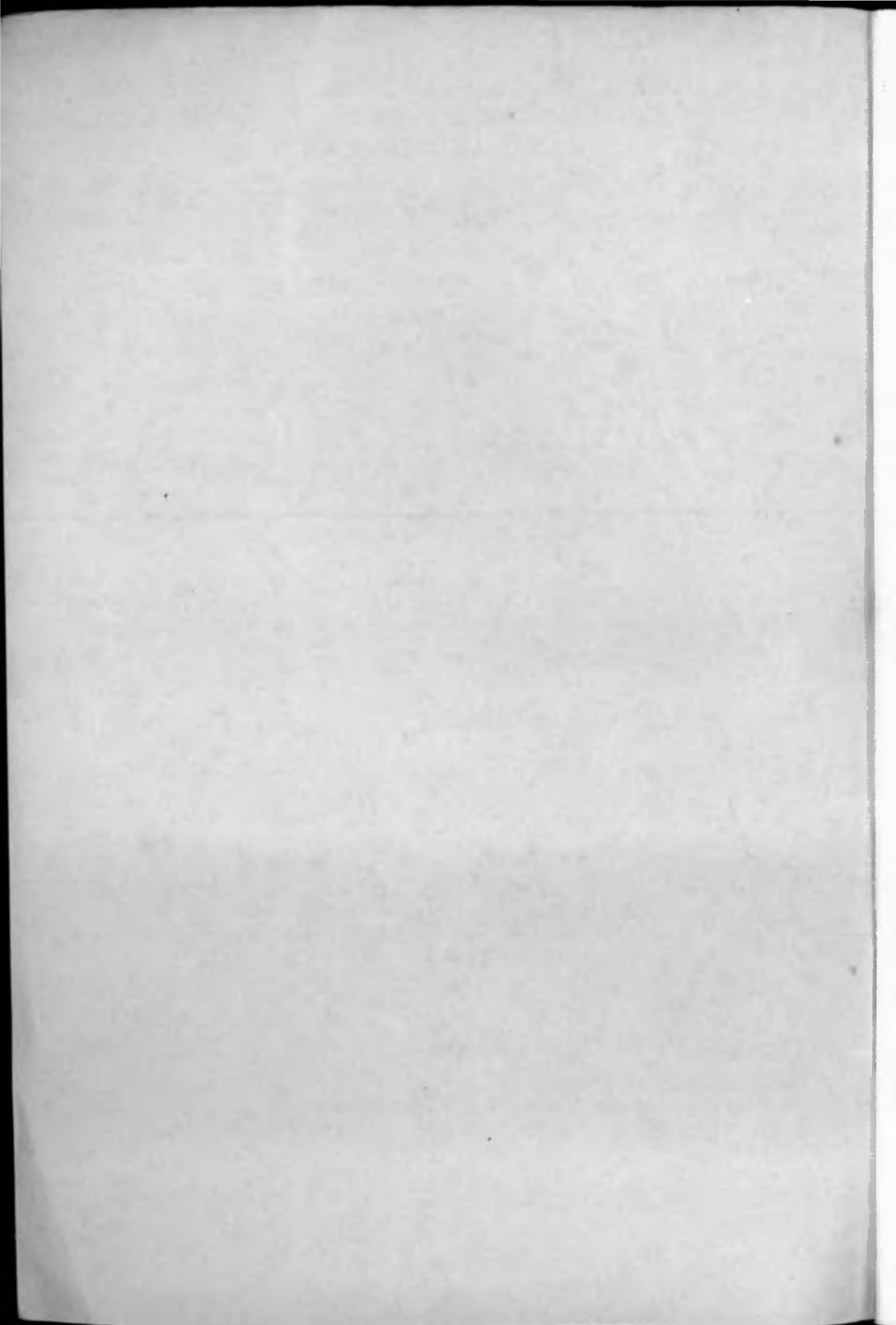


# MAGAZINE

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No. 73

APRIL, 1942.



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## Dynevor Secondary School Magazine.

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No. 73.

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Editors ... E. ANDREWARTHA, C. N. HARRISON.

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### EDITORIAL.

Some doubt was entertained as to whether it was possible or desirable, in the circumstances in which we find ourselves, to publish an issue of the School Magazine. We were reluctant to break a long tradition, and are glad that the opportunity has been ours to prepare this issue for publication, and thus to forge one more link in the chain that binds us with the years. There were those who feared that without the assistance of the Sixth a Magazine worthy of the name could not be produced. We have dared to think otherwise ; but in this matter we are not the judge—the Magazine must speak for itself.

This issue will be the only one for 1941-42 ; we do not know anything of the possibilities of publication in the next School year ; but as we are likely to be a Junior School for some time to come it is desirable that would-be contributors should note carefully the contents of the present issue, and learn therefrom. To do this is to realise that a School Magazine reflects the life of the School, and the experience of its constituents, past and present ; that there is ample material for an interesting article in the events of one's daily life if one has eyes to observe them and skill to select and record them ; and that what is required is not the sensational and fictitious but the real and living, though the record of this may well be coloured by the imagination and enriched with humour.

This explanation will, we trust, be sufficient for those who may be disappointed in not finding in these pages "articles" which they submitted for publication, and will, we hope, guide them in their future efforts.

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### SCHOOL NOTES.

We are a school without a middle, and, in more senses than one, without a top. There is a spate of small boys, and some attenuated Fifths, but of the unruly Fourths and dignified Sixth no trace can be found. It is whispered that these have been translated to the higher service, and that those who seek may find them in an institution on the hill.

At the moment of writing, the long promised school canteen has opened with a suddenness that has left us rather breathless. On the first day half the school stayed in to sample the wares; we have not had time to observe the reaction yet, but there can be no doubt that in these days of rationing and overcrowded buses the canteen will fulfil a very useful purpose.

We are glad to receive good tidings of our evacuated comrades at Gwendraeth; news of their doings is contained in our first Gwendraeth letter which we are happy to publish. We wish them every happiness and success in their present domicile.

The whole school were able to test the efficiency of their gas masks this term by walking through the Chem. Lab., which had been transformed into a gas-chamber for the purpose. The drawback to the whole business was that the far side of the school was unapproachable without your gas-mask for many days after.

Our old Holiday Fund is now doing record business as the School Savings Group; thus do we beat our bathing costumes into swords, or is it tanks? The Group operates by the sale of savings stamps, some favour the red variety, others the blue; and some others favour neither—at least, they don't seem to buy any stamps. Now what about it everybody? The School expects this day each son to do his duty.

Our little effort in Warships Week realized £624, a sum that staggered the first-formers, but left the Fifth cold. Their pocket-money, we understand, goes by pounds, not pence, these days.

We are salvage conscious, and not the veriest scrap of paper escapes our notice, but is eagerly pounced upon and

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bourne in triumph to the salvage bin. Terminal papers which used to be kept for years are now disposed of as soon as marked. The Fifths, we understand, wish to propose that they should be disposed of before they are marked.

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### A SEA VOYAGE IN WARTIME.

My parents and I were spending our summer holidays by the sea in India, when my father was ordered to return immediately to the Royal Air Force Camp where he had been stationed for the past six years, and pack in readiness to leave for England. Can you imagine our excitement? For, after long years of waiting, we were at last among the fortunate few who were to return to that dear land we had left so long ago. Rumour after rumour circulated around the camp as to the day of departure, but on the night of the 18th July we were told to be ready to leave the next morning.

A taxi-cab conveyed us to the ship, and two days afterwards we sailed out of Karachi Harbour heading for Bombay, on an ancient troopship packed with Indian troops. Luckily it was only a short voyage of about eight hundred miles, but during it I experienced my only attack of sea-sickness.

After a pleasant stay of five days in Bombay, we re-shipped to the Durban Castle, a motor vessel of the Union Castle line which had been converted temporarily into a troopship. There we met soldiers, sailors, and airmen from all over India, happy at the thought of returning to England at last, and as we lined the rails of the ship to see the last of Bombay, we merrily sang songs such as 'Take me back to Dear Old Blighty,' and "They say there's a troopship just leaving Bombay."

Stopping a day or so at the beautiful island of Ceylon, we were soon crossing the calm blue Indian Ocean in convoy, escorted by a light cruiser and heading for the East African Coast. After passing the Equator, for which my sister, a baby of six months, had a certificate from Father Neptune, we entered the harbour of Mombassa in Kenya through a channel in a coral reef. An excellent view could be had from the sea of the dense jungle stretching far inland, but this part of the coast was known to be very unhealthy for white people.

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Durban was our next "Port of Call" and I spent a very pleasant week there. That beautiful city with its tall, modern buildings, and wonderful display of lights at night is a great contrast to the blacked-out and blitzed towns of Swansea and Liverpool, etc.

Capetown, the capital of the Union, was our next stopping place. Here we received some distinguished passengers in the persons of King George of Greece and Prince Paul of Yugo-Slavia. During our stay at Capetown, I was able to ascend the Table Mountain by the cableway. The South Africans are a very patriotic people, and are very hospitable to men in uniform. Private cars wait at the docks to take the soldiers and sailors for tours around the country, and everything is at a special reduced price for servicemen.

We left Capetown and crossed the S. Atlantic in a N.W. direction, having no idea of our next stopping place. Time hung very heavily on our hands during the long days at sea. Apart from swimming in the pool and reading, there was nothing much else to do. Men stripped to the waist could be seen on deck getting their last dose of tropical sunshine. Boat-drills were held every day in order to keep in practice and such manoeuvres as smoke-screen laying were frequently carried out by the convoy. After we had recrossed the Equator, the island of Trinidad in the West Indies was our last port of call. We then set out on the most dangerous part of our voyage, that of crossing the North Atlantic. About half-way across destroyers replaced the escort of cruisers we had had up to then. The sea was quite rough and it was getting colder as we travelled northwards. When we were about four days from England, we were told not to undress and to sleep in our clothes. The boat-drills increased and a rigorous black-out was kept at night.

As the distance decreased we had the additional protection of a Flying-boat during the day. The weather became colder and one night we encountered a bad storm. But we passed through the danger zone safely, and on the morning of the 22nd September (ten weeks after we had left India), we sighted some of the Islands off the West Coast of Scotland. On that same afternoon we sailed slowly up the River Mersey in the direction of Liverpool, and arrived at Swansea the following morning, thankful that we had at last completed our long voyage of some 20,000 miles in safety.

KENNETH TAYLOR, 3B.

### LIFE ACROSS THE HERRING-POND.

We left a Northern Port to commence our journey and found ourselves in the centre of a large convoy. The voyage was quite uneventful and apart from boat drill, deck games, reading and cards, there was little to do except gaze at the sea—miles of it. It is said that from the bridge of the average vessel one can see for about fifteen miles on a calm day.

When, at last, we reached Canada, the weather was fine, and we straightway entrained for Montreal. American trains are larger and more comfortable than our own, and the sleeping accommodation is much superior. One sleeps on these trains almost as comfortably as in a normal bed, and they have necessary extra conveniences as the mileage covered by them is so much more than that covered by the British trains.

The Canadian scenery is magnificent. We have nothing to compare with its grandeur and majesty; and the views around the St. Lawrence are marvellous. The river sweeps inland backed by rugged peaks towering here, there, and everywhere; it curves around a little island, winds and twists, is surrounded by pines and has its inland waterways dotted with log cabins. It is particularly beautiful at twilight, when the last rays of sunset spread across the skies, and the scenery gets less distinct; the light gradually vanishes into darkness, the waters vanish into the trees at the river edge, and the trees disappear into the blackness of the hills. Everything looks vast and serene. Niagara Falls are magnificent and it is not possible to produce their effect by writings or photographs, for they are quite awe inspiring.

In the districts outside the large towns French influence is most marked. This has its effect upon clothing, upon buildings and upon the language. In one of Montreal's largest hotels I spoke to a porter and he could not speak a word of English!

Of course, what one first appreciated was the quality and quantity of the food, and the lights in the night-time. It was grand to see lights again and to be able to obtain any food required. But it did not take long for these blessings to be regarded as commonplace. The human body is surprisingly adaptable.

Washington is a delightful city: it has been planned most carefully, it is clean, it has large well stocked-stores, it

has wide streets ; the buildings are fine, and the suburbs are glorious. It is boasted as the Capital, and it has been built and maintained in accord with that honour, so that it is probably one of the finest towns in the world. As is usual in any great city there is a high standard of living ; rents are high and clothing and cooked foods are expensive. Most houses are air-conditioned and centrally heated, for the heat of summertime reaches 105 degrees, and the cold of winter drops to 10 degrees. Even motor cars have internal heating and almost everyone owns a car, for cars are fairly cheap to buy and under hire-purchase monthly instalments are low. Petrol is half the price it is in Britain ; there is no road tax ; insurance is optional ; and a driving licence costs the same as in Britain. The cars look superior to ours, for they have a very glossy finish, are more streamlined and 99 per cent. of them are large cars. The few baby cars that are in existence are of a very poor appearance and look quite crude.

As a fairly large proportion of the population use their cars as transport to and from business, all parking places are always packed, but all buses and trams are packed too ; and if these conveyances were to have elastic sides they would just bulge and bulge, for although the capacity is stipulated on each bus and tram, passengers crowd in and very scant attention is paid to quantities. And even when such conveyances are crowded there are always a number of passengers who read their newspapers which are quite huge, with about fifty pages for the daily paper and 140 pages for the Sunday ones, so that a person carrying a Sunday paper looks like a newspaper-boy. The Sunday paper has a special coloured comic supplement of about half a dozen pages, and even grown-ups read these regularly and thoroughly enjoy them. They call them " The Funnies."

They are not the only things here which seem funny to me for I still think it amusing when I hear negroes speak. And there are crowds of them in Washington—about 200,000, representing about a third of the population. Just imagine all the population of Swansea and District being coloured ! There are many kinds of them here, black, ginger, yellow and even albino ; some are smart and clean, but lots are dirty and slovenly.

These people solve the servant problem, do all the menial tasks, and provide most of the heavy manual labouring classes as well as supplying waiters. cooks and shoe-shine



boys, etc. They make very good cooks and as there is a very considerable amount of dining done in drug-stores, restaurants and night-clubs there is much employment for them in this sphere. Many unusual kinds of foods can be obtained at these places including corn-on-the-cob, melons of several varieties, iced tea, iced coffee, etc. Tea is made by putting a small bag of tea in a teapot and letting the tea essence percolate into the water, which, of course, makes the most horridly weak tea. Still, Americans think that we make the most horrid coffee! A popular dish is chicken-in-the-rough and this consists of eating fried chicken and some very long thin chip potatoes (called shoe-string) without any cutlery.

The drug-store is one of the most popular and cheapest places for feeding. Food is usually served at a counter and in an amazingly quick time. These stores cater for a very wide range of wants and one can buy in them all kinds of wares including the usual chemist's stocks and about forty different kinds of ice-cream.

Nearly all towns have a number of night-clubs where one can dine and see a floor show at a reasonable cost. Night-clubs are always crowded for nearly everyone is employed and has money to spare. More night-clubs flourish in New York than anywhere else, and in addition it is full of places of entertainment and interest of all kinds. The light signs of Broadway in the night-time surpass those of Piccadilly in peace-time and the view from the Empire State Building is unique. The elevator in this building soars up sixty floors in 45 seconds—almost as fast as a Spitfire.

Wages are much higher than in Britain and a good girl secretary gets about £8 a week, and even 'bus drivers get about that much. These figures do not present a fair comparison for one has to bear in mind the extra cost of living which I should place at about 70% higher.

But I think that America's most unusual trait is its variety—its people are from all parts of the globe, its vegetation consists of all kinds, and life in one part of America can be as different from another as is life at the equator from life at the Pole. Its vastness makes it a League of Nations.

E. G. DAVIES, Flight-Lieut, R.A.F.

## WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE AN EVACUEE?

Though the title may lead one to think otherwise, this little effort is to be in prose, not verse. I have headed my article with the above question, because after my experience of those unpleasant nocturnal visitors of February, 1941, I was glad to shake off the dust of the old town, of which there was no scarcity at the time, sign on the dotted line, and join the evacuee train that was to take us to an unknown destination. I had never gone on a holiday with such eagerness. I loved old Swansea with a native's love, my School and comrades, too, but with what a sense of relief did I find myself where the wailing sirens were no longer heard, and the wreckage wrought by the bombs was left far behind. For here in the little village of Cefneithen, in the vicinity of Cross Hands, everything was different. I had now to stay in a bungalow instead of a house, to hear Welsh spoken generally instead of English, and to share a home with other children whom I had never known till now.

I had come at the best season when the days were long and the countryside at its best. I have never heard the cuckoo as I heard it then, and indeed, the local lake, the woodlands, farms and hills made me feel quite happy in my new abode. Of course, it was not to be all holiday, for on the first Monday I found myself shepherded off to the village school. Here, however, it was quite pleasant, although the problem presented by hearing the Welsh language spoken so freely around me was one I had never encountered before. In this respect, indeed, I felt I had been transported across the seas instead of being transferred to a village among the friendly Carmarthenshire hills. However, I was given a warm welcome, the teacher was most friendly and interesting, and when I heard that rambles round the countryside was part of the School syllabus, I felt that the move to this School would be for the best.

Life after School hours was usually spent roaming round after new specimens of flowers, chasing dragonflies, and, as the season advanced, picking blackberries, windberries and new nuts. There was more excitement in this than you may think, for our rambles frequently brought us into contact with farmers or their dogs, who seemed to resent our poaching on their domains. The lake, which was not far distant, was another source of enjoyment. Here we paddled, or else watched people dive or swim to reach the beautiful waterlilies which abound there. I must not forget our

visits to the Collieries around. It was great fun being allowed to manipulate the engines which raised or lowered the cage, and you should have seen what we looked like when leaving there—very much like the ten little nigger boys, I imagine.

We missed our English Sunday School of which there was none in the village, but this difficulty was got over when we were able to hold a Sunday afternoon class in our bungalow. We often had an opportunity of exercising our business instincts in our sale and exchange of stamps with the local lads, who could scarcely be described as expert philatelists, and consequently knew little about the values of the goods we offered. It was certainly a temptation which we manfully resisted, to profiteer and add a little extra to our weekly pocket money.

My evacuee life, however, came to an abrupt end, for I had won a scholarship to the Swansea Secondary School, and my parents decided that I was to move homewards. So, though I have little to thank Hitler for, unintentionally he is responsible for having given me a pleasant holiday.

PAUL FIELD, 2C.

### THE BUSY B's.

How do the little busy bees  
Improve the shining hour?  
By flitting idly on the breeze  
Or else from flow'r to flow'r?

Ah, no, my friends, the bees we mean  
Are very different creatures:  
There's two of them, and both, I ween  
Are numbered 'mongst our teachers.

One larns us how to parlez-voo,  
In accents sweet and charming;  
The other speaks, achtung, 'tis true,  
In accents more alarming.

Mon Dieu, and eke Mein Gott, I vow,  
No queen-bees could be neater;  
For since they've buzzed, we all allow  
Our hive has been the sweeter.

### MY NEW SCHOOL.

Sitting the Scholarship is something of an ordeal, and everyone is glad when it is over. At least, I was. During the following weeks one lives in expectation of the result, and for some unknown reason this period of waiting last year was so long drawn-out that we broke up school without knowing our fate. I was holidaying in the country when the result was published, and a telegram arrived to tell me that I was one of the lucky ones who had won a scholarship to the Secondary School. I could scarcely believe it was true, at first ; it was difficult to realize that I had become a secondary schoolboy overnight, for somehow, when the first excitement had died down a bit, I didn't seem to feel much different.

Upon returning home I made my preparations for entering into my new life. A satchel was an easy matter for an Aunt had given me one as a present the previous Christmas, but I was unable to get a school cap, which would be a more visible sign of my new status. I visited all the shops in town, but evidently my new schoolfellows-to-be had scooped the pool, and I was unable to buy one. When I presented myself at the new school wearing the old cap I felt drowned in the sea of red-caps that surged around me.

The first question to be settled was—Welsh, Latin, or German. I decided upon Latin and was put in Form 2c. Up to now I have not regretted my choice, for Latin has proved most interesting. I also took French because that had to be taken no matter what choice you made of the other three. French is supposed to be easier than Latin, but so far I have not found it so. Is it the Phonetics, I wonder ? They didn't seem to be so particular in ancient Rome about their accent !

With most boys Gym and Woodwork are the favourite lessons, perhaps because they take us away from our books for a while. When I had my first Gym lesson, I felt rather scared about stripping to the pants, and it was certainly cold until we got warmed up. Woodwork is fine, too, and one feels most important wearing a long white apron and using tools never used before. Art is also a prime favourite with me, although for some unknown reason my artistic efforts do not always impress others as favourably as they do myself. Physics and Chemistry are also very much enjoyed, and we all regret that we haven't proper labs. to work in. Perhaps it is safer that the master should do the experiments while we look on, but it would be far more exciting to do them

ourselves. Boiling sulphur with the expectation that at any moment it will explode and blow up everything is a most thrilling experience. Chlorine, too, has figured in our experiments, but this is an unpleasant subject to deal with. Games on the school field are much appreciated, but there are not enough of them.

Still, life at the new school is not so bad, but we're all ready for the holidays ; so, here's to a fine Easter.

J. M. C., 2c.

### A TRIP TO THE CONTINENT.

In July, 1938, I visited Belgium and Holland with my parents. We left Victoria Station, London, for Dover, where we embarked upon the "Prince Bedouin" one of the Belgian State Steamers. We passed through the Dover Straits and arrived at Ostend after a very pleasant journey across the North Sea.

On our arrival at Ostend we disembarked, and after passing through the Customs where our cases were examined, we boarded the electric train for Brussels, the Capital. On the way the train passed many farm houses which were all whitewashed, with the windows and doorways picked out in various bright colours. When we arrived we took a taxi to our hotel in the Avenue Louise. While in Brussels we visited the following places of interest : the Chateau de Beersel, where all the duels and executions took place ; L'Hotel de Ville, the Town Hall of Brussels, the spire of which is much higher than the tower of our Civic Centre, and where we saw the famous ballroom adorned with priceless tapestries, and the council chamber containing many oil paintings by famous artists ; the Arcade de Cinquantenaire, which is famous for its two museums ; and the barracks known as the Tir-National where Nurse Edith Cavell was shot during the last war for helping British troops who were wounded to escape.

Whilst out of Brussels we visited in other parts of Belgium the Grottes de Han and Namur where the Germans crossed into Belgium during the last war and this. We also visited Hill 62, the Canadian War Memorial at Zillebeke, and Sanctuary Wood where the British trenches were and still are in an excellent state of preservation. From Belgium we made a trip into Holland where we stayed in Rotterdam. We visited The Hague, and the Hook of Holland. We also made a trip to Waterloo, where the famous battle was fought

that ended Napoleon's career. We went to Blankenbergh, where we stayed for a couple of days visiting the Casino and the Palais de Dance. We then went back to Brussels and took the electric train to Ostend to catch our boat back to Dover, and from there to Victoria Station by train, and so home.

JOHN JONES, 2A.

### GLANMOR.

The loss of the Exeter in the Far East brings a reminder that one of the first Glanmoriens to be a casualty in this war was a wireless operator on the ship. He was Michael Cavanagh, who was at School from 1928-32, and he lost his life in the fight with the Graf Spee. In an engagement off Norway, Donald Cormack, also of the same time as Cavanagh, was killed.

Members of the R.A.F. who have died were (1) Sergeant Douglas Weir, who was at School from 1930-34, and was one of the first bombing flight that bombed Berlin. (2) Sergeant Richard Bennett, 1931-35, killed while on a bombing flight. (3) Lieut. Albert Hopkins, 1932-37, who was—in his last year—School Captain. He lost his life while on patrol with the Fleet Air Arm. (4) Sergeant Fred Phillips is the most recent casualty and he was a member of the School from 1932-36.

A member of the crew of the Repulse was Bryn Balsdon, but it was good to know that he was one of those saved. It is also good to know that Conrad Hopkins, who is a Cadet in the Merchant Service, has returned recently from a long voyage. On the previous one, about a year ago, he had the experience of crossing the South Atlantic in the ship's long boat, after the torpedoing of his ship, and just avoiding putting into Dakar at the time when the the latter place was much in the news.

Among the boys who are prisoners of war is Lieut. Ivor Pike, of the R.A.F., at present a prisoner of war in Italy. He was in School 1925-29. It is believed that Bryn Fox is one also, but confirmation has not been obtained—he was in Crete and previously at Dunkirk. Another old boy known to be a prisoner is Hubert James. Both he and Fox were at School in 1932-37.

Masters serving with the Forces are at the moment well and are: Lieut. S. T. Isaac, who is an officer in the R.A.O.C.; Lieut. Maurice Chapple, who is serving under the Ministry of Supply; Mr. Clifford Evans, who is with the R.A.F. and when last heard of was at a large air station in England.



February Memories, 1941.

## CAMP MEMORIES.

With the approach of summer our thoughts turn once again to camp, and we wonder what arrangements it will be possible to make this year. At the same time we look back upon our experiences of last year, and many memories pass through our minds of our stay at Llanover.

One of our pleasantest memories is that of the location of our camp. It was situated near a small and pretty village called Llanover. One of the unforgettable features was that of the picturesque River Usk which flowed through the village and alongside our camp. Many enjoyable hours were spent in walking along the banks of the river and swimming in its water, which, though they could not always be described as limpid, were always refreshing.

We shall never forget the work on the farms ; it was hard but usually enjoyable, because of the great variety of jobs to be done. The farmers were very good sports and were usually glad to have us, and we, too, were glad to go to them all, with perhaps one exception. Apples were not too plentiful, but of what there were a good many seemed to find their way into camp. One orderly had the experience of being chased by a bull, and we are still wondering why the bull let him escape.

Camp, however, was not all work, and there were many sports and diversions to fill in our leisure hours. When the weather was fine, swimming and cricket were eagerly indulged in. We were able to play a match with our rivals, Glanmor, on the Monmouth Grammar School Ground, and after an enjoyable game we were easily victorious. When the weather was less favourable or we were disposed to stay indoors, there were darts, billiards and snooker to keep us entertained. Tournaments were arranged in all these games, and were carried out with much enthusiasm.

Some of the unsolved mysteries of camp are : what was in the soup that laid us all low ? Why was a bread-knife found in one of the tents ? Why was there always a dispute among the orderlies as to who should fetch the milk ? Why did a certain orderly always have a dirty face, and that in the days before soap rationing ? Why also did he enjoy cleaning dixies ? Why was the Hall barricaded one memorable night ? and why did a certain orderly enjoy drinking sour milk ?

We all had a happy time at camp despite the frequent bad weather, and with these memories fresh in our minds, we look forward to another camp this year.

W. G. MARTIN, VB.



### GWENDRAETH LETTER.

To have a real live cow careering down the 120 yard-long corridor is an episode that few, if any, schools in the world can boast of. Mice, dogs, cats, and an occasional bird, why yes, but what other educational establishment has experienced the pit-pat of the cloven hoof on the corridor-floor, or the swishing of "ox-tail" against the class-room door? Much more could be made of this incident, but in the interests of economy, and modesty, we will not pursue the matter any further. Suffice it to say that a small invasion would not have created a greater stir in "our" mixed school, and by this time, it is "our" school, for we have become an entity and our first birthday is not many weeks distant!

You will perhaps remember, dear reader, that dismal Thursday in May of last year, when, with very mixed feelings, about 50 of us bade you "au-revoir" wondering, like the Pilgrim Fathers of old, what fate had in store for us. By to-day, those of us who have remained are convinced that the policy adopted was right. We are all physically better for the change, and we can certainly settle down to work and prepare for our exams. with a greater sense of security. As you probably know we are sharing premises with another school, and we must say that we have always found the Head Master, Staff, and Pupils of this school most considerate towards us.

The school is situated on the main road and runs along an avenue of trees with playing fields on either side. During the summer months we availed ourselves of these facilities for occasional lessons and inter-school and class games. School hours are from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. with a break of 40 minutes for lunch, and time tables and subjects are just what we were accustomed to in the old school.

During the holidays rambles and games were organised, and at Christmastime we received two excellent presents each from America, one was a  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. box of delicious sweets, daintily packed, and the other was a case containing a fountain pen and pencil. On this occasion we had three parties. We also gave a variety concert in a local hall and realized nearly £50 for charity. We are at the moment busily preparing Barrie's "Quality Street" which we hope to present on three nights at the beginning of next Term.

Our Head Master, Mr. W. B. Thomas, himself an old Dy'vorian, and Messrs. C. C. Davies, T. Jones and G. Powell, wish to join us in sending greetings and best wishes to

Mr. John, to the members of the Staff, and to pupils of the old School.

JOHN HOBBS, Ex 4b Dynevor.

### SINGLETON LETTER.

It was with great pleasure that I learnt last October that I would be returning to my old School, Dynevor, as a student teacher, and it seems to me singularly appropriate that I should write an article for the School Magazine reflecting the activities of old Dyvorians at the Swansea University.

Only when one leaves school, and begins life in real earnest, does one fully realise how much the 'old School,' to use a popular term, means to him. For my part, having spent six years at Dynevor, I was glad to begin College life, though leaving school did bring with it a certain amount of regret.

The change from School to University life is tremendous. At school, we are rather apt to chafe against the rules and regulations, which to most boys seem so tedious, but which in later life prove so valuable. The discipline so necessary in school life, is lacking in the University, and this is where the great difference lies. At the University the student is to a great extent his own master, being required to attend on an average only three one-hour lectures a day. The rest of the day is free, and here lies the extreme flexibility of student life. The student has to work alone in his spare time, and the amount of work done depends on him and him alone. How great is the temptation to waste time! The student is not so fortunate as the schoolboy in having someone to encourage him continually to work, for he should be capable of ordering his own time-table as it were.

So much for the Academic side of University life which is, of course, the most essential but not the most exciting aspect, for to students everywhere College activities are the main sources of pleasure. Much attention is paid to sport at the University, and many students find at least one sport which they can enjoy. As a member of the University Soccer Team, I have made numerous excursions to Cardiff, Bangor, Lampeter, Carmarthen, and other College Centres. This does much to broaden your outlook in every way; bringing one into touch with people from all parts of the country, and from all stations of life.

Sam Griffiths, who left Dynevor last year, is a prominent member of the College Boxing Team and fought for Swansea

University against Cardiff University last February. He also runs for the Harriers, and Geoffrey Pitchford, an old Dyvorian and contemporary of mine, captained the club during the 1940-1 season. He is now serving in the South Wales Borderers.

Owing to the war, all College Students have to do some form of National Service while they are in residence, and most of us are serving either in the University Air Squadron or the Home Guard. Kenneth Jones, head prefect for the year 1938-39, is a member of the air squadron and is training for a pilot, as is also John Leyshon Hopkins, another prominent old Dyvorian of the same year. Most students, however, are in the Home Guard and here Dynevor is well represented, with George Evans and myself (prefects 1938-9) Kenneth Williams, Roy Hullen and Graham Allen, all prefects during the year 1939-40. Several old Dyvorians have left College for the Forces, among the most recent being Ellis Goldstone, Ronald Matthews, and Anthony Rees, all of the 1937-8 year.

Although we in the University are now so removed from school, it is remarkable how, perhaps over a cup of coffee in the refectory, or a talk in the common room, the conversation will turn to the 'old school.' How proud we are as old boys to speak of Dynevor and the enjoyable times we spent there. It seems to me as if in all their words and activities at the University, old Dyvorians do try, perhaps unconsciously, to maintain the honour and traditions of the 'old school.' Little more remains to be said, except for me to express on behalf of the old boys at the University, our sincere wishes for the future success of the school, and the hope that after hostilities have ceased, a new and better situated school will be built which will preserve and further the proud name of Dynevor.

Good luck therefore for the future, and may we see an ever increasing number of old Dyvorians joining our noble ranks at the University.

J. OWEN DAVIES.

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### EIN HEN HEN HANES.

Flynnyddoedd yn ôl yn 5C  
 Fe fu crwt am gael C.W.B.  
 Bu wrthi flynydde  
 Yn trin rhyfedd bethe,  
 Ond yn awr mae e'n briod â thy.

CLWB Y RHIGYMWYR.

**SENIOR RUGBY XV.**

President—Mr. Llewelyn John.

Captain—G. Craven, VB.

Vice-Capt.—F. Hughes, VB.

Secretary—H. Richards, VA.



Record—P	W	L	PTS FOR.	PTS AG.
3	2	1	20	28

The Rugby Team commenced the season under great disadvantages, in that the team consisted only of fifth formers, and that no satisfactory fixture list had been arranged. However, these difficulties were overcome, and the whole "pack" went about their tasks in an efficient way.

In the first term both matches were played against Dumbarton. In the first match, the team as a whole had never played together, with the result that play was a little confused. However, depending upon a few individuals, we won the game.

In the second game, the side had had sufficient practice and were more confident. This game was more open than the first one, and special mention must be made of the forwards, who excelled themselves by "bottling up" the 'Barton forwards. The game resulted in a decisive win for the School.

So far this term only one match has been played, despite the unceasing efforts of our secretary, but there are more hopes of a few games before the end of the term. The third game was played against the Grammar School. In this game the School were well beaten, owing probably to the thought of exams. However, the team is not disheartened and may be able to get its revenge in the near future. Finally we would like to record our appreciation to Mr. Bowen for the interest he has shown, and to Mr. Davies for the helpful advice he has given. The team does not wish its motto to be known to the public.

**Y CANTIN.**

O'r diwedd cawn fwyd mewn Cantin

Am swllt ac wyth geiniog yr un.

Mac'r pryd yn un rhad ;

'Does mo'i well yn y wlad—

Am fod ynddo y chwe fitamin.

CLWB Y  
RHIGYMWYR.

## FORM NOTES.

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### FORM 2A.

We are a very carefree company in 2A, perhaps because we are furthest away from the Head's room. We have not excelled in sport ; in fact, we have not won a single match in rugby. But then, you can't have brains and brawn.

Among the leading personalities of our Form are : John Jeremiah, our illustrious Form Captain, who in no way resembles his namesake, the dismal prophet ; Terry B....., who seems to show much interest in the opposite sex ; John S....., who specialises in catching a late 'bus from Sketty ; and Vivian T....., who specialises in losing his personal possessions. The musicians of the Form are Clive Jones and Alistair Taig, both of whom strum the banjo, and John C....., our poet comedian.

C.J.

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### FORM 2B.

Last Term we decided to make a change in the High Command, and Ivor James assumed the responsibilities of Form Captain. Several new boys have entered our ranks lately, and by joining so late in the Term, they missed the ragging of the first day. We have not distinguished ourselves unduly on the sports field, for on two occasions our opponents in rugby have run up a cricket score against us. The leading House at the time of writing is Grove, with 17 points, the runner-up having  $7\frac{1}{2}$  points. The many dinner-boys in our Form would very much like to sample the wares in the long-promised canteen.

J.C. & N.B.

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### FORM 2C.

We have had a successful Term in the sports-field, except for a trouncing by those world-beaters, 2E, a beating which we took in good spirit. We are glad to learn that Gordon Jones is making good progress after the unfortunate accident he had when playing against us.

We congratulate Alan Latham, our former Captain, upon winning a prize in the St. David's Day essay competition. Paul L..... continues to sweeten the atmosphere of our Form room, thus providing a welcome relief after the stranger 'air' of the Chem. Lab.

G.J. & T.M.

## FORM 2D.

Our most popular and successful subject appears to be games. Our rugby team, captained by M. Seacombe, has lost only one match since we came to the School. In soccer, too, we have done fairly well under the captaincy of Derek Wheatley. The Form Committee presided over by G. Moyse, has kept us all in order and there are no serious complaints.

T.W.

## FORM 2E.

We are very fortunate in having in our Form a boy who has visited many foreign countries including France and Italy. David Horn, the Form Pianist, has succeeded in passing a music examination. The Form did exceptionally well in the Warship Week, raising £57/17/0. Our Form is represented by five boys in the Junior School Orchestra. "What about a rugby team?" We all wish that there was a Junior School Rugby Team and we hope that the Masters will consider the matter. Paul Le Bars, the "Wild Man" from France, has, at last, succeeded in gaining the confidence of the Masters. A Form Committee has been formed under the supervision of our Form Master, Mr. Morgan. Its duties are to settle disputes between boys and to interview boys who have been reported to the Committee by Masters or by members of the Committee.

D.J. & H.S.

## FORM 2F.

Our Form, we think, is a very good one, and all the boys are keen to play the game. We have had much fun this Term, sometimes at the expense of the Masters. The language we take is Welsh, and a very good language it is, too. Our Music Master says that the old Welsh Forms produced the best singers in the School. We are also very keen on physical training and games, and very much regret the unfortunate accident to Gordon Jones, who we are glad to know, is making good progress. We have not lost a match in soccer, so far, and our rugby team is improving speedily. We are all determined to make our Form amongst the best in the School.

C.B.

## FORM 3A.

Form 3A enters into School activities with a will and had the distinction of being the leading Form of the School in the amount collected during Warship Week. We have been most successful in games, having won all our matches this season with the exception of the game against 3B who just

managed to beat us (in rugby) by 33—9. In Donald Mamont, Sports Captain, and Douglas Harwood, Vice, we have two of the leading soccer players in the School. Form Captain D. G. Williams is a good and amiable leader, and with the assistance of Vice-Captain Albinus, rules us with a rod of something less hard than iron. I.W. & D.T.

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#### FORM 3B.

Form 3B like the other Second-Year Forms, is a mixture of Dynevor and Glanmor boys. It was rather strange at first to see boys from two different Schools sitting and playing together during School hours but we have got used to it now and many new friendships have been formed. No notice is taken of the cap a boy wears. It is pleasing to note there is no feeling of reluctance among the Dynevor boys to share their School with Glanmor. The Dynevor boys had already commenced learning Latin but had to start again because the Glanmor boys had not begun that subject. The Form is rather overcrowded. There are 43 of us. Normally 30 is the maximum. This is due to evacuees returning to School. Our Form Mistress, Miss Behenna, is finding it difficult to get all the names on the register.

Notable members of our Form are the Form Captain, Charlie Price ; Vice Form Captain, Vernon Griffiths ; the Soccer Captain, Alan Loosemore ; and the Rugby Captain, Teddy James. G.P.

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#### FORM 3C.

3C is the largest Form in the School. Lately the class has been increased to forty-three boys. Many of the boys who were evacuated to the Gwendraeth County School, have returned. As a Form we are interested in soccer. We have lost only one match this season, the winner of that match being Form 3B. The Captain of the soccer team is Donald Hillman. The rugby team under John Evans has won every match. Lately, a Sea-scout from our Form has provided much fun. One Saturday, while training, he played about with one of the boats, in the South Dock. He was not satisfied until he took a dive into the water. Had it not been for the prompt action of a sailor, he would undoubtedly have "stayed put." A number of our boys have started earning their own living by swinging Mr. Roberts' car. So you can see we will very soon have a few mechanics. We, as a Form, welcome back T. M. Morgan, who has been away for three months, owing to diphtheria. E.T.

## FORM 5A.

Because of the severe curtailment of School activities the Form has not distinguished itself in any way; quite the opposite to previous years. We have supplied the School with its Head Prefect, E. Andrewartha, and with the backbone of the rugby team, namely: A Tobin, D. Poole, G. Kiley, I. Lewis and H. Richards. That ex-soccer fan, Gerard, has some sense after all. Their Form mates think there should be a partition between those two little boys in the front of the Form. Perhaps they would not grin at each other as if in their natural state then. One of them being good at maths., the other at prompting, they get on well together, to the "disgust" of the Masters in question.

Albert still shouts out an answer to every question despite the dire punishment threatened by the Masters. When he speaks it is the signal for the whole Form to start "bandying words." The Physics Master would still like to know where his chalk wanders to every Wednesday afternoon.

Grandpa, the eccentric boy of the Form, still sleeps every day, and only wakes at the words "Go now boys." We are glad to welcome G. Maggs, who seems to be making an attempt on the altitude record. He fills in a gap in our sadly depleted numbers.

R. Milnes, who has been away ill for a year, was also given a warm welcome on his return at the beginning of the Term.

It seems as if the Form Captain holds the record for losing his way each morning. We will have a half-holiday when he comes early.

Two questions are worrying the Form. Why are there so many boys in the French Class? Why doesn't the Chemistry Master let us use his best crockery?

We are still hoping for games. What a hope! Meanwhile the war-cry is "That shook you!" H.R.

## FORM 5B.

We welcome to our Form this Term Tom Jones from Ystalyfera, and despite his craze for Virgil, we hope he enjoys his stay with us. Everyone seems to have settled down in our new Form-room, and we are getting used to the new Masters and Mistresses, especially the latter. But it is a harder job to get used to the new Prefects who are trying their best to keep up the dignity and reputation of the VIth.



5B is well represented on the sports field, especially in rugby, both the Captain (G. Craven) and the Vice (F. Hughes) being from our ranks. Our Form musicians are also doing well and Prof. K. Jones's hair is getting longer every day. Badminton is also a favourite sport with some members of the Form, but when our turn comes round, the shuttlecocks always look as if they have developed a bad moult. Nevertheless, we have done well against other Forms. Apart from the "air" in the Chem. Lab., everything has gone smoothly in our new lodgings. D.E.T.

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### FORM 5C.

Returning to School once more after the Christmas holidays, we soon re-accustomed ourselves to the familiar cries of "Stop-all!" and "Come on W.R.!"

Congratulations to Clifford Leyshon, who passed the Naval Artificers Examination. He left us about a month ago to take up his new trade.

We are represented in the School rugby team by three members of the Form, all in the scrum (A. Williams, I. Mort, E. G. Bennett). Incidentally, we are proud to hear that Driver T. Sullivan, who played for Wales in the Services International, is an old 5C boy.

A book which has attracted much interest in the Form is "The Adventures of Dobbin Hood," price three and thair pence.

The Form motto is "Beth sydd ar y dyn," pronounced colloquially as "basyarderdeen." To the uninitiated this may be all jargon, but to 5C it is the very crux of its existence. A.W.

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### Y GWANWYN.

Fe wisg y coedydd moel  
Eu gwisgoedd newydd sbon,  
A'r adar bach ar frigau'r rhain  
Rhydd iddo'u clod yn llon.  
Mae natur drwyddi'i gyd  
Yn llawn o dlysni byw  
Ceir blodau pert ar feysydd gwyrdd  
Y tymor gorau yw.

ALAN HICKMAN, 2D.

24

**THE FEVERISH FRESHER TO HIS MA.**

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
For I have many things to do before the dawn appear ;  
I have not done by prep., Ma, for many a blissful night,  
And Termies start tomorrow, I'm in a dreadful plight.

You were so proud of me, Ma, that glad September morn,  
In scarlet cap and blazer, like a poppy midst the corn ;  
They crowned me, as you knew they would, the captain of  
the form,  
But I meet my doom tomorrow, woe the day that I was born.

They've been so kind to me, Ma, in the school adown the  
town,  
They've patted me, and smiled at me, I've never known them  
frown ;  
They've given me most everything, of milk there's been no  
lack,  
And when my bottle has been "swiped," I've had my ha'p'ny  
back.

And now they've made a swell canteen, with meals that once  
were hot,  
With oilcloth on the tables, Ma, that must have cost a lot ;  
There's been rice and tapioca and lots of Spotted Dick,  
And—wait a moment, mop by brow, I think I'm feeling sick.

I feel I can't go on, Ma, my mind is giving way,  
You'll find me in the morning a body cold and gray ;  
Of all the things they've taught me, Ma, I don't remember  
one !

But stop ! I think I know a way by which things can be done,  
I'll trust my "Intuition," and get the answers all correct,  
So if by chance you oversleep, dear mother, do not fret.

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**C.W.B. EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1941.**

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**HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.**

G. G. Allen (State Scholarship), Wm. Hocknell (State  
Scholarship), R. P. Hullin (L.E.A. Scholarship), J. Walters,  
(L.E.A. Scholarship), D. Abraham, D. L. Evans, W. A. Jenkins,  
D. C. Ponsford, H. J. Williams.

## SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

E. R. Andrewartha, K. J. Bevan, G. I. Bidder, W. C. Bishop, R. V. Burgess, G. Couch, H. Cunningham, D. E. Davies, D. S. Davies, J. C. Davies, K. W. A. Davies, R. D. Davies, A. Dixon, E. W. Fisher, G. M. Forman, J. G. Harries, F. R. Hook, W. B. Hullin, S. D. Huxtable, D. G. John, G. D. John, J. B. Johns, B. J. Jones, F. J. Jones, L. A. Jones, W. L. Jones, F. P. Klee, E. Lloyd, C. Ll. Lockett, G. Maggs, W. G. Munday, D. W. Rees, C. G. Roberts, L. T. Robinson, R. J. Ryman, D. E. Scott, R. J. Smitham, T. W. G. Spinks, K. N. Strange, R. T. Summerfield, C. Thomas, G. M. Thomas. J. Thomas, R. H. Thomas, C. R. Williams, H. Williams, A. Woolf, C. P. Zagerman.

## SUPPLEMENTARY CERTIFICATE.

P. D. Bowring, R. H. Dahlgren, B. H. Flowers, W. G. Hodges, K. Morgan, J. M. Owen, A. R. Thomas, K. H. Thompson, S. B. West, J. D. K. Palmer (ex-pupil).

"RATIONS."

Mae "rations" bron ar bopeth,  
'Chi'n gwybod beth sy'n bod.

Ond peidiwch â gofidio,  
Mae dyddian gwell i ddod.

Mae llyfrau gwyn a melyn  
A phinc a bron bob lliw.

Pa un sy'n prynu menyn,  
Nis gwn i yn fy myw.

'Cheir cig na chaws na siwgr  
Heb "goupons" o ryw fath.

Ni ellir prynu sgidiau  
Na llawer iawn o lath.

Rhoir "point" am far o sebon  
A "choupon" am gael wy.

Os am gael pâr o ddillad  
Rhaid rhoddi llawer mwy.

Os am gig moch neu "sausage"  
Rhowch "goupon" gwyn ei liw,  
Ond os am brynu bag o "sweets"  
Rhaid aros yn y "queue."

Diolchwn am y "rations"  
A phob trefn arall sydd.

Bodloni ydym ar hyn oll

Er cadw'n gwlad yn rhydd. J. DAVIES, SE.

# **List of Boys admitted Christmas Term, 1941.**

3488	Honeyman, D. M.	3546	Fursland, R. A.
3490	Thomas, W. F.	7	Gambold, T. G.
1	Andrew, G.	8	Geoghegan, J. T.
2	Atkins, P.	9	Gibbs, E. W.
3	Bainbridge, N. W.	3550	Gibson, A. D.
4	Balch, A.	1	Gibson, H. G.
5	Bennett, C. G.	2	Gilchrist, H.
6	Betteley, J. D.	3	Gowman, H. D.
7	Bevan, D.	4	Griffiths, J. L.
8	Bevan, J. B.	5	Griffiths, R. A.
9	Bevan, T.	6	Haddock, M. G.
3500	Beynon, D. G.	7	Harries, A. D.
1	Bowen, J. D.	8	Harris, R. G.
2	Brooke, R. D.	9	Hassett, R.
3	Brown, A. B.	3560	Hatton, F. J.
4	Browning, M. N.	1	Haynes, J. D.
5	Burns, A. G.	2	Haynes, L. R.
6	Cadogan, J. I.	3	Hickman, A. E.
7	Castney, P. A.	4	Hiscocks, J. B.
8	Cater, J. G.	5	Holmes, D. C.
9	Chapman, T. C.	6	Hopkins, J. H.
3510	Chappell, J. B.	7	Horn, D. T.
1	Clare, S. G.	8	Howard, F. W. R.
2	Clarke, A. M.	9	Howard, J. N.
3	Clement, A. T.	3570	Humphreys, W. G.
4	Clout, J. D.	1	Hutchinson, R.
5	Cox, J. M.	2	James, A. T.
6	Creber, B.	3	James, G.
7	Davies, A. H.	4	James, I. E.
8	Davies, D. C.	5	Jenkins, R. V.
9	Davies, D. M.	6	Jennings, A. H. W.
3520	Davies, D.	7	Jeremiah, J. S.
1	Davies, G. T.	8	John, D.
2	Davies, I. J.	9	Jones, B. S.
3	Davies, J. D.	3580	Jones, C. R.
4	Davies, J. K.	1	Jones, D. G.
5	Davies, V. G.	2	Jones, D. S. P.
6	Davies, W. F. H.	3	Jones, D.
7	Devies, W.	4	Jones, D. S.
8	Demery, W. J.	5	Jones, H. J.
9	Dunn, F.	6	Jones, I. D.
3530	Edmonston, J. S.	7	Jones, R. J.
1	Ellacott, N. R.	8	Jones, W. G.
2	Ellery, P. S. C.	9	Kirkhouse, H. J.
3	England, K. A. D.	3590	Lane, D. R.
4	Essenhigh, F. W.	1	Langley, P. E.
5	Eunson, R. F.	2	Latham, A.
6	Evans, A. D.	3	Le Bars, P. H.
7	Evans, D. C.	4	Lewis, C. W.
8	Evans, J. D.	5	Lewis, H. J.
9	Evans, J. M.	6	Lewis, H. S.
3540	Eynon, J. P.	7	Lewis, K. C.
1	Field, P.	8	Lewis, R. H.
2	Fisher, G. F.	9	Llewelyn, T. J.
3	Fordham, F. M.	3600	Lloyd, A. R.
4	Frame, T. J.	1	Lloyd, J. D. G.
5	Fry, G. B.	2	MacNair, P. S.

- 3 Martin, W. J.
- 4 Matthews, J. H.
- 5 Matthews, T. K.
- 6 McIndeor, A. C.
- 7 Mill, W. D.
- 8 Moore, J. V.
- 9 Morgan, D.
- 3610 Morgan, D. H.
- 1 Morgan, J. R.
- 2 Morgan, K. S.
- 3 Morgan, R. K.
- 4 Morgan, R. M. C.
- 5 Morgan, R. P.
- 6 Morgan, T.
- 7 Morgan, W. J.
- 8 Morris, D. G.
- 9 Mort, M. P.
- 3620 Moyse, G. E.
- 1 Nash, B.
- 2 Nieman, R. A.
- 3 Overd, W. D.
- 4 Owen, G. M.
- 5 Perkins, J. M.
- 6 Phillips, D. H.
- 7 Phillips, J. D.
- 8 Pickering, J. N.
- 9 Pooley, J. F. G.
- 3630 Powell, H. N. C.
- 1 Pragnell, J. H.
- 2 Price, R. M.
- 3 Pye, F. J.
- 4 Rees, K. H.
- 5 Rees, N.
- 6 Rees, W. T.
- 7 Richards, J. D.
- 8 Ridgeway, D. W.
- 9 Roberts, B.
- 3640 Roberts, E. G.
- 1 Roche, A.
- 2 Roche, J. P.
- 3 Rogers, P. E.
- 4 Salkield, J. A.
- 5 Salter, A. J.
- 6 Seacombe, G. M.
- 7 Shorrocks, T. M.
- 8 Skipp, H. M.
- 9 Sladden, K. A.
- 3650 Smith, P. J.
- 1 Smith, R. H.
- 2 Spiller, H.
- 3 Squire, C. C.
- 4 Stanley, K. R.
- 5 Stares, D. C.
- 6 Stevens, J.
- 7 Strawbridge, R. D.
- 8 Summers, L. I.
- 9 Taig, A. G.
- 3660 Tighe, J. R.
- 1 Thomas, C.
- 2 Thomas, D. C. H.
- 3 Thomas, D. V.
- 4 Thomas, G. H.
- 5 Thomas, G. P.
- 6 Thomas, I. R. L.
- 7 Thomas, J. G.
- 8 Thomas, J. H. L.
- 9 Thomas, J. W.
- 3670 Thomas, K. H.
- 1 Thomas, M. J.
- 2 Thomas, O. G.
- 3 Thomas, T. G.
- 4 Thomas, V. W.
- 5 Trew, D. H.
- 6 Tucker, B. H.
- 7 Usher, G.
- 8 Vaughan, G. H. E.
- 9 Venables, G. B.
- 3680 Waghorn, C. C.
- 1 Wallace, D.
- 2 Waller, J. C.
- 3 Walsh, T. D.
- 4 Walters, L. C.
- 5 Watson, N.
- 6 Watts, D. F.
- 7 Webber, R. D.
- 8 Weeks, J. R.
- 9 Wedlake, A. A.
- 3690 Whapham, W. A.
- 1 Wheatley, D. T.
- 2 Whitehouse, J. F.
- 3 Whitford, V.
- 4 Williams, D. T.
- 5 Williams, David
- 6 Williams, F. H.
- 7 Williams, J. A.
- 8 Williams, J. B.
- 9 Williams, N. A.
- 3700 Williams, R. G.
- 1 Williams, T.
- 2 Williams, T. P.
- 3 Williams, T. A.
- 4 Wright, T. J.
- 5 Yeldham, A. H.
- 6 Yerbury, D.

# Ex GLANMOR AND GWENDRAETH.

3707 Akhurst, W. J.	7 Cox, J. A.
8 Chugg, G. V.	8 Evans, R. W. B.
9 Davies, D. A.	9 Furlong, T. A.
3710 Davies, W. D.	3740 Harris, J.
1 Feldman, J. C.	1 Howard, P. K.
2 Hunter, J. W.	2 James, E. L.
3 Huntley, T. C.	3 Loosemore A. G.
4 James, J. A.	4 Morgan, G.
5 James, P. H.	5 Phillips, G. G.
6 Jenkins, Glyn	6 Price, C. C.
7 Jones, D. R.	7 Davies, L. H.
8 Lake, E. A.	8 Evans, G.
9 Parrott, J. R.	9 Heatley, J. A.
3720 Rees, A.	3750 Holder, R. A.
1 Steele, G.	1 James, J. B. M.
2 Thomas, D.	2 Jenkins, C. M.
3 Thomas, E. M.	3 Jones, D.
4 Bowen, W. K.	4 Thomas, E. L.
5 Turnbull, W. H.	5 Thomas, H. T.
6 Taylor, K.	6 Williams, G.
7 Rees, D. D.	7 Williams, T. C. P.
8 Jones, T.	8 Rees, B.
9 Crabbe, H.	9 Sparkes, D. C.
3730 Pope, I. J.	3760 Griffiths, J. A.
1 Cain, J. G.	1 Smith, L. R.
2 Anderson, E. H.	2 Jones, W. H.
3 Williams, P. L.	3 Treloar, D. H.
4 Humphreys, P. M.	4 Walters, G. R.
5 Edney, I. J.	5 Francis, A.
6 Charles, T. B.	

## "Ond wynebau newydd sydd

## Yn yr hen gynteddau hyn."

Y mae llawer o ddieithriaid yn ein plith yn fechgyn ac yn athrawon. Anfonwn ein dymuniadau da i'r rhai a gefnodd arnom a chroesawn yn gynnes y rhai newydd i'n mysg. Gair bach i chwi na wyr am bethau hyfryd y gorffennol cyn "torri'r ty" yw hwn. 'Roedd gennym Gymdeithas Gymraeg a bu'r Eisteddfod flynyddol ar ddydd ein nawdd Sant yn sefydliad pwysig yn hanes yr ysgol am flynyddoedd lawer.

Eleni, yn anffodus, oherwydd diffyg lle, ni chynhaliwyd yr Eisteddfod. Dyna ddau, ymysg llawer o bethau gwerthfawr a gollwyd o ganlyniad y rhyfel.

Serch hynny mae gennym ni Gymry ddigon i'w wneud rhag colli ohonom y pethau sy'n annwyl gennym fel cenedl.

D. I. MORT, VC.

