion, they too made a sudden dash for the side. On all sides earnest conversation was being carried on with the fishes and several times a small feeble voice asked, "How much longer?"

At each cape eager but sad eyes would look hopefully, wishing it was their destination. Cape after cape being left astern, our course was changed more to the N.W., as we followed the curve of the coast, with the result that we received the big swells of the Bay of Biscay, more and more "broadside on." Consequently we 'rolled' and 'pitched' to an increasing degree. Three hours or more—time had ceased to exist for us—after we had embarked, we staggered ashore.

We were unable to appreciate the quaint beauty of this little fishing port, until a cup of coffee—chez Masson the biggest establishment there—had somewhat alleviated our suffering. Afterwards, feeling in a better condition to do so, we roamed about, admiring the rows of trim little fishing boats (some just returned with their silvery catch of sardines), and the quaint headdresses of the womenfolk.

We noted the pretty blue nets, hung out to dry, and the fishermen packing and selling the newly-caught sardines. We visited the beautiful old church, and the statue of Hervé Riel, an ordinary sailor, who saved the remnants of the French fleet, after the battle of La Hague, by steering them into the rock-bound harbour of St. Malo.

After a refreshing bathe, it was unanimously agreed to return by train. On the way home, we saw the "marais

salants" and a few "mulons de sel" being heaped up by the "paludiers" wearing their peculiar Breton dress. So we arrived at St. Nazaire, weary, footsore and more experienced in sea travel, than when we had left it in the morning. Some brave spirits, too tired to walk, hired a cab and arrived at the college in great style. Owing to our experience on the sea, we were more cautious the next time we were required to travel by water.

S. N. MEREDITH, IVCL.

LE FRANCAIS TEL QU'ON LE PARLE.

Swansea, en novembre, vers midi. L'asphalte luit encore de la dernière averse et éclaire sinistrement, d'en bas, une ombre hâtive qui (ô ombre économe) regagne à pied son logis. Cette ombre est triste. Elle songe avec mélancolie à l'éternel triangle de la cuisine anglaise : "bœuf, pommes de terre, choux." Elle rêve de sa douce France, de son ciel transparent, de ses "menus" multiples. . . .

L'ombre n'est pas seule. Une petite fille la suit de toute la vitesse de ses bottes silencieuses.—Une pétillante "première année" du Lycée. La candeur de l'école primaire n'a pas fait place encore à la supériorité suffisante de l'ingrate adolescence.—Elle a bientôt rejoint l'ombre et, pendant une minute, toutes deux marchent de pair, avec une gravité de consuls.

"Le - ca - nard - est - dans - la - mare." suggère enfin l'enfant, avec simplicité. L'ombre, surprise, se tait. Tel Catilina foudroyé par l'exorde du grand Consul.

"La - grand' - mère - est - dans - l'ar - bre," affirme une voix sûre.

L'ombre est bonne, cette aïeule folâtre l'inquiète —mais, sans rien entendre, l'enfant conclut :—

"Le - che - val - est - dans - le - sa - lon." et, empourprées de leur audace les Petites Bottes silencieuses s'enfuient, emportant sous leurs semelles toutes mes pensées tristes. . . . Tant est douce la langue de son pays au cœur de l'exilé.

[Pour obtenir le mot de l'énigme, voir page 19. Ed.].

H. M. DAVIES.

I have always been a staunch supporter of emigration. I considered it to the advantage of my country that some of her sons should leave her and find for themselves new homes in the virgin lands of her vast Empire. But now that this emigration has deprived me of the companionship of my friend, I am afraid I feel somewhat bitter towards it.

Harold M. Davies came to our School in September, 1924. Despite the fact that his stature was not great he escaped the nickname "Tich" because of the colour of his hair—he was designated "Ginger." Unlike many of the bearers of nicknames he did not carry his to the end of his school days, for, after less than two years in school, he was known by all as either "Harold" or "Davies."

He more than made up for his slight deficiency in inches by his high physical development. He was remarkably strong for his size and dearly loved a "scrap," for his hobbies were boxing and wrestling. He developed himself to such an extent that there is no doubt that he is physically fitted for the strenuous life which he has before him in Australia.

As an elocutionist there is no need to introduce him to the majority of the readers of the "Mag," for he was probably the best known of our Prize Day entertainers. His voice was equally well suited for expressing humorous and serious recitation. He was well-known outside our school as an exponent of his chosen art, and one of our chief regrets at his departure is that he may waste his powers on the desert air.

His chief characteristic in class was one that often provided the form with amusement. He had a habit of blurting out the first idea that came into his head, and his answers were often greeted with roars of laughter. As soon as he had blurted out his reply, he would see its absurdity, blush, stammer, and finally join in the laughter he had caused.

Davies had one other peculiarity, which, to anyone who did not know him, might have seemed an eccentricity in a school-boy. It began in the fourth year when he suddenly developed a remarkable interest in, of all places in the world, Borneo. There followed crude sketches of this romantic island and of the Malay Peninsula which gradually improved into quite creditable maps. Later he came under the magic spell of Australia and, had Mr. Price been privileged to see the maps of "Topsy-turvy Land" which littered our elocutionist's desk, his heart would surely have been gladdened.

It would seem that the conclusion of all this took place on that Thursday morning when I, with two other of his friends, was present at High Street Station to witness the departure of our old schoolfellow. But such is not the case. For many of his friends have given and received promises of continued friendship through the medium of the Post Office, and it is to be hoped that this magazine will soon contain a letter from him describing his life in the new continent.

G.H.J. (V).

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH."

It had come to my ears, that even after the toil of last summer and that delicate feat of "settling down" in our new surroundings, peace was not to be ours, for we were to arise once more and betake ourselves into a strange (if not a far) country.

When families change their habitations, there is no doubt much preparation, even commotion and great confusion among their "personelle." But consider, gentle reader, the removal of a family of nearly five hundred, with its baggage and academic paraphernalia.

Of such dimensions is our family, residing in that domicile known as "Mun. Sec."

Having thus suggested the magnitude of our task—to proceed. When we "broke up" for Whitsun, the boys took their books and papers home, leaving their desks comparatively light, and while we disported ourselves on holiday, stalwart workmen transported these desks (470 of them) from the Girls' Domains to the Boys.'

In subsequent conversation with one man engaged in these titanic labours, I was told that he had worn out two pairs of boots in three and a half days, on account of the excessive mileage necessitated by this transport work. In fact he had measured the distance through corridors and up and down steps to be, on the longest journeys, four hundred and forty-five yards.

The latter half of this term commenced quite as usual, for the boys had only to go to their desks in the "New Old School" and deposit their books therein.

But what of such propositions as moving the many pieces of apparatus belonging to the Chemistry and Physical Departments?

“ Long and hard were the journeys we made,
By weighty pieces encumbered,
Sodii Carb. and Epsom Salts
Were trifles among them numbered.”

Then, the arrangement of stock and putting the Lab. into working order. Suffice it to say that only the tasks of Hercules were comparable with ours which I venture to state Mr. George will rise to confirm.

Hard upon this followed the removal of text books to the new stock room. How the Masters and boys in 2nd must have blessed us, as we marched through their room before we sorted and stacked, counted and packed, and ranged the books in their places, for the sounds of books falling from on high are louder than those heard when day breaks, or night falls.

Meanwhile the world around us did not slumber.

The trees in the Girls' School yard had an imposing wall built round them as a garden seat. Two Fives Courts took shape and the new wing became quite finished. To these wonders were added new Electrical and Lecture Rooms for the Physics. The new Dining Room became, and is now, worthy of our praise, while our Hall and wide corridors were things that pleased. Worthy of mention are our fine cloak-rooms and lavatories.

May I also thank our Headmaster for the Prefects' Room. We are grateful indeed, Sir.

In conclusion, may I mention Mr. Jones, the Clerk of the Works. It has been his extra effort, which has made our School ready for occupation so early as Whitsun, and I express the feeling of the School in unison, in saying we are particularly grateful to him for this industry, which has made it possible for our respected and devoted “ Head ” to spend at least a little of his remaining official life in the Old School, even though it be the “ New Old School,” for to the “ Old ” he came and from the Old Mun. Sec. it is fitting that he should retire.

We wish him long years of prosperity and happiness in his retirement from official life. Yet in unofficial life we feel sure he will yet continue to be prominent, as befits one in the front rank among our town's respected men. **SIXTH FORMER.**

A WELSH WOOLLEN FACTORY.

During the Geography lessons on the British Isles, the local woollen industries in the Severn, Towy and Teifi valleys have often been mentioned. Until a short while ago I had never had the opportunity of seeing the manufacture for myself but on Saturday last I had the pleasure of visiting one of these factories in the Teifi valley.

The building itself was a large rectangular block about 75 yards long by 40 yards wide, with two storeys accommodating machinery. A large water-wheel used to supply power but this wheel, which is now only used to generate electricity for lighting purposes, has been supplanted by a gas engine.

The raw wool, after being graded and sorted by hand, is dipped into a disinfectant—a very necessary precaution as supplies are obtained from all parts of Wales. It is then passed into the carding machine which chiefly consists of a large number of rollers with steel bristles on them. These comb out the fleece so that the staple or threads of wool are all disentangled. After this process the wool, in the form of thick yarn, is wound upon reels which are next inserted into a machine called the spinning jenny. This makes a thin continuous thread which has to be transferred to bobbins for use in the weaving process.

In this factory there are seven looms on which flannel, blankets and travelling rugs can be manufactured. When weaving is being carried on there is a terrible din, for the shuttles containing the bobbins fly from one side of the loom to the other with a sharp cracking noise.

To obtain the different coloured stripes in the blankets or flannel these shuttles have to be changed by hand. This is a rather delicate operation, for unless one is skilled in the work the thread breaks and has to be joined up again.

As the cloth is made, it is wound upon large rollers which contain very many yards. The finished article has to be washed and dried, for in the various processes the cloth becomes soiled. The flannel is slowly passed through a machine in which it is thoroughly cleansed and after this has been repeated the cloth is placed on rails in the sun to dry.

It is then again made into the form of large rolls and sent away by rail to all parts of the country to be made into the familiar Welsh flannel shirt.

H.R.F. (IV).

UNDER THE ELMS.

A little function which will long remain in the minds of the majority of us was the informal assembly held in the playground on Wednesday, July 17th, at 2.15. The occasion was the farewell speech of M. Mafray, who was leaving for France after a stay of two years at the School. He reminded us, as he stood under the only tree which promises to survive, of the venerable druids of old, dispensing their mystic doctrines.

Opening his little speech in excellent English (for the special benefit of members of the Staff!!), he expressed his gratitude to the Staff and the boys for all their many kindnesses to him. The two years had been one long holiday; still he was glad to be returning to France. He felt greatly indebted to certain members of the Staff: Mr. Beanland had taught him golf; Mr. Davies had expounded new ideas in maths. in elucidating the intricacies of Reparations; Mr. Williams had given him a completely new conception of Napoleon and the Battle of Waterloo; Mr. Morgan had introduced him to the charm of the Welsh language, and every one had been most anxious that no French railway accident or fire disaster should be allowed to escape his notice. He had played Football and Cricket with the boys *sur le terrain de paradis*. He had had two "Ins" and two "Outs" and scored two ducks.

It was now his turn to give a few "tips." Firstly, as the conversational powers of the School as a whole had so greatly increased, the boys might certainly be mistaken for French, on one condition, that they did not talk *too much*, and secondly there appeared to be amongst the boys such a diversity of opinion as to the genders of French nouns, that he unhesitatingly recommended them to use the plural, wherever possible.

One thing he would greatly miss, when he returned to France, the eternal triangle of questions, beginning *Quelle heure . . . ? Quel temps . . . ? Quel âge . . . ?*

He hoped to meet the boys some day in France, for they would all be going there, if only on their *voyage de nocés*. *Au revoir*. The School then gave him three rousing cheers. On the following day, he had a good send off at the station, and, as a final tip, he said that if the boys forgot his address, they should send their letters to "the tallest man in Le Mans." (His height is well over six feet.)

Our list of *specialty* distinguished Assistants Français has been Messieurs Berthier, Augustin and Ruault; to these we now add the name of Monsieur Jacques Mafray, last but *not least*.

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MY EXPERIENCES IN HOSPITAL.

Few boys have undergone an operation followed by a period of convalescence in a hospital, but as I am one of those "few," I am going to relate some of my experiences whilst there.

First of all I may say that I attended that "institution of suffering and misery" upon a well known Swansea specialist's advice, to have my particular ailment remedied.

I left my home about 3.45 p.m. on the appointed afternoon, and, thinking that I would arrive at the hospital in time for tea, I merely took a few biscuits in my pocket.

On arriving at the hospital I was greatly perturbed to find that tea-time was nearly over, and I was more so when a nurse told me to have a bath (think of it, a bath for a clean person and as a substitute for tea).

Nor was my hunger to be satisfied later, for I had to get into bed at about 7.30 p.m., and to put up with a cup of milk and the biscuits that I had brought with me, to represent *both* tea and supper.

Then, having nothing else to do, I glanced round my ward and to my distraction I discovered that this particular ward was to be the "casualty department" for the week that I was to spend there, and I soliloquised "what pleasant company for a whole week," because the place was full of nothing but a mass of misery.

I slept about two hours that night and in the morning at 6 o'clock, I had to content myself with a cup of tea for my breakfast.

At about 11 o'clock that morning, a nurse came to me with a syringe and injected into the main artery of my left arm. This is done to steady the nerves.

I was then wheeled in a bath chair to the operating theatre amidst a mass of blankets.

On arrival there, I was disappointed to find, not as most people think—a large dome-shaped room, well-lit and well ventilated, doctors and nurses dressed in white, and shelves of glittering instruments,—but instead, a small dingy room, with a few cupboards, a couple of doctors and nurses, a powerful spot-light, an operating table, and a chloroform generator.

Then, having been given a short time for contemplation, I was asked to lie on the operating table.

The moment had arrived. A cotton wool mask was placed over my eyes and mouth. A cone with a tube, which leads to the chloroform generator, attached to it, was then put over

the mask. A nurse strapped my legs to the operating table and then caught hold of my wrist to feel my pulse when I was having chloroform.

A voice said "Breathe gently." A droning noise, which gradually increased in volume, followed. Then came a strong sickly smelling gas. This was followed by a horrible feeling. I felt as if an unknown massive power was compressing my brain and "wiping me out of existence." At the same time, I saw nothing but thousands of stars. Then followed blackness.

When I "came to myself" I was in bed again in the ward, and two nurses were slapping my face, arms and back, and calling me a "dirty little pig," but the latter was said partly in a joking manner and partly in a disgusting one because of the "mess" I had caused them, for I was bleeding profusely from the tonsils (or where they used to be). I muttered something endeavouring to explain that I could not help it.

A nurse whom I knew asked me how I was feeling, and I replied in a somewhat muffled manner "O (in a groan)—darned awful." This was quite true because I had never felt so ill in my life before. I had a raw throat which was bleeding profusely, a dose of chloroform inside me, and I was feeling exceedingly sick. (It was a hundred times worse than being seasick on an empty stomach, for an empty stomach I had).

I continued to bleed all that day, being allowed nothing but an occasional sip of water and a mouthwash. However, by the next day I was slightly better but was still not allowed anything but liquids. Imagine the position—nothing to eat all this time.

An old man who was in the bed next to mine, told my parents "You would not have known him yesterday because he was so ill."

On the Thursday I was allowed a little to eat and although it was exceedingly painful to eat, I ate it greedily. To my relief, I was dismissed from the hospital on the Saturday, and, as you may realize, I had a week on eggs, egg-custards, milk and other such foods for building up the system.

I am glad to say that I have now completely recovered from that "red letter week," but I am sorry to say that my right hearing apparatus was not righted and therefore I have another exciting week, in the future, "to look forward to."

Thus, I conclude by giving you the following advice—"Never have a defective hearing organ and septic tonsils."

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above the quack.”—*The Press.*

**MEMORIES OF MR. D. L. HARRIS.**

On coming back into the Boys' School.

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Since Whitsun we are back in the old School which has become a new School in so many ways. Everything, almost, is changed, few things remain untouched. This is true in a lesser degree of those who gather within its walls—masters and boys. Old spots recall things and we remembered how at the end of March, 1928, Mr. D. L. Harris came to such an one and said, very simply and very sincerely, "Good-bye, old chap." He was laying down his task and looking forward to a rest in changed occupations to occupy his busy mind.

It was not to be! Health failed, his retirement was brief in duration, and before Christmas came around he had been called to his final rest. One's mind went back to the days when he was master speaking to pupil. The old School he loved, and its boys he trained with a thoroughness which left its mark upon them. Always were they urged to a high purpose, and character forming seemed to be woven into the very fabric of his lessons.

In the passing of years we met again, colleagues on the same staff, he, the senior, with a hearty welcome to a raw junior, fresh from college. His counsel was always helpful and the little talks, recalling some Old Boys, proved his memory true and his judgment sound.

As a colleague he was ever the same—quiet, loyal and sympathetic. And now he has gone, one can almost imagine him happy in having passed before the great upheaval which has destroyed his familiar landmarks.

No authority had a more devoted servant, no staff had a more loyal colleague, no boys had a master who magnified his office and their tasks with greater zeal. We remember his joy in his home life and pride in his family, and think with sympathy of them.

The new School is new and without question better than the old, but it lacks some of the things which made us love the old one, and the withdrawal from active service of the old masters and their passing hence are of these things.

OLD BOY COLLEAGUE.

## EIN YSGOL NEWYDD.

“ Dyfal donc a dyr y garreg.”

Profwyd yr hen ddywediad yma, wrth adeiladu ein ysgol newydd yn y flwyddyn sydd bron ein gadael. Dyma nyni heddyw yn disgwyl ar adeilad newydd, hardd, ac yn cerdded trwyddo, wedi ein dal gan gywreinrwydd. Gwelwn yn amlwg fod hól gwaeth llaw a dyfalder dyn ar yr adeilad yma. Y mae yr hen ysgol wedi ei chyfnewiduo gymmaent fel nad allwn ei hadnabod yn ei gwisg newydd. Un peth sydd yn fanteisiol yn yr adeilad newydd a hynny yw modd i gael air pur yn yr ysgol trwy agor y ffenestri. Un peth sydd yn anfanteisiol, ac y mae yn peri llawer o flinder i'r meistri a'r ysgolheigion, hynny yw yr ystwr, ystwr y cerbydau ar un ochr a'r gweithwyr ar yr ochr arall. Collodd llawer o fechgyn eu ffordd yn yr ysgol ar y dechreu, ac nid oedd ddieithr i weld amryw o fechgyn yn cerdded yn ol ac ymlaen wedi drysu yn llwyr. Mae gennym ystafell fwyd newydd, ac hefyd y mae gan ein athraw Mr. Price ystafell iddo ei hun. Meddyliodd rhai o'r ysgolheigion fod 2R, 3R, a 4Cl wedi dar fod am byth, nd nid oedd eu hapusrwydd yn hir aros pan welsant fod rhai eraill wedi eu paratoi ar ei eyfer. Rhaid i mi wneud awgrym am adawiad Mr. Beanland, ein parchus bref-athraw, yr hwn sydd yn gadael yr ysgol ar diwedd y flwyddyn. Rwy'n sicr, y byddwn ni, fel ysgolheigion, yn dymuno pob iechyd ac hapusrwydd iddo ar ol ei ymadawiad.

ALPHA, 3R.

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## SCHOOL CRICKET XI.

The season opened with an enthusiastic meeting, over 50 members being present. The following officials were elected—Captain, H. J. Richards VI. Vice-Capt., Ray Williams L.V. Hon. Sec., E. D. Parkhouse VI. Two others were elected for the committee, viz.—D. Matthews, V and H. Mendus, V.

The trial match proved a success and we had no difficulty in choosing a strong XI to oppose Pontardawe S. S. in our first engagement. Pontardawe batted first and a good sixth wicket partnership of 40 enabled them to reach the good total of 91. For the School, L. Hearne 2 for 23, D. Matthews 2 for 14, D. J. Thomas 2 for 19, H. Charles 2 for 7, H. J. Richards 1 for 19, and E. D. Parkhouse 1 for 5 were the successful bowlers.



The School opened well with Hearne and Parkhouse, the former scoring 22 before being out. S. Dunn (13 n.o.) and W. J. Evans 10 also batted well and with 5 wickets down for 70, victory seemed within reasonable grasp. But feeble batting by the "tail" (among whom 4 failed to score), only produced 4 runs for the last 5 wickets. The School ended losers by 91—74. However we were not disheartened as Pontardawe are always a very good side.

The Ystradgynlais match proved a rather easy task as the visitors were dismissed for 27 runs. When the School went in the pitch caused early disaster, but a third wicket partnership between L. Hearne (12 n.o.) and R. Williams (10) enabled us to pass the visitors total with the loss of 3 wickets.

Scores :—Ystradgynlais 27. School 31-3 (dec.)

E. D. PARKHOUSE, Hon. Sec.

### AN EXHORTATION.

Tell me not in idle jingle, homework is an empty dream,  
For the boy is dead that's idle, schoolboys are not what they  
[seem,  
Sums are real! Chem. is earnest! Easy French is but a fib,  
" Boy thou art, and home returnest, with thy partner's Latin  
[crib."

Not enjoyment and not sorrow is the scholar's destined way,  
But to find that each tomorrow brings him nearer ' termie day,'  
School is long, and youth is fleeting, and our hearts tho' never  
[gay,

Still, like kettle-drums, are beating ' Sonny Boy ' throughout  
[the day.

In the School's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb driven cattle! act the man in all the strife!  
Scamp no subject, face it bravely, tackle all your problems low,  
Act, act in the living present, this your motto " Do it now!"

Lives of masters all remind us we can live such lives as well,  
And departing leave behind us such examples as shall " tell,"  
Such examples that the schoolboy wasting time in too much  
[sport,

Seeing, will try hard to steer a surer course to gain the port.

Let us all be up and doing for the honour of the school,

That we may gain proud distinction—

Let " Achievement " be the rule.

" SPARK " (3R).

## ST. DAVID'S DAY, 1929.

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The celebrations this year were unique, in that they were held in the Girls' Department of the new School.

The first part of the morning session was occupied with special lessons on Wales—its art, music and literature.

The Lower School held a concert, at which pupils provided both instrumental and vocal items.

The special speaker this year was the Rev. W. T. Havard, M.A., Vicar of Swansea, who received a great welcome on this, his first visit to the School.

He spoke on "Patriotism," and showed the interdependence of the nations, and that Wales especially had received from other nations that which had been to her lasting good.

We were told to beware of the Patriot, whose cry was "Wales for the Welsh" and that true patriotism compelled people so to prepare themselves, that they could take the highest places in other countries, and carry the Welsh language with them.

It was the message of a Welsh-speaking Welshman to the boys of Wales, calling them to cultivate a world-wide view of Patriotism. The speaker, who had but recently returned to Wales, after an absence of some years, during which he had been observing our beloved Wales, and, not being blind to her faults, had come back, determined to try and remove them.

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## MONSIEUR JACQUES MAFRAY.

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We are all sorry to lose Monsieur Mafray, who is now leaving us after two years of what we hope has been a pleasant sojourn in our midst.

*C'est le meilleur Assistant Français que nous ayons jamais eu, excellent par excellence.* His tall figure, happy smile, interesting lessons, pleasant wit and clever blackboard sketches will ever remain in our memories. He takes with him our very best wishes for his future success in La Belle France, where he will have opportunities of correcting a good deal of *L'anglais tel qu'on le parle*.

His parting contribution to this magazine will be, to the uninitiated, somewhat wrapped in mystery. Some will call it a parable, others an allegory or more probably a nightmare, for what was the grandmother doing in the apple tree or the horse in the drawing room?

It is actually an incident in real life, one of his earliest experiences in Swansea, when his tall form and French dress made him the cynosure of many eyes. He is the "shadow" of the story, and the little girl, greatly daring, wished to practise her new half-knowledge on the hero of her dreams. But the "shadow" was sad and silent as shadows are wont to be.

## THE SCHOOL SPORTS.

This Annual Event took place on June 25th, on the Training College Ground, and as in preceding years we were favoured by fine weather. Very little interest was taken in the morning's work, and at 11.45 a.m. the School was dismissed.

The first event took place to time, and most of the races went off without a hitch. There were thrilling finishes to the Senior 100 yds. and 440 yds., and on the whole the standard of the running was higher than usual.

The Senior Champion was D. Thomas IV, who won the 100 yds., 440 yds. and the High Jump—a very creditable performance. R. L. G. Hughes VI was a good "proxime accessit." The Junior Champion was M. Arnold, of IB.

The House Championship resulted in another victory for Burns, but they were run very close by Llewelyn who were equal with them until Burns gained a point for second place in the Tug-of-War. It had been feared that Burns would have had a "walk-over" and everyone was glad to see the very interesting struggle.

However, the Sports are now an event of the past, and the boys (especially the prize winners) are looking forward to Sports Prize Day, when the prizes will be distributed by Mrs. M. H. Davies, who will be accompanied by Mr. M. H. Davies, H.M.I., on Thursday, July 25th.

Event 1 (100 yds. over 16).—1 N. Williams, 2 L. Hughes, 3 A. Matthews, 4 J. M. Thomas

Event 2 (100 yds. 15—16).—1 D. Thomas, 2 T. Thomas, 3 W. Higgs, 4 H. Penhale.

Event 3 (100 yds. 14—15).—1 M. Davies, 2 I. Price, 3 J. Solomon, 4 H. C. Thomas.

Event 4 (100 yds. 13—14).—1 M. Arnold, 2 D. S. Jones, 3 R. Evans, 4 K. Aubrey.

Event 5 (100 yds. 12—13).—1 R. Downing, 2 I. James, 3 C. Thomas, 4 D. Edmunds.

Event 6 (Throwing the Cricket Ball, over 14½).—1 A. Gully, 2 C. Arnold.

Event 7 (Throwing the Cricket Ball, under  $14\frac{1}{2}$ ).—1 H. C. Thomas, 2 A. Cuff.

Event 8 (Long Jump, over  $14\frac{1}{2}$ ).—1 D. Bates, 2 N. Williams.

Event 9 (Long Jump, under  $14\frac{1}{2}$ ).—1. J. Dilling, 2 Wyn Thomas.

Event 10 (220 yds. under 14).—1 M. Arnold, 2 K. Aubrey, 3 D. Dooley, 4 R. Davies.

Event 11 (220 yds. 14—15).—1. J. Solomon, 2 I. Price, 3 M. Davies, 4 A. Emanuel.

Event 12 (440 yds. 15—16).—1 D. Thomas, 2 Trevor Thomas, 3 W. Higgs, 4 H. Penhale.

Event 13 (440 yds. over 16).—1 L. Hughes, 2 J. M. Thomas, 3 E. Parkhouse, 4 A. Matthews.

Event 15 (Wheelbarrow, over 15).—1 L. Evans & H. Houston, 2 H. Martin & L. Williams.

Event 16 (Peg Gathering, under  $13\frac{1}{2}$ ).—1 J. Dadds, 2 H. Minney, 3 C. Thomas, 4 H. M. Davies.

Event 17 (Three-legged,  $13\frac{1}{2}$ —15).—1 I. Price & W. Owen, 2 D. Dooley & D. Lewis.

Event 18 (Obstacle Race, over 15).—1 I. Evans, 2 L. Hughes, 3. D. Humpheys, 4 G. Ridd.

Event 19 (Obstacle, 14—15).—1 Wyn Thomas, 2 K. Thomas, 3 J. Osman, 4 (D. Hopkins, L. Webb).

Event 20 (Obstacle,  $13\frac{1}{4}$ —14).—1 H. M. Davies, 2 R. Tucker, 3. H. Minney, 4 D. S. Jones.

Event 21 (Obstacle, under  $13\frac{1}{4}$ ).—1 J. Dadds, 2 I. James, 3 C. Thomas, 4 W. Williams.

Event 22 (Sack Race, over 15) —1 R. Bater, 2 D. Houston, 3 J. Enoch, 4 L. Hughes.

Event 23 (Sack Race, 14—15).—1 E. John, 2 K. Thomas, 3. H. Jones, 4. Douglas Jones.

Event 24 (Sack Race,  $13\frac{1}{4}$ —14).—1 H. Minney, 2 L. Morgan, 3 D. Lewis, 4 R. Mansfield.

Event 25 (Sack Race, under  $13\frac{1}{4}$ ).—1 J. Dadds, 2 D. Edmunds, 3 G. Richards, 4 I. James.

Event 26 (80 yds. Special).—1 W. Williams, 2 W. Rees, 3 M. Knoyle.

Event 27 (Boat Race).—1 R. Longhurst (Cox), 2 T. McDonald (Cox).

Event 28 (Despatch).—1 H. Mendus (Senior), 2 D. Thomas (Senior).

Event 29 (Chariot).—1 S. Poley (Rider), 2 W. Williams (Rider).

Event 30 (High Jump, over  $14\frac{1}{2}$ ).—1 D. Thomas, 2 (J. M. Thomas, L. Hearne).

Event 31 (High Jump, under  $14\frac{1}{2}$ ).—1 J. Dilling, 2 Wyn Thomas.

Event 32 (Tug-of-War).—Roberts, 2 Burns.

House Championship.—De-la-Beche 22 pts., Burns 45 pts., Grove 32 pts., Dillwyn 31 pts., Llewelyn 44 pts., Roberts 24 pts.

Senior Championship.—D. Thomas (B) IV Cl, 13 pts.

Junior Championship.—M. Arnold (G) I b, 10 pts.

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