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ARF DYSG.



Dynevor Secondary School Magazine.

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April, 1946

Editor ... A. LEYSHON.
Sub-Editor ... C. WAGHORN.

EDITORIAL.

Once more we have triumphed over the many difficulties in the way of printing a school magazine, and it looks now as if it will again become a regular feature of the school. The fault of nearly all such efforts is that they appear to be confined to the Upper School only, with the consequence that the Lower and Middle Schools have little interest. We have tried our best to avoid this fault, but, we fear, with little success. Either the Mag. is high-brow and interesting to only a few, or it is the very opposite, with little of value in it. The ideal School Mag. is one that strikes a happy medium between the two extremes and is of interest to everyone. And that can only be attained by the whole-hearted co-operation of every scholar, more especially the Juniors.

Last year's editors have now transferred the scene of their activities to the Swansea University College, where, we hope, they will continue to be successful in their undertakings. Waghorn of the L. VI takes the place of last year's Sub., who has now been promoted to the rank of fully-fledged editor.

Having got that off our chests, we now present the Dynevor School Magazine for your critical inspection.

SCHOOL NOTES.

By slow degrees Dynevor is once more returning to the ways of Peace after an enforced abstinence of nearly six years. Only a very few members of the U.V.I. can remember coming to school as first-years at nine o'clock of a morning. That it was a new experience for the majority of the school was evident from the number of late-comers at the beginning of the year. After a bad start, however, their numbers have dropped to a quite small proportion, the Old Guard of Ve and 4c now predominating.

A few seniors can also remember the hey-day of the School Orchestra in the far-off days before February '41, when the whole school used to assemble every morning in the Hall to the strains of either "Land of Hope and Glory" or "Jerusalem." Unfortunately nearly all their instruments were destroyed in the Blitz, and ever since it has been one of Mr. Roberts's great ambitions to restore the Orchestra to its former glory. At last they have got under way again, and to judge from the sounds emanating from the Music Room during dinner or after school, the musicians are applying themselves assiduously to their task.

The arrival this year of the once numerous band of evacuees at Gwendraeth has finally completed the slow process of re-establishing the school as an independent seat of learning. We take this opportunity of welcoming back the boys and staff, Mr. Glan Powell, Mr. S. C. Jones, Mr. Price and Mr. Bryn Davies.

They have taken the place of Mr. H. Evans, Mrs. M. Morris and Mrs. V. Davies, who left us at the end of last year to take up appointments in other spheres.

Last May the Dorian Trio paid one of their periodical visits to the Swansea Secondary Schools, in the course of which they gave several extremely enjoyable concerts in the canteen to both Dyvorians and Grammarians.

In July the C.W.B. examinations took place with good results from the Senior and Higher candidates, several of the latter—J. D. Waldron, D. G. Jones, C. Gammon and W. Nathan—gaining Leaving Scholarships. We have often thought of waxing humorous in regard to the C.W.B. ; but, being prospective victims of the Higher and having survived the Senior, we find it impossible even to try to be light-hearted—although the sight of several of last year's prefects about to enter the room wherein they were to sit one of their Latin papers would have been rather ludicrous, if it had not been so frightening.

Just before July certain seniors took it into their heads to imitate their elders and have a mock election to show them how it should be done. Whatever one's personal views of the real election campaign, it must be admitted that the school campaign was carried out in a true democratic manner (using that much-abused word in its widest sense) even if some of the meetings left something to be desired. Such was the spate of propaganda notices and cartoons posted everywhere in the school that the authorities, who had hitherto remained smilingly aloof, decided it was time to intervene.

The result of the Secret Ballot, conducted most efficiently by the Election Committee, was an overwhelming success for the Dyvorian Labour Party candidate, "Bloggs" Morgan. The Liberal candidate, Keith Williams, coming a long way behind, just beat the Welsh Nationalist, Spencer Jenkins, for second place. "Pug" Richards, the Conservative candidate, put up a very gallant fight against overwhelming odds in the shape of the Juniors, and it was not through lack of grit that he came bottom of the poll.

That the whole thing was a complete success was mainly due to the hard work put in by the Election Committee under the chairmanship of S. G. Richards, and the helpful co-operation of Mrs. Williams, the Secretary.

We could like to take this opportunity of wishing well to all those boys who left us last year to jobs, to universities, and more particularly to those who have had to go to the Services.

In honour of those boys who are leaving school for the Services there was held last year, towards the end of term, a "Leaving Service" in Mount Pleasant Chapel, at which were present, besides parents and friends, several local dignitaries, including His Worship the Mayor, Ald. W. T. Watkins.

In a simple but moving ceremony the entertaining was accomplished by the choir's rendering of excerpts from Handel's "Samson," and a solo by Dewi Rees. The more serious side of the proceedings comprised a reading from the Scriptures by J. D. Waldron and speeches by the Mayor, Ald. Davies, Chairman of the Education Committee, Major Davies, H.M.I., and Stanley Griffiths, School Captain. Good as the other addresses were, it was generally acknowledged that Stan's charming little effort outshone them all. The entire proceedings, although an experiment, turned out to be so successful that no doubt it will be repeated next year and in years to come.

The prefects for this year are as follows : J. Parrott (School-capt.), I. Husband (Vice-capt.), G. Ellis, E. James, T. Glinn

C. M. Jenkins, J. V. Jenkins, S. G. Richards, H. Billington, E. J. Richards, V. Griffiths, A. Leyshon.

Last November the school, in common with the other secondary schools, went to the Maxime to see "Henry V." There was a great divergence of opinion amongst the boys as to whether the film was really first-class, or just ordinary. At the time of writing the matter had not been finally decided, but it is certain that all concerned would like to extend their thanks to the authorities who made the venture possible. We only hope that more such visits will be arranged, as the educational value derived is considerable, and the animated discussions following such an outing dispel for ever the myth that British youth are only interested in the average trash handed out by Hollywood, and cannot think for themselves.

Similar events took place last half-term, when forty or so members of the Sixth Arts were fortunate to be taken around the Mulberry Exhibition in the Art Gallery, and the Sixth Science were taken to the Burry Port Royal Ordnance Factory for a conducted tour.

Now that Spring has arrived we must admit that one of our secret ambitions has been rudely shattered. Although the fickleness of the local weather is notorious, we had hoped that this winter might prove as severe as the last one. This sentiment was purely selfish; for, after thrashing the Lower and Middle Schools, it was our intention to rally the survivors to a great offensive "up the Hill," which was, in theory, to have been more successful than last year's abortive effort. It was also our quite honest intention that the prefects should be in the thick of the fray and not, as last year, hiding from stray enemy patrols in Park Street's bombed buildings. This deeply cherished hope has had to be abandoned, and so the prefects will have to devise other means of exhibiting their qualities of leadership and courage. If any youthful sceptic doubts their possession of these qualities, let him take dinner in the canteen for just one week!

On November 15th, Swansea was honoured by a visit from Their Majesties, The King and Queen. All schools in Swansea were given a half-holiday, and in the afternoon the secondary schools turned up in force in Singleton Park to give a rousing reception to the Royal Visitors, who were driving to the Guildhall. The route was lined three, four and even five deep with pupils whose cheers were readily and graciously acknowledged by their Majesties. It was indeed a memorable and noteworthy occasion.

The school can now boast five rugby and two soccer teams—surely a good sign of the flourishing nature of sport in Dynevor!

Naturally, not all the teams are successful; but there is evidence that more interest is being aroused this year than for many years past in the achievements and failures of the school teams. We could only wish that a similar spirit shows itself in regard to the inter-school Houses. A little healthy rivalry would do a lot to tone up the general level of activities. There is far too little interest taken by the pupils in such functions as the Literary and Debating Society; and last year's Music Society seems to have died a natural death.

Before we close we would like our readers, especially the English scholars of the Sixth, to ponder deeply over the poem enclosed in the Mag. and called "The Dreamer." Is the youthful poet trying to be funny, or has he succeeded in writing something worth while? With this riddle to solve we bid you farewell.

THE DREAMER.

(Written after an English criticism lesson.)

She stands by the window
 Looking over the fields,
 Like an immobile statue,
 Lifeless and cold.
 But yet,
 There is her breathing,
 Soft as softest glade breezes,
 Which shows she is Alive.
 Queer things, trees—
 See one, like a golden peak
 Rising in the Canadian air,
 Translucent clouds misting its
 Ruddy form; and, on high,
 Birds wheeling and plaining
 Their harsh song.
 Another tree is dying,
 Stricken by the edged axe.
 Drooping leaves complain
 Of injured life, and gasp
 Their souls out to the solemn air,
 Which, silent as eternity,
 Amplifies the frozen rabbits
 Whimpering on the solid ground.
 Here stands a wise old oak
 Hoary in knowledge of earth
 And life. His patterned leaves,
 Tinct with rustic brown on timid green,

Whisper his glory to the gentle breezes.
 She is Alive.
 You can see that, for
 She breathes with steady motion.
 But, is she awake, or,
 Is she lost in silent reverie ?
 For trees are queer things,
 And demand spellbound attention.
 Or else,
 You lose that mystical being
 Who beckons you to dream.
 She is not awake,
 For he is her friend
 And often takes her to the land of fancy
 Where she is now, seeking the unknown.
 Standing at the window
 Like an immobile statue
 She seems lifeless and cold,
 But for her breathing
 Which shows she is alive.

—ANON.

THE SCHOOL CHOIR.

Last year witnessed the production of the School Choir's third annual concert. It was Handel's well-known and well-loved Oratorio "Samson." Two performances were given. The first on the 5th of May and the second a week later, on the 12th.

The artistes were :

May 5th—	May 12th—
Elsie Suddaby.	Janet Hamilton-Smith
Essie Ackland.	Mary Jarred
Trefor Jones.	Edward Reach

(by kind permission of Sadler's Wells).

John Hargreaves. Robert Easton.

On each occasion the Brangwyn Hall was filled to capacity, so the Red Cross, to which the proceeds of both concerts were donated, has benefited considerably.

The concerts will ever be memorable ones for the School, as VE Day was declared between the two performances. The second concert was truly a Victory one and the elated spirits of the choir and audience gave a new throb to the music of "Samson" with its overthrow of the Philistines. The Brangwyn Hall was beflagged for the celebration, and choir, orchestra and artistes wore red, white and blue favours.

The choir of 230 boys, conducted, of course, by Mr. Gwilym Roberts, with Mrs. Roberts at the piano and Mr. Arthur

Davies at the organ, was assisted by Swansea Music Lovers, who supplied the tenors and basses, and by an orchestra led by Mr. Garfield Phillips.

The choir's singing was, as on previous occasions, of the highest quality. No one who heard either of the performances, and altogether 3,000 people were present, could possibly have failed to be thrilled by their singing. The unison achieved between the boys, the men, the orchestra and the Artistes was such that the concerts will long remain memorable events in the lives of all present. Naturally, with such famous Artistes the solos were sung with exquisite beauty.

One cannot refer to the Choir's success without expressing the School's deepest gratitude to those upon whose shoulders fell much of the work of training, rehearsing and planning for the concert. Out thanks are due to Mr. W. T. Davies, Mr. Cyril Jones and Mr. W. S. Evans, members of the supporting choir; to Mr. E. Yates and Mr. Richard Evans, who were in charge of the business arrangements; but, above all, to Mr. Gwilym Roberts, whose patience and understanding in the directing and rehearsing of the choir were beyond praise.

This term the Choir is rehearsing for the concert next May, when it is hoped to produce Haydn's "Creation" and Handel's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." Once again two performances have been arranged to take place in the Brangwyn Hall, on May 18th and 25th.

Among the many messages of congratulations received is the following from the Music Mistress of the Roan School for Girls, Greenwich.

The choir of the Dynevor Boys' School, supported by the Music Lovers of Swansea, gave a most impressive performance of Handel's "Samson" on May 12th.

It was with excitement and surprise that one watched 230 boys move on to the platform beforehand with so much confidence and dignity. The conductor handled this large choir with complete artistry and one felt his sympathetic authority and dramatic appreciation of the work throughout. It was real Handel.

No work of this sort can be performed without a thoroughly well-trained choir, and there again the credit rests with the conductor. The boys' voices were capable of every nuance of tone and colour, and their attention and response were obviously the result of real enthusiasm inspired by their trainer. One could feel throughout the perfect understanding that must exist between choir and conductor.

They are to be most heartily congratulated on a very fine performance.

DYNEVOR CLASSIFIED "ADS."

(Post-war austerity has forced this column to be severely curtailed.)

WANTED: Sub-prefect last seen clearing 5c during break.
Please notify Mrs. Williams.

WANTED: Two strong and willing first-years to carry up
Upper-sixth Arts milk during break. Trade union
rates.

JUNIOR SCHOOL RUGBY TEAMS.

This year Dynevor has entered two teams in the Swansea Junior Rugby League, which has been revived after six years. The captain of this year's first team is G. Sambroke, 3b. The first team has played fourteen games, winning twelve, drawing one and losing 6-3 to the Grammar School in a friendly encounter; but we had our revenge by beating them 5-3 and later 8-3. We are glad to say that two of our forwards, Dixon and Morris, had a trial for West Wales at Neath and Llanelly. Our second team has not had such a successful season, they have played eight games, winning two and losing six. We have also a first year team that has played three times. They have lost two and drawn one, but with a bit more practice they will develop into a good team.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Gregory for the time and patience he has readily given to the coaching of the Junior Rugby team on the fields in school.

—G. DIXON (Sec.).

ARMY CADETS.

Since our last report the Company has been carrying on well with its basic training, and we are proud to state that we have kept our performance of 100% passes in all examinations.

On numerous occasions before the Summer Holidays the Company went on manoeuvres in Singleton to the interest and considerable enjoyment of the Cadets. Many passers-by were seen to be hurrying along when they saw rifles and sten-guns poking out from bushes along the route through the park, and some must have experienced a shock on seeing many khaki-clad figures trying to crawl silently through the undergrowth.

During the holidays the Company went to Camp at Porthcawl, where a good time was enjoyed by all. Every day there were demonstrations of mock warfare; one day the Camp was taken for a trip in Landing-craft; another time a demonstration of tactics was given by flame-throwers, tanks using live ammunition, field-guns of all calibre, and smoke-

bombs ; on two other occasions route-marches were held ; and on another day the whole Camp went on manoeuvres.

Although we did not do so well this year in the Battalion Sports, the Company managed to secure third place. Two sergants and a cadet got placed to run in the County Sports at Briton Ferry—unfortunately, only the cadet could run, but he did sufficiently well to run in the National Sports held in London.

Having once more resumed our parades after the holidays, we hope to be able to build a rifle-range at the Technical College, where courses have started again, so that quite a number of our cadets are busy training for their "T" Certificate.

During the recent Thanksgiving Week the Company had the honour of representing the Army Cadet Force in the Youth Day Parade.—R.H.S.

STUCK IN A DOORWAY.

A pal of mine went for a ride,
 On a train to the seaside.
 He got jammed between the door
 And could not get on to the floor.
 So with a segment hanging out,
 The whistle blew, the train went out.
 He said, "I wish I'd gone by bus,
 It's draughty round my terminus."
 On roared the train o'er road and river
 'Till terminus began to shiver,
 And as he shouted "Pull me in,
 Or I will make an awful din,"
 The passengers began to heave,
 The missing segment to retrieve,
 And to close the entrance aft,
 Because there was an awful draught.
 They heaved and strained with all their might,
 But 'twas no good, he was stuck too tight.
 Then, as the train roared through a tunnel,
 Hard brick wall gave him a pummel,
 Shot him in on to the floor,
 And gave them chance to shut the door.
 But after long exasperation,
 Door had dropped off at the station.

They would have killed him, that I fear,
 But then the culprit had an idea.
 He blocked the door up with his aft,
 And thus he stopped a searing draught.

* . * * * *

So if you wish to suffer pain,
 Just get stuck while boarding a train.

—R. ROBERTS.

THE JUNIOR ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM.

The Swansea Schools League was resumed this year after an enforced lapse of seven years. Dynevor quickly developed into a very sound side and has so far had quite a successful season under its captain, John Dewsbury, 4c. To date 15 points have been gained out of a possible 22, and 40 goals scored against 15. H. Gallagher 3a and J. Dewsbury 4c had trials for the Town Team. The recent formation of a Junior Team promises to be a great asset in the development of talent for the Senior Team. As a number of boys already in the Seniors can play next year there is the prospect of an equally successful team for next season.

No report on the team would be complete without mentioning the fine work done by E. Yates and Mr. Richard Evans. Throughout, theirs have been the guiding hands which have helped and fostered the team. We wish to place on record our deep appreciation of their invaluable part in the success of the team.

DYNEVOR SENIOR RUGBY TEAM, 1945-46.

This year's team commenced extremely well by winning the first three matches against Port Talbot Secondary School, Port Talbot County and Maesteg, the latter being our first victory away. In our fourth game against Gowerton, the team fought gallantly only to lose by 6 points to nil, which was much less than was expected.

We are very sorry to lose H. Gilchrist, who was a very conscientious player during the three games in which he played. Another promising player who is leaving in the future is G. Harris, who is being transferred to the Technical College.

During the Easter Term the team were disappointed because of the number of games that were cancelled by their opponents. The lack of practice caused by this resulted in defeats in the few games played.

Great enthusiasm is being aroused by the prospect of the House Matches which are being played in the last week of

the term. The complete results for the season show that out of 16 games played, 5 have been won, 8 lost and 3 drawn.

Mr. P. J. Darr, who is in charge of the 2nd Rugby XV, has provided us with three promising players, and we are greatly indebted to him for this. The three are A. Balch, D. Yerbury and D. T. Williams. To conclude, we wish to extend our heartiest thanks to Mr. Wyndham Lewis for his great help and refereeing during the season.

WHO'S WHO.

- A. Hickman—Full back ; is never flustered by the onrush of the opposing forwards. His kicking and fielding have improved since last season.
- G. Williams—Wing ; Gordon can be relied upon to tackle well and is quite as good in attacking as in defence.
- D. Williams—Right centre ; has proved himself a good kicker ; he specialises in drop kicking.
- T. P. Williams—Left centre. Terry's tacking has improved a good deal since last year, and his kicking has saved the team from many defeats.
- G. Harris—Inside half. Gil is a newcomer to the team and has fitted this position extremely well.
- K. Rees—Wing forward ; believes in frightening the opposing half-backs early in the game.
- J. Parrott—(Vice-captain) wing forward ; can play almost every position on the field, and together with Ken Rees he plays havoc on the opposing half-backs.
- M. Seacombe—Lock : Is very quiet during the match, but what he lacks in speech he makes up in action.
- D. Yerbury—2nd rank ; is the most prominent player in the posse.
- D. T. Williams—For the first half-hour of the game Danny plays an excellent game and breaks from the line-outs at a terrific pace, but towards the end loses his liveliness. The reason for this has not yet been found out.
- John Thomas—Front rank ; works extremely hard both in the scrum and in the loose.
- A. Balch—Has filled H. Gilchrist's position quite well, has hooked well, and is a capable, hard-working Secretary.
- H. Williams—Front rank ; makes full use of his 12-stone both in the scrum and in the loose.
- H. Phillips—(Captain) ; has ably captained the team from the beginning of the season. His superb running

on the wing has won the school many points.

—J. PARROTT.

We wish to thank the following for their assistance to the team from the beginning of the season: H. Gilchrist, T. Ashbury, J. V. Jenkins and C. Randall.

—HORACE PHILLIPS, Captain.

REPORT OF THE ACTIVITIES OF THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

At the beginning of last term a meeting of the Upper School was called of those interested in the resumption of the activities of the school Literary & Debating Society. Mr. C. J. Hill took the chair at this meeting, when a committee was elected with Gordon Richards, U.VI Arts, as chairman, and R. K. Morgan, Vd, as honorary secretary.

Our functions have been few but varied: we have held an inter-house Quiz, a Brains Trust and a Debate.

In the Quiz, Dilwyn House succeeded in defeating Roberts House, after a keen contest, by one point. This was gained after a harassed Question-master, who had run out of questions, had asked what the capital of Paraguay was.

The Brains Trust was a great success. The "Brains" consisted of Messrs. Yates, Gregory and Cox (representing the masters), and C. Waghorn and J. Howard, both of L.VI Arts, who are to be congratulated on a very good performance. Mr. W. S. Evans acted as Question-master. The questions were varied and interesting, and ranged from "What is the art of good conversation?" to the far more controversial issues of "Is Wales a land of song?" (which produced an emphatic negative from our Yorkshire "Brain"); and "Has Christianity contributed to the advance of civilisation?" which showed a strong divergence of opinion. In spite of these puzzlers, we are glad to report that this function did not end up with any "Brains Trussed"!

The Debate was on the motion that "Homework should be abolished," and produced some eloquent speeches. This topical subject was strongly contested, and it was an encouraging sign to have a number of speakers from the floor. The motion was finally rejected by a clear majority.

We should like to express our thanks to Mr. Hill for his guidance in the activities of the society, and also to the other members of the staff who so kindly participated in our functions.

In conclusion, may we appeal for a stronger measure of support for the society. For such a large school as ours, the attendance at our meetings has been low. We extend a

cordial invitation to all and promise you an interesting time. The chairman or secretary are always glad to receive suggestions for debates and other activities.—G. R., U.VI Arts.

MYFYRDOD.

1.—ABERTH.

R'oedd pob un yn ofnus wrth weled
 Tawelwch yr Un ar y Groes ;
 Griddfanai ei geraint wrth gerdded
 O gwmpas, a gweled ei loes.
 Bu farw am bechodau dynion,
 Bu farw am droseddau'r byd ;
 Dioddefodd yn nwyllaw y creulon
 Heb gwyno, yn aberth trist, mud.

* * * * *

2.—PECHOD.

Baeddwyd y byd yn goch gan waed
 Gan weision bwystfil angau ;
 Erchylltra ffaidd, budr, a wnaed
 Heb drugarhau na maddau.
 Yng nghanol holl drueni'r byd
 Bu llawer araith hir
 Yn addo hawliau'r bobl i gyd—
 Ni ddaethant eto'n wir.

* * * * *

3.—ATEB.

Ai ofer oedd yr aberth ar Fynydd Calfari ?
 Ai marw wnaeth yr Iesu heb eisiau, drosom ni ?
 NID ofer fyddai'r aberth, tra byddai Un yn byw
 Yn barod i ror ei einioes i lawr dros dynol ryw.
 —U. WILLIAM, Lr.VI Arts.

REPORT OF THE MOCK ELECTION.

For five days towards the end of summer term the tranquility (?) of Dynevor was shattered by a new form of pastime, namely, electioneering. While a real political battle was in progress outside the school, it was decided by an enthusiastic meeting of over a hundred boys that we should have a mock election inside the school. And here we should like to record our thanks to our Headmaster for permitting the function. Accordingly, an organisation committee was elected to work out the details, and before long the battle was in full swing. Posters advocating all kinds of political creeds appeared as if from nowhere, and the whole school buzzed with such comments as "Mind you, he (!) was all

right for war, but . . .” and “Did you know that X was a ‘Red’?”

Eventually four candidates submitted themselves for election, and braved the perils of stormy meetings and fierce verbal exchanges. Edgar Richards stood solidly as a Tory, (sorry, as a Tory Reformer!) while the cause of Welsh Nationalism was fearlessly advanced by Spencer Jenkins. The school's motto “Nihil sine labore” was immediately adopted by Labour Candidate R. K. Morgan (alias “Bloggs”), who conducted a dynamic campaign on behalf of the proletariat. The Liberal, Keith Williams, was late in entering the field, but his fervour was an adequate compensation for his tardiness. There would have been more candidates, but the potential Common Wealth Candidate and Communist Candidate stood down in favour of unity with Labour.

There were many amusing incidents in the course of the Election, which I have no room to relate here. One, however, does stand out in my memory. I was the chairman at a lunch-hour “mass” meeting of the Conservative candidate. (This should not be taken as an indication of my own political colour, by the way). Edgar had made rather a long and prolix speech and afterwards had begun to answer (or was it evade?) questions. Each time a difficult one was asked, his stock reply would be “Ah! but I'm a Tory Reformer!” After he had said this half-a-dozen times (each time with a rising note of triumph in his voice), and was about to repeat it, an amused (or perhaps exasperated) audience chorused back: “We know—You're a Tory Reformer!” with the accent strongly on “Tory Reformer”). One had to be present to appreciate fully the hilarity of this episode.

Finally, ballot papers were issued, and, with every precaution to ensure secrecy, the vote was taken. The result was an overwhelming victory for “Bloggs,” the figures being:

R. K. Morgan (“Bloggs”)	...	267
K. Williams	...	72
S. Jenkins	...	70
E. Richards	...	58

I think I can safely say that our Mock Election was an interesting, amusing and educational event, and I hope that future generations of Dyvorians will repeat the experiment with equal success.—G.R., U.VI Arts.

REPORT ON U.N.O. PAGEANT.

We were a party five in number, one delegate from each school, and under the supervision of Mr. D. J. Thomas and Capt. M. Morris. We had arrived in Paddington at 1.30 p.m.

and spent the afternoon in sightseeing. Two of us had never been to London before, and the experience, although a grand one, was rather nerve-racking, and so we were not sorry to arrive outside the Royal Albert Hall just before the doors were due to open.

On entering the famous hall, shaped roughly like an amphitheatre, our first impressions were of the vastness of the place, the indescribable effect of the blue and red colouring, and the five galleries rising one above the other to the lofty roof. The delegates from Westminster Hall were seated in the centre of the floor in front of the platform behind which sat the Cardiff Temple of Peace Choir. The huge auditorium's 8,000 seats were all filled when the Chairman, Field Marshall Alexander, rose to open the meeting with a brief speech of welcome to the delegates, in the course of which he spoke of the fighting-man's loathing of war. During his speech a dozen powerful spotlights in the roof illuminated the platform and cameras whirred on the floor, while flashes from the photographers added to the scene.

As he sat down the band of the Scots Guards burst into the hall with bag-pipes skirling, followed by fifty-one Guardsmen bearing the flags of the United Nations. Perhaps the next five minutes were the climax of the meeting. A hidden voice boomed over the loudspeakers "Let us remember the men, women and children of the United Nations who died in the struggle against evil things in order that freedom, truth and justice should not perish from the earth." Then, amidst the silence of the whole audience, now standing, a trumpeter high in the roof played the Long Reveille while all the spotlights played on him. The flags were dipped in salute and the assembly stood in silent dedication for a minute. Once more the trumpet rang out, the flags were raised in triumph and the audience read out the preamble to the Charter of the United Nations.

The pageantry over, the gathering settled down to hear the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury appealing for sincerity among the nations. He emphasised the unpleasant fact that for U.N.O. to be a success each State must be prepared to limy its sovereignty drastically. Dr. Fisher ended by welcoming the delegates on behalf of British Christians and asked them to regard as their first task the alleviation of distress in Europe.

Sir Walter Citrine, as first President of the World Federation of Trade Unions, welcomed the delegates on behalf of the organisation's 66,000,000 members. Both he and the next speaker dealt with the object of the meeting—to keep the

ordinary people in touch with the proceedings in Westminster Hall. Sir Walter wondered whether the people of the world really appreciated the magnitude of the tasks in front of U.N.O. and continued, "Every effort must be made to cause people to think of U.N.O. as an intimate living institution and not something remote and apart from them as individuals."

National pride may have had something to do with our opinion of Lady Megan Lloyd George, the next speaker, but it certainly seemed to us that she was the star turn of the evening, humorous, intimate and completely convincing. Speaking on behalf of the U.N. Association, who had called this meeting, she commenced by saying how the three United Kingdom nations "formerly so belligerent" now lived together fairly amicably and, having surrendered their sovereignty, yet kept their individual characteristics. The obvious moral was that if they could do it, so could the nations of the world.

M. Spaak, the brilliant President of U.N.O., then arose, a benign, bald-headed but youthful figure, bearing a startling resemblance to Mr. Churchill. Since he spoke in French we had to wait for a translation, but it was evident even to the inexperienced and awed Swanseaites that he was a powerful speaker. He stressed the need for courage to face the issues squarely, being neither optimistic nor pessimistic. Like all the previous speakers he emphasised the responsibility of the ordinary people for the success of U.N.O.

Another high-light of the evening came when Mrs. Roosevelt, amidst great applause, stepped towards the rostrum. This remarkable lady, "the wife of Britain's greatest friend," warned us that we must advance in moral stature to keep pace with modern scientific and industrial progress and that co-operation may also imply compromise, much as some may dislike the fact. Only thus "shall we keep faith with the gallant dead."

A Polish delegate spoke next of his country's sufferings in the War and of her realisation of the importance of U.N.O. to prevent such another catastrophe.

The last speaker of the evening, Mr. Philip Noel-Baker, the leader of the British delegation, confined himself to a few remarks about the Chairman, Mrs. Roosevelt and M. Spaak, "the youngest European Prime Minister since William Pitt."

Then, after singing a hymn and the National Anthem, we joined in a dash towards M. Spaak, to be rewarded with his autograph. Outside the weather was bitterly cold but we didn't realise it--we had witnessed and taken part in a great

event which, when the history of U.N.O. will come to be written, will be remembered as the welcome of the British People to the world delegates.

ALDERMINSTER CAMP.

The campers, about 40 in number, left Swansea on July 28th under the charge of Mr. Hill, assisted by Messrs. D. J. Williams, Yates, Griffiths and Cox. The boys soon settled down to their work, which was mainly harvesting, with such happy results that the farmers requested the camp to stay on for a fifth week. Perhaps the weather left something to be desired, although it would not be giving away camp secrets to say that the boys welcomed an occasional wet day as a respite from their toil.

Work alone, however, was not a feature of the camp; varied entertainment was provided, including boating on the Avon, swimming, and Saturday afternoon trips to Oxford and the Dudley Zoo. Undoubtedly the most popular attraction in Stratford was the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, where a fine cast presented an interesting selection of Shakespeare's plays, including Henry VIII, Much Ado About Nothing, Merry Wives of Windsor, Anthony and Cleopatra, and Romeo and Juliet; while the House of Shakespeare, Ann Hathaway's Cottage, and the Shakespeare Library were also frequented. Thanks are due here to Mr. Yates for arranging a cricket match between the campers and the famous Stratford Grammar School. Despite the fact that the campers could boast only one player from the school eleven they were victorious after a thrilling match, the scores being Stratford 62 (J. B. Williams 6-13), campers 77 for 7 (K. Rees 26). This team also had the pleasure of defeating the local Alderminster Team.

The visit of Mr. Thomas and his accompanying of the boys to Oxford afforded much pleasure to all, while Mr. Thomas himself was greatly impressed by the efficiency and general happy atmosphere of the camp.

Thanks are extended to all members of the staff and their wives, whose incessant work made the camp so successful. The presence of Barbara, Marion, Brenda, Valerie and Mary also being welcomed—especially by some members of the party.—G. ELLIS (Camp Captain).

HALF-TERM.

What is it that comes to enlighten the schoolboy's heart? What is it that gives the wretched third-former a chance to rest his weary brain? Why, half-term, of course! The staff,

however, do not seem to think that these golden days should be devoted to rest and change. Instead, they try to add to our schoolboy pastures by the simple method of giving what is commonly termed "piles of homework."

But let us not think of this darker side of Half-term. Let me, a humble Third-former, endeavour to relate to you what befell on the only fine day of last half-term. To begin with, I arose at half-past seven to enjoy a breakfast of two duck's eggs and a scalding cup of tea. Having satiated my morning hunger I set about equipping myself for a day's rabbiting. My paraphernalia consisted of one ferret, a number of nets and a gun.

At 8.30 I was quite ready to set out for my destination—a farm near Carmarthen, of whose name I was ignorant. However, I eventually found the farm after much questioning, and wasting no time, I set to work.

My first attempt at catching rabbits was a failure; in fact, an hour or so slipped by as I tried to get a rabbit out of an empty warren in vain. The feeling in my stomach told me that it was approximately 12.30, p.m., so I trudged through splashy fields to the farm-house, where lay a plate of ham and chips, waiting for me. I seated myself before the appetising dish—soon there was only the dish left.

After that "quick one" I went out again and found, just outside the farm-yard, a nice little warren which, judging by the smell, was occupied by a number of the vermin in question. After some difficulty and the loss of a cupful or so of blood (thorns, you know), I succeeded in netting all the holes and in sending the ferret down. This done, I took up my position on top of the hedge and waited.

Ten to fifteen minutes—no sign of the ferret. Then, without the decency of letting me know beforehand, a rabbit bolted straight into a net. Its efforts to avoid capture almost succeeded, but I'm afraid its constitution was not strong enough to withstand the harmful effects of a .22 slug.

During the hectic moments that followed I was busily engaged in scrambling from one side of the hedge to the other pursuing the rabbits that bolted, of whom two escaped, the other four being less fortunate.

Whilst manoeuvring at high speed to outflank a retreating rabbit, I must have put a foot in a pothole, with the result that I found myself stretched out on the grass with a sharp weed sticking in my ear. It might have been the shock of the fall, but as I raised my head I could swear that the fugitive turned round and sniggered in a rabbitish way.

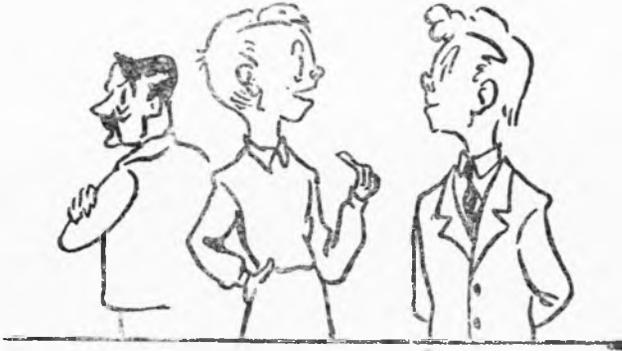
After much "puss-pussing" down a hole I eventually got up the ferret, wended my way towards a real farm-house tea, thanked my charming hostess for her hospitality and took my leave. It was the end of a perfect day.—BRIAN REES, 3a.

ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY.

Since the bomb-damage to the Baths, our Browne Medallion Class had perforce to be discontinued, much to the disappointment of every one concerned. Nevertheless, the interest in the work of the Society continued in the Artificial Respiration Class. At the last examination the following boys gained their Certificate and Badge: J. R. Morgan, L.VI; G. James, L.VI; A. Francis, L.VI; H. Smith, Vd; A. Davies, L.VI; D. Ridgeway, L.VI; D. Williams, Vc; A. Yeldham Vc; E. Pye, Ve; Browning,; T. Shorrocks, L.VI; Le Bars, Vc; M. Reynolds, L.VI.

GLAMORGAN SEC. SCHOOLS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Championship Meeting was held last year on the Sports Ground of Bridgend County School on the 9th of June. Congratulations to the following members of the School Athletic Association, who gained points for the School by passing the set standard in their events: W. D. Davies, Vd, 440yds.; A. E. Goss, Vb, 880 walk; W. J. Thomas, Vd, High Jump; G. G. Phillips, L.VI, Hop, Step and Jump; R. G. Williams, Vc, gained standard and third place in Putting Weight.—T.E.B.



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT NEW
ASSISTANT GERMAN MASTER.....

PORTSKEWETT HARVEST CAMP.

Under the supervision of Messrs. R. Evans and W. J. Lewis the personnel of one of the school's Harvest Camps left Swansea on Saturday, July 21st, for Portskewett. The journey was without incident and soon after arrival the camp was under full sail.

The headquarters of the camp was at the Church Hall (kindly lent by permission of the rector, an invaluable friend of the camp) where were discovered the cook-house, dining-hall and the staff's dormitory. The Hall was a magnificent building provided with both electricity and running water.

With regard to employment we were extremely fortunate ; owing to the forethought and hard work of Mr. R. Evans no boy was unemployed at any time during the month at camp. Small holdings and large farms (such as the Welsh Land Settlement) were worked upon and among the tasks performed were potato lifting, hoeing, weeding and pea picking.

During our stay at Portskewett friendly relations were established with the villagers. These relations were strengthened by our active participation in their VJ Day celebrations and with the aid of many sporting encounters.

On behalf of all the Portskewett campers I should like here to thank the staff for their magnificent work. The brilliant organisation of Mr. R. Evans ably supplanted by the industry of Messrs. W. J. Lewis, H. Evans and E. Abbott ensured us all a happy month. This year Mrs. Evans made her first appearance at a school camp ; she made herself popular with the whole personnel of the camp. Evelyn and Jean again accompanied us to undertake the thankless job of preparing sandwiches. The customary services were once more performed by students of the T.C.D.A., Cardiff ; the cooking being up to the same high standard set previously, as any camper will verify. Three of these were affectionately known as "The Blushing Bride" (Beryl), "Shorty" (Eirys), "Big One" (Eirys) ; why Gwyneth escaped renaming is difficult to understand.

The farmers were grateful for and pleased with the work done and expressed the wish for our return next August.

—J. R. PARROTT.

THE SECOND RUGBY FIFTEEN.

While the revival of the Second Fifteen after several years of inactivity has not yet borne much fruitful result, and the results have been somewhat discouraging, there is plenty of talent in the Middle and Junior School Fifteens which should

prove helpful to the development of next year's Second Fifteen. Out of 9 matches played, 6 have been lost, 2 drawn and 1 won.

REPORT ON THE MARIONETTE GUILD.

Progress with the Marionette show to be held by this school in the future steadily continues. There have been great difficulties facing this ambitious enterprise, especially in obtaining timber, paint and electrical equipment. There was some difficulty with the vocal and musical score and the one copy obtainable had to be copied out by members of the Guild. For the benefit of new members of Dynevor it must be explained that the prepared production is "Toad of Toad Hall," by A. A. Milne.

Despite the setbacks mentioned, the work is greatly progressing. About 18 puppets have been completed and the dressing of each character will soon begin. The stage for the show has been constructed and painted. The size of the work so cheerfully undertaken may be grasped by the fact that the back-cloths are 10ft. by 5ft. in dimension. There are several of these, each to be designed and painted in school. Mr. Morgan said that the preparation might easily take another year as the boys could only work about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours a week. The art of manipulating the puppets would take at least a month to be learnt by the boys. The date of the first performance was, he said, indefinite but the length of the acted play would be about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. An audition of the speaking parts of the play took place during the Xmas Term. Although the first performance was promised for the coming Xmas, it will not take place until next year owing to the unavoidable difficulties experienced. It must be remembered that the boys concerned have received no help from the outside and their success will be due entirely to their own work. The Marionette Guild need fur at this moment. Any fur, especially white fur, that the school can give will be gratefully accepted. It will be remembered that the characters in this play are animals. No report upon the Marionette Guild would be complete without mention of the untiring zeal displayed by those concerned and the great amount of hard work put into the work by Mr. Morgan. We end with the hope and the certainty that the future performance will have the success it deserves, and, as Mr. Morgan says, "it will be as good as a Walt Disney production."



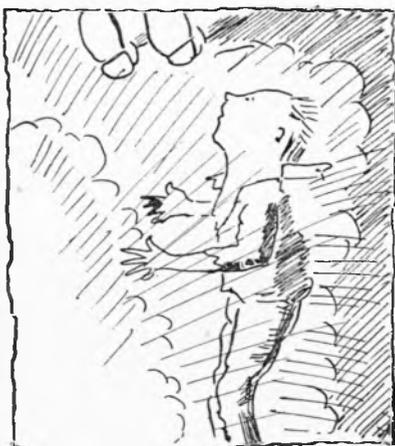
OH WHY IS MR BLOW
SO VERY GREAT A BORE
CONCERNING H_2O
AND H_2SO_4 .



WITH H AND S AND O
HOW CAN HE BE CONTENT?
HE DOESN'T SEEM TO KNOW
A GOOD EXPERIMENT.



BUT I WILL TAKE SOME O
AND MIX IT IN A JAR
WITH QIN AND INDIQO
AND TURPENTINE AND TAR.



AND LIGHT A MATCH AND O
WHAT SCIENCE OUGHT TO BE—
I HOPE THAT MR. BLOW
WILL STILL BE THERE TO SEE.

W.J.D. L.VI. SC.

BOLLITREE CASTLE AGRICULTURAL CAMP.

A party consisting of Grammarians and Dyvorians arrived at Bollitree Castle on the 27th of July. The work which we were given was hard but we enjoyed it. It consisted mainly of hoeing, thistle-cutting and harvesting.

There were many social activities. These consisted of dances every Friday night and VJ day celebration, as well as a few parties given by some of the village girls.

There were also the trips by bus on the two Sundays. The first was to the Malvern Hills and the second a tour through the Wye Valley. They were very interesting and were enjoyed by everyone.

Two cricket matches were played against the village. The first match had to be abandoned because of bad light. The second match was lost by 10 runs. A football match between the local girls and some small boys of the camp was arranged. Unfortunately a football could not be obtained and so a rugby ball was used, with the result that another defeat was sustained.

The camp was very well organised and run by Mr. Darr, Mr. Ede and the three senior boys. We were unfortunate to lose Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn, owing to a serious illness of Mr. Gwyn. Also our warm thanks to the ladies of the camp, who were Mrs. Darr and Mrs. Fiander. We also thank Miss Potts for the splendid food which she provided for us.

Let us hope that next year we will have a camp as good as last year, for we can not have a better one.—D.Y. L.VI.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Scientific Society resumed its activities during the Xmas Term.

In the first meeting, which was held on November 20th, it was decided that each member should contribute 3d. per month towards the upkeep of the Society. H. J. Billington (U.VI Sc.) was chosen as treasurer, and S. Jenkins (L.VI Sc.) Secretary.

At the second meeting, on December 4th, G. Usher (L.VI Sc.) gave a short but explicit lecture on the "Digestive System." After a number of questions concerning the lecture had been answered, the meeting ended with a vote of thanks proposed by E. James and seconded by S. Jenkins.

On January 29th C. W. Lewis (L.VI Sc.) gave a very interesting talk on "The Main Drainage Scheme of Swansea." In his lecture he gave a detailed outline of this costly scheme to aid sanitation. At the end of the meeting T. Glinn proposed a vote of thanks which was seconded by K. Thomas.

It is hoped this term that a Science Library will be restarted in order to distribute books and magazines of scientific interest amongst the members of the society.

Members are grateful to Mr. T. J. Davies, Mr. Gregory and Mr. W. J. Lewis, who have taken great interest in the activities of the society.

Thanks are also due to the boys who, as members have helped to make the activities of the society known and successful during the Xmas Term.—S.J., L.VI Sc.).

IS THIS HUMOUR ?

Tertium quid is an illegal term meaning six and eightpence.

Etiquette is the noise you make when you sneeze.

Snoring is letting off sleep.

An epistle is the wife of an apostle.

Noah's wife was Joan of Arc.

They gave the Duke of Wellington a lovely funeral. It took six men to carry the beer.

Louis XVI was gelatined.

Moths eat least of all because they eat holes.

Herrings go about the sea in shawls.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

To excavate means to hollow out, *e.g.*, our baby excavates when he gets hurt.

Lord Macaulay suffered from gout and wrote all his poems in iambic feet.

Turf is dirt with grass on.

Up-to-date translation—*coup de grâce* = lawn-mower.

—A. JONES.

OUR LADS IN AIR-FORCE BLUE.

The orders were given out by phone,
And pilots run on to the 'drome.
Each crew to their planes do run
For now the Action has begun.

Suddenly the engines roar !
Life is on the drome once more,
And then, with throttles open wide,
Up into the clouds they glide.

Flying through the clouds so white
'Til they meet the darkness of the night.
Suddenly the siren's moan !
High above the bomber's drone.

' Bomb-doors open, Bombs are gone ! ''
That's the aimer's favourite song.
The bombs go screeching to the ground,
First a " crump " and then no sound.

Enemy planes rise in flight,
Soon there's going to be a fight.
Bullets ripping through their tails,
Behind them leaving vapour trails.

One goes spinning to the earth,
But turns around and hits the surf.
" One for us," the pilots shout ! "
When they see old Fritz bale out.

Their time is up, they head for home,
To land upon their British 'drome.
They went out six and came back five,
To pray that he is still alive.

But he didn't turn up, they fear he's dead,
And death is the thing that all must dread ;
But now the war is o'er at last
And all unhappy days are past.

—KENNETH HULLIN, 3a.

ADVENTURES OF A SCRUM HALF.

Being a highly imaginative and also highly probable account of the House-match to be played between Grove and another—unknown at present—from the rather distorted view-point of the prospective Grove scrum-half.

Having a very hazy idea as to the rules of the game, the scrum-half in question trotted onto the field looking as dignified as was possible in his father's discarded gardening boots, utility socks, and shorts forcibly extorted from a reluctant inmate of 2b.

The Grove team, a singularly uninspiring and motley assortment of the youth of Britain, won the toss and kicked off. There was a rush downfield and an infringement occurred against Grove. Our little scrum-half, looking very self important then took command of the situation.

With outward mien calm and collected he picked up the ball and patiently waited while the heaving and panting packs strove for mastery. With confident hands he flung the ball into the mass of legs and rushed around the back of the Grove pack, confidently awaiting the arrival of the ball. The scrum broke up and it began to dawn upon the muddled intelligence of X (for thus shall we call our hero) that the enemy three-quarters had bundled the ball halfway up the field and were actually in the process of scoring.

Slightly sadder but none the wiser, X made no mistake about the existence of an enemy scrum-half upon the occasion of the next scrum-down. The ball went in, the packs heaved and disintegrated, X arose and bore his hated rival to earth with a mighty crash and then lost interest in the proceedings for some minutes. When he had recovered sufficiently to disentangle himself from the enemy, the unfortunate X heard his name being taken in vain and in no complimentary manner by his irate partner at outside-half. This time he had forgotten to wait to see which pack heeled the ball, with what result all Rugby players will readily appreciate.

In the ensuing play our hero occupied himself with some aimless running about and much inward reproaching. By the time the third scrum had been ordered X had worked himself into such a terrible state of nerves that it was with glassy eyes and trembling hands that he flung the ball in and

watched it and his opposite number like a hawk, congratulating himself on his ability to learn by mistakes.

This time the scrum collapsed, and X consoled himself by sorting out the stray arms and legs.

The by now thoroughly fed-up X once again threw in the ball and with cynical feelings vented his spite by pouring scorn on the efforts of the straining Grove forwards. They replied by heeling the ball quickly and cleanly. X's cynicism soon turned to joy at this heaven-sent opportunity for really showing them what he was capable of in the way of long, straight passes.

As the ball rolled clear he swooped on it and shouting unintelligible and probably useless instructions to his partner X tried to execute a typical Tanner pass. His hands had closed around the ball, a half-uttered shout of triumph was upon his lips, and just as the ball left his hands an exultant enemy winging forward bore him to earth with an awful crash. The resultant pass shot some fifteen feet into the air and thence into the greedy hands of X's mortal enemy—the opposing scrum-half.

Soon after this encounter X began to realise that even if every soldier carries a field-marshal's baton in his knapsack, not every prefect has an international cap in his satchel.

But being by nature a trier, X pleaded for another chance to show to what heights a determined youth can rise. This time both winging forward and scrum-half fell upon him with the consequence that, after he had painfully been scraped off the ground by the sympathetic enemy pack, X was despatched in a very shaky condition to the splendid isolation of the left-wing, where he spent the remainder of the game bleating for just one more chance—a terrible warning to all ambitious of fame in the game they call Rugby.



AREN'T YOU TAKING THE A.T.C. A
LITTLE TOO SERIOUSLY?

