



MAGAZINE

No. 95

FEBRUARY, 1957



GORAU ARF



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Dynevor Secondary School Magazine

No. 95 (No. 22 New Series)

FEBRUARY, 1957

Editorial Committee.

Editor :

C. J. PICTON.

Sub. Editors :

C. R. DAVID, N. P. SIDEY, V. C. TUCKER

EDITORIAL.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances and lack of suitable and sufficient material, it was impossible for us to publish the customary Christmas issue of this Magazine. We hope that a more eager response will reward our future efforts.

It will be observed that with the departure of Einar Day for London University, and Brian Davies for Bristol, a completely new Editorial Committee has come to the fore. Day gained the distinction of holding the Editorship for three years, and it is to be hoped that the new panel will enjoy some of the success which marked his term of office.

Again we should like to emulate our predecessors by urging everyone to contribute something to the School Magazine.

SCHOOL NOTES.

In view of the lateness of publication, reports on School activities will date from September.

May we, on behalf of the School, extend a hearty, if somewhat belated welcome to Herr Honig, who has taken up his duties as German Assistant ; and also to Mrs. Francis, the new lab. assistant. We also welcome the return of Mr. J. C. Grove who was away all last Term with a leg injury. It is to be hoped that his recovery will be both rapid and complete. Mr. R. B. Morgan also makes a welcome return to the French Department. Science pupils will be pleased to note that Mr. Andrewartha, who was in hospital last term, is expected back very soon. In his absence Mr. Vanstone has once again ably deputised.

Last term also marked the arrival of Messrs. W. Evans, P. G. Jones, P. M. Williams and Peter Jones from the University. They will complete their teacher's training by making another three weeks visit to the School after half-term.

This year the number of prefects has been raised to twenty (Is juvenile delinquency on the upgrade ?) The School Captain, C. J. Picton seems to be cursed with the same disease which affected Einar Day last year (the poor lad is only five feet six inches tall!). This year we have two Vice-Captains—B. Mathias and W. J. Morgan. The remainder of the noble band is :—D. Thomas, C. Reynolds, D. Beynon, A. Perkins, H. Davies, V. Tucker, D. MacCreadie, P. Francis, I. Ellis, J. King, L. Lewis, T. Rees, L. Bennett, R. Foote, J. Linnard, J. Richardson, R. de la Mare.

We should like to extend our hearty congratulations to :—Old Dyvorians Mr. E. J. Kieft, who received the O.B.E. in the New Year Honours List ; and the Rev. Leslie Norman, ex-President of the Old Boys' Association, who is Chaplain to the Mayor (Mr. H. Libby) ; also to Adrian Perkins, U VI Arts, who has been awarded his A.R.C.O. ; Hix and Holland, 3D, who appeared on the B.B.C. ; and L. Jenkins, who was picked for the Swansea Schoolboys football team. The success of former pupil Philip Croot continues. A programme containing three of his songs is to be broadcast in the near future. He has also set the words of a poem by D. Croke, which appeared in the Magazine four years ago, to his own music.

The past term was notable for the large number of visits which were paid to the School and the number of plays, lectures, etc, which parties from Dynevor attended. A party of senior pupils attended the Faraday Lecture given by Mr. J. E. Allbone and also saw the Bessemer Centenary Exhibition.

The Little Theatre presentation of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" was quite popular with the School, and an old pupil, Raymond Bowers, distinguished himself in the leading male role. Just before the end of term Bishop Gore once more entertained us with a fine performance of Gogol's "The Inspector General."

Early last term two German gentlemen from Mannheim visited us. They were Doctor Baumgart, who teaches English at a Mannheim Gymnasium (Secondary School) and Herr B. Floeck, who is a Youth Organiser. They gave an interesting talk and a film show which seem to have stimulated a keen interest in pen-friends and holidays in Germany on the exchange basis.

The Sixth Form Public Affairs Group heard two talks, one by the Rev. Simonds on the South Seas, and the other by Mr. Davey on Temperance and Food.

S.C.M. meetings were again held last term. The Sixth Form attended the meeting at Bishop Gore, where they heard very enlightening lectures on "The impact of Christianity on the ancient and modern worlds." The School Captain proposed a vote of thanks.

For the first time for several years no Hobbies Exhibition was held owing to organising difficulties.

The School 1st Rugby XV, under the captaincy of J. Richardson have so far enjoyed a very successful season. Unfortunately the team will be without their captain for a while because of an appendix operation. We all wish him a very speedy recovery.

In the Senior Fives Tournament held last term J. M. King defeated D. Lilley.

The Badminton Club have also enjoyed a good season being undefeated in five matches.

"Hands on head, chest out, weight on one foot!" I say you fellows, don't you think it strange that a certain member of the staff can come to School in his car every day, while the others are unable to use theirs because of the petrol rationing? Maybe that "still" in the Higher Lab. is distilling alcohol and not water! It is also rumoured that to keep the upholstery in trim, the said master polishes it with the yolk of a raw egg.

At long last the much needed renovation of Dynevor has begun. A great cheer heralded the arrival of the scaffolding which has since been erected on the roof of the Science Block (to the annoyance of certain Geography masters). The 5th of February saw the arrival of plasterers, etc., who began work, after several brew-ups, in 3A and 2B rooms.

Dynevor is promised a "new look" by September. As we write sundry "bumps" and thuds from above suggest a rock and roll session in progress. We eagerly await results and will be happy to report favourably in our next issue.

LONDON LETTER.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,
GOWER STREET,
LONDON W.C.1.

November, 1956

DEAR SIR,

After many happy years at Dynevor I now find myself a student at what was probably Britain's worst-damaged college in the war, so I feel very much at home. Fortunately University College was not allowed to remain in ruins as poor old Dynevor was, although nearly one hundred thousand square feet of it were damaged beyond repair. I begin my college career when the reconstruction period is at the half-way stage, but the model of the college-to-be is quite breath-taking.

However, do not think that U.C. (as it is affectionately known) is lacking in any way. It has every possible facility for its three thousand students and is indeed a state in miniature. Every student is automatically a member of the Union and assumes his proud and responsible position as one of the units in a very complex organisation.

The variety of societies is fabulous, ranging from the Country Dancing Club to the Polish Circle. Young men and women of every race, colour, creed and political conviction can find a Society specially designed for their interests. The cosmopolitan atmosphere and conversation give one a clearer understanding of the other man's point of view, and this last month has been particularly revealing with all the various demonstrations and riots. This constant contact with the world in general is the real advantage of such a vast institution

as London Univeristy. Academic pursuits tend to be overshadowed by this great worldly education. Naturally learning is vital, but even in the college handbook lectures are described as "entertainment, sometimes amusing, provided by the college," and there is some truth in this. Lectures are generally light-hearted and serve merely as a guide to the student, who has to plough his own furrow and learn by his mistakes.

Of course there is work to be done and most students realise this, but if you think of the under-graduate as a rather wild, eccentric character who occasionally loses his sense of proportion, then you are not far wrong.

Inter-collegiate rivalry is a great feature of London University life. Most colleges have a Mascot, which is accorded the utmost reverence and is a symbol of college unity, a rallying point of college allegiance. Relations with King's College are hostile and their Mascot, "Reggie," is known to U.C. Students as "an effigy of a lion, made of inferior quality metal and believed stuffed with concrete to hold it together." Our Mascot is Phineas Maclino, a giant of a figure in the shape of a Jacobite statue. In the days of Bonnie Prince Charlie he and others like him were placed outside snuff-selling establishments in London, indicating that the proprietor was friendly to the Jacobite cause. Our Phineas originally stood outside Catesby's in Tottenham Court Road, but was "borrowed" so often by the students for festive occasions that he was finally presented to the Union Society. He is kept safe in a cabinet in the Union Lounge, but once the enemy attempted to remove him with the aid of oxy-acetylene burners! Another craze is the acquiring of personal mascots. Here, there is one prize more highly valued than any other,—a policeman's helmet!

Nearly all the experienced senior students give all possible help and advice to "Freshers," expecially on how to fool the lecturers. We are told to take notes eagerly and if we look at our watch, not to stare at it unbelievably and shake it; to nod frequently and murmur "How true!"; to sit in front, near the lecturer (but only if we intend to stay awake); to laugh at his jokes (i.e. when he looks up from his notes and smiles expectantly); and to ask any questions we think he can answer.

Someone has said, "To be bored with London is to be bored with life." A university education is aimed to give the student a more complete appreciation of all the good and bad elements in life, and there can be no place more suitable than London. Facilities cannot be equalled anywhere else. You can learn so very much from visits to Parliament, the Law

Courts, Fleet Street, Orator's Corner in Hyde Park, all the best Museums, Churches, Libraries, and at the Royal Mint you can see how money is made! When there is time for extra-college entertainment, the city's theatres, cinemas, concerts, and sporting events are always of the highest quality. Every boy in Dynevor has the opportunity of coming to London University, or any other university. I am deeply indebted to Dynevor, whose staff deserve the gratitude of every pupil, and I hope next year to see some more Dyvorians come to join the few of us who are already in London.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

EINAR DAY.

BRISTOL LETTER.

WILLS HALL,

BRISTOL,

25-1-57.

DEAR SIR,

It is with the greatest pleasure that I accede to your request to write a "Bristol Letter" for the School Magazine, principally because it provides me with the opportunity of renewing my connection with Dynevor. To those unaware that I left only last summer, to talk of "renewing my connection with Dynevor" might give the erroneous impression that I am an "Old Boy" of long standing; but I can assure you that it does seem quite some time since I took my leave of Dynevor and entered the vastly different atmosphere of a university.

Although this is only my second term at Bristol University I think I have been here long enough to be able to outline to you some of those features of life at Bristol which seem to be characteristic of university life in general; and it is in this way that I hope to fill the valuable space allotted to me in your magazine.

Before the fresher has been initiated, he cannot help noticing the intensely varied nature of college life, whether it be social or academic. I am quite convinced that no student will ever suffer from boredom, for he may be sure that something is always happening.

The social life of the University revolves around the University Union, whose function it is to organise and make provision for what is normally considered to be an essential part of student life, the existence of which is firmly impressed upon the minds of all freshers during the first week of term.

I well remember going to the customary Union Squash, whose purpose is to persuade the gullible fresher into joining some of the innumerable societies which form the main-spring of the Union. To classify them as political, religious, departmental and recreational would convey little idea of the variety of tastes for which they cater. Take for example the noble "Wine Club"; its very title is enough to attract attention, but think what heavenly visions are aroused when the Union Diary informs us that its purpose is to "taste and appreciate."

Politics, of course, play an important part in the life of the university. There exists an energetic Conservative Association, a lively Labour Club, an unusually vigorous Liberal Club, a not-so-active Socialist Society, and a Communist Society whose existence, as far as I can make out, is purely theoretical. These societies are an effective medium for political argument and discussion, although really to experience university politics one should enter the stormy debating arena of the Union, where it takes something to get oneself heard, let alone understood. However, outside the debating sphere I have gathered the impression that the student who is not a violent adherent of any one political cause tends to take a rather light-hearted view of the subject. I think you will agree that I cannot be blamed for believing this to be a correct impression when I discovered that the candidate who headed the poll in last year's political elections was a representative of any recognized party, but an independent who agitated chiefly for the restoration of Aquitania to Britain!

Such are some of the highlights of Union life in Bristol, and I hope you will see that, as far as university life is concerned, variety is the spice of life.

However, I have not yet mentioned what I consider to be the most enjoyable and beneficial feature of university life which only a small fraction of the student body, myself included, is fortunate enough to experience! life in a Hall of Residence.

I live in Wells Hall, the largest and oldest of the three men's Halls of Residence, belonging to Bristol University. It was built in 1925 and opened by the then Sir Winston Churchill; since 1945 it has been enlarged by the addition of several annexes, although most of these now form the major part of Churchill Hall, a new Hall of Residence built only last year.

Wills is very much a Hall where custom and tradition play a significant part, and its residents have to observe certain conventions which have existed ever since the foundation of the Hall, e.g., everyone must respect the sanctosanctity of the quadrangle, late arrivals for meals have to make a graceful bow to the Warden on High Table.

But only in this respect does Wills Hall look back to the past ; otherwise it is very modern. It possesses excellent facilities for Squash, Table Tennis, Billiards and Snooker, a Common Room where most journals and periodicals are obtainable, and in fact meets most, if not all, of the student's requirements.

In a Hall such as Wills the sense of being a member of an active community within the framework of the University is invaluable. Also, living in a Hall of Residence does much to further the realization of one of the chief aims of a university, namely, to broaden the student's outlook ; in Wills, for example, where special care is taken that its residents represent a variety of nationalities, it is possible, within a very short time, to make lasting friendships with a Yorkshireman, an African, an Indian and a Dane.

Well, Mr. Editor, I have tried to give you a rough, though of necessity a very inadequate, picture of life at Bristol, and I hope I have said enough to convince those Sixth-Formers who are leaving this year that university life can be, and should be, one of the most rewarding experiences anyone can have.

May I conclude, sir, by thanking you for your good wishes, and by expressing my gratitude to Dynevor's Staff, to whom I owe so much.

Yours sincerely,

D. B. DAVIES.

NIGHT.

Fleecy clouds are borne away
On the breath of winds in play,
Slowly twilight's curtains fall
Hiding earth with solemn pall.

Flinging far its sombre scrolls,
Night across the landscape rolls ;
Like a blanket now it lies
Hiding daylight from our eyes.

Slowly now the mists of night
Rise before dawn's rosy light,
Till the morning, crisp and clear,
In full glory doth appear.

EDWARD DAVID, 2B.

SWANSEA LETTER.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,
SINGLETON PARK,
SWANSEA.

February, 1957.

DEAR SIRS,

Swansea University is fast becoming a stronghold of ex-Dynevor boys, who, in one form or another, are playing an increasing important part in the life of the College. The significant thing is that this influx of local students comes at a time when Swansea, as an academic centre, is growing in importance. Even now it is the leading Welsh University for the study of the 'Natural' Sciences, and within the next few years will almost certainly develop as one of the country's most modern Colleges both in appearance and method.

The first thing that an undergraduate should realize on entering college, is that the transition from school to university is a very real and important one, and is fraught with dangers for the innocent schoolboy. One immediately subscribes to a feeling of glorious freedom from the rules and regulations which characterized school life, and the lingering sense of subjectivity under the iron yoke of the mighty masters, is replaced by the feeling of genuine responsibility for one's own conduct—an idea which, incidentally, is carefully nurtured during Sixth-form training.

The only real obligation is to attend lectures fairly regularly, and although most of us endeavour to frequent them as infrequently as possible, their avoidance is complicated by the presence of an attendance sheet which must be duly signed.

Apart from the purely academic activities of the University, however, with which everyone who has passed through the Spartan rigours of higher school work is expected to be able to cope, the social and sporting activities available present problems previously unencountered. Here is the sportsman's paradise with playing fields, a gymnasium and swimming-pool open for use almost throughout the year. The difficulty here is not one of having too little opportunity for recreation but of reconciling all social and athletic activities with a 'respectable' proportion of work—one cannot hope to do more without losing much for which the University was intended.

Here we probably find the nearest approach to a democratic institution that exists. All societies run on popular approval and depend for their success on the effort which each individual is prepared to exert for them. Moreover the opportunity is open to every student to play a leading part in some activity connected with college life—whether it be sport, drama, politics, music or debate. Anyone with ability will surely display it in some direction here.

Finally on behalf of all old-Dyvorians now at Swansea University I should like to wish masters and boys at Dynevor the best of luck in all their activities, hoping that many of the latter will join our ranks in the near future.

Yours sincerely,

ROBERT W. BEVAN.

A DO-IT-YOURSELF CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

A Free Translation of Some Latin Quotations.

<i>Absente Reo</i>	Gone to S. America.
<i>Antiquarium</i>	One who objects to the captivity of fish.
<i>Bene Vixit</i>	Benny will fix it.
<i>Bona Mobilia</i>	Slipped Disc.
<i>Dies Non</i>	Never say die.
<i>Durante Bene Placito</i>	" Schnozzle " is a lot of fun.
<i>Fiat Lux</i>	Parisian Rolls Royce.
<i>Hac Lege</i>	Foul!
<i>Hannibal ad Portas</i>	Hannibal did not carry his own Luggage.
<i>Homo Nullius Colorius</i>	"Omo" takes out all the stains.
<i>Horrida Bella</i>	Stomach Ache.
<i>In Posse</i>	They went that-a-way.
<i>Inter arma silent Leges</i>	Putting on chain mail without making a noise.
<i>Quic quid</i>	Easy money.
<i>Quid Hoc</i>	German wine at twenty shillings a bottle.
<i>Silent Leges</i>	On Tip-toe.
<i>Terra Incognita</i>	Who Dunnit?

" SILVA," L.VI. Sc.

THE INVETERATE INVENTOR.

Eustace Egbert Eton was a schoolboy inventor. At least, he looked and smelt like one, with his hair on end, thick glasses, and strange odours arising from his pockets, from which a few test tubes usually protruded. He was always thinking of crazy inventions.

This time it was a burglar alarm. He fidgetted all through history, which was the last period of the day, for all inventions must be tried out, and burglar alarms are no exception. At last the bell sounded. Twenty-nine boys made a mad dash from the class-room, to catch their buses, but the thirtieth, our Eustice Egbert Eton, remained hidden in the coat cupboard. When all but he had gone, Eustice crept along to the Headmaster's room. Now to set up his latest invention! From his gas-mask bag he took a wallet, a ball of string, a coil of wire and a bottle of some strange yellow liquid which he poured into a test tube. It took Eustace a good half-hour to rig up his burglar alarm, but he left the school well satisfied, hoping that there would be burglars that night.

Next morning Eustace woke up feeling excited. That was queer, because it was French first period. He suddenly remembered his invention. To his mother's amazement he leaped out of bed without being called, dressed, ate his breakfast and dashed off to school, early for once.

The Headmaster strolled along the corridor. If he had been an ordinary man he would have whistled. Had he been a schoolboy he would have turned cartwheels; but he was the Headmaster, grim and stern until he reached the privacy of his room. Wondering if his fire had been lit, he opened the door. Then-thud! The mallet landed on his head, the school siren screamed, the evil-smelling yellow liquid spilled over his coat. Teachers rushed from all directions to stop the siren's mad screaming, but ahead of them all came Eustace.

"It worked! My invention worked!" cried he, excitedly. Reaching the room, he began to pound the unfortunate man with his fists "I've got him. I've got the burglar!"

A member of the staff grabbed Eustace angrily.

The Headmaster exploded—"You-you-you-you maniac. What do you think you're doing?"

"Please, sir, I-I-my burglar alarm . . ."

"Your burglar alarm!" With face almost purple: "Another crazy invention! one hundred times, One thousand times; no two thousand times, 'I must not invent'. And start writing now."

During lunch hour the Headmaster strode down the corridor, this time in a very different mood. He reached the detention room ; once more his face turned purple, for there sat Eustace, with a queer contraption strapped to his right wrist. It was a strange, jointed affair, with a fountain pen attached to each joint. As Eustace wrote, the pens wrote too, each on a separate piece of paper ! The Head master forgot his dignity for the second time that day. "You-you disobedient, impudent young scoundrel. What is the meaning of this ? "

" Please, sir," answered Eustace meekly, " it's an invention for writing lines, sir."

" Come along to my study with me," said the Headmaster. " I'll show you a little invention too. It's as old as schoolboys, but it still hasn't lost its sting."

Let us omit the painful scene in the room, and leave poor Eustace to invent his way out of it.

R. CARPENTER, 3A.

INSIGHT INTO INDUSTRY.

During the summer holidays, I was fortunate enough to be invited to an Industrial Course for Grammar School Boys. It was held in conjunction with one of the large local steel firms. and its purpose was to give boys an insight into industry and to interest them in a career in steel. The course lasted for a week.

Perhaps, it would be as well to give a simplified account of the making of steel. First comes the blast furnace process where the iron ore is converted into molten or pig iron. This is purified further in a Bessemer Convertor or Open Hearth furnace. The molten metal is then poured into moulds to make ingots which are put into storage for future use. Next, the ingot is heated to a red heat and then passed through a series of rolls, known as a strip mill, so that the ingot is changed from an oblong into sheet or strip of great length which is coiled. Further processes such as cleaning, annealing and tempering are then carried out before the sheet is tinplated.

Lectures were given on the whole process and on individual sections. For example, the part scientific knowledge plays was explained by showing us round the laboratories where the steel was analysed and tested at its various stages ; here also the correct materials and percentages are found in the making of the castings for the moulds.

Another lecture emphasised the use of fuel and its instrumentation. As far as possible, a steel works is made self-sufficient, i.e., use is made of by-products which, on the surface appear useless. For example, the blast furnace gases are used to heat the coke ovens.

Lectures on mechanical and electrical engineering were given while a visit was also paid to the Drawing Office and Production Control departments. The commercial side was not neglected and an opportunity was given of seeing and using the modern machines used in the offices.

Finally, a very interesting lecture was given on the part atomic power is expected to play in the steel industry of the future.

Naturally, most of the lectures were followed by a visit to one of the works to see the process in actual practice. These visits were revealing for the old-type works, where only part of the process is done, were dirty, untidy and dilapidated, while the modern works, where the whole process from the ore to the tinplate is carried out was a paradise in comparison.

The lectures were usually delivered in good style but the guides who conducted us around the works often did not have quite enough knowledge. Also, the groups during these tours were usually too large, for often there was a great deal of noise which made hearing the guide difficult. Perhaps, too, one could say that slightly too much was attempted for a single week.

Nevertheless, I thoroughly enjoyed the course which, I think, succeeded in its purpose. Anybody who has the opportunity of going on such a course and is interested in the steel industry, should not fail to take advantage of it.

P.S.

SLOWLY THE DOOR OPENED . .

Slowly the door opened, and I could see my brother through the fine-mesh wire of the visiting cage. As I walked towards the barred, screened barrier that separated us, I realised that the nearness of the execution hour had had its effect upon my brother. His eyes were dark hollows, his cheeks sunken, and his pleading, inquiring regard at my entry was almost pitiful.

I smiled in what I hoped was a reassuring way and watched his hopes crumble as I told him that there was still no news of a reprieve, adding hastily that it was much too soon to expect such news yet.

As I spoke, I wondered whether I had done the right thing by lying, for I had heard only an hour before that the Home Secretary had refused to interfere, and that the death penalty was to be carried out the next morning.

My words had seemed to reassure my brother, and his eyes took on a new and unaccustomed look of hope. I felt then that I had been right in concealing the truth from him. His eyes never left my face and I was afraid my deceit showed, but he seemed satisfied with my answer, and I knew then that as long as there was the faintest hope, my brother would cling to it with the tenacity of a drowning man. Standing there, helpless to aid him, I wanted to tear the barrier down, to reach out and take him by the shoulders, to reassure him. I hated the rules that kept a doomed man from physical contact with his loved ones.

Looking at his pale, drawn face, I recalled the promise I had made to my mother, the promise I had failed to keep.

When I was seventeen years old my mother and father were involved in a car crash. Father was killed instantly, but mother lived for several days. It was in the hospital, kneeling at her bed-side, that I had promised my mother that I would look after my younger brother.

I had promised faithfully, but somehow I had failed. My own life had been far from being the good example necessary to a younger brother, and although we had been very close, during the last few years we had drifted apart.

Instead of remaining with him, and guiding him, I had spent more and more time with friends of my own age. I had been so wrapped up in my own selfish desires, that I had neglected the pledge I had made to my mother. This steel barrier between us was the result.

This knowledge had been mine for months, destroying my peace of mind, and making the responsibility for my brother's torment all the harder to bear. His almost hysterical screams brought my roving thoughts back to the present. He was shouting something, but all I could think of was that I was responsible for his present position.

I realised that he was again seeking reassurance, and the urgency, the hope in his voice, sickened me. I tried to reassure him, but my words sounded unconvincing even to my own ears. I was miserable, feeling my failure where my brother was concerned.

"Time's up, Martin. Cut it short." It was one of the warders talking. I looked at him, marvelling at his impassibility.

I turned to my brother. His face was pale, his lips quivered. Our eyes met, then the warder led him out of the visiting-room.

As I watched the steel door clang shut behind him I knew it was the last time I would ever see my brother.

I felt the warder's hand on my shoulder, and I walked out of the visiting-room, across the green grass of the prison yard, and on, on until I was back in my condemned cell.

LEIGHTON QUINN, 5D.

THE A B C OF ALGEBRA.

Algebra is a subject in which
Boys must be able to
Calculate by means of
Division,
Equations,
Fractions,
Graphs and
Hardly forgetting
Indices. All these to many a pupil are a
Jumble of
Kaleidoscopic numbers and
Letters which
Many a boy has
No answer to
Offer.
Personally I discover that the end of a
Question usually
Reveals the mistake of a
Sign. This is rectified by a
Tolerant master who
Unravels the
Various
Workings of
X
Y and
Z

R. JONES, 5B.

**TWO MEN IN A HOLE
OR
LABOUR NOT IN VAIN.**

If you can't obtain suitable holiday employment such as baby-sitter for Diana Dors, you next enquire in the most likely place, e.g., Hancocks Brewery, and failing this you try the most unlikely place, the Guildhall. On admitting you are a student, one who studies, you are greeted with the words Eliza used in Pygmalion when invited to a walk in the park, "Not bl . . y likely." But patience is rewarded and three pairs of shoes later I was unconditionally offered employment.

So it was, on one cold July morning I was awakened at the unearthly hour of 7 a.m. by some crazy idiot knocking at my door. This was my workmate, a well-built youth looking rather odd in a varied assortment of his father's old clothes, but proudly displaying a Dynevor Prefect's Badge.

Two cups of tea and a meat sandwich later we made our misty-eyed way to our place of work looking a "right pair of Charlies" in our spotless working clobber. We found, or to be correct, stumbled into, the head man's office, which closely resembled Big Brother's torture chamber in the play "1984," amid a dozen tumble-down shacks. After he had established our identities, birth-place, number of missing teeth and number of ingrowing toe-nails, he said, in a voice resembling that of a certain master ticking off a forgetful first year. "You'll have to work, you know! This isn't Billy Butlin's Holiday Camp."

He marched us off to a nearby shed, which was carefully locked with three locks, but alas anybody could have entered by the hole in the roof, and he went in. After numerous bangs, grunts, thuds and many unprintable phrases he emerged bearing two picks and two shovels, and with a sly grin on his wrinkled old face he said, "O.K. Get digging brother."

Yes, we were labouring with two objects in mind, money and more money.

The old lags, regular employees, greeted us with such kind phrases as "You crazy mixed-up kids." We continued, with limited success, to dig 'our' hole until breakfast time (9 a.m.). The old lags finished (if they had started) work at 8.30 and then spent a busy half-hour dodging the foreman—no easy task.

Breakfast time was spent in discussing the previous Saturday's football results, in between mouthfuls of bread and cheese. Some moaned the fact that they had narrowly missed the Treble Chance by only 21 points.

From 9.30 to 1 p.m. we dug holes of all shapes and sizes and at 1 p.m. we returned to lunch. At 1.30 we were gently roused by the yell "Do you think this is a perishing half-holiday?" So we returned to our task until 4.30 when we began our homeward crawl. By this time we were amazed that so many could do so little in such a great time. We had at least learnt the art of deceptive digging. Next year I hope to get the job I spoke about in the beginning.

NEDDY SEAGOON, UVI Sc.

UPON ENTERING THE PORTALS OF THE UNGODLY.

Do not be discouraged by the title, dear reader! This is not a highbrow treatise on some obscure aspect of religion, but is merely a few reflections on becoming a member of the glorious few, that is, the Sixth form. That small band who, never in the history of education have been wanted for so many offences in so short a time.

To become a member of the select few is not quite so easy as it looks. Some people, particularly the Staff, are of the opinion that the only qualifications required, are a brain, and a pass at the ordinary level of the G.C.E. The fact that this examination occurs at the time of entry into the Sixth form is purely co-incidental.

The actual qualities that a proposed member must possess are, nicotine stained fingers, eyes dulled by alcohol, and a life subscription to the Weekend Mail. Once these requirements are effected, entrance is assured.

The tradition attached to the Sixth form is that everyone gives the appearance of working their fingers to the bone, while, in reality no real work is done, except by a few poor specimens, who are generally left to their fate. The only work that is done, is the last minute feverish swotting, one week before the examinations commence. The general programme of a Sixth former during the day, is as follows:—

- 9.45 a.m.—Stagger into school, pausing only to stubb out cigarette.
- 10.44 a.m.—Commence work.
- 10.45 a.m.—Break.
- 11.30 a.m.—More work.
- 11.40 a.m.—Nervous breakdown, due to overwork.
- 12.30 p.m.—School dinners.
- 12.31½ p.m.—Rushed home with suspected food poisoning.
Given six weeks to recover.

Despite the terrible burden of their homework, the Sixth still have time to devote to out of school activities, such as the school darts team, or running a sweepstake for the Grand

National. All this work is usually left to the members of the Lower Sixth, while their superiors and prefects in the Upper Sixth are left in peace with their various hobbies, which include collecting names of the lates, and carving latin proverbs on junior boys' heads.

The Lower Sixth are usually in a delightful state of suspension. They are allowed to exercise the privileges given to the Sixth in general, but they are free from the heavy burden of prefectorial duties. However, joking apart, it does require a little courage to wade into the middle of a hostile crowd to stop a fight, or even to do dinner duty in the canteen, and try to get the better of a seething hoard of children, all screaming for their food. After undergoing any of these experiences, a person is guaranteed to have an iron nerve.

Perhaps one of the best privileges awarded to the Sixth form, is that which allows them to remain in the school building in the morning and afternoon and during break. In the frequent bad weather that we get, there is a great satisfaction in watching those unfortunate people outside "Just walking in the rain, getting soaking wet," while the Sixth are warm and dry inside. In addition, there is the great pleasure of watching the staff coming in, and trying to read their thoughts. Some enter, wiping their mouths, and blinking the sleep from their eyes. Others, much younger, almost explode in, full of life, and ready for another day's hard work. These are regarded with some contempt by their older colleagues, who know that it is only a matter of time before they will assume the workshy attitude traditional for all schoolmasters.

Some even hum when they enter. Their solos range from Chamber Music to Rock'n Roll, while others are only noticed when the door opens, and a dense cloud of smoke with a pair of legs approaches. This turns out to be a member of staff smoking some fearful Russian brew, with the result that his summit is almost perpetually surrounded by cloud.

Perhaps the best of the Sixth form privileges, is the permission to use the Library to work in, during off periods. The Library is the holy of holies, and it is only the bravest of the brave among the staff who dare to enter. Members of staff, and small boys have been known to enter that room, never to be seen again. What goes on in there no member of the Sixth dare tell, even under threat of torture.

So there, dear reader, is a little inside information from the "Portals of the Ungodly." I trust I have not shocked you too much ; after reading this you may reform, and devote your life to the study of worms, or you may decide to join our merry band. Whatever path you take, remember these words : " For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

" FORTY," LVI Arts.

THE LEPRECHAUNS.

Seymus O'Connell tossed and turned in his hard, old bed. His dreams were full of leprechauns, those furry little gremlins of Ireland. He had heard all about them from his mother, and, although now twenty-seven he still believed in them, as do many Irish country folk. They could cast a spell on you, turn you into a frog, or even a stone if you disturbed them. If they troubled you there was one thing you could do; shine a bright light in their faces, they would then run away and never come back again.

His troubled mind was brought back to consciousness by a screech, and another! He recovered his senses just in time to hear a third.

"Leprechauns," he groaned and his knees began to knock loudly. A loud clang floated up from the kitchen.

"They're in my kitchen," he groaned. He thought for a moment and then remembered the light in the kitchen. Newly installed in the kitchen was an electric light, he would switch it on and scare the leprechauns so that they would go and never come back again. He got up, and pulling on his dressing gown he stealthily crept out into the landing.

"They mustn't hear me or see me until the light is on," he kept repeating to himself as he crept along to the top of the stairs. He slowly started to descend the rickety old stairs: one . . . two . . . three . . . creak!

Seymus froze, his legs felt like jelly and beads of sweat stood out on his brow. One minute passed, then, a loud crash echoed round the house, and Seymus, eager to prevent further damage started forward again; five . . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . . a slight whirring sound stopped him; again his knees turned to jelly, all was lost, they were coming for him . . . clang!!

With a sigh of relief Seymus recognised his old clock striking one. He carried on again to the sound of several more screeches. He soon reached the bottom of the stairs and turned to face the kitchen door.

He groped for the handle; it wasn't there! Seymus threw his hands sideways in astonishment; as he did so he felt a cold metal object; it was the door-handle—he had been looking on the wrong side. He slowly turned it, so far so good. He pushed the door slowly, ever so slowly, it opened.

He crept in . . . one step . . . two steps . . . his foot stepped on something small and furry. He and the thing screamed simultaneously. Seymus groped frantically for the light switch—turned it on and turned round:—

"Cats," he grumbled and went back to bed.

D. MENDUS, 4D.

TRIP TO GERMANY, 1956.

A visit to a foreign country, and an exchange visit at that, is a source of immense anticipation, speculation and enjoyment; to a party of school-boys fresh from the "joys" of examinations, it can be, and generally is, fulfilment of a dream.

The journey began on July 22nd, when our Dynevor group of 36 set out from High St. Station to begin our journey to Stuttgart. Our journey took us first to London and then to Dover to board the night steamer to Ostend and then via Cologne to Stuttgart where we arrived late Monday evening.

Stuttgart, capital of Württemberg, is a city surrounded by woods and vineyards nestling in a vast depression amidst the surrounding heights. It is essentially a modern city having been almost entirely re-built after the war and its people have become accustomed to the amenities of a modern world.

Our first trip together as a group was to Tübingen on July 26th. On our way we called at Bebenhausen and there on the hillside we ate our packed lunches which our hosts had prepared.

At Tübingen we were received by the Lord Mayor who gave us a wonderful tea at a cafe on the banks of the river Neckar. Later in the day we visited the castle of Hohenzollern.

Perhaps the culmination of our holiday came in our four day tour through Switzerland, Northern Italy and Austria. We set out on July 30th, and for those who wish to consult a map, or know their Geography, our journey took us from Stuttgart along the famous German Auto Bahn to Ulm and then on to Lindau on Lake Constance. A few miles further on we crossed the Austro-German border and then after passing through Liechtenstein entered Switzerland. Here we went on the Chur and then to Mühlen where we stayed the night.

The second day took us via the Julier Pass to St. Moritz and Lakes Como and Garda in Northern Italy and finally to Egna.

On the third day we came via the Pordoi Pass to famous Cortina and then on to San Candido where we "slept" (this word used literally) the night.

The last day of the tour took us through the Brenner Pass to Innsbruck in Austria and finally through Oberamargau and Augsburg to Stuttgart.

The journey to the Black Forest and tea with the Lord Mayor of Stuttgart were among the other notable and pleasant events.

Some of us were fortunate enough to listen to the wonderful open-air operetta which was a performance of "Eine Nacht im Venedig" and the concert at the new Stüttgart Concert Hall, while most of us availed ourselves of the superb bathing facilities to be had in Stüttgart.

The homes at which we stayed were, without exception, modern in every respect and during our stay we all became quite literally a member of a German family.

The tour was memorable for several reasons besides its educational and visual appeal, not least of which was the cordial welcome of our German hosts whose unceasing efforts to make our holiday memorable and enjoyable we fully appreciated.

Next year Mr. Evans proposes to go again to Stüttgart, and we can heartily recommend you to join his party.

R.W.B. and J.D.J.

Note : A return party of German youth visited Swansea in August. In a letter to Mr. Evans describing their experiences one of them writes :

First we must tell of the boat that brought us from Ostend to Dover. Most of us had been at sea for the first time. On the crowded ship we found a small corner and then pretended to be well-proofed water-rats. Nevertheless, we were glad when we saw the shore of Dover. A little pale, we entered English ground. Comfortably upholstered compartments of the train brought us to London. But we didn't stay long as we wanted to see Swansea. To be honest, first we were a little disappointed when we saw the factories and docks, but soon we discovered the surprising beauty of the wonderful landscape, the bay and the sea. We had a hearty welcome at the station. Most of us were met by the whole family and it was surprising that we understood them quite well. We were soon at home in our families—only the first days were a little strenuous, as our hosts talked only English. No wonder that most of us made good progress in a short time. We were also soon used to the different customs in living and meals. We liked the English breakfast very much.

Our good-bye party was wonderful. We could only thank our hosts with a musical programme and then we listened to the wonderful speech of Mr. Evans. When he said that these exchange visits are a wonderful thing to know each other and to tie an everlasting friendship, we could only agree.

The farewell on the station of Swansea is not to be described. Again all the hosts, very often whole families, were there to say good-bye. There were many, many tears.

When we came home again, we saw the beauty of our country with different eyes—we observed that our mother country is also very beautiful. We shall write to our Welsh friends as regularly as possible, as we agree with them on the main point : we want to do all to keep an honest friendship and to work for the peace which our Welsh friends love as much as we do.

The German party were proud of avenging a 5-1 defeat inflicted on a party of their compatriots a year previously by 8 goals to 1.

SCHOOL CRICKET XI—1956.

P. 8 W. 4. L. 4.

Once again adverse weather conditions curtailed the number of matches played during the season. From the above results it can be seen that the school had quite a successful season, for although four matches were lost the defeats were only by a small margin.

Our most popular win of the season and also our biggest was that against Bishop Gore in which Dynevor won by 9 wickets.

We had a very thrilling match against the Old Dyvorians at St. Helen's where the latter scored 108 for 8 wickets, and the School, thanks to some good batting by Einar Day 48, and David Dickinson 30 not out, were able to amass the total of 115 for 7 wickets.

Our captain, Einar Day, was not only the outstanding batsman of the season scoring 141 runs in 5 innings, but together with Mathias and Watson, who took 15 wickets for 76 runs and 12 for 100 respectively, was one of the most successful bowlers, taking 10 wkts for 107 runs.

This season it was noticeable that one of the team's strong points was in its fielding, especially close to the wicket.

Congratulations to Einar Day who had the distinction of gaining his second Welsh cap against England and of playing for Glamorgan against Carmarthen. Barry Mathias also had the honour to play for his county.

I should like to express on behalf of the team our sincere thanks to Messrs. W. S. and E. Evans for their support and interest in the team's affairs.

D. BEYNON (Hon. Sec.).

SCHOOL CONCERT 1956.

The School Concert was held for the fourth consecutive year before a large and appreciative audience at Ebenezer Chapel. The first half was devoted not to one large scale work, as in previous years, but to a selection of arias and choruses from Bach and Handel, whereas the second half was the usual miscellaneous programme.

The choral items—"Sleepers, Wake!", "Jesu, joy of Man's desiring" and the unaccompanied Chorale, "Now at the feet creation lies," all by Bach; "And the glory of the Lord," from "Messiah," and the Coronation Anthem, "Zadok the Priest," by Handel, were well received, and proved that the tenor and bass sections of the choir are now firmly established. The Trebles of the choir were heard to good effect in Bach's delightful arias, "My heart ever faithful," and "Come let us all this day," and Handel's "He shall feed His flock," and "How beautiful are the feet," from "Messiah."

All the soloists performed well and thoroughly deserved the warm applause of the audience. John Williams (5c) sang the baritone aria "But who may abide the day of His coming" again from "Messiah"; "And the glory of the Lord" was preceded (as in the Oratorio) by the tenor recitative, "Comfort ye, my people" and the aria "Every valley shall be exalted," sung by Barrie Harris (L 6A). John and Barrie came together in the second half to sing "Watchman, what of the night?" by Sarjeant. Ambrose Thomas (5b) sang Handel's "Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre!" The instrumental soloists were Adrian Perkins (U 6A) who performed Bach's organ "Toccatà and Fugue in D Minor," and Lyndon Jenkins (U 6A) who played Svendsen's "Romance" for violin and piano.

The String Orchestra, led by Lyndon Jenkins, was greatly enlarged from previous years, and with Alan Rees (L 6A) at the organ played "Largo" and march from "Scipio" by Handel. "See the Conquering hero comes" was performed by a group of wind instrumentalists and the Recorder group played a waltz composed by Mr. Richards. A String Quartet, led by Gerald Lloyd (5b) played part of Haydn's "Serenade."

The creative work of the School was again illustrated by two original compositions: "Rhapsody" for violin and piano by Adrian Jenkins, performed by Mr. Morgan Lloyd, and a "Theme and Variations" for Double Bass and Piano by Peter James.

It is pleasing to record our appreciation of the hard work and enthusiasm of Mr. John Richards, and to acknowledge the assistance of Mr. Myrddin Harris and Mr. Morgan Lloyd.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

Looking back on the activities of the Literary and Debating Society during the Christmas term one is reluctant to admit that the only disappointment of an otherwise highly satisfactory programme was the meagre Sixth-form representation at most of the Society's Meetings. However, the paucity of Sixth-form membership was adequately compensated by the support of all other sections of the school and one is led to wonder where the intellectual upper crust really lies.

The term began with an illustrated debate on the lively subject of 'rock 'n roll,' and the abnormal attendance at this meeting, the frequent emotional outbursts from the floor, and the rather unbalanced division at the close, suggest that the tempo of the Annual School Concert must undergo a very hot change. Subsequently meetings varied from a debate on the then topical shoplifting fiasco, to a reading of a paper on the theme "Man into space," by John Tinnell, whose authority on the subject captivated "Eagle"-reading members.

A novel feature of last term's programme was the inter-house quiz, Llewelyn carrying off the honours after a narrow victory over Dillwyn in the final, and the success of this competition would justify its being made an annual event. The international scene provided ample scope for serious political discussion last term, and the Society took full advantage of the situation, giving members an opportunity of expressing their views on both the Government's handling of contemporary problems and the attitude of U.N.O. As was to be expected after a term of vigorous and sometimes heated, debate and discussion, the final meeting threw out a motion claiming "that the country would be better off without alcohol as a beverage."

W.J.M., U VI Arts.

Christmas Term Programme.

SEPTEMBER :

- 14—" . . . that the wide appeal of modern popular music is the indication of a degenerate society."

Proposer : W. J. Morgan, UVI Arts.

Opposer : J. Richardson, UVI Sc.

Rejected.

- 21—" This house deprecates the action of Her Majesty's Government in regard to the recent shop-lifting fiasco."

Proposer : C. Tucker, UVI Sc.

Opposer : D. W. Beynon, UVI Arts.

Rejected.

SEPTEMBER :

28—" That the Colour Bar is morally and politically indefensible."

Proposer : B. Harris, SVI Arts.

Opposer : H. Norris, 5D.

Carried (30 - 7 ; 4 abstentions)

OCTOBER :

5--Inter-House Quiz

Dillwyn	6½	} Dillwyn	7½	} Llewelyn.
Roberts	4			
Llewelyn	9	} Llewelyn	8	
Grove	7			

19—" Man into Space."

Paper read by J. Linnell, 5D.

NOVEMBER :

2—" . . . that the Trade Union Movement has outlived its usefulness."

Proposer : D. Winfield, UVI Sc.

Opposer : H. Norris, 5D.

Carried.

9—" This House deploras the recent action of Her Majesty's Government in the Middle East."

Proposer : C. J. Picton, UVI Arts.

Opposer : M. Hemming, UVI Sc.

Rejected.

23—" That Television is intellectually uninspiring."

Proposer : D. Thomas, UVI Sc.

Opposer : P. Francis, UVI Sc.

Rejected (27 - 8. 2 abstentions).

30—" That the United Nations Organisation has not justified its existence."

Proposer : P. Sidey, UVI Sc.

Opposer : W. J. Morgan, UVI Arts.

Carried.

DECEMBER :

7—" That the country would be better off without alcohol as a beverage."

Proposer : J. King, UVI Sc.

Opposer : C. Tucker, UVI Sc.

Rejected (25 - 17. 6 abstentions).

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Keen masters wanted to act as playing managers of the Bad-Club. Size, shape and age immaterial, but car an invaluable asset.

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Energetic Coach (6 H.P.) required for the Sixth form Soccer Team.

Applications to be written in own handwriting, enclosing an original testimonial from one well-known referee, and sent to—

Sidey M.P. (UVI Sc.).

IF—

If you can keep your feet when all about you
Are losing theirs and wildly skidding round you ;
If you can trust yourself when all fans doubt you,
And whirl their raucous rattles too ;
If you can " drib." and not be tired by dribbling,
Or being fouled, don't deal in fouls,
Or being hurt don't give way to hurting,
And yet don't miss your chance of making goals.

If you can play with Hampden roars around you,
And add your name to books and football cases,
If to your Club you be for ever true,
And beat your man whichever way he faces ;
If you can keep the ball down on the carpet
With ninety minutes' worth of weaving run,
Yours is the Pitch and everything that's on it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Stan, my son !

JOHN M. PEPPER, 4D.

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