

No. 10.

MEMORIAN

April



G. Davis

The Ogmorian.

The Bridgend County School Magazine.

No. 10.

APRIL, 1915.

FOURPENCE.

EDITORIAL.

“If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?” sang Shelley. And now Spring is here, to most people the most enjoyable season of the year, when the call of Nature is most insistent, and when buds and birds and beasts rejoice in the promise of the sun. Then man feels most keenly that “Much study is a weariness unto the flesh,” and longs to roam over the hills and far away, along the winding road which seems to beckon him into a mysterious and elusive world of romance and freedom.

We hope that this number of the School Magazine will prove a very acceptable “Easter Egg.” At the same time, we appeal for as strong a financial support as possible, in order that the issue of the Magazine may be successfully maintained. If all subscribers would kindly pay for their Magazines within a week of publication, there would be a sum left over which could be devoted to subsequent improvement. Every single fourpence helps. We should also welcome any suggestions for improvement in any direction. It is impossible with our limited circulation to hope to rival such Magazines as may be bought at the Railway Bookstall for the same sum. Moreover, the chief merit of a School Magazine must be found in the way it reflects the different activities that go to make up the corporate life of a School, and illustrates the talents of the members. In years to come treasured copies of your own School Magazine will revive many sweet memories of friendships once cherished, of games in which you yourself played or spurred on the players; and many jolly gatherings in which you took part, either as a performer or as one of a delighted audience.

SCHOOL GOSSIP.

Interesting news from our soldiers continues to reach us. Sergeant-Major Ward is now Second-Lieutenant in the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. Mr. Hesling has been appointed Regimental Transport Officer—a post which involves great responsibility, arduous work, and talent for organisation. Mr. Edward Davies, too, has been gazetted Lieutenant. Our heartiest congratulations and best wishes to all three.

Mr. Idloes Jones and Mr. Steve Jenkins have now left their billets, and live in a "little wooden hut" in Woodcote Park. We hear that their present abode furnishes them excellent practice in the noble art of housewifery. They are in good health and spirits, and have performed long distance marches with the rest of their platoon, in record time, marching at one time $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 1 hour 25 minutes, while carrying rifles and full equipment. Members of the O.T.C., please note!

We regret that pressure upon our space does not permit publication of an account of the School Party, which was, needless to say, heartily enjoyed by all present. Miss Brewis, the organiser of the happy evening, and the girls who contributed musical items and recitations, are to be thanked for a most pleasant time.

Some of our girls have very kindly and thoughtfully continued their activities as knitters, and, from wool supplied, have made some very nice pairs of socks, some of which will most probably travel to the front shortly with their wearers. If any girls would like to continue the good work, would they please give in their names to Miss Burnett?

Some very exciting paper-chases have taken place this term. Who made the best running in each?

Miss Phillips is to be congratulated on the substantial results of the performances of "As You Like It," which were enjoyed by all members of the several audiences. The sum of over £10 was realised, and was divided between the two War Relief Funds.

We call attention to the offer of a Prize of 5/- for the best School Song, with or without music, and hope that we shall have several entries: We publish two in this number, and hope for more for the next. Efforts should be short and capable of being set to music.

A modest exterior often hides a heroic spirit. The School feels proud of Selwyn Price's brave attempt in trying to rescue a girl from drowning at Porthcawl a few weeks ago. Although the rescue was, unhappily, not effected, Price's act is none the less highly commendable, as there was a very rough sea at the time, and he incurred considerable risk.

It seems that the 9th Service Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers, in which are Mr. Hesling and Mr. Edward Davies, will go to the Front very shortly. At the time of going to press the Regiment is setting out on a three days' march, for which Mr. Hesling has to superintend the whole of the transport arrangements. The transport animals include a large number of mules, which are often very troublesome to manage.

An Officers' Training Corps has been formed in connection with the School, and about forty boys have joined. They all prove very enthusiastic recruits, and drilling is proceeding vigorously. Now there is a talk of a Corps of Girl Guides for the other side of the School. We are in hearty agreement with both movements, not because of any connection with the war, but anything which tends to produce Esprit de Corps, and which offers a wholesome outlet for the restless activity of the young body and brain, can produce only good results, not only for the individual members, but for the whole School.

Our readers will note that two Games Prizes were given on the Girls' side at Christmas. Usually the Games Prize has been given to the Captain of the Hockey Team, and following this generally unbroken precedent, the Games Prize fell to the lot of Gwen Lewis, who had been the popular Captain the season before. A Special Games Prize was awarded to Eva Hicks, who, besides being the best player in the team, had done everything in her power for its interests. Eva is now Captain of the Team.

It is certainly a novelty to attend a Concert at 9.30 a.m., but that is what we all did this year on March 1st, to celebrate St. David's Day. And a very good concert it was! The Welsh Chorus, under the direction of Mr. Bevan, were very sweet, but the "hit" of the morning was the Welsh Recitation by Obed. Thomas. It was a pleasure to listen to anyone speaking so clearly and distinctly and without displaying a decided talent for dramatic expression. We had a holiday in the afternoon. Three cheers for St. David!

ANNUAL PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

On December 16th, 1914, there took place at the Town Hall, Bridgend, the annual Distribution of Prizes and Certificates to those Scholars who had been fortunate enough to secure a tangible reward for their work. Mrs. Rankin distributed these to the Girls, and Mr. S. H. Stockwood (the Chairman of the Governors) to the Boys. In his speech, the Headmaster, Mr. Rankin, referred to the absence of the four members of the Staff who had nobly enlisted at the call of duty, and to whose return we were all looking forward.

Appended is a list of Prizes and C.W.B. Certificates:

BOYS' PRIZES.

Senior.—Tom Anthony, Welsh; Albert Cunningham, Drawing; Wm. Davies, History, French, Chemistry; William Bryn Davies, English Language and Mathematics; William Rhys Davies, French; Daniel M. Jones, Latin; Foster Jones, Chemistry; Rhys Thomas, Geography.

Junior.—Fred Coles, French; Arthur Davies, English, Welsh, and Geography; Dan Davies, Chemistry; William M. Jones, Mathematics; William Jones, Woodwork; Anthony Lewis, English, Latin, and Chemistry; R. Protheroe, Drawing.

CERTIFICATES.

Supplementary Senior Certificates: H. Bartlett, David John Harries, Alf. Jury, Effie Morgans, Alb. Sparks.

Senior Certificates: Reggie Abel, Tom Anthony, Alec Davies, William Bryn Davies, William Rhys Davies, Dan M. Jones, William H. Jones.

Junior: Fred Coles, Arthur Ll. Davies, Dan Thomas Davies, Lewis H. Jones, William M. Jones, Anthony Lewis, David John Lewis, Gwilym A. Lewis, Idwal Lewis, R. Protheroe, Reginald John Rankin, Wm. John Rowlands, Sam Thomas, Wm. Rees Thomas, Tom Westcott, Gwyn Williams.

GIRLS' PRIZES.

Higher Certificate Form.—Sarah Hawkins.

Senior Certificate Form.—Ethel Jenkins, Dorothy Lewis, Bessie Lewis, Winnie Nichols, Hilda Davies, Queenie Griffin, Elsie Davies, Dorothy Morgan, Gertie Walters, Hilda Davies, Ida Edwards, Cassie Williams, Blodwen Davies, and Lena Williams.

Junior Certificate Form IV.—Enid Davies, C. Walters, M. Hibbs, C. Walters, G. Gwyther, Rosa Morgan, Griselda Hughes, Elizabeth Jones, Enid Davies, Lilian Jenkins, Connie Walters, Evelyn Lewis, Eliz. Davies, Evelyn Matthews, Gwen Cox, and Evelyn Matthews.

Form Prizes.—IV., Bessie John; III., Theresa Hopkin; IIIa., Evelyn Griffiths; IIIb., Rachel B. Davies; II., Florence Grant; I., Margaret Davies.

Games Prizes.—Gwen Lewis, Eva Hicks (Special).

CERTIFICATES.

Higher: Sarah Hawkins, Lilian Coleman, Edith Jones, Dilys Thomas.

Senior: Hilda Davies (Matriculation Standard), Elsie Davies, Ida Edwards, Victoria Griffin, Gertrude Hall, Janet Jones, Margaret Jones, Dorothy Lewis, Eliz. Lewis, Winnie Nichols, Edith Sparkes, Constance Thomas and Katie Williams.

Junior: Bertrude Adams, Gwenllian Cox, Eliz. Davies, Enid Davies, Grace Dowdeswell, Winifred Edwards, Gwladys Gwyther, Mary Hibbs, Annie Hughes, Griselda Hughes, Lilian Jenkins, May Jenkins, Beryl Jones, Eliz. Jones, Emyd Jones, Evelyn Lewis, Gertrude Lewis, Edith Mark, Evelyn Matthews, Rosa Morgan, Mary Owen, Winnie Summers, Constance Walters, Eleanor Whittaker, Catherine Williams, Lilian Williams, and Doris Woodbridge.

Supplementary Certificates: Lily Coleman, Edith A. James, Dilys M. Thomas, Gertie Walters.

The last part of the programme for the evening consisted of a performance of "As You Like It." The dramatis personæ were:—Duke Senior, W. R. Davies; Duke Frederick, Gertie Walters; Jacques, Gertie Walters; De Bois, Hilda Davies; Le Beau, Ida Edwards; Amiens, Elsie Davies; Attendants, G. Howells, W. Nicholls; Charles, D. M. Jones; Oliver, J. T. Hughes; Orlando, Alec Davies; Adam, Cadifor Davies; Sir Oliver Martext, Cadifor Davies; Dennis, Olive Thomas; Williams, Olive Thomas; Touchstone, Gladys Williams; Pages, Marjorie Thomas and Lily Addis; Corin, Olwen Price; Silvius, Dorothy Lewis; Hymen, Irene Hodgson; Rosalind, Connie Thomas; Celia, May Shakespeare; Phebe, Queenie Griffin; Audrey, Lilian Williams; Foresters, Hilda Davies, Janet Jones, Edith Sparks, Gertie Hall.

The acting of all players was most creditable throughout, and where so many did well, it is difficult to single anyone out for particular merit. Celia was charmingly piquante and sparkling, while Rosalind showed to best advantage in her manly garb. Orlando in all his appearances roused admiration, but especially by his entrance in the Forest Scene, where he peremptorily demanded food for his poor old servant Adam. Touchstone caused endless laughter by his playful antics, and the scene between him and Audrey was extremely good. Jacques recited the speech, "All the world's a stage, etc.," very well, but in his acting did not sufficiently display his melancholy disposition to serve as a keen enough contrast to Touchstone.

Queenie Griffin made a graceful Phœbe, and her voice, which is deep and rich—an uncommon and enviable quality in an actress—would have been much more effective if she had spoken louder and with a little more animation. The "William" of Olive Thomas was illimitable in illustrating the gaucherie of the rustic at the mercy of the court-bred Touchstone.

The musical settings of the songs in the Play afforded the audience additional enjoyment. It was a great pity that Elsie and Hilda Davies—who are always ready to help with the singing at any of our School entertainments—should have at this time been suffering from bad colds. Bessie Lewis accompanied the songs very nicely, having opened the evening's entertainment by playing a duet with Winnie Summers.

To Miss Phillips, our Senior Mistress, aided by a band of willing helpers from Staff and Scholars, must be paid a warm tribute of appreciation for directing the performance of the play. No one who has not undertaken such a task can possibly realise the preparation and work involved in getting up a performance of this kind among girls and boys who at the same time have in view other important work.

SOME ASPECTS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

I have been asked to write something for the Magazine on the funny side of soldiering. Well, perhaps this is funny. To-morrow I am Hospital Orderly. My duties will be to scrub the floors of the wards, carry meals to the Nurses, fetch medicine, wash the step (likely enough). How's that for your late

colleague, venerable professor of French, with scanty locks fast turning gray? It does appear funny—even to me. But you must remember that I am much younger than I was. One of you once put me down as forty—at least. In the train the other day a youth of twenty-seven was prepared to bet that he was as old as anyone in the compartment; and I was there! Moreover, we have just formed a fourth Company made up of the duffers, the weaklings, the sickly, and the aged, to act as a reserve and to form the depot at home when our Battalion goes to the front—or elsewhere—and I am not there! It looks as if I shall eventually return to the County School as a pupil!

We are all intensely anxious to know what the War Office intends to do with us, and, of course, we can find out nothing. Are we an O.T.C.? (1,700 Commissions have been granted to this Brigade). Are we for Home and Colonial Defence (we are told we are in the Third Army, which is supposed to be appointed to that task)? We don't know, but rumours are plentiful enough. Sometimes we are going to Egypt, sometimes to India, to Africa, Malta, even Timbuctoo; we are going to stay in England and supply officers as required; we are going to guard Buckingham Palace (and it is true that we are learning to "change guard" in real Guards-like manner). One of the latest rumours—and probably as true as any of the others—is that the Brigade is going to be exchanged for 150 able-bodied prisoners now in Germany.

We have a Sergeant who deserves to be immortalised. He is from the Regulars, and means well. He is the Sergeant of my Platoon, and he drops his h's. Sometimes he is quite rude. When at semaphone practice the other day he explained: "You should turn on yer rips, not on yer reels," and added: "What are yer laughin' at?" He always says "'Alt," and "'Arris" (that's me), and I always answer, "'Ere," but he doesn't mind. He helps to keep us merry. The other day he urged us to use our brains IF WE'D GOT ANY. From him that was rather funny, too, for are we not all College and University men? Which reminds me that the Recruit Sergeant used to wax very sarcastic about the aforesaid Colleges and Universities. "I suppose you think you are refined and educated; I'll show you; right-turn! No, your OTHER right: I haven't been to College or to a University, but I do know my left hand from my right!"

Our Officers are subject to human frailty. Not long ago one gave the command: "Move to the right in fours; form fours, left! Your Cadets will see the humour of that. Sorry I cannot write more, but "Duty" calls me.

J. P. HARRIS.

A PRISONER OF WAR.

A SERIAL STORY. By FRED DANIEL.

(First Instalment.)

"Company! Column on the right! Remainder, right turn! Quick march!"

Dipcote, O.T.C., swung smartly away.

Major Forbes and his son Billy watched the O.T.C. pass, and the Major (who was retired) said to his son, who was standing beside him: "A good lot, Bill; they're as good as they used to be, and that means something. You'll join as a recruit as soon as you come here next term."

"Shall I, pater?" said Billy.

"Of course you will. I should like to see everyone made to join some corps as a boy, and continue when he grows up. Makes a man of him, you know. One of these days I expect to see you Section Commander, eh?"

"Yes, pater," answered Billy, thinking this answer was expected.

Billy Forbes was 14½ years old, and he eyed the disannearing column with a resentful expression that contained no spark of enthusiasm, military or otherwise. His father did not notice this look, being too interested in the manœuvres of his old Company. As a matter of fact, Billy did not want to join, partly because of his shyness, being afraid of a gun; also he was too lazy. Billy had been looked after by an aunt while his father was in India, so there was no sympathy between father and son. Billy hated camp, for various reasons, and he talked of funking it when the others spoke of the coming treat.

Patterson was the Commanding Officer when Billy joined; he was a very bad-tempered man, having had his patience tried when he thought he was going to get the Headship of a neighbouring School and did not succeed, but he was a perfect soldier, and liked anything to do with military business.

A man named Barathwaite was Section Commander, and with him unpolished buttons were a grave sin, and a badly wound puttee worthy of death. Anything below an "inner" on

the target was treated with morose contempt, and a "miss" was as good as three raps in the "Head's" study. All these were strictly unofficial, but they stung all the same, and Billy hated these, the Officers, drill and Corps. He was by far the worst in the Corps.

A typical drill would begin in this fashion:

"Section, 'shun! Number . . . As you were. Smarter than that. Number . . . As you were. Stick your chest out, Forbes. Form fours. As you were. Jump to it, Forbes, you half-witted nincompoop."

All this made Billy a duller and slower boy, but with the help of Williams and Johnson—two Sergeants in Billy's Company—he improved a little.

When the Annual Inspection came round, he was late on parade. The Inspecting-Adjutant, Captain Carter, had not arrived, so Billy was able to amble to his place. Patterson had his back turned, luckily, and did not notice him. The Company was eased at the time, and Barathwaite was not slow to point out his fault in an under-tone: "You wretched little slacker; why the dickens d'you rot my section like this? What do you mean by coming in late, to-day of all days?"

"Please, Barathwaite," said Billy, panting and blushing furiously (a trick he had not yet cured), "somebody bagged my puttee, and I could not find it."

"Why on earth don't you look after your kit better? Great Scott! Why, you've only got one puttee on!"

It was true, and everyone laughed at him, and Billy went redder than ever.

"And to come on parade with only one on, and on the day of the inspection!" groaned Barathwaite. "Well, it's too late now; get into the rear rank and try not to be noticed. Let's hope you won't; but I'll talk to you afterwards."

"Company, 'shun," rasped the voice of Patterson, and the inspection began.

Captain Carter was a sharp man, and as he came up to Forbes, he said: "Look here, Captain Patterson; he's only got one puttee on," and to Billy he said: "Why?"

Billy mumbled that he'd lost it, but the Adjutant was content with a hint of reproof and passed on. At the end, he gave

a complimentary but sincere speech, omitting anything about Forbes; but all felt as if there was a "fly in the amber."

After the inspection, both Patterson and Barathwaite rowed Billy, and Patterston ordered a member to bring him his cane. After all this Billy was looking the picture of misery, and on being asked the cause of his trouble, he said: "I hate them all, and I wish to goodness I was not going to camp."

(To be Concluded.)

A SCHOOL SONG.—"PLAY UP, SCHOOL!"

As I was walking down the lane
 On exercise intent,
 I heard a rich and rare refrain,
 And well know what it meant;
 A song of "Rugger" filled the air,
 My bosom swelled with joy,
 While rows of kids were yelling there
 I felt myself a boy,
 For that sweet song which floated down
 Consisted of applause:
 Play up, School!
 Play up, School!!

I sing the song of bat and ball,
 Of summer games—the best of all;
 I sing of sunshine bright,
 And players clad in white,
 Of bowling swift and true,
 'Neath sky of cloudless blue;
 Strong hits and crashing drives,
 And roars that rend the skies—
 The song of bat and ball
 Is loved by one and all.
 Play up, School!
 Play up, School!!

FRED DANIEL,

A NATURE STORY.

It was a cold, cheerless day in Autumn, and everything had a greyish tint.

However, the trees and plants did not feel miserable because Winter was coming. No, they were just the reverse, for I overheard a conversation between an Oak Tree and a little Daffodil Plant the other day.

They were living near each other in a wood, the little Daffodil plant resting peacefully under the protecting branches of the Oak.

Suddenly a gust of wind came, which howled through the whole wood. "Sir Wind reminds me," said the Oak, "that Winter is coming and I must prepare myself. I like the bleak days very much, for then I go to sleep. But I shall begin now to shed my leaves. I have already made some new cork, so that when I do let my leaves fall, the wounds will already be healed. I shall also make buds at the ends of the branches, so that when Spring comes the little leaves inside the buds will come out. I do not mind Winter at all, for I shall be quite comfortable and warm."

"Do you think you are the only plant that has provided itself with extra things for the Winter?" said the Daffodil. "I am already prepared, for I have made new bulbs underneath the ground, so that when Mr. Frost comes, though my leaves above the ground will die, the bulbs under the ground will be quite warm."

"Oh, I see," said the Oak. "Well, I am going to set about my work now."

So when Winter came, it found the fragile Daffodil as well prepared as the sturdy Oak to resist its iron rule.

At last, after many days, the sun began to shine, and the days began to get warmer and brighter. The heat of the sun awoke the Oak tree and the Daffodil bulb, and they knew that Spring had come. The Oak buds swelled and burst, and the little green leaves began to grow. The bulb of the Daffodil sent up leaves above the ground and roots from the stem-portion of the bulb, and soon a flower was seen.

"There!" said the Oak; "you see that I have stood the cold weather very well."

"And so have I," said the Daffodil; "I have been tucked in beautifully by the soil."

This little incident enables us to understand the marvellous way in which many trees and plants are provided with material to live through the Winter, and also the changes which take place in plants in Spring and Autumn.

GLADYS BRAGG.

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR.

We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. H. J. Randall for an interesting lecture on "The Deeper Causes of the War," given to the members of the Naturalists' Society on February 12th, 1915. The Staff and Pupils were well represented.

In this lecture, Mr. Randall explained that the deeper causes of the war arose, firstly, from the geographical situation of Germany. A glance at the map shows us that the position of the Eastern Frontier is entirely artificial, and therefore not defensible, while the coast line is useless for maritime purposes, and thereby trade is impeded. From this he concluded that Germany feels herself in a cramped position.

He next took into consideration the History of the country. During the 18th century there was no Germany in a political sense, only from the geographical standpoint. There were 360 Sovereign States, and, as a result of this, no national but only local patriotism. Then came the rise of Prussia. It is to be observed that the House of Hohenzollern was built up entirely by Military Conquest. Prussia was then, as it is now, an autocratic country, as it seen by the fact that though there is a Parliament, yet the Imperial Chancellor is responsible to the Emperor alone, and not, as in England, responsible to the Commons. In the time of Napoleon, Germany was conquered, which led to the War of Liberation, comprising the first movement of unity. All through this period Prussia remained entirely autocratic and military. During the premiership of Bismark the unity of Germany was achieved, but only by means of a strong autocratic power and by war.

Mr. Randall next gave an account of the German Political Thought since 1870. After the Franco-German War of that year the question arose: "Why not extend Germany in the

same way as Prussia has been extended, namely, by war?" The two main ideas underlying their argument are that the Teutonic Race is supreme on account of its aptitude for ruling, and that it is the world race. They deduct from this that England is the only nation in the light of the Germans. They do not understand the principle of English Government, for they ask the reason for her Peace Policy, no compulsory service, and her trust in her Navy. From this they conclude that England is not worthy of her Empire. The following theories of one of the great Perman Political Thinkers have had great influence over the policy of the country: That the State is Power and only Power. Thus, war must be one of the objects of the State, as it is the manifestation of Power. Also, the treaties of a State are to be taken into consideration only as long as the State chooses. From this we see that some of the German Philosophers consider that International Treaties and Laws are of no validity whatever. Lastly, they say that only the powerful State can be an ideal one. This theory is a means to the end of the spread of German Culture, namely, the policy of war, and further illustrates that Germany is a purely military State.

Mr. Randall then summed up that we are fighting, firstly, for the scanty of Treaties and Public Law; secondly, for the Balance of Power; and, lastly, for the rights of the Smaller States.

ENID DAVIES.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

It happened in the waiting-room at Bridgend Station. A few labourers were the only occupants of the room, and were indulging in an animated conversation round the fireplace. That evening, when I pushed open the door, my ears were assailed by a perfect babel of noisy, croaking voices, altogether very repulsive, especially after I had just left the fair scene of our usual Christmas Party. I had plenty of time for the train, so I rudely listened to what was going on.

"Won't win? Lummy; there ain't a body of fellers in the 'ole universe as it fit ter black their boots!"

"They're it, I tells yer," proceeded the enthusiastic one, after an eloquent and telling silence; "an' I'm willing ter bet a thousan' pun' (if I 'ad it) that they'll wipe the floor with all comers."

"Yes can never tell, yer know," replied a mild-looking individual wearing spectacles.

"'Ear, 'Ear!" wisely ejaculated one of the company, who was wrapt in enjoyment of his pipe.

I must admit that the attitude of the orator's companions made me feel very uneasy. Moreover, there was something more than mere melancholy and down-hearted scepticism expressed in their features. Hence I felt that I must strongly suspect them of being decidedly pro-German, and consequently an almost uncontrollable feeling of "I should like to hit those silly jossers into next week" sort of thing prevailed over me for a while. But "discretion being the better part of valour," as my friend somebody said, so I refrained.

The mild-looking person struck in with: "They're fine fellers, no doubt; but they've bin beaten afore, an' they can be beaten again. No one ain't infallible, are they? As I says, yer never can tell."

This "put the tin hat" on it, as the frivolous schoolboy phrases it, and the orator felt he was having a feed.

"Tell!" he bawled. "Tell! Why, wipe yer specs. an' look at 'em. Look at their shoulders, their bodies, an' their build. They are the finest body of fellers in the universe. Any'ow, yet will look a silly set of asses w'en they does come on top-dog, won't cher?"

At this point the mild individual showed signs of irritation, and his remarks began to savour of sarcasm. Then I thought I would intervene.

"Excuse me," I timidly addressed the modern Cicero, "for interrupting you. I have heard most of your conversation. But why don't YOU go out to the front and help them bring it off, as you call it?"

"Wot front?" he asked in genuine bewilderment.

"Why, the soldiers you've so gallantly been defending."

"I ain't been talking abaht no soldiers," he snapped.

"Then who in the dickens have you been praising?" I asked in amazement.

"He was speaking," said the owner of a Trilby hat, "of them plucky lil fellers in the football team in Bridgend County School."

"Oh! I beg your pardon!" I stammered out, unable to rack my brains for a suitable reply. Then it suddenly dawned upon me that I had better take a walk down the platform.

I. HUGHES.

BRIDGEND COUNTY SCHOOL O.T.C.

The Officers' Training Corps—or O.T.C., as it is familiarly known—has come, and come to stay, if we may judge by the keenness of those who have already joined. Although we are not officially recognised as an O.T.C. as yet, yet we are confident of soon being so.

The O.T.C. will prove a good thing for the boys and for the School, inculcating as it does discipline, self-control, self-sacrifice, and, above all, a feeling of "esprit de corps."

We may pride ourselves on the fact that we shall be—if recognised—the first O.T.C. in Wales outside the University. "Floreat Penybont!"

The parades have already called forth remarks far from unflattering, but—enough said.

The first few parades have shown that we possess plenty of good material, and that we are especially rich in signallers. Although the muster is so satisfactory, we are always ready to welcome new members, so if any are hesitating let them consult any member; we are confident of the result.

In the N.C.C.'s, Sergeant I. Hughes, Corporals A. Davies and R. Rankin, and Lance-Corporals C. Davies and F. Coles, we possess promising material.

It is hoped that uniforms will soon be ready, and that by then the Cadets should be a long way on the road to efficiency.

We must give thanks to Mr. Nicholl, of Merthyr-mawr, who has so kindly placed the rifle range at our disposal.

It is proposed to hold a camp at Midsummer, but of this more anon.

The keenness of the Cadets leads one to presume that before long we shall be fully justified in applying to them the words of the old marching song—

"There's none as far as can compare,
With the boys of the O.T.C."

CHEMICUS.

OBITER DICTA.

It is a pity that the eggs placed in the Incubator in the Botany Lab. did not hatch. It had been hoped that the resulting chickens would go some way towards solving the problem of the future food supply.

Who are the thoughtless pupils who litter the floors of the classroom with paper, orange peel and banana skins? As one Mistress put it: "It is much more important to be neat and tidy in one's habits than to be proficient in Latin." Civilisation must proceed hand in hand with cleanliness.

Overheard: "The new dining-hall is nearly up." "Yes! I wonder where the larder will be placed?" Perhaps our cookery mistress will be able to disclose the identity of the speakers.

What were the nett results of the Hockey Match between the girls and boys?

Will one of the duties of the Girl Guides be to bind up the wounds of the fellows in the O.T.C.?

There seems a great scarcity of chairs in the School judging from the anxious expressions on the faces of boys sent to hunt for them.

What happened in the Gym. on the afternoon of St. David's Day? Dissatisfaction seems to be simmering in the lower school at the numerous privileges enjoyed by the upper. But in a few years the erstwhile Juniors will probably be rousing envy in the breasts of others by the favours conferred on them.

Who is the boy who does not like washing his face? Oh, fie!

Those merry little mice
Aren't fond of education;
They simply live in school
To get their daily ration!

Who was the boy who was asked a question: "Give reasons to prove that the earth is round," and who, prompted from behind, answered, "Land and Sea Breezes"?

Who was the boy who asked the following question in one of the lower forms: "Is Germany neutral?"

Who was the boy who said that Constantinople was on the Phosphorus?

Who was the boy in a certain form who made jokes of the drilling of the O.T.C.? Perhaps he could try himself and do better.

Who was the girl who was described as a machine in perpetual motion?

Who was the boy who, when asked a question: "What is the depth of this model?" answered absent-mindedly, "Yes, sir"?

Who was "he" who wrote his name in an album, and when turning up the leaf found, in the writing underneath, "I am the prettiest in the form"?

Old Lady: "Does your horse ever shy at motors?"

Cabby: "Lor' bless ye, no, lady; 'e didn't even shy when railway trains first came in." (Puzzle Find Age of Horse.)

"Qui va la?" says he.

"Jeux," says I, not knowing the language, but pretending to.

Quotations Applied:

"Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle towards my hand? Come, let me clutch thee. I have thee not."

Edmunds (We leave you to guess the conditions).

"Oh, call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone."

R. Th - m - s.

"Here about the beach I wander."

S. Pr - ce.

"Away with him, away with him; he speaks Latin."

D. C. Davies.

"Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

Gil.

She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did not pity me.

R. R - nk - n.

EASTER EGGS have been awarded for the following howlers:

Alexander the Great was the mother of Edward VII.

Ice packs are pieces of ice in which fish are packed.

A Moraine is a disease which cattle die of.

A refugee keeps order at a football match.

Henry VIII. was very fat, besides being a Nonconformist.

The Philistines are islands in the Pacific.

SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.

"O mam, peidiwch amynd i'r mor!"—S. Pr - ce.

"Rome was not built in a Day."—T. H - r - y.

"Not hopeless, but backward."—C. D - v - - s.

"The Donkey on the Common is a dear old moke."—D. M. J - n - s.

"I took it home to Maria."—I. H - g - - s.

"Corporal, please" (1st verse).—A. D. D - v - - s.

"I'm not as delicate as I look."—W. R. D - v - - s.

"When I was courting Sal."—W. B. D - v - - s.

"The Elephant is an Animal with very big Ears."—R. Th - - as.

"Stick it, the Welsh."—G - - d - s. W - l - - a - s.

"I've come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."—H. J - n - s.

A SALE BY AUCTION.

There was a boy in Form V.-L.
Who had a Latin book to sell.
He asked the other boys to bid,
And this, "you bet," they quickly did.
Gil cried, "A penny is enough
For such a lot of difficult stuff!"
Dan's efforts held them in suspense;
At last he cried, "I bid threepence!"
Gwyn, who sat like a mouse up north,
"A tanner," said; "no more its worth!"
"Who says a bob?" the auctioneer groans;
"I will, good sir!" cried Matthew Jones.
"I'll threepence more," said Thomas R.,
And with grim look he gazed afar.
"Two bob and free rides on my pony!"
Muttered a youth whose name was Tony.
"I say three bob!" Haydn Jones cried,
As he walked in with haughty stride.
"I've three-and-six to lavish upon
A Latin book," said David John.
Here Protheroe said, with subdued sob,
"I think I'll offer just four bob."
"Five!" cried a lover of the Sex,
You can all guess him—Corporal Rex.
"Ten bob!" said Rowlands, now quite frivvy,
"Ten bob, I say, for Dear Old Livy!"
"A quid!" cried Idwal with a grin.
For this it was knocked down to him;
But the words on the first page made him wince,
So he has not looked at his Livy since!

LIVYITE.

SONG FOR THE O.T.C.

Come round and hear my song, boys;
I've no doubt you will guess
It's of the O.T.C. boys
Now formed at B.C.S.
If you would like to join, boys,
Pay up your one-pound-ten,
And come and play the game, boys,
That turns lads into men.
A fine, neat uniform, boys,
And rifle all to boot,
You'll have with which to march, boys,
And you'll be taught to shoot.
For should you, when you're older,
A soldier's life then choose,
It's best now to get ready,
So come to Sergeant Hughes!
Don't care if chaps laugh at us,
And treat it as a jest,
We know it is just splendid,
and we shall do our best.
It helps to keep us healthy,
'And gives us lots of sport,
We should put country foremost:
That's what we all are taught.
You chaps who're dull at lessons,
Come join the O.T.C.!
Though never a Professor,
A Colonel p'raps you'll be!
Though you don't join the Army
And live midst martial strife,
You'll always say days with us
Were best of all your life.

C. L. WALKER.

OLD BOYS SERVICE ROLL.

(Subsequent to Last Magazine List.)

Clifford Bowen, Glamorgan Yeomanry.
Ivor Hopkin, Glamorgan Yeomanry.
Eric Gregory, Glamorgan Yeomanry.
Tom Jenkins, Public School Battalion.
Willie Morgan, 7th Welsh Cyclists (Reserve)

Spencer James, Welsh Guards.
 Clem Lewis, Lieut., Cardiff City Battalion.
 H. Abel (Pontycymmer), 108th Battery R.G.A.
 S. Abel (Pontycymmer), R.A.M.C.
 Fred Jones (Porthcawl), R.A.M.C.
 Frank Thomas (Porthcawl).
 N. Grace, Glamorgan Yeomanry.
 R. Averill, Glamorgan Yeomanry.
 Fred Moorsom, 7th Welsh Cyclists.
 A. Punter (Bridgend), P.S.U. Battalion.
 H. Punter.
 W. Power, Navy.
 T. W. Thomas, Navy.
 E. Johns (Laleston), Glamorgan Yeomanry.
 Dan Rees, 2nd-Lieut., P.S.U. Battalion.
 Sydney Coles, Navy.
 Griffith Board, Welsh Horse.
 Frank Glover, W.F.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. KNOWALL will be pleased to answer any questions relating to Science, Art, Etiquette, Dress, etc. Apply "Ogmorian."

(Golden Locks). I am glad you found the pattern suitable, and that your dress evoked such admiration at the School Party. A white muslin dress, such as yours, made quite simply and with a good pattern, always adds an additional charm to a young girl.

(Anxious). I am afraid you have not been trying the best remedy for your bull-pup's cough. Barley sugar is one of the best preventives known, and so is Slade's Toffee, when given judiciously.

(Eager Student). Your question is best answered by quoting a note on the name by an eminent authority: "The answer to the question as to whether 'Jacques' is a monosyllable or a disyllable depends upon another question, 'Is the name French or English?' As an English name it was common in Shakespeare's native county of Warwick, and was pronounced and even written 'Jakes.' But in the only two places of 'As You Like It,' where the metre is a guide we require a disyllable. These are: 'The melancholy Ja-ques grieves at that,' and 'Stay, Ja-ques, stay!' Now, if the name is French, Shakespeare would

sound the final -es, as he does in Parolles. And there can be no reasonable objection to a French name in a play which already includes Amiens and Le Beau."

(Sly Dog). A gentleman stands up and offers a chair to a lady when she enters the room, and stands up to shake hands with her, first removing his glove, if wearing any.

(Blue Stocking). Real poetic impulse is rare, and its expression is more dependent on the emotions than any other expression of art, this especially being true of the lyrical forms of poetry. There are numerous well-educated people who can write good verse which is agreeable and appealing and conforms to all the rules of rhythmical expression, but just falls short by deficiency of inspiration and by a lack of that clear vision which marks true poetry. The essential quality of poetry is hard to define, and many definitions of it have been attempted from the ancients up to our own times, together with various directions for its attainment. Skill in the manipulation and effective grouping of words, clear appreciation of their value, and a knowledge of the laws of metre—all these are subordinate to the poetic imagination, to the power of seeing more clearly than others into the heart of things, and of shedding over all the elusive quality of inspiration—"the light that never was on land or sea, the consecration and the poet's dream."

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS.

Le vingt cinq février il y avait une réunion du cercle Français, qui s'était formé pendant l'année dernière. Mlle. Lindley est devenue président du cercle pendant l'absence de M. Harris. Dans cette réunion on raconta de petits épisodes de la guerre, lesquels étaient très intéressants. Tous les membres espèrent qu'il y aura d'autres réunions du cercle Français.

HILDA DAVIES, (Hon. Sec.)



HOCKEY.

	Goals.	
	For.	Against.
Barry County School (Home): Won ...	7	0
Porth County School (at Llantrisant): Won ...	16	1
Bridgend Ladies (Home): Won ...	6	1
Bridgend Ladies (Home): Won ...	6	0
Porth (at Llantrisant): Won ...	8	1
Bridgend Ladies (Home): Won ...	6	1
Barry County School (Away): Won ...	3	0
Penarth Ladies (Home): Lost ...	1	5

The above matches have been played, of which the School team has won seven matches and lost one. The girls have 53 goals in their favour, and 9 against them.

 GLAMORGAN LADIES' CUP.

The School played Bridgend Ladies in the first round of the Cup. The School played a good game, Eva Hicks and May Shakespeare being especially noticeable. For the Ladies, Miss Randall at centre, and Miss Roberts at centre-half, were excellent.

In the second round, Penarth Ladies were the opponents. The School shooting was poor, and our left wing (one of our best forwards) was absent. Penarth Ladies played an excellent game and certainly deserved to win. Their forwards combined well, and their shooting was brilliant. Their right wing was very fast, and their centre forward exceptionally good.

 SOUTH WALES COUNTY SCHOOLS' SHIELD.

This year, three County Schools—Barry, Bridgend, and Porth—from the Western Division, entered for the Shield. Bridgend has beaten both Porth and Barry, and is thus qualified for the Final. In the Eastern Division, Llandaff has gained the greatest number of points. The Final was played on Saturday, March 27th, at St. Fagans.

HOCKEY CHARACTERS.

EVA HICKS (Captain and Centre Forward) has made an excellent captain. She is absolutely untiring, and has shot brilliantly since she has played centre forward.

MAY SHAKESPEARE (Left Wing and Vice-Captain) has played a much better game at left wing than she did at right wing. She centres well, and has scored many goals this season.

OLIVE THOMAS (Left Inner) has much improved. She is a good forward, and feeds her wing well.

GWLADYS GWYTER (Right Inner) has turned out a very useful forward, and always manages to get the ball.

DORIS PRICE (Right Wing) is very fast, and has improved towards the end of the season.

MAY JENKINS (Right Half) is a strong half. She feeds her wing well, and always helps the backs.

DILYS THOMAS (Centre Half) is a very fast half, and a pretty dribbler.

ANNIE POPE (Left Half) is a very safe half, and has greatly improved this season. She tackles and hits well.

CASSIE WILLIAMS (Right Back) is a very safe back. She tackles well, and is a very powerful hitter.

QUEENIE GRIFFIN (Left Back) has played a good game in every match, and is now about our best back.

BESSIE LEWIS (Goal) needs more practice, but has the right sporting spirit.



FOOTBALL FIXTURES.

Only two matches have been played this term. They were against the R.A.M.C., stationed at Porthcawl, and against the Glamorgan Yeomanry.

The match with the R.A.M.C. at Porthcawl, was a very keen and exciting game. The R.A.M.C. were a bigger lot altogether than School, but they only managed to score 1 try against us: Scores: R.A.M.C., 3 points; School, 0.

The second match with the Yeomanry was played on our own field. Three of the School's usual team were unable to play, and it is to this that the Yeomanry owe their victory of 11 points. Scores: Yeomanry, 11 points; School, 0.

The team has also played two very enjoyable games of Hockey with the Girls. Both matches were keenly contested, and resulted in draws.

First Game: Girls, 3 goals; Boys, 3 goals

Second Game: Girls, 2 goals; Boys, 2 goals.

W. R. DAVIES, Sec.

