

No. 11.

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ARMORIAN

July.

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# *The Ogmorian.*

The Bridgend County School Magazine.

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No. 11.

JULY, 1915.

FOURPENCE.

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## EDITORIAL.

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The School year is gradually drawing to a close, and the C.W.B. Exams. are close upon us. We wish all Candidates "Good luck," and hope they will acquit themselves creditably. We feel sure that all the members of the Staff who were with us last July and are now preparing to fight for their country will take no less interest in the results of the examinations than if they were here in person.

Perhaps it is the enervating results of the hot weather, or, maybe, the additional demands of toil, which have caused a slackening in the literary contributions this term. Some matter which was faithfully promised has failed to turn up; so the gaps have had to be made good at short notice. Please do not wait until the end of the term to send in your contributions, which can be given in at any time. And we shall be glad to receive any correspondence or articles from former pupils—especially those in khaki, whether at home or abroad, and whether known or unknown to us personally. If it is found impossible to write at length, any items of interest for the columns of "School Gossip" will be heartily welcomed. Please address: "Editress, 'Ogmorian,'" at the School.

## SCHOOL GOSSIP.

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The wearers of khaki who have visited us this term are Privates Idloes Jones and Steve Jenkins, of our Staff, and Lieutenants Edward Davies, Spencer James, Dan Rees, and Privates Emrys John and Emrys Roberts, former pupils.

At the time of writing, we regret to hear that Private Idloes Jones is in hospital, suffering from Rheumatism. We wish him a speedy recovery. He seemed in the best of health at the time of his visit; as did also all the above-mentioned.

We congratulate Messrs. Spencer James and Dan Rees on being gazetted to Commissions—Spencer to the 12th Welsh, and Dan to the North Staffords. Spencer received his Commission after several months as a Private in the Welsh Guards, while Dan first enlisted in the Public Schools Corps, and then received a short special training at Sandhurst. Of the two, Dan was the more altered. Spencer seemed heartily pleased with a soldier's life and its effect upon his physique, and beamed with pardonable pride as he related how he had been granted special leave for his jumping exploit. We may call to mind that he won the High Jump Medal at School, and broke his own record.

Private Emrys John visited us while home on sick leave. He was wounded and gassed while at the front, and is now recovering from a bullet wound in the shoulder. We hear that he received a royal reception from his townsmen on his return home.

Privates Jones, Jenkins, and Harris have migrated from Epsom to Mansfield, near Nottingham—not a change for the better, as far as the scenery is concerned.

Members of the Girl Guides and the Cadet Corps are exceedingly keen in becoming proficient in their work, and are making great progress.

Private Edward Swift, a former pupil, is now on active service with the London Regiment. We publish a letter from him in this issue. In one of his letters to his father he described how he, with some other soldiers, performed a bomb-throwing exploit. At the margin of the letter, against this description, the Censor had written these words: "Your boy and the others were splendid!" Well done, Edward!

Our Cadet Corps has now been recognised as a Junior O.T.C., and has been affiliated to the 6th Welsh. The officers and men have just had their photograph taken to adorn the columns of the "Glamorgan Gazette," in the current number of which there also appears an account of the work of the Corps.

Last term decided the fate of the two chief Hockey Contests—the Glamorgan Cup and the Schools' Shield. The former, alas! passed, for the time being, over to another team; the latter we keep for six months, as a result of 2 draws between Llandaff and ourselves. For the second six months the shield goes to Howell's School, Llandaff.

## EXTRACTS FROM SOLDIERS' LETTERS.

(1) From Second-Lieutenant SPENCER JAMES, Welsh Guards Depot, Caterham.

Whit-Tuesday.

We have been down here in Surrey for the past eleven weeks, and are having a glorious time. Our food and accommodation are excellent, and we have the finest instructors in the world, for they are N.C.O.'s who have transferred into the Welsh Guards from the Grenadiers.

Yesterday the Annual Sports of the Depot were held. They were open to all the Guards in Caterham (about 8,000). I entered for the High Jump with very faint hopes of any success, as I am so short compared with the average guardsman. There were 28 competitors, and when we had reached 5ft. 6in., there were only three of us left. One was the ex-champion of Ireland, another the N. of England champion, and the third a youngster from Bridgend County School. None of us could go beyond 5ft. 6in., and so we three shared the first prize.

Major Ingilly (the Commandant) shook hands with me, and said, "Dem good jump, kid!" The other two fellows were over 6ft. in height.

The Welsh Guards are doing very well down here. We have two football teams, which, so far, are undefeated; also three champion boxers, and a glee party.

The scenery about here is nothing short of beautiful. Every Saturday afternoon a few of us always go for a long ten mile stroll over the Downs, when we are invariably invited into some farms, where we get an excellent tea, usually followed by a couple of Welsh songs, which are highly appreciated.

I suppose the School is now busily preparing for the dreaded C.W.B. exams. The Sessional exams. are on this week in College, and it amuses me to think of the poor chaps swotting their heads off, while I am lying on my bed with a cigarette in my mouth, and with no worrying thoughts for the morrow.

I often feel that I would like to remain in the Army all my life; but I expect conditions are different in peace time, as there is nothing to look forward to in the form of Continental holidays, etc. Well, my rifle needs cleaning, so I must conclude.

(2) From Private EDWARD SWIFT, "Somewhere in France."

13th June.

Two days ago we took up our position in a new part of the line, and thought it was for the usual period of four days; but we were relieved after 24 hours. When we go to the trenches, each man carries as much of his own food as he can—not Army rations. I was carrying mine in a biscuit tin, and on reaching a certain point in the line I stumbled over my box. This produced sundry remarks from the soldiers who were being relieved, one remark being, "Hullo! Are you drunk?" Imagine my surprise on getting up to find it came—I think—from another B. County School scholar, by the name of Christie Davies, of Southerndown, whose brother Stanley I knew at School, and who is now in our Brigade.

During my last two periods in the trenches I have been with the Bomb-throwers on a listening post, which is generally at the end of a trench jutting out from our line towards the Germans. We have to be very still and watch through a loophole, and listen at night for the approach of the enemy, and so prevent a surprise attack. Should there be an attack we stand to the post and bomb them back until we are reinforced. Our post must not be left until we are relieved, and I might add it is trying work.

Last week I was greatly inspired whilst waiting in the darkness to relieve a Scottish regiment. We were standing in a small deserted town, under cover of the ruined Church; not a house stood intact.

Presently, in the distance, we could hear the steady step of troops coming from the trenches, headed by pipers playing subdued marches. They swung by us with a firm, steady step and a good swing of the kilt. Hardly a voice could be heard, except an occasional challenge, followed by the soldiers' greeting "Cheero!" and the name of the regiment, etc.

Our last position was on the edge of a hill, over-looking a beautiful valley gay with poppies and white flowers.

The enemy has ceased the offensive, and though we are not pushing them back very fast, we have the upper hand, and it can only be a matter of time before we get them on the run. In the trench we captured, two German letters were found, written last Christmas from one soldier to another. These speak of the "long-looked-for peace."

(3) From Trooper DONALD GRANT, "Somewhere in France."

June 20th, 1915.

Having heard that you have not had many letters from this side of the Channel, I thought perhaps that you might like a line from one of the old boys.

To begin with, I belong to a Territorial Cavalry Regiment (North Somerset Yeomanry), and I came out here about a month ago with a draft of some 70 men. The voyage across from Southampton started about 6 p.m., and was very unadventurous, nothing of any note happening. Of course, when darkness came on no lights of any sort were allowed to be shown, not even the striking of a match. Creeping along on either side, although hardly discernible, were two destroyers, which acted as escorts until we arrived safely at Le Havre, about midnight.

There we anchored until about 7 o'clock the next morning, when we proceeded up the river Seine to Rouen, where we arrived about 2.30 p.m. There we stayed at a Cavalry Base until the next evening, when we proceeded by train to join our regiment, which we did about 5 p.m. the next day, after having passed through miles of pretty country, which seemed to me to be more beautiful than ever, with the solemn stillness and the cloud of war which overhung everything.

The land around here is covered with crops, and when you see no one but women and a few old men working at them from sunrise until sunset, you begin to realise how wholly and thoroughly France has put her best into the field, and you cannot help thinking of the still crowded male population of England—thinking perhaps a little of this side, but doing absolutely nothing, because they have not yet been made to serve.

I am stationed now within a few miles of the front line trenches, and even as I write the artillery can be heard roaring away, sounding more like one continual clap of thunder than like instruments made by scientists to destroy armies.

So far I have not been into any Cavalry engagements, but hope to go soon, and with a bit of luck, take part in a Cavalry charge, after which I may wish myself back in England. But so far I am having a real holiday, or, at any rate, consider it as such. "Roughing it" is certainly a term to describe it, but it is a mild one.

Of course, we are still training hard, all day and every day, but look at it all in the light that every new move or parry with

the sword or bayonet we can learn, means one more chance for us and one against the Germans.

The living is not so very bad; of course bully beef and biscuits are the chief items.

We all sleep out in an open field, with our full kit alongside and our horses shackled down a few yards away, ready at any minute; aye! ready for anything!

Every success to your paper and the school.

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### A WHITE ROSE.

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A soft, cool breeze, just strong enough to make the dreaming trees respond faintly to its caresses; a brilliant moon, whose white radiance made even the myriad lights of Paris seem dim and pale; a far-away hum and jingle of vehicles, and the nearer sound of violins from a cafe concert—all these on a late summer evening, in 1890, created an atmosphere of romance around two young figures seated in the garden of the Tuileries. The maiden, dark-haired and slim, was a typical English girl of about twenty years of age, while her companion, evidently some years older, clearly showed his German origin in his features and the shape of his head.

Moved by the mystic charm for the night, for some time they had been silent. At last, turning to the girl, the man began to speak—in hurried under-tones—of the happy companionship they two had mutually enjoyed in the French capital; recalled memories of excursions to fair Versailles, walks along the wide and leafy avenues of St. Cloud, and their study of the dim and distant past in the monuments time had spared. He evidently spoke under the stress of strong emotion, and the girl listened with moist and tender eyes. At last, however, when his voice changed in tone and he began to speak of a future which, also, they might both share, his companion suddenly arose. "Let us go, Karl," she said; "forgive me for interrupting you, but you know you must not speak of that. Violet will be wondering where I am, and you have still tomorrow to say 'Good-bye.'" He followed the girl with reluctance, and they began to wend their way towards the Champs Elysees.

While passing through the Place de la Concorde, the girl stopped at the monument to the Lost Province, Alsace and Lorraine. "See!" she cried, "I will add a flower to those already heaped upon the statue!" So saying, she threw upon

it one of two white roses she was wearing. "You don't really mind, Karl, do you?" she asked; "I had forgotten for the moment that you were German." Knowing that all she might do or say could never arouse his anger, she grasped his arm, and pointed to the lighted city. "See!" she cried; "La ville lumiere! The city of wonderful magic! You spoke just now of the happy times we have had here together; and you have told me that anything you can grant me I may have." She looked at him questioningly, and he bent his head in mute acquiescence. "It is not right for me, a mere art student, to marry you, as you have desired, and well I know your relatives would never consent to such a mesalliance, which would bring misery to us both. Stop! let me continue," she cried passionately, as he made an eager gesture of dissent, and began to speak. "I wish to speak now of the promise you made me. The French dream of revenge for the wrong that in 1870 you did them, but it will continue only a dream until your nation quickens it into reality. Your people, Karl, are energetic, and are daily growing more powerful. They are emboldened by their past successes. Their ambitions will grow, and will perhaps embrace the whole world. You yourself have the keen intellect of a soldier race, and this, with the help of your powerful relatives, will one day most probably give you a position high in the military world. They say that women sometimes have strange intuition. Perhaps some day you yourself will, with a great army, be thundering at the gates of Paris, and our beautiful city of dreams will become mere heaps of smouldering ashes and ruins. If that time should ever come, will you promise to spare Paris, our Paris, Karl?"

She paused. He, pointing to the other white rose on her breast, said, with white set face and tones passionate as her own, "That other rose, Cicely, for me. Give it to me, as a pledge that you will trust me to do what you have asked." And taking the rose gently from her hand, he continued: "I do not think that day you mention will ever come. I have hopes of doing my utmost as a soldier for the sake of my country, but I feel sure, in spite of the past, that the enmity between France and Germany will ultimately die down." So saying, he moved on by her side, and soon they came within sight of the modest appartement which Cicely Manners shared with another art student. Here Karl left her, both with hearts too full for words, for tomorrow was coming, the fateful day which was to see the parting of their ways.

### CHAPTER II.

It is twenty-five years later. Our scene is laid again in Paris, but what different sights and sounds we see and hear!

Cicely's prophecy has come to pass. Germany had pounced on France, whose preparations for revenge were still incomplete. Northern France lay writhing under the iron heel of a ruthless conqueror, whose army was now marching, ever marching, irresistibly on towards the French Capital. No forts seemed strong enough to resist the terrific force of the German artillery, and the French Army was gradually retreating, after terrible and most disheartening encounters, ever back towards Paris. In the city preparations went on all day and night to resist a formidable enemy. Streams of fugitives kept pouring out of the gates at one quarter, and filled the roads to the West, while from the East, there filed in steady streams of refugees from districts devastated by the pitiless Germans, and processions of wounded soldiers; while there was a constant rumbling of gun-carriages and motor vehicles of all sorts. Day after day the situation grew worse. Encouraged by success, the Germans pushed steadily on towards their goal, until, in the month of \_\_\_\_\_, it seemed as if they would, in Cicely's words, be soon "thundering at the gates of Paris."

General \_\_\_\_\_, the German Commander of the advancing army, though a comparatively young man, had a great reputation for military ability in his own country, and was worshipped by his soldiers, in whom he took a personal and genuine interest. Let us glance at him while he interviews a number of his staff. We see a tall, fair-haired man of between 40 and 50 years, with eagle eyes and stern, unimpassioned expression. But as we look, we seem to be gazing at a face known long ago, with the eager light of youth upon it, and eyes, ardent with passionate affection, fixed upon the face of Cicely Manners. This is the man to whom we saw Cicely giving the white rose, the pledge of a trust which the lapse of busy and crowded years has haply made him forget.

The General is now, however, engaging the attention of his Staff by orders to push on in a certain direction. Soon he is on the move, and is being cautiously driven along in his car. Tirelessly he travels about all the day, and in the evening proceeds for rest and refreshment to a house where preparations had been made for his coming. This proved to be a small chateau off the high road, set amid wide spreading gardens, and here, in this retreat, except for the thunder of the distant guns, war seemed to be non-existent. "Who lives here?" enquired the General of one of his aides who came to help him alight. "Madame de Chartres," was the answer. "She says, my General, that she once had the pleasure of knowing you, and would like to talk to you after you have dined. She refused to leave the chateau, and is here still with her children." "Madame de Chartres,"

mused the General. "I do not know the name. However, I will see her if she wishes it," he added, and then changed the subject to speak of the day's events.

After dinner, the General paced alone in moody thought up and down the terrace. It was a mild evening, lighted with the rays of the full moon, and the air was faintly scented with the perfume of autumn flowers and a few late-blooming roses. Who can tell the soldier's thoughts as he paced up and down? Perhaps they were of his home in far Prussia, of his wife and daughters—he had no son; perhaps of the contrast presented by this charming garden with the conditions prevailing in the once fair country through which his army had passed; perhaps of the sad fate in store for Paris. Suddenly there appeared a *bonne*, who advanced towards with awe, and announced that her mistress would like to see him. He followed the girl back through the low window into the dining room, through a few more rooms and a corridor, and out again into another part of the garden, more secluded than that which he had just left, and there the maid departed. On looking around him the General perceived the figure of a young girl, who was advancing towards him with a timid but serious and dignified air. As she came near and the rays of the moon shone full upon her face, the General gasped out, "Cicely!" This was a ghost from the past, he thought; then, recovering himself, saw that it was no ghost, but the living, breathing reality of a young girl, very like the Cicely of long ago, but with an elusive difference. "Who are you, child?" he questioned, coming nearer to her and gazing down at her from his great height. Then he saw that she was holding out to him a white rose. "My mother is very sorry," she said in English, "that she feels too ill to see you herself. She sends to you her compliments, and asks you to accept this white rose in memory of the friendship you once had for her long ago in Paris. By it she wishes to call to your memory the promise you made her then." The General stooped and took the rose from the girl's fingers, which he kissed. "I will ask you to take a message to your mother," he said, "but first, my child, let me ask you some questions." In a few minutes he had gathered that the Cicely Manners he once knew had, in course of time, married a Frenchman and had lived for many years in this charming house. Although the people from the neighbourhood had fled at the approach of the Germans, she had refused to leave her home, and, discovering the name of the German General, had determined to make an appeal to him personally on behalf of her beloved Paris.

"Tell your mother," said the General at last, "that I shall do my best to fulfil my promise." And after a few more words,

he was left alone, wrapt in thoughts of the past. Old and sweet memories surged into his mind; he remembered himself as he was in those joyous days in Paris; the boyish ambitions of a magnanimous and generous mind and the love of a by-gone day. He even remembered his words to Cicely—that he would do all in his power to serve his country. If he devastated Paris, the fairest city in Europe, would it not be an everlasting shame to his race and a disgrace to his own honour? Enough misery had been wrought in other cities. Could he not emulate Hannibal at the gates of Rome, and spare Paris even as the Carthaginian had spared another great city? At last his face softened with a generous resolution, and after gazing tenderly at the white rose, he laid it inside his soldier's coat and went inside the house.

In a few days France breathed again. The German Army, after approaching to within a short distance of Paris, suddenly wheeled and marched past the city, taking another direction, and we all know the story of its retreat and the Battle of the Marne.

People have striven to find an explanation for this remarkable change in a General's policy, for his "mistake," so they call it, in strategy, but no one will ever know how much the civilised world owes to a White Rose.

ADA B. BURNETT.

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### A PRISONER OF WAR.

A SERIAL STORY.—BY FRED DANIEL.

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#### Part II.

Of course, Billy did go to camp; his father saw to that, and it passed off better than he expected. Besides, he could now understand something about the drill, and jump to orders in the true military style. Discipline had smartened him up a trifle, and Braithwaite was in a better temper.

When he was put on brigade-guard one night, Billy began to feel he was growing up. He marched up with the other fellows without a grumble. He had a gun, which would really fire, and he as no longer gun-shy. And then he had to mount guard at midnight! There was no need to rouse him, for none of the guard had tried to sleep.

Billy was marched off by the Corporal on duty, who told him not to sleep at his post, if he valued his life.

There was no moon, and the starlight made strange shapes and shadows, half visible, and tricked the eyes with ghostly visions.

As the Corporal marched off Billy suddenly felt very lonely. When in the guard-room, with the candle lit and all the fellows round him, it was nothing like standing outside in the semi-darkness and thinking he saw moving objects in the wood near by. Te-whit! Supposing it was a gipsy whistling, who, when he came past, would think it nothing to strike Billy across the head with anything near. To try and take away these thoughts, Billy walked up and down the fifty yards of his beat, rifle at the slope. His heart beat a little faster as he marched, for he was only 15, and darkness always has terrors for the solitary, especially near a wood.

Ah-h-h! What was that?

Billy stopped dead as a clanking noise came down the road. A moment of suspense, and then dead certainty. It was a man on horseback. Billy quavered a challenge, as the horse drew near, and to his intense relief the man took no notice. He would have laughed if he had known it was only the doctor returning from his nightly rounds.

Presently his ears caught the sound of footsteps coming up the road. All fears of burglars, cut-throats, and tramps returned, and he longed to challenge and wait for the countersign, which was "Salamanca," without which no one was to pass.

She steps came closer, and it was only a man after all. Billy gasped silently, brought his rifle down to the "Engage," and said: "Halt! Who comes there?" The man said "Friend," and Billy felt great relief when he recognised the voice of Patterson. He almost said, "Pass friend; all's well," but he remembered in the nick of time, and said stoutly, "Stand, friend, and give the countersign." Then he waited for the word, "Salamanca," but there was silence.

Patterson, as a fact, had forgotten the counter-sign. He had been busy all day, inspecting ground for the morrow's manœuvres, and he racked his brain to no purpose now, for the word had completely slipped his memory.

"I've forgotten the counter-sign, Forbes," he said, walking forward; "that will be all right."

Billy hesitated, but as it seemed ridiculous to hold up his own C.O., he said, "Pass friend! All's well!" and the friend passed.

But within five minutes up came the Corporal and a file of men. One took Billy's place; the others marched Billy off. Billy was surprised to find so early a relief, and expressed his surprise to one of the file, who said: "Shut up, you are going to catch it."

The guard-tent was lighted by two candles, and the Corporal saluted, and left Billy facing Patterson.

"You let a man pass without giving the counter-sign just now?" began Patterson abruptly.

"Yes sir," said Billy; "I knew it was you, so I thought it would be all right."

"You had no business to think, even if it were the king; you should have marched him up here or called out the guard. Go back now, but remember in future, for your own sake and for the credit of the corps."

"To my post, sir?" asked Billy.

"Certainly not; you've failed once for to-night. Let him go to bed now; that's the best place for an idiot." So Billy crept miserably to his mattress and lay down, bitterness at his heart.

Billy made friends with Coulter, who tried to help Billy up the ladder, and after the camp, Billy was heard to tell Adams, another friend of his: "Ripping weather, bathing, and chaps, and a ripping O.C."

"Oh, yes! Coulter's A1; much better than Patterson."

(By this time Patterson had obtained the promotion long sought, and Coulter had succeeded to the Captaincy.)

Again another year passed, and summer again. This year a great field day was to be held. There was to be over three units of over a thousand fighting men from Dipcote, and about eight other schools. The armies were: Red for attacking forces (among which was Dipcote), and Blue for defending forces.

One day in June the field day was held, and while the battle was in progress the defending forces were under the command of no less a personage than Mr. Patterson, and the attacking under the command of a stranger, one Captain Soames.

Billy was scout, and with rifle at trail, and keeping well in cover of the hedge, he moved off cautiously on his scouting mission. Five minutes brought him to the end of the hedge,

where there was no sight of the enemy. He then crossed a small field on his stomach, and came across a cart of hay. On this Billy had a lift on the off side, and when he was near enough, as he thought, he jumped off, and made his way among some bushy ferns, but still lying low. Looking out he saw the Blue scouts going out at the command of Mr. Patterson. Bill waited till they had gone; then, pointing his rifle at Mr. Paterson, Billy said, "Sir, you're my prisoner!" Patterson turned round with a start, "Eh, what?" said Patterson; "nonsense, nonsense; you have no right here." "Isn't he my prisoner of war, sir?" said Billy now turning to the umpire who was near, and standing up at the same time (for if one of the Blue Scouts now saw him, they would think he was a Blue Scout reporting to the Commander). "Isn't he my prisoner, sir?"

"Yes, I'm afraid he is right, Patterson," said the umpire, "your scouts haven't been sharp enough."

Patterson was sensible enough to accept the situation, but did not want to be marched in, so gave his word of honour to take no further part in the operations.

"It won't do, sir," said Billy respectfully; "but you won't give it away, because all will be confusion when they have no one to report to," said Billy to the umpire.

"Certainly not; it is real war, Colonel Patterson," said the umpire.

Later on, when all the Blue Army was in utter confusion, Billy led into the presence of Captain Soames a tired Colonel. He (Billy) was only a Corporal, but he was made a hero that night, and when telling his friend Adams, he said, "You should have seen his face! Thank goodness I was made to join the corps!"

THE END.

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### A HALF HOLIDAY.

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It was a bright, calm day in early summer, one of those rare golden days, which, occurring early in the season, lead one to believe optimistically that Nature is going to be prodigal with summer delights. On this June morning, four boys were wending their way, seemingly very unwillingly, to school, for, lagging behind the other boys, who were walking briskly through the streets in the direction of the Minerva Grammar School, they kept looking reluctantly back at the country fields and lanes from whose direction they had come.

"What a day for a 'half!'" ejaculated one of the four; and he evidently voiced the opinion of the rest, for they hastily began to devise various means for securing the desired privilege.

"We haven't had a 'half' for a long time," grumbled a tall, dark indolent-looking boy by the name of Jones, who was known to his friends as Cræsus, as he always seemed flush of pocket-money. "This is the jolliest term of the year," he continued, "and there's really no excuse for a 'half': no hockey or football wins, and those beastly exams. coming off soon!"

"No; I don't think we have any chance of a 'half,'" spoke up Brown, a plump, red-haired boy, known to his friends as "Carrots." He looked longly up at the serene blue sky, and an inspiration suddenly seized him. "Look here, you chaps," he cried; "let's chance it, and cut off before dinner. It's a glorious day for a swim. We'll go to the Marsh Pool and enjoy ourselves, while the other fellows are swotting in those stuffy class-rooms." The faces of the others, first dubious as to his suggestion, lightened up as they gradually lent themselves to his proposal. "I'll stand treat with the lunch," said Cræsus; "I've got some cash, and we'll have a tasty feed." "What if we are found out?" he continued; "we'll take our punishment. Perhaps it will be worth it," he added philosophically.

Little attention was paid that morning to their work by the four would-be truants. Longingly did they think of the time when they would lave themselves in the refreshing waters of the pool and lounge on its grassy banks.

As soon as the last morning school bell had been rung, they rushed off as quickly as possible, and made their way, unsuspected by any, to the town. There they visited the store, where Cræsus generously laid out his money on a tin of tongue, a tin of salmon, a pound of butter, and bottles of lemonade. Then on to a pastrycook's, where they bought bags of rolls and jam tarts.

Laten with the spoil, they proceeded slowly in the direction of the pool, and after a two-mile walk in the hot sun, were glad to sit down on the grass and begin their tasty meal. They opened the tins with the tin-opener in Brown's scout-knife, and soon all the provisions had disappeared. One of the boys, called Jeremiah Smith, familiarly known as Jerry, gave it as his opinion that bathing ought not to be indulged in directly after a meal; that he had his brother's authority for his statement, and that as his brother was studying to be a doctor, he ought to know. But as Jerry was universally looked upon as a shirker of any activity, whether mental or physical, he was jeered at by the others, who were eager to be in the water at

once, and he was made to undress and enter the pool with them.

Stanley Davies, known as Zulu because of his shock of coarse, dark hair, which he wore unduly long, and which stuck out round his head in a very untidy fashion, was an expert swimmer, and after having given his friends an energetic display of fancy strokes in the water, devoted himself to giving them the benefit of his experience in the art of natation.

After they had been in the water about twenty minutes, Zulu noticed that Cræsus was looking rather ghastly, and advised him to go out for a bit. "Well, perhaps I'd better," meekly assented his friend; "I'm feeling a bit queer." Thereupon he departed to the bank and lay down. In a very few minutes Carrots and Jerry were seized in the same way, and departed to the bank, where they stretched themselves out in a recumbent position.

"Look here, you chaps!" cried Zulu, going up to them; "what's the matter with you? Buck up! How do you feel?"

Brown tried to rise, but could not. "O Zulu," he cried; "I feel so ill; I think I'm going to die." "And me, too," ungrammatically groaned the other two as they writhed upon the grass. "Do go and fetch the doctor; that's a good chap," one of them cried.

"Doctor!" ejaculated Zulu; "how on earth could I get a doctor to come here, and where can I get one nearer than Budham? And I don't feel particularly fit myself." For now poor Zulu himself began to feel queer. The earth reeled away from him, acute pain seized him, and down he sank upon the grass.

There the four runaways lay and writhed, and what would have happened had help not been near at hand we dare not think. But soon the sound of wheels was heard approaching, and the merry voices of boys became more and more distinct. None of the four, however, could get up to see what succour could be obtained, but they raised feeble voices in cries of "Help! Help!"

"What is the matter, and who is here?" queried a manly voice, and before the four boys, miserably stretched out on the grass, appeared one of the masters from the school and about twenty boys, who gaped and uttered cries of wonderment at the sight which met their eyes. "What on earth are you doing here, and what has happened?" asked Mr. Zealous; "we wondered why you were all not at roll-call this afternoon before we dismissed for the 'half.'" So there had been a "half" after all, but in their misery they did not care to wonder at the reason for the holiday, Cræsus, however, managed, between intervals of pain, to tell how he and his companions had come to

that spot and had their lunch, and how afterwards they had been taken ill when in the water.

"What did you have for lunch?" asked the master, and his face looked very serious when he found that the boys had entered the water directly after they had devoured such indigestible articles of food. "Can you walk?" he asked. "We'll try, sir," was their answer; but they had to be helped into their clothes by the new-comers. "We'll send you back in the brake these boys came in," said Mr. Zealous; "and it will take you to the hospital, where they will be able to do something for you. I'll come, too," he added; "Mr. Dowell will stay with the other chaps."

The sufferers duly arrived at the hospital, where they were detained, the doctor thinking it probable some of the tinned stuff had been unfit to eat, and its effects had been aggravated. They remained at the hospital for several days, and when better were visited by their Head, who, thinking they had been punished enough already for their escapade, let them off with a mild lecture. "It is a pity, my lads," he concluded, "that you took the responsibility of a 'half' upon yourselves, for on that very day just before roll-call, we had a wire from Mr. Samson to say he had been offered a Commission, and since it was a nice fine day we thought it a good opportunity of giving our scholars a half-holiday."

A.B.B.

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### O. T. C.

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Since the last issue of the "Ogmorian" our Cadet Corps has made a great stride forward; the members are well on the way of becoming highly efficient.

Uniforms have been given to all, hence there is a great deal of keenness pervading the whole movement, and so far there has not been any cause for complaint, for, presumably, the Cadets—N.C.O.'s also—are beginning to find it much easier to be alert than otherwise. Now that the uniforms are being worn, every Saturday is devoted to route marches, and recently these marches have developed into outpost and picket duty.

Praise is here due to the section commanders for the masterful way in which they handle their troupe; also to the Cadets, who quickly take up their positions and silently act on the commands given them. So far, these outpost manoeuvres have been very successful, and it is to be hoped that they will

continue to be so. It will be seen, then, that the O.T.C. is trained under strict military rules, which are at the present time appreciated by all.

Various lectures have been attended by the company—lectures which have been given by the Adjutant (Lieut. Yarrow), on map-reading, range-finding, and sighting. But, above all else, the Cadets have had a turn at trench digging. Tools were procured from the Yeomanry, who kindly gave them us for the occasion. Trench digging is, to the O.T.C. so far, a novel experience, but all members peg away at it quite worthily.

A vast improvement has been noticed amongst the Cadets lately, and it is to be hoped that all they have acquired will be beneficial to them in after years. The younger ones already show signs of becoming "military geniuses." They are fortunate in having as their model a sergeant with so military a bearing and so adequate a vocabulary as Ieuan Hughes.

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### 1st and 2nd BRIDGEND COMPANY GIRL GUIDES.

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A meeting of the senior girls was held last term, when it was decided to form a School Company of Girl Guides. As a result, sixty girls were enrolled, forming two Companies. The members of the Staff are all kindly helping, and the following officers have been appointed:—

First Company: Captain, Miss Brewis; Lieutenant, Miss Morris Jones.

Second Company: Captain, Miss Marson; Lieutenants, Miss Davies, Miss Chapman.

The Guides are enthusiastic and work well, often giving up tennis and other pleasures to attend drills and practices.

An examination was held on June 19th, when thirty-three girls passed their second class Guide test. For this it is necessary to know the laws of the Guides, the Morse code, how to stop bleeding, and bind a broken leg; how to light a fire and make a bed, and to cut out and make a signal flag. The examiners were Mr. Treadgold, of the Post Office, and Mrs. L. Lloyd. Both spoke very highly of the work done by the girls. Mr. Treadgold said only one mistake had been made in the whole Company, while Mrs. Lloyd said the girls worked with neatness and dispatch.

A pleasant evening was spent on Wednesday, June 23rd, in the Gymnasium. The town Companies, with their officers,

arrived about 5.30 to spend the evening with the School Guides. Twelve girls, under the instruction of May Shakespeare, gave a short display of Swedish drill, and several girls sang and recited. After this the visiting Guides held a jumping competition. The town girls have invited the School Guides to return the visit after the C.W.B. examinations are over.

O. R. BREWIS and J. MARSON, Capts.

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### THE DANCE OF THE POPLAR LEAVES.

When eyes are tight closed and the ears not at strain,  
Comes a sound like the quick, steady dropping of rain;  
Open eyes! All is sunshine; birds merrily sing;  
'Tis the poplar leaves dancing  
On their branches afloat.

The air rings with music, from birds and from bees;  
Refreshments galore on the fruit-laden trees;  
The flowers grace the banquet with colouring rare,  
And the poplar leaves, dancing,  
Look on everything fair.

Modest shadowy greys flirt with silvery greens,  
While round them and o'er them the pleasant sun gleams,  
But they stop off their dancing, at intervals, see!  
Do they think of the winter,  
For the dancing, the fee?

A.B.B.

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### OLD BOYS' SERVICE ROLL.

Charlie James, R.A.M.C.  
Herbert Radcliffe, Glamorgan Yeomanry.  
Percy Harris.  
Emrys John.  
Donald Grant, North Somerset Yeomanry.  
F. W. Burnett, Canadians 3rd Division.  
Edward Swift, London Regiment.  
Emrys Roberts, R.F.A.  
Captain Dan Thomas, 18th Welsh.  
Dan Gregory, Royal Welsh.  
Stanley Summers, Royal Naval Flying Corps.

George Ley, R.G.A.  
James Board, Commission A.S.R.  
Cyril Lloyd, Commission A.S.R.  
David James, 3rd Gloucesters.  
Victor Skinner, R.A.M.C.  
Bryn Hughes.

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### OUR ORCHESTRA.

Amongst the many new institutions founded this term, not the least flourishing is our Orchestra. It found its beginning on St. David's Day, when we were all looking out for ways and means of entertaining one another.

A meeting was called, and to our surprise we found we had a "String Band" in School lying idle.

Ever since, every Saturday morning, you might have heard weird sounds proceeding from the "Gym."

The Summer Term is not the best for our work, but we have already been very busy. Our latest are: "Zampa," "The Oak and the Ash," "March in Scipio," etc.

Idwal Lewis acts as librarian, and Mr. Bevan wields the baton. Our one difficulty is that we have quite a lot of "string," but not enough "wind." There is room also for double-bass and cello.

NANCY JONES, Secretary.

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### LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS.

Vendredi le onze juin, M. Delvigne a fait devant le cercle français une conférence au sujet de "la Belgique" sous "la botte Teutonne." Il nous a vivement intéressés.

A la fin de la conférence la secrétaire a remercié M. Delvigne de la part du cercle français de sa conférence qui était beaucoup appréciée par les membres du cercle.

HILDA M. DAVIES,

Hon. Sec.

## OBITER DICTA.

Who were the following boys?

He who said, "I heated the heater until it boiled"

He who, when asked why he had not yet bought his text-book, replied: "I am afraid to go into the shop; there is a girl my size there"

He who wrote: "Edward II. died in 1327, and fought a battle in 1328"

He of the O.T.C. who paid 5/6 for a special pair of putties

He who said he would rather dig clay than solve equations

Who was responsible for the following:

"Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village' was written by Grey. The decayed state of the poem was due to the village being under one landlord"?

Who was the Fifth Form girl who said, "I have rubbed the elbow off my skin"?

Is it true that the most enthusiastic boys for summer labour are those who have never seen a "shade or a sign" of a pick and shovel?

Who is the senior boy who made Milton the author of the following:

"Letters from a Gladstone mind"  
("Let us with a gladsome mind")?

Who is the P.T. who met with this: "To germinate is to become a naturalised German"?

And this:

"The people of India are divided into casts and outcasts"?

Pupil Teachers have many compositions to mark. The following is a sentence taken from Standard IV.:

"Charles I. was going to marry the Infanta of Spain; he went to see her, and Shakespeare says he never smiled again"?

Casper: "Here lies one whose name is writ in water."  
(Keats).

R.R.: "Thy voice is a celestial melody" (Longfellow).

Cefn: "What a beard thou hast! Thou hast more hair on thy chin than Dobbin, my horse, has on his tail" (Shakes).

DUO.

"Familiar Quotations Applied."

D.C.D.: "O bed! O Bed! Delicious Bed!  
That heaven upon earth to the weary head."  
(Hood).

H.G.: "Gluttony kills more than the sword" (Herbert).

C.T.: "The word impossible is not in my vocab." (Proverb).

LOL: "I chatter, chatter as I flow" (Tennyson).

Whilst having a test about Africa, who said Livingstone founded Lake Niagra?

In a recent examination, the two following essays were written by boys of 13:

(a) Henry VIII.

Henry VIII. was King of England, and the greatest widower that never was. He was born at a place called Annie Domino, and he had three hundred and fifty wives. The first was beheaded and then executed; the second was revoked, and the third died. He then married Ann Bulletin. Henry VIII. was succeeded to the throne by his grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes called the Lady of the Lake, or the Lay of the Last Minstrel. He was buried in Westminster Abbey by the Archbishop of York.

(b) The Cannimal (Camel).

The cannimal is a sheep of the desert. It is called a bacteria, because it has a hump on its back. The cannimal is very patient, and will lie down and die without a groan, but when it is angry it gets its back up, and shows its hump. The shepherds of cannimals are called Arabs. When they live in town they are called Street Arabs. The cannimal drinks a lot of water before it begins a journey; these are called Acquiducks. Those that cannot carry enough are called inebrates.

A pupil who put something under "Obiter Dicta" in the April Magazine is still waiting for his Easter egg.

Whose book in Science Class required a telescope to read it and to examine the drawing?

Someone said that Moses bound Samson. His knowledge of Biblical history is not very good.

Who is the Sixth Form girl who does not know the difference between a haycock and a sheep?

Which master has been taking lessons in sewing and bed-making? Which is the right side of a blanket?

Missing from the pantry: Some corned beef and potatoes! Rumour has it that the head boy is responsible for it. How far is it true?

One of the N.C.O.'s makes it a practice not to clean the buttons on his cap. Is it because he thinks he is too tall for them to be seen?

What boy owned he was a "girl-squeezer"?

#### Songs and Their Singers.

"Some talk of Alexander" (C - n - - e T - - m a s).

"P.C. 49" (Br - nl - y G - lb - - t).

"All the girls are after me,

They won't leave me alone" (I - - - n H - gh - s).

"My uncle's so particular with me" (E - - - h Sp - - ks).

"With my little pick and shovel in my hand"

(C - d - - or D - v - - s.)

"I pine for thee through all the joyless day,  
Through the long night I pine" (E - - d D - v - - s).

"Round about the town

I've gained some renown" (J - n - et J - - - s).

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#### TENNIS.

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Captain, May Shakespeare; Vice-Captain, Queenie Griffin.

Four matches have been played. The first, against Cowbridge School, resulted in a narrow win for Cowbridge by two events all, and 40 games to 37 games. The second, against Barry, was won by the School by 5 events to 2, and 2 not played. The third, with Newbridge Fields Club, was drawn, 4 events all, the event not played being the School first couple against the Town third couple. The fourth, against Parkfield Club, was lost by the School, no event to 9 events. The team representing the School consisted of: May Shakespeare and Queenie Griffin; Dilys Thomas and Gladys Williams; Connie Thomas and Connie Walters; and Eva Hicks, who was unable to play in some matches, but who is one of the School's most promising players.

The annual tournament is not finished, but the entries were numerous, and some good tennis has been played.

May Shakespeare (captain) has an easy style, and hits well; she should learn to place more.

Queenie Griffin (vice-captain) will make a good player. She is inclined to get too near the ball.

Dilys Thomas has very good style, but is rather careless and erratic.

Gladys Williams is also erratic, but plays well at times, and is improving.

Connie Thomas has come on quickly.

Connie Walters is very steady.

Eva Hicks should play a really good game with practice.

O. R. BREWIS.

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#### CRICKET.

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Only two matches have been yet played without outside teams. They were School v. Barry County School, and School v. Angelton Asylum.

School v. Barry: This was a very enjoyable match, and resulted in a win for Barry, probably owing to its being the School's first match.

School v. Asylum: This match was played at Angelton grounds, and resulted in a very pleasant game, School winning by 30 runs.

#### COLOUR MATCHES.

Four Colour Matches have been played. They were:

Red v. Green.

Blue v. White.

White v. Green.

Red v. Blue.

The Greens on both occasions beat their opponents.

The Blue v White match resulted in a win for the White; while the match Red v. Blue resulted in a draw, stumps having to be drawn.

#### COLOUR CAPTAINS AND VICE-CAPTAINS.

Green: Captain, W. R. Davies; Vice-captain, D. M. Jones.

Red: Captain, A. Cunningham; Vice-captain, J. T. Hughes.

Blue: Captain, Cad. Davies; Vice-captain; Rhys Thomas.

White: Captain, Sel. Price; Vice-captain, Alec Davies.  
School Team: Captain, W. R. Davies; Vice-captain, Alec Davies.

All should be complimented on their care of the material. Less material has been lost this term than during any other Cricket season.

J. T. HUGHES, Secretary.

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### SWIMMING CLUB.

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With the arrival of this, the Summer Term, the Swimming Club again sprang into being, and at present the membership is 48.

A meeting of "swimmers" was held early in the term, and H. Jones, Rhys Thomas, and S. Lines were elected Captain, Vice-captain, and secretary respectively. The Staff representatives are Mr. Sly and Mr. Bevan, and both are keen members.

The money obtained from the School Sports Fund made the hiring of brakes possible, and so the disadvantages of walking two miles to Ewenny, where the bathing is held, have been overcome.

The aim of the Club is to make its members proficient in the arts of swimming and diving, and, by so doing, to increase the enjoyment of camp life and to make boating possible. With the above intention the following have been taken: (1) Live-saving (by Mr. Bevan); (2) Swimming whilst clothed (by Mr. Sly); (3) Diving (by H. Jones, maj.); and Stroke-Swimming (by Rhys Thomas).

Arrangements have been made for Colour-racing, relay-racing, etc.

The weather up to the time of writing has been exceedingly favourable, and it is hoped that it will continue so to the end of the term.

S. LINES, Secretary.