

# MAGAZINE

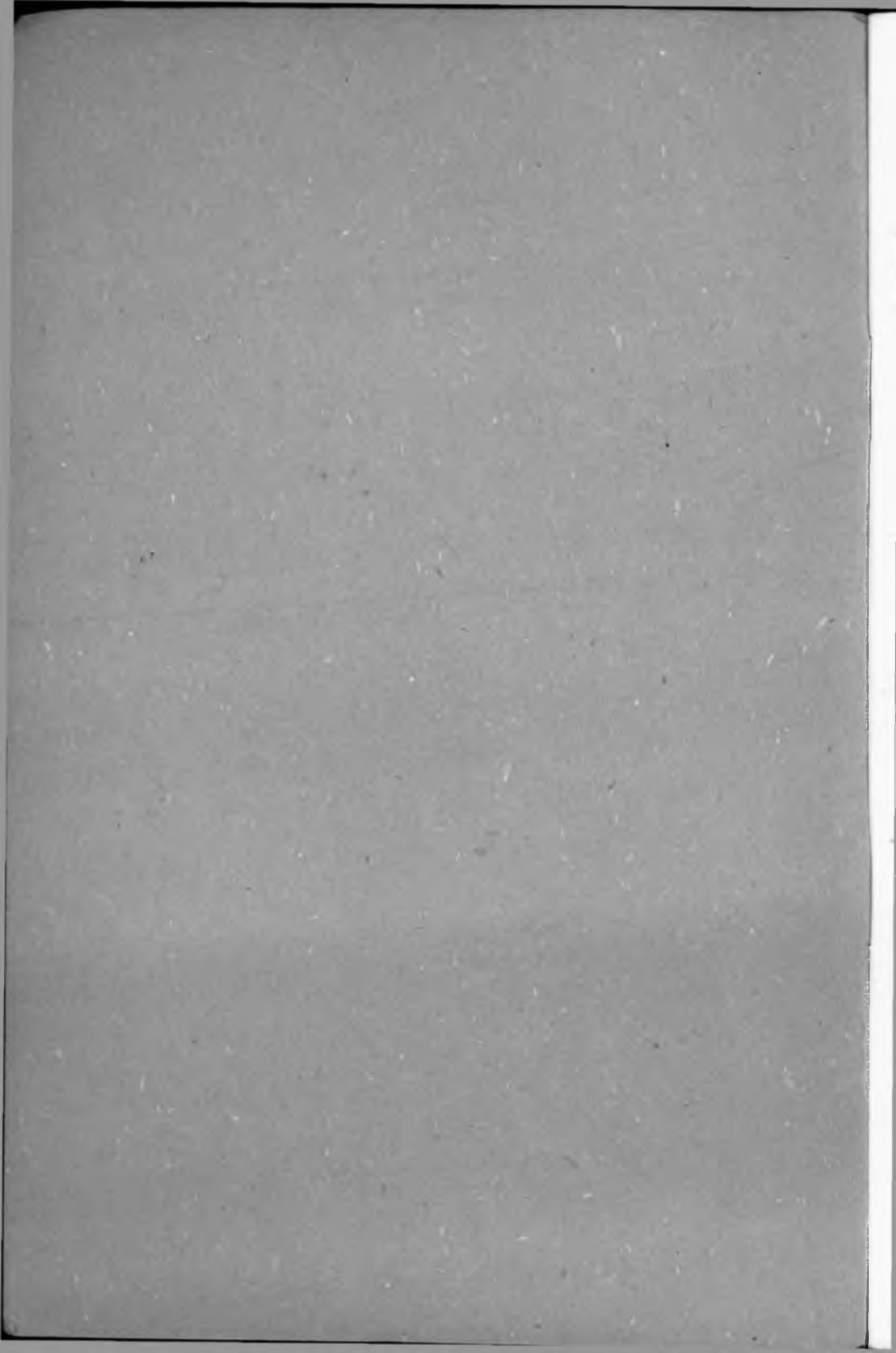
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No. 75.

APRIL, 1945.

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*Albert Davies, Printer, Swansea.*



GORAU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

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## Dynevor Secondary School Magazine.

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No. 75 (No. 2 New Series).

April, 1945.

Editors ... CLIVE GAMMON, J. D. WALROND.

Sub-Editor ... ALAN LEYSHON.

### EDITORIAL.

Although there are yet many difficulties to be contended with in the publication of the Magazine, we are pleased, and a little proud, to state that our School publication seems firmly re-established after its unfortunate period of enforced silence. As the title page shews, there have been changes in the editorial staff. Our former editor, now at Swansea University College, has left the Magazine in the hands of last year's sub-editors, and a new-comer to the editorial staff is Alan Leyshon.

Here then is the Dynevor School Magazine.

We hope that we have included something for all tastes, and we would wish to remind any dissatisfied reader that constructive criticism is always welcomed by the editors.

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### SCHOOL NOTES.

The revival of the Higher Science group in the School is to be welcomed from all points of view. Not only does it mean that Dynevor is once more a completely independent educational unit able to afford facilities for instruction in almost all branches of learning, but it also provides a pleasant variation in temperament and deportment among the members of the Sixth. The 'Arts' students' slouch and bristling beards form a pleasant contrast to the youthful spirits, athletic gait and *joie de vivre* of the 'Scientists.' Moreover, the Scientists' text-books—*e.g.* 'A Short and Necessarily Incomplete Introduction to the Rudiments of Elementary Calculus in 24 Vols.'

—relieve the monotony of the Arts' 'Berthon,' 'Browning' and 'Borrow.'

We are asked officially to deny the rumour that a Prefect confiscated a third-former's copy of the 'Dandy' in the Canteen in order to read it himself. The Prefect concerned wishes us to state that he has no need to adopt such totalitarian methods as his newsagent keeps him regularly supplied with the periodical in question.

The School now possesses a cat. He may be seen in the lower regions of the School at almost any time of the day, is called 'Blackie,' shews a fanatical distrust of the Milk Racketeers, dislikes School Dinners, and ignores all 'out of bounds' rules—much to the prefects' chagrin.

We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to Mrs. Williams, the School Secretary. Apart from her official duties she has always shown herself sympathetic, co-operative and amazingly practical in the organisation of school social functions of all kinds.

The end of last term saw a peculiar series of events occur in the region of the Canteen end of the first-floor corridor. Apparently the series of disturbances, which bordered on civil war at times, was due to the fact that 5d and 5e only possessed one door knob for the two form-rooms. The matter was adjusted after a little while, but for one glorious week there was a confusing series of misunderstandings. Masters and classes were locked out or locked in rooms and frantic cries of Pr.....!! could be heard along the corridors, for he, apparently, held the key to the situation.

The Prefects for this year are as follows :—School-Captain : E. D. Morgan ; Vice-Captain : S. J. Griffiths ; Prefects : J. D. Maimone, E. Bottel, E. Bowles, R. E. Jones, J. D. Walrond, D. G. Jones, W. H. R. Thomas, J. Arnold, W. James, L. J. Jenkins, G. Thomas.

Last term the School was able to hold, for the first time since the '41 blitz, a full armistice day service. Mount Pleasant was the setting for a simple but impressive ceremony in which A.T.C., Army and Naval Cadet contingents and Boy Scouts took part. Before the service a short ceremonial parade took place in the basement of Telephone House, and Flying Officer H. Griffiths, A.T.C., inspected the service units.

Early this term we were delighted to receive a visit from Mr. Llewelyn John, the ex-headmaster of Dynevor. He attended the morning service at the Chapel, at which he read the lesson and gave a short address. Later he distributed the prizes to the successful competitors of the House Parties'

Games Tournaments. During the earlier part of last term we were also pleased to welcome to our morning assembly Mr. M. H. Davies, H.M.I., and Dr. Elfed Thomas, Director of Education. Both gave short addresses.

The recent cold spell provided many interesting variations to the normal routine of school life. Not the least interesting of these were the mighty pitched battles with snowballs which took place in the school yard between the Sixth Form and the rest of the school. When, however, intruders from the Grammar School appeared at our gates, civil strife ceased and by the united efforts of the whole school the invaders were driven back in considerable confusion. Soon after, however, internal discord once more became rife owing to the exuberant attack of approximately 150 juniors upon six prefects in Union Street during the lunch hour. The six prefects concerned escaped after taking severe punishment. Further conflicts were happily prevented by the sudden thaw.

A unique excuse recently offered for lateness was:—"But please, sir, I had to take my cat to the P.D.S.A. to be put out of its misery." The boy's originality saved him from punishment.

The series of S.C.M. lectures and discussion group meetings at the High School for Girls continued throughout the past two terms. These meetings seem to be developing into a regular feature of Swansea Secondary School life, and we should once more like to take an opportunity to thank Miss Cameron and the High School for their hospitality.

There have been several changes in the Staff during the past two terms. We were all very sorry to lose Mr. D. O. Bowen, who left us to take up a new appointment in Kent. We wish him all success in his new sphere of activity. Mrs. Williams, the Science mistress, left us for Glamor Girls' School. New arrivals are Mr. H. Evans, Mrs. M. Morris, Mrs. V. Davies and Mr. C. Jones, and we wish to extend a hearty welcome to them.

Another School activity has come into prominence recently. The Dramatic Society, under the guidance of Mr. E. Yates, Mr. C. J. A. Hill and Mr. H. Griffiths, has been re-organised and rehearsals have commenced upon Jules Romains' play "Dr. Knock." It is hoped to present this play fairly soon, with Keith Williams, Lower VI, taking the leading role as 'Knock.'

We should like to point out to the juniors whose form-rooms are situated in the science wing of the school, that Prefects are not despatched to that part of the School during break in order to play 'touch' with them from one form

room to another. Nor is it funny (at least it doesn't appear to be to the Prefects concerned) just to finish clearing the building in time to be greeted by a returning horde shouting a battle-cry of "The whistle's gone."

A prominent member of the Upper Sixth well known for his dignity of deportment wishes to lodge an emphatic and categorical protest against being made the helpless victim of a diabolical conspiracy. He was forced to accept publicly, and later carry shamefacedly through the streets of Swansea, the prize of a brightly-labelled carton inscribed with the legend 'The Game of Dodge 'em Football—the way to keep your kiddles quiet and contented.' An offer of 1/3 for the set by a sarcastic Master was disdainfully rejected on receipt of a higher bid from a leading light in the U. VI Latin Section.

Apparently a certain language Master does not appreciate the custom, which has arisen of late, of sending him billets-doux, written by members of both Lower and Upper Sixth, appended to the end of their proses.

The School was recently greatly honoured to receive a visit from Sir Wynn Wheldon, Permanent Secretary to the Welsh Department of the Board of Education.

We wish to offer our congratulations to J. H. P. Taylor, Deputy Head Prefect of the School 1942-1943, upon his recent success in gaining an Open Exhibition at Worcester College, at Oxford.

Much to the chagrin of the Upper Sixth, the School-Captain, Eric Morgan, received his long-awaited calling-up papers for the Army only a few days before the commencement of the terminals. He is now languishing in Retford Barracks where, so we are told, the sergeant has been calling him dreadful names. Whatever he will be like in the Army there is no doubt that E. D. Morgan, Esq., was an able School-Captain for he gave the school the most efficient prefect system that it has had for many years. One of these prefects, Roger Jones, left for an Army Short Course after the end of term, thus necessitating several changes in the ranks of the prefects. The position of School-Captain has now been filled by S. J. G. Griffiths, the old vice-captain, his place being taken by G. D. Thomas, while the two new conscripts are V. H. Davies and C. Simons.

#### **ROLL OF HONOUR.**

The following Old Boys of the School have been decorated recently :

Lieut. Leo Kettle, D.S.C.

Commander Aubrey Waters, D.S.C.

Lieut. Harry G. Jones, M.C.

Pilot-Officer J. F. Richards, D.F.C.  
 Squadron Leader A. Fernand, D.F.C.  
 Pilot-Officer W. Watkins, D.F.C.  
 Pilot-Officer Eric Woods, D.F.M.  
 Flying Officer J. Walters, D.F.M.  
 Mr. E. G. Bowen, O.B.E. (for scientific research).  
 Flight-Lieut. D. S. Jones, D.F.M.

We offer these Old Boys heartiest congratulations and assure them of the deep feeling of pride we experience in their achievements.

We shall be glad to have news of other Old Boys.

### MUSIC GROUP NOTES.

From its inauguration at the beginning of the year the Music Group has proved a complete success. Through the medium of the gramophone several programmes of straight and swing music have been presented.

#### XMAS TERM.

1.—A programme of Sibelius (1st Symphony), Richard Strauss, Tchaikovsky and Debussy, presented by Clive Gammon.

2.—A programme of Swing, including Artie Shaw's Concerto for Clarinet, presented by Walters of 5a and D. G. Williams (L. VI.).

3.—Programme of Tchaikovsky, presented by E. Morgan.

4.—Programme of Swing—small instrumental combinations—presented by Walters and D. G. Williams.

#### EASTER TERM.

An interesting innovation this term has been the invitation of the Sixth Forms of the Grammar School, High School for Girls, and Glanmor Girls' School.

Programme of Moussorsky, Sibelius, Beethoven, presented by Clive Gammon, E. Morgan and J. D. Walrond.

A recital of German Lieder was given by Mr. Gordon Richards, whose accompanist, Mr. Williams, gave a programme including some Debussy and Haydn.

Programme of Swing Music presented by Walters. A four-band session—Harry James, Glen Miller, Artie Shaw and Bob Crosby.

This is a record of the programmes as far as the time of writing.

Our very great thanks are due to Messrs. Roberts and Yates for supervising and lending a guiding hand to our meetings. Also our thanks are due to Mrs. Williams, Secretary, and Mrs. Thomas, Canteen Supervisor, for invaluable help in catering.—CLIVE GAMMON, *Secretary*.

### YR YSBRYD YN YR EGLWYS.

Noson oer, wyntog, ydoedd, a chymylau mawr duon yn croesi wyneb y lleuad yn awr ac yn y man, nes troi'r golau gwan yn dywyllwch. Yr oedd yn hanner nos, a cherddai dyn tua'r Eglwys. Yr oedd bron â chyrraedd y fynwent, a gallai weld tŵr yr Eglwys rhwng y coed yw, ac aeth rhyw ias oer trwy ei galon pan welodd y cerrig beddau. Yn sydyn, clywodd sgrech annaeorol uwch ei ben, ond wedi clywed siffrwd adenydd, sylweddolodd mai Tylluan Eglwys oedd yno. Wrth fynd trwy'r fynwent at yr Eglwys, bu bron iddo â syrthio i fedd agored yn ymyl y llwybr. Safodd yn sydyn. Yna, rhuthrodd ymlaen a daeth at y drws. Agorodd ef, ac aeth i mewn yn araf deg. Edrychodd o'i gwmpas yn gynhyrfus, a chanfu'r arch y chwiliai amdani draw ar yr eil yn ymyl yr allor.

Cwynfanai'r gwynt yn y ffenestri, a chlywai sŵn fel sŵn cracio yn y trawstiau. Safodd mewn braw, yna, caeodd y gwynt y drws â thrwst ofnadwy. Erbyn hyn, teimlai wallt ei ben yn sefyll, ond mentrodd ymlaen. Croesodd cwmwl wyneb y lleuad ac aeth pob man yn dywyll. Ar ôl iddo ei adfeddiannu ei hun, teimlodd ei ffordd at yr arch. Cyrrhaeddodd hi, ac yn rhyw hanner troi oddiwrthi, tarawodd hoelen i mewn iddi'n sydyn. Gydag ochenaid o ollyngdod gwnaeth am y drws, ond nid oedd wedi mynd hanner cam pan afaelodd rhywbeth yn ei got a'i dynnu'n ôl. Llwyddodd i'w dynnu ei hun yn rhydd, a cheisiodd ruthro allan, ond llewygodd ar yr eil.

\* \* \* \* \*

Draw yn y dafarn, disgwyliai ei gyfeillion ef yn ôl. Teimlent yn anesmwyth yn ei gylch, ac yr oeddent yn hanner edifarhau iddynt ei herio i fynd a bwrw hoelen i arch y morwr dienw (a olchwyd i fyny ar y creigiau y noson cynt).

Wedi treulio'r noson yr oeddynt yn sôn am ysbrydion a chanhwyllau cyrff. Er i bawb arall deimlo'n ofnus, taerai ef nad oedd arno ofn dim, ac mewn rhyw fath o hwyl gellweirus yr oeddynt wedi ei herio a chynnig arian iddo.

Penderfynasant fynd i chwilio amdano. Aeth saith neu wyth ohonynt i'r Eglwys, ac yno cawsant ef yn anymwybodol. Aethant ag ef adref, ac wedi iddo ddod ato'i hunan, dywedodd wrthynt fod ysbryd wedi gafael yn ei got, ond yr oedd, meddai, wedi bod yn drech nag ef. Yn brawf o hyn dangosodd iddynt lle'r oedd darn o'i got wedi ei rwygo i ffwrd wrth iddo ymdrechu i'w ryddhau ei hun.

\* \* \* \* \*

Drannoeth, gwelwyd bod yr hoelen yn yr arch, bid siwr, —ond yr oedd ein harwr wedi ei bwrw i mewn trwy ddarn o'i got!

CURIG DAVIES, L. VI.



### "FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS."

A Vacation Course in French was once again held in Exeter last summer by the British Institute in Paris. It was arranged to meet the requirements of Sixth Form boys and girls from Public and Secondary Schools; all instructions and most of the lectures were given in French and every effort made to create a French atmosphere during the Course.

Accommodation was reserved in Hope Hall and Lopes Hall, University College, Exeter. These halls were most attractively situated in their extensive gardens and with their excellent tennis courts, on the outskirts of a city of historical interest, so that everyone was able to combine a pleasant holiday with hard and valuable work.

The first day of the Course (August 18th) was naturally spent in travelling, but after an inaugural address in the evening by Director Hugh Sellon, everyone was prepared to embark on this seemingly strange experience. Classes began the next day, and consisted of instruction given by people of French nationality, supervising individually over small mixed groups. The first lesson every morning was given by the 'permanent' French tutor of each class, and particular attention was given to the *cours pratiques*—translation from and into French and especially prose work. The second lesson was usually devoted to French literature, the appreciation of prose and of poetry. All means of expression and conversation were, of course, in French. Morning classes were followed by a short break; students were then free until the lecture just before lunch. Afternoons, from lunch-time until after dinner at 7 p.m., were officially free, but conversation classes were provided for students wishing to avail themselves of them; and a member of the staff was always at the disposal of students for purposes of general discussions in French. Moreover, each class had its turn at Phonetics—a most amusing class in which the enthusiasm to master some of the difficult French sounds was made more interesting by the use of mirrors. The day ended with another lecture at 8.15 p.m. These lectures were extremely interesting, and dealt with French economic, cultural and social life.

Besides the academic side of the course, means of entertainment were also included in the official time-table. Madame Sophie Wejts gave a recital of French songs, and there was also an entertainment by the staff, including scenes enacted from Molière's 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.' The last night of the course was devoted to entertainment by the students themselves. A French play was written by young French

people who had been in this country since 1940, and there were the usual musical items.

But there were other means of diversion in leisure hours. Permanent students of Exeter University (who were on fire-watching duties) had a fine radiogramme and an excellent collection of classical and swing records; there was table-tennis, and outdoor tennis matches were organised; and almost every night, after lectures, the carpet in the common room was enthusiastically rolled up for dancing. Expeditions to Dartmoor and other beauty spots were also undertaken.

Indeed, upon my looking back, it almost seems as if the pleasant working holiday had actually been spent in France.

—L.J.J., U. VI Arts.

### **" IN FULL CONTROL . . . . "**

#### IMPRESSION OF MOTORLESS FLIGHT.

Although it is quite cold, there is only a moderate 15m.p.h. wind blowing from the North-West. The launching crew, a group of enthusiastic young airmen-to-be, stand laughing and joking around the aircraft. It is evening, and although the wind is gradually veering to blow seawards, the conditions are ideal for an exciting evening's gliding. The machine, a "Cadet" intermediate type, is a very beautiful craft—high wing with a short, gull-like body, the whole machine inspiring confidence in its airworthiness.

Now things begin to move; the plane is held level by its wing-tips, the instructor straps himself in his cockpit to make a test flight. The "ready" signal is given to the winch, over half a mile away down the runway. It is answered and soon the machine is soaring gracefully into the air, still towed by the winch cable. At five or six hundred feet the pilot levels out, points the nose towards the earth and releases the cable. He circuits the aerodrome and makes an excellent landing very near to his take-off position. "It's quite easy—if you keep your head," he says.

As we all are in the advanced stage of our training we have to do very much the same thing as our instructor has just done. To-day we finished our training, having reached a "pass-out" standard.

It is my turn first. I tried to recall all I have been told about this flight. I have to make a good take off, fly straight and level, and make a perfect landing. Then I get my "A" Certificate. "But remember," I am told, "don't go above 100 feet"—that means to me, not much more than twice the wing-span.

I climbed to the cockpit and strapped myself in ; I centre the ailerons, kickd the rudder pedal, and then relax. My friends give me encouraging smiles but I feel anything but over-confident.

At last the " ready " is given, followed by " take up slack." The wire cable slowly tightens up until at last the machine gives a jerk. The Instructor shouts " All out ! " and the signaller waves both flags. I hear the shout dimly echoed at the winch end.

And then, with a rush of air past my face, a gentle easing back of the stick, a little pressure, and then centralizing of the rudder control, and I am airborne, part of the plane itself—anticipating every movement it makes contrary to my wishes, and duly counteracting it.

I dare not look out of the sides of the cockpit, as I am afraid of upsetting balance, but, contrary to what I had expected, I am completely at my ease. After all, when you get into it, its no more difficult than walking ! In the same way as my Instructor had done, I release cable as I have been told many times before—Nose down, keep the wings level, pull the release, and I am free from all contact with earth.

But then—I find it not so easy after all—I sense rather than see it, I am falling into sideslip, but the smallest pressure on the stick in the opposite direction rectifies this. All this time I am going inevitably downwards, however gently, and the time has come for me to level out and land. With the old, lumbering " flying gate " machine that we learned on, you had only to judge your position within one or two feet of the ground and then stall. But with this machine it is an entirely different procedure. The " Cadet " is far more sensitive to controls and the slightest touch will upset everything. You have to time everything within a split second. Too much pull on the stick will result in soaring up again into the air—for the machine still possesses considerable momentum. Too little, and you'll feel a jolt that may, besides making your teeth rattle, cause damage to the machine. So I point the nose at the earth and keep my stick in position, judging as far as I can the gliding angle of the aircraft.

Down we touch on the central wheel, and then I push the elevator control forward to make the plane come to rest on its front skid and thus slow the plane down until it finally comes to rest. My instructor comes up to the machine in the car and offers me his congratulations upon a good flight, and I am well pleased with the evening's work.

—R.E.J. (Flt.-Serg.).

### AN INCIDENT OF 1938.

On September 23rd, 1809, the transport "Anacreon," carrying supplies and reinforcements to Wellington's Armies in the Peninsula, was blown off her course and ran aground off Luan, a little town on the Spanish Coast just north of Ferrol. The entire 2nd Regiment of Foot, together with their colonel, were lost, while only a few of the ship's company itself survived.

On September 23rd, 1935, the little son of Manuel Negrin, the well-known local Falangist and the only solicitor of Luan, was digging in the little plot of ground which his father had given him to cultivate for himself, as he had given similar plots to his other sons. The ground was not naturally stoney so he was surprised when his spade struck something solid. When the dirt had been scraped from it, it seemed to be a kind of flat brass ornament, cast in a peculiar design which resembled the crest on the side of the field-piece mounted in the Square, which some said had been placed there by the great Marshal Sault. The boy took it to Negrin, who examined it with barely concealed impatience. "Perhaps we'll make an ash-tray out of it," he said.

Three years later and it had been mounted on wood and placed above the piano in the living room, directly opposite the easy chair, in the depths of which reclined a youngish man in the uniform of a colonel of engineers in the Italian Army.

The colonel, apparently, took a liking to 'the brass thing' and offered to buy. With characteristic hospitality, Negrin thrust it into his hands and told him not to be so stupid. Then to the business of the day. It was, it seemed, proposed to convert Luan into a base for operations against blockade runners; and the colonel had come to look into the condition of the harbour. But at the beginning of the war it had twice been visited by Fascist bombers and both the harbour and the sea wall would have to be re-built. Negrin (who was as now, of course, the *cacique*, suggested that local labour could be used to rebuild the sea-wall at least.

And that was the plan which was finally adopted. The Colonel commenced operations on the 23rd of the month, which was September.

As there was a full moon, and the work was vitally urgent, the Colonel elected to work through the night. Although the workmen were deterred at first by a local superstition, the thought of double overtime overcame their fears, and accordingly, instead of "downing tools" at six o'clock as usual, the men had a short break and afterwards trekked back across

the flat sands, which looked like a battlefield after all the feet had turned up the sand.

The first of the children running across the sands with the breakfast tins for their fathers saw right out at the tide's edge a great uneven mound. Of the labourers and the Colonel there was no sign. Frightened, they ran to the priest, who accompanied them to the beach. When they came nearer to the mound they perceived it to be a heap of still-warm corpses, dressed in a comic-opera sort of uniform, with tall red hats each of which bore a regimental crest. Some distance away was the body of some evidently high-ranking officer—a colonel perhaps. Terror-stricken, the townspeople, priest and children returned in haste to the town, where they were incredulously received. Negrin laughed at them, for he was an educated man, and when he turned over the officer's corpse he could see that it was English because of the lettering on the shoulder. Probably something to do with the blockades, he thought. He ordered them to be buried in a common grave near the water's edge. A thought struck him and he felt in the pockets of the colonel and drew out a rectangular piece of wood on which was mounted a piece of curiously designed brass. He shuddered, for it was the same that had hung in his living room for the past three years. What had become of his friend, the Italian colonel, and his labourers? He had almost forgotten them. Searches, protracted over three days, proved no use, and Negrin was compelled to send in a report to Madrid.

When they examined the bodies, they found seventy Spanish workmen, and an Italian Colonel with what proved to be the regimental crest of the 2nd Regiment of Foot of Wellington's Army. And Negrin would certainly have lost his post had it not been for the corroboration of the parish priest, Grandos.—CLIVE GAMMON.

### HOUSE PARTIES.

At the Headmaster's suggestion, the various House Committees and the House Masters set about the organisation of House Christmas Parties towards the end of last term. For Dynevor, this was an entirely new institution and, it must be admitted, that in certain quarters doubts were expressed as to the success of the venture. However, thanks to the hard work of the masters and the House officials, and thanks also to the generous co-operation of the Canteen staff under Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Wilkins, and above all, thanks to the Headmaster's enthusiasm for and experience of these functions, the House Parties were an unqualified success.

Llewelyn House were the first to have their party, followed by Grove and Dillwyn combined on the following day, and finally Roberts House held their party a week later, on the last day of term. At all these parties excellent food was provided, and none of the boys had to be encouraged to eat; competitions and games of all kinds were organised and prizes for winning competitors given.

The 'High-Spot' of each party was the community singing and impromptu concert at the end. Mrs. Morris succeeded in getting even the most serious-minded of the Staff waving their hands around in comic gestures whilst singing 'Underneath the Spreading Chestnut Tree.' Mr. Yates produced at the Llewelyn House Party an excellent poem upon the various leading lights of the House, and produced crimson blushes from them all in turns as the secrets of their lives were revealed. At Dillwyn and Grove Party a prominent prefect decided his future career—he will become a side-showman at the Fair—whilst another so far forgot his dignity as to lead the community singing in a croaking bass voice.

All this, combined with a perfectly 'free and easy' atmosphere, made these Parties a great success. No note on the Parties would be complete without mention of Mrs. Williams, the School Secretary, who was to be seen wherever the fun was thickest, and upon whose shoulders fell much of the responsibility for the catering arrangements. I am sure we shall all be glad to hear that similar festivities are being planned for next Christmas.

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### ARABESQUE.

The pomegranates in their green decay  
 Exhale an incense on the rotting air.  
 The sun throbs swollen in its yellow pain  
 Gangrenous, on the forehead of the sky.  
 Along the cinnamon and red, there creeps  
 The baked and blackened spider, eager now,  
 To trace its little line across the waste,  
 Smoothing the dust the legions marching made.

—CLIVE GAMMON.

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### THINGS TO COME ?

There is a roar of traffic—and the master's voice is drowned by the din until a bellow of "Shut the window someone" produces an uneasy silence. Then the U. VIth lesson continues, uninterrupted—save by snatches of conversation from the street below and by the piercing whistles of errand boys

who go a long way to prove the poetical assertion which our form-master is trying to drum into us—that “*Seul le silence est grand.*” Will the happy day ever come when we will have a school in which the only whistle heard is that produced by birds and in which we savour not the scent of car-exhaust but that of fresh air? I hope so, and so do all the members of my august form. During the last few days (after frantically rushing to and fro with a pencil and a note book), I have managed to obtain the views of several of our more famous and infamous, prefects on the subject, views which I produce in summary form.

Stan Griffiths, Vice-Captain, his eyes filled with longing, desired a school ‘far from the madding crowd.’ A bus-ride, according to him, would be a pleasure so long as he could have a chance of a game of soccer during break, or a stroll around the school without the risk of being knocked down in the process. With a school in the country first years would be rid of the evil temptation set by those establishments which manufacture ‘chipped potatoes,’ while the standard of education would be bound to be improved by the quiet and the much better facilities for concentration. Stan was quite enthralled at the prospect of having a Geography lesson in the open air.

The remarks of my friend John Walrond I took down verbatim (at least, those remarks which would prove acceptable to a respectable magazine). His eyes alight with fanaticism, his features working under the strain of an overwhelming emotion, he discoursed thus on the subject of his ideal school canteen: “Canteen!” he bellowed. “I wake up in the night frightening my parents with cries of ‘No boy is to take more than two sweets.’ I use up sheets of foolscap in my efforts to convince masters that I have an infallible system by which boys can have their meal in comparative comfort and yet need run the risk of only a few broken bones or so in getting their food. I have had to endure the gibes of first-years whose chief joy in life is to call me ‘Willy.’ My ideal school canteen? If I had my way I’d shut up each boy in a separate cubicle. There he could yell, bang spoons against his plate and stick forks into the table as much as he wanted.” With these emphatic remarks Mr. Walrond glared disdainfully about him and stalked off.

Slightly discouraged, I continued my quest for the opinions of our prefects, and found my next victim in Norman Long. This stalwart of the Rugby Team also wanted a school in the country, this time surrounded by rugger fields: but before long he shyly (!) disclosed his pet theory—that there should

be more *entente cordiale* between Swansea Schools. This astounded his listeners, who had seen him in the past wielding very aggressive snowballs against our neighbours on the hill. Then all was explained—one of our colleagues reminded us that our amorous friend is to be seen heading in the general direction of a certain road every dinner hour. Apparently, to Mr. Long, schools (as in French) are feminine. Our friend further demanded that future schools should have facilities to prevent any outbreak of German measles!

L. J. Jenkins, when I cornered him, admitted that he too had a 'secret longing,' a longing with which I am in full agreement. He wanted a school with enough rooms to go round. According to his calculations, if he had not had to trample around the school every day in the hope of finding an empty room, the boot-leather saved would have prevented the slaughter somewhere in this world of three quite innocent bulls. To this plea for more rooms I add my support (and I am sure we will have that of our German Master, too, when he considers the number of times we have been turned out of form-rooms to wander, homeless, about the corridors, finally to find some sort of refuge in a room in which gangs of boys are merrily hammering away at the Marionette Theatre).

A snowball in the back of his neck made up Waldo James' mind for him. In any future school he wants proper respect paid to the upholders of law (?) and order (?)—the prefects. Waldo has grown tired of walking through the school yard vainly trying to maintain a proper sense of decorum while a barrage of snowballs whiz past his ears. (I challenge anyone, by the way, to look dignified while part of a snowball is slipping down the back of his neck, while surrounded by a circle of jeering fourth-formers, and while groping in vain for the knob of a door, his eyes full of snow.) And lastly, he is fed up with those first-years who come up to him, a sneer of contempt on their lips, to ask: 'Please can you lend me a penny: I want to buy some chips.' In the future Waldo does not think it a bad idea to supply schools with instruments usually associated with the *Geheime Staats Polizei*, things like rubber truncheons, knuckle-dusters, thumb-screws. . . .

If anyone talks to R. E. Jones, the conversation is bound eventually to become very technical. For Mr. Jones, besides having another pleasant pastime, is a devotee to (or is it of?) television. No sooner did I corner him, or rather did he corner me, than I had dozens of diagrams, prettily coloured in blue and red, pushed under my nose, and for hours I had to listen to terms relating to valves, rheostats, upstarts, and I don't know what. I dragged myself away. I had a faint



notion that he had been telling me how easy it would be to equip our future schools with television. Poor old Roger ! But he might yet be saved from utter scientific madness if he returned to the safety and sanity of Arts.

' Dickie ' Maimone, the last prefect I consulted, became quite vehement on the subject of Examinations. These he regards as merely fiendish instruments of mental torture (a view which is not surprising considering that Higher is in little more than four months' time). Taking pity on the future generation, Mr. Maimone demanded the abolition of Examinations, and all the other prefects were in full agreement with this—if only to get rid of the astonishing sadism of masters who can joke at our dismal aspects during terminals. How they have the face at such a time to make wisecracks like " The paths of glory lead but to the grave," or to hand over the examinations paper with an evil leer and the remark " If you have tears, prepare to shed them now," I do not know.

These, then, are some of the changes our prefects would like brought about in any new Dynevor School. I can only recommend them to the proper authorities. But, in my opinion, the day that the said authorities take any notice of them will be the day when pigs might fly, and then, as our esteemed form-master is found of telling us, we will have to shoot for pork.—E. D. MORGAN, U. VI Arts.

- 1.—Volcanoes throw out a saliva, which when it hardens, is called pummy-stone.
- 2.—A vacuum is an empty space where the Pope lives.
- 3.—St. George saved a little girl from a horrible dragon.
- 4.—Clive committed suicide three times before they had the sense to send him to India.
- 5.—A molecule is a girlish boy.
- 6.—A bouquet is a man you take your money to at the races.

—H. R. GWYNN, IV. b.

#### PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

- 1.—Who are the gunmen of the U. VI ?
- 2.—Is there any truth in the rumour that the Milk Marketing Board is going to prosecute 5 D ?
- 3.—What member of the Sixth Form is so skilled in '*Arx Amatoris*' ? (For translation send a stamped addressed envelope not later than Lady Day to Mr. Davies.)
- 4.—Our city correspondent reports that certain members of the Sixth are making tentative bids for shares in the Albert Hall Café.

### THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

Towards the end of 1944 a meeting was held of the Scientific Sixth, at which the question of forming a Scientific Society was discussed. It was agreed, unanimously, that such an activity should be commenced, and with the help of Messrs. T. G. Davies and W. J. Lewis the objects of the society were defined.

The initial open meeting was held on the 23rd January, at which R. E. Jones, U. VI gave an interesting and informative talk on Television. For those who had a knowledge of radio much benefit was derived; but for laymen, the lecture was rather complicated. The meeting ended with a vote of thanks proposed by T. Davies.

The next meeting, on 6th February, was addressed by E. Hall, L. VI.Sc. 'The Measurement of Time' was his subject, on which he delivered a clear and illustrative talk. After this lecture, many questions were fired, not only at the speaker, but at the masters present also. All of these queries were answered as accurately as the talk had been, and the meeting ended with votes of thanks from E. James and B. Lloyd. On the 20th February, P. Gibbs addressed the Society, his subject being "Illumination."

This Society is not an innovation, as one might conclude from reading this report, but is really the continuation of a former Dynevor Scientific Society. We are told that our predecessors possessed a fine and successful Society. It is to be hoped that we follow in their footsteps. We have started in a humble way, but provided interest is maintained we should soon be able to secure outside experts to address the Society as well.

The great attraction of the Scientific Society will be the visits to Industrial concerns such as coal mines, etc. (Sixth Formers only). On these trips members will be able to gain practical knowledge to supplement their already acquired theoretical learning.

I end this report by expressing the hope that the Society may flourish and become one of the outstanding features of the School.

J. PARROT, *Secretary.*

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### SCHOOL NOTES FROM THE MAGAZINE OF 1960.

1.—We notice with pleasure that the Head Master's request that boys should refrain from flying round Swansea Bay at dinner hour has been carried out faithfully.

2.—Our School Fashion Expert notes with approval that boys have cultivated the habit of dressing for school dinners.

The sumptuous menu and the delightful music provided by the 'Canteen Cubs' are drawing multitudes of new customers to our Cafeteria de Luxe.

3.—The Head Master asks us to warn boys against cultivating air-mindedness on the school elevators between lessons.

4.—We are glad to note that some of the ancient members of Form 5x, in spite of their feebleness due to senile decay and the encumbrance of their flowing white beards, have at last succeeded in their valiant attempt to vanquish the tyrants of the Central Welsh Board. I believe we are voicing the opinion of the School in extending our heartiest congratulations to these 'Old Timers' in gaining their Certificates, and we trust that they will qualify for Old Age Pensions on a general scale.

5.—The boys on the noisy side of the school are still disturbed in their studies by the terrific uproar of the Townhill Passenger Planes in the Dynevor Aerodrome. The matter is in the hands of the Air Ministry, and it is expected that some amelioration such as providing the boys with ear-plugs will be made in the near future.

JOCK, 5E.

### THE MARIONETTE GUILD.

Mr. T. Morgan's Art Boys had hoped to produce their Marionette Show some time this term, but were unavoidably held up owing to shortage of material, especially wood and certain electrical equipment for the lighting of the stage. However, it is hoped to produce their show in time for next Christmas Festivities. The dolls have nearly all been finished and the boys are at present working on the properties, such as equipment for the Court Scene.

The Play, adapted by A. A. Milne from Kenneth Graham's Story "The Wind in the Willows," is of two-and-a-half hours' duration—a far more ambitious project than the previous show, which lasted only three-quarters of an hour; and successful as the former show was, we have every reason to expect that the present production will be far superior to its predecessor.

Confidentially, Mr. Morgan's great ambition is to make the Marionette Guild as great a school institution as is the Choir, and, as in the case of Mr. Roberts, one of his most important tasks is the finding of suitable talent among the junior school to replace the older boys who are leaving.

**THE SCHOOL CHOIR.**

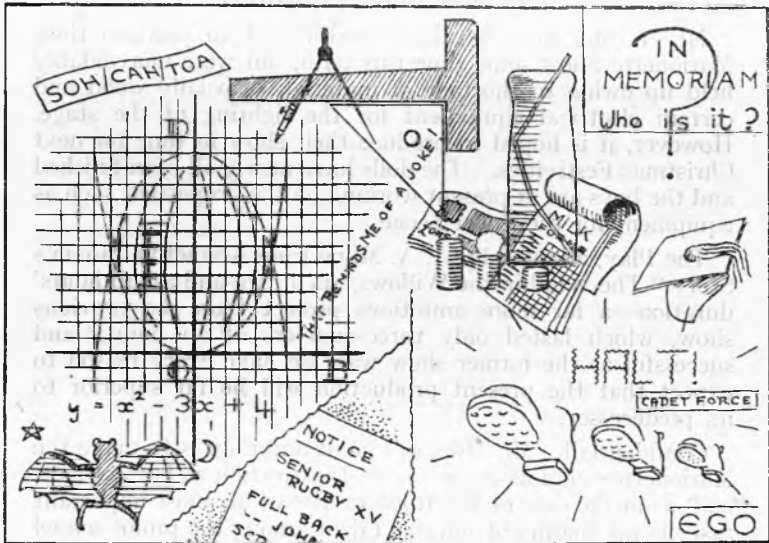
This term finds the School Choir preparing for its third Annual Concert. Handel's well-known Oratorio "Samson" has been chosen for this year, and as a result of the great success of the previous concerts, two performances have been arranged to take place in the Brangwyn Hall, on the 5th and 12th May, 1945. The Artistes will be :

- |                  |  |
|------------------|--|
| 5TH MAY, 1945.   | 12TH MAY, 1945.  |
| Elsie Suddaby.   | Janet Hamilton-Smith.                                    |
| Essie Ackland.   | Mary Jarred.   |
| Trefor Jones.    | Edward Reach ( <i>by permission of Sadler's Wells</i> ). |
| John Hargreaves. | Robert Easton.   |

Both concerts are in aid of the Red Cross, and it hoped to raise a substantial amount of money for this worthy cause.

Once more the musical direction is in the capable hands of Mr. G. Roberts, whose unflagging efforts in directing and rehearsing the choir have been above praise. Mr. Richard Evans and Mr. E. Yates have charge of the business arrangements. Mr. W. T. Davies, Mr. Cyril Jones and Mr. W. S. Evans (who acts as deputy accompanist) are members of the supporting adult choir.

**PUZZLE PICTURE.**



For solution turn to back page.

## LINK.

Sam wasn't much of a cat to look at. At first glance one would have called him ugly: his great, undignified head out of all proportion to his body, his ridiculous, boot-lace tail which sagged sadly behind him, and the scraggy outline of his ears—all tended to give this impression. But Sam had his pride. Even if success had eluded him in his own love affairs—he had had a most disappointing affair with a disdainful, green-eyed tabby—he most certainly objected to other more enterprising cats conducting their courtships in his own back garden.

And that was why Sam's usually melancholy eyes glinted with sudden anger in the misty moon light when he saw young Oswald, who had often showed himself most insolent and unco-operative in sharing cods' heads from the ashbins with Sam, plighting his troth to a pretty, though not very intellectual Persian, and doing so, oh! the sheer audacity of it! on Sam's very own outhouse roof. Sam restrained himself for a minute and then, his patience finally fled, he leaped forward towards Oswald, crying out as he did so a long, loud, savage MIAOU which told Oswald everything from 'Get out of here, you rat!' to 'Your father was no gentleman!'

\* \* \* \* \*

However much Seth Flitter cheated other people, he never cheated himself. And so, as he rested precariously on the high boundary wall between two houses, panting heavily after the exertion of climbing it, he once more toyed with the idea of retiring from 'business.' As the uncomfortable stiffness of his thighs again reminded him, he was not becoming more agile as his life went on.

"Yes, I must give it up. It's too risky a game for an old man. Why only last week I nearly woke a whole household up by losing my balance on a window ledge. Even my nerve is beginning to go. Ugh! I shudder every time I think of that burglar alarm I nearly touched off in that strong room at Merin's. Yes, it shall be my last job," he finally told himself.

Out of the night came MIAOU! Seth started at the sound, turned quickly to see what it was . . . too quickly. His foot slipped from the high wall. He flung out his hands, his whole body swayed savagely, making a comic silhouette in the moonlight. Then, his hands clawing desperately but uselessly for a hold on the coping stones, he fell. A thud, a groan, the protest of a tin can rattling in the back-lane. Silence. It had been his last job.

\* \* \* \* \*

Malcolm Reed, as a school-boy, had once received a severe admonition for sneering at Lady Macbeth because he had thought her to be showing a lack of will-power and a considerable degree of squeamishness in sleepwalking over such a trivial matter as a corpse or so. His English master went to see the lad's head master with a view to improving young Malcolm's moral instruction.

The incident had been funny then : Malcolm had laughed, the headmaster had laughed and, later in private, even the English Master had allowed himself a slight relaxation of the facial muscles. But now, as Malcolm Reed sat nervously on his bed watching the moon sneer through the dirty panes of the window, the incident seemed to have a strange significance. For he had killed a man, and he, too could not sleep. His fingers clasped and unclasped the discomfoting steel of a revolver. And the moon seemed cynically to chant : "A little water clears us of this deed," with monotonous persistence through the window.

He wanted so much to rest, to sleep. And yet his mind reconstructed again and again the whole incident. The dirty cafe with its cracked, thick china cups. The choking haze of cheap tobacco smoke. Above all there was the face of that man. A dirty face, cracked teeth with a greenish tinge near the gums, a smug face. And there was the voice "Oh yes ! I can give you just six days to pay."

Malcolm moved uneasily on the bed : he started up as the springs of it creaked, only to be confronted by the moon's "A little water clears us of this deed."

And he'd followed him, anxiously, but with restraint. Then the quiet lane, the opportune moment. Once more he lived the anxiety when the gun misfired first time with a snap. Once more he momentarily felt a satisfaction as he saw a belch of flame at the second pull of the trigger. And once more he imagined he felt the cold fear as an amorous cat has howled just as the dying man had given his last stifled gasp.

Michael Reed fingered his revolver once more as he moved on the complaining bed. He wondered how long it would be before he sought the only means of gaining peace left to him.

Out of the night came MIAOU !

Then he knew. He lifted the revolver and decisively pulled the trigger.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sam felt very proud of himself as he stood guard in his back-yard on the following night. He had completely vanquished young Oswald, who had bounded away in terror

when he had heard Sam's tremendous battle-cry and had seen him advancing, great ugly head down and boot-lace tail lashing erect. Of course, there had been some rather queer noises just afterwards, a rattling tin can and a loud bang which had momentarily even scared him a little. But what did these matter? For Sam had found that even if the little Persian's intellectual achievements were not of the highest order, she did at least have a sympathetic understanding of Sam, especially about his physical appearance. And so Sam purred softly to himself as he waited, for he was to meet her that very night.

*P.S.*—A poor, harassed magazine editor sat at his table one evening, vainly striving to find a subject for a contribution. His collar displaced, his hair ruffled and his shirt sleeves dangling, he aimlessly paced the room, muttering little snatches like: "I can't write about prefect C.G. doing that. Anyway, all the best stories about 'em are unprintable." Or, "That's a good idea, but it'll never be passed."

A long row of empty coffee cups on the paper-piled table told of many hours thus spent.

Suddenly, from outside the window a long, loud MIAOU resounded.

The editor jumped suddenly, seized his pen, crying as he did so: "Eureka." This will just *have* to do!

—J. D. WALROND.

### THE AQUARIUM.

The green opaqueness of the water  
 Is undisturbed. In the gloom, clouded  
 With a myriad unseen specks, the great fish  
 Hangs suspended, motionless, as if it sought  
 A peace more deep than human hope, shrouded  
 In Doubt, may aspire to—a secret wish.  
 In this dim, translucent sphere  
 It lives. Vacant eyes and rhythmic fins  
 Speak of a soulless ecstasy. It only dreams,  
 Whilst all around in the dreary depths, queer,  
 Elfin creatures, mindless of terrestrial sins,  
 Fill their hazy world with sudden gleams.

—W. NATHAN, U. VI Arts.

**PREFECTS' PARTY.**

This function was held at the Y.W.C.A. Hall on the 16th December. Prefects' friends and members of the Staff and their wives were invited and the Headmaster was a welcome visitor during the course of the evening. Tea was provided and a short whist drive and dance were held. The success of the evening was largely due to the co-operation of Mr. H. Griffiths and Mrs. Williams, School Secretary, with the members of the Prefects' Entertainment Committee.

**Y CORRYN.**

- i. Ai hwn yw'r una eilodd  
Y gweoedd fel y gwawn,  
Eiliodd o ganiad i ginio  
A hefyd tryw'r prynhawn ?
- ii. Ai hwn yw'r un a greodd  
Ei hafod mor gryf a hardd ?  
Ai ynteu y glaw man adawodd  
Liw arian ar weoedd yr ardd ?
- iii. Ai hwn yw'r un a laddodd  
Y gleren biusward mewn nych ?  
Ai hwn yw'r un a sugnodd  
Ei chodd ai hadenydd yn sych ?
- iv. Ai hon yw'r un a fwytaodd,  
Bwytaodd ei gwr gwael ei ffawd ?  
Ai hom yw'r un gwyad creulon  
Ymfalchiodd wrth lynci ei gnawd ?
- v. Hwn yw'r un a giliodd  
Y gwesedd cadarn, hardd,—  
Hwn yw'r un a laddodd  
Y gleren yn yr ardd.
- vi. Hon yw'r un greulon fwytaodd  
Ei gwr un diwrnod yn hwyr,—  
Hon y'r un a erlidiaf,  
Erlidiaf, distrywiad yn llwyr.

—URIEN WILIAM, Vb.

**DYNEVOR SENIOR RUGBY TEAM, 1944-1945.**

This year's rugby team has been severely handicapped by the loss of W. H. R. Thomas and W. T. Davies, two reliable players, owing to injury. After a string of defeats the school won their first victory at Pontardawe by 6 points to nil, this being our first away win since the 1942-43 season. On November 25th we gained our second victory, this time,



against Ystradgynlais. The school won the toss and played against the slope, and from the beginning it was evident that there would be a very keen struggle. Ystradgynlais pressed hard in the first half but at half-time there was no score. The school took the lead, however, ten minutes after play had restarted, with a try scored by W. T. Davies, who injured his knee and had to leave the field. This lead was short-lived, for the Ystradgynlais backs broke away and their wing crossed our line for a try which was not converted. From that time the school played as if inspired, and with three minutes to go, N. Long crossed our opponents' line to bring the school the second victory of the term.

The fostering of Middle School Rugby by Mr. P. J. Darr has proved its worth by providing us with several useful players this year. These include A. Hickman, D. Williams, H. Gilchrist and J. Evans. In conclusion, our heartiest thanks are extended to Mr. Wyndham Lewis for his advice, encouragement and refereeing during the past season.

#### WHO'S WHO.

- A. Hickman—Full back, is a new member of the team and has been one of the outstanding successes, his fielding and kicking being particularly good.
- H. Phillips—Has played consistently well throughout the season and would have scored several times had he been fed more by his centre.
- T. Williams—Right centre, he has improved a great deal this term and should be a real asset in the future.
- D. Williams—It is difficult to give Dai a definite position; he has played in every position of the three-quarter line, being strong in defence and attack.
- G. Williams—Has at last played himself into the 1st XV. He is a safe tackler, but his attack should be improved.
- J. Evans—He is at home in both half-back positions, but his tackling should be improved. He plays a good game if his opponent does not knock him about too much.
- W. T. Davies—Inside half, a capable and hard working secretary, and plays an excellent game.
- J. Parrot—(Vice-Captain), wing forward and has also played at inside-half; the most prominent forward in the loose.
- K. Rees—Wing forward, his aid to the inside half is very much appreciated.

- M. Seacombe—Lock, has played extremely well throughout the season, retaining his good form of last year.
- G. Thomas—Second rank, shows great determination and has played consistently well throughout the season.
- H. Gilchrist—Geoff's companion in the second rank; although young, has played well and he should be a valuable asset when he has gained more weight.
- H. Williams—front rank, and the ten-ton battering ram of the team and only in the fourth's.
- J. Ross—hooker, has recently left us for the Navy, and I should like to take this opportunity to send him the team's best wishes. Were he paid his weight in gold he would be a very rich man.
- J. Thomas—Has often forgotten the existence of the off-side rule, but does sterling work in the line-out and the scrum.

The following have also assisted the team: D. Price, T. James, Haddock and G. Morgan.

—N. LONG, *Captain*.

N. Long has captained the team from the beginning of the season, and has confidently led the team on to the field every match. Playing at centre or outside half, his indomitable spirit has supported the team when placed against very competent opponents.—J. PARROT, *Vice-Captain*.

#### BADMINTON MATCH—BOYS v. MASTERS.

<i>Boys' Team.</i>		<i>Masters' Team.</i>	
P. Phillips	— 1st.	1st	—Mr. Abbott.
D. Goldstone	—		—Mr. R. Evans.
E. Gibbs	—1st	1st	—Mr. E. Yates.
K. Williams	—		—Mr. W. S. Evans.

By the time that the match was due to start a large and jubilant crowd of six-formers (most of whom sat on the wall bars), had gathered and the entrance of the competing teams was greeted with various strange noises that could be interpreted as one chose. The boys were prepared and had arranged for the L. VIth choir to burst out into the familiar strains of "Tell us the old, old story," as the inevitable excuses poured forth from their fear-stricken opponents.

The first pairs took their rackets, but it was remarked that Mr. Abbott would have been more comfortable with a mallet. After Mr. Evans surveyed the contours of the court, the game

began. The Masters played better than was expected and after ten minutes the score was only 10—0 in the favour of the boys. The boys then concentrated on making the Masters run around the court, much to the delight of the crowd present. As a consolation, the boys then gave them a few points and the game ended with the Masters on the point of exhaustion.

The next game was more eventful, in that the Masters held sway for a short time. But Youth reigned supreme and after some tricky play in which Mr. Yates excelled, the game ended at 21—15 in favour of the boys. As there was a short time remaining another two games were played.

The first game was between the same players, and the boys were slightly shocked by the improved performance of the Masters. Mr. Abbott was hitting hard (with the effect of a chisel on steel). However, the boys won by a considerable margin, due largely to the fine co-operation between Phillips and Goldstone. The second game was again very close and the Masters played well.

An amusing hour was spent by both players and spectators and the boys hope to have the pleasure of beating the Masters again this term.—P.P. and D.G.

*P.S.*—Is it true that the masters weighed themselves at the end of the game to find out how much weight they had lost?

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### **THE MIDDLE SCHOOL RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB.**

Five matches have been played this season. We have won one, drawn one, and lost on three occasions. Each time this has been against our traditional opponents, the Grammar School. It was, however, our misfortune on these occasions to have been without the services of some of our best players. Unfortunately, also, we have had our match with Gowerton cancelled three times, but we hope to play against them in the near future. We expect to play several more matches before the end of the season. We wish to thank Mr. Darr very sincerely for organising and running this Club.

—A. BALCH, *Secretary.*

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### **DYNEVOR SCHOOL CLASSIFIED ADS. !**

WANTED—Precentor for 5a Choir. Must understand Welsh (*viva voce* test) and be available between 5 to 11 and 5 past every week day morning. Must be adept at dodging prefects.

WANTED—A father confessor for the Upper Sixth History Section. Broad-minded man essential.

WANTED—Second-hand copies of the "Fifth Monarchy Man's Hand-book for 1651"; "Prefects' Manual of Petty Crime," and "Defoe's Progresse through the Fish and Chippe Shoppes of the Principality of Wales" (with the revised Preface In Dedication to his Mother-in-law). Perfect copies only accepted.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prominent member of School wishes to exchange jemmy, rubber gloves, "Key to Whitmarsh," for (a) Broody Hen or (b) "Chums" Annual for 1908.

\* \* \* \* \*

LOST—Engagement Dairy of prominent member of Fifth. Reward given if silence maintained.

LOST—Mystic, answering to the name of "Edgar." No reward.

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### SCHOOL CADET FORCE.

The Company has carried on as usual throughout the winter, now being under the command of the Principal of the Technical College, Captain Thomson. Since our last report that 23 members of the Company had passed their War Office examinations, we have kept up the performance of 100 per cent passes in all other examinations, and at present practically all the Company are attending lectures at the Technical College every Friday night for their "T" certificate. Besides losing our former commander, Major Morris, we have also lost Lt. Bowen and our P.T. instructor.

Last year the force had a pleasant fortnight in camp at Porthcawl, where, besides visiting the Army, we went on night manoeuvres and supplied the guard on two occasions.

The first re-union dinner was held last Christmas, when Major Morris was presented with a cigarette-case. During the Easter holidays the Company, having done some shooting with rifles and stens, hope to go on manoeuvres every morning of the second week.

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### A.T.C. NOTES.

The usual Wednesday and Saturday instructional parades have been held throughout the two terms past. The fortnightly visits to Pembrey Aerodrome have been suspended

during the winter months, but are to be resumed shortly. At the Llandow Drome Summer Camp with the Gowerton School Squadron, No. 659 was represented by two strong flights of about twenty each. Everyone had a very good time, many cadets having an hour or more of flying time in Dominies, Whitleys or Lancasters.

In September there were several promotions : Sergt. R. E. Jones and Woodman to Flight Sergeants, and Cadets Simons, Wall, Morris, D. C. Davies, K. Davies and Stephens to Corporals.

Many old boys of the Squadron have visited us : they are : Ex-Flt. Sergeants A. C. Thomas and J. B. Thomas, D. Allen and R. Sherwood, who are now Sub-Lieutenants ; F.A.A. P/O Navigator Wilf Jones was commissioned in Canada ; Ex-Cpl. Peter Jones, who had recently gained his A.G.'s wings, gave the Squadron some interesting 'gen' on R.A.F. life. We hear from the Mediterranean that Sub.Lt. T. J. V. Davies, R.N.V.R. (an Ex-Cpl.) has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant.

The proficiency examinations are due to take place shortly, so 659 Squadron (especially you younger members) chase off those Navigation gremlins and get cracking at it !

The Cadets who are attending a Course at N. 70 Gliding School are Cpl. Wall and Cadet J. Hayward. The third cadet, B. Evans, has won a Royal Naval College Scholarship and we congratulate him on his success.

Flight Sergt. R. E. Jones is leaving in April for an Army University Short Course, and we are sure he will be missed by the Squadron.—C.A.S. *and* R.E.J.

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*B.R.*

A parting thought by members of the L. VI, who are very grateful to the above for getting them through last year's Maths. Examination, in the C.W.B.

