

The Llandoverry

School



Journal

Easter, 1910.

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VOL. XVII.

EASTER, 1910.

No. 37.

Editorial.

AS we look back on this term, usually the least interesting of all School Terms, we may say that we have lived it with all our might. True, rain has been almost incessant, but have we not started with a great asset in our favour? For now we may defy the weather and find shelter in the Gymnasium. Everybody will acknowledge that we have got the very best out of this fine addition to the School buildings. Apart from an extra inch or so added to previous records for high-jumping, our feet have learned to thread the mazes of an occasional waltz, or barn-dance, with a set of lancers thrown in here and there. The Juniors have also startled us not a little by giving exhibitions of 'hurricane hitting' in boxing matches, which, however, have rarely been extended to a second round. Whatever opprobrious epithets others may shower on this hapless term, we persist in regarding it with complete satisfaction, and signify the same by naming it—'The Gymnasium Term.'

It claims our gratitude too, for we had the privilege of listening to a delightful rendering of scenes from Julius Caesar by Mr. Stafford Webber, described in detail elsewhere. May we

also congratulate the School Musical Society for an excellent rendering of the 'Brook'?

We beg to thank our readers for the readiness with which they have responded to the invitation to send us contributions. There must be much in the life of a School well worthy of a permanent record in print: intending contributors may rest assured that nothing will be rejected except under extreme provocation.

The School is to be complimented on establishing a new record. We beg to offer our heartiest congratulations to A. B. Mayne, D. G. Davies, B. Rhys, and T. S. Phillips. We believe that never before have any four Llandoverians succeeded in gaining election to scholarships or exhibitions at either University at their first attempt.

Oxford Letter.

DEAR Mr. Editor,—Your request for news being unlike most of the requests with which time and custom has here made us acquainted, I take up my pen with positive cheerfulness, breathing a pious wish the while.

Our first duty is to congratulate A. B. Mayne, Dudley Davies, Brian Rhys, and T. S. Phillips on their well-merited successes. We are looking forward to seeing them amongst us next October. General news of Oxford there is none. Had there been any you would have found it all in large type crowded into special editions of the *Daily Mail*, a journal which ever keeps an eagle eye upon the eccentricities of reputed centres of learning. The General Election made term late, much to the relief of the local candidates. There was, however, an occasional animated picture of the pyrotechnic type at the Union as the results from the constituencies came pouring in.

The 'Torpids' were rowed in the usual questionable weather. Sleet and flooded towpaths were alternated with occasional flashes of sunshine (for which one O.L.L. at any rate gave thanks). But Llandoverians rarely take kindly to the river (except in a figurative and transcendental way), and T. W. Thomas and Enoch are our only real waterbabies.

Since personality is given credit in official circles for making history, this letter must resolve itself into a series of thumbnail biographies. Consequently the writer must be bold, play George Washington, and like a certain noble lord affect a wholehearted scorn for 'consequences.'

Our numbers have been somewhat thinned since last June. Among those who left were Hughie Morris, John Morgan, J. Alban Davies, T. Elias, J. T. Morgan, Martin Griffiths, and F. J. Rowland. The first two, however, give us the pleasure of their company by dashing down occasionally from the London Hospitals and Cuddesdon.

F. J. Rowland has also paid us a flying visit.

An O.L.L. Debating Society is the feature of the term. Judging from the enthusiasm displayed at every meeting, the venture is assured of success and an old age. The President in particular has done a great deal towards conjuring up the latent forensic abilities of various members.

Last October we welcomed several School friends.

W. E. Rhydderch plays Rugger and Hockey with pristine valour for his College. We remember with mingled feelings a quiet party at Hertford—but this is retrospection!

A. Pierce-Jones applauds the unity of the Empire, Mr. Balfour and Tariff Reform at the Union. He also discourses sweet music at Keble.

Joshua Davies has proved a valuable acquisition to the St. John's scrum. We gather that he was in great form at the Togger bonfire.

P. Gordon Williams is developing into an epigrammatist of no mean rank. His maiden speech at the O.L.L. D.S. positively scintillated.

D. E. Davies has also shown rhetorical promise on the subject of woman's rights; while W. D. Davies, after hooking the ball for several matches with tremendous success for Jesus, suddenly disappeared into obscurity—a victim we suppose to the terrors of Mods.

W. F. Davies and F. L. Brigstocke are still with us. The former is reading Law and eating Bar dinners, the latter acquiring command over Oriental tongues and refractory mounts.

The mantle of Morris has fallen upon W. S. Rowlands. The fit is an excellent one. Like many of his disciples the Patriarch

has taken to winking. We are informed on reliable authority that the initial stages were truly 'weals within weals.'

T. W. Thomas captained the Corpus rugger team this season. He was himself a tower of strength to the forward line. Always philosophic and cheerful.

R. Lloyd has not been particularly well during term. Plays rugger as of old. Excellent company, especially when within reach of a piano.

W. W. Humphries complains of the shadow of 'schools' and threatens work. He plays wing for his College Rugby team. His rhetorical impromptus are excellent.

L. V. D. Owen produces local caricatures with marvellous music-hall rapidity. His advocacy of Tariff Reform is always brilliant.

J. W. Rees is still an ardent Territorial. He assures us that there is no such thing as the German peril.

Enoch coxed the St. John's 'togger' with much nice skill and precision. We have also seen him coxing a motor-bike.

E. Jones is as orthodox as ever. He has strong views on Welsh Disestablishment and 'Schools.'

A. S. Hughes plays Rugger regularly for his College.

Goronwy Jones is Rugby Secretary at Lincoln. He plays frequently for the Varsity. In his last game he scored two corkscrew tries in his usual brilliant fashion.

Recreations: logical fallacies and finance.

Jake Morgan is to be congratulated on his capture of the University Junior Mathematical Exhibition. He plays great games at half-back for Jesus.

J. L. Williams is in great demand at Oriel. He plays forward with terrific enthusiasm, jumps and runs, and is becoming a great ractoneur. He has lately been troubled with Mods.

W. A. Davies' papers also lie on the knees of the Moderator. He has discarded the cult of the moustache. Recreation—swimming.

D. C. Rosser is a through optimist. He believes in the silver lining theory. Plays soccer with great skill for Jesus: also rugger. Recreation—the Rink.

A. G. Prŷs-Jones is Treasurer of the Jesus J.C.R. Plays rugger for the College. Recreation—certain History lectures.

L. M. Davies shares the fascination of the rink with several others. Plays an extremely useful game at half-back for Lincoln. Always cheerful.

A. M. Griffiths has left us for a term. We hope to see him up again for the summer. G. Lewis and D. W. Jenkins we confess to having seen only once during term. We suspect them of having examinations.

It is the first day of the vacation: we fear the change of scenery has made us too garrulous. Besides, the flood of 'consequences' may prove too strong for even an Assouan. So we close in hurried fear and trembling.

With best wishes for the School's success,—Yours,

JUNIUS.

Cambridge Letter.

DEAR Mr. Editor,—Again this letter must be very brief, as it is extremely hard to scrape together any news this term. We are glad to say that no O.I.L.'s have left us, by the request of the College authorities or otherwise, since our last letter to the *School Magazine*. College sports do not seem to have much attraction for O.I.L.'s, as their doings in that line are of little note. R. G. Prichard was one of the representatives of Clare in the intercollegiate relay race. The Clare team won its heat, but were beaten in the final.

Walters and R. G. Prichard played regularly for Clare 2nd XI. in hockey in their league matches this term.

D. G. Evans (King's) has been seen on the hockey field once or twice doing great damage.

V. Edwards again represented the Varsity in the soccer match v. Oxford.

Of the other O.I.L.'s up here we have no news.

R. G. Prichard was seen in the Clare Rag boat after the Lent races, rowing bow. This time he did not fall in.

We congratulate the School on the splendid scholarships which have been gained this year, our only regret is that they were not at Cambridge.

O.I.L.

School Notes.

THESE are eight new boys.

We welcome Mr. L. C. V. Bathurst, B.A., of Trinity College, Oxford. Mr. Bathurst is an old Cricket 'Blue,' and was Secretary of the Oxford University Cricket Club in the year 1893.

He succeeds Mr. Davies, who has been appointed to a Mathematical Mastership at Merchant Taylors' School, Charterhouse Square.

The new Gymnasium has proved of inestimable value during the last term.

Heartiest congratulations to A. B. Mayne on his election to the Open Mathematical Scholarship at Balliol College, to D. G. Davies on gaining an Open Classical Scholarship at Queen's College, and to B. Rhys and T. S. Phillips on winning Welsh Scholarship and a Welsh Exhibition respectively at Jesus College, Oxford.

A School Confirmation was held in Llanfair Church on Saturday, March 19th.

O. L.'s.

In Memoriam.

On January 12, at Bettws Vicarage, The Rev. Evan Lloyd, M.A., late Exhibitioner of Jesus College, Oxford, Vicar of Bettws, Ammanford.

On February 6, at Cartref, Dovercourt, Samuel Evans, L.R.C.P., London, of Harwich and Dovercourt.

MARRIAGE.

Seymour—Knowles. On January 29th, at Johannesburg, Harold Williams, second son of Thomas and Mrs. Seymour, of Pontyberem, to Muriel Gladys, third daughter of the late G. H. Knowles, of Pembrey, and Mrs. Knowles, of Bedford.

GENERAL.

Jake Morgan (Jesus College) has won the University Junior Mathematical Exhibition. The Junior Exhibition is the second highest distinction in Mathematics at Oxford open to undergraduates of under two years' standing.

The Rev. C. B. Nicholl has been appointed Head Master of King's School, Grantham.

The Rev. A. R. Price, R.N., has been appointed Rector of Falstone, Northumberland; the Rev. G. A. Baile, Vicar of Nash, Newport; the Rev. S. B. Williams, Vicar of Dale, Pembrokeshire; and the Rev. J. E. Morgan, Vicar of Bistre, near Mold.

The following O.L.'s have been playing football:—R. K. Green (Neath), A. E. Evans and T. P. Lloyd (Middlesex and United Hospitals), the Rev. J. Alban Davies (Cardiff), G. R. Beith (Newport), and D. G. E. Davies (Cardiff).

A. E. Evans played in the Welsh Trial Match, and R. K. Green has been chosen to play for Glamorgan v. Monmouthshire.

E. W. G. Richards is playing for Wales at Hockey.

The Rev. T. W. Robinson, R.N., and A. C. Snow have joined the Society.

Subscriptions to the School Improvement Fund have been received from the Rev. Eben Jones (3rd and 4th), £2 2s.; Mr. A. C. B. Lloyd (donation), £2 2s.; Mr. R. Berkeley-Calcott (donation), £2 2s.; Mr. C. W. King (donation), £3 3s.

The Gymnasium.

ON December 16th, 1909, Miss Thomas, of Llwynmadoc, opened the Gymnasium, the completion of which had been long awaited.

The ceremony commenced at 11.30, when first of all the Warden addressed the visitors assembled within the Gymnasium, and described how it had been built. He had thought best to employ local talent, and thus the Williams Bros. had been entrusted with the work. They, however, the Warden explained, besides being builders and architects, were poets and philosophers, and the fruit of their philosophy was to be seen in their handiwork. This was the system upon which they had worked. Having been told on no account to spend more than £8 on candelabras they would after some days call the Warden in and say, 'Now don't you think those are nice candelabras?' 'Yes, but how much do they cost?' the Warden would ask. 'Well, they cost £12—but—you've got your candelabras.' Thus it was that a handsome gymnasium had been built, but a debt of £300 remained.

The Warden then called upon Miss Thomas to declare the Gymnasium open. Before doing so, however, Miss Thomas made a short speech to the boys gathered outside, which will long be remembered. The School Buildings and the Gymnasium standing side by side were the symbols of good thought and good action, which ever go together, the one being the legitimate fruit of the other. As the apple-tree first blossoms and then bears fruit, so with Action and Thought. Of this the two buildings side by side should ever serve to remind the boys of the School.

Miss Thomas then unfurled the flag and declared the Gymnasium open, and the ceremony concluded with a verse of the 'Carmen' and the National Anthem.

The visitors were afterwards entertained to lunch in the Gymnasium, and in the afternoon the prizes due since the previous term were distributed.

Later in the afternoon their annual concert was given by the School Musical Society, with the aid of Mr. Hulley's Orchestra.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following donations to the Gymnasium Fund.

	£	s	d
Mr. C. P. Lewis	5	0	0
Mr. J. Prydderch	1	1	0
Mr. Saunders Thomas	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Jones	1	1	0
I.t.-Col. Sir James Hills-Johnes ..	1	0	0
Lady Hills-Johnes	1	0	0
Mrs. Johnes	1	0	0
Mrs. Campbell Davys	1	0	0
Mrs. Benjamin Evans	1	0	0
Mr. Davies, Frood Vale	1	0	0
Mrs. Meuric Lloyd	1	0	0
Mrs. Griffiths	1	0	0
Mr. J. Walters	0	10	6
The Misses Mansel	0	10	0

The Song of the Gymnasiarchs

WHEN the daily deluge leaves you melancholic,
 When the state of road and footer-field is chronic,
 If you cannot stand the wet,
 Join the fashionable set
 In this meeting-house of exercise and frolic.

We can gratify your several inclinations:
 For you'll see professors ready at their stations,
 Should you revel in the free an'
 Easy art Terpsichorean,
 They'll instruct you in the latest variations.

You may play us pyrotechnic contributions
 For the Lancers, or in polkic evolutions
 You may hop on nimble toe
 (Or at least pretend you do),
 Or perspire in endless waltzes' revolutions.

But perhaps you want to purchase satisfaction
 From insulting rival or opposing faction,
 Here in struggle pugilistic
 In lunges wild and mystic
 You can practise and improve your style and action.

We can cater for the weaker generation ;
 They'll discover an unusual fascination
 (Be it played with due decorum)
 In *e.g.* hiccockolorum,
 Or in other milder sorts of recreation.

So don't let easy chair claim your affection,
 Don't argue on the Budget or Election,
 For whate'er your tastes, your vigour,
 It is really quite 'de rigueur'
 To disport yourselves inside our new erection.

N.B.—Cave 'Togo' and keep to the path.

Dramatic Entertainment.

ON Monday, Feb. 14th, the Gymnasium was formally opened as an Entertainment Room by an admirable Shakespearian Recital given by Mr. Stafford Webber. The play chosen was *Julius Caesar*, from which Mr. Webber selected scenes, and which we give the details below. Mr. Webber has a magnificent voice, and possesses a wonderful power of rendering the pieces that he chose. If we may make a choice from such first-class material, we would give the palm to the speeches of Antony to the people, in which Mr. Webber did full justice to the greatness of the original. But the other scenes also were very fine. The querulous Soothsayer, the pompous Dictator, the cold and haughty Brutus, the scheming passionate Cassius, and, above all, the ardent friend Antony, pleading and scornful in turn, were all faithfully rendered and represented as Shakespeare would have us see them. The power of sympathy with all these characters Mr. Webber possesses to a remarkable degree, and we hope we may be allowed to hear him again.

The entertainment was varied by some humorous stories from *Punch*, by some recitations in verse, and by other matter of a lighter nature. Not the least amusing was a description of the helplessness of the mere man in trying to solve the problem of looking after a something so obviously simple of management as a baby

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Scenes from 'Julius Caesar' (*Shakespeare*).

1. Cassius stirs up Brutus against Caesar.
2. Caesar is murdered. Antony feigns friendship with the conspirators and obtains leave to speak at Caesar's funeral.
3. The speeches of Brutus and Antony, and their effect upon the mob.
4. The quarrel of Brutus and Cassius.

PART II.

Miscellaneous Items.

- | | | | | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|----|----|----|----|----------------|
| 1. Lines written by a distracted grammarian to his sweetheart | .. | .. | .. | .. | <i>Punch</i> |
| 2. Chant Pagan | .. | .. | .. | .. | <i>Kipling</i> |
| 3. Scandal | .. | .. | .. | .. | <i>Anon.</i> |
| 4. First Aid | .. | .. | .. | .. | <i>Punch</i> |
| 5. Vitai Lampada | .. | .. | .. | .. | <i>Newbolt</i> |
| 6. Stories. | | | | | |

An Episode in the Boer War.

'SERGEANT, you are wanted at once in the camp.' Such were the words with which a trooper interrupted me whilst finishing an excellent tea at about 7.30 p.m. with some colonial friends at Bethlehem in the O.R.C. during the late Boer War. I had leave of absence from the camp, and had donned my best (?) outfit for the occasion—a fact I distinctly remember, as later on, having no time to change, I tore my 'Sunday' hose in some barbed wire.

Taking a hurried farewell, I proceeded with the trooper back to camp. As it was winter, it was pitch dark. On my arrival I found about half our company, which now consisted of about 60 men, 'saddled up': about 10 minutes sufficed to see me 'saddled up' also, and on parade; but it was not till about 8.30 that we finally moved off.

Various rumours were afloat, but the prevalent one, that we were to attack a body of Boers in a farm about 5 miles off, proved correct. Strict injunctions were given that there was to be no talking and no smoking: and in silence we rode past our outposts into the night. The wind blowing straight in our faces

was advantageous to us, as it muffled any sound that we made. Our captain, one of the best, told me that 30 or more Boers were sleeping at a certain farm some 5 miles off, and that we were going to surprise them: one had decidedly mixed feelings about the 'fun' of the expedition!

However, on we went till the whispered order came to halt and dismount. Leaving our horses in charge of 5 men, we were told to advance cautiously in open order. As it was so dark, each man could only dimly see his neighbour, and presently a large white-washed farm loomed up in front of us.

The first feeling was one of astonishment that we had got up to the building without a single shot being fired or a sentry seen; but suddenly the silence was broken by a voice crying out in Dutch, 'Wie's dar?' ('Who goes there?'), followed almost instantaneously by a shot. Then shouts arose on all sides, and a fire from 30 or 40 rifles was poured out at us from a distance of some 15 yards. Picture the scene: almost black darkness, spirts of flame seemingly in one's very face, the crack of Mausers and Enfields, shouts, curses, groans, and a hopeless feeling as to whether we had caught them napping, or rather whether the tables were not reversed.

Down to the ground fell everyone at the first few shots, returning a fire into pitch darkness, with nothing to aim at but the spirts of flame from the Mauser rifles. Cries of 'come on' and 'my God, I believe we're trapped,' were not calculated to put one at one's ease. Suddenly shouts of 'cease fire' were heard and instantly obeyed. In front, so close that we could touch him, was our Intelligence officer, sitting on the ground, holding his head and asking why he was there and what we were doing. Closer inspection showed he had been hit over the head with a clubbed rifle, and was somewhat hazy as to what had happened. A yard further off one of our troopers was squirming on the ground with an expanding bullet wound in his thigh, anxious to know 'if he'd got the devil first'—the said devil, a big burly Boer lying dead beside him, bayoneted right through the mouth. Two more dead Boers and another writhing in agony with a bullet wound in his stomach lay within a few yards of each other: in all we had accounted for 10, whilst we had only two men wounded. Our small casualties were accounted for by the fact that we advanced up sloping ground,

and on the commencement the firing had flung ourselves down, the bullets of our opponents whizzing over our heads.

After getting our wounded comrades on to their horses, we began our march back to camp, which was accomplished in safety and only in the nick of time, as over 80 Boers galloped up to the scene of action 20 minutes after we had departed. In the always cheering sound of the outposts, 'Advance, friend, all's well,' our wounded trooper revived and remarked that it was not so, as one of us was—well, *very* bad.

How I spent St. David's Day.

WE have asked readers to give us a self-revelation of themselves by answering this innocent question. Our only stipulation was that the answer should not extend to more than six words. Result—

Golfing, Grunting, Giggling.—*The Pilgrims*.

Eating Leeks.—*Cymro*.

Qualifying for the sick room.

Anathematising roll-call.

Guzzling, Guzzling, Guzzling.—*Jack*.

Spoiling Lunch by thinking of Tea.

Gorging, Gorging, Gorging.—*Jemmy*.

Spoiling Tea by thinking of Lunch.

Shamming—successfully too.—*Little Billee* (writing from home).

Fasting.—*The Trio*.

In perfect 'appiness.—*A. P. D.*

Looking for St. David.

Sounding the Towy.—*The Water-nymph*.

Rescuing the Nymph.

Dodging the Police.

Dodging the boys.—*The Police*.

Collecting mud.

Improving the appearance of Wales.

Cochin cold.

Looking after the baby.—*Pa*.

Masquerading as a schoolboy.

Looking after Pa.—*The Baby*.

Labours renounced, and lived convivial hours.
 Convenimus, Comedimus, Conlapsi, Convalescimus.
 Veni, Edi, Bibi. Postea crudior Fui.
 Chiastically ;---flight, dinner : not thinner, night.
 ' Nice walk,
 Knife, fork,
 Small talk.'
 Give it up.

The Football Season, '09='10.

THE OLD BOYS' MATCH.

PLAYED on Wednesday, Dec. 15, on Tredegar Close. The Old Boys brought down a fine team with them, which was much too good for the School. Play was very even during the first half, but superior skill and weight began to tell in the second part of the game, and the Old Boys scored rather freely, eventually beating us by 1 goal (converted) and 4 tries to nil.

Of the Old Boys, J. W. Lewis was undoubtedly the best player, his running and tackling was remarkably good. We hope to see him in first-class football before long. Hughie Morris also played a magnificent game at half-back, and was responsible for most of the scoring.

Although our two School matches were lost, and with one a ground record, the XV. of 1909—1910 was quite a fair School side.

After our victory against Llandilo, which occurred before the deplorable injury to our captain, it seemed as if the School were about to possess a side much above the average ; but after his retirement all real life in the back play disappeared, and with it our hopes of having a highly successful season.

It is true that as individuals the backs played well, sometimes extremely so, but as a combination they failed. This is not surprising when it is remembered that, saving the full-back, they were all new men.

Our forwards throughout the season played superbly. They heeled well and smartly, and proved themselves thoroughly conversant with the all-important art of 'wheeling.' Their

long and impetuous rushes will be long and vividly remembered by all those who were fortunate enough to witness them. They possessed an able and inspiring leader in J. T. Davies, but fine leadership alone is insufficient—there must also be whole-hearted support by the rest of the pack ; this they gave, and so it was that never once did they present the appearance of a beaten pack.

The Set Games were played with great keenness and enthusiasm. Each set was under the special charge of a master, who acted as referee and general adviser, and this fact contributed in no small degree to their success.

The Junior Leagues were played towards the end of the Christmas term. The sides were a little uneven, but nevertheless excellent games were witnessed. The tackling was of a very high standard and the back play was good, wonderfully so on wet days, but the forward play was poor.

In some measure this was due to the prevailing fashion of relying too much on back play to save the situation in defence. The old maxim of 'never heeling in one's twenty-five' is undoubtedly an excellent rule for Junior football : rigid adherence to this rule will soon effect improved forward play. Further, all would-be XV. forwards are advised to practise dribbling, as the number of one-footed dribblers in the Lower School is at present alarmingly great, and it should be remembered that a good dribbler uses his shins every bit as much as his feet.

Snarks (Mr. Pullinger), Captain, L. P. Jones, 10 points.

Penguins (Mr. Davies), „ G. B. Thomas, 6 points.

Puffins (Mr. Jones), „ C. B. Davies, 4 points.

Snipe (Mr. Lloyd), „ C. R. Humphreys, 4 points.

The Snarks were composed of—G. M. Evans (full-back) ; Hall Jones, L. P. Jones, E. Herbert (three-quarter backs) ; T. P. Williams, P. W. T. Thomas (half-backs) ; W. M. Davies, J. K. Muir, R. T. Evans, R. S. Humphreys, D. M. H. Bevan, W. R. Reynolds, D. R. Jones, G. P. F. Thomas (forwards). Also played—A. W. B. Jones.

The players who showed most promise were D. T. Williams, L. P. Jones, T. P. Williams, Buckland, C. R. Humphreys, P. W. T. Thomas, C. B. Davies, and R. T. Howells (backs) ; W. M. Davies, G. B. Thomas, J. W. R. Thomas, J. F. H. Williams, and D. O. Williams (forwards).

The Senior Leagues were played in the Easter Term. Despite the fact that influenza interfered, the matches were productive of good football. The forward play was good, the only defect being weak tackling, while the back play was, at times, excellent.

The experiment of playing three three-quarters as in Junior football was thoroughly justified. The advantages are obvious. In the first place, it is freely admitted that the three three-quarters game is much easier than that of the four three-quarters. Therefore, it is reasonable to begin learning the game as one of three rather than one of four. Secondly, the tendency of modern back play is to reduce the individual to a mere part of a clever machine, with the result that individualism, dwarfed by combination, soon ceases to exist. As in other things, so in football, our end and aim should be the happy mean, a combination of such a kind that does not tend to obliterate individualism. And to learn the three three-quarter game, in which the individual has more scope, is a sure step towards this most desirable end.

We give a table of results--

	1st Round				2nd Round				1st Round		
	Penguins	Puffins	Snarks	Snipe	Penguins	Puffins	Snarks	Snipe	Pts.	Pts.	Total
<i>Penguins.</i> Capt.--T. S. Phillips (Mr. Lloyd)		L	W	L		L	W	L	2	2	4
<i>Puffins.</i> Capt.--W. Williams (Mr. Lockyer)	W		W	L	W		W	W	4	6	10
<i>Snarks.</i> Capt.--B. Rhys (Mr. Jones)	L	L		L	L	L		L	0	0	0
<i>Snipe.</i> Capt.--R. M. Humphreys (Mr. Pullinger)	W	W	W		W	L	W		6	4	10

The Puffins and Snipe played a match for the championship, and after an exciting game the result was a draw, 1 try (3 pts.) each. The Snipe were all powerful behind, and secured their try after a good bout of passing, but the Puffins (who were not at full strength) carried all before them forward. H. R. Jones scored for the Snipe and J. R. Jones for the Puffins.

Teams—*Senior Puffins*.—T. Davies (full-back); E. E. Roberts, H. O. Williams, D. James (three-quarter backs); N. Griffiths, R. Hughes (half-backs); W. Williams, Halewood V. Howell, E. D. G. Hughes, E. David, J. R. Jones, J. M. Thomas, and Bryant (forwards).

Also played—E. G. R. Hughes, D. Morgan, and Belcher.

Senior Snipe.—D. T. Williams (full-back); H. R. Jones, R. M. Humphreys, B. A. Jones (three-quarter backs); D. J. C. Jenkins, and Buckland (half-backs); L. P. Evans, H. J. Powell, Sir John Owen, Bart., H. S. John, Shearman, G. S. Jones, G. Thomas, R. E. G. Griffiths (forwards).

Also played—J. W. R. Thomas, J. C. Morris.

Of the other Leagues G. A. Thomas, I. Williams, T. S. Phillips (Penguins), B. Rhys, B. S. Phillips, W. M. Davies, W. N. Morgan (Snarks) were the most prominent.

In conclusion, let us all remember that our ground record was lost simply and solely owing to bad goal-kicking, and let every would-be member of the 1st XV. make up his mind to practise assiduously in this all-important department.

The warmest thanks of the School are due to the Masters, who have so kindly helped in many ways, and also to those boys who, time after time, with commendable cheeriness, went down to push against the School pack.

S. H. L.

FOOTBALL CHARACTERS.

1ST XV.

W. Lloyd Williams (1908-9-10), a very fine full-back. Excellent rush-stopper and tackler. A good kick.

J. E. Cox (Capt.) (1907-8-9-10), a brilliant centre-three-quarter. A sound tackler, gives and takes passes well. As an opportunist cannot be surpassed. An excellent kick.

R. M. Humphreys (1909-10). A most promising centre-three-quarter. Runs very hard and straight, and picks up amazingly well. An exceedingly sound defensive player. At present he is weak at handling and too inclined to starve his wing. A very good kick.

W. N. Morgan (1909-10), a wing three-quarter with a fair amount of pace. Sometimes attacks very well, but is weak at rush stopping. A fair kick.

H. O. Williams (1909-10), a very fine defensive wing three-quarter. Runs hard in attack, and with a little more pace should be a prolific try getter. Good kick.

N. Griffiths (1909-10), a very hard working scrum half: stands a lot of rough work, and knows how to fall on the ball. Passes very well either side.

D. J. C. Jenkins (1909-10), a most promising out half. Takes his passes exceedingly well, and knows how to make an opening. At present his defensive work is poor—a defect which will undoubtedly be remedied when he is older and stronger.

J. T. Davies (1907-8-9-10), a most energetic, fast, keen forward. Good on the line out and dribbles well. Splendid both in attack and defence. Made an excellent leader.

W. Williams (1909-10), a splendid and untiring forward. Always in the thick of it. Good on the line out. Handles very well. A sterling defensive player, kicks well. With more pace would soon be first class.

G. M. Jeffreys (1909-10), a very fine 'open' forward, handles well and is a good kick. A very fine tackler, but does not work hard enough in the 'tight.' Can play in almost any position.

B. Rhys (1909-10), an excellent hard-working forward. Tackles well and plays with great dash. 'Hooks' very cleverly.

T. S. Phillips (1909-10), a very conscientious hard-working forward with splendid grit. A poor dribbler, and as a tackler poor owing to an inclination to go high.

L. P. Evans (1909-10), an untiring dashing forward. A fair dribbler and a sound defensive player, but has a tendency to grovel on hands and knees in the 'tight.'

L. G. Cooper (1909-10), a wonderfully dashing forward who makes up for his lack of weight by his energy. Dribbles well and knows the 'back row' game thoroughly. A splendid spoiler.

B. S. Phillips, an untiring but clumsy forward. Always works hard and pushes well in the 'scrums.' A fair tackler, but a poor dribbler.

2ND XV.

Caps have been awarded to:—

T. Davies, a very fair full-back, kicks and fields very well. A fair tackler, but does not go down to the ball enough. Knows the game thoroughly.

H. R. Jones, a promising wing three-quarter with a long stride: ought to be good next year. Takes his passes well, and is a fairly good defensive player. Knows how to hand off.

I. Williams (centre three-quarter), the best defensive player in the School. At present he is very slow, but should considerably improve his pace by sprinting practice. A fearless tackler and rush stopper, and a fine kick.

O. M. Williams, a fair centre three-quarter with good hands. A good tackler and excellent kick. Should be useful when he knows how to attack.

W. A. Richards, a promising outside half—a good defensive player and fair kick.

J. R. Davies (Capt.), an excellent dribbler, possessing pace. At present too inclined to hang off-side. A poor tackler.

P. Halewood, a good hard-working forward who dribbles very cleverly. Ill health alone kept him out of the 1st XV.

H. J. Powell, a heavy forward with pace. Should be very good when he knows the game. At present hangs off-side instead of getting back and using his weight in the 'tight.' A good tackler.

Sir John Owen, Bart., a heavy forward, who lacks the little extra dash which would make him very good. Fair dribbler, but poor tackler.

A. B. Mayne, a slow but hard-working forward with an inclination to kick hard in the open. Fair tackler, but poor dribbler.

E. S. Jenkins, a slow forward. A good 'scrum' worker, fair tackler, but poor dribbler.

O. J. Jones, a light but very energetic forward, with a bad weakness for 'grovelling' in the tight. A very good hooker.

S. B. Jones, a light dashing forward who did fulfil his earlier promise. A good dribbler, but poor tackler.

XL caps have been awarded to—

**V. Howell* (forward), a fast improving forward. Fair tackler, but poor dribbler. Holds on too long in the open.

G. A. Thomas, a much improved full-back. Tackles well, and is a good kick, but a poor rush stopper.

**D. J. Jones*, a much improved half-back. At present his defence is poor.

E. D. G. Hughes, a very promising light forward. Dribbles well and tackles well. He must cure himself of the hanging off-side habit.

D. T. Williams, a small but exceedingly plucky full-back. Fields and kicks well. A fearless defensive player. Never let his side down.

W. M. Davies, a fast improving forward who works very hard. Good tackler and fair dribbler.

H. S. John, a light forward. Good in the open, but at present a weak defensive player.

**J. H. Morris*, a slow heavy forward. Would be really good were he to infuse more dash into his play.

J. R. Jones, a light dashing forward. A good dribbler, but weak tackler.

C. Morgan, a much improved light forward. Fair dribbler and fair tackler.

E. David, a heavy lethargic forward. When roused plays finely, but is not easily roused.

B. A. Jones, a promising wing three-quarter. Takes his passes well and goes hard for the line.

**E. M. Jones*, a poor wing three-quarter. Poor at handling. He must learn to keep his place and tackle low.

* Played for 2ND XV.

S. H. I.

Hockey Season, 1910.

WEATHER curtailed the Hockey Season to little more than a fortnight. This was most disappointing, as great keenness was shown by many of the School, and the play showed promise of reaching a higher standard than in previous years. Two matches were played—the annual contest with the Masters, which resulted in a victory for the School,

and a match with the Swansea Hockey Team, in which the School XI., though defeated, played such a good game that all were awarded their colours. We hope that this match will become a regular fixture, as the game was a most enjoyable one, and the School Hockey must profit much from playing against a good side. The weakness in the School side as a whole was too much aimless passing, not sufficient shooting powers among the inside forwards, and too little wrist work. This last-named defect was largely the result of using heavy sticks, and a little more practice would undoubtedly have improved the shooting and passing.

The team were as follows :—

R. M. Humphreys (Capt.), the best outside left we have had for some years, but to be really good must be more certain in taking his passes on his stick.

Sir John Owen, a greatly improved back with a good eye.

T. S. Phillips (centre half), an indefatigable worker, uses his stick well.

W. Williams, a very sound full-back. Must learn to have more method in his passing.

B. Rhys (right half), very energetic and hard to pass.

L. G. Cooper (centre forward), has not yet settled down in a new position. Can shoot, but needs practice.

W. N. Morgan, a fast right wing. Centres well.

R. H. Hughes (left half), has a good eye and good knowledge of the game.

H. S. John (inside left), passes well to his wing, but rather slow at getting up for the return pass.

I. Williams (goal), filled a difficult position with success.

N. Griffiths (inside right), has still to learn how to make best use of his wing. A fair shot.

MASTERS' MATCH.

After two postponements this match was played on Friday, March 11th, on a ground that was rather slow. The School constantly pressed, chiefly by long runs on the left wing, but the inside forwards did not make the most use of their opportunities. However, the Masters' inside forwards also missed several chances, and the School after leading 2—1 at half-time, won rather easily by 4—2. Griffiths shot 2 goals in the 1st half, and Humphreys and Cooper one each in the 2nd half. The School defence was sound, T. S. Phillips and Owen being especially good.

SWANSEA MATCH.

Played on Saturday, March 12th. Swansea soon showed us that they were a clever team, but many good movements were spoilt by indifferent shooting. After a short time the School team settled down, and after being led by 2 love' had little the worst of the game. Unfortunately Owen was lame, but W. Williams played a grand game and I. Williams saved well. The halves worked hard, and constantly passed up to the forwards, who showed more enterprise than on the previous afternoon; Morgan especially made some fine dashes and centred well. Half way through the second half John scored from a good centre, but no further point being gained, the School were beaten by 5—1 after a fast, pleasantly contested game.

An Ideal Holiday.

ATENT, all the necessities for a month's isolation from mankind, and four amiable companions are all you want to furnish you with what is called an ideal holiday. You go one fine day to choose a spot on the top of a cliff which overlooks a charming little bay, and set about erecting your new abode. This process will be found an excellent exercise for your patience (if you have any) and a most edifying experience. After having successfully buried the pegs on one side, the tent will most probably fall down on the other, but that is but a trifle and is easily set right again. So when the sun casts his enfeebled rays on this weary world, you depart home with a sore back, about 3 dozen bruises, but also with a great satisfaction with your day's work. The next morning finds you eagerly searching for your tent. Alas! no sign of a tent is seen, but stay! what is that white speck gracefully reposing at the bottom of the cliff? Surely it is your tent, and what are those two lumps of wood you see lying about on the ground? They are indeed the remains of your once sturdy pole which fell under the attacks of last night's wind. But you are enthusiastic, and off comes your coat, out comes a new pole, and up goes your dwelling once more. Then come the usual necessities. Pots, pans, pounds of butter, tins of blacking, cosmetics, skin-salves, in

abundance, but where are your beds? Why, of course, you thought you left something behind, but they are soon fetched. Ten miles or so of perspiration will not damp your ardour, and soon the beds are hurled in through the flap upon the rest of the paraphernalia, and probably upon one of your companions. Then comes the reward for your manly efforts, and you throw yourself down upon your back, and assuming a bored air, you languidly inform all curious enquirers that you are 'just spending a short time under canvas.' Then you look at your watch (if you have one), and in a stentorian voice bellow forth that it is dinner-time. What a bustle will ensue, and what exclamations of surprise and anger will be uttered when your companions find the blacking mixed up with the butter, and the beds plastered with potted kippers. But 'difficulties only exist to be overcome,' you explain to your companions, and accordingly you set to work transferring the benighted kippers (which are becoming rather talkative) from the beds into the frying-pan. Soon the spluttering announces that they are done, and after making some gravy you sit down to your first dinner. How glorious those kippers taste, despite the fact that they stuck to the pan owing to the absence of butter, and how glorious tastes that gravy which was made of ashes and smoky water. But the potatoes, which you left on the ground? Perhaps that knowing-looking ass (of the animal type), standing there with one ear down and the other one up, could tell you where they are. But never mind; good gracious! when you come to think of it, the saucepan was then the temporary abode of the lamp-oil, so you couldn't have boiled them (the potatoes) in any case. Dinner is over, and you nimbly arise, and after picking out numerous thorns from various places of your anatomy, you eagerly set about washing up. A few broken plates, &c., must be expected, and if you happen to wipe up the frying-pan with a piece ripped out of your friend's shirt, you needn't be disheartened. You must have a little variety sometimes, and failures are stepping-stones to successes, so don't rub your eye, even if it is getting black. After such a splendid dinner, you have no appetite for tea or supper, so you knowingly fix your eye upon a little cloud on the horizon, and after seeing which way the wind is blowing, you retire to your couch. How very lumpy is your bed; wherever is your pillow, and how did

your best blanket wander to that bed over there? However, all troubles come to an end, so after walking over the candle in a hunt for your pyjamas you fall over your neighbour's feet on to your bed, and decide to remain there.

Whatever is that munching row outside? Yes, of course! you left your straw hat outside, and isn't that the braying of an ass? But contenting yourself with the unholy joy which fills you when you think what a stomach-ache that ass will have, you roll over on to the ground, and once more court the soothing influence of sleep.

* * * *

How the wind howls! How the thunder thunders, and how the heavens seem to open out and pour down their fury upon your hapless tent, which, in your blissful ignorance, you placed in the open, scorning the inviting shelter of yonder hedge! The tent sways, suddenly the stout pole snaps, and away goes your tent, sweeping onwards your helpless sleepy beings, hanging on to the pole with the frenzied grip of black despair, but still cherishing the hope that yonder tree will stay your wild career. So indeed it does, but the tent, wooed by the wind, speeds onward, and suspended from the tree by the tape which you so thoughtfully left on your shirt, you see, from your lofty position, the wind basely deserting your tent, and leaving it to the mercy of the waves. You see no more, for with an appalling snap the branch breaks, and you fall upon your waiting companions, who have preceded you in a graceful descent to mother earth. However, a few hours' walk in your wet pyjamas soon brings you to a farmhouse, where you are received with a warm welcome, and once in bed your troubles desert you, and you are happy.

* * * *

There is no room to tell of the various advertisements which appear in the local paper asking for the tent, and how, as far as the naked eye could reach, white specks dotted the landscape. But you find your cosmetics, and the portrait of your . . . but never mind, you are happy, and what more do you ask for?

Bidding as a Fine Art.

A LARGE and representative gathering filled the Central Auction Rooms on Thursday, January 27th, when a valuable collection of documents, comprising the entire stock of Reading Room papers, &c., was put up for public auction. We were pleased to observe that the general tone of these gatherings had considerably improved, though the presence of a few wits from College House and the Mathematical VI. rather marred the natural sobriety of the proceedings.

About ten minutes after the appointed time the 'auctioneer' entered the room, and amidst the usual cheer (encouraging and otherwise) strutted up to the rostrum. Pages might be written to describe this monstrous choice of the Reading Room Committee; we will confine ourselves to as few words as possible. He was pompous and persuasive, in stature rather below the middle height, and on the rostrum closely resembled a pea on a piece of pumpnickel.

The enthusiastic reception which the auctioneer received unhappily prevented a verbatim account of the sale from being taken; we will therefore content ourselves with a few general remarks on the proceedings.

Radicals turned up in force to bid for the *Daily Chronicle*, but the combined efforts only raised 3d., while the *Daily Express*, the corresponding Conservative organ, fetched 4d. (Tariff Reform net gain, 4 farthings).

D. M. H. Bevan, rather to his surprise, found himself landed with the *Art Journal*, the result of a flaw in a 'system' he had invented, which consisted in bidding for everything up to a certain point, and then retiring gracefully, leaving his unfortunate victim to pay. This gentleman's artistic taste and his skill with brush and pen need no comment, but it is interesting to note that he is engaged in an important production for certain of his form masters.

'Punch!' bellowed the auctioneer, turning to the tallest member of the Historical VI.: at this juncture a slight diversion was caused by a deliberate attempt on the part of the College House clique to tamper with the foundations of the rostrum.

Order having been restored, the great bargain of the day was made. *Chums*, after a really clever exhibition of fancy bidding,

was knocked down to Jennings for the modest sum of 1/2. When it is recollected that there are 12 weeks in the term and the auction was a week late, the wonderful astuteness of this gentleman becomes apparent. Mr. J. should practise on the Stock Exchange.

Bidding for the illustrated weeklies was tremendously keen, offers were leaping up by halfpennies. The auctioneer was clearly getting excited; amidst scenes of the wildest enthusiasm the *Sphere* went up to 1/7½. This was too much for the gentleman on the rostrum; he almost broke down; recovering himself by a superhuman effort, and flourishing his hammer (a hockey stick) in a manner which strangely recalled the exercises of a well-known conductor and the 'Norman Baron,' he bravely did his duty. 'The *Sphere*,' he yelled: 'any advance?' (louder) 'A 1/7½ for the *Spear*:' (louder still) 'The *Spear*, going for one shilling and sevenpence halfpenny' 'One and eight,' rang through the room. It was the unmistakable voice of C. Morgan. The *Sphere* was knocked down, and the auctioneer knocked out; the curfew tolled in the distance, and, obeying its summons, all trooped forth to the pasturage.

The Musical Society.

THE College Musical Society gave an interesting concert on Thursday afternoon, December 16th, in the large hall.

The well-balanced chorus, a record one of 69 members, sang with intelligence and spirit, and were ably supported by Mr. Hulley's Orchestra, that much-appreciated and valuable asset kindly provided by the Warden.

The principal works undertaken were T. F. Dunhill's 'Tubal Cain,' A. M. Goodhart's 'Earl Haldan's Daughter,' and a new and fascinating Christmas Carol, 'The Three Ships,' by Colin Taylor, which were very well interpreted. Praise is due to the members of the chorus for the poetic rendering of 'Earl Haldan's Daughter,' their singing being good in tone and unity. From the treble lead, 'It was Earl Haldan's Daughter,' to 'came sailing to the land' (page 3) and the last 20 bars of the work, the effect was (page 5) particularly beautiful.

In Goodhart's Ballad they must be congratulated upon their attack and pronunciation, the Recitative of the basses, 'Alas, that I ever made' and the unaccompanied portion, 'And men taught wisdom from the past,' as well as the concluding passages, being admirably given.

Lieut.-Col. Lloyd-Harries delighted us with two violin solos, and we were glad to see him again joining in the orchestral items.

Regret was felt that Mr. Reginald Lloyd (O.L.I.) was too unwell to sing.

It may be assumed that Mr. Smith felt gratified in presenting such an enjoyable programme to the large audience.

FIRST PART.

1. Overture—'Peter Schmoll' Weber
The Orchestra.
2. Violin Solo—'Souvenir de Haydn' .. H. Leonard
Lieut.-Col. Lloyd-Harries.
3. Ballad for Chorus 'Tubal Cain' .. T. F. Dunhill
(and Orchestra)
4. Song—'Tis all that I can say' .. Hope Temple
Mr. Reginald Lloyd (O.L.I.).
5. A Christmas Song 'The Three Ships' Colin Taylor
(with Orchestra)

SECOND PART.

1. Pianoforte Solo—'Valse Brillante.' Op. 34, No. 1 Chopin
Mr. T. Elias (O.L.I.).
2. Violin Solo—(a) 'Aubade' (Reverie) .. A. D'Ambrosio
(b) 'Perpetuo Mobile' Bohm
Lieut.-Col. Lloyd-Harries.
3. Ballad for Chorus 'Earl Haldan's Daughter' A. M. Goodhart
(and Orchestra)
4. Song—'Let me dream again' .. Sullivan
Mr. Reginald Lloyd (O.L.I.).
5. Orchestral Selection—
Three Dances. 'Nell Gwyn' E. German
(1) Country Dance. (2) Pastoral Dance.
(3) Merry Makers' Dance.
'Carmen.'
The National Anthem.

College Buns.

(With apologies to John Bull.)

FOR saying that Rome was the capital of the Ancient Roman Empire and was founded in 1860.—A member of the Matric. *takes the bun.*

For translating 'empêcher la fraude,' to 'keep himself warm.'—Another matriculite *takes the bun.*

For trying to find an 'h' after being told he had dropped one.—H. P. Sauce *takes the bun.*

For conducting some weird manœuvres with 'Election Charts' and experimenting with 'Grape Nuts.'—Sparrow (Major) *takes the bun.*

For taking an exalted position in 'roll' one evening, and deserting it for one of lower degree.—Smiler *takes the bun.*

For translating 'νύμφιος' as Nymph.—TCHO *takes the bun.*

For not knowing where he was domiciled.—Cilycwm *takes the bun.*

For informing a member of the classroom dorm. that after he had finished with him, he would no longer be a 'Monkey Boy' but a pulverised 'Powder Monkey.'—Wiskit *takes the bun.*

For making the alarming discovery that X either equals nought or nought (not).—One who should know better *takes the bun.*

For thinking that a lengthy pair of 'footer shorts' would add a cubit or so to his stature.—Midget *takes the bun.*

For writing up to the Tariff Reform League for pamphlets and general information on the subject on the ground that he was 'conducting a Tariff Reform campaign in the School,' and then postponing the debate *twice*.—Debater *takes the bun.*

For stating that Caesar won the Battle of Trafalgar and Columbus was born in 1900.—Bob Stiff *takes the bun.*

For telling a member of the Mathematical VI. that he was in his second childhood.—BONAR *takes the bun.*

For informing a master that 'the rainfall in Richmond is very moist.'—The Dormouse *takes the bun.*

For giving us melody undiluted.—Guzzling Jack and Gorging Jimmy *TAKE TWO BUNS EACH.*

QUERIES.

Did it ever strike you that carpet is bought by the yard and worn by the foot ?

* * * *

How can you expect countries that worship cows to be linked to our Europe which serves them up for lunch ?

* * * *

Is it true that 'Rome was not built in a day' is going to be engraved on the blank stone above the Gymnasium door ?

* * * *

Who answered that a 'Suffragette' was a verb of suffering ?

* * * *

Do Teddy-Bears like History ?

* * * *

Who imitates Mr. Winston Churchill's styles in pyjamas ?

* * * *

Did the Gymnasium light sympathise with Caesar ?

* * * *

Was there an Election in Llandovery ? We were studying too hard to notice the bustle and excitement.

* * * *

Who will put a stop to puns like 'germs of war in Germany' ?

* * * *

Is the author of the phrase 'Poetry of Dress' aware of the existence of Trochaic Trousers (Long-shorts) in Llandovery ?

* * * *

Does the Town Band play from music ? if so, who printed it ?

* * * *

Who will send in some more queries for our next number ?

Llandovery School Debating Society.

LAST term's course of debates were terminated on Saturday, Dec. 4, when the question of the House of Lords was subjected to the criticism of the house. Mr. Ralph was in the chair.

O. J. Jones, after fixing his aristocratic gaze steadfastly on his note book, proposed 'That in the opinion of this house the House of Lords is an essential part of the British Constitution.' He clearly stated the case for the Lords, and gave a brief outline of the history of the house from its origin to the present day, quoting from Machiavelli, Guicciardini, and Pollock.

R. H. Hughes, the political quick-change artist, who appears twice nightly, now on a liberal, now on a conservative bench, on this occasion performed the wonderful feat of standing on the former and sitting on the latter at the same time. In a speech which positively reeked of 'Lloyd George' he let off a few fire-works at the British aristocracy generally.

A. C. Snow spoke third. His political opinions were clear and decided ; he gave us 24 shocks in 12 minutes.

D. J. C. Jenkins spoke fourth, emerging from the dark gloom of despondency into the dazzling brightness of liberalism (unfortunately at this critical moment somebody turned down the light).

The motion was then thrown open to the house.

Mr. MacMillan responded to the appeal in a characteristic speech bristling with points (one of which was unhappily 'sat on' by the proposer of the motion).

H. O. Williams made an excellent maiden speech supporting the House of Lords.

The house then divided, and the motion was carried by 58 to 12.

The first debate this term was held on Saturday, Feb. 12. Mr. Ralph was in the chair. The motion before the house was—'The German invasion scare is an invention of the *Daily Mail*.'

H. O. Williams proposed the motion, producing evidence from all quarters of the globe to prove his point, and holding his audience spell-bound by his quotations in German.

The motion was opposed by E. E. Roberts, who demonstrated the good points of the *Daily Mail*, and with many illustrations and apt quotations endeavoured to make his soap wash.

C. G. Philipps spoke third. This sophisticated smiler regarded the German invasion as extremely improbable, and in sound matter-of-fact style informed us he was not here to deal with monkey-nuts.

E. G. R. Hughes spoke fourth. He delivered his oration with

intense feeling, and trembled to think of German battleships sailing up the Towy. He was emphatic in his demand for more Dreadnoughts.

The question was then thrown open for general discussion.

N. Griffiths ably supported the motion in a maiden speech, giving a magnificent display of rhetorical gymnastics.

Reynolds also faced the lime-light for the first time, and tendered some useful information about the 'Bis-Smashian' policy.

Spurrell, who had been twisting his neck about for some time, at last managed to catch the chairman's eye. After asking if he might be so bold as to detain us for a few minutes, he took the bull by the horns and (metaphorically speaking) dealt some resounding smacks at the proposer of the motion.

D. T. Williams quoted from Blatchford, and showed his abhorrence of 'terminological inexactitudes.'

C. R. Humphreys delivered an excellent impromptu speech.

C. Morgan as usual rose amidst cheers, and in characteristic manner gazed calmly around until they subsided. With his right hand in his trousers pocket and his left sawing the air, he vigorously supported the patriotism of the British aristocracy as against the 'swashbuckling' policy of the *Honourable* David Lloyd George.

Before the meeting finally closed, Mr. Ralph proposed that more speeches should be delivered *extempore*, and congratulated C. R. Humphreys on his effort.

On the vote being taken, the motion was lost by 24 to 49.

R. H. HUGHES, *Hon. Sec.*

Tuck Shop Committee.

A MEETING of the General Committee was held on Feb. 19, 1910, with the Warden in the chair.

The balance sheet of the previous term was inspected and met with approbation.

It was proposed by Mr. Lloyd, seconded by R. H. Humphreys, that £40 should be handed over to the Games Fund.

Mr. Lloyd also proposed, and was seconded by C. G. Philipps, that the co-option of the members of the Executive Committee (R. M. Humphreys and J. A. Owen) should be passed.

The question then arose of electing a secretary for the Executive Committee. Mr. Lockyer proposed, and D. M. Hughes-Bevan seconded, that R. M. Humphreys should be elected.

Names were then offered to fill up the vacancies in the Executive Committee. D. G. Davies was proposed by Bevan and seconded by T. H. Morris. T. S. Philipps was proposed by Mr. Lloyd and seconded by R. H. Hughes. N. Griffiths was proposed by Mr. Lockyer and seconded by S. R. Griffiths.

The names were then put to the vote, and D. G. Davies and T. S. Philipps declared elected.

Various suggestions and complaints were then heard, in which Bevan was much in evidence, but nothing further was decided. Whereupon the meeting closed.

COLLEGE TUCK SHOP.

ACCOUNTS FOR THIRD TERM, 1909.

Income and Expenditure Account.

	£	s	d		£	s	d
Stock at commencement				Sales	160	16	8
of Term	15	10	0	Owed	4	7	6
Purchases	127	0	8	In hand	0	3	4
Gross Profit	34	7	10	Stock in hand ..	11	11	0
	£176	18	6		£176	18	6

Profit and Loss Account.

	£	s	d		£	s	d
Working Expenses—				Gross Profits	34	7	10
Mrs. Richards ..	7	0	0	Discounts	2	11	8
Thomas (Printer) ..	0	19	4	Undeducted Discount	1	12	6
Tips	0	7	6				
Gas	1	18	5				
Depreciation	1	0	0				
Net Profit	27	6	9				
	£38	12	0		£38	12	0

Balance Sheet Jan. 18th, 1910.

	£	s	d		£	s	d
Due to firms for goods supplied	22	4	9	Balance in Bank ..	58	13	4
Balance	76	2	11	Credit due	1	12	6
				Cash in hand	0	3	4
				Owed	4	7	6
				Premises and Fittings	22	0	0
				Stock in hand	11	11	0
	£98	7	8		£98	7	8

Correspondence.

To the Editors.

Dear Sirs,—May I venture the opinion that 'the boys' approach to the College from the road is hardly in keeping with the other improvements recently carried out? Although a bountiful scattering of puddles and boulders might add a rustic charm to a place with different associations, they become at night, apart from the fact of their being an eyesore in the light of day, a very substantial reality. Unwary pedestrians are doomed to an unpleasant plunge, or failing that, to a nerve-shattering lurch. Cannot something be done to eradicate this plague spot from our midst?—Yours,

A LLANDINGAT SUFFERER.

To the Editor of the 'School Journal.'

Dear Sir—In one of your last Journals a letter was written enquiring why the Journal was not more popular. Could I suggest that you should publish competitions on the same lines as the *Captain*? If a prize was offered for an essay or a short story, more interest might be taken in this School paper.—I am, &c.,

QUIDAM.

[Try *Answers* for prizes.—ED.]

We acknowledge receipt of the *Shirburnian* and of the *Breconian*.