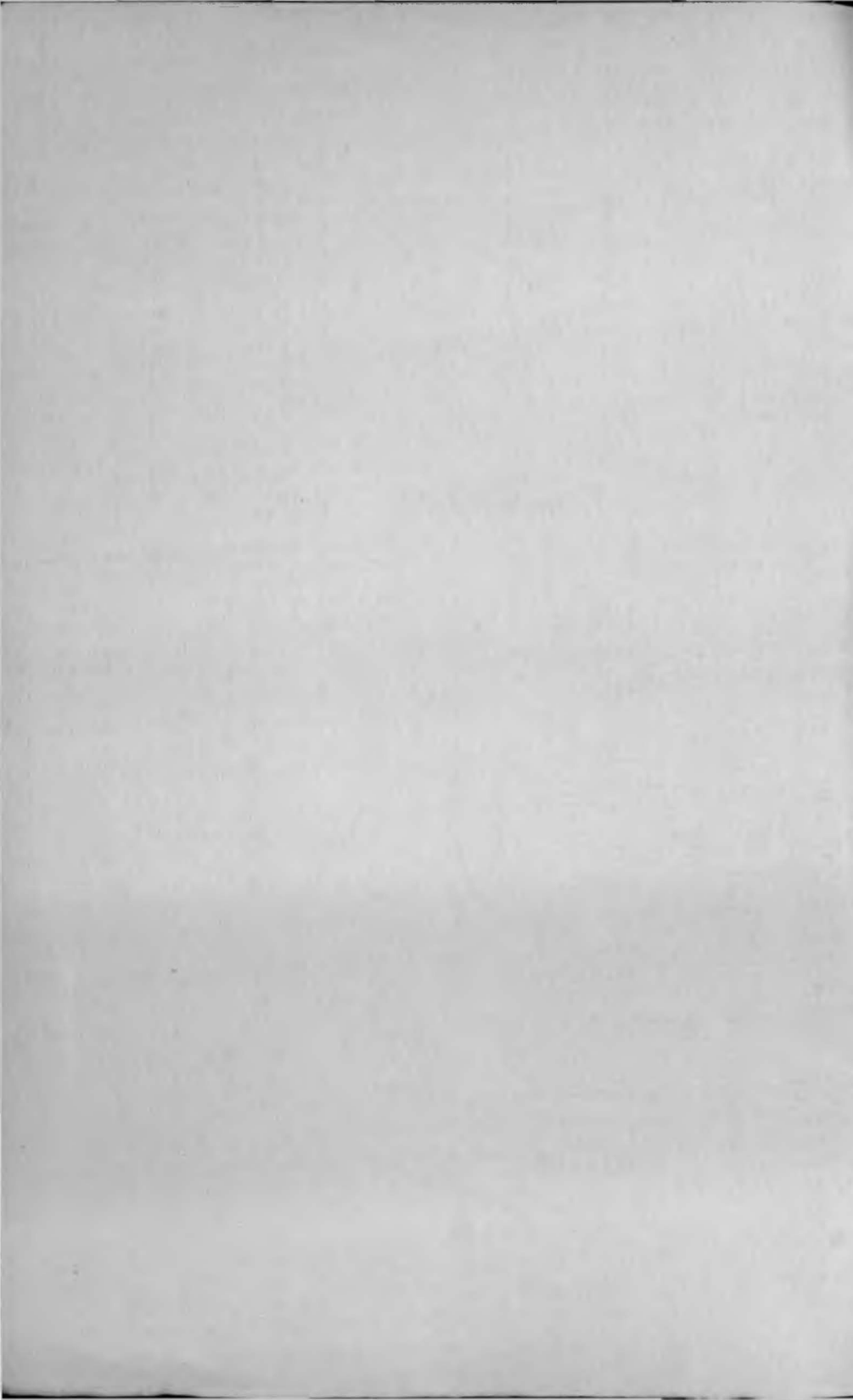


# MAGAZINE

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No. 64.

DECEMBER, 1936.



GOREU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

## Dynevor Secondary School Magazine.

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No. 64.

DECEMBER, 1936.

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Editors ... R. F. LUCAS, G. B. THOMAS.  
Sub-Editors ... R. D. MATTHEWS, A. L. ROBERTS.

### EDITORIAL.

The response to our appeal earlier in the Term was very encouraging. We have been inundated with humorous compositions. Although we are of the opinion that the School Magazine should be enlivened by such articles, we regret that so few contributions of a serious nature have been received. However, we have attempted to arrive at the happy medium.

This issue contains an article describing the experiences of an old boy of the School during his voyage from Devonport to Hong Kong. The interest that the Old Dyvorians maintain in the affairs of school life is much appreciated.

We note with pleasure that the results of the Senior and Higher Examination have come up to the standard of previous years.

The Old Boys' Successes have been (this year) even more outstanding than usual. Old Dyvorians have been very successful in obtaining very valuable scholarships. The individual achievements are enumerated on another page.

The various School activities continue to make good progress. The Scientific Society, Literary and Debating Society, Metal-working Club, and the Sporting activities are all functioning well.

In conclusion, we wish all our Readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

The Prefects chosen at the beginning of the Term were : F. T. Secombe (Head Prefect), A. G. Thomas (Deputy Head) H. G. Davies, G. Edmiston, E. G. James, K. J. Lewis, T. J. Lewis, C. Mitchell, W. A. Rees, E. Thomas, G. B. Thomas.

We welcome Mr. W. Lewis, M.Sc., the new Physics Master who now fills the vacancy caused by the death of the late Mr. T. J. Huxtable.

We also welcome Mr. G. Roberts, B.A., our new Music Master, who now takes the place of Mr. G. Beynon. The latter was promoted to Headship of Ynystawe Council School.

An impressive service was held in the School Hall, on Dec. 8th. A Bible, presented by Cecil Price to the Headmaster on behalf of the Scholars of the Jubilee Year 1934, was dedicated by the Rev. W. Francis, M.A., Vicar of Llansamlet. The lesson was read by the Rev. Lloyd Gammon, F. Ph. S. Afterwards the School Orchestra rendered Handel's "Largo." Then Councillor W. T. Mainwaring Hughes, President of the Old Dyvorian's Association, the Rev. L. Norman, L.D., the Rev. W. Francis, and the Rev. L. Gammon, concluded the service with short addresses. All those who took part in the service were Old Boys, and among those present were Ivor Prater and Trevor Wells.

We extend a hearty welcome to M. H. Gautier, and hope his stay here as Assistant Français will be a happy one.

The annual Armistice Service was held in the School on Nov. 11th. The Lord's Prayer was sung, and the Head Prefect laid a wreath on the School Memorial.

The Students doing teaching practice in the School this Term are Messrs. D. A. Davies, P. S. Rees, and M. Davies.

The School was well represented in the Mayor's Procession by a number of Masters, Old Boys, Prefects and Scholars.

We congratulate all the boys who were successful in the Higher and Senior C.W.B. Examinations.

We note with pleasure the appearance of the School Orchestra in the Hall every morning. It certainly adds to the dignity of the Service.

We must congratulate Clifford Jones, Up. Va, and Dudley Leaker, L. Va, whose bravery in rescuing a young woman from drowning in Three Cliffs Bay, last August, has been recognised by the Royal Humane Society. A bronze medal was awarded to Clifford Jones and the vellum of the Society to Dudley Leaker and his brother Alan.

Earlier in the Term the Dorian Trio paid us a very welcome visit and for an hour we listened with pleasure to Selections of Mozart, Elgar, and Delius.

We acknowledge the receipt of De-la-beche Girls School, Swansea Grammar School, Gowerton County School, and Port Talbot County School Magazines.

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### OBITUARY.

We regret to announce that two former members of the School Staff, Mr. Evan Thomas, B.Sc., and Mr. David Davies, B.Sc., Senior Master, passed away during the Summer holidays.

Mr. Thomas will not be remembered by Boys at School at present. He joined the Staff in 1905 and became Senior Physics Master. During the War he was engaged as Chemist in a Munitions Factory; and while serving in that capacity was severely burned, and injured in an explosion which took place at the works. Returning to School after the War, he continued to teach until 1927, when ill-health compelled him to relinquish his post, much to the regret of all his colleagues and pupils. After a long illness, patiently borne, he passed away in August last.

Mr. David Davies, who retired as recently as at the beginning of the Easter Holidays of 1935, was known to most boys now attending the School. He became a member of the Staff in 1903, at first as Chemistry Master; but during the latter part of his career he had taught Mathematics.

Of a humorous and kindly disposition he easily won the affection of all his colleagues, and pupils, who will remember with gratitude the readiness with which he would help, and advise, all who approached him.

His sudden decision to retire came as a surprise to all, and his last appearance as a Master on the day School broke up for the Easter Holidays was remarkable for the sincerity of the good wishes expressed by all for a long and happy retirement. His illness was a short one, and his death, early in September, unexpected.

Mr. Thomas and Mr. Davies took a keen and active interest in religious work, both having been for many years secretaries and deacons at their respective places of worship.

We offer to Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Davies, and their families our sincere sympathy,

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### A BICYCLE TRIP IN N. WALES.

It was 9 o'clock on a fine August morning when my companion and I left the Merthyr Cynog Youth Hostel in Breconshire. It was our intention to reach Strata Florida in Cardiganshire before nightfall. You shall see how we were disillusioned.

Before we had travelled three miles my friend suddenly gasped with horror—he had left behind his wallet containing all the money he had brought with him. He hurried back, leaving me to “chew the cud” and stare at the sky contemplatively. In due course he returned, panting with relief on having found his filthy lucre intact. This was a bad omen but we proceeded on our way.

The first interesting thing we saw was the Drover's Arms. This inn was a great centre in the old days, when droves of sheep were driven across country, but now, in days of road and rail transport, its importance has waned and we passed it, lying solitary among a cluster of trees on an otherwise barren expanse of moorland. Shortly afterwards, the road suddenly dropped and we descended for an unbroken stretch of over a mile and arrived at Garth in record time. From here we proceeded to Beulah.

Here, while purchasing some refreshments, my friends discovered the shopkeeper was an old acquaintance of his father, and a long exchange of greetings ensued. But the meeting was not without its compensation, however, for we learnt several useful facts about the road we intended to take. Eventually our newly-found friend allowed us to pass on our way to Abergwessin.

About this time the weather took a sudden turn for the worse. Dark storm clouds loomed overhead and as we arrived at the village we had the first signs of the oncoming rain—a thick, misty drizzle, driving up the Pass. In Abergwessin, we found the road to Tregaron without difficulty, but under the sign “Tregaron 15” were the ominous words: “Road unsuited for vehicular traffic.” However, we continued on our way undaunted and for the first few miles we could not understand the significance of the notice for the road was fairly level and although it was raining, we were completely entranced by the rugged grandeur of the scenery. On either side of us rose up huge granite rocks terminating in massive peaks surrounded by dense clouds of mist, while below the Irfon continued its tempestuous way over miniature cataracts and through dark pools.

We now had the first signs of danger. Close to a farmhouse a tributary of the river crossed our path. There was no visible means of passage, and we were compelled to ford the stream as best as we were able.

Fortunately, the weather prior to that day had been fairly fine, and in crossing we did not get as wet as we might have. At the same time, it began to rain rather heavier and our spirits received rather a damping. However, we consoled ourselves with the knowledge that we were now well on the way to Tregaron, and the rest of the road would surely present no difficulties. A short detour now enabled us to avoid two further crossings of the river, and we arrived before a second farmhouse, duly noting that it was equipped with wireless. This was not expected considering the isolation of the place. We enquired of a young lady, therein, if we were on the right road. "Yes" she replied "but ahead is a turning to the left." "And do we turn left?" we further asked. "No, indeed," was the ready response. "If you do you will not get to Tregaron to-day; keep to the right." We thanked her and continued our way. Ahead of us, the road seemed to wind up into the sky; we had arrived at the famous Devil's Staircase and we found it difficult to negotiate with cycles; what then of unfortunate motorists who dared to venture that way? Up, up, up, we climbed, out of the Irfon Valley, then down, down, down, into the Towy Valley, duly avoiding the fatal turning to the left.

It was now raining incessantly; the road, which had degenerated in to a mere stony track was exceedingly slippery; to ride was impossible. We had to walk as best as we could down the steep slope. Near the bottom my companion was incautious enough to think that he could ride the rest of the way. He fairly flew down the remaining slope. At the bottom was a slight ditch, and when I arrived on the scene, I found him ruefully examining his machine. "Nine spokes gone," he said; "will have to hike the rest of the way." We looked at one another and laughed. It was still raining heavily; little did we realize what was in store for us. A little further on, we came across a farmer, out in search of his sheep and from him we gleaned that Tregaron lay nine miles ahead of us; we would have to walk it all and the rain was pouring down; we looked at one another a little more seriously this time.

Up and down the road went, careless of gradients and shy of villages. In front of us we sighted a signpost. We could not be far from our destination now; we spurred on with renewed effort. The signpost read "Tregaron 6". We stared at one another in astonishment. We had surely come at least at five miles and it was still raining. A little further on we attempted to ride; the results of my friend's part, were disastrous. The surface condition of the road, made it practically impossible for a cyclist with machine intact to ride, let alone one minus nine spokes, so that we were only too glad to walk.

Up hill and down dale, the road meandered; its surface unrivalled for loose stones and superb in inclines and altogether defying description. I had long forgotten the fact that water was running down my neck and it appeared entirely irrelevant whether I had my leggings on or not. Subsequently, we met a motorist, a native of those parts. He assured us quite calmly that it was a good five miles to Tregaron and further pointed out that it was beautiful in these parts in Summer. We could have said a great deal but politely acquiesced and passed on.

We now appeared to be definitely nearing civilization. The track now stood right out before us in an unbroken and abrupt drop of two miles or so, until it disappeared behind an outcrop. Tregaron, assuredly lay around the corner. Again we spurred on with renewed effort and again we were disappointed. Arrived at the outcrop, we saw the road twisting and turning in front of us in that way so irritating to those eager to reach their destination. Eventually we saw the City of our dreams afar off. The sight of our destination had done more than any mispainted signposts or misplanted outcrops, and we were soon seated before a roaring fire sipping cocoa and discussing the general standard of British signposts, outcrops and weather.

T. J. WELLS.

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### HOLIDAYS IN FRANCE.

A headmaster of a college in France would be prepared to accept about twenty of our boys during August for holidays and some lessons. The cost would be relatively small. If you are interested please make an immediate application to Mr. S. C. Hokpins. This offer is for Seniors only.



## HIGH TIDE.

I spent the greater part of my last summer holidays staying at a pretty thatched cottage at Llanmadoc. This cottage is not in the village of Llanmadoc, but is situated half-way between the Llanrhidian marshes and Llanmadoc village. Flowing just in front of this cottage is a small river, little more than a stream from which the cottage derives its name. This small river—the River Pyl—flows into the Loughor estuary about a mile from the cottage. It is what you would call a tidal river, as the depth of it varies according to the state of the tide. This variation, however, is not great except about once a fortnight, when there is a higher tide than usual, whilst periodically this fortnightly tide becomes an exceptionally high one.

When this happens, as it did in the beginning of September, the whole of Llanrhidian marshes are covered by the sea ; the Pyl overflows its banks, and all the land is covered by the incoming tide except for some patches which are protected by dykes.

The cottage at which I was staying was quite unprotected, however, and being so close to the River Pyl, the water even at moderately high tides reached to within a yard or two of the garden wall. So that when we heard that there was an exceptionally high tide due in a day or two, we were prepared for anything, even to the piling of our goods and chattels on the kitchen table. The villagers did nothing to reassure us by telling us the story of how water entered the cottage some years previously.

However, we did not worry ourselves unduly. If the truth were told we were all looking forward to it, expecting an exciting time.

The day of the High Tide was a Thursday. The Pyl had started rising higher than usual on the preceding Monday. High Tide on Tuesday found the water a yard from the cottage, Wednesday the water had just reached the garden wall. We knew from this that if the height of the tide rose by a foot or more on the next day, then the water would be over the top of the steps which led to the door of the cottage, and into the cottage itself.

High Tide on Thursday was at 8.15 a.m. and 9.0 a.m. Our usual custom during the holidays was to get up at any time between 9 and 11.30 a.m. But this morning we were all up at eight o'clock anxiously watching the water creeping nearer and nearer.

Looking from our bedroom windows all we could see was a vast expanse of water stretching right down to the Loughor estuary, and across to Llanelly. There was, however, no cause for anxiety in the morning as the water rose only about an inch or two higher than the night before.

This, however, did not relieve our anxiety for the high tide in the evening, and at seven o'clock many glances were being cast at the River Pyl. At about 7.30 p.m., it started rising and rose steadily until at about a quarter past eight the river had overflowed its banks in places, and the water was creeping in over the land.

It was growing dark now, and in front of us we could see a beautiful full moon rising up over a cluster of trees, to shed its pale light on the waste of waters, which rippled under an evening breeze.

By half-past eight we could see that the water was lapping round the bottom of the wall, and had almost reached the top of the first three steps up to the cottage. Half an hour until high tide and another foot to rise. What would happen, none of us could say with certainty, although at intervals we ventured to prophesy one way or the other.

Anxiously we watched, being absolutely cut off from the village. The water was on three sides of us, and an unscaleable cliff on the fourth side. Another quarter-of-an-hour and the second step was covered. Even now we could not tell how it was going to end. Then something happened which made things look even blacker. We discovered that the water rising on the outside of the garden wall had made a breach in the wall and was already beginning to trickle through. We could do nothing to stop it, however, at it was too dark to find the hole, so we just had to watch the water rising and hope for the best.

It was now getting very near to high tide, the water coming through the wall had crept up the path and had almost reached the door of the cottage, the third and last step was almost covered.

If we had not been so interested in the rising tide, the beauty of the scene would surely have appealed to us. The moon was reflected in the dark waters which stretched as far as we could see, and a flock of geese swam slowly along in front of us. I wonder what they thought of this enormous "pond" which had come into being in such a short space of time. It is certain that they had no anxiety as we had, for now the water coming through the wall had reached the

door and was trickling in a little stream into the cottage. Inspection also showed that the water had just reached the top of the third step. Things looked very black, or rather wet, indeed, and then the stream trickling into the cottage stopped as suddenly as if an unseen tap had been turned off. The tide had turned.

There is not much more to tell, the water receded as slowly and steadily as it had risen and in about an hour grass again became visible. The High Tide had come and gone, and the inside of the cottage at least was still dry. But if next time it rises an inch higher, the water will rush over the step into the cottage and it will be a case of "Women and children first, every man for himself." Perhaps it will be not quite as bad as this but at any rate it will be rather damp.

G. E., L.VI Science.

### **SOME SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS.**

"The Black Prince was Surajah Dawlah."

"James I claimed the Throne of England through his grandmother, as he had no father."

"The first poet was Adam Bede."

"After twice committing suicide, Cowper lived until 1800, when he died a natural death."

"Milton wrote: 'Samsom the Agnostic.'"

"The Imperfect Tense is used in French to express a future action in past time, which does not take place at all."

"People are vaccinated by being inarticulated by lint."

"The Minister of War is a clergyman who preaches to the soldiers in the barracks."

"The Mineral Wealth of a country is Ginger Beer and Lemonade."

"A synonym is a word you can use, when you don't know how to spell the one you first thought of."

"Does my boy," enquired the parent, "seem to have any natural bent in any one direction?"

"Yes, Sir," said the teacher, "He gives every indication of being a captain of industry, some day. He gets the other boys to do all his work for him."

**“DRINGO'R WYDDFA.”**

“Hawdd yw dwedyd “Dacw'r Wyddfa!”

Nid mor hawdd y dringir yna.”—*Hen Bennill.*

Awst diweddaf fe aeth tua chant o fechgyn o bob cwr o Gymry i wersylla yn Llyn, yng Ngogledd Cymru dan nawdd yr Urdd. Cafwyd amser difyr iawn fel arfer ond fe saif un peth allan yn amlwg yn fy nghof amdano a hynny yw'r wibdaith o amgylch Sir Gaernarfon.

Cychwynnwyd o'r gwersyll tua naw o'r gloch y bore—cant a thri ohonom yn llanw tri bws. Heb fod yn hir yr oeddem wedi gadael yr Eifl niwlog ar ein llaw chwith a charlamem ar draws y wlad foel, unig gyda'n golwg ar Gaernarfon. Boddwyd swm y moduron gan ein canu hwylus a gwelwyd ambell ddafad yn troi mewn synod a dychryn a charlamu i fyny'r llechwedd. Arosasom yng Nghlynnog am ychydig funudan i ymweld ag eglwys hardd Sant Beuno a gweld bedd Eben Fardd. Ymaith a ni drachefn heb aros nes cyrraedd ohonom Gaernarfon, edmygu'r castell enfawr urddasol ac yna ymlaen eilwaith i Lanberis.

Ar ol ciniawa a chael cipolwg ar y dref brydferth yn nythu wrth droed yr Wyddfa, paratoesom gogyfer a'r dringo. Cychwynasom dan ganu yn fintai gref ac atseiniaid peroriaeth yn erbyn y llechweddau moel. Tywynnai'r haul arnom yn gryf ac o dipyn i beth gwasgarwyd y cwmni— aeth rhai yn eu blaenau i geisio cyrraedd y nod yn gyntaf ond syrthiodd y lleill yn ol gan galeted a serthed oedd y llwybr. Peth cyffredin oedd gweld bechgyn yn cynorthwyo dau grwt tipyn yn llai gan afael ynddynt, un ym mhob llaw. Ond er hyn i gyd afallai bod y rhai mwy heini a aeth ymlaen ar eu colled, oherwydd wrth gymryd ein hamser cawsom weld Llanberis a llyn Padarn yn graddol leihau a chawsom sylwi ar gyfnewid ansawdd y tir a'r awyrgylch yn gyffredinol. Dilynem y rheilffordd gymaint ag y medrema gorfu inni aros ar y naill ochr amryw o weithiau er mwyn gadael i'r hen dren ein pasio. Dyma'r unig reilffordd yn y wlad sydd yn mynd i ben mynydd cyfuwch a'r Wyddfa, ac er mor ysmala a digrif ei ymddangosiad y mae ynddo ryw ddewrder a chryfder anghredadwy. Ar ol dringo ohonom am ryw awr cyraeddasom y ty hanner ffordd—ond gan ddiystyrru pob hysbysiad am bethau melys a werthid yno, rhoesom ein sodlau i'r ddaear a'n bryd ar gyrraedd y gopa. Erbyn hyn troisai'r awyr yn llaith ac yr oedd pobeth yn llwydaidd a noeth; diflanasai'r porfa bron i gyd ac ni wisgai'r ychydig a dyfai y gwyrdglesni arferol. Llifai nentydd a ffrydiau ar bob llaw a da oedd

cael dracht weithiau o'r dwr grisialaidd. Wrth edrych i fyny ni wellem ddim ond niwl, ac yn fuan iawn yr oeddem ynddo ein hunain. Drylliwyd ein gobeithion; enynasai'r tywydd teg yn Llanberis obeithion y byddai'r gopa yn glir ac y caem gyfle i weld Mynyddoedd Wicklow, i gael cipolwg ar Sir Benfro ac Aberteifi. Ond ni wellem o'r braidd ein dwylo o'n blaen ac nid rhyfedd felly inni ffurfio "cadwyn ddynol" er ein diogelu ein hunain, oherwydd rhaid oedd cadw cyn agosed byth i'r llwybr ag y medrem, yn enwedig wrth fwlch Llanberis lle y golygai un llithrad farwolaeth sicr. Ond ymlaen yr aem; clywem "ddistyll ryw bistyll bach" a phesychiad dibaid yr hen beiriant—rywle yn y gwyll dudew. Yr oedd y ffordd yn arw a blin ond caem galondid wrth feddwl am y gwesty cyfforddus ar ben yr Wyddfa. O'r diwedd clywsom leisiau amgenach na'n heiddo ein hunain. Arosasom i wrando a chael, er hyfrydwch inni na thwyllwyd mohonom. Gyda sydynrwydd brawychus ymddangosodd adeilad mawr o'n blaen. Gwelsom yr orsaf—yr orsaf uchaf ym Mhrydain. Cyflymodd ein camre, curai'n calonnau yn amlach ar ol sylweddoli ddarfod inni ddringo'r Wyddfa Fawr.

Aethom i mewn i'r gwesty o'r oerfel a chael yno fwyd a diod ac er bod y prisiau yn eithriadol (yr oedd cwpanaid o de yn costio chwe cheiniog) dichon bod y prisiau yn gyfartal ag uchter y mynydd. Ond anghofiwyd gwerth arian yn llwyr i fyny yn yr uchelderau; y peth pwysig oedd cael bwyd a diod ac achubodd yr awdurdodau y fantais o chwarae ar bocedi'r cyhoedd. Gwellem bobl o bob cenedl yn y gwesty a chlywem bob iaith yn y byd ynghyd a'r Gymraeg. Yfasom gyda theimladau cymysg—yn hapus am gyrraedd ohonom y gopa ac yn drist am na welsom ddim, ond niwl. Serch hynny ar ôl myfyrio, gwelaf mai un o ddau beth oedd i fod—popeth yn glir a braf neu ar y llaw arall bopeth yn oer a thywyll. Credaf am y tro mai'r olaf a ddewiswn pe cawn ail ddewis.

Disgynasom yn rhwydd i dywydd teg Llanberis yn flinedig o gorff ond yn iach o ran ysbryd. Ar ôl cael te yn Llanberis aethom i'r moduron a dechrau ar ein taith tuag adref gan fynd trwy Ben y Pas, Beddgelert, Aberglaslyn, Porthmadoc, Criccieth ac yna i Bwllheli. Oddiyno ar draws Llyn gan gyrraedd cae'r gwersyll tua naw o'r gloch yn barod am swper unwaith yn rhagor.

E. GLAN JAMES, Up. VI Arts.

## Y GYMDEITHAS GYMRAEG.

Yn y cyfarfod a gynhaliwyd ddechrau'r tymor dewiswyd y swyddogion a ganlyn : Llywydd : Mr. Llewelyn John, B.S.C., A.R.C.S., Cadeirydd : E. Glanfirwd James ; Is-Gadeirydd : Kenneth Euros Jones ; Trysorydd : Eddie Thomas ; Ysgrifennydd : Frank Williams.

Hydref 20, 1836, gan mlynedd yn ol, ganwyd Daniel Owen, prif nofelydd Cymru. Eleni dethlir ei ganmlwyddiant, a phenderfynasom ninnau fel Cymdeithas gynnal cyfarfod dathlu, ar Nos Wener. Hydref 30, 1936, ymwelodd Mr. D. Clydach Thomas, un o brif chwaraewyr Cymdeithas Ddrama Gymraeg Abertawe a ni, a chawsom ganddo mewn ffordd feistrolgar dros ben adroddiadau dramatig o Nofelau Daniel Owen, yn fwyaf arbennig o Rhys Lewis. Rhoes bortread byw iawn inni o gymeriadau nofelau Daniel Owen, a gwnaeth Wil Bryan a Tomas Bartley yn gymeriadau byw iawn inni. Daethai nifer luosog iawn o fechgyn i'r cyfarfod, a'r Prifathro yn y Gadair. Diolchwyd yn gynnes iawn i Mr. Clydach Thomas gan E. Glan James a Kenneth E. Jones, a'r bechgyn yn unfryd unfarn mae dyma un o gyfarfodwydd mwyaf diddorol a blasus y Gymdeithas.

Nos Iau, Rhagfyr 10, 1936, chwaraewyd Golygfeydd o Nofelau Daniel Owen gan aelodau Cymdeithas Cymrodorion Abertawe yn Neuadd ein hysgol ni. Gwalhoddwyd ni, fechgyn, i'r Cyfarfod a chawsom nosom wrth ein bodd.

Dymunwn Nadolig Llawen a Blwyddyn Newydd dda i holl aelodau'r Gymdeithas, i'n holl gyd-ysgolheigion yn yr ysgol, ie, ac i Gymru a'r byd yn gyfan.

FRANK WILLIAMS, Ysgrifennydd.

## THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

This Term, many members of the Fifth Form took the opportunity of satisfying their scientific interest when the membership of the Scientific Society was extended to the Fifth Form. This is a new venture, for in previous years the membership has been confined to the Sixth Form.

The first lecture of the Term was given by Mr. John, our head-master, and was on "Living Things." In it Mr. John emphasised the wonders of animal instinct and made some

amusing references to experiments carried out to examine the results of instinct.

This was followed by a lecture by G. Edmiston, who chose for his subject "Michael Faraday." In the course of his speech, the speaker performed some interesting experiments to show how Faraday had carried on his work, and this novel idea proved very successful.

A fortnight later, we were visited by Mr. Fisher, the Manager of the British Oxygen Company's Department at Swansea. He explained the modern method of manufacturing oxygen and followed this by some experiments with liquid air. One of these was to pour the air from its container; this does not sound very exciting but the point is you could hear it hitting the floor, *but you could see nothing*. To finish up there was a demonstration of light welding. At this meeting there was a record attendance—over sixty were present and the Physics lecture-room was filled to overflowing.

The last lecture up-to-date was given by D. B. Scully, and the subject was "The Wonders of the Future." This rather unusual subject was extremely well treated by the speaker and some of the visions of the future, he conjured up before us, were very weird and unreal.

There is one more lecture to come, this time by Mr. Gregory, and if it reaches the high standard already set by the rest, it will be worth waiting for.

Early in the Term the Society visited the British Oxygen Co's Works, and were shown the plant which produces the extremely useful gas, from the atmosphere.

Later the senior half of the members went to the Newport and South Wales Tube Co's Works (The Mannesmann), and again a very interesting tour took place. The rest of the Society are going at a later date for it was impossible to take too large a party over.

The Officers for this Term were : Chairman, G. Edmiston ; Vice-chairman : D. Scully ; Secretary : G. Evans ; Additional members of the Committee : (Upper Fifth) C. S. Jones ; (Lower Va) D. Richards ; (Lower 5b) A. Taylor ; (Lower 5c) R. Huxtable.

The library has been enlarged also, and the librarian, C. N. McLeod, has had a busy time handling his much-in-demand establishment.

G. EVANS, Secretary.

## ENGLAND TO HONG KONG.

We commenced our journey to China on August 1st, 1936, leaving Devonport at 11.15 a.m. Our vessel kept up a steady 10 knots and eventually reached the Bay of Biscay, encountering rough weather in this famous bay. Gibraltar was our next port of call and we reached the famous rock within five days. We witnessed an interesting episode during this journey, seeing the town of Tarefa being shelled by Spanish Government warships. A battle between a Government destroyer and two rebel cruisers was also witnessed. The advent of the U.S.S. Dunne of the U.S. Navy in Gibraltar later that night resulted in an enjoyable time being had by all. The next day we saw two Government warships shelling Algericas, which resulted in a conflagration. After a stay of three days we proceeded to Malta.

On the tenth day of August our clocks were advanced one hour. In ideal summer weather our ship arrived at Malta, and it was immediately surrounded by little boats, the occupants of which were selling clothes. All day long they rung bells, believing that it would keep the devils away. We left the natural harbour of Malta on the 15th, and reached Port Said on the 19th. Here again the Arabs came on board after waste food (gash in naval terms) and to sell clothes. In this port the Arabs load a ship by running up a plank with baskets on their shoulders.

The weather was becoming hotter and again we had to advance the clocks. We left Port Said on the 22nd, and proceeded down the Suez Canal at five knots. At the end of Bitter Lakes the Alcazar, famous War Memorial, came into view. It is built of two marble pillars and on it are inscribed the words : " Defense de la Canal de Suez."

The end of the Canal was reached after 12 hours, and here the hottest weather of the trip was encountered. Passing down the Red Sea we caught a glimpse of three Italian submarines and four destroyers, who were patrolling the Italian Somahland Coast.

Within five days we entered Aden Harbour and there our sole raiment consisted of tropical shorts, singlets, and helmets. During our stay here "the hands" caught a 15 foot shark from the bows. At Aden we played the local eleven in soccer. As the match was played in a temperature of 99 degrees in the shade, and the local eleven were bootless, you may well imagine that it was a very strange encounter.



From Aden we proceeded to Colombo—a 2000 miles journey. The terrible monsoons experienced in the Indian Ocean did great damage to our ship and carried away a life-boat. After seven days we reached Colombo, which is eight degreed north of the equator. Here the occupants of the ship experienced their first tropical rainstorm during the voyage. Ashore we were continually pestered by sick shaw boys. Before entering Buddhist Temple we were commanded to take off our boots, but our interest in the ceremony of the priests made this inconvenience worth while.

On September 13th, the ship left for Singapore and reached its destination on the 16th. While we were here the natives entered upon a pineapple strike, which lasted for four days. Bananas at Singapore cost exactly 12 for a 1d. and apples 6 lbs. for 2d.

On the 18th of Sept., we set out on our last journey. Although we encountered a typhoon, which blew the ship off its course, we reached Hong Kong on the 21st. Seven weeks and three days. After leaving Devenport. This place is an island off Canton, where the women folk do the manual labour. The native quarter is an evil smelling place, unfit even for dogs. The natives make their food on street corners and eat it there. Some of the population live in sampans, and they are only allowed ashore for two hours a day.

Seaman W. BEVAN,  
An Old Dyvorian, H.M.S. Capetown.

### **JUNIOR SOCCER.**

At the beginning of the season five changes were made in last year's team. We commenced the season very successfully, winning the first three matches against Pentre-poeth, Sketty and Danygraig. The next match, played against Waun Wen was drawn each side scoring two goals. Townhill broke our unbeaten record, when they defeated us by 4 goals to nil. Then we defeated St. Davids, Plasmarl, and Brynmill, winning the last match by 7 goals to nil.

Record to date—

P.	W.	D.	L.	Gls. for	Ag.	Pts,
9	6	2	1	23	8	14

We are very pleased that L. Simpson has obtained a place in the Swansea Town Schoolboys Team, and that T. Kiley has been chosen as a reserve. Congratulations to Harry Jones, IIIc, on being elected Captain of the School Team.

**EVENING CONTRASTS ON SWANSEA BAY.**

One night, last November, I decided to indulge in a welcome relief from my studies by walking as far as Blackpill. It was a calm and beautiful evening, ideal for a leisurely stroll. I reached the village and turned back homewards, proceeding along the promenade. I had not progressed very far when I felt compelled to stand still. An extremely pretty scene lay before my eyes. A passing cloud had obscured the bright full moon which had previously bathed every place in its revealing rays, but now a fugitive moonbeam chanced to shoot down from the heavens and alight upon the bosom of the sea, forming a glittering patch of silver.

Then, what was even prettier, the black foreboding cloud journeyed on its way, leaving the moon to shine down triumphantly on the world beneath, in her unchallenged glory. The stars twinkled and glimmered in the clear cold sky, as if attendant on her majesty, the Moon. The incoming tide, with its darkling ripples creasing the shimmering surface, was strangely in keeping with the magical and mysterious atmosphere of the moonlit evening. The gentle swish of the slowly advancing wavelets along the deserted beach was as inspired soothing music, intensifying the silence.

A fairy world, beautiful and enchanting, appeared before me. All around the bay, on the far-off shores, there gleamed fairy lamps which reflected lengthy, gaily-coloured, shimmering colonnades in the water; whilst in the distant, obscure gloom of the sea, lights of varied hues, betokening the presence of homeward bound vessels, joined the hosts of other fairy lamps. The wide margin of the extensive beach seemed a fitting haunt for these fairies—a scene of silvery beauty. The distant lighthouse sent forth its far-reaching beam, forming a long, straight, golden path over the dark waters of the bay—a path reaching to shore, inviting the fairies to dance across the unruffled surface—and playfully for brief moments, leaving the bay to its obscurity.

Deeply affected by the ethereal beauty and mysticism of the world before me, I remained still for many minutes, in silent appreciation of this wonderful scene. I made my way home, wondering at the beauty of Nature.

Next evening I revisited the scene, but how different it was! Now a thick fog concealed the magnificence of the previous night. The moon, the sea, those fairy lamps,

were all hidden under a heavy blanket of mist—the haunt of lurking demons and other evil phantom shapes who had stolen the playground of the fairies. Afar off, the fog-horn mourned, and ships' sirens wailed for the death of Beauty which had only yesterday decked the wide-spread bay in a wondrous setting. The surging of the approaching tide was in accord with the surge of sadness in my soul. Alas, how soon does Beauty fall a prey to ugliness!

F. T. S. Up. VI Arts.

### CONDEMNED.

The heavy footsteps of the prison-guard echoed down the long corridor. It was a cold winter's night and the guard was glad that he would soon be relieved. He tramped along the corridor until he came to that part of the prison which housed the condemned prisoners. Here he stopped and he peeped through the bars of Cell No. 13. Its inhabitant was evidently awake, because he sat with his head cupped in his hands, apparently deep in thought. "Nice young feller too," murmured the guard, "Funny that he should have done such a thing. Still, nowadays....." And he marched away to attend to his nightly duties, shaking his head sadly.

But Frank Stewart remained in the same position, and as he sat he mused thus :

"Why did I do it? He was rich, he had plenty of money whilst I—I had not had a square meal for weeks." Here he clenched his hands vehemently. "How was I to know that he would make any attempt to fight? Once—only once, did I hit him with that paperweight. And then—then, when he lay so still on the ground, how could I know that I had killed him? Then the discovery of my fingerprints on the paperweight, and—and my arrest and trial. It was awful!"

He flung himself on his hard bed moaning, and attempted to forget his misery in sleep. At first his slumber was disturbed by hideous nightmares, but these gradually left him to be succeeded by more peaceful visions.

He seemed to be walking along a winding country lane in the early spring. The sun was shining and everything bore a peaceful air. Ahead was a little cottage, its white-washed walls shining in the mid-day sun, and a figure standing at the gate. Why, this scene was familiar to him. Of course, this was the lane down which he had so often run when he was late for school, and that cottage was the one that he used to share with his mother, long since dead. He ran forward with

a cry of joy, for the figure at the gate was his mother ! But before he could reach her, the vision vanished as if it had been mirrored in a pool, to be shattered by the slightest ripple. As soon as it disappeared it was replaced by another.

This time he was back in his childhood days. He was sitting on the bank of the stream which ran through the field behind the cottage. His feet dangled in the cool waters, and he was watching the shadowy forms of the little fish which inhabited the stream. The stream meandered through the fields and away into the distance. It was altogether a beautiful scene and Stewart gazed sorrowfully at it. He wished fervently that he was back again in those peaceful days, so that he could start life anew. He would have lingered longer, there at the stream, but the dream faded, to leave behind another.

Again he was home, at the little hut which he had built with his own hands. In the corner of the hut stood a small, clumsy chair. Ah ! how well he remembered it. He had worked in his spare time to make it as a surprise for the mother he loved so well. His eyes wandered to the other side of the room. On the wall hung a framed text, which had been given to him when he was in Sunday School. It contained the Ten Commandments, written in bold characters. One seemed to stand out more than the rest. It was :—"Thou shalt do no murder." What irony ! At last the dream faded and another followed.

He was in bed this time, with his arm in a sling. He had fallen off a hayrick when playing with a friend, and had broken his arm. His mother bent over him, her tender eyes filled with anxiety. The vision soon vanished but his mother's face remained with him. He sat up, his eyes shining, and arms outstretched, pleading with her for forgiveness. What was it that gleamed in his eye—a tear ? No, surely not. He had not cried since he was a child. But it was, and soon it left his eye to roll gently down his cheek. It was followed by another, and yet another, but he paid no attention to them. His mother's face shone with a radiant smile as she nodded her head to his earnest entreaties. Now his face was shining with a heavenly brilliance; and he sank to the floor with a smile on his face.

Thus they found him on the morrow, his face having lost none of its radiance, and the same inexplicable smile upon it. The warder who found him took off his hat and bowed his head reverently. Why, he does not know to this day. The police surgeon said that Stewart died of heart failure. But he was FREE !

H.D.S., L.Va.

### A VISIT TO TIR JOHN POWER STATION.

It is stated in Article 7b of the Rules of the Metalworking and Engineering Club that works visits should be a method of fostering interest in metalworking. The first visit during the Term took place on November 11th, a very wet afternoon.

When we arrived at Tir John, Swansea's Super Power Station, we were promptly shown inside a warm room where we took off our damp outer garments. The party was now split up under two guides, and my section was taken into the office where we were shown a large wall-chart illustrating the water system of Tir John. The water is brought from the Queen's Dock by pipes about seven feet high and of a horseshoe shape. At the intake openings of the pipes are screens which obstruct large pieces of drift wood and such other flotsam as might block them. This water then passes through strainers before it enters any machinery.

To start from the very beginning one must see the coal handling. First each truck is drawn on to weigh bridge and then put on to a platform which is tilted so that the coal is tipped into a pit. The coal used in the Power Station is Anthracite Duff which is in particles about the size of finger nail. The coal is hauled by a belt conveyor (about two feet six inches wide) to the top of the huge Raw Coal Bunkers. It is then taken direct to the Crushing Mills.

The mills are of the ball type which are capable of dealing with ten tons of coal per hour. In each of the four mills there are about five to six ton of steel balls measuring from one and a half inches to about two and a half inches in diameter. These roll inside the drum and pulverize the coal until it is fine as flour. It then goes through a mesh almost as fine as linen. From here the powdered coal is conveyed by compressed air to the Powdered Fuel Bunkers, and from there to the Boilers.

In the boiler house are four boilers made by the International Combustion Company. Each boiler works at a pressure of 600 pounds per square inch, while the steam temperature is about 833 degrees Far. They are each capable of evaporating 240,000 pounds of water per hour. The powdered coal is drawn into the burner of the furnace along with the requisite quantity of air—by means of a fan—where it burns like a gas, thus doing away with stoking. Each boiler is controlled from a control panel. The process of controlling the boiler from its furnace lighting to when it is ready for action is a complicated matter since the "primary air," "induced draught" and "forced draught" have to be

carefully regulated. Each boiler will burn approximately ten tons of coal per hour. A pressure of 640 pounds can be attained in forty minutes with these boilers.

We were then taken into the turbine room which in reality is a very large hall almost the total height of the building. At Tir John there are two 30,000 kilo watt Generators driven by Parsons Turbines which give a voltage of 33,000 while the turbines run at 3000 revolutions per minute. Although the voltage is 33,000 it is "stepped up" by transformers to 132,000 for the supply to the Grid. For the use of Swansea itself current is transmitted to the Strand Station at 33,000 and then stepped down to 6,000 volts, this station being used only as a distributing centre.

One feature which interested me was the cleanliness of everything at Tir John, and I was interested in the way the exhaust gases were filtered or "killed" so that no harmful gases come from the stack. The exhaust gases are also used to heat the feed water for the boilers, so that is already very hot before it enters the boiler. This device is called the "Economiser." I was personally shown a practical test to find out whether there was excess of acid of lime when the gases were being killed. The water which "washes" the gases contains any waste product and it is percolated through the Crumlyn Bog, where the solid matter is precipitated.

As a conclusion I must, on behalf of the Club, thank Mr. Riches and his efficient staff, and others concerned, for increasing our knowledge of the production of electricity.

D. L. HOPKINS, 5c.

## **THE METALWORKING & ENGINEERING CLUB.**

President : Mr. Llewelyn John.

The following Officers were elected for this year : Chairman, R. Morgan ; Vice-Chairman, J. Powell ; Secretary, A. Hughes ; Treasurer, A. Jones ; Librarian, D. L. Hopkins.

The Club has had a very interesting Session including a Lecture by A. Jones, Vb, on "Welding," and a Lantern Lecture by Mr. Morris on "The Generation of Electricity." There has also been a Works visit to Tir John Power Station.

Some fine models are being made, including a fire screen and a standard lamp.

The Session was well ended with a "beano" which was a very jolly affair, the members doing the cooking.

The Club is very grateful to Mr. John for the keen interest he has taken in the Club.

A. HUGHES, Secretary.

**SENIOR RUGBY.**

At the beginning of the season the following Officers were elected : Captain, E. Thomas ; Vice-Capt., T. J. Lewis ; Hon. Sec., B. Lloyd. Additional members of the Committee : G. James, R. Meyrick.

Only five Old Colours returned for the present season, and our prospects were none too bright.

But we opened the season well enough by defeating Glanmor at Townhill by 3 pts. to Nil. The following Saturday we entertained Gwendraeth Valley S.S., but we were beaten by 9 pts. to 3. Some unfortunate incidents occurred during this game, but we atoned for this defeat by defeating Port Talbot C. S. at Port Talbot by 5 pts. to 3. The School did not reproduce this form at Aberdare on the following Saturday, when we opposed the local Secondary School and were well beaten by 14 pts. to Nil. Aberdare scored all their points within a quarter of an hour. Unfortunately our first fixture with Quakers' Yard had to be cancelled owing to the state of the ground. The School then met the invincible Swansea Ex-Schoolboys and were only defeated by 11 pts. to Nil. The School at least expected to be beaten by 20 pts. Our next two home matches were against Pontardawe S.S. and Gowerton. Against Pontardawe the School played extremely well and were victorious by 6 pts. to 3. The team reproduced this good form against Gowerton and succeeded in holding them to a pointless draw.

In their second match with the Swansea Ex-Schoolboys, the School were again defeated by 16 pts. to 3. G. James scored the try after running for more than half the length of the field. If all the members of the team remain in School, we shall look forward to a prosperous Easter Term.

We are very pleased to welcome Mr. W. Lewis as our new Sports Master. He has already put in a great deal of work with us, which has been most helpful.

Congratulations to E. Thomas who played in the mid-Glamorgan Trial Match at Neath on November 7th.

In conclusion, on behalf of the Committee I should like to thank Mr. John for his interest and Mr. D. I. Williams, and L. L. Abraham for refereeing a few matches.

B. LLOYD, Hon. Sec.

## "EREWHON, OR A FAIRY TALE."

Once upon a time, a street of houses was built in the pretty town of Hogswart. They were by no means beautiful houses, but nevertheless, the Corporation, or whoever it was gave the queer name to the row of houses, called it Die-never Place. It was a joy to live in that street in those days. Nothing disturbed the silence except an occasional rumbling of a horse and trap, or the barrel-organ of an Italian organ-grinder. Then, one infamous year, a new contraption was invented in Hogswart, and soon the peace and quietness of Die-never Place was shattered by the squeaks and grunts of motor cars and buses.

Just about this time, the Hogswart Corporation was looking for a suitable site to build a brand new secondary school. It chanced that a member of the Board of Education was one day strolling down Die-never Place, skilfully dodging the traffic, when a brilliant idea nearly bowled him over. "Why not build the school here?" he thought—"the noise is tremendous, and there is no possibility of the future pupils wasting time at games because there is not a field within a mile or so of this place."

So the school was built, and because the noises inside were far louder than the noises from outside, and because the masters were entirely incapable of controlling the boys at all times, it was found necessary to select "Prefects" from among the Senior boys, to do this stupendous task. The spelling of "Prefect" is quite correct. Few people knew that the title "prefect" originated from "perfect" and not from *paefectus* (Latin, you know) as some foolish people still imagine. So these perfect boys were given duties to do, and in many ways they became both heroes and martyrs—a usual combination.

As soon as a boy was made a prefect he automatically lost any prestige he might have had when just an ordinary down-trodden pupil. "Ah," thought the latter, "He's a beak now, I must be careful when I talk to him" so he usually restrained altogether from talking to him. The first term of a prefect's office was a veritable torment. Every boy, from the waster of Upper Va to the infant of the "first" made him a butt for their petty tricks. For instance, two boys would start a fight simply for the pleasure of making our fledgling prefect stop it, before the boos and hisses of a delighted audience.



The prefect's life, however, was rendered much happier because he now had the power to prevent boys from doing the very things he himself had delighted in when a mere infant, such as ragging prefects. He soon became the self-same tyrant to the juniors as were the prefects to him when he was a junior, and what is more, he enjoyed being a tyrant.

But there was yet another aspect to his duties. Some boys made friends with him, loaned him cribs, or tempting toffees, and then began to seek something in return. One day, one of them would arrive late. He would remark his prefect-friend, as he supposes he is, at the later-door, and would bless the day when he conceived his brilliant conciliating idea. Imagine his horror and disgust when he finds that the prefect is a wolf in sheep's clothing, a double-dealing villain. All his bribery has been useless, for the prefect virtuously and pitilessly scribbles down his name on the dreaded "Green Book," and another poor wretch is doomed to a detention, and an essay, probably given by a bored master, on "Why I believe in Father Xmas."

But, amongst themselves, the prefects were beginning to murmur. Masters oppressed them, even treated them as ordinary boys. They were positively forced to leave their beverages at 10.45 to pursue their duties, and when they returned, nerve wrecked and athirst, they would find that an unsympathetic master had bagged their milk, or that one of the other boys had "thought you were absent."

Spurred on by this last oppressing straw, the prefects, under the leadership of a communist-minded giant of 6 ft. 3, struck work, and demanded redress of grievances. When the bomb fell, the school was thunderstruck, but this soon wore off, and the juniors ran riot. The masters implored the prefects to resume their duties, even offered them increased wages and a pension on leaving school, so that at last, struck with a humane compassion, the prefects gave in, on condition that they were given a new billiard table and a free milk-bar. This was gratefully accepted, and order was restored once more to Die-never Place.

Today the prefects are dictatorial, and we are loved by all, in Die-never secondary school. All the other boys behave like gentle lambs, almost, and not like the ignorant ruffians who inhabit some nameless fairy schools.

Ah me, would that such conditions came to our Valhalla of Learning !

W.A.R., Up. VI Arts

## LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

A meeting of the above Society was held in October of this Term for the election of Officers and Committee. The following were chosen : President, Mr. Ll. John, B.Sc., Headmaster. Chairman, Mr. D. D. Phillips, M.A. Hon. Secretary, Cynfryn Jones, Up. Va. Committee : F. Secombe, U. VI, R. F. Lucas, VI, E. Goldstone, VI, S. R. Evans, U Vb, and H. Thomas, L Vc.

Only one debate has been held so far this Term. That was held in the refectory on the 13th of November. The subject was "That the murder of a tyrant is justifiable" and the speakers were : (Affirmative) C. Jones, U. Va and E. Goldstone, VI. (Negative) S. R. Evans, U. Vb and F. Secombe, VI. Mr. Ll. John took the chair.

After an interesting and prolonged debate the motion was rejected by a large majority.

Our next debate will be held at Gowerton when we shall debate "That this House will under no circumstances fight for King and Country." After the debate held at Dynevor School last year an excellent debate is expected with Gowerton County School on December 11th.

CYNFYN JONES, Hon. Sec.

### WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW.

My brother is a Rugger fan,  
I really must confess ;  
To see a real good Rugger match  
Is all his happiness.  
He'll argue on all day and night,  
Until the stars come out ;  
Rugby ! Rugby ! Rugby !  
That's what its all about.  
Of course he has a favourite team,  
And if perchance they lose,  
Its the poor hapless referee,  
Whose head is in the noose.  
Oh ! Rugby is a gallant game,  
But some one tell me please,  
Are the only villains in the land  
The Rugby referees ?

C. WILLIAMS, 4c.

### OLD BOYS' SUCCESSES.

We congratulate the following: Mr. Trevor Cawdor Thomas, who was placed in the first class in the honours examination for the degree of LL.B. of the University of Wales, Aberystwyth. He has been awarded a Gray's Inn Scholarship for three years at Cambridge.

Mr. John Evans Williams, B.A. (Hon.), on obtaining the Rhodes Scholarship, value £200 for 1 year, tenable at Grahamstown University, South Africa. This is the first Rhodes Scholarship which has been awarded to a Welshman.

Mr. Sidney A. Dunn, B.A., who was ordained as Curate at All Saints Church, Kilvey.

Mr. Sidney I. Buse, B.A., B.D., who was inducted as Pastor of Carmel Chapel (Aberdare). He was the first to take 1st class honours in Greek for 23 years at Cardiff the University.

Mr. John Lewis of Mumbles, who passed an exam. in the Higher Civil Service.

G. Edmiston and D. J. Drew, who passed the Civil Service Clerical Classes Examination last August.

### C.W.B. RESULTS, 1936.

#### HIGHER CERTIFICATE STAGE.

Haydn G. Davies, P. J. Dooley, Gerallt A. Evans, Kenneth Gray, David G. Jenkins, Kenneth M. Jones, J. Magoon, H. W. G. Morgan, E. T. Morris, B. J. O'Connell, F. T. Secombe.

The following boys were successful in obtaining L.E.A. Scholarships:—Haydn G. Davies, P. J. Dooley, Gerallt A. Evans, Kenneth Gray, David G. Jenkins, Kenneth M. Jones, J. Magoon, H. W. G. Morgan, E. T. Morris.

We congratulate the above boys on their achievement.

#### SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

T. N. Barnes (M), H. G. Bromham, I. J. Bromham (M), R. C. Camm, H. O. F. Chapman, L. Craig (M), T. E. Crowley (M), N. W. Crutchley (M), G. A. Cullener (M), D. F. S. Davey, G. Davies, H. C. Davies (M), R. Davies, R. T. Davies, T. H. Davies (M), D. M. Ellis, S. R. Evans, T. G. A. Evans (M), A. H. Fernand, T. J. Francis, T. C. George, D. Gowman (M), A. W. Greaves, J. H. Hanney (M), N. W. Hemmings (M), E. G. P. Hodgens, R. Hodges, T. E. Hopkins (M), W. A. Hughes (M), H. Isaac, T. E. Jackson, E. M. J. Jenkins, C. S. Jones, D. K. Jones (M), J. C. Jones, J. L. Jones, K. E. Jones (M), E. J. Kleiser, W. B. Lloyd, R. D. Matthews (M), R. H. Meyrick, D. J. Millard (M), A. Morris, J. G. Morris (M),

I. Mort, J. E. H. Nener, J. G. Prendy, B. Phillips, G. D. Pitchford, W. Price, T. G. Radford, A. Lynn Roberts, R. Roberts, D. B. Scully, T. G. E. Sims, H. T. Symmons, G. Talbot, D. E. Thomas E. B. Thomas, E. Thomas (M), J. R. Thoumine (M), J. W. Walters, A. D. Waters, A. D. Wilkinson, G. T. Williams, L. R. Williams (M), R. A. P. Williams. T. C. Williams (M), T. C. Wimmers (M).

SUPPLEMENTARY CERTIFICATE—E. G. James.

### **CHARACTERS OF PREFECTS.**

- F. T. Seacombe—A serious minded youth, who appears to have the cares of the world on his shoulders. Rumour has it that he is destined for the Church.
- A. G. Thomas — Proud possessor of a vacuous grin ; industrious and ingratiating toward his superiors ; a tryant over the Junior School.
- Ed. Thomas—A quiet, respectable lad, who is Captain of both Cricket and Rugby. Has hair of a fiddling virtuoso.
- G. B. Thomas—Editor through no fault of his own. Strains after articles yet may refuse this piece of unsophisticated brilliance.
- C. Mitchell—Demon of the late door ; when his fearsome figure is seen there, the latecomers sneak in, trembling in their boots.
- E. G. James—It is said he has visited Gretna Green, but this is subject to controversy. Appears on the field for the First XV.
- K. J. Lewis—Cultivator of an almost imperceptable moustache. Perhaps his hero is Charlie Chaplin.
- H. G. Davies—An industrious lad, who has dreams of State Scholarships. Another tyrannical youth. Still travels everywhere for half-price. The "baby" of the Form.
- W. A. Rees—An affluent personage ; possesses and wears to the delight of the Juniors, much gorgeous raiment and imitates Joseph to the best of his ability.
- G. Edmiston—An inveterate athlete ; at his best on the Rugby field and Fives Court. Has a high-pitched tenor voice which is the delight of his fellow prefects.
- T. J. Lewis—A tall, handsome youth ; extreme in his likes and dislikes ; a great sportsman. Supreme in swimming and rugby. Falsely accused of "swelled headedness." From this paragraph you may be able to guess the author of the article.

### THE PREFECTS IN LITERATURE.

- F. T. Sxxmbx—"I am not in the roll of common men."  
(Shakespeare).
- A. G. Thxmxs—"Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep." (Persian Proverb).
- C. M. Mxtchxl—"Ful fat was he, but looked holwe and therio sobrelly." (Aytoun).
- K. Lxwx—"Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise." (Pope).
- E. Thxmxs—"With foolish pride, my heart was never fired, Nor the vain itch to admire or be admired." (Pope).
- E. G. Jxmxs—"Men of few words are the best men."  
(Shakespeare).
- G. XdMxstxn—"Thy indistinct expressions seem, Like language uttered in a dream." (Cowper).
- W. A. Rxxs—"He is a lovely youth—I guess the panther in the wilderness is not so fair as he." (Wordsworth).
- T. J. Lxwx—"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." (Shakespeare).
- H. Dxvxxs—"There mark what ills the Scholar's life assail." (Johnson).
- Upper Sxxth Foxm—"So shaken as we are, so wan with care.'

### JUNIOR RUGBY.

At the beginning of the season the School had only four boys remaining from last year's team, and there was certainly a lack of talent in the Junior School. Our worst fears were realized in the first game against Glanmor, who trounced us by 17 pts. to nil. However, owing to the efforts of Mr. Gregory, Mr. Evans, and Mr. George, there has been an improvement in the team.

We defeated Manselton after a brilliant, and exciting game. Dyfatty and Townhill both defeated us, but against Townhill our forwards fought hard, and it was only in the closing stages that they were really beaten. This was no small achievement against the best pack in the League. Against Danygraig we won by a dropped goal to a try, but we were indeed by far the better team, our forwards completely beating the opposition in every phase of the game. W. Watkins has shown great skill in dropping goals and H. Sambrook tackled very pluckily against Danygraig, saving us more than once. The record is:—  
Played 6. Won 3. Lost 3.

J. SANDERS, IVa (Sec.).

## THE SWIMMING CLUB.

One of the most important events of this term was the School Gala, which was held on Wednesday, 21st Oct. We had a record attendance and an enjoyable evening was spent. The guest of honour was His Worship the Mayor, Councillor A. R. Ball, J.P.

### RESULTS.

- Junior Championship—Cyril Goldstone.  
 Senior Championship—Trevor Lewis who broke his own record of 62 secs. by 2 secs.  
 Senior Breast-Stroke Championship—W. S. Nelmes.  
 Open Back-Stroke Championship—T. J. Lewis.  
 Junior House Squadron (Roberts)—C. Goldstone (Capt.), J. O. Davies, W. Blythe, T. F. Richards.  
 Senior House Squadron Championship (Dillwyn)—T. J. Lewis (Capt.), W. Price, E. Goldstone, H. Rawlings.  
 One Length Handicap under 13 years of age—Heat 1 : N. Blythe. Heat 2 : C. Goldstone.  
 Junior Breast-Stroke Championship—L. Davies.  
 Junior Novice Race—A. Thomas, 11a.  
 Long Plunge—William Price.  
 Breast-Stroke Handicap under 15 years—T. Dight.  
 Upper 5th and 6th Forms Squadron Championship—Upper 6th : Trevor Lewis (Capt.), E. Goldstone, W. A. Rees, T. Barry.  
 Second and Third Forms Squadron Championship—IIIb : R. Ash (Capt.), J. F. Richards, J. Crabtree, L. Gwyther.  
 Senior Novice Race over 14 years—Heat 1 : R. Thomas. Heat 2 : B. Squires and L. Williams.  
 Fourth and Fifth Forms Squadron Championships—Va : C. Davies (Capt.), H. Rawlings, B. Thomas, R. Thomas.  
 Old Dyvorians Championship—1 M. Williams, 2 A. Jones.  
 Junior Novice Race under 14 years—J. F. Richards.  
 Handicap over 16—Heat 1 T. Barnes. Heat 2 J. Walters.  
 Handicap 14-16 years—J. R. Richards. Heat 1 : M. Rawlings. Heat 2 : A. Taylor.  
 Handicap under 14 years—J. R. Richards.  
 Old Boys' Handicap—C. W. Carrey.  
 "Dog and Bone" House Competition (Roberts)—A. Taylor, T. Barry, B. Thomas, C. Davies.  
 One Length Handicap for recent non-swimmers—J. Walk.  
 Breast-Stroke Handicap over 15—Heat 1 : T. Barnes. Heat 2 : Wm. Price.  
 The School Senior Squadron, consisting of T. Lewis (Capt.) C. Davies, S. Nelmes, L. Taylor, Wm. Price (reserve),

travelled to Merthyr to swim in the Secondary Schools Championship of South Wales. The School was runner-up for the third year in succession.

C. Davies (goal-keeper), and T. Lewis (right-back), were in the Swansea Junior Water Polo Team which defeated Cardiff at Penarth by 5 goals to 2 in the final of the knock-out tournament for the Peter Freeman Trophy.

The only entrant from the School in the Swansea Swimming Club Mile Open Sea Championship was T. Lewis, who succeeded in winning the Sealed Handicap and the Barer Cup. This is the first time this trophy has been held by a member of the School.

The same boy has played for Swansea First Division Water Polo Team against Cardiff at Cardiff, Cheltenham at Cheltenham, and Swansea Police at Swansea.

Cyril Goldstone is to be complimented on coming third in the Schoolboy Championship of Swansea.

The School Junior Squadron were unsuccessful in their attempt to retain the Sir John Llewelyn Trophy early this Term. The boys, C. Goldstone (Capt.), L. Davies, J. Crabtree, R. Evans, are to be congratulated on a plucky attempt.

### **A First-Year's Essay on 'Stamp Collecting.'**

(with apologies to 2a, 2b, and 2c.).

Stamp collecting is a very interesting hobby. It is also very instructive, you can learn quite a lot from them. Each country has many stamps, but my favourite are the Indo-China surcharged 'Surinam.' They are very pretty and some have very nice pictures on them. There is one Borneo stamp with the picture of an ape on it, hanging on to a tree; it is worth £45, I have got it. Some stamps are "fudges," that is, they are not real stamps. They are very hard to tell, but you can tell them by looking at the water mark, as they haven't got a water mark. There is one stamp worth £1000! There are two of them, and I believe King George had one. I wish I had! If I had it I would not think of selling it like some people would. But perhaps you could buy an awful lot with £1000, couldn't you! I don't like sticking stamps into my album much, as I don't like the taste of the gum on the mounts, you wouldn't neither. It makes me feel sick, so I dip them in a saucer of water then it is all right. I would like to have all the stamps in the world, and have also a big album and a soup plate of luke warm water (for the mounts), and spend days and days sticking them all in.

A.L.R. Lower VI.

# HOMEWORK.

This is a subject which is very close to my heart. I have passed through its various throes and know what I am talking about. I have grown from a small, industrious First Year to become one of the recognised slackers of the School.

I fail to see why the degeneration should have taken place. My present apathy toward work is in itself a detestable abomination. However, I find myself wandering from the point.

The main object of these few words is to give advice to Juniors on the above abhorrent subject. This article was written to impress upon the minds of the children I see playing happily or noisily imbibing milk, that the day will come when they too will "slouch around" as I do, an object of universal derision

I should tell them of the horrors of the Livy, of Caesar, of Boyle's Law, of the wiles of Geometry and Algebra, of the reptilian despicableness and foolish imbecility of certain English authors. Alas! I find have not the heart to continue in this morbid strain. Let them gambol in the corridors, dribble their milk, and frolick in the yard. As my worthy predecessor, Gray, remarked

"Where ignorance is bliss  
'Tis folly to be wise."

With these touching words, and an attack of writer's cramp, I regretfully lay down my pen.

PLEBS U. VI A.

## In the Library last period, Friday Afternoon.

You may imagine me then, in the seclusion of the quietest place I can find—the school library—surrounded by gentlemen-at-arms, practising for the Secondary School Sabre and Fencing Corps, paper-dart and pellet throwers, hurlers of heavy volumes, training for next year's weight-chucking, high-jumpers and hurdlers taking the tables and chairs in threes, while a varlet arranges chairs for the Annual Push-halfpenny Conference.

I simply cannot swot in the middle of this extraordinary hub-bub. I gaze into space, and my imagination takes me to the lonely glade where I spent my summer vacation. But



now, as a matter of fact, I am lying, metaphorically and literally by the waters of a lake, inspired by them to a torrent of words. Nothing disturbs my silence save the swirl of the brown waters, and the intermittent cawing of swans, and the chewing of the cud on the part of several oxen (where have I heard that word before?). These are not refractory; they are placid, puffy-faced, and extraordinarily like—no, I will avoid personalities (being personal) at all costs. I find that I am lying again. Suddenly I come to earth, literally and otherwise; my chair has been removed from under me, and a half-saved youth grins triumphantly an “Odol” smile into my fiery eyes. I am certainly very sore about it. But what matters it? Its 4.10 and there are Swiss-rolls and Chelseas for tea.

A.L.R. Lower VI.

### BOYS ADMITTED SEPTEMBER, 1936.

2973 Harris, D. A.	3006 Harries, A. D.	3039 Rangecroft, G. R.
4 Page, J. S.	7 Hill, W. D.	3040 Reed, S. J.
5 Hughes, J. P.	8 Hinchey, B.	1 Rees, L. I.
6 Wright, E. J.	9 Hitchins, R.	2 Reynolds, W.
7 Aubrey, O. C.	3010 Heath, D. W.	3 Rees, A. A.
8 Barnett, W. P. C.	1 Hodges, W. G.	4 Roberts, R.
9 Bishop, K. W.	2 Haddock, K. E. J.	5 Robinson, L. T.
2980 Botcher, R. B.	3 Hopkins, A.	6 Sims, E. W. G.
1 Blackmore, G. T.	4 Horton, D.	7 Sharp, L.
2 Buller, W. J.	5 Hughes, F. M.	8 Smith, G.
3 Burke, J. M.	6 Hughes, H. E.	9 Sullivan, E. L.
4 Camm, D.	7 Hughes, V.	3050 Thomas, A.
5 Carr, C.	8 Humphries, R. I.	1 Thomas, E. J.
6 Carroll, R. M.	9 Jarvis, D. B.	2 Thomas, G. M.
7 Carroll, T.	3020 John, D. N.	3 Thomas, T.
8 Dahlgren, R.	1 Johns, B.	4 Thomas, J.
9 Davey, E. S.	2 Jones, R. H.	5 Thyer, H.
2990 Davies, D. K.	3 Jones, E. J. G.	6 Wales, D. E.
1 Davies, J.	4 Jones, H.	7 Walk, J.
2 Davies, K. E.	5 John, D. G.	8 Walters, K.
3 Davies, K.	6 Jones, K. J.	9 Webb, E.
4 Evans, E.	7 Kanter, H.	3060 West, S.
5 Evans, G.	8 Keane, F.	1 Williams, E.
6 Evans, K. H.	9 Kiley, T.	2 Williams, G.
7 Evans, G.	3030 King, W. J.	3 Williams, B.
8 Fox, S.	1 Lloyd, B. H.	4 Woods, R. T. S.
9 Galvin, C.	2 McLennan, D.	5 Wray, D.
3000 George, G.	3 McLennan, P. B.	6 Wright, A. R.
1 George, L.	4 Miller, G.	7 Willecombe, M.
2 Gilbert, C.	5 Morgan, K.	8 West, A.
3 Grant, N.	6 O'Sullivan, G. C.	9 West, H.
4 Griffin, T. A.	7 Owen, J.	3070 Williams, C.
5 Halls, W. R.	8 Pope, G. W.	

Income.	FOOTBALL ACCOUNT.			Payments.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Grant from General Fund ... ..	29	19	5½	Equipment ... ..	8	3	2
Part Payments for Colours Badges ...	1	12	0	Travelling Expenses ...	9	15	10
				Hospitality ... ..	9	3	6½
				Postage, etc. ... ..	1	5	11
				Insurance, Subscriptions	1	7	0
				Colours Badges ...	1	16	0
	£31	11	5½		£31	11	5½

CRICKET ACCOUNT.							
Grant from General Fund ... .. 15 12 3				Equipment ... .. 10 12 3			
Part Payment for Colours Badges ... 0 4 0				Travelling Expenses ... 2 10 5			
				Hospitality ... .. 1 15 7			
				Postage, School Photo and Badge ... .. 0 18 0			
<hr/>				<hr/>			
£15 16 3				£15 16 3			

FIVES ACCOUNT.									
Sale of Fives					Fives Balls				
Balls	...	...	1	4	0	...	...	1	13
Grant from General									
Fund	...	...	0	9	0				

MAGAZINE ACCOUNT.									
Grant from General Fund					December Issue				
...	...	26	1	8	...	...	12	13	0
					July Issue				
					...	...	13	7	0
					Postage				
					...	...	...	0	1 8
<hr/>									
£26 1 8					£26 1 8				

GENERAL ACCOUNT.									
School Fund ..	...	89	2	6	Football Account	...	29	19	5½
Welsh Sec. Schools					Cricket Account	...	15	12	3
Rugby Union	...	2	0	0	Fives Account ...	...	0	9	0
					Magazine Account	...	26	1	8
					Dramatics Expenses	...	1	8	10½
					School Sports	...	0	19	0½
					School Orchestra	...	0	10	3
					Literary and Debating				
					Society	...	0	9	6
					Refectory Games	...	1	13	0½
					Life Saving Class	...	0	5	9
					Insurance of Trophies		0	10	0
					Photo Frames	...	0	19	9
					Balance in hand	...	12	3	11
					</				

Examined and found correct, ED. REES, F. T. SECOMBE.

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*Albert Davies, Printer, Swansea.*

