

The Tyleryan

The Magazine of the Abertillery County School.

No. 1 New Series (Annual Issue).

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OFFICERS:

Editorial: W. E. EDWARDS, GLADYS MARSON.

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Editorial.

THE War interfered with the publication of the School Magazine, and since this is the first issue for several years it may be truly classed as the "Peace Number." This magazine is the first of an entirely new series, and it is hoped that it will meet with the full approval of all the pupils and of those old pupils who still take an interest in the school affairs.

We, as a committee, expect to receive the support of all the school in order to make this effort a financial success, as the last Magazine left the Committee with an adverse balance. The school is larger than ever, and there is no reason why the publication of the "Tylerian" this time should not be a great success. Literary contributions have come in freely, and consequently many have had to be refused. We had intended publishing some letters from former pupils of the school and new students in various colleges, but up to the time of going to press they have not been received.

During this season our football team has been very successful, but there has been a difficulty with regard to fixtures. All the matches played have been won and Arthur Hill has proved a great asset to the team upon his return from the Navy. On the other hand the school hockey team has not been so successful. The social side

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of the school has been a feature this season. Six parties have been held and thoroughly enjoyed, each party being a great success.

Since the last Magazine there have been many "staff" changes. We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Lewis on his return from the Army. To Miss Adams, Mr. Hoskins and Mr. Oulton we also give a hearty welcome. However, we regret the resignation of Mr. Jarman, who left last July, but we congratulate him upon his promotion to a lucrative post in Glamorgan.

Contributions, written in a light vein, criticising our school practices and institutions have been received, and although these have been welcomed the committee would be very grateful if articles of a more serious nature were contributed to the next issue of the Magazine. Mr. Osborne has proved of great assistance in preparing this number of the Magazine. To him we feel truly grateful for his encouragement and aid. In conclusion we have the pleasant task of thanking those who have lightened our work by the ready response which they made to the appeal for contributions.

W. E. EDWARDS, Editor.

G. MARSON, Editress.



Interviews with Local Celebrities.

No. 1.

A t P t, V.B.

As I am new to the duties of an interviewer, you must not expect any work of art from my pen. It was with mingled feelings that I heart that the first person I was to interview was Pt., for I had heard that he was not a pleasant person to meet at the best of times—you see his boots are rather large and so are his fists—and if he were in a bad temper—

I repressed my fears and wended my footsteps to where I expected to meet P...t. I was not long in discovering my quarry. As I was nearing the boiler-house, P...t's thunderous voice could be heard in song. The song seemed to be a mixture of the "Dead March" from (Saul), and "Tipperary," but I did not bother my brain as to what it was, but plunged into business at once.

"You are A....t P...t, are you not?" I demanded, in the approved manner of a trained reporter. But my query did not receive the answer I expected. P...t glared at me for a few moments, and then in accents of wrath he said:

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"What the Dickens are you getting at, you idiot? You know my name is P...t."

"Well, you see," I replied in tones of gentle persuasion, for I was anxious to appease the object of my search, "I am the special representative of the 'Tylerian,' and your name will appear in the Magazine as the first person to be interviewed."

I saw that I had struck the right chord, for P...t's face broke into smiles, and he regarded me in a more attentive manner. "So that's that," he said. "Well, what do you want to know?" "Well, for a start," I said, "I want to know the size of your cap and boots, the colour of your hair, your —"

"Now, steady on," said P...t. "One thing at the time. I take 6 $\frac{7}{8}$ in caps, and size elevens in boots. for, you see, I have a very small foot."

"Elevens! How strange for such a tall lad—I mean tall fellow—as you are to take only a small boy's size!"

"I don't mean small elevens," said P...t. "I mean large elevens." "Oh!" I replied, "that somewhat alters the case. Now, as to your hair!"

"Oh! my hair's auburn," said P...t, "although people call it ginger."

I jotted down a few notes in my note-book, and continued my interview. "It is rumoured that you have taken to writing poetry lately. Is it true?"

"Yes," said P...t. "You see it was like this. I fell in love with the prettiest girl in the world." Here his eyes began to look watery, and, taking a handkerchief, on which was imprinted a map of Europe, from his pocket, began violently to blow his nose in Germany. Then, replacing his handkerchief, he continued his yarn. "Well, I wrote poems to this beautiful damsel—and they were so good that everybody says I'm a born poet."

"Would you mind giving me a specimen of your art," I said.

"Certainly," said P...t. "Here goes," and, leaning back against the wall, letting his eyes wander towards the heavens, and seemingly oblivious to all things around him, he began, in a singsong voice, to recite the following lines:

"Oh! Clara, dear,
Keep from the beer,
Your eyes so clear should show no fear
While I am near."

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Of, course, I had to applaud this wonderful attempt at making poetry; whereupon P...t bowed, and gave me a look which was brimful of gratification.

"Now," continued Pt., "I wrote that poem when Mr. Evans was giving a prize for the best poem, so I took the prize."

"You did?" I said "good shot!"

"Yes," continued P...t, "but Mr. Evans saw me and made me give it back."

"Oh!" was all I said, but then, recovering my composure, I continued. "Do you play football?"

"Of course I do! watch me!" and rushing into the boys' yard where a number of first-yearers were punting a football, he dashed for the ball. I stood near; ready to take notes, when the ball rebounded at P...t's foot. Balancing himself on one foot, he lunged at the ball with the other. I expected the ball to disappear into space, but, instead of that P...t's foot missed the ball by yards, and P...t himself landed on his back with a thump. I assisted him to rise, and was prepared to enter anything he said.

"You thought I did that by accident, didn't you?" he said.

"Of course you did," I said.

"Well, I didn't! I was just showing you how you kick."

I gazed at him, dumbfounded, and before I could recover, P...t was back in the yard. Again the ball landed at his feet, and this time, more by accident than design, he managed to administer a mighty kick, and the ball went into the air. He returned to me and in superior tones he said "And that's how I kick." I could not utter a word—I was too dazed to speak, then P...t continued jauntily "Anything else you want to know?"

"Not much more," I replied "But is it true that you love small boys."

"Of course it is—I never say a harsh word to small boys. Oh! get off my toe, you silly young fool!" and, punctuating his remarks with liberal spansks upon the person of the youngster who had so inadvertently trodden upon his foot, he, at last, hurled him away.

"That's the way I treat cheeky kids," he said to me. "Now, I hope you'll put everything in the 'Tylerian'" he said in conclusion.

"I certainly will," I replied, gathering up my notes. "Thanks for this interesting interview, P...t. Tata!" and I went off at once to place a full account of the interview in the hands of the editor.

H.M. (VA).

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Corridor Echoes.

(i.)

"Keep your elbows into your sides," persisted Mr. R . b . . ts.

(ii.)

A powder puff was seen some time ago in the lower corridor.
Whose was it?

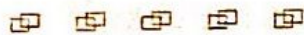
(iii.)

The likeness of W. S. Hart was seen in stern Mr. O . b . . ne.



Fair Play.

We are anxious to show our appreciation for the efforts made by the staff to "follow the fashion," and we must confess that we think "shaped coats for gentlemen" and "oilskin hats for ladies" are very becoming.



Smiles and Tears.

Like hungry wolf, the sea steals up
The cold grey stones;
Bruises itself upon the rocks
With sullen moans:
The gloomy clouds roll slowly o'er
The leaden skies,
While murky mists from every side
Enshrouding rise.

Above the shore the jagged cliffs
Pierce through the gloom,
And far beyond, the aged peaks
Hazily loom.
A drizzling rain with dismal sound
Drips from the leaves,
The birds fly home again to rest
Beneath the eaves.

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A fretful wind blown from the west
Verily sighs,
Bends the long branches of the trees
With mournful cries:
The drooping flowers bow their drenched heads
To meet the grass,
While swollen torrents bar the way
Of those who pass.

When suddenly the dark clouds part,
A glorious ray
Scatters the mist, dispells the gloom,
Winds die away.
The sea is studded o'er with gems,
Birds sing again
In thankfulness that brightest sun
Follows the rain.

P.V.B. (VA).



H.M.S. Education.

We are all in this boat, or at least we should be,
This boat let us hope will always be free.
Free for the boys and the girls of the nation,
Let us stick to the boat H.M.S. Education.

She has had a rough voyage, but now there's a calm,
If we'll stick by this boat, we shall fear no harm,
With our Admiral Evans, who needs inspiration,
To stick by the boat H.M.S. Education?

They've been out to fight in this terrible war,
Now, what boys and girls, was the real fight for?
'Twas freedom I say without any hesitation,
They stood by the boat H.M.S. Education.

So now boys and girls we must think of the brave,
That are now lying low in a brave hero's grave,
They fought like true men, to save a fine nation,
But they stood by the boat H.M.S. Education.

MARY JONES (Form 3D).

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The Highway.

Along Life's Highway are we travellers all.
And travel on we must whate'er befall.
Though we may seek to linger, or to stay,
We cannot; for stern Time doth guard the way.

For some, the path is rough, and hard of track,
But on they go, they cannot once turn back.
Through weary wastes, and with a load of sorrow,
They go their way with ne'er a glad to-morrow.

But some, fair Fortune smileth on alway,
And with a lavish hand, doth deck their way,
And light of heart, they go, with dancing feet
The passing hours for them, are all too fleet.

The hopes of some are now for ever set,
The path they tread is shadowed with regret.
They now behold their follies—once unseen,
And yearn for ever for the "might have been."

The Highway leads unto an open gate,
Where stands grim Death his toll of life to take,
And to the Great Unknown all pass at last,
For Death—impartial, will regard no caste.

DOROTHY LEWIS.



Inspiration.

I've sat in this desk for an hour all told,
Thinking of what I could write;
The "Lion" traversed round the seats of the fold
As a wolf prowls around in the night.
A smart inspiration then entered my head,
I took up my pen to begin.
But that inspiration all at once fled
As a dream flies, when grey dawn creeps in.

So now I am writing my thoughts down instead,
And away to the future they flee,
And engraved on the covers of books that are read,
My schoolfellows' names, I can see.

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Then hard put-on children will sit down to swot,
And gather the knowledge of youth,
And perhaps call "Prout's Travels in Blaina" all rot,
And refute all his "Sonnets on Truth."

In these trying times we've all got to swot??!!
On Shakespeare, Addison, Pitt,
But "vengeance is mine," you can all safely jot,
If you listen to me for a bit.
Now what is the use of learning all these
If the Futurists don't do them too?
So you write a poem, an ode, if you please,
It will pain them or turn them quite blue.

So let your contribs. continue to flow,
Get them published, but don't get reposed.
For sometimes a friend will help you, or foe
Send them back with your envelope closed.
But, pray, dear friends, don't disheartened be,
But remember the poets of old,
Neither Shakespeare nor Shelly were heard of, you see,
Till they were "gone west"—and stone cold.

KATHLEEN LEWIS (VB.)



The Barder 'Ero.

Thar be a man Oi ken quait well,
But whither 'im's sane Oi canna tell.
'Im suffers from deloosions woid,
From readin' "Bufflers" when a choild.

Lo! thar 'im stands, 'is spacious feet,
Flattening the ground down quite a treat.
Fram North ter Sawth, from East ter West
Ye canna foind any ter gid 'em best.

Behold the barder, fraish and green,
This 'ere man's beloved queen,
Innercent receiver av 'is hardest love,
Spoken in haccents av a cooing dove.

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One morn our ero felt danger pendin',
'E thought the day'd 'ave a fatal hendin',
'E went ter work with a neavy 'eart,
But 'e couldna seem ter maike a start.

Beware that chauffeur in yarnder car,
'E's bin imbibing hat the whisky bar;
'Is unbalanced mind, 'is hunsteady 'and,
'Il put the safety av the barder in demand.

Oh! heartbreakin' fact, the damage his done,
The wheels of the car hover the barder 'ave run;
Two dark brown gashes av pitiful size,
A sorry sight for 'is lovin' heyes.

Our rero wept, 'e tore 'is 'air,
" Oh 'ow could faite be so hunfair,
'E sobbed, 'e sighed, and he gnashed 'is teeth,
Wen he looked at the pitiful wreck beneath.

'Is heye was sad, 'is speech was low;
His steps 'e 'omeward turned ter go;
His woife found 'im a good deal sadder,
But 'er didna know the faite av the barder.



Another Alarm.

Gong resounding, Edwards bounding.
Are the Germans here?
Morgan glaring, Lovesey staring,
" They are mad," we fear.

Bartlett striding, youngsters hiding—
Is the school ablaze
Sixth form growling, youngsters howling,
Others in a maze.

VA free from Geometry!
Oh, it can't be true!
What disasters caused the masters
To give such freedom new?

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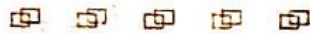
Through deep snow—where, we don't know!
Form by form arrive,
As we muster, in a cluster,
All along the drive.

"Stand at ease!" Oh! what a breeze!
Now we wait events.
But in vain—they won't explain
These strange incidents.

Rather late, but full of state,
Mr. Evans trips—
While we thirst to hear the worst
From our master's lips.

"Perfect order—off the border!
You, there, pray keep calm!
Don't be worried, nor yet flurried,
'Tis but a mock alarm!"

H.M. VA.



Ancient Coins.

In very ancient times, long gone,
When pence and shillings were made of stone,
It must have been a rotten job
To handle a coin the size of a bob.

Each farmer kept his store of pence
Piled up against the garden fence.
With pounds he paved his entrance hall
And chained his shillings to the wall.

Inside the doors of the National Bank
The pounds were piled in rank on rank.—
(It would have done you good to see 'em);
Like tombstones in the British Museum.

And, if a heap of sovereigns fell,
The startled keepers gave a yell,
And all the people in the town
Thought that the Church had tumbled down.

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Once on a time there was a marriage;
The bridegroom stood up in his carriage
And scattered pence among the crowd—
The hospitals were overflowed!

I'm sorry that I have not got
A record of their five pound note;
But if 'twas on a similar scale
'Twould make a fishing boat a sail.

And when Jane came to clean the room,
And sweep the carpet with a broom,
She might observe, with parched throat:
"Please shall I shake the five pound note?"

L.M. ID.



Casabianca.

ORIGINAL.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
When all but he had fled.
The lurid flames shone on the wreck
And showed him 'midst the dead.

TRAGEDIAN.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
The wind was howling wild,
The kames shone on his head and neck
And showed his features mild.

TRENCHMAN.

Ze garcon, he was brave and true,
Ze bateau, he sinks fast.
Ze boy remain, comprenez—vous?
And stops zere till ze last.

ROMAN.

And Caesar said to Cassius
"Remain aboard this boatum!"
And Cassius, like an assius,
Remained there while she floatum.

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COCKNEY.

Blime! While I was in the docks
I had a funny joke.
A vissel rushed upon the rocks,
And when she sank, I woke.

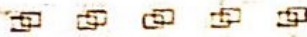
SAILOR.

Messmates, 'twas in a tropic gale,
Our vessel ran aground.
The lightning made the bravest quail,
And the wreckage was strewn around.

AMERICAN.

I guess the night was dark as pitch—
A fire attacked the hoard,
The vessel sank without a hitch,
But I, sire, stopped aboard.

H.M. VA.



Chemistry.

(With apologies to "The Rosary").

The hours I've spent on thee, dear art,
Are as a nightmare grim to me,
I've toiled through them, every one apart,
Oh Chemistry, Oh Chemistry.

Each hour an age, yet too soon past,
To suit a mind with time planned out.
One experiment done and there awaits
Another one, Another one.

O memories of facts hard-learned!
O barren gain so swiftly lost!
I brood upon the time I've spent;
And wonder—is it worth the cost?

MARGARET WILCOX IVA.

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Hockey Notes.

AUTUMN TERM.

During this term only one match took place. This event took place at Abertillery, Pontywaun being the visitors. The weather was extremely bad, so that the severe defeat was excusable to some extent. The result was:

Abertillery 0. Pontywaun 12.

SPRING TERM.

So far this term has been decidedly more successful than the previous one. Brynmawr visited Abertillery on January 31st, on an ideal day for hockey. Although our team played better than they did against Pontywaun, by half-time neither side had scored, so when the whistle blew to recommence the game Abertillery were determined to score, and before the match terminated, they scored the only goal.

Abertillery 1. Brynmawr 0.

On March 6th, Brynmawr again visited Abertillery to play the return match. We hoped if possible to improve the score of the first match. The weather on this occasion was not favourable, and within five minutes Abertillery gained their first goal. In the second half after numerous near shaves we scored another goal, thus when the whistle was blown at the end of the game the score was:

Abertillery 2. Brynmawr 0.

On March 13th we intend to play the return match with Pontywaun and when we visit Ricsa we hope to redeem ourselves and reduce the score of the previous match. We can only do this if the team will faithfully attend all practices.



What we want to know.

Why suffer from lack of glass in cold weather when we have "Panes" in school?

Mr. E . . . s to pupil in September 1919:—

"I want you to remind me "next July" to give you form Anglo-Saxon "homework" for the holidays!" (Will SHE?)

FOR SALE.

One large Army coat (guaranteed to be not "entirely shot riddled.") Should fetch a good price owing to the fact that inside, is a most peculiar kind of "skin." Apply the Annexe.

W.J.

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Corridor Echoes.

Through the on-pressing throng comes the overwhelming figure of Pr. t; but alas cries, not of admiration, rend the "welkin" "Oh my feet! ! ! ! ! !"

Macbeth, Act I., Scene IV.

Pr.ut, as he sits before his everlasting torturer,
(His soliloquises)

"Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
'Gainst the use of nature."

We are conscious of the fact that Mr. Ott. creates "a rousing atmosphere"; it is quite evident that, at least, he does things by "leaps and bounds," for he is often seen ascending the stairs at no less than "eight steps at a time!"

W.J.



"Hill 60."

Oh yes! someone called him "Hill 60"
Just because his surname is Hill,
He runs like a deer—Oh! so swiftly,
And rarely or ne'er gets a spill.

When bravely the boys went to "Ponty"
To see what fine goals they could score,
'Twas Hill who scored them—almost twenty,
And to him the rest were but poor.

He has reached the height of school splendour,
In the "Post" they showed us his face,
And he's known as "The little Wonder,"
But they cannot tell us his pace.

It's rumoured his nose has been broken.
How sorry we feel, what a shame!
But his football is not forsaken,
And on him we'll never lay blame.

M.I.R. Va.

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Report of the Abertillery County School A.F.C.

As usual the boys showed great enthusiasm towards football during the first half term of this year. A meeting was convened with the boys for the purpose of electing the necessary officials, in which the following boys were appointed:—Worthy Richardson (captain), Leigh Bartlett (vice captain), Oswald Morgan (secretary), Willie Panes, Bertie Westcott, Leonard G. Jones.

The committee immediately set to work, and after several practice matches fixtures were arranged with:—

	Goals For.	Goals Ags't.
Brynmawr on November 1st, 1919	4	2
Pontywaun on November 8th, 1919	9	1
Ebbw Vale on November 15th, 1919	4	2
Abergavenny on November 22nd, 1919	7	3

Other matches were arranged, but owing to adverse circumstances they were cancelled.

However, in the matches played it can easily be seen that the school possesses much talent, and up to now the football season has been most successful.

Unfortunately the enthusiasm which was demonstrated at the beginning of the season has somewhat relaxed, the reason being that a section of the boys desires to change from the game of Association to that of Rugby. Those who are advocating Rugby do not realise the impossibility of introducing Rugby into a school which is in no way adapted to such. - No decent Rugby can be played on a gravel patch. In closing this report we earnestly hope that the enthusiasm towards Association football will soon be restored to its former condition.

Hon. Secretary.



The Library Book.

One day a library book was overheard talking to a little girl, who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:—

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed when the next little girl borrowed me."

"Please don't lean on me with your elbows, it hurts."

"Don't open me and lay me face down upon the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so."

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"Do not put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a sheet of paper. It would strain my back. Whenever you have finished reading me if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little book mark to put in where you stopped, and then close me, and lay me down on my side so that I can have a good comfortable rest."

"Remember that I want to visit a great many other little girls and boys after you have done with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy.

GWEN SEELEY IVA.



The Chem. Social.

Since the beginning of the term all who studied Chemistry eagerly looked forward to the social promised them by Mr. Oulton. In view of such a treat, the young chemists worked with added zeal, so that even their insatiable master daily looked more contented. It is fervently hoped that the social was not their only inspiration. The event was fixed for Wednesday, March 3rd.

The evening began at 6.10 p.m. with a delightful concert, during which Mr. Osborne occupied the chair. The excellent renderings of Ivy Rees, Ruby Dando, Oswald Huggins, and Oswald Morgan were ably accompanied by the "School Orchestra." Oswald Huggins' jazz display was especially appreciated by the audience. The programme was continued with a humorous sketch, entitled "Mary's Cister John." The caste consisted of Gertie Hall, Ivy Rees, Mary Badger, Oswald Huggins, and Harold Myers. All took their parts admirably, and judging by the roars of the audience was a "howling" success. A conjuring performance by Clifford Carne and Leo. Jones completed the programme, after which the merry assembly proceeded to supper.

Much credit is due to the girls of Va. for the bountiful and enjoyable supper which they provided. To judge by the gratified expression of one and all as they left the supper-room the most delicate and extensive appetite had been appeased.

The Hall was immediately opened for dancing, and Classrooms A and B were prepared for games. The latter were carried on under the direction of Mr. Osborne and Mr. Lewis for the entertainment of the lower school. A competition was introduced into

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the game's programme in the form of an "Impromptu Speech." The various efforts caused much merriment, and the prizes were ultimately carried off by Vincent Morgan and Bronwen Prosser. The "School Orchestra," under the leadership of Mr. Oulton, provided the dance music in the hall. Games and dancing were continued until 10.30 p.m., when the programme was concluded with "God save the King."

Only hard work and careful arrangement could have resulted in such a pleasant and successful evening, for which we are indebted to Mr. Oulton and his indefatigable band of helpers, who cheerfully and ably devoted their efforts to ensure a good time for one and all. We now hope that Mr. Oulton's success will incite him to more such entertainments in the future, when perhaps the unfortunates who do not take chemistry will have an opportunity to experience Mr. Oulton's goodwill and efficiency in such a department. It is not their fault that we do not hear of Welsh or Maths. socials, but perhaps some time hence—who knows?

G. P.



Paperchase.

Upon the suggestion of Mr. Lewis that we should have a paperchase, a meeting of the boys was called, and all in that meeting were unanimous in supporting the proposal. Half-term day, March 1st, was fixed as the most suitable date, and it was decided in a second meeting of the boys that the chase should commence at 10.30 a.m. However, when the boys did assemble at school for the 'chase it was found that only about twenty had turned up. This was probably due to the unfavourable weather conditions.

A. Hill, W. Richardson, L. Bartlett, and W. Harris were chosen as "hares," and they set out at 10.25 a.m. At 10.30 a.m. the juniors who were among the "hounds" set out, and five minutes afterwards the senior "hounds" followed. The course followed extended over the Cwmtillery mountain as far as the Blaina mountainslip, then past the Henwain Colliery. It reached the main road above the Blaina Cemetery, and then lay along the new road to the School. The course was not too long, and the run was thoroughly enjoyed. Huggins succeeded in overtaking Bartlett, and gave the other three "hares" a good run, but they reached the School without being overtaken. The order of arrival in School was as follows:—i., A. Hill; ii., W. Richardson; iii., W. Harris; iv., O. Huggins; v., L. Bartlett, A. Phillips, L. Jones; viii., Myers (jun.); ix., T. Davies; x., Cyril Thomas; xi., Hewlett; xii., R.

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Randall, Myers (senior); xiv., P. Williams; xv., D. Trafford; xvi., Joseph; xvii., R. Williams; xviii., W. Evans.

This is the first paperchase that has taken place for several years, and if they are to be continued it is hoped that more boys will take an interest in them and will endeavour to take part.

EDITOR.



"To Tickle You O'er the Sere."

(With apologies to Shakespeare.)

Is the Mag. Committee—

"Happy prologues to the swelling act of the imperial theme?"

Is this the Financial Controller's motto—

"Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back when gold and silver beckons me on?"

Mr. E . . . ns and his P . pp . rm . . ts—

"Who hath not seen thee oft amidst their store?"

F . . m VI. to Mr. O . b . . . e after a recent lecture—

"We grant thou canst outscold us, fare thee well. We hold our time too precious."

To P . . l . s B . v . n—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

To the Fire Gong—

"What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?"

Advice for Fire Drill—

"Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once."

An Opening Speech for Mr. O . lt . n in his S . c . . l—

"Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both."

Mr. E . . ns to Mr. O . b . . . e—

"Have thou the ordering of the present time."

Does Mr. E . . ns, translating A . g . o S . x . n, use—

"Curses, not loud, but deep?"

—From the University Wits.

Conte d'un Revenant.

C'étaient des vacances à l'école et Yvonne Arnaud invita ses deux amies Jeanne et Marie à la visiter dans le vieux château où elle demeurait avec son oncle. Les amies étaient enchantées et acceptèrent l'invitation et le lendemain elles l'accompagnèrent chez elle. C'était un beau vieux château convert de lierre, et entouré de grands arbres.

Quand la nuit tombait et que les pins bruissaient dans l'ombre, les trois jeunes filles étaient assises devant le feu. Subitement Yvonne dit "Je vais vous raconter une histoire! Une fois un chevalier et sa femme demeuraient ici; une nuit le chevalier fut tué dans son lit et le matin sa femme le trouva mort. A l'anniversaire de cet événement une chambre de ce château est hantée. L'anniversaire vient dans ce mois." "Mais non! C'est impossible!" Mais continue," cria Marie. "Ainsi," chuchota Yvonne "un chevalier la tête sous le bras apparaît accompagné d'une belle dame qui pleure et dit toujours: Perdu! Perdu!" "Oh! moi, je n'ai pas peur des revenants," dit Jeanne dédaigneusement. "Je dormirai dans cette chambre hantée." "Vraiment?" demanda Yvonne. "Eh! bien! comme tu veux. Tu peux t'y coucher et le matin dis-nous ce que tu auras vu." Mais Jeanne rit seulement et entra dans la chambre

Jeanne s'agita dans son lit. La pendule sur l'escalier sonna minuit. "Qu'est ce que c'était?" Elle entendit un bruit. Subitement la porte s'ouvrit, et elle vit un terrible spectacle. C'était un chevalier en armure. La tête sous le bras brillait d'une lumière étrange. Une femme en deuil était avec lui. Elle gémissait toujours, en criant en accents terrible: "Perdu! perdu!"

Pauvre Jeanne tressaillit d'horreur. Où était son grand courage? Elle ferma les yeux et poussa un cri qui retentit dans la nuit.

A sa grande surprise elle entendit un éclat de rire joyeux. Ouvrant les yeux elle vit la femme près du lit, mais elle s'était défait de son voile noir, et Jeanne aperçut le visage gai de son amie Yvonne. Au même moment le chevalier demanda "Ha! ha! ma chère! Qui n'a pas peur des revenants?" C'était seulement pour rire; Yvonne et Marie avaient trouvé la vieille armure et des vêtements dans un grenier. La tête était un navet creux avec une chandelle dedans.

Et maintenant Jeanne doute qu'elle n'ait peur des revenants et elle dit qu'elle ne se couchera jamais plus dans une chambre hantée.

P. V. B

Reviews.

- "The Way of a Needle." E. G. D . . . t.
A revelation of the shameful neglect of this instrument
coming to the aid of the needy.
- "Enquire Within upon Everything." Eaton.
An encyclopaedia of useful knowledge.
- "Gardenhoe." S. A. M.
A delightful novel; worthy of our best author.
- "Shirty and Co." West Coat.
Containing the scientific discoveries of this unique quartette.
- "The Keeper of the Door." A. Gem.
A series of reminiscences appertaining to mysteries of Late
Detentions.
- "Arthur Soccerfield." H. I. L.
A most interesting serial appearing in the "Football Echo."
- "The Team that Failed." Hall Key.
We can recommend this exciting volume as a consolation to
all unsuccessful sports enthusiasts.
- "Swimming Times." P. O. L.
Contains very valuable information for modern Appolonii.
- "The Red Light" T. L.
The adventures of the author during half a century in follow-
ing this light.
- "The Adventures of a Cycling Vagabond." . . . Mr. L.
This is a most thrilling account of travels in the South Wales
Coal Highlands.

The following medical pamphlets which are on the market can be
unreservedly recommended to all readers. They are written by
experts in the questions of which they treat:—

- "How I became thin; a tribute to Antipon."—S. W. Ky.
"How I grew my hair: Thanks to Harlene."—S. A. M.
"I am a Sandow Man."—W. Eaton.
"How to Develop a Whisper; eat Nupines."—Blod the Warbler.

THE TYLERYAN.

Some Interesting Correspondence.

NOTE.—The following correspondence has been excavated from the remains of a boy's pocket-book. I am writing this to give an insight into this lad's life and character.

From Master William J to the Boneshaker
Bike Co., Ltd., London.

Dear Sirs,—

I have seen your advertissmeant in the "Weekly Welsher" offering a number of your famus Boneshaker bikes for sail. I am grately in nead of a bike. The other feloes at this skool are an awfully meen lot, and they won't lend me theirs becaws they say that my grate wate smashes the saddel in.

Pleese send me won of your bikes (katalog price ten kwid) and address it to

Wm. J, Esq.,
Abertillery Station.

To be called for. I will let you have the money on reseat of my next remittans from my rellations. Hopeing you are kwite well, as it leaves me at pressant.

Yours truly,

Wm. J

From the Boneshaker Co. to the Headmaster of
Abertillery County School.

Dear Sir,—

We are in receipt of a letter from one of your pupils, Wm. J, who contemplates the purchase of one of our cedebrated machines. Before executing this order we should be glad if you would kindly inform us whether Mr. Wm. J is in a position to pay for the bicycle.

Might we take this opportunity of drawing your attention to our wonderful self-starting, three-speed umpteen horse-power, eighteen carat, stamped in every link, jewelled in every movement. You are doubtless advanced in years, but this would not prevent you skimming along the road like a swallow. Don't delay; order to-day.

We remain, dear sir,

The Boneshaker Bike Co., Ltd.

A. Beestly Crock, Manager.

From the Headmaster of Abertillery School to the Bone-
shaker Bicycle Co., London.

Sirs.—In reply to your communication, I regret to state that I do not consider Master J sufficiently sound either financially

THE TYLERIAN.

or physically to receive one of your bicycles. With regard to your suggestion that I should avail myself of one of your machines, let me at once state I decline to do so. I heard of a gentleman in Abertillery who unwisely purchased a bicycle of yours. They buried him in the local cemetery a few days afterwards.

From Master Wm. J, Abertillery School, to the
Boneshaker Bike Co., Ltd.

Deer Sirs,—

I am very indignant to find after waiting pashuntly for menny days that you have not yet sent the bike. Every day I have been to the Station, but there has been no sine or shaddo of a bike. Is it ever kumming. If its the munney that's trubbling you I give you my word of onner that I will poy you the ten kwids as soon as my postal order arrives. Please shake a legg.

Yours trewly,

Wm. J

P.S.—Buck up with the bike. P.P.S.—Send it by passinger trane. P.P.P.S.—Don't forget to send it karridge pade.

From the Boneshaker Co., Ltd., to Master Wm. J,
of Abertillery.

Sir,—We have had your letter translated, and in reply beg to state that it is impossible for us to despatch you the bicycle on account of your impecuniosity. You will kindly refrain from troubling us again on this subject.—Yours truly,

The Boneshaker Bicycle Co.,

A. S. Windler (Assistant-Manager).

(Postcard.)

From Master Wm. J to the Boneshaker Bike Co., London.

Yah! Beests!! Frawds!!! Spoofers!!!! Go and eat coke.

Wm. J

By T. DAVIES, IVa., A.C.S.



Mr. Lovesy is our gardener,
In Mr. Morgan he has a partner;
Mr. Morgan is of Welsh descent,
And Sammy came from where he was sent.

While Sammy keeps his border trim
Mr. Morgan keeps the school like a pin;
But Sammy has a poor bald head,
But Morgan has plenty of hair instead.

THE TYLERYAN.

And so these two go toiling along
And merrily, merrily sing a song.
And now poor Sammy has got the 'flu
Because his head has been tickled by you.

E. WEARNE.



Who is he who Welsh grammar doth teach,
Or about irregular verbs doth preach,
Who shows us all difficulties for each?

Why, Mr. Jones.

Who is he who English grammar doth show,
Who tells us what we ought to know,
And does not give us time to grow?

Why, Mr. Osborne.

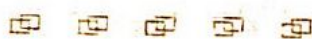
Who is he who of geography doth tell,
Who 20 lines gives for a word we can't spell,
Who reels off geography so well?

Why, Mr. Locke.

Who is he who plays three-quarter,
Who at half-time requires water,
Who with might and main doth slaughter?

Why, Mr. Hoskins.

By KENNETH LLOYD, IV.B.



A Day at the A. C. S.

CHAPTER I.

Tommy Jones, minor, was thinking deeply. There was no doubt about that. and as he sits at the table he presents a very interesting study. Imagine a very small boy with a very large head, and inside that head a very small stock of classical knowledge, with a very large amount of wordly wisdom. His great problem was, "How to read a Penny Dreadful, with seven murders in it, when one has been given various tasks by one's bountiful teacher?" Tommy finally decided to leave the homework and attend to the doings of "Sharpshooter Jim," which worthy had just finished his fourth murder when Tommy's bedtime came.

THE TYLERYAN.

CHAPTER II.

"Help, thieves; murder, police!" Tommy had been dreaming of Sharpshooter Jim, and that he (Tommy) was Jim's fifth victim. Hence the above rose in Tommy's chocest creiscendo, and the family came to see the need of Tommy's brave appeal for help at 8 a.m. in the morning.

"Up you get," said Mr. Jones, having ascertained that nothing was the matter with Tommy.

"All right, father," and Tommy turned over on the other side just to "properly wake up." It was 8.35, and Tommy had to catch the 8.49 train. His ablutions consisted of "a lick and a promise," and he was just preparing to put on his collar when his back collar-stud was missing. A frantic search, and it was found in his collar! 8.45, and it was a five minutes' walk to the station. Tommy had no breakfast that morning, did the five minutes' walk in a two minutes' run, and caught the train!

CHAPTER III.

Tommy Jones, minor, was again thinking deeply. This time his thought ran on "How to make an excuse to seven different teachers for homework, which one has not done owing to the allurements of a 'Penny Dreadful' " First lesson is geography; it is Tommy's turn to answer, when "Clang! clang!!" How Tommy blessed the powers that be for the introduction of fire-drill. First lesson, then second lesson finished, and Tommy was beginning to wish he was in school away from the cold when "dismiss" came, and it was hailed with delight by both pupils and staff. During the interval Tommy looked and felt extremely lugubrious. The end of morning school found Tommy the proud possessor of three 'dets and the prospect of enjoying the delight of school after school hours.

CHAPTER IV.

Scratch, scratch, scratch! Tommy and a friend were scribbling as if for dear life itself during dinner hour in that haunt of the juniors' Room K.

"What is the Welsh for 'burst'?" Tommy suddenly asked.

His friend was unable to give the required information when "Its wedi mynd," a shout came from the playground. Tommy looked out and saws the boys' football reposing in solitary state upon a spike. Tommy put down "wedi mynd" for "burst." Tommy was the possessor of a diary, and when he was enjoying school on his own he was trying to think whether it was worth while putting anything in it concerning the day's events. After due reflection Tommy said, "No, it is only an ordinary day at Abertillery County School."

"STRENGTH," V.B

THE TYLERIAN.

Adverts.

BOYS! Buy a tin of the famous "Bevhugg" Hair Greaser and Restorer. On sale everywhere in penny tins. Manufactured only by C. B. Bevan and T. O. P. Huggins (Form vi.). Every sample analysed before being put on the market by E. Jenkins, Chemist and Analyst (vi.) Known to contain pure Margarine, with the addition of other non-injurious fats and oils. Full instructions for use with each tin.

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THIRTY CONJURING TRICKS, with full instructions, may be obtained, post free, from C. Carne and Co., Form III.A., for the moderate sum of threepence. Boys! don't miss this offer.

NOTE.—All persons who have a leaning towards theatrical life should consult Miss Ivy Rees—the accomplished actress.—Known throughout the Western Valley as "Abertillery's Popular Child Actress."

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FREE! Send addressed envelope to L. C. Emes, Form IVB., for instruction on:—How to become an experienced Bellringer in 10 days.

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How to become a Rugby international in one season.—Apply, Arthur Hill, Vb.

How to make money by following the horses.—Apply, Mr. Samuel Lovesey-Gardener, A.C.S.



Conversation between Three First Yearers learning French, Welsh, and Latin.

Henri: "Commonc alley-voo an jode we?"

Dai: "Oh, yr wf fi yn wethol considering the weather."

Tullius: "Me, I'm fed up."

Henri: "J'ai . . . er . . . er . . . heard un peculiar conte l'autre joor. Un homme was walking past un butcher's shop et commenca à . . . er . . . er whistler. Il y avait des . . . sausages dans la fenetre et quand . . . ils . . . er . . . er heard li homme whistler, ils followed lui. Li homme était . . . er . . . surprised mais il . . . remembered que . . . il avait . . . er . . . lost son dog when passing cet shop, le jour before. Le butcher avait . . . er . . . er . . . made sausages de son dog."

Dai: "Yr wyf fi yn . . . er . . . had a ci ac y mae ef un mynd up y chimney y white ci, but yn mynd down yn black ci."

Tullius: "Your canis est . . . er . . . very bonus."

Henri: "Avez-voo . . . er . . . voo seen un advertisement dans le papier. Perdu . . . stolen ou . . . er . . . strayed? Un . . . er . . . er . . . barefooted garçon run away avec son pères . . . er . . . shoes on."

Dai: "Ydyw, y mae'r bachgen yn wedi went home yesterday, ac yn said i' his mam. Mam! yr wyf fi yn wedi come back ir yr wyt ti. Yr wf fi couldn't live without yr wyt te." "Why, my bachgen," said his mam, "yr wf fi yn glad that yr wyt ti yn love me so." "But mam," said the bachgen, "yr wyf fy yn only wedi mynd back because yr wyf fy couldn't live without food," yr wyf fi yn said Te!

Henri: "L'est tres sad. Oui revoyer!"

Dai: "Dda byee."

Tullius: "Amo a story bonum. A conductress erat on les steps omnibuses et duo homines came up to her at . . . er . . . said, 'Quando . . . er . . . er . . . does this Noah's Ark . . . er . . . start?' The conductress . . . er . . . er . . . said: 'Only . . . er . . . waiting . . . pour les . . . er . . . donkeys stepare on! Hurry up please!'"

R.R.R.Va.

One day a regiment of soldiers was passing through a village when a spectator suddenly recognised the horse which the colonel rode as the pre-war baker's horse. Thinking take a rise out of the officer he called out loudly, "Baker!" At once the horse stopped.

But the ready-witted officer answered, "Not to-day, thank you," and the horse moved on, leaving the crestfallen joker to his thoughts.

E. A. L.



Letter from a Paris Schoolboy.

Paris, February 12th.

Dear Friend,—I am very glad of having find a friend in England to write with him.

First of all, I propose you the following manner of writing.

Excuse me of my late, I was a little ill. I had a whim, and I could neither write neither go to school.

I propose you, I say, the following manner of writing.

For example, I write to you, like now, between the 1st and the 8th of February (except my late). My letter is number 1. So you will answer to my letter between the 8th and the 11th of February. This your letter number 1. My letter number 2 will be written between the 11th and the 21st of February, and your letter number 2 will be written the 21st of February and the first of March. It is not difficult, have you understand.

I shall correct your letter, and you shall correct mine. I put in this letter number 1 you corrected letter number 0. You will made the same thing for that letter.

But, I shall very glad to conserve your letters, and perhaps you have the same intention. So I desire that you sent to me your letter number 0 after having seen correction. I shall conserve that letter with all the letters of my friend.

Now I shall talk of another subjects. In my lyceum I study French, Latin, Greek, English, Deutch, Mathematics, Physic, Chemistory, Drawing, Picture, History, and Geography. We made also sports. But I speak of that another time. You are my friend, and I do not know you. Are you tall or small? What colour are your hair and eyes? You could give me your photography. Next time I shall give you mine. I am tall, 16 years old; my eyes are blue and fair hair.

Next tme I shall speak of our relishes, of music, picture. Respects to your parents; receive a shake hand of your new friend.

Robert Victor.

N.B.—Another time put a stamp of twopence and a half on your letter, because I was obliged to pay twopence for receiving it.

THE TYLERIAN.

Samuel Du Jardin v. Mrs. P . . r . . t.

Scene I. Near Girl's Entrance.

It was on a summer's morn that S . m was combing his hair with a rake, when he espied a female getting over the fence. The wrath of his Royal Highness was kindled, and Sam with the light of battle in his eyes shouted in his deep tenor mixed with something else, "Hi, they are, get ofer that there fence."

Mrs. P . . r . . t (at bay and wishes to pass peacefully): "Peace S . m . . ." I nose thee likes thy lickle joke." S . m . . l: "Yer henner gwayn ter pass this way so there now."

Mrs. P . . r . . t (in a coaxing tone): "O S . m . . l yer wouldner be so 'arsh has that wou d yer? Remember when us used ter pass 'appy words under the bike shed."

S . m . . l (with stern look in the left eye): "Hi says yer henner gwayn ter pass, and that be the lar."

Mrs. P . . r . . t (in a determined voice): "Hout hov the way willain an' wen u move putt wer size 19's out of the way; they be a danger to 'umanity."

S . m . . l places the rake so as to block the path and adopts a Charlie Chaplin attitude for his size 19's. He then breaks out in scorn.

"Then pass over my body."

Mrs. P . . r . . t takes the hint and swipes S . m with her umbrella. S . m retires in the first round and makes room for Mrs. P . . r . . t to pass.

Mrs. P . . r . . t (as she leaves): "An hif yer as henny mower in that place as wants a biff from I, ye Hamerzon, trot im out termorrer."

Scene II.—In the Boiler House, S . m is interviewed by P . . . t, who is backed by all the Senior boys armed with hockey sticks.

S . m: "What cher want Pr . . t'y? Clear hoff yer young noosance."

Pr . . t: "Sawl right, old bean. Keep your hair on." (Then Pr . . t makes a big mistake) "but I spose Mrs. P . . r . . t hit it all off, did she S . m?"

S . m replies by picking up the leg of a chair and charging. Two minutes later Pr . . t and Co. are examining their wounds in the quad.

P.S.—All the above information was related to me by "Margins," S . m's boon companion.

B. O. Wwt.

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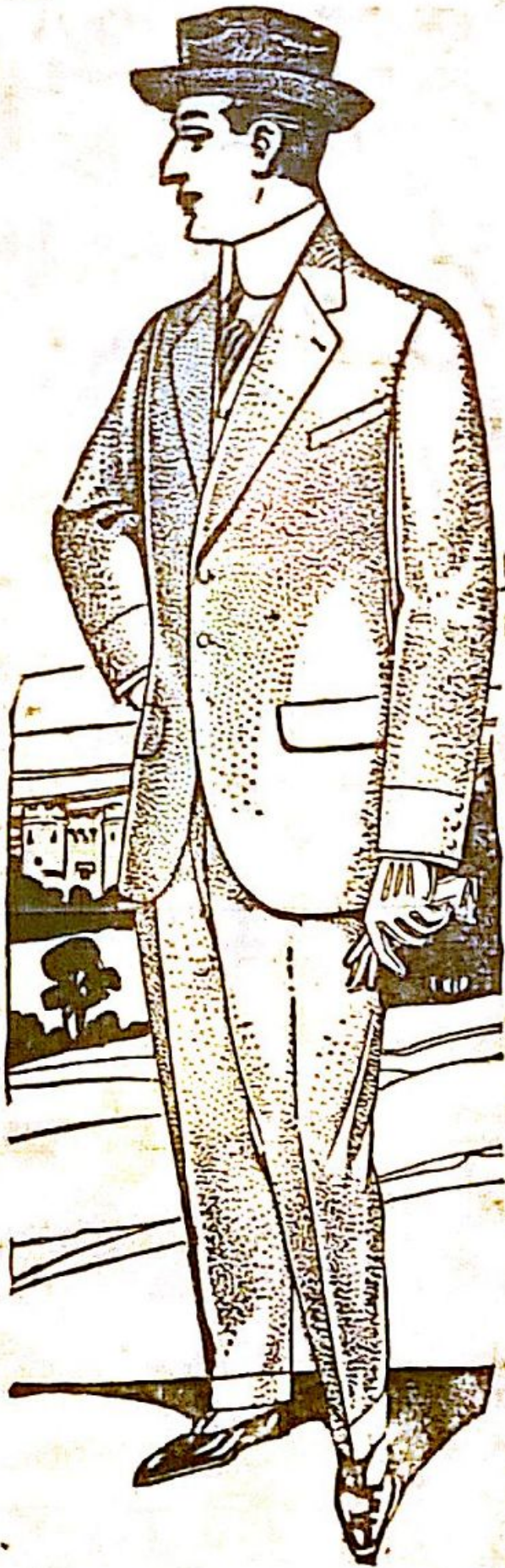
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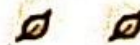
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