

# THE GOBANNIAN

ORGAN OF THE K.H.G.S.  
OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION,  
••••• ABERGAVENNY. •••••



No. 2.

JANUARY 1930

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# EDITORIAL.

THE first number of *The Gobannian* met with a very kind reception amongst those for whom it was intended, “Old Boys” everywhere, and may therefore claim to have justified its existence. We value very highly the warm messages of appreciation which we received—especially those which were accompanied by subscriptions to the Old Boys’ Association; and we very much desire that the present issue may serve the Association even better by inducing many more Old Boys’ now scattered near and far, to resume their connection with the School in the only way that remains open to them.

That flattery did not make us complacent, we hope a perusal of this number will show. We felt that the absence of adverse criticism was far from proof that all was well with us, but was due rather to the recognition that we had produced something which was merely better than the average Old Boys’ Magazine—no great affair after all. Accordingly we ourselves supplied the criticism we needed and have tried to remedy some shortcomings.

One change is the dropping of advertisements. This was not altogether due to aesthetic considerations. The truth is that *The Gobannian* does not circulate sufficiently in the Town itself to justify our asking an amount per page which would be of real use to the Magazine. And we do not see that it is quite fair to ask Old Boys for what would in fact be a special donation, merely because they happen to run businesses in Town. Any loss we incur will fall more justly on the general funds of the Association.

One improvement at least is not in our power, but is in that of our readers. We repeat the invitation given in our first number to all Old Boys to “send us such accounts of themselves and their activities and circumstances as may keep them before our minds as persons and not merely as names.” We want *The Gobannian* to be a more and more adequate bond of union amongst those who have taken their memories of the School out into the world.

### **Mr. Max L. Beveridge.**

Old Boys who know Mr. Beveridge’s keenness and capacity for service will rejoice in his election to the Borough Council, where his powers will find wider if not more beneficent scope.

### **Abergavenny Grammar School and Jesus College, Oxford.**

An appendix to *The Diary of the Rev. William Jones*, furnishes information on a point which has hitherto been obscure: how the school lost the Scholarship and the Fellowship formerly tenable by its pupils at Jesus College. It appears that the clause in the Act of 1760 which stipulated that a Scholar and a Fellow educated at the School were to be elected and maintained by the College was abolished by the new Statutes introduced in 1857 by the University Commission. Thomas Williams (1846-1853), seems to have been the last Fellow so maintained at Jesus.

### **Present Relations of the School with the Old Universities.**

It will be of interest to Old Boys to know that the School has been continuously represented in the University of Cambridge since 1923, when Eric Jackson went up to St. John’s College. Last year his brother Frank, also of St. John’s, was awarded a 2nd Class in Part I of the Mathematical Tripos, and is now reading for Part II of the Mechanical Science Tripos. This year A. H. G. Price, who deserves congratulations on winning a Kitchener Scholarship worth £80 a year, has left Aberystwyth University College and has been admitted to Downing College, Cambridge. The old connection with Oxford will be resumed when R. J. Morgan, who is at present in the Sixth Form, goes up to St. John’s next year.

# JOHN ALICK MORGAN.

## President of the Old Boys' Association, 1929-30.

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**N**O more popular choice for the Presidency of the Old Boys' Association for 1929-30 could have been made than that of MR. ALICK MORGAN. He was a pupil at the Old School and at the present School during the years 1896 to 1903. On leaving School, he was in apprenticeship at Cambridge and Bath, and returned to Abergavenny in 1909 to take his place in the business which he now controls. He was in the Gloucester Yeomanry at the outbreak of the War, was discharged unfit at Christmas 1914, but rejoined at the beginning of 1917 in the Artist Rifles and saw service with them in France. He spent a short time in hospital there, but the wounds he received were the result of barbed wire and not bullets fortunately.

Like COUN. MAX BEVERIDGE, our last President, MR. MORGAN has associated himself with many town activities. For many years he was a valued principal and Stage Manager of the Operatic Society. He has been Worshipful Master of the St. John's Lodge of Freemasons, and is well-known throughout the county for his Masonic keenness and ability. He has played Cricket for the Town team, been on the Tennis Club Committee for some years, and is a keen golfer. The Old Boys' Dramatic Society is very fortunate in having his services as Stage Manager, and two splendidly successful productions given in the Borough Theatre last year and this, owe a very great deal to his ability and tactfulness.

He has a further connection with the School, as MRS. MORGAN was a Member of the School Staff during the War years, and his brother-in-law, COUN. GEO. GOODWIN, is one of the School Governors.

MR. MORGAN, then, has all the necessary attributes for success during his year of office as President, and we are confident of a very happy and full year of activity under his genial and experienced guidance.

E.O.J.



Mr. J. ALICK MORGAN, President, 1929 - 30.





# Grammar School Cricket Sixty Years ago.

By Dr. H. A. James,

President of St. John's College, Oxford.

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CRICKET at the Grammar School was played under difficulties. We had no ground, though the Town Club was good to us, and let us play some of our matches on the best wicket, and practise elsewhere on the ground ; and once we managed to rent a bit of field somewhere under the Castle walls, near Mill Street, for a couple of months at the end of the season. There was a garden all too nigh, and the mill stream bounded it. We had one precious cricket ball, and one day someone pitched me up a half volley which I hit into the enclosure. We searched for an hour without result, and I went home with a very heavy heart, wondering where the "seven and six" was to come from wherewith I was to replace the "Leathery Duke." Next morning my fears were banished by the news that the ball had been found just as it was making its way from the stream into the Usk!

Our earlier matches were against the Asylum Staff. Dr. McCullough, the Medical Officer, was always kind to us, and capital contests we had on the Asylum ground. Their best players were G. Clifford, a sturdy attendant, and a Mr. Gooding, an official. Now and then one or two of the patients were allowed to play; and one of them, who had been a sailor, and had developed a prehensile hand, made as many as four catches in one match. Another time, I remember, while I was in, and waiting for a new batsman to join me, one of these irresponsible members of the Asylum team threw a ball up into the air to some height, and it descended full upon my unexpecting head, amid howls of delight from his brethren on the field!

Then we had some exciting matches with the " Morning Club," or Peep-o'-day Boys," a club of enthusiastic young tradesmen who rose at five to play an hour or two's cricket before going to their work. That

good cricketer and fine athlete, John Goodwin, was a member of this club, I remember. One match in particular I recall, when they had about 60 to get to win, and we bowled them out for 16: “the ball took to early rising and the wickets to early falling “ was the newspaper account, which I still preserve.

Sometimes we ventured further afield, and played Pontypool, near which town my home was. They were generally too much for us, but at last we got them over to Abergavenny, and gave them such a drubbing as they had never had before. George Peake scored 101, and we won by 128.

Once we played Crickhowell, but I am afraid we were not a genuine Grammar School XI; indeed for a School which was never more than 32, and once was down to 17, it was not easy to put an eleven in the field. So we had to have recourse to some outsiders whose connection with the School was, to say the least, not obvious.

Of course, when George Peake played for us, which was not always, for he was a master, we had a tower of strength. Then there was William Williams (late Vicar of St. Peter’s, Allendale), a stone-wall bat of no mean excellence, and a very fair bowler. I remember once he made a leg hit for six, which was duly recorded in the account of the match sent up to the papers. To our astonishment it appeared as a “terrific drive,” a species of stroke for which the batsman was not celebrated. On enquiry we found that the sporting editor had altered the phrase, thinking that “drive” sounded better than “leg hit”! Another of our eleven was John Williams (late Vicar of Poppleton) whose fast and straight under-hand bowling which sometimes kept very close to the ground, was on its day most effective. Peter Holder, a really fine and fearless hitter, who might have done great things, but left us alas! all too soon; Tom Evans, a fast round-arm and under-hand bowler with a useful curl from the leg; John Owen Marsh, whose “point fielding,” I find it recorded in the account of one match, “was worthy of a Julius Caesar”;

Tom Webb passed long ago “into the silent land,” but in those days a good hitter who made 57 for us in the last of our Asylum matches. If only we had had someone to help us financially, and secure us a Grammar School ground, we might have turned out quite a respectable eleven. As it was we did our best, and if we were not great players, we at least were keen; and that is after all the “*primus virtutis honos*” in a cricketer. Play up, present boys of my dear old school, win if you can, take your beatings like men, and never give up a game until it is over; so you will not only keep up the good name of your school, but lay the foundations of your own usefulness and success in after life, and last, but perhaps not least, have in your old age happy memories of bright summer afternoons when you fought the foe on the green sward of an Abergavenny cricket field!

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## Mathematics in Everyday Life.

By H. W. Newcombe, M.A., B.Sc., Headmaster.

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THE range of human activities within which Mathematics and the idea of Mathematics are called upon or are utilised for service is so vast and so varied—from the algebraical gymnastics of Einstein’s Relativity Theory with its elusive  $x$  and  $y$  to the efforts of the most illiterate who counts on his fingers—that a library of books could be collected all bearing exclusively and faithfully on the subject of this contribution to *The Gobannian*. The writer’s purpose in offering it is to invite readers to note the uses—some recondite, some simple, of Mathematics and by noting them to appreciate how big a claim the subject can make to playing a part in the life and thought of people in all spheres of activity. The more serious regions in which the science of Mathematics is active are given first place and are followed by what must of necessity be somewhat disjointed references to problems ‘with a Mathematical interest, which, all unconsciously, are involved in the pursuits and amusements of the ordinary person.

In the motions of the planet Uranus, discovered in the time of Newton, Astronomers had been for a long time perplexed with certain irregularities which could not be deduced from the actions of other planets. Mr. Adams, a young astronomer of St. John's College, Cambridge, with only a knowledge of Mathematics to help him, pointed out the theoretical existence of a second planet and actually assigned a place to it in the Heavens. Telescopes were directed to this point and the planet—now called Neptune—was discovered. This startling piece of Mathematical analysis, with perhaps the prediction by Halley in 1706 of the return in 52 years of the Comet which now bears his name, are monumental examples of the tremendous power of Mathematics in the higher branches of study. In engineering of every type, from the ancient ship of the sea to the modern ship of the air, in buildings, in bridges, in tunnels, its help is indispensable. In the location of invisible guns on a far flung battle field much could be told of the efforts of the mathematicians, who, by means of instruments and calculations connected with the properties of sound, were able to fix positions accurately to within a few yards ; and these same properties were used to detect from the surface of the sea, not merely the presence, but the direction of approach, of any hostile submarine.

If there is anything that appeals to the average inhabitant of these islands and is a frequent topic of unfruitful conversation, it is the weather; and a feature of our morning paper is the forecast issued by the Meteorological Office; but the occupants of that office do not, like the ancient soothsayers, wait for inspiration from gifts tendered and sacrifices rendered. They collect scattered information, co-ordinate that information by settled mathematical processes, draw their mathematical diagrams, and, inferring tendencies from movements indicated by their diagrams, issue their calculated forecast. Instances of the aid given by mathematics in the field of science could be given almost without limit, but perhaps for the scope of this article enough has been written to show how essential is the service rendered by this rather silent subject in its more advanced stage. But it is no less essential on the humbler levels of our every day life.

Is it an occupation so sedate as Book-keeping by double entry? The process is but a repeated application of the use of the plus and minus signs of Algebra, though the book-keeper is not usually aware of the fact. One definition of Mathematics can be given by describing it as the craft of counting as in the Arithmetic of daily life. A better knowledge of this more prosaic branch might have enabled the enthusiastic motorist to give a more accurate estimate of his average speed when he calculated that 50 miles an hour for 3 miles on a country road, followed by a crawl at 5 miles an hour over the same distance through a town resulted in the splendid average of  $27\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour. A better acquaintance with the addition and multiplication of simple numbers would have convinced him that the figure for his average speed is just a fraction over 9 miles an hour! Perhaps the neglect of the study of the properties of numbers on the part of motorists in general accounts for the acquiring by them of the characteristic which hitherto has been associated with anglers and golfers. A reference to the Royal and Ancient game is a reminder that even the antics of a golf ball in flight are governed by mathematical laws—an easy rule to remember being that the ball always follows its “nose,” if the foremost point of the ball may be so called. An undercut causes the ball to spin with its “nose” moving upwards; so it rises and the carry is lengthened. A tennis ball and a cricket ball obey the same law; thus the swerve of a cricket ball through the air caused by the spin given by the bowler depends upon the direction in which the nose of the ball is moving. But as “good Homer sometimes nods,” so is it not always safe to accept a mathematical prediction with reference to a game with so many uncertain factors, and it is only fair to record an instance, not without an element of humour, when a mathematical prophecy was very promptly and clearly proved to be defective. Professor Tait, a distinguished mathematician of the University of Cambridge, once demonstrated in a paper before a College Mathematical Society that there was a definite limit—which he calculated—to the distance a golf ball could be driven. His son, an ardent player succeeded on the following day—much to the delight of his fellow undergraduates—in making a drive several yards in excess of his learned father’s calculated maximum.

Until recently considerable industry was devoted by optimists in almost every home to competitions anticipating the results of football matches. Newspapers vied with one another in offering large sums of money for merely filling up slips of paper. On these slips entries were to be made estimating the result for each one of a dozen matches, a win or a draw or a loss for a specified side. To the person who forecasted all the twelve matches correctly a large sum of money was paid; so the competitors, eager for wealth—and not always so eager in any sort of constructive labour—spent long hours in hatching their prophetic guesses. It is doubtful whether the competitors had the faintest idea of the minuteness of the chance of individual success in the Competition—if it could be dignified by such a title. There are 3 ways of forecasting the result of the first match; 3 ways for the second match; so that for the first two matches there are  $3 \times 3$  i.e. 9 possible forecasts; for the first 3 matches there are  $9 \times 3$  i.e. 27 possible results, and so on; so that for twelve matches there are 531,441 different possibilities: to ensure success this number of coupons, at 2d. each (the price of the paper) would involve an outlay of over £4,000. There are over half a million different ways of having one or more errors in the selection. There are over 4,000 ways of getting every guess wrong; there is only one way of getting every guess right. In the more recent picture puzzles and cross-word puzzles an alternative word or letter in 2 places demands  $2 \times 2$  i.e. 4 different efforts to ensure success; 10 alternatives by similar reasoning to the above, would require over a thousand such efforts. Numbers, when multiplied successively, increase with alarming rapidity. Who would anticipate that  $1 \times 2 \times 3$  up to 10 results in over  $3\frac{1}{2}$  millions? Another popular form of competition asks for the names of the first 4 horses in a field (say) of 15. There are 15 ways of naming the first horse; and when this has been done in any one of these ways there are 14 ways of naming the second horse; so that there are  $15 \times 14$  i.e. 210 ways, all different, of placing the first two horses, because each of the first 15 can be associated with each of the 2nd 14 ways. For the first 4 horses there are  $15 \times 14 \times 13 \times 12$  i.e. 32,760 different selections, and again there is only one correct forecast.

For the ordinary course of affairs, a great English divine declared that “probability was the vary guide to life.” Usually certainty is lacking and probability can be taken as the only reasonable guide amid an occasional maze of possibilities. But Bishop Butler would have hesitated before making this remark had he lived in the days of Sunday Newspaper Competitions.

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## Four Poems.

By W. A. Jones.

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TO A SEPTEMBER ROSE.

September Rose,  
I hold you in my hand  
And wonder—wonder why I feel  
A sudden joy -like stabbing steel—  
And no one knows  
Or cares to understand,  
September Rose.

September Rose,  
Your petals are as white  
As hand of Princess throned apart;  
And yet down in your very heart  
I see unclose  
A warmer, heart-flame’s light,  
September Rose.

September Rose,  
I wish that I could keep  
For darker, drearier days ahead  
Your loveliness unwithered.  
But Beauty goes  
Like the first dreams of sleep,  
September Rose.

WINTER TWILIGHT.

I saw the cold moon calmly rise  
    Above the snow-clad hills,  
Where for the cold the robin dies  
    And cold the sparrow kills.

A craven prayer is all I find  
    Those watching moments taught:  
“O give to me the Moon-like Mind  
    And cold, clear starry Thought!”

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Three things I love:  
    The Earth so green,  
The Sky so blue above,  
    And All that is between.

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MORNING.

The swifts wake early, resting in the eaves,  
And wake me, too.—I see them, through the leaves,  
Go screaming flickering down; then rising steep.  
    In summer, when the day is half asleep,  
I lie and watch them, till, with madder glee  
The longed-winged swifts of thought are flying free.  
    How still the garden is! The hedges close  
A space brimful of leaves, and through it goes  
A little path. Oh! I could watch for hours  
That cobbled path, deep-cut, high-walled with flowers.  
    Long-shadowed lie the fields by hedge and tree,  
Beyond them burns the river, silently,



And round about the vale the sunshine fills  
Each hollow in the steep Llangattock hills.  
Close eyes; they go no further ; let us win  
Beyond their little ring that rims us in;  
Swift through the meadows green and cities gray,  
Swiftly, you long-winged thoughts, away! away!

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## The Diary of the Rev. William Jones.

*An Old Boy and Former Master.*

By A. L. Ralphs, M.A.

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EDITED by William Jones's great grandson O. F. Christie, this Diary was first given to the world a few months ago\*, and with its publication an Old Boy of the School took no unworthy place amongst those delightful people who have made themselves intimately known in the pages of an honest journal. That is a distinction of which he never dreamt. He certainly hoped that his descendants might find profit in it, but their good was not his primary motive in "journalizing." Still less did he think of making a figure before men in general. It is clear that he wrote up his Diary because he liked it. "O! that I could persuade all my fellow-mortals to journalize! if they were to begin in earnest, they would be so delighted as to be unable to discontinue," he writes, after nearly forty years of diary-keeping. But his conscience was of the tenderest, and he would hardly have continued even so innocent a pleasure for so long had he not found moral profit in it. The same entry continues: "It would insensibly lead their minds into a train of *thinking attentively*, and, I trust, I may add, that it would conduce to their *acting circumspectly*." So, written for his own profit as well as pleasure, the Diary has no airs and graces, no attitudinising before posterity. And it is literature because in its quiet, candid pages a good man of original and lovable character lives again.

\*Published by Brentano's, price 21s. There is a copy in the Abergavenny Public Library.

Perhaps *The Gobannian* may take the liberty of quoting at length from entries, dated 1803 and 1814, which refer to the School. William Jones left in 1773 after a very long school life. "I was brought up at a large Grammar School, on a royal foundation; and for the last nine or ten years previous to my leaving school, which was about the age of eighteen, I do not recollect having ever read to the Master a single sentence of the English Bible or even of any English author, and I am right sure that I was infinitely more versed in Heathen Mythology than in Biblical Truth\*

"Often have I regretted that so many years of my life were squandered away in acquiring a knowledge of Greek and Latin, to the almost entire exclusion of other knowledge—the Knowledge of God and of myself.

"I have, however, turned my classical knowledge to some account; for I had not ceased to be a schoolboy, before the head-master (Mr. Morgan) employed me in preparing some of the classes previous to his hearing their lessons. After my entering Oxford, all my vacations were filled up as his regular under-master." (Diary, Sept. 9th, 1803).

On Aug. 3rd, 1814, he again writes about the School. After erroneously attributing the foundation to Queen Elizabeth, he mentions that the Master's salary was £50 and the Usher's £15, and that there were also a Scholarship and a Fellowship in Jesus College, Oxford. He goes on: The school had been for many years in a sad state of decay, till the Revd. William Morgan was appointed the head-master; he raised it to such celebrity, that we mustered 70 or 80 boys — some of them the sons of families of the greatest opulence and distinction in the county. Of Mr. Morgan's abilities and industry, I, as a grateful pupil, can hardly speak or write too highly.

\* This paragraph is omitted from the printed Diary, but was included in passages copied out and sent to Dr. James at Oxford by Mr. Christie, and by him in turn courteously passed on to the late Mr. Sifton.

“To there being such a School in the Town, and to Mr. M—’s observing in me a towardliness for learning, I owe my destination to the sacred profession. His commendations of me to Dr. Hoare, the Principal, (of Jesus College) doubtless induced him to honor me with his notice, and afterwards to procure for me the appointment to Jamaica, as private tutor to the four sons of Mr. Thomas Harrison, the Attorney-General and King’s Advocate.

“My having assisted Mr. Morgan for some time, contributed greatly to qualify me for the office of a tutor. Mr. M— quitted the school and resided at Oxford till he succeeded to the rectory of Aston-Clinton, Bucks, the best living in the gift of our College. I was afterwards under-master to Mr. Sanford\*, and I shall ever feel myself obliged to him for his communications and uniformly kind attentions to me.”

To all who have had the good fortune to take part in the more recent life of the School the glimpse of an earlier phase of its history given in these passages must be of interest. In like manner the Diary interestingly illuminates such other aspects of eighteenth century life as fell within the experience of Mr. Jones. But it is not in any account of public events or in comment on them (indeed references to great events are notably few), or in any other contribution to history, that the value of this book consists. The Diary has permanent worth because of the personality of the Diarist.

William Jones began to “journalize” at Oxford in 1777. All his life religion was his first concern, but in these earlier days it was far from being the happiness and consolation which it became in after years. He suffered torments that it is hard for us to understand or sympathise with, looking upon himself as “unholy and unclean,” the “ vilest of the vile,” “the most daring miscreant out of Hell,” a “monster of iniquity,” and so forth, just as did Bunyan and many another deeply spiritual nature in the days when eternal damnation was literally believed in. But of his simple sincerity there can be no question.

\* In whose time, the Diarist elsewhere tells us, the School declined somewhat.

He left Abergavenny for Jamaica in Dec., 1777, and arrived at that "suburb of Hell" in April, 1778. Naturally, this plunge into a land of sugar planters and slaves, a land moreover which was under the constant menace at that time of an attack by a French fleet stationed in the West Indies, stimulated the young tutor of the Attorney-General's sons to write in his diary about the life lived around him, disastrously different as it was from that lived at home. Himself convinced that worthy personality was no monopoly of the white races and that negroes would be amenable to kindly treatment and Christian training, he was painfully shocked by the inhuman cruelties to which the slaves were subjected on the plantations (he gives some terrible details) and by the complete lack of any sense of responsibility for their spiritual or moral welfare on the part of their white owners. As for the latter, he found them "horridly impious," given to profanity, drugs, gambling, extravagance, "wine and negresses." Yet in an entry many years later he calls those two years the happiest of his life. If that were so, it was his life with the Harrisons that shone in retrospect. Mr. Harrison was a singularly charming person. His spiritual state gave William Jones much anxiety, for he avoided thought on the "only deserving subjects," and had some of the more venial weaknesses, but his generous, kindly and urbane nature (he did not resent Jones's "dealing faithfully" with him) won the diarist's deep affection. This regard was mutual; and naturally enough, for there was nothing of the inhuman fanatic about Jones. He had strong convictions and somewhat narrow views of right, but he was disarmingly modest.

Returning to England in 1780, he took his degree at Oxford, and in 1781 he married Theodosia Jessop and became curate of Broxbourne in Hertfordshire. He was appointed vicar of the same parish in 1801 and retained the living until his death in 1821. Naturally it is those 40 years which supply the principal portions of the present volume.

He was never well-off, and there is much in the Diary about the difficulty of supporting his "numerous family." There were times when they were "literally and frequently without enough of the plainest

provisions.” As a curate he had to supplement his income by running a school of his own, and even when he became vicar it was necessary for him to board a few foreign boys, to whom he taught English. It is evident that he was a conscientious teacher, but as years went by he found the work irksome. When he is 44 he speaks of it as “wretched employment,” and “a life of drudgery and difficulty.” But he stuck to it because the thought of his children was always in his mind. Especially for his daughters he wished to secure an independence, so that they “ might not be mortified toad-eaters to any insolent mortals.” “I cultivate 2, 3, or more years’ acquaintance with my coats, hats, etc., so that my children can never justly say that I have robbed them.”

He was happy in his religious work. After his entering upon his active pastoral duties the morbid introspection which marked the earliest entries in his diary disappears. His piety was real, his faith simple and confident (“If you learn Christ,” he writes, “it is enough, though you know nothing else”), and he found it “of all lives the most happy” to point “to poor sinners the blessed way of life.” He was not a “Methodist,” but the work of Wesley and Whitefield was not without influence in his life and practice.

William Jones’s serene Christianity gives its tone to the whole Diary. But he is no pale Galahad. He is very completely human. He confesses weaknesses and indiscretions; too much wine; high spirits which, in the company of men and women of the world, make him speak unguardedly, winning their laughs but doing “much hurt to the cause of religion”; the filthy habit of snuff-taking; being a “chatterer “; indolence (“a disorder with which I am sorely plagued”); desultoriness in reading (“four books at a time, all open at once”); vanity, as shown by his quite childish delight in new finery in the shape of a new gown, cassock, hat, etc., given by a wealthy parishioner; and, not least, a too-great warmth of temper. “I feel well assured that it is only the grace of Almighty God which can make me cease to be a fool.”

He had humour, and needed it too. Not only was the financial problem always insistent; not only were wealthy parishioners mean and insolent and the middling ones given to defaulting in the matter of tithes; but there was much domestic happiness. The most entertaining entries in the Diary are those in which his “dear” wife appears. It is to be remembered that she had borne him ten children, and that to maintain them constant vigilance and frugality in the management of meagre resources were necessary. All this perhaps soured her. At any rate she furnished occasion for a good many rueful passages in his notebooks. It is not long before the references to his “charming Theodosia” and his happy marriage give place to others about “high words.” “My temper is alas! too warm and hasty; and my Dossy’s temper is too much like mine in this respect.” By 1800 she is his “Commanding Officer” and earns his humorous appreciation for her “wonderful volubility of speech,” and her “miraculous power of twisting and twirling every argument to her own interests,” so that he is “no match for her High Mightiness.” She has “a most unpleasant, harsh way of doing right.” Having made an indiscreet loan, he is comically nervous of the consequences of his “gentle” wife’s finding out. “When will she leave off to upbraid me?” She has so little understanding of him that she calls his magnanimous kindness to the insolent and ungrateful “meanspiritedness.” But he tries to be fair to her: “I with pleasure acknowledge that my wife, though wanting in mildness and gentleness in her general behaviour to me, is in every other respect an excellent wife, frugal and attentive to all her domestic concerns and a pattern of a mother.” And it is pleasing to see that he commonly refers to her in the last years of his diary as “my old Mate.”

The man is plain to our sight in other ways: in his bearing under bereavement; in his innocent delight in the friendship of one or two women; in his few enmities; in the anecdotes he tells, the wise reflections he makes, the vigorous criticisms he passes on the humbugging and the unworthy of all classes; and not least in the occasional details which enable us to picture him in his habit as he lived. His dress is “antique,” “bearing innumerable proofs of industrious reparation.” His “tout-

ensemble,” which includes “my corporation, my embonpoint,” is “by no means promising.” He often lets his stockings remain loose and his knees unbuttoned all the hours that he remains up, for the days are too short for him, and he loves his study (or “cell,” “dog-hole,” or “hog-sty”) better than any other place.

This son of Abergavenny has enriched English Literature by the portrait which he has drawn of himself in his Diary.

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## What Old Boys are Doing.

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Mr. R. C. Bishop (1910-13) has returned home and is now practising as a solicitor at Crickhowell.

Mr. Emlyn Lewis (1917-19) is engaged in the medical profession. He has gained some brilliant successes in his examinations. We were very proud to learn of his willing sacrifice of a pint of his blood for transfusion to save a man's life. He performed the operation himself at the Royal Gwent Hospital, Newport.

Dr. A. L. Provan (1915-21) is now bacteriologist in the Advisory Department of the Harpers Adams Agricultural College, Salop.

Mr. H. V. Mansfield (1918-23) has passed the final examination of the Law Society with 3rd Class Honours.

Mr. G. W. Padwick (1919-25) is taking a three year course in Agriculture in the University of Alberta.

Mr. L. P. Cole (1919-26) has been appointed an engineer on the Madras State Railway.

Mr. A. E. Wesley (1921-27) is engaged with the Anglo-South American Bank in Madrid.

Mr. A. G. Wesley (1923-28) is engaged in nitre mining in Chili.

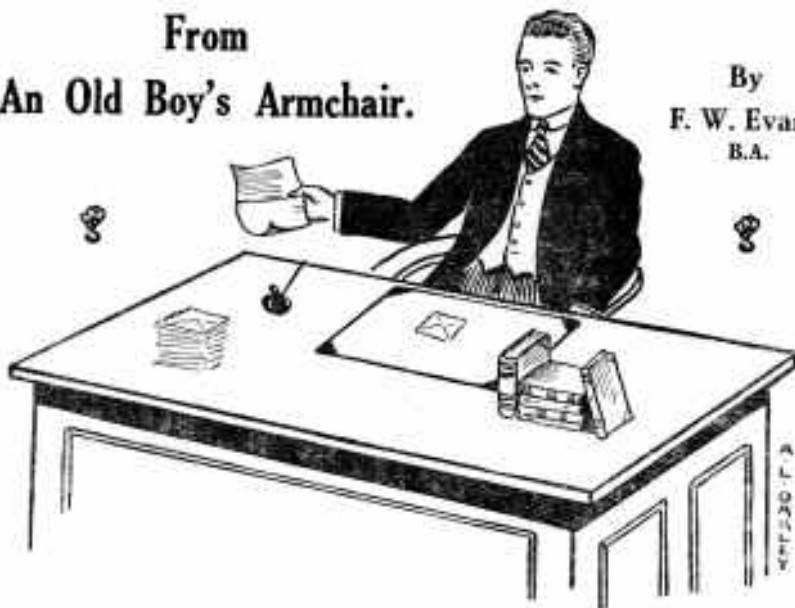
Mr. A. P. Roberts has received an appointment in the passenger department of the White Star Line, at Liverpool.

Mr. W. A. Jones, B.A., has been appointed English Master at Aberayron Intermediate School.

Just as we go to press we hear that Mr. Abel Sylvanus Jones, B.A. (1892-1900) has been appointed Headmaster of Bishop Vesey's Grammar School, Sutton Coldfield. We heartily congratulate him.

From  
An Old Boy's Armchair.

By  
F. W. Evans,  
B.A.



**T**HE call of “The Gobannian” has come, and I am asked to make a contribution. The editor in his ignorance imagines that what I have to say will be of interest. He has asked for it: he shall have it, and let him print it at his peril.

From the point of view of this magazine, that of the “Old Boy,” nothing is more interesting than reminiscences of the School and the times when we, to a greater or less degree, did our best to liven up the “studious hours” with sweet departures from the narrow path of rectitude. But I have now transferred my allegiance to the other side of the balance, and am in turn imparting to others what was once, with great pains, imparted to me. The thought is saddening, for it cuts off and thrusts all their experiences definitely into the past. The schoolmaster cannot recapture his youth, except in part, for it remains that he can never hope to bridge the gap and be admitted again into the inmost thoughts of the boys in his charge. Schoolboys are the closest corporation that I know, and without realising it.



One great schoolmaster was styled “a beast, but a just beast.” Were we especially fortunate in that no one set in authority over us could be styled a beast? And yet, though they were all good sorts, how many of our little jokes were shared with them? How many knew the nicknames by which they were invariably known to their charges? I have still to find mine in my new sphere, unless what came to my ears a few weeks after starting teaching is permanent, in which case I have a poor opinion of the imaginative power of my pupils.

As the door opens, and the “beak” enters, there is a sudden hush, and whatever the subject of conversation previously, however innocent it may be, no one dreams of sharing the joke with the newcomer. Even at school matches, the reserve does not entirely break down. Sport becomes a common topic for school and staff, but the warning sign still applies to all other subjects, and “work” then in its turn goes to join the list of forbidden fruits.

Perhaps this is not a bad thing on the whole. Theories of discipline would go by the board if it did not exist, and it never becomes more than a mere “passive resistance” on the part of the boys. The staff in their turn would hardly care to broadcast the conversations which take place during the interval in their sanctum. Thus, looking at one’s old school with the eyes of youth, and at the new with the eyes of an instructor of youth, one sees distinctly lines of cleavage never suspected or thought about when, in the nature of things, only the first view is possible.

But although this silent spirit, not of antagonism, but of “live and let live,” is thus felt everywhere with the new insight added to the old, other things are seen too. Who would have suspected that in all probability, after firmly quelling an uproar in the Sixth Form room, and letting fall a few well-chosen remarks on the conduct expected from the Sixth Form as an example to the school, the indignant master who flounces out of the room in a spirit of righteous disgust will enter the staff-room and retail with gusto the story of the latest capers in the Sixth Form Holy of Holies?

Looking back one sees that both sides, but especially the boys, work largely in ignorance, and the boys, at least, have a permanent misconception of the thoughts of the masters. This is not to say that, to them, masters have no sense of humour, for even lessons are not without their occasional laughs, when a dutiful “Ha! Ha!” echoes the sallies of the teacher. The masters are liked, but without a clear realisation that they too are human, and have their private thoughts, no less than the school. The Schoolboy has to put up with them, but he doesn’t want to give up his independence, and will rather turn down a side street than pass a master, even though his conscience may, for once, be perfectly clear.

Rightly, or wrongly, this spirit seems to be at the bottom of school-life at present. As for a love for one’s school, this is a much later development. Distance lends enchantment, and the Old Boy returns and views with a peculiar fondness the buildings where so much of his life has been spent. Nothing can eradicate this feeling in the normal being, but while at school it is a different matter. In games the schoolboy cheers on his school, and hopes it will win, but not until the day of leaving does he begin to realise clearly what the school means to him. A love for his school, even allowing for English reserve, is foreign to his nature, until suddenly he realises that only two more days, only one more day, will he enter its door save as a visitor. After spending perhaps six years, during which time he has passed from the hero-worshipping stage to the dizzy pinnacle of a prefectship, he sees, too late, what it has meant to him, and at that moment the Old Boy emerges. Gone are the recollections of lines, of detentions, and of moments spent, with a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach, waiting for that stentorian call which is to usher him into the awesome precincts of the Head’s Room. In their place the pleasanter recollections (and he is surprised how many there are) come to his mind, suffused with a roseate glow of sentiment, and the last age shifts into reminiscences told through a cloud of smoke from the comfort of an Easy chair, with the Old Boys’ Dinner and “The Gobannian” to strengthen and confirm them.



**S**TONE Axe was preparing to meet his beloved Gazelle.

Kneeling in the centre of his snug little mud-hut, he peered down into the mirror — a pool of rain-water which had collected underneath a hole in the roof. This hole served as a chimney in winter ; but it was now summer, in which season Stone Axe preferred to do his cooking outside.

Dipping his hands into a cauldron of greasy stew which was to form his supper, he copiously oiled therewith his locks of corn-coloured hair. Then he combed them sleekly back from his narrow, receding forehead, with his fingers, and brushed them vigorously with his palms.

Next, he dipped the fore-finger of his right hand into a pot of woad, and painted on his hairy chest nine red hearts transfixed by arrows. He considered the effect for a moment. Apparently satisfied, he proceeded to paint a red rose on each cheek.

His toilet was now complete, except for the ‘manicuring’ of his toenails. This done, he peered at himself once more in the mirror, gave a grunt of self-approval, and rose to his feet. His knees were muddy from kneeling, but two daubs of woad soon covered the mud.

He now began to dress. This was a matter of a moment. He had killed a fine bear that morning, and he now draped himself with its skin in a careless, cavalier fashion.

He was still bleeding rather copiously from his recent shave. Some cobweb from the corner of his hut stopped that. Certainly he had been deceived in that razor. ‘Best fine-ground flint,’ forsooth! Why it had scarcely the temper of sandstone!

Taking up his club from the corner, he sallied forth, whistling:

“Hit was a lover by his lass,  
In the fray laid low, by her gay stone-bow.”

At the Corner Stores, he stopped to buy a packet of beech-nuts for Gazelle. Then he proceeded to cross the street. This was both a difficult and dangerous task, for it was the “rush hour.” Hunters, returning from the day’s toils—or snares—were rattling madly along in their one or two horse-powered chariots. The long knives attached to the hubs of the wheels were mercilessly lopping off the legs of unwary pedestrians. The policemen on duty had long succumbed. But Stone Axe was in no humour to be thwarted or delayed. Hurling a huge fragment of kerbstone at the head of one charioteer, and clubbing both horses of another, he made a wild dash, and reached the other side in safety.

After a tedious journey, he arrived at the rendezvous in the heart of the forest.

Gazelle was patiently waiting for him. She was a frail, pretty girl of nineteen, becomingly dressed in a robe of otter-skin.”

So you managed to get away, dear?” he whispered.

“Yes, darling.”

He lifted her off her feet, hugged her to him, and kissed all the woad from her pretty, pouting lips.

“Where is he — your ... your ... husband?” Stone Axe’s usually stentorian voice almost failed him.

“In our new cave,” she whispered. “Why don’t you kill him, Stone Axe?”

“Bow string broke,” he explained concisely.

“When?”

“This morning, near Old Man’s Cairn. If you really loved me, Gazelle, I think you might do it for me.”

Gazelle pouted. “I would—really now—but I haven’t the.....the.....”

“Haven’t the heart,” he finished, like a man bent on knowing the worst.

“No—the muscle,” she corrected softly.

Once again they kissed. They clung to each other in a speechless ecstasy. Presently a thought crossed little Gazelle’s practical mind.

“He will see your woad on me,” she whispered.

“Who cares?” was the dreamy reply.

She clung to him as tightly as the suction licence-holder of a Ford clings to the wind-screen.

“Gazelle!”

A harsh voice boomed through the forest.

“My husband!” whispered Gazelle, terrified.

“My chance!” muttered Stone Axe.

“My dear!” exclaimed Gazelle.

“My club!” cried Stone Axe.

He was gone. Gazelle crouched down, shivering with fear. Five minutes’ silence. The thud of a blow, followed by the first half of an oath. Silence again.

Presently Stone Axe reappeared, dragging Gazelle’s late husband behind him by the left leg.

You darling! You—you —my He-man, my—” Words failed her.

“So you did not love him after all?” His eyes were bright with excitement.

“Love him—that?” Her eyes flashed. “I could eat him.”

“You shall,” replied the laconic Stone Axe.

“I knew,” he added in triumph, “that sooner or later I’d settle his hash, and now he is properly in the soup.”

“He soon will be,” corrected the precise, matter-of-fact, little maiden.

“So you will be mine, Gazelle?”

“Yes, Stone Axe.”

Stone Axe seemed lost in a rose-coloured day-dream. Very tenderly, he dropped his club on her head. She collapsed without a word.

Hastily picking up her limp form, Stone Axe made off for his hut.



# Across Siberia from Tientsin to London.

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## An Account of a Lecture delivered by J. A. Gunn to the Rangoon Branch of the Y.M.C.A.

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*Mr. Gunn is an Old Boy who went to India in 1903, and spent 13 years there, mostly at Bombay, in the service of the great firm of Whiteway, Laidlaw & Co. In 1926 he was sent to China, and served first as Assistant Manager of their Branch at Shanghai, and later as Manager at Tientsin.*

*He is now in Burma, in charge of the firm's affairs at Rangoon.*

**T**HE Lecturer described how, leaving Tientsin on Monday morning of March 29th, 1926, "a wicked day to leave, blowing a gale, and the grit and dust flying in one's face," he arrived first at Dairen, which he characterised as a "monument to Japanese thoroughness," containing some of the finest roads and buildings he had ever seen. From Dairen a splendidly equipped train, with observation cars and lounge chairs, sped them through wild mountainous scenery and very fertile land to Mukden, where (Mr. Gunn slyly remarked) "our friends Mr. and Mrs. Engstrom waited for us with our tobacco, which I had sent ahead by post to avoid the Japanese duty at Dairen."

### **Furs and Filth.**

On Thursday Mr. Gunn and his party arrived at Harbin, and here, touching Soviet Russia, some of his most interesting experiences began. "Harbin was christened by me the 'City of Furs and Filth.' The streets were full of richly-dressed folk rubbing shoulders with filthy folk who would disgrace any civilised city. There were filthy beggars on the pavements going from store to store collecting alms, and it is pitiable to see the poorer class Russian here—and they are many. One can readily understand their attitude of 'sufficient for the day...' Many of them have been well off and have lost all. In no other street in the world, I believe, could you see such lovely furs side by side with such ghastly poverty."

On the other hand, the people of Harbin—those who had money — were great pleasure seekers, finding amusement in cabarets and dance halls, which were packed to the doors nightly with jostling crowds,

Hence to Manchouli, and Mr. Gunn remarked on the fact that travelling conditions took a turn for the worse : “the cars were roomy but unclean, and the lavatory accommodation filthy.” A halt at Chita, and then on again, through country reminiscent of the Rockies side of Canada. The ice-bound shores of Lake Baikal were skirted for some hours.

### **How to cross Siberia—The Ideal way.**

The obtaining and preparation of food is one of the troubles of trans-Siberian travel. At the next stop Mr. Gunn decided to follow the example of some German friends who “knew the ropes.” He got out and purchased a turkey, a quantity of milk, butter, and hard-boiled eggs. There was no difficulty about hot water: it was obtained free at every station. The ideal way with the commissariat department when crossing Siberia, said the Lecturer, was to have a “small fitted luncheon basket with tea, sugar, salt, pepper, mustard, lemons (for Russian style tea), paper napkins, a pot of marmalade and a small kettle and teapot. You can buy almost anything you require en route—chickens, mutton, etc.— and in not a single case did the folk impose on us.”

### **Siberia of the Snows.**

Krisnoyarsk—Novo Vikolevsk—Omsk—poor people in heavy winter clothes who had spent many months indoors owing to the rigours of the weather—miles of snow on the steppes, glittering so that one needed sun glasses to withstand the glare: Mr. Gunn told of a Siberia not otherwise than the Siberia we have always pictured.

Ekaterinberg—Perm—the recital of names of places familiar to many only through the medium of the Geography lesson went on, and then the party came to Viatka, “which has a reputation for peculiar,



polished woodwork, made up in pipes, cigarette boxes, card cases, etc.” On again, crossing a wide, ice-covered river, with droshkies and horse-sleighs dotted all over the surface. “The air had been cold and crisp, but not unpleasant. For one part of a day we were able to go out bareheaded in our sweaters and enjoy short walks at the stops. We played snowballs. The snow-fall in places must have been terrific judging from the depth against the trees.”

### **When “Siberia” spells “Tragedy.”**

Its stories of exile, of sleigh-travellers pursued by wolves and devoured in the snow, of hideous prison happenings, have caused “Siberia” to spell “tragedy” for most of us. Mr. Gunn told how this aspect of the great white spaces was brought home to him on the journey.

“We were playing poker in our coupe...we heard the train pull up suddenly and a few minutes later the car conductor called one of our party, a German doctor, out. It appears that coming round a bend we had run over a sleigh with two men. The horse was dying as I reached the spot, following the doctor, and after a brief examination he certified the one man dead, but his companion was found in the snow, safe and sound, but shaken. The sleigh was right under the tender of the engine and a man had to go under and cut it to pieces before it could be taken out.”

“The poor fellow lay by the track-side in the snow—eyes wide open—arms stretched—just as he had been thrown. I could not believe he was dead, and I knelt over him to hear or feel his breath. But the doctor said: ‘Dead.’ I thought of what a home-coming it would be for someone close by and all night his face kept in my mind.”

### **Red Moscow.**

The outskirts of Moscow coming into view, the travellers noted charming little houses in their own grounds, and new railway stations in building, all of wood, and quaintly decorated. Wire barricades on the bridges served to remind them of the grim fighting between the Red and White factions which would be even then fresh in the minds of the inhabitants.

Out at Moscow—to meet “Peter” de Reutra’s agent, “a world-famous celebrity, and a unique character whose methods of handling a crowd, leading them like a flock of sheep into the dining hall...checking luggage and personal details like clock work...were a treat to watch.”

“I am not going to follow,” the Lecturer said, “in the steps of writers (of whom we have seen so many in India and in China) who spend one week in a country and then tell you what’s wrong with it. I spent only a few hours in Moscow, but found to my great surprise many lovely shops and well-dressed people, and as many poor people as I would see in London or Liverpool. There was good food in the restaurants, and a busy air in the arcades, and certainly not what other people said: ‘no one with a smile on his face.’ People were wandering round the streets looking quite contented. Many new houses were in evidence, but many of the older ones sadly needed paint and the streets too wanted relaying— they are of the same style as in France and Belgium: stone setts, which when they get out of place mean very bad going. We missed a chance of seeing Lenin lying in state and also the Kremlin. We learned that the cost of living was very high, but Moscow far and away exceeded my hearsay impressions of Soviet Russia.”

### **An Old Tune in a New Setting.**

Sebesh—Ziloupe—Riga—Metlene—the catalogue of geography lesson names began again. “At Riga there was an air of prosperity that seemed real. It was like old times when we left the station; evidently a choir-master or music teacher was leaving the city, and it was fine to hear ‘Till we meet again’ sung by a full choir of voices in another and a strange language. We were joined by an English gentleman who was on a buying trip to Riga and a jolly fine companion he proved to be.”

Into Lithuania “where the military were very smartly dressed, and looked much smarter than the Soviet Red Army.”

Through Siantiai to Kovno, the capital of Lithuania, and its prettily-wooded river-country “extremely like the Wye Valley at Chepstow.”

Eydtkunen, the frontier post, passed, “we sampled at Munich the beer for which it is celebrated,” and passed on to Landsberg and so to Berlin. Berlin gave place to Hanover, and, via the “busy workshops of Westphalia, Hamm, Dortsmund, Cologne, etc.,” the travellers came to Brussels. Taking in Bruges, they eventually arrived at Ostend to find the usual English welcome come across to greet the wanderer...viz, rain. On the journey across we struck very heavy and rough seas, but I managed to act up to the old saying : “What I have I’ll hold.”

A.L.O.

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## Bacteria.

By A. L. Provan, Ph.D.

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**I**T is usual to look upon all bacteria or germs as harmful. While this is true of the bacteria which cause disease, there is, on the other hand, a much larger number which are quite harmless. Many are essential to our existence.

It is probable that the idea that all bacteria are disease-producing has arisen through everyone having seen or been a victim of the results of their activities. Again bacteria were first investigated in their relation to disease and as a result the practice of bacteriology was, until quite recently, in the hands of the medical profession. During recent times, however, it has been found that the activities of many bacteria are harmless to health and of economic importance,

Bacteria are invisible to the naked eye and can only be seen when examined with a powerful microscope. However, it can be proved that bacteria exist in large numbers on decaying vegetable matter, plants, and

the skin, and also in soil, dust, air and water. They exist only in small numbers in the healthy tissues of the body as the tissues possess the power of resisting bacterial invasion. If this resistance is impaired by ill-health or injury the bacteria are enabled to gain a foothold, to multiply rapidly and cause disease.

The activities of the harmless bacteria are many and varied. They are able to bring about chemical changes which are of great importance.

Perhaps their most important work is that of scavengers. They possess the power of causing the decay of animal and plant remains. In the absence of bacteria such materials as straw, dead vegetation and wood will not rot or decay. The bacteria however are able to convert them from complex chemical compounds into simple substances such as water, carbon dioxide and salts of nitric acid.

This change is of fundamental importance as plants cannot use unrotted materials as a source of food. Such material would therefore collect and not be returned to the soil until ultimately the stock of plant nutrients in the soil would become so depleted that vegetable growth would cease. As a result animals and finally man would be unable to obtain food. It is thus clear that these decay producing or putrefactive bacteria are essential to the continued existence of higher forms of life.

Another interesting chemical change brought about by bacteria in the soil is the conversion of ammonium sulphate into salts of nitric acid. This is a change which must occur before the nitrogen of the ammonium sulphate can be utilized by the plant. In a chemical laboratory this is an extremely difficult reaction to bring about, but it is easily and quickly performed by these small forms of life.

Bacteria affect us more directly in relation to certain foods and beverages. Thus the distinctive flavours of butter and cheese are due to chemical changes brought about by bacteria. Butter made from cream which does not contain certain organisms does not possess the usual characteristic flavour.

There exists a class of organisms very similar to bacteria and called yeasts which are able to bring about the conversion of sugar into alcohol. These are of great importance in brewing. In the formation of vinegar the alcohol formed by the yeasts is converted into acetic acid by bacteria.

The above examples are only a few of the useful activities of bacteria. But for lack of space many other instances could be given of their being able to cause fundamental changes which would be difficult, if not impossible, to bring about by other means.

The putrefactive bacteria also cause undesirable changes. They exert their powers on any suitable material with which they come into contact. For example the putrefaction of meat is due to bacterial action. If the meat is kept as free as possible from contamination this putrefaction does not become serious before the meat is used. Bacteria are easily killed by heat, and all bacteria present on the meat are killed during cooking. The great danger of putrid meat is due to the putrefactive germs forming substances which cause ptomaine poisoning. These substances are not destroyed by heat.

Another food that is readily attacked by bacteria is milk. Ordinary souring as well as many other changes such as abnormal tastes are due to changes brought about by bacteria. Souring takes place very quickly during the summer as the higher temperature prevailing is very favourable to the growth of the bacteria usually found in milk. During souring the complex chemical constituents of milk are broken down. One of these, the milk sugar, is converted into lactic acid which causes the milk to clot when present in sufficient quantity. These lactic acid forming bacteria also have useful purposes when used in the dairy in the production of butter and cheese.

The spoilage of food and the decay of dead vegetation can be brought about by the same bacteria and the changes occurring during the two processes are chemically identical. Yet both of these changes cannot be classified as useful. It is merely a case of the bacteria

performing their normal functions on the material at hand. With our present knowledge, we cannot properly control their actions. Therefore\* all that is possible is to bear small annoyances such as putrid milk and sour milk and to remember that life would be very difficult if such changes did not occur. The losses due to the action of bacteria are very small compared with the inestimable value of the other tasks they perform.

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## Electioneering.

By A. J. H. Watkins.

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**T**WO Elections have taken place during the last year which may have interested old boys. The first—and most important—was the General Election in May and the second the local Municipal Election in November. Most old boys took casual if any interest in the former, but few could fail to be interested in the Castle Ward contest which returned our late President and made him Councillor Max Beveridge. He is certainly heading towards the fulfilment of a prophecy made by a well-known journalist—he will be Shakespeare's "justice in fair round belly with good capon lined." It is surely only a matter of time when he will be elevated to chief magistrate.

If General Elections could only be conducted with the same good humour, goodwill and good sportsmanship that characterised Councillor Beveridge's campaign we should hear fewer complaints of the decay in our national life. But participants in General Elections get so depressed by their burdens of responsibility, so flurried by the hectic rush against time and spend so many sleepless nights wondering what new strategy the opposition will adopt on the morrow that the whole event is apt to become, a very morose affair.

But, even so, for the enthusiast who withal possesses a good sense of humour, electioneering is not without its lighter side. The Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher wrote on the same subject, "Parliamentary life lends itself to humorous treatment...the contrast between the tragic size of the business and the pettiness of the devices which contribute to its effective handling, such as the orchid in the button-hole, the habitual use of the pipe, the size of the collar, the shape of the hat, or any other salient sartorial detail for which the public are reputed to have conceived an affection."

Elections are the qualifying rounds of Parliamentary life, and electioneering is undoubtedly provocative of more sparkling humour than is Parliamentary life. Spontaneous wit is the spice of electioneering and a large volume might easily be filled with examples of it. The interest of these stories is considerably enhanced by the knowledge that they actually did happen.

The boisterous elections which took place during the days of the Irish Nationalists were productive of many splendid examples. An open air meeting was being addressed by an ardent Nationalist. He was persistently interrupted by a man who kept saying, "What about the man who shot his landlord in the dark?" After several interruptions the speaker replied, "Well, all I can say is that it must have been a d----d good shot." Mick Manning was an enthusiastic Parnellite. He stood over six feet in height and weighed over twenty stone. One day he was addressing a meeting and showing how badly Parnell had been treated when a priest galloped up on horse back and commenced to harangue the crowd, denouncing Parnellism and everyone connected with it. When his reverence had to stop, being out of breath, Mick shouted "Arrah! boys, don't mind the Sermon on the Mount!"

The Tariff Reform campaign produced some splendid stories of which this is one of the best. A new and enthusiastic young speaker had been sent down to address a meeting in a Somersetshire village on

'Tariff Reform.' A prominent farmer occupied the chair and he was supported by several of the wealthy farmers of the district. The speaker made a very eloquent plea for Tariff Reform and showed what a benefit it would be to agriculture. When several stock questions had been answered a yokel got up and said, "This be awl reet for the bosses but what be it for the likes of we?" The speaker: "How much do you earn now, my man?" "A quid a week." "Well, under Tariff Reform you'll earn double that amount." "Ah!" cried the yokel, "You tell that to massa, he be sat up there by ye!".....Complete disruption of meeting.

Whatever else one may think of him, no one denies Mr. Lloyd George's ability at repartee. Many witticisms are attributed to him which it is doubtful if he ever uttered, but the following actually did take place. Mr. George was to address a meeting in Birmingham at the time of the Boer War. His chairman had had a very boisterous reception and his was even worse. He managed to say, "Mr. Chairman, I am here." "So am I," came a voice from the back of the hall." "Ah! but you aren't all there," came the reply like a flash. A speech in support of home rule was being delivered by Mr. Lloyd George in the course of which he said, "I am in favour of Home Rule for Ireland, Home Rule for Scotland, and——" A voice interrupted, "Home rule for Hell." "Every man to his own country," was the ready rejoinder.

A well known story which is often "worked" by speakers concerns a heckler who interrupted a speaker with the challenge, "I suppose you are paid to come here and say that." "Yes, I'm paid very well. What are you paid to come and interrupt me?" said the speaker. "Nothing" replied the heckler. "Ah! then your employers have a fair idea of your value," was the speaker's comment.

It is very pleasant to recount these experiences from the comfort of an arm chair and the companionship of a pipe as some of our forbears often do, and pine for the old days, but as long as men have humour and their love of contention electioneering is unlikely to lose its gaieties.



# A Good Memory While You Wait.

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A One-Lesson Memory System. By A. L. Oakley.

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**J**UDGING from the advertising columns of our newspapers and periodical press, good business has been done in late years by the proprietors of systems of “mind and memory training,” which are said to develop in their users latent powers of initiative, concentration, memory, etc.

In the present article the writer describes an easily understood method of memorising which has none of the elaboration or pretensions of the systems referred to above but will undoubtedly produce remarkable results. Any reader who cares to take the very small amount of pains required to master it can within an hour or so mystify his friends and relations by his ability to memorise. Should he develop the method further and amplify the few hints here given he may gain renown as the local “Datas.”

Memory, as most readers will be well aware, depends largely on a faculty the mind possesses of establishing links of association between ideas already held in the memory and the new impressions which come along. The stronger these links of association the more powerful the memory. “How can you remember,” says counsel to a witness in a legal action, “that this accident took place at precisely twelve o’clock noon on March 31st last?” “Oh!” replies witness, “you see, March 31st is the last day of the quarter—I have to pay my rent by then. I was hurrying along with my rent-book in my hand, and I just happened to look at my watch and noticed it was five minutes to twelve. My landlord’s office shuts at twelve. Just at that moment, this gentleman, Mr. Brown, happened to be crossing the road, and the defendant’s car knocked him down, and.....” “Very good, that will do,” says counsel, “Thank you.”

The mental operations concerned in the witness's recollection of the incident will be apparent to anyone. The presence of certain fixed and definite data in her mind had made it possible for her readily to recall the other facts she had associated with them.

A celebrated illusionist and conjuror used to ask his audiences to make up lists of 50 or more objects, which when submitted to him he would read rapidly through, and afterwards, with scarcely a second's hesitation, repeat from memory. Further, if called upon he would repeat the list backwards, or in any order his auditors might require. Asked, for instance, what number fifteen on the list was, he would instantly reply "cabbage" or whatever else it might happen to be. Similarly, if asked the numerical position in the list of "bookshelf," he would reply "18" and so forth.

The illusionist's method, so staggering in its effect on the mind of the uninitiated, was simplicity itself, and in fact only an extension of the method employed instinctively by the lady in the witness-box. He had, at some previous time, memorised perfectly a list of, say, 50 objects, in a certain order, and could recall at will any or all of these objects and their corresponding numbers. As he read through the list handed up by a person in the audience he would establish quickly some connecting link between each new item and the item previously memorised. He had merely, in performing his feat subsequently, to recall the object first memorised and simultaneously (and mechanically) he would recall the new one. The following example should make it all quite clear : —

No. 1 on the conjurer's memorised

	list would be	... Himself
No. 2	... ..	... Two people - a courting couple
No. 3	... ..	... The Pawnbroker's Sign
No. 4	... ..	... A Square (four sides)
No. 5	... ..	... A Hand (five fingers)
No. 6	... ..	... A Cube (six sides)

The memorising of this “stock list” was made a comparatively easy task, it will be observed, by making each item have a definite relationship to its number—growing out of it, so to speak. Further examples which may assist the reader in compiling a list are :—

No. 11	...	...	...	A Cricket Team
No. 12	...	...	...	A Shilling
No. 13	...	...	...	A Coffin
No. 20	...	...	...	A Sovereign (the coin)

Suppose that the first item in the list handed up from the audience was “a pail of water.” The illusionist would imagine himself being drenched with water from a pail which some practical joker had balanced over his door. No. 2 might be a “boat”—he would imagine a young man and woman boating on a lake and the boat turning turtle.” He would strengthen the idea by visualising them struggling and crying for help in the water. If item No. 3 was “a bookshelf” he would picture himself taking a bookshelf into a pawnshop, and . . . but what could be simpler?

The efficacy of this very simple “one-lesson system” has been proved time and time again at lectures, classes and parties by the present writer. So difficult is it to forget the items in the new list after a sound link of association has been created, that he has found himself recalling them to mind days later. The reader can now test the method for himself.

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## The Year in School.

By **E. O. Jones, B.Sc.**

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**T**HE number of boys in school increases every year and at the beginning of this Autumn Term, 1929, we had 170 names on the roll. An excellent feature is the number of boys in the Sixth form—

twenty-one —most of whom are taking the Higher Central Welsh Board Courses in three of the following subjects :- Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, English, French, Chemistry and Geography, whilst others are doing matriculation work. It is a splendid thing for the school to have such a large number of boys staying on after they have matriculated or passed the Senior Certificate Examination and also for the boys themselves, as the Higher Courses are the best preparation existing for University work in either Science or Arts.

The results of the Central Welsh Board Examination in July last were probably the best in the history of the school. One pupil was presented for the Higher Certificate and was successful; seventeen Senior Certificates were obtained with eight exemptions from London Matriculation. The names of the successful boys are:—

#### HIGHER.

R. C. Dunn, with credits in Pure & Applied Mathematics & Chemistry

#### SENIOR.

G. W. Adams,	with credits in	English, History, Maths, Chemistry.
E. K. Cobbold	„ „	English, History, Arithmetic, Drawing.
B. Davies	„ „	English, History, Geography, Maths.
E. J. Evans	„ „	English, Geography, French, Maths, Mechanics, Drawing.
E. K. Griffiths	„ „	English, History, French, Maths, Chemistry, Drawing.
A. L. Jones	„ „	English, History, Geography, French, Maths.
F. M. P. Jones	„ „	English, French, Maths (distinction),
C. H. J. Llewellyn	„ „	History, Maths.
S. W. Mann	„ „	English, History, Geography, French, Maths, Drawing.
L. V. Meredith	„ „	English, History, Geography, French, Arithmetic, Drawing.
T. E. Merriman	„ „	English, History, Geography, Maths, French, Chemistry, Drawing.
W. U. M. Phillips	„ „	English, History, French, Maths.

W. E. Savagar,	with credits in English,	History,	French,	Maths.
	Chemistry,	Drawing.		
P. E. Walker	„	„	English, History, Geography, French,	Chemistry, Maths (distinction), Mechanics (distinction).
E. Whitehead	„	„	English, History, Geography, French,	Maths, Chemistry, Drawing.
R. T. Williams	„	„	English, History, Arithmetic, Drawing.	
W. W. Yarnold	„	„	English, History, Geography, Maths,	Mechanics, Chemistry.

Exemption from London and Welsh Matriculation :—

E. K. Griffiths, T. E. Merriman, W. Savagar, P. Walker, E. Whitehead.

Exemption from Welsh Matriculation :

E. J. Evans, A. L. Jones, S. W. Mann.

G. W. Adams also passed the Senior Certificate Examination of the College of Preceptors. R. C. Dunn, who has gone up to Bangor University College, was awarded a School-leaving Scholarship of £15 per annum and L. F. Hurley, who has entered the Architectural Dept. of Cardiff Technical College one of £10 per annum. J. R. Ablart has entered the Agricultural Dept. of the University College, Aberystwyth.

The two main functions of the school year have been as usual the Prize Distribution and the Athletic Sports. The former was held in school in March and we were fortunate in having Lord Glanusk to distribute the prizes and to address us. He spoke delightfully and, what was more, stressed the need for playing fields for the school and inaugurated a fund for that purpose with a cheque. This fund has been helped along by the Old Boys' Dramatic Society's presentation of the play "Three Wise Fools" at the Borough Theatre on November 14th and 15th, and the school is very much indebted to the Society for their splendid assistance.

The Athletic Sports were held as usual in June on the Avenue Road Cricket Ground and in spite of somewhat inclement weather were very successful. The Victor Ludorum Cup and replica presented by the Old Boys' Association were won by J. O. Jones who was given a good run by J. Ablart who was the runner-up. The prizes were presented at the conclusion of the Sports by Miss Gethin-Davies, M.A. The results were as follows :—

Long Jump, Senior	...	W. Bebb,	19-ft. 3-in.
"    "    Junior	...	A. Burden,	15-ft. 3-in.
Throwing Cricket Ball, Senior		J. O. Jones,	73-yards
"    "    Junior		N. Gay,	56-yards
100-yards Handicap, Scratch	...	J. Ablart	
"    "    Senior	...	J. Ablart	
"    "    Junior	...	H. Williams	
High Jump, Senior	...	J. O. Jones,	4-ft 9-in.
"    "    Junior	...	M. Mapp,	4-ft. 1-in.
220-yards Handicap, Open	...	J. Ablart	
440    "    "    "	...	N. Butler	
880    "    "    "	...	J. O. Jones	
1 - mile    "    "	...	A. Dunn	
Sack Race, Junior	...	J. Newcombe	
"    "    Senior	...	B. Rosser	
Slow Bicycle Race, Open	...	E. Telford	
Wheelbarrow Race, Open	...	W. Savagar & J. Newcombe	
Three Legged Race, Open	...	A. Dunn & F. Williams	
Relay Race, Houses	...	Skirrid	
Obstacle Race, Open	...	P. Shingler	
Tug o' War, Houses	...	Skirrid	
"    "    Old Boys	...	Coun. M. L. Beveridge's Team	beat Mr. R. G. Price's Team.
Sack Race, Old Boys	...	1 Mr. H. Downes	
		2 Mr. R. N. T. Williams	
Judge's 100-yards Handicap	...	1 Mr. R. G. Price	
		2 Major Jacob, 3 Mr. J. A. Gunn	

The School Rugby XV this season has improved considerably as, although they have only won one match up to date, the adverse scores have been very much lower than in former years. One of the centre three-quarters, A. Knight, has played a few times for the Abergavenny 1st XV.

The Cricket Team was not so successful as usual but gave the opposing elevens good games in every match and were unlucky on several occasions not to be on the winning side.

Tennis is becoming popular among some of the boys and two of them (R. Williams & F. Baker) succeeded in getting into the final of the men's doubles event in the Bailey Park Tournament.

We all congratulated Mr. Horsington, our Woodwork Instructor, on the honour of becoming Mayor of Abergavenny, and confidently expect great things from him.

The Savings Association with Mr. Mawer as Secretary and Mr. Sharpe as Treasurer still progresses and averages nearly £3 per week in collections. Well over £450 has now been subscribed by the boys since 1925.

The League of Nations Union School branch is in a flourishing condition and Mr. Ralphs reports as follows :—

Of last winter's meetings of the School Branch of the League of Nations Union, two were addressed by visitors. Miss K. M. Lane, B.A. gave an illuminating talk on a much-neglected subject, The International Labour Organisation; and Mr. Harry Mansfield, the first Old Boy to do such a service for us, addressed the Branch on the growth of the idea of a League of Nations. Mr. Mawer interested the boys by lively detail as to how the League of Nations settles disputes. The remaining meeting was a debate in which at least a dozen boys took a more or less vigorous part, and which was ended more by the approach of darkness than by exhaustion of the subject. The principal attraction in the programme for the present session is a visit by Rear-Admiral Allen which we are promised in February.

# “Three Wise Fools.”

By A.L.O.

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MANY supporters of the Old Boys' dramatic performances must have gone to this year's production with happy memories of the very enjoyable evening they spent under similar circumstances twelve months before. Judging from the volume of approbation following the show few were disappointed.

The story of this play is built up on a formula well-known to every frequenter of the kinema, the elements of farce, pseudo-philosophy, Dumas-esque gallantry, sentiment, tragedy and melodrama being compounded into a synthesis which pleased and amused if it failed to vibrate the deeper feelings.

We have nothing but praise to give for the workmanlike and thoroughly able manner in which the play was produced. There were, it is true, certain features which are rarely absent from even the most gifted amateur companies—a lack of stage composure now and then, and, that bane of amateur actors, a tendency to over-act a part. These were not sufficient to mar the performance. One feels that the producer, Mr. Alick Morgan, must have worked hard to bring his team to such a pitch of excellence.

K. N. D. Williams, as Judge Trumbull, repeated his success of last year, but he ought to be varying his parts more. We have to warn him against “ruts.” W. H. Shackleton held his own with his inimitable confidence as Theodore Findley: a confidence, we have been told, which helped greatly to eliminate “that sinking feeling” from the spirits of less experienced members of the cast. We liked the acting of G. Hill. His restraint and general carrying off of the Doctor's part was admirable. A. V. Pavord, we think, was a first-class specimen of the type of hero who has succeeded on the films and elsewhere the curly-headed hero of



earlier days. Mr. Pavord follows the Bulldog Drummond school of heroes, and has learned his lessons very well, too. That doyen of bad men, "Benny the Duck," was materialised very capably by R. N. T. Williams.

We have to speak of the winsome heroine, whose personal charm and talent caused many a masculine pulse to beat in sympathy with that of her stalwart lover. We have not seen Miss Mary Jones act before, and we look forward to seeing her in parts which will give her opportunities of displaying her ability to even better advantage. A note of admiration is needed also for the way in which Miss Mangles sank her natural self in the part of Saunders, the Housekeeper.

And the rest of the cast? We must, for reasons of space, put them together and say that each and all did their share most creditably.

—————

At this juncture the Critic is obliged to speak his mind at the risk of giving offence in certain quarters, though he is not unaware of a considerable backing in others. It is his opinion that the Amateur Dramatic Movement does not fulfil its *raison d'être* in producing plays such as "Three Wise Fools," which, eminently pleasant and laughable as they are, are as ephemeral as a summer snow-flake. We write with certain words of one of our greatest theatrical notabilities, Mr. Harley Granville Barker, coming to mind :—

"The fact that an increasing number of grown-up people find distraction for the winter evenings in amateur theatricals would be little more worth worrying about than the prevalence of Bridge or Mah-Jongg. But the striking thing about the present revival of interest in drama.....is the liking of plays for their own sake and therefore, more often than not, the liking of good plays.

*"I suspect that the amateur clubs of my youth still go on, and perform out-of-date West-End successes, in which feeble imitations are given of the popular favourites who first played in them.*

“But the strength of the movement lies in.....organisations.....quite unrelated to these in their purpose or the taste they show.....I believe that here is a genuine artistic up-growth.....Here in fact is a genuine and creative interest in a highly organic art.”

There are bigger and more momentous issues for the Amateur Dramatic Movement. It has no need to go across the Atlantic for material cunningly compounded to a stock film formula, while great plays by Synge, Galsworthy, Shaw, Drinkwater, and others go unacted. Professional companies, for reasons too complex to go into here in detail (but largely, one presumes, because of the tremendous salaries demanded by stage “stars”) will not act these plays, and the public’s only opportunity of getting into touch with the greater modern drama seems to be via the amateur company.

The amateur dramatic movement is a great thing, and it has all our sympathy, but we feel with Mr. Kenneth Barnes, of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, that “when the emotional and moral values of the characters shown in action are false and uninspired by artistic insight, the effect is no doubt deleterious both to actors and audience.”

In voicing these opinions we have met with shoulder-shrugs and raised eye brows, accompanied by ejaculations of: ‘Oh, you mean that high-brow stuff!’ “It will never go down with our crowd,” etc. Let it be understood that we do not mean high-brow, middle-brow, low-brow, or any other kind of “stuff.” We refer to the best, and to take anything less than the best when that is available, whether it be a matter of cigarettes, ales, wines, books, plays, or anything else, argues only a lack of power to discriminate between what is “the best” and what is not.

With regard to the second contention, that “it will not go down with our crowd.” This (we crave pardon) is clotted nonsense. When we have actors and actresses with the talent of E. N. D. Williams, W. H. Shackleton and Miss Mary Jones to select from—people who have studied their parts with that loving and tender care which denotes the artist all the world over—how can one talk thus foolishly? Would not they

prefer to be working up parts created by a master's brain and pen, the memory of their rendering of which would be alive in their audiences' minds when the gossamer threads of the film-formula farces and comedies had been blown out for ever ?

A.L.O.

---

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ  
(in order of appearance).

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THEODORE FINDLEY, of Findley & Co., Bankers. Choleric, with a pretty gift of swearing but a heart of gold. Wise Fool the First

.....W. H. SHACKLETON

DR. RICHARD GAUNT, of the Rockefeller Institute. Author of a treatise entitled "The Unburied Dead." Wise Fool the Second

.....G. HILL

GRAY, the Butler. Massive - calm - efficient. Fated to be knocked on the head in a later scene

.....E. O. JONES

SAUNDERS, the Householder, a somewhat washed-out personality, "who nevertheless can be very decided on occasion .....MISS VI MANGLES

POOLE, an imperturbable New York detective who comes on in Act 1 to warn Findley and Gaunt of impending danger to a member of the household. Hands them a police-whistle. Bribeable.

.....H. G. DOWNES

GORDON SCHUYLER, University graduate and football star. Hero of the piece. Quarrels fiercely with his uncle, Theodore Findley, on the score of work

.....A. V. PAVORD

HON. JAMES TRUMBULL. Justice of the Federal Court. Wise Fool the Third, and the member of the aforesaid household whose life is in danger

E. N. D. WILLIAMS

This completes the trio of quixotic bachelors whose placid habit-rutted celibacy is dedicated to the memory of a (jointly-shared) lost love, RENA FAIRCHILD. This lady has just died in abject poverty after a distressful life, bequeathing to the three old friends her beloved child.

SYDNEY FAIRCHILD, whose name belies her sex but not her looks. A law student. Melts frosty bachelor hearts. Falls in love with Gordon and vice versa. Accepted into household, becomes the old men's darling, but later falls under terrible suspicion ...MISS MARY JONES

DOUGLAS, the Footman ... L. A. MORGAN

BENJAMIN SURATT, alias Benny the Duck, an escaped convict, sentenced by Judge Trumbull. Has threatened to take latter's life. Typical Bowery villain—complete with automatic pistol. Gaining admission to the bachelor menage, is seen by Sydney, who has some mysterious connection with him. On learning Benny's mission she blows whistle and alarms house—but opens skylight to enable him to escape

.....R. N. T. WILLIAMS

Sydney's complicity in the plot is suspected and three saddened bachelors sit with averted shoulders while she pleads tearfully that "She didn't mean any harm."

CLANCY, another Detective ... H. WEEKS

POLICEMAN ... T. SCOTT

JOHN CRAWSHAY, another escaped convict and former friend of Theodore Findley's. Is really innocent of crime for which convicted: Benny the Duck, who is now recaptured by police, confesses to have forged his name. Moreover Crawshay is (Eh ! you guessed it?)—Sydney's father !

.....W. T. POWELL

Daylight apparent—repentent bachelors—everything put right again—hero on hand—father approves—" All's well that ends well."

CURTAIN.



OLD ABBOTT'S HOUSE, LLANTHONY PRIORY,  
*From a pen and ink Drawing by A. D. Bulman.*



# The Association's Activities of the Year.

By E. N. D. WILLIAMS.

---

THE Boxing Night Dance, or "The Dance of the Year," as it may rightly be named, was a huge success, approximately 400 people being present, who were delighted with the President's Fairy Wand, which, at a few words from this distinguished personage produced an illuminated crest of the School, together with the words "Old Boys 1928." This small feat was duly applauded, and the dancing continued with enthusiasm until 3 a.m.

The Flannel Dance held during the Summer months was also a success. A fair number of dancers were present, and thus enabled the Association to hand to the President a few pounds towards the Tudor St. Mission Fund, in which he is greatly interested.

Another extremely successful and pleasant function was the Annual Dinner held at the Greyhound Hotel in January last. It was gratifying to see so many distinguished guests present, who included His Worship the Mayor, Col. J. G. Bishop, O.B.E., himself an old boy and Chairman of the Governors of the School, the Mayor of Brecon, and Capt. Geoffrey Crawshay, together with representatives of the Newport High School Old Boys' Association. One was also pleased to see Mr. A. J. Duck, who was making his last appearance at our Dinner before retiring from his position as Headmaster of Hereford Road School.

Further activities of the Association included four evening Cricket matches, the first at Glanusk Park, where we were beaten by Lord Glanusk's staff. His Lordship honoured us by his presence, and he seemed very pleased with the victory of his team. The other three matches were against Crickhowell, all on their own ground. We won two of these, and lost one.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the King's Head Hotel in the form of a Smoking Concert and presentation to one of our Old Boys, Mr. W. T. Powell on the eve of his marriage. Mr. J. A. Morgan took the chair, in the absence of the President, who was away on holidays, and presented Mr. Powell with a silver cigarette box, as a small token of respect from the Old Boys.

The greatest success of the year was, as all readers will know, the production of "Three Wise Fools" by the Dramatic Society, but full details of this production will be found in other columns of this issue.

I would not let this opportunity pass without reminding readers of the interest being displayed by Old Boys in the Abergavenny Town Rugby Club. The fact that the School has now turned to Rugger has proved a great help to the Club; especially when the boys are coached by three able masters, Messrs. E. O. Jones, H. Sharpe and L. Porter, the last named of whom is a regular player in the Town Fifteen. Old Boys play an active part in the management of the Club which has for its Chairman Mr. R. W. Powell, a past President of the Association, Mr. R. W. Plowman for its Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Shackleton for its Assistant Secretary, while I hold the position of General Secretary. Furthermore Messrs. J. K. Ruther and C. Price are members of the Committee, and Mr. L. A. Morgan is Captain of the Harlequins, so the Association is doing its share of work in this grand old winter game.

Mention must also be made of the relations of Old Boys with the game of hockey. The Abergavenny Club is one of the oldest in Wales and Old Boys have done a great deal to maintain the traditions of the club. Up to the time of going to press the following have played for the County team this season: —Mr. A. L. Gough, Mr. P. A. Telford and Mr. H. Sharpe. It is also pleasing to note that three important officials of the club are Old Boys: the Captain—Mr. P. A. Telford, the Secretary—Mr. E. G. Jackson, and the Treasurer— Mr. A. Jackson. Mr. R. R. Price, a former Welsh International, is a member of the Welsh International Selection Committee.



# K.H.G.S. Old Boys' Association,

Abergavenny.

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### Receipts and Payments Accounts, From 11th October, 1928 to 6th December, 1929

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.		PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Balance brought forward	49	18	8½		By Donation to Cottage Hospital—Profit on “Public Opinion”	13	7	3
„ Profit on Dance Boxing Night	45	19	6		„ Assistance to Mr. Claude Stephens- (Travelling Expenses)	9	18	9
„ Profit on Production of “Public Opinion”	13	7	3		„ Presentation, Prizes, and Donations to School Sports Fund	7	18	3
„ Subscriptions	11	11	0		„ Loss on Annual Dinner	4	18	8
„ Donation from Dr. James, C.H., D.D.	5	0	0		„ Donation Poor Children’s Outing—(Profit on Flannel Dance)	2	12	6
„ Profit on Flannel Dance	2	12	6		„ Loss on Sale of Ties, etc.	2	11	1
„ Deposit Interest	1	0	4		„ Net Cost of Magazine	2	5	9
 W. H. SHACKLETON, Hon. Treasurer.					„ Presentation of Book to School Library	1	7	6
 Audited and found correct :— D. R. DORRELL, Hon. Auditor, 6th December, 1929.					„ Printing & Stationery	1	5	6
					„ Wreath for War Memorial	1	1	0
					„ Expenses of Delegates to Newport H.S. Old Boys Annual Dinner	1	0	0
					„ Postages, Cleaning, and Miscellaneous Expenses	5	2	11½
						53	9	2½
					„ Balance in hand	76	0	1
						£129	9	3½

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