There's apple, cherry, plum and pear,
A gorgeous carpet everywhere
Lies on the grass as light as air,
In blossom-time in Spring.

And when the fruit will take its place,
And windfalls scatter on earth's face,
Then Summer's taken Spring's old place,
And blossom-time is o'er.

EILEEN HERVEY, IIF.

## "INTER" SCHOOL MEMORIES, 1895 TO 1900.

On the morning of December 30th last year I was present with a small company of friends at the funeral, at Streatham Crematorium, of Mr. T. R. Dawes, M.A., the first Headmaster of this school. I represented his former pupils, and in particular the old boys of the "Inter" School, Pembroke Dock. I was at the opening in January, 1895, as a Pembroke boy with one of the first county scholarships.

It was an act of sincere and grateful piety to honour the memory of the old Headmaster, and to recall how bravely he lived, and how creatively he functioned in the work of education. Nor was it difficult to remember the first day when with nervous curiosity we wondered what kind of school an Intermediate School would be, especially since it was housed in an old hotel at the foot of the Barrack Hill, and what the new Headmaster would be like who was an M.A. of London and a student of Bonn and Paris.

Most of the boys had attended the ordinary Board Schools, where the discipline was somewhat cruel, the master unquestioned dictator of learning, and the curriculum limited mainly to the subjects required for entrance into the Royal Naval Dockyard. Very few had been to a Grammar School. The new school pleased us—the rooms were large and the desks new and of a pattern we had not known before. The Headmaster was a great success in cap and gown, tall and dark, with a large moustache, and spectacles hooked upon a prominent nose when they were not hanging from a double cord round his neck. He was quick in his movements and speech and gave the impression of energy and vitality.

It did not take us long to discover that Mr. Dawes was devastating in criticism, and had a violent temper. When he came across a careless mistake in our work he would fling our notebooks across the room, and if we began to make excuse by saying "Please sir, I thought——" he would roll his eyes and grind his teeth in fury and almost snarl "Boy, who gave you permission to think!" All most humiliating. Yet he had the trick of teaching and could get the average boy through the necessary examinations.

There were occasions, of course, when we led him on to talk about life in France and Germany and so get through a period without giving him a chance to find out that we were badly prepared.

His out of school interests were valuable. We had expeditions to castles and churches, to ancient camp sites and to the Ogham stone. Certain public lectures were, I fear, marred by a temperamental " Oxygen Lantern." But things were happening and school life humming with activity. For a time we had compulsory games and every boy had to turn out. Dawes was a competent cricketer, a tricky slow bowler and a forcing bat ; he was also a useful football coach and our teams were soon ready to play the other schools in the county. The Barrack Hill was a convenient playing field and we had great games against the Army and Navy, as well as against Pembroke and Pembroke Dock town teams. Outstanding were the games played against the officers of the infantry regiments stationed at the "Huts Encampment" near Hobbs Point, and the cricket at Picton Castle. I remember yet the marvellous cricket teas. All this was not readily accepted as educational activity by the Dockyarders who hitherto had fixed the economic, spiritual, and academic standards of the community, and it took them some time to get used to the school activities and to the theories of Mr. Dawes.

It must be said that the young school was fortunate in the assistant masters and mistresses that Mr. Dawes appointed. It was a dual school with a few mixed classes. Miss Perman, the Headmistress, was a great scholar and a sound teacher. She will always be associated with Virgil and Horace, and the Golden Treasury ; and Miss May Lewis expounded the mysteries of mathematics. But the men were outstanding too. First, Mr. Nathan John, B.A., a stout and sturdy individual, rather older than the other members of the staff, who was soon appointed the first Headmaster of Brecon County School. His good nature tempted the boys to mischief in his classes. One Fifth of November some boy threw a lighted squib—indeed, more than one, at his feet, when he was writing on the blackboard, and others threw fireworks into the fire and all the expected explosions resulted. I can see him now, red and furious, and shouting condemnation. We all paid the due penalty—and without regrets.

A succession of men from Oxford and Cambridge gave a great deal of satisfaction to the boys who boasted to parents and friends of the scholarly gentlemen now engaged to teach them. Mr. T. G. Lewis taught mathematics and mechanics and took part in school concerts (he had a good singing voice), as well as helping on the games field. We were sorry to lose him when after a comparatively short time he became the Head of Tregaron County School.

Mr. D. E. Williams was another mathematician, neat and dapper in his dress, with some claim to a knowledge of rowing. I remember he suggested that he should take the bigger boys for a "tubbing," a word which shook us until we understood that he meant to take us out in the Head's boat and teach us to row. He later was made Head of Gowerton School.

On the whole we did not attempt to take liberties with teachers of mathematics, but the first science masters did provide a few incidents. There was Mr. Rayner, an Oxford man, a blonde giant with a wonderful accent and a friendly smile. He was very proud of his physical strength and fitness and challenged a group of boys one day at break to pull him down. He was wearing a morning coat and the inevitable result was that one tail was torn off. On another occasion we persuaded a goat which was grazing on the Hill to go into school through the front door. We knew that Mr. Rayner was in the passage, and the goat went for him purposefully, while we looked on and shouted encouragement to both goat and master. It was his boast that students at Oxford could stand fumes in the Lab. without making a fuss, which got some of us into trouble and eventually gained us some privileges. One day an experiment with a chlorine compound went wrong and the classroom was filled with choking fumes. We determined, however, to stick it as long as an Oxford man would, and next day most of the class had sore throats. A puzzled Headmaster at once drew up a new rule to the effect that if there were noxious fumes in the chemistry classroom the boys should be sent out on to the Hill. Some fumes of potency were frequently produced after that. A special effort was the manufacture of a miniature Hell—Howard Williams, Silcox and Sketch were the inventors—a collection of potassium salts and phosphorus and powdered charcoal in a sand tray over a Bunsen gave great results. Our footer that year was particularly good and our chemistry did not really suffer.

Mr. Carey, a Scot, was another science master who provoked us to mischief. He was interested in Geology and the carboniferous rocks of the area were a delight to him. He encouraged us to bring him specimens, and we found various crystals and fossils and sandstones, which he named and described. But we wanted to stump him. So Treweeks and the Pembroke boys shaped a piece of carrot into a weird design, rubbed in mud, stained it with material supplied by Col. Treweeks, the father, who had a chemist shop, and took the rare and wonderful object to the science master. He looked at it, tested it with acid, but when he took out his pocket knife to scratch it we knew the game was up. "Yon's a carrot," he growled, and as he unfortunately soon knew he was called "Carrots" ever after that.

That first generation was happy in the new school. It provided a significant number of graduates, of lawyers, doctors, teachers, engineers, as well as men who were rather better than adequate in business. Some became distinguished in the services. Some laid down their lives in the first Great War.

That first generation were not conscious that the traditions of a new school were being formed in the last great days of Victorian peace. But the old Victoria Hotel which was our first home is a place of sacred memories, and the master who taught us and the boys with whom we shared school life gave not an unworthy fashioning to character and helped us to face the fierce destinies of the twentieth century.

LEWIS G. TUCKER.