

MAGAZINE

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GORAU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

Dynevor Secondary School Magazine.

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December 1947.

Editor	...	C. RICHARDS.
Sub-Editors	...	G. DAVIES, B. KEANE.

EDITORIAL

WELL, here we are again presenting this term's edition of the school magazine to you. As usual we are endeavouring to please all tastes, but if you are displeased, say so and next time contribute to the magazine yourself, for the lack of contributions has proved an obstacle to its compilation. Senior boys are willing enough to write articles, but among the junior part of the school there is a general reluctance to write anything for their own magazine. However, to those who have given their spare time to the cause, we offer our most sincere thanks; and here then is your school magazine containing, we hope, something for all tastes from sixth formers to first years.



SCHOOL NOTES

This year, unlike the past three or four, we are able to say that the school is more or less back to normal (except of course for the lack of accommodation). Several school societies are functioning, and the number of explosions heard about the school during this term prompts us to ask if a pyrotechnical society has been formed among the members of the Upper Sixth Science.

The Literary and Debating Society is thriving and several successful debates have been held, including one with the Grammar School.

This year the Prefects are: J. N. Howard (School Captain), C. W. Lewis (Vice-Captain), M. Seacombe (Deputy Vice-Captain), T. Shorrocks, D. C. Davies, J. D. Evans, J. R. Morgan, B. Hiscocks, R. Hopkins, H. Williams, K. C. Lewis, J. Beale, M. Erikson, S. G. Richards and C. Richards.

Congratulations to members of last year's Upper Sixth who succeeded in gaining entry to various Universities. We extend our best wishes also to all who have gone or are going in the near future to His Majesty's Forces.

School Sports were held on the School Field on May 30th last, in unfavourable weather. Competition throughout was keen and the House Championship fell again to Llewellyn who beat Roberts by a narrow margin of points. In the individual events the Long Jump (Middle) of Morris (16ft. 8½ins.) was a very fine effort, as was that of Hickman in the Senior Hop, Step and Jump (38ft. 6ins.). Yerbury won the Senior Hundred Yards after a very fine effort, being closely followed by Coffey. The mile was won comfortably by Le Bars, and Preedy and Phillips made good second and third. In the "Middle" events Dixon gained some outstanding successes in the 220yds., 100yds. and Hop, step and jump. Junior events also produced keen competition with Macdonald, Rosser and Williams showing promise.

Two of our Seniors have given outstanding performances in athletics during the past season. In the Glamorgan Secondary Schools A.A.A. Meeting at Neath, A. E. Hickman cleared 5ft. 3ins. in the Senior High Jump. Although beating the previous county record, he had to accept a very close second place, after an exciting contest. B. D. Coffey also came a very good second in throwing the cricket ball 274ft. 5ins. against the winning throw of 275ft. 6ins. Good show! Congratulations to both on a very good performance, and in having the honour of being included in the Glamorgan team who "swept the field" in the Welsh National Championship Meeting at Pontypridd.

Sport, it seems, is in its "heyday" in Dynevor. Half a dozen Rugby and several Soccer teams are being run and all are having comparative success. Indeed some of them have yet to be beaten. Some seniors even played a girls' school at Hockey during the term!

In the past the school has produced some fine sportsmen and two boys who learned their Rugger here are playing well for first class clubs. These are Norman Sparrow (Swansea) and Trevor Lewis (Aberavon).

2

Such is the attraction of ice cream that every Wednesday crowds of juniors flock to the Albert Hall to purchase some even in the coldest weather. Some seniors have also been seen flitting furtively through the Albert Hall doors.

The three meetings of the Students' Christian Movement held at the Swansea High School for Girls this term were attended by many members of the upper forms. Several seniors also paid visits to local works which are of interest to them in their Higher course.

Why do so many juniors regard the Prefects as the unemployed of the school? They seem to think that Prefects do no work whatsoever and have given them the nickname of "Spivs."

We have been asked to publish contradictions to rumours regarding certain members of the sixth forms. These are: Reg Hopkins does possess a neck-tie. Paul Le Bars (Polly) has been known to shave. Joe Keane has several hair-cuts during his school-life. The broken windows in the L.VI Arts' room really did fall open and break themselves. The U.VI Science does not play poker, and B. G. Dowley really is in U.VI Arts and not 2A.

A rebellion nearly took place several weeks ago when a master dared to ask members of the Upper Sixth to leave the building. Fortunately these gentlemen took it in good part and explained hastily that "being members of the Sixth Form . . ."

Both the school camps last summer were honoured by a visit from Reg. Hopkins and Brian Dowley of the U.VI Arts, who had nothing better to do than go cycling all over England. "Endless hours of enjoyment," says Reg wistfully.

Keane of the U.VI Science now speaks English once more. After spending the summer vacation in Paris, he had to be spoken to in French until recently; however, he still insists on singing all the modern French dance tunes.

Is it merely a natural phenomenon that a certain master's moustache is a different colour from his hair? ('I say, I rawther care for that!).

We would like to congratulate Mr. S. T. Isaac on his appointment as headmaster of the Junior Technical College, and to wish him every success in his new sphere.

We are pleased to include in this issue an article from Stan Griffiths, school-captain two year ago, and now doing service with the Welsh Guards in Palestine. His views of the situation there, based upon his contacts with the natives, make interesting reading.

We extend a cordial welcome to Mr. Tom James who has been appointed to fill the vacancy on the Chemistry Staff.

We have also heard from Roger Jones, who, after a period in Palestine and Transjordan, is now stationed in the Canal Zone in Egypt.

We have news, too, of another former pupil, Mr. T. J. Wells, B.Sc., and congratulate him on his appointment as the first full-time secretary of the Works Management Association.

We received a visit this term from Mr. D. L. Mort, M.P. for Swansea East, who addressed members of the Sixth Forms on the House of Commons.

We end these notes by wishing the staff (teaching and non-teaching) and all the boys a very Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

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SINGLETON LETTER

University College of Swansea,
Singleton Park, Swansea.
20/11/47.

To the Editor of the Dynevor School Magazine.

Sir,

In writing this letter I am following in the footsteps of many previous — and more distinguished — old Dyvorians, who have contributed "Singleton Letters," and I hope it is a custom which will be continued in the years to come. Usually these letters seem to have set out to do two things: first, to mention the activities and achievements of old Dyvorians at the College, and secondly, while dealing at some length with life in general, and school and college life in particular, to moralise a great deal. To write only of the first would be perhaps too factual; only of the second, too impertinent and perhaps too boring. Therefore I hope you will excuse me, Mr. Editor, if, while dealing primarily with the first — the activities of old Dyvorians at the College — I occasionally digress a little.

At the start of this term a number of last year's Upper Sixth, both Arts and Science, entered the College, thus swelling the already considerable number of old Dyvorians here. In addition to meeting those one has known personally while at school, there are others, chiefly ex-service men, whom one meets quite by chance, across a cup of coffee or tea in the Refectory or on the playing fields. The discovery that your fellow is an old Dyvorian invariably prompts such questions as "Do you remember so-and-so?"

or "Is so-and-so still there?" Yet invariably old Dyvorians constitute only a small minority of one's acquaintances and by meeting and getting to know other people from all over the country and world, their views and opinions, one's outlook and understanding is broadened greatly. This broadening of understanding, outlook and expression is an important and essential value in University life.

However, to mention a few old Dyvorians whose names, if perhaps unknown to some of the younger part of the school, may still be remembered by others and by members of the staff. Alan Leyshon, my predecessor as Magazine Editor, is regularly to be seen performing wonders between the "sticks" for either the 1st or 2nd Hockey XI, while others from the old school who wield the stick for these two College teams are C. M. Jenkins, C. Davies, E. Bryant (all of the same year as Leyshon), Geoff. Pitchford (who will be remembered by some of the staff) and myself. In another branch of sport Dennis Hughes (captain of the School XV 1943-44) and J. Beer are regular members of the College 2nd XV, while the latter has also swum for the College this term against Aberystwyth. Another old Dyvorian, Peter Phillips, combines the posts of secretary and centre-forward for the College Soccer XI, while one of my fellow prefects of last year, Ivan Williams, regularly plays on the right-wing. Turning from the world of sport we find that Curig Davies is secretary of the College S.C.M., while this year's chairman of the Political and Debating Society is that ardent socialist Gordon Richards. Glanffrwd James, another old Dyvorian, is chairman of Y Gymdeithas Gymraig, and John Walrond — who will be remembered for his Singleton Letter last year — is the College Press Correspondent.

Even where they do not hold actual office or play for any of the teams, old Dyvorians, together with the majority of the students, are to be found actively engaged in the various spheres of College life, be it this or that society, or even (perhaps remembering many happy days in the School Choir) the College Choral Society, while at least one — Peter H. Gibbs — is in this year's Dramatic Society production. To those in school, particularly the Sixth, to those who will soon be coming here or to any other seat of learning, or entering upon any other sphere of life I should like, by way of conclusion, to commend to their memory the school motto "Nihil Sine Labore," the truth of which becomes very apparent when one has left school. I believe it can be truthfully said that the old Dyvorians

here are, in one sphere or another, doing their best to live up to that motto.

Now Mr. Editor, having taken up far too much of your space and wishing every success to the school in general and to you in particular, in the compilation of the Magazine, I close,

Yours very sincerely,

CLIFFORD C. WAGHORN.

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THE MUSIC SOCIETY

A few of us, in the Upper Vith Science, thought last term of a Music Society under whose auspices we could gather together and play records for each other's enjoyment. Mr. Roberts readily agreed and we held a few meetings in the music room. We were honoured (?) with the attendance of a few masters at our meetings and some even chose to impart their wisdom by giving us short talks on the records we played.

That was last term—last year; this term we hold meetings regularly every week and a bunch of "regulars" has emerged.

We have played a varied choice of records this term including works by many classical composers, for example a very enjoyable programme of records was given by Mr. Burgess including works by Chopin, Paderewski and Paganini.

So far, the classics have been the main source of entertainment, but we attempt to "mix" the choice of records, and hope to bring in a little more "swing" later on.

We are looking forward to a lecture and selection of records on the "Messiah" by Mr. Roberts, sometime before Christmas.

Please don't think of us as a gang of long-haired aesthetes, we are not, at least not all of us, but some are very Keane!

An election was held in one meeting and C. W. Lewis was elected chairman.

So you see, we have started the epidemic and hope that it will be caught by our successors so that Musicus Societophobia shall thrive.

D. C. DAVIES.

CARMARTHEN LETTER

Trinity College,
Carmarthen.

To the Editor of the Dynevor School Magazine.

Dear Sir,

It is with the greatest pleasure that I, on behalf of my colleagues here, accept your invitation to contribute some reflections and reminiscences to the Magazine of our dear old Dynevor School.

Trinity College, Carmarthen, has trained a large number of Swansea men teachers. Some have had a hand in teaching our parents; others prepared us for the fray in Elementary Schools; while others again, with their ready helpfulness when we were thrust on them for teaching practice, gave their invaluable experience to improve our untrained minds.

To-day, Trinity houses about three hundred students, the majority of whom are ex-servicemen who are a credit to any college. Men from remote places have made Trinity their training centre. My room-mate hails from Suffolk—so East and West work harmoniously together at Carmarthen. I am told that Winchester is our brother college. They were evacuated here during the war—the college, with its tutors, came “en bloc.” Naturally, a comradeship arose which still exists to-day. In our housing quarters two students share a room—it is wonderful how much can be done by two of us in so small a space. We have to be domesticated, for every morning before breakfast the room must be cleaned and dusted ready for inspection. Thus our training is two-fold, much to my despair sometimes.

The college building, with its Church, Library, Broadcast Hall, Lecture Rooms, Gymnasium, Baths and Residence, stands on a wooded hill, overlooking the Towy. What a change from the Dynevor environment! But we are urban at heart—the beautiful Carmarthen countryside has not yet made one of us a budding Wordsworth or Shelley.

Inside this building “work” is the password; lecturers and students alike have no time to waste, except on Wednesday afternoons, when the cinemas make much profit. The scheme of study is comprehensive, much more than we ever dreamed. How do we react to it? You know us better than we know ourselves—there are the conscientious and the less conscientious; the serious and

the breezy; the sports fiend and the academic man; yet we all contribute a portion to the cultural aim of this college.

You will be as pleased as ourselves to know that Horace Phillips has distinguished himself in Rugby; that Glyn Ellis has rightly become one of Trinity's Prefects; that John Davies (who left Dynevor for the Grammar School) has joined the Dynevor "fold" again; Vernon Griffiths, "Goofy" Lewis, Fred Davies, G. Davies, William Demery, Harold Smith and your 'umble "scribe" comprise the remainder of the Dyvorian pack who are Seniors this year. There are a number of ex-service Dyvorians amongst the "freshers," who are older than we and so a fatherly feeling exists between us.

It is grand to live amongst these Dynevor boys, or have we unconsciously become men? We recall memories of our old school — a wise crack with a tang of old Dynevor; a shaft of wit reminiscent of the Upper VI. These happy recollections of the good old days evoke loud laughs which do not speak the vacant mind but are proofs of very pleasant associations between us here and those of us who are at Swansea University and the revered staff of Dynevor — we played and fought; we lost; we agreed, we disagreed; we enjoyed a clap on the back, we resented reproof; but we remain loyal to our school and faithful to each other.

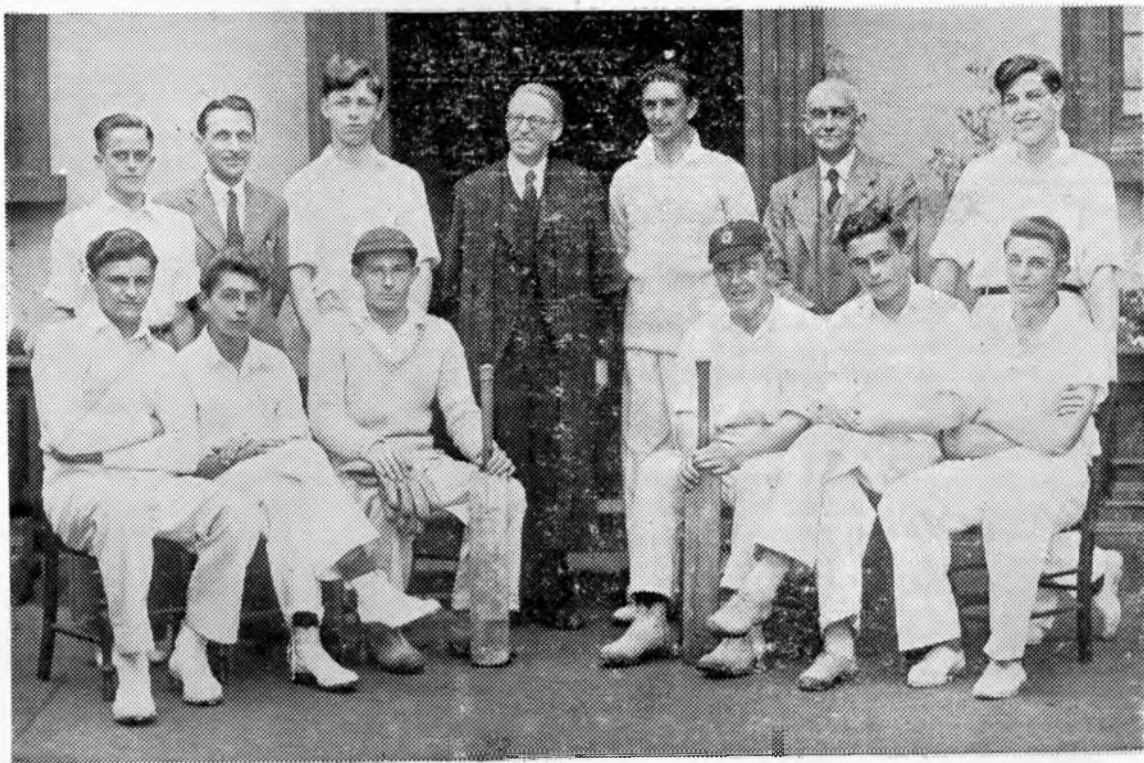
Now that we are amongst men from other towns, we appreciate much more than we ever did, what the staff at Dynevor did for us. We are grateful for the way they steered us over courses while we were so utterly unconscious of the fact; for the solid foundations they laid where our studies were concerned — our only regrets are that we paid such little attention at the time; but what impressed me, personally, was that big sense of humour that pervaded the most serious of our studies at the old school.

From each of us, here, comes a warm handshake to those we know so well. Best wishes!

"Nihil Sine Labore!"

Yours faithfully,

JOHN V. JENKINS.



CRICKET XI, 1947.

L. G. Pope, Mr. W. S. Evans, D. C. Evans, Mr. W. B. Thomas, B. Creber (Capt.), Mr. D. J. Williams, G. Dixon,
H. Phillips, W. Davies, D. Yerbury. T. A. Clarke, N. Eaton, J. Morris.

HOLIDAY IN HOLLAND 1947.

In the Easter holidays a party of about fifty of our boys, had an exciting and enjoyable fortnight's holiday in Holland. The trip was the first of its kind since the war. It differed from previous trips, in that the boys stayed as free guests in Dutch homes instead of in Hotels. The condition of course, was that the guests became hosts later in the year. Another difference was that the whole affair was organized by the World Friendship Association working through a voluntary local committee with the help of some of our masters, and not through a Travel Agency.

It is a great pity that this excellent organization has been so badly hit financially though I must admit there were times during the outward Channel crossing, when some of us wished that World Friendship had never been thought of.

The party left Swansea at 9-o'clock on the night of April 3rd, many of its members being extremely pleased to discover that they were travelling with a party of about the same number of girls from the High School and St. Winifred's.

I think I ought to devote a special paragraph to the outward voyage. It is for some of us perhaps, the most vivid memory of the whole trip.

Before the boat sailed, snatches of conversation like this could be heard. "Going to be sick?" "No, I don't think so. I think if you say you won't be sick, you just won't. It's all a question of will power." With the ship still tied up, we went down below and began our dinner. About half way through, we saw that the ship was moving, and moving without the slightest bit of a roll. A few minutes later, we got outside the breakwater. I will not dwell on it further—the memory is too unpleasant: except to say that we heard when it was all over, that it had been the worst weather that year.

The remainder of the journey was uneventful though interesting. We were fortunate in being the only party to travel on the Dover-Ostend route. We travelled through Belgium and stayed one night in Brussels, continuing next day through Antwerp to Arnhem, where we were taken to a café for a meal, and introduced to our hosts.

During our stay, we were entertained by our hosts on alternate days. On the other days, we would meet the whole party and be taken on organized excursions.

We all assembled one morning at the Town Hall to attend a reception by the Burgomaster of Arnhem, to

whom was handed a letter of greeting from the Mayor of Swansea. After this was read in Dutch and English, the Burgomaster replied, giving us a very warm welcome, and asked us all to sign the Visitors Book.

We afterwards walked over to the other side of the Rhine, across the Bailey bridge which replaces the original one blown up during the battle. The townsfolk are very proud of the fact that this comprises the centre sections of the temporary bridge used by Londoners during the building of our new Waterloo Bridge over the Thames.

I remember most vividly the excursion over the Battlefields. We were shown where the Paratroops landed. Returning through Oosterbeek we saw the British Divisional Headquarters, the Airborne Monument, and then finally, the Cemetery of the First Airborne Division. There we held a short service on the centre lawn, and laid a wreath at the foot of the flagstaff where the Union Jack is always kept flying.

On another trip, we crossed the Rhine and travelled through the Achterhoek district to the German border. On the way back, we stopped for refreshment and rest at a very fine Pleasure Park. It had a beautiful lake and a swimming pool, which one of our boys contrived to fall into. Besides the usual slides, swings, etc., which we have at home, they had a large turn-table, like a huge wooden gramophone record, placed at a slight angle to the ground, with a sand pit all round.

About six people could run on it at a time. As they ran, the disc rotated faster, so they increased speed to keep their balance, until they were sprinting at breakneck pace and had to jump off, or, what was more often the case, got flung off. I remember how Mr. Burgess became very proficient in this sport.

On one of the days we were given a free cinema show, and saw the English film "School for Secrets."

The most interesting excursion was to an open air museum near Arnhem. It occupied the grounds of a large and beautiful park. Every phase of Dutch life was shown, from its earliest history, down to the present day. The best example of every type of dwelling and windmill had been moved from its original site, to the park. Each was complete down to the last detail, just as it had been when occupied. Each contained the best examples of ornaments, pictures, needlework, carving, crockery, linen, implements, utensils, beds, furniture, etc., of their period.

There were farms, rustic factories, paper mills, and all types of windmills, from the small water mill to the huge corn mill about eight storeys high, all in working order. A whole village had been built in one part of the museum. We walked miles; but enjoyed every step.

On the night before we left Arnhem, a farewell party was held in a large concert hall. Both the visitors and hosts had to provide the entertainment for a large audience. Our share was organised by Mr. Richard Evans, who, with what material he had, made a fine job of it, although we could not attain the high standard set by our hosts. After the concert, came a dance, and then the farewell speeches and votes of thanks.

The following day we started our journey back home, so ending a very memorable and delightful holiday.

Now I think I will end this account by thanking all the masters in charge of the party. They had a lot of work and responsibility, and so to Mr. Burgess, Mr. Evans and Mr. Darr, I say thank you very much.

B.D.



IMPRESSIONS OF HOLLAND IN BRIEF

The majority of front windows in all residential areas had one large sheet of plate glass, having on the inside ledge, a wealth of flowering pot-plants.

Everyone working overtime to clean up and repair the ravages of war.

All streets, and every path and drive through woods, edged by straight lines of trees at regular intervals, often a double line on either side — mostly poplars, beeches or pines.

The amount and variety of food eaten at each of the three meals a day (except meat, which was in short supply).

Many private houses with one or two sheep tethered on the lawn (for wool only).

Farms, having near the house, a tall pole surmounted by a cartwheel, to encourage the storks to build. They are believed to bring good fortune when they do. Most of them still held last year's nests.

Very few cattle. Those seen were one or two-year-olds.

Most horses were light chestnut, with blonde manes and tails.

We saw no clogs, until we went outside the town into the country, and in the fishing villages around the Zuider Zee.

No boys or girls wore caps or hats.

All men doffed their hats to all acquaintances both male and female.

Saw no two people kiss, in greeting or farewell. Even young children only shook hands with parents before retiring to bed.

The politeness of young people of both sexes was marked, especially to older folk in streets and buses.

Strongest and most lasting impression is of friendliness and kindness of the Dutch people. It was shewn quite spontaneously by total strangers in most unexpected ways, while our hosts and hostesses set themselves to make our stay both happy and memorable. They completely succeeded.



A WEATHERCOCK

Aloft I stand on stately perch,
In fickle wind and gale.
A servant, bound to turn my head,
And weigh the wind as in a scale.

In weather calm I rest serene,
And view the landscape fair;
For company come many birds
To whisper secrets in my ear.

But when the storms of winter come,
With snow and ice and rain,
I wonder if my friends the birds
Will come to visit me again.

I turn my head to East and West,
To North and South again;
The people often gaze at me
To see if it will rain.

I'm as a king upon his throne,
Viewing the land around;
My subjects are the folk who pass
Beneath me on the ground.

JOHN PROTHERO, IIIb.



TEAM SPIRIT.

"We go upon the modern system here, Mr. Inspector. Free discipline self-expression, the team-spirit, etc. The results are simply staggering."

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

ONCE again a successful camp, attended by about thirty boys, was held at Alderminster, Stratford-on-Avon. The main party left Swansea on Saturday, August 2nd in charge of Messrs. Griffiths and Chandler, Mr. Yates and an advance party having preceded us the previous day.

Work was not plentiful but this fact did not lie heavily on anyone's conscience. The weather was admirable, and, except for a few showers on the first two nights, we had continuous sunshine throughout our stay. The river and theatre proved well-patronised sources of entertainment; the favourite plays being Richard II, and Romeo and Juliet; part of the enjoyment of the evening was the ride back in the dark.

Cricket was a popular game in the evenings, and two matches were played between the school-camp and a team from the Y.M.C.A. Farming Hostel. The camp won the first match, and the other had to be abandoned owing to the failing light and an injury caused to a member of the opposing side. Although such glorious weather was experienced, unfortunately swimming could not be permitted because of the incidence of infantile paralysis.

We were pleased to receive a visit from Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Williams and Mr. C. J. Hill who was the Senior English Master, and pioneer of camping at Stratford, before his appointment to the Emergency Training College at Bristol.

The Staff, with time hanging heavily on their hands (?) amused themselves in various ways: Mr. Chandler succeeded in creating a syphon system out of nothing; Mr. D. J. Williams with one small file and a hammer dug an enormous grease pit; while Mr. Griffiths was teeming with suggestions which his slaves put into effect.

The ladies' cooking methods were a revelation. Buckets—which the mere male regarded as receptacles for water—were used for puddings, bottles for rolling-pins and certain garments for pudding cloths. Labour-saving devices made everyone laugh so much at meal times that there was no time for food. One lady member was seen walking round Stratford minus one shoe. As there was stew that day, the story that it was engulfed in the River Avon received little credence.

The camp ended on a high note, as on the Tuesday before the departure a social evening was held. This was a great success especially in the items contributed by the Staff.

Until that moment, it was not realised that there was so much talent among the Staff, and it is certain that if Carol Levis had been anywhere in the district they would have been signed on immediately for a long contract.

Finally we would like to extend our hearty thanks to the Staff, their wives, and the girls, who contributed so greatly to the happiness and success of the camp; for many it was their first experience of camping at Stratford and they all certainly hope that it won't be their last.



PORT SKEWETT

FOR the third year in succession, Dyvorians were encamped at Port Skewett under the leadership of Mr. Richard Evans, through whose foresight and initiative we had work in plenty during the three weeks of our stay; in fact, some boys took so well to the land that they stayed an extra three days.

The usual tasks fell to our lot; a few were engaged in the cornfields; others found their energies better appreciated in the market gardens, but none, alas, found their services required in the orchards; perhaps the time of harvest was not yet.

The weather, of course, was glorious — too hot for work was the general opinion, but there was time for relaxation of which we took full advantage. The favourite diversion at evening-time was table-tennis; we ran a tournament for three weeks which was won by Brazel. Soccer, too, was popular despite the heat, and in this, led by Brian Coffey, our camp captain, we played the village team, losing after a hard struggle by the odd goal in three.

One night, the Rector invited us to visit the dungeons beneath the rectory. Unknown to us, Mr. Evans was secreted in them beforehand, clothed in a white sheet. A bucket of water was brought into play, and a few boys got quite "damp." Revenge was sweet, however, when someone exploded a firework in the Hall. Needless to say, the chief "exploded immediately afterwards.

On the last night, Mrs. Evans and the girls managed to provide the wherewithall for a "beano," after which we were entertained at a concert organized by Derek John. The Rector, who was present, gave a short talk, congratulating us on our behaviour in the village and expressing the hope that we would be back next year.

During the last week, masters collected (with permission of course) apples from the surrounding farms, and these were sold to us at a cheap rate, thus forestalling a last minute "purge of neighbouring orchards.

We worked hard, and we played hard, so — here's to the next time.

G. HALE, U.VI Sc.



QUOTS — PURE AND APPLIED

Fifth Formers —

"Why should we toil, the roof and crown of things?"

TENNYSON.

The Lates —

"Creeping like snail unwillingly to school."

SHAKESPEARE.

Fifth Form Pullovers —

"And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes."

KEATS.

The Habitues of the School Library —

"—those men of England, that do no work to-day"

SHAKESPEARE.

A Prefect clearing the school —

"For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes."

KEATS.

School Meals —

"Our daily meals were frugal, Sabine fare!"

WORDSWORTH.

Homework —

"Should life all labour be?"

TENNYSON.

The School Campers —

"Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content!"

SHAKESPEARE.

Upper Delabeche Corridor —

"Is there confusion in the little Isle?
Let what is broken so remain."

TENNYSON.

Mention of C.W.B.—

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?"

KEATS.

The Late Summer —

"All round the coast the languid air did swoon."

TENNYSON.

I. LIGHT (a lamp in the darkness) Vd.

THE PATROL FROM NOWHERE

A STORY current at the World Jamboree in France this summer was that of "The Patrol from Nowhere."

It was the day of arrival at the Jamboree. Everything was proceeding smoothly, when suddenly a harrassed messenger entered G.H.Q. He reported that a patrol had arrived which could not make itself understood. Many interpreters had been tried but all in vain. Their badges were unknown, and the patrol leader's only intelligible word was "Jamboree." The Reception Commissioner suggested that they should be shown a map of the world. This met with immediate results, and the patrol leader indicated a spot in the Himalayas. This only made the Commissioner more perturbed. He produced identity cards and papers which all members of the Jamboree should have. They gesticulated, indicating by signs that they did not understand. The busy Commissioner then made up his mind. They could not send them away for fear of offending the patrol's mother country. So detailing two "Zs" or interpreters to the patrol, he left them with orders to proceed to a camp site.

All went well, and the "Zs" found that despite language difficulties the boys were good scouts. But the following morning whilst preparing breakfast, one of the "Himalayans" scalded himself with a dixie of hot water, uttering at the same time the mystic words "Zut alors!" ("Oh heck!"). The "Zs" looked at each other! Suddenly the patrol leader poured forth a stream of words in which "idiot" was quite intelligible. The "Zs" exchanged glances and quickly disappeared, returning a few minutes later with the Reception Commissioner.

He found no "Himalayans!" The patrol from nowhere had ended its game.

"Buffaloes of the 14th Lyons reporting," said the patrol leader. "Our stunt was not judged good enough for us to be selected for the Jamboree, so we decided that we should go without being enrolled. We have been successful! We now have two "Zs" and are as happy as sandboys. Isn't that a good enough stunt for admittance to the Jamboree, Sir?"

So the "Himalayans" became the Buffaloes. Who would have had the heart to send them home?

"POLLY."

THIRD DAY

DYVORIANS were prominent among the cricket fans who wended their way to St. Helen's on the third day of Glamorgan's match with the South African tourists. And the Dyvorians were not all pupils, either! Somehow you get a different angle on a master, whom you have formerly known only in classroom and corridor, when you see him taking his ease on the planking round the boundary at St. Helen's, looking very much, if the truth were told, like a schoolboy himself.

The third day dawned bright and clear, unlike the mixed grill of sunshine and showers of the two previous days; the tourists had a lead of two hundred or so, with two wickets in hand, and when these two wickets fell in half-an-hour's play for the addition of 36 runs, hopes ran high that the "Babes" would pull it off, and claim a victory over these sportsmen from down under.

Alas. Dyson went in 25 minutes, Porter followed; Emrys did his best, but at lunch 6 wickets were down for 52 runs. It was all over bar shouting, and we wondered why they bothered to stop for lunch. Watkins and Robinson, however, had other ideas; they began clouting the ball all around the field, till we began to feel like Miss Mitford's villagers, and to think we were on an easy thing. Visions of a great win began to occupy our thoughts as these two put on 45 runs in half-an-hour. But alas, Robinson went to a catch at the wicket and as so often happens when a partnership is broken, the other man soon followed and our hopes were zero. In came big-boy Hadyn Davies, and proceeded to knock the ball out of the ground — and it wasn't returned! Another ball was requisitioned — and went the same way! What a thrill it was! A mere sixty runs to get, and Johnny Clay to come. When Lavis left, in he came — the grand old man of Glamorgan cricket, and proceeded to show that he, too, could hit the cover off the ball. 40 runs to get, and Johnny and Hadyn looking fit for a century each! But we had counted without our hosts, or rather our guests. Dawson produced one out of the bag, and Johnny's wicket did a somersault. It was all over, and somehow we didn't feel sad. It had all been so exhilarating that we clapped these two near-heros and their victors alike, and vowed "that a merrier hour was never wasted here."

B. CLIFFORD, Vc.

CAMBRIDGE MEMORIES

Cambridge was honoured during the summer holidays by the presence of four of last year's Upper VI Science, Messrs. D. C. Davies, W. J. Thomas, G. Usher, and your humble scribe. Our presence there was due to the kindness of Mr. P. F. Jewell, former chemistry master at Dynevor, who now holds a position in Cambridge, and it was at his invitation that the four of us spent a few days (free of expense) in the University town.

We left Swansea on July 26th. a cold, grey morning, but by the time Swindon was passed we ran into extremely hot weather. Arrived at Liverpool Street, we resisted the temptation to tackle some of those rubber sandwiches all too common in restaurants these days, promising ourselves a more worthy repast at Cambridge Station, and in the overpowering heat we staggered to the shelter of a café run by some students. After supper we were shown to our billets, Dai and George to a Mrs. Dickson's, and W. G. and myself to the home of Mr. Johnson, a colleague of Mr. Jewell's.

Next day the sun was up before us, but despite the heat we 'did' the colleges, St. John's, Trinity, King's, St. Catherine's, etc. George, who sported an f/6.3 anastigmatic camera (as he affectionately called it) made himself very much at home photographing the buildings. One very interesting structure was "Newton's Bridge"—originally constructed without bolts or screws, and held together by wedges and Old Newton acting vertically downwards.

We visited Grantchester in the afternoon—it is a quaint little village standing off the main road. Heavens! what a hot day that was! Rupert Brooke could not have been hotter in Berlin than we were that day in his beloved Grantchester.

Here am I, sweating, sick, and hot,
And there the shadowed waters fresh
Lean up to embrace the naked flesh.

In the "Orchard Tea Gardens" where the poet may have indulged his appetite for honey, we roused ourselves to partake of the afternoon tea provided and after a good old yarn we staggered back to Cambridge.

In the comparative cool of the evening, we tried the river, not in the flesh, but in a punt—causing considerable alarm and consternation in the process. Our passage upstream was effected by a series of skilfully executed manoeuvres that took us from bank to bank; our efforts evidently did not meet with the approval of several amateur fishermen whose remarks left us in no doubt as to what they thought was best to our with our punt.

Monday morning found us going through the chemistry department, which was extremely well equipped, as was only to be expected. We were not permitted to visit the 'Cavendish,' but there was plenty to see, even so. I must mention the natural history museum, a large hall in which the prominent feature was a whale's skeleton (I honestly thought at first that it was the frame of a Zeppelin).

That afternoon we were taken about in two cars, visiting Newmarket, with its racecourse, and Ely, where, of course was the cathedral. Later, we visited Cambridge aerodrome.

On Tuesday, we went over the biology labs. and the Scott Memorial Exhibition, where there was an exceedingly interesting collection of equipment and pictures from the Antarctic Expedition.

That night Dai Davies and myself committed sacrilege—we played cricket on "Parker's Piece."

Our visit was over all too soon; maybe some of us will return one day as students rather than visitors. It only remains for me, on behalf of our party, to express our thanks to Mr. Jewell, Mr. Johnson, M. Everiss, and all the others who made our visit such a happy and memorable one.

C. W. LEWIS, U.VI SCIENCE.

★ ★ ★ ★

THE TRAMP

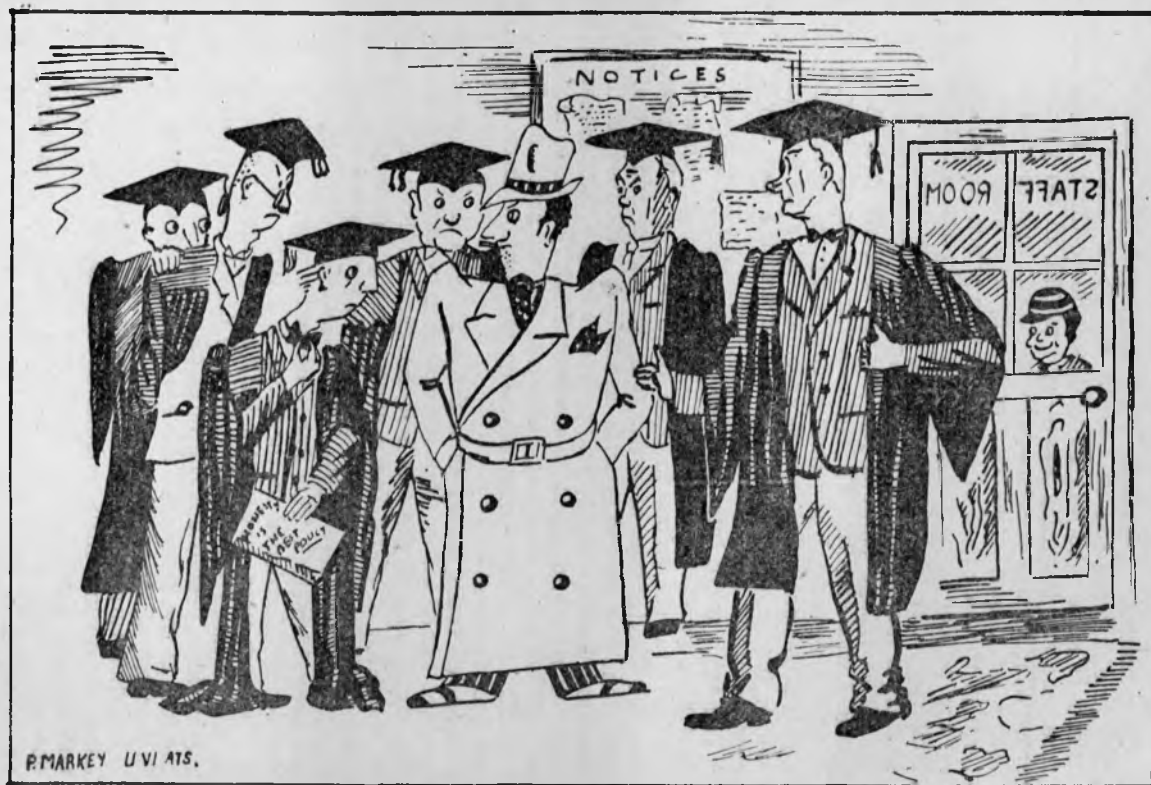
I wander through the country lanes,
By woody hills, or windy plains,
Until, a cosy barn in sight
Where I may lay me down by night,
Appears.

Next morn I start another day,
When all awakening birds are gay;
I pass through woodlands, highways, meadows,
And gaze upon the flowering hedgerows,
With joy.

In the shrouded darkness of a wood,
With turf for bed, and trees for hood,
I sleep; until another dawn,
In the dreamy distance born,
Is seen.

I tread my ever winding trail,
In sun and shower, in calm and gale;
And thus my chosen way I'll wend
Till God above my life doth end,
In peace.

G. PHILLIPS, IIIb.



THE NEW MASTER.

"This is your new colleague, gentlemen—Mr. Spivkins. He will look after the Dinner-Money, National Savings, Sports Fees, Clothing Coupons, Family Allowances, etc."

A VISIT TO OXFORD

LAST summer, I decided, while staying in the vicinity, to spend a week-end at Oxford on the invitation of a friend of mine who was an under-graduate there. Therefore, one fine Saturday morning, I caught an early train from Reading and comfortably ensconced in a third-class corner seat, took stock of the rapidly changing scenery through the blue haze of tobacco smoke which poured out of the ponderous pipes of big business men and farm labourers alike seated around me. It was, in fact, a non-stop train for Oxford, so that soon it was rattling through the little village stations just outside Oxford at a good speed. I was expecting an impressive first sight of Oxford. In the foreground, I saw lines of coal waggons, gasometers and smokestacks. In the background was a picture of spires, towers and domes, the like of which I had never seen before.

The train swept into the station and pulled up with the deafening grinding of brakes. "Oxford, Oxford!" shouted the porters, struggling to push their trolleys of luggage through the throngs of passengers pouring in and out of the train. Amidst the general commotion, I climbed on to an empty luggage trolley and peered round a pillar against which it rested in search of my host. Luckily, I came face to face with him that very moment, and we shook hands warmly. He offered then to carry my luggage from the station.

Soon, we found ourselves in Broad Street and we noticed a cross imbedded in the surface of the road. My host explained to me that it was here that the first three martyrs in the reign of Mary Tudor were burnt at the stake. We then crossed a little grove, conspicuous for the number of bicycles which were parked there, and saw the famous Martyrs' Memorial. This fine monument was exquisitely carved and fashioned in the form of pillars which were arranged in tiers, large at the bottom and growing smaller as they neared the top. From little niches between each pillar, there peered out the faces of various saints and at the foot of the memorial, there was an inscription written in memory of the martyrs.

We then turned off the busy streets and made our way along a quaint little cobblestoned lane to the main entrance of New College. Soon the small inconspicuous doorway above which were queer smoke-stained carvings came before us. The warden in the lodge gave me the key to my room for the night and wrote my name in a large book which he kept there.

My host and I then crossed the quadrangle with its bright green, well-kept lawns, tall trees and flowering shrubs. Mounting some very steep stone stairs, we came to our rooms, and I deposited my luggage there. Having gained permission from the warden, we mounted the old round tower by climbing up steep spiral steps which reminded me rather of the ascent to the Whispering Gallery in St. Paul's Cathedral. Once on top, we had a glorious view of Oxford. Towers and spires seemed to spring up on all sides, and, as it was noon, it sounded very fascinating to hear all the clocks chiming the hour at once. The most conspicuous towers were those of Radcliffe Camera, the church of St. Mary the Virgin and Tom Tower (Christ Church College).

We descended again and then passed into the college chapel which was very lofty and narrow. It seemed to possess an awe-inspiring atmosphere. Around the walls were pictures of various scriptural incidents in stained glass of most gorgeous colours and the rich colour of the pattern designs on the windows were very conspicuous. There were numerous little crypts and fonts round the chapel and exquisite carvings right round the walls.

We then took lunch in the huge dining-hall with its long oaken tables and hanging chandeliers. At a table raised on the platform, sat the College Dons, while all the normal undergraduates with their week-end guests sat at the long tables ranged across the floor. The food was excellent and the service very quick. No sooner was one dish finished than it was swept away and another disposed of in its place. You could drink either water or beer: most of the undergraduates preferred the latter.

During our long walk round Oxford we saw Christ Church College with its famous tower and clock and heard its bell ("Old Tom"). Then we entered the College Park, and here, again the scenery quite took one's breath away. It was a great temptation to fish in the ponds where roach, carp and huge trout were basking in the sun. But, of course, fishing wasn't allowed. All the lawns were very well-kept and the trees and shrubs were well cultivated. We then proceeded to Keble College, conspicuous because it was built of red brick instead of stone like the majority of the colleges.

The river was our next objective, and here we saw the college barges drawn up along the banks, their decks crowded with students. They were watching mock races which were being held between skiffs manned by men of

their own number, and the supporters were rendering the air with blood-curdling yells of encouragement to their men.

After a hard day, I retired to New College—to the best bed that I have slept in, either before or since. It was quite a pleasurable experience being awakened next morning by an attendant bringing in hot water for me to wash and enquiring if there was anything else that I wanted.

Before I left Oxford that Sunday evening, we passed through Gloucester Green where I was very much impressed by the crowds of Oxford City 'buses all gathered in this centre to and from which they ran.

There, as I waved goodbye to my host when the train moved out of the station, I took one last look at those towers, spires and domes and wondered how long it would be before I would be able to visit them again.

K. D. JAMES, L.VI ARTS.

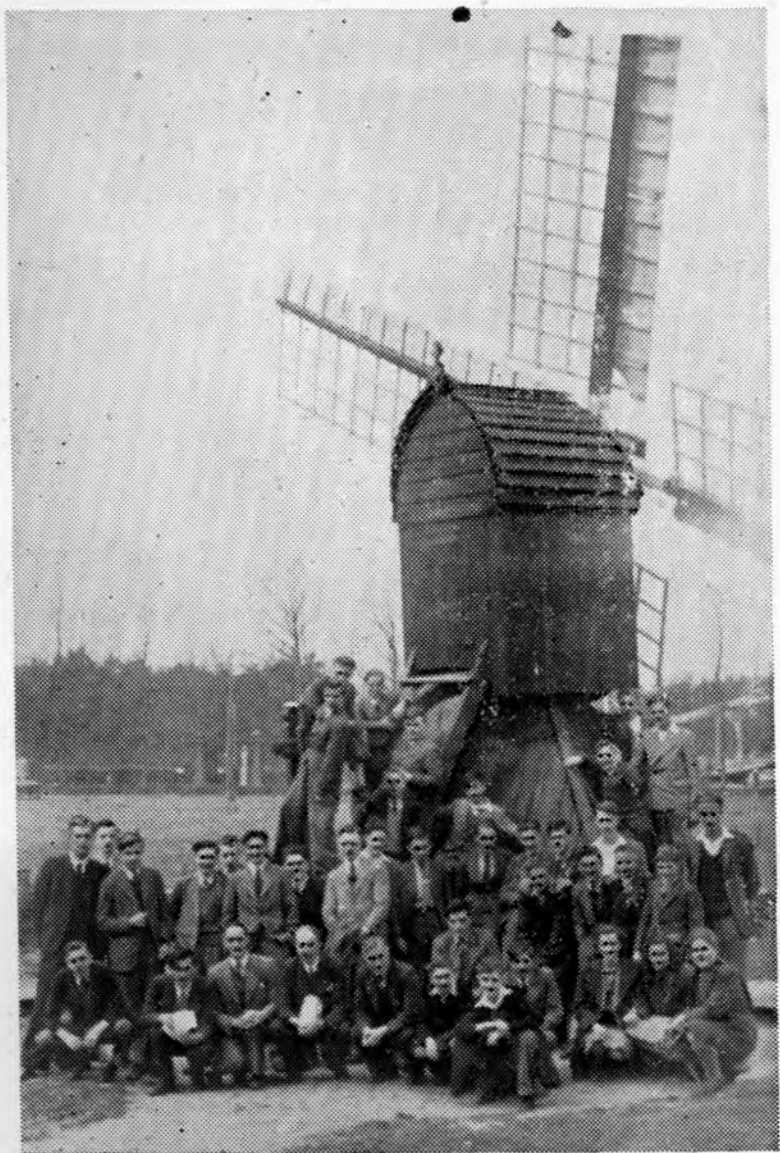
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SCHOOL CRICKET 1st XI, 1947.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
10	1	6	3

THE 1947 season was, it must be admitted, a disappointing one, a disappointment lightened to some extent by a number of brilliant individual performances. Herein lay the real weakness of the team, for although nearly every week somebody was outstanding—too often the same one or two players—the team as a whole failed to reach the necessary standard. This was particularly so with regard to fielding, which was often very slack, all too often a dropped catch proving very expensive.

To Bernard Creber, the captain, must be accorded the honour of being the team's best all rounders; his displays against Neath (home), when he scored 26 out of 43, and against Ystradgynlais (away) when he took 4 wickets for 7 runs, were especially outstanding. The best batsman was, however, T. A. Clarke, who not only clearly tops the averages, but shared with D. Yerbury in what was the



HOLLAND, EASTER 1947.
One of our School Parties at Arnhem.

highlight of the season and is, I believe, a record 1st wicket stand for the School of 73 against Neath. On this occasion Clarke made the highest score of the season—57. It was a sad commentary on the rest of the team that, after this brilliant opening, they collapsed and were all out for 87! Essentially a solid rather than aggressive batsman Clarke sometimes showed that he could also hit.

If Clarke shone with the bat, then the player who took the honours with the ball was W. Davies. Forced to act as both an opening pace and later spin bowler, he was always dangerous and deservedly headed the averages. Another bowling success was not 'discovered' until May was nearly out. This was L. G. Pope (slow, left arm), whose tricky bowling won the respect of all (especially at Pontardawe where he took 5 for 15). Unluckiest bowler was almost certainly N. O. Phillips, who bowled consistently well, but with atrocious luck. His first spell against Neath (away) was a model of combined hostility and steadiness. Throughout the season D. Yerbury kept wicket splendidly, being especially brilliant at Ystradgynlais. He was also a sound, dependable batsman, sometimes showing flashes of brilliance, as did Balch, who will be remembered for a fine innings in the rain against Ystalyfera.

Several younger players participated in some of the matches, with varying degrees of success. Of these J. Davies (fourth in the averages) and G. Dixon (who hit the only six of the season) were the most successful, while N. Eaton showed promise as a left-handed batsman.

LEADING BATTING AVERAGES, 1947

Highest Not

	Inns.	Runs.	Score	Outs.	Average.
T. A. Clarke	8	132	57	3	26.4
C. Randall	2	22	17	0	11.0
B. Creber	8	83	26	0	10.3
J. Davies	5	30	16	2	10.0

LEADING BOWLING AVERAGES, 1947.

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
W. Davies	75	16	168	20	8.4
L. G. Pope	30	2	111	10	11.1
B. Creber	34	7	86	6	14.3

C. C. WAGHORN (Official Scorer).

LLANGRANNOG

Y mae golwg y gair uchod yn ddigon cyfarwydd i bawb ohonoch ac fe ddywedwch ar unwaith mai enw lle yng Nghymru ydyw. Fodd bynnag, rhaid cael map manwl iawn o Gymru cyn y gellwch roi eich bys arno. Wrth deithio mewn bws o Aberteifi i Aberystwyth prin y byddech yn sylweddoli bod lle bach mor dlws o fewn tair milltir i chwi heb fawr ddim i awgrymu ei harddwch.

Pentre bach iawn yw Llangrannog ar lan y môr a thonnau Bae Aberteifi yn golchi ei ymyl. Yma y mae camp yr Urdd, neu, i roi'r enw cywir arno-Gwersyll yr Urdd. Bum i yno, yng nghwmni bechgyn eraill o'r ysgol, yn treulio gwyliau'r Haf. Aeth eraill o'r ysgol i wersylloedd Cricieth a Chaernarfon. Ar ben y graig sy'n gysgod i'r pentre y mae'r Gwersyll a'i wyneb at y môr a'i gefn at y bencydd. Ar ddiwrnod clir o haf fe welir traethau Llyn ac Ynys Fnlli — lleoedd a nodir ar y map fel Lleyl Peninsula a Bardsey Island. O gwmpas y Gwersyll y mae caeau toreithiog o wenith ac ochrau'r bryniau dan garped o fiodau eithin a grub.

Un o'r mannau hynny ar arfordir Cymru ydyw Llangrannog lle nad yw llaw dyn, hyd yn hyn, wedi'i ysbwyllo. Ac yn ffodus i drigolion y lle paradwysaidd hwn nid oes modd sefydlu dwy filltir o goncrit ar y ffyrnt a'i droi dros nos yn ffair i ymwelwyr o wledydd tramor i Gymru. Yn hyn o beth y mae Gwersyll Llangrannog yn gwneud cymwynas fawr, canys fe wahoddir llawer o fechgyn a merched o wledydd Ewrop a'n Hymerodraeth i dreulio pythefnos gyda ni. Fe allaf sichau i chwi mai barn y rhain am ein gwlad fydd y ffordd orau i dynnu eraill yma. Mawr a brwdfrydig yw eu hedmygedd ohonom a'n gwlad. Felly dyna'r Gwersyll yn dwyn y byd i Gymru a Chymru i sylw'r byd.

Nodaf yn fyr gynllun y lle hynod hwn. Dau ganolbwynt y gwersyll yw'r neuadd fwyta eang a'r gymnasium fawr a ddefnyddir hefyd fel neuadd i gyngherddau, eisteddfodau, nosweithiau llawen a gwasanaethau crefyddol. Y mae lle i dros gant o wersyllwyr, a chodir pebyll yng nghae'r Gwersyll i ddal cant arall. Yn ymyl y cabanau y mae'r ysbyty. Y mae yno ddigonedd o offer chwarae a phob cyfleusterau eraill. Ond gwell ymatal rhag manylu. Dyna'n fyr ryw syniad am faint a diddordebau'r lle. Gallwn yn hawdd lanw'r cylchgrawn ddwy a theirgwaith drosodd wrth sôn am y chwaraeon, y cyfarfodydd amrywiaethol yn hwyr y dydd, y miri a'r rhialtwch.

Fy amcan wrth ysgrifennu oedd dwyn eich sylw at y lle hynod hwn a gwasgu arnoch i fanteiso ar y cyfle, pan ddaw'r haf, i dreulio gwyliau byth-gofiadwy yno.

L. R. PHILLIPS, VA.



REVELS IN TRANSJORDAN

Although actually stationed in Palestine the Battalion has just completed a period of training in Transjordan. and since the latter country is comparatively unknown I have elected to write a few lines about it.

I shall not be too technical for the simple reason that my intellectual limitations are more numerous than those of the Junior section of the School . . .

However, let me first of all give a very brief summary of Transjordan.

Politically a monarchy, it lies adjacent to Palestine. Theoretically the climate is Mediterranean (warm, wet winters; hot, dry summers!!), but in actual fact the country shows typically desert features. Naturally "hilly" it is dissected by dried-up stream-beds, or wadis; and numerous dry-valleys make communication very difficult. The result is a hard, clear profile and jagged lines in exposed rocks, exaggerated in the absence of a softening even vegetation.

The population is about 400,000, composed mainly of Arabs, or Bedouins, following the Moslem faith, while there are about 30,000 Christians (Greek-Orthodox) who are mainly descendants of Greeks who lived here when Transjordan was under Greek rule, or Caucasians who migrated here during the 19th century.

That is Transjordan in a nutshell.

...The country is very beautiful, actually, and one does acquire a taste for it—in more ways than one. Although sand is not a familiar sight in Transjordan, dust-clouds most certainly are. You eat dust, sleep in it, breathe it, and to be sociable you sing the "Desert Song."

It is very comical really to walk across the Camp and see a dust-whirl approaching, entering the Naafi through the entrance of one tent and coming out through the other. It was very much funnier when one day a whirl entered through the correct entrance—but did not leave! Result—no Naafi.

We had a sweep-stake one day, to see which tent went up first. I'm afraid everyone cheated, as I have never seen so many loose guy-ropes and pegs in my life (we were only paid fortnightly. . . !). Unfortunately, no tents left their moorings. Still, we tried hard enough.

The citizens of Transjordan are a very peaceful lot. It is quite a common sight to see a Bedouin watching his flock, armed to the teeth with rifle, revolver and a really first class assortment of knives.

I succeeded in persuading an Arab to allow me to handle his rifle — after customary bribery (Woodbines are a grand stand-by!). I am not saying that these rifles are very old, but a certain senior history master never taught me that Cromwell's Ironsides ranged as far afield as Transjordan.

However, since we were not allowed to carry arms there (a welcome change from Palestine!) we had to be on our best behaviour in any relations we had with Arabs. No matter how antiquated the rifle there's always a chance that it might function — to the owner's delight and our detriment. The Arabs were well aware of this, too. I mean, I could not simply shout insults at them — such as "Grammar-duck, etc. . . ."

Transjordan is policed by the Transjordan Frontier Force, and a very fine body of men they are. In full-dress they look very picturesque, especially the mounted men. The latter are the personification of grace as they ride their thoroughbred steeds.

I was fortunate in witnessing them at drill one day and it really was amazing how well-trained both horse and rider were. The proverbial Cossacks would find an equal in the superb Transjordan warriors.

Education, to all intent and purposes, is practically non-existent (do I hear groans of anguish from Juniors?). The few schools that do function are run either by the State, by missionaries, or are "Commercial Schools." Schools financed by Missionary Societies are of course, for the benefit of Christians only.

By far the great majority of children, however, receive no education whatsoever; although the Government has drafted a long-term policy with regard to education, social-welfare, etc. How soon this will come into effect I cannot

say, and for the present children must continue to live in utter ignorance not only of the basic educational principles, but of the principles of personal hygiene, sanitation, etc.

There are few large towns in Transjordan. In fact, compared with our country they are not towns at all, but simply large villages. For the most part the people live in small villages of between 50-100 inhabitants.

The many Bedouins who pursue pastoral farming simply live in the well-known rectangular tent, open at one side. These abodes are indescribably filthy. The little children are in the same condition. I doubt whether they wash from one year to another; certainly they never experience the ordeal of bathing. Granted, water is scarce, but even in places where this contingency does not arise, the familiar smell most certainly does!

I could never fully understand why Arabs were always muffled up to the eye-brows even in the most scorching weather; until I was told that to show any part of their body unclothed was contrary to their religion.

In Transjordan troops were not allowed to walk about Camp bared to the waist for the above reason. Arabs regard with contempt any person who discards clothing and walks about, say, bare to the waist, when he can afford to purchase clothing with which to cover himself. To our western-minds this may appear illogical but, "East is East, West is West, and ne'er the twain shall meet?"

The subject occupying most people's minds to-day with regard to Palestine is "Partition." It appears to be the only solution offered to the "Palestine problem." The impression I have formed from my contact with the Arab world is that the Arab nation will never accept Partition!

In the event of U.N.O. agreeing upon Partition the Arabs will resist with all forces at their command. They are fully prepared for the forthcoming struggle which they regard as inevitable. Every Arab male from the age of fourteen onwards, believes the conflict to be imminent and is prepared both materially and morally to participate in it.

The world does not realise that the struggle is not merely confined to Palestinian Arabs, but to the Arab race. The Arabs are united throughout the Middle East as never before. Frontiers are virtually non-existent.

They have a common hatred of Jews and common confidence in the justice of their cause and in their ability to attain it by physical force.

If one mentions British withdrawal from Palestine, the Arabs laugh. They refuse to believe for one minute that Britain will ever leave Palestine. In the event of her doing so, however, it is my opinion that within 24 hours of the cause will be lost for all time.

I have been told on several occasions that given 24 hours the Arabs could root-out and liquidate every Jewish terrorist in Palestine to-day. They know who they are and where they are—but why bother about a British headache?

At the moment the Arabs are playing a waiting game, but within six months they will strike; and then heaven help the Jewish people! The 60,000 British troops in Palestine will be powerless to aid them. We will be fully occupied taking care of ourselves.

The Arab will never make any concession to the Jew; the most he will agree to is the immediate suspension of all Jewish immigration to Palestine. Even then he will not commit himself in affirming that he will leave unmolested Jews already residing in Palestine.

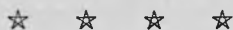
The whole problem is very complex and I am afraid U.N.O. cannot alleviate matters whilst pursuing the present policy. To my mind, however, the next few months will see something startling happen which should clarify matters one way or the other.

But then, as I stated previously, that is simply my opinion; and the whole affair might work out to a much more amicable conclusion. I sincerely hope it does.

I have to finish now; it is 6.30, and who am I compared with Dick Barton?

I would like to take this opportunity of wishing all the Staff and Pupils of Dynevor a Very Merry Xmas and a successful New Year—and you Juniors, don't swot too much.

STAN GRIFFITHS, WELSH GUARDS, PALESTINE....



SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

Our Scientific Society has been very active and flourishing this term: we have had a number of talks and paid several visits.

We began the season with a two-part lecture by Mr. Islwyn Williams on "Sound," illustrated by home-made lantern slides. Mr. Williams pointed out that the difference between Richard Tauber's singing (which he called music)

and Hywel Williams' singing (which he called noise) was a matter of wave frequency. He ended the lecture by playing "God Save the King" on test-tubes filled with water.

The next lecture was given by the headmaster on "Science of Life," in which he dealt with the relationship of the sciences and the arts.

Mansel Seacombe gave the next talk on "The Solar System," and revealed that the solar-system was largely a matter of condensed and solidified gases.

Dennis Shorrock's talk on "Plastics" provided some interesting information on the sources and uses of the materials which are becoming increasingly evident in our daily life. Many other lectures are planned to follow.

On our travels, we have visited the N.O.R. at Llandarcy, where we were shown a film on the oil industry, shown around the works, and, most important, were entertained to tea.

We have also been to Telephone House, where we were shown the workings of the automatic exchange and teleprinter, and also the machine which produces the various noises and tones on the telephone. Two of our members were lost when we were in the control room, where we were shown how operators deal with trunk calls. The switchboard with its variety of little lights was an interesting feature.

We go next to the Pembrey Ordnance factory, and, if we survive this visit, we'll tell you about it in the next issue.

K. C. LEWIS (Hon. Sec.).

★ ★ ★ ★

A KITE

I am a kite,
Behold my flight
Up in the bright blue sky;
Below me is the River Thames
Where ships go sailing by.
My little master down below,
Holds tight the string, or I should go
Soaring away toward the main;
But that, indeed, would be a pity,
For I would not come back again.

P. KINGDON, IIIb.

SENIOR RUGBY XV

So far this season, the first XV has been fairly successful. We have played ten matches, winning five, losing four and there has been one drawn game. Several of last season's players have returned to school, so the team is considerably stronger than it has been for several years, the forwards being particularly heavy and fast. Three boys have been up for the Welsh trials: Mansel Seacombe, Reg. Hopkins and Hywel Williams, and so far Reg. has gone furthest, having been chosen for three trials.

The appearance of the team has been vastly improved by the provision of a new set of blue and amber jerseys, although ten weeks of wear and tear has somewhat dimmed their lustre and has put a permanent shade on the originally white collars.

Our first game of the season was against our time-honoured opponents the Grammar School. It provided the usual hard struggle, and we lost by a single point, a dropped goal to a try. The next game, against Gowerton, was something of a debacle, with a score against us reminiscent of the cricket season; after this, we pulled our socks up, and now, the points for and against are almost equal. The game we remember most vividly was that against Ystradgynlais which was played in a continuous downpour of rain; we were thoroughly drenched even before the kick-off, so that the rain that fell afterwards didn't really matter; what matters anyway is that despite the elements we won by nine points.

Up to the time writing, we have called upon twenty-two players, the best looking of whom will appear in the official picture of the Rugger XV next term. In the meantime, we wish to record our appreciation of the help and guidance furnished by Mr. Cyril Jones, and express the hope that when the season ends we shall feel tolerably pleased with ourselves.

M. SEACOMBE.



