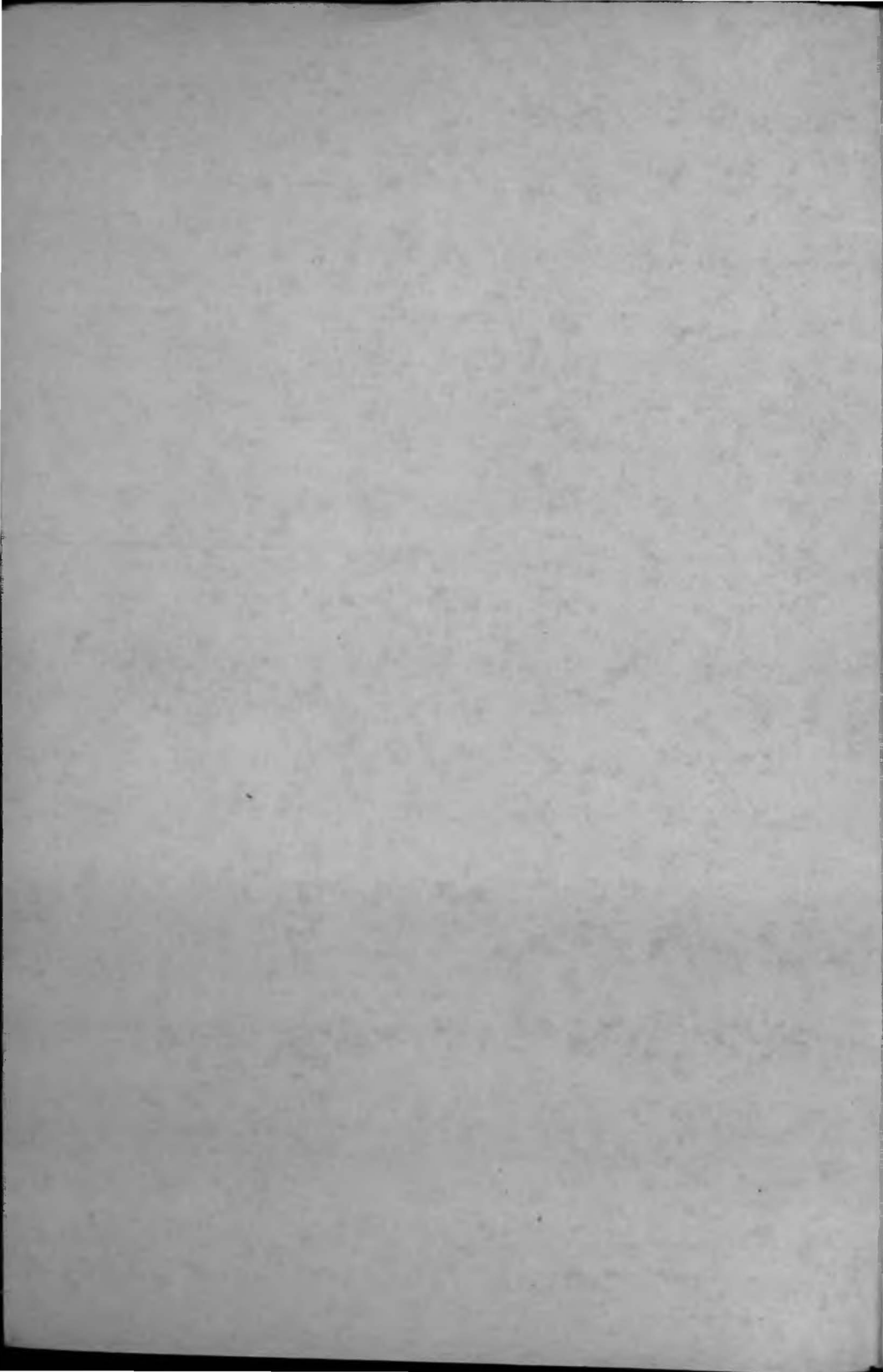


MAGAZINE

No. 79.

MAY, 1948.

Albert E. Davies, Printer, Swansea.



GORAU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

Dynevor Secondary School Magazine.

No. 79 (No. 6 New Series).

May, 1948.

Editor : CLIFF RICHARDS.

Sub-Editors : G. DAVIES AND B. KEANE.

EDITORIAL.

Once again we are presenting our School Mag. for your approval and we hope it pleases you. We had hoped to have a new cover design for this issue, and although we received some good suggestions from Peter Markey of the Sixth, the new cover has had to be postponed because of the cost. This is the first time since the war that the School has printed two editions in one year and we hope the practice will now be maintained. Many thanks to all those who have contributed to this edition, and if your contribution is not included this time, don't be disheartened—have another try. Several good cartoons have been received, but these also, unfortunately, cannot be printed because of the expense.

SCHOOL NOTES.

A stir of excitement was raised in the School this term by the presence of His Majesty's Inspectors. Fortunately, and to the relief of many, a satisfying report was tendered of the work, although a rather severe one was sent in of the accommodation.

More concrete evidence of the return of the School to peacetime conditions was seen by the presence of a surveyor and his assistant, whose face was well known to members of the Senior School.

The work of the various societies has continued this term, but they were interrupted towards the latter end by that annual torture of the fifth and sixth forms—the Easter Examinations. The results of this examination further increased their worries and they withdrew for the holidays to recuperate and gain strength for the final ordeal in July.

A more ambitious project was undertaken on St. David's Day this year by the presentation of "A Pageant of Welsh History" under the guidance of Mr. Bryn Davies, Mr. Gwilym Roberts and Mr. Arthur Davies. This was very successful and was greatly appreciated by the boys who are studying Welsh History for their forthcoming examinations.

There has been considerable lack of House activities this term, no matches having been played at all, but it is hoped that we shall see a revival of interest next term with the holding of the School Sports.

The School once again is heard to resound with music in preparation for this year's concert at the Brangwyn Hall. Several successful practices have been held and we are sure that the Choir will maintain the high standard set in recent years.

Great consternation has been caused in the sixth forms by the decision to detain all boys who are late. There are several members of the Lower forms, Arts and Sciences, who seem to be constantly in trouble over this. (We have been asked to refrain from mentioning any names which will cause great embarrassment and shame.)

A desire has been expressed in the Sixths, particularly the Arts, for the formation of a Dramatic Society. It is felt that this is an essential part of school life and it is certain there is no lack of talent. So we may see the development of such a society in the near future.

A pleasant change was provided during the term by a lecture on "Recording" by Mr. Owens, B.B.C. It will be remembered that Mr. Owens was present at the School last Christmas term when recordings were taken of carol singing by the School. This was a very interesting and instructive lecture and was well illustrated by a number of recordings, many of which are of great historical value. Our connection with the B.B.C. is further strengthened by the fact that one of its leading reporters, namely Mr. Wynford Vaughan Thomas, is an old pupil of the School.

Another equally interesting and educational experience was the visit by the Sixth Forms to the Atomic Train. If the explanations were rather vague to the Arts students, nevertheless it proved an enjoyable morning. We were glad to

see Dynevor represented on the staff of the train by the presence of Mr. Brian Flowers, who is really an "Old Boy" of Glanmor.

In spite of the gallant efforts of the Prefects, the "New System" failed to work in the canteen this term. Many an agonised look was exchanged and several of this "remarkable" gathering were noticed to have lost several pounds owing to the hard work and loss of appetite (?).

We must not fail to mention that "gallant few" who during the examination period assisted the Prefects in their assiduous duties. They worked conscientiously and under the guidance of their seniors are making progress, and they will be well prepared for their position next year.

Old boys continue to drop in, usually in uniform, but often in civvies, rejoicing in their release from the Armed Forces. Among those have been Eric Morgan and Stan Griffiths, both fresh from Palestine, Reece Price en route for Trieste, Don Yerbury, resplendent in R.A.F. uniform, and Harry Walters in bell-bottoms.

The majority of C.W.B. Certificates were duly distributed in Chapel by the Headmaster this term and we take this opportunity to congratulate all who received them and to wish every success to the candidates who are sitting the examination this year who, we are sure, will do full justice to themselves.

Congrats to the Rugger Team on beating Gowerton (who beat us 35—0 at the beginning of the season). Just like the Wallabies beating the All Whites, the School won in the last few minutes. Oddly enough the score was the same, too, 11—8.

We should like to place on record, here, a vote of thanks to Mrs. Thomas and all the other members of the canteen staff for their great work every dinner hour. How they keep their patience with some of the juniors shouting: "No cabbage," or "No gravy," is amazing. Thank you, ladies, very much indeed!

It gives us great pleasure to publish an article in Welsh by M. René Huon. It is a resumé of a talk on Brittany given to the Welsh Society during the term.

Much interest has been aroused by the formation in the Junior School of a Literary and Debating Society. Officials have been elected, and although the Society is yet in its infancy, it is hoped that the number of members will be increased in the coming term. The first meeting was held in 3A room under the guidance of Mr. Morgan, and we understand that all juniors are invited to join in this venture.

THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

For this year's School Concert the Choir will perform Verdi's Requiem Mass and excerpts from Handel's Messiah. Perhaps the Mass is the most difficult work to be yet attempted. A few preliminary remarks about this masterpiece will be helpful to appreciate the performance.

Although Verdi (1813-1901) devoted almost all his life to composing operas, he did write some religious music of which the Requiem is by far the greatest. He was inspired to write it in memory of his friend, the Italian poet Manzoni.

The Mass is the chief act of worship in the Church, to which may be added a musical setting. It has always been considered the highest and most important of those religious services where music enhances the sacredness and solemnity of the occasion. As the text is one of the liturgical legacies of the Mediaeval Church, it is in Latin, and although there is an English translation, the Choir will sing the original version, for which they are to be highly commended.

The actual numbers of the ordinary Mass set to music are, in order, the Kyrie eleison (Lord, have mercy), Gloria in excelsis (Glory be to God on high), Credo in unum Deum (I believe in one God), Sanctus (Holy), Benedictus qui venit (Blessed is he that cometh) and Agnus Dei (Lamb of God). But the Requiem Mass differs slightly from the ordinary Mass. It chiefly consists of a setting of the thirteenth century Latin hymn, Dies Irae (Day of wrath), to music, and is, as the name requiem implies, a mass to commemorate the dead.

Briefly, the text deals with the gulf which must be crossed before the departed soul of Everyman can reach its ultimate goal. Verdi's vividly dramatic setting can aptly be described as a picture in sound of the fiery gulf which must be crossed before the agonised soul can reach its long desired end. The musical movements in Verdi's work are as follows:—Requiem aeternam (Grant them rest eternal), Kyrie, Dies Irae, which is sub-divided into nine numbers. Domine Jesu, Sanctus, Agnus Dei, Lux aeterna (Light Eternal) and Libera me (Deliver my soul).

The Dies Irae takes up about half the work. This part has always been a popular subject and more than one great master has adopted its verses to music of a broadly imaginative, if not a distinctly dramatic character.

The services of the mediaeval Christian Church in all countries and the church rules of music being the same everywhere, the music of church musicians had no national tinge.

But it is, indeed, a far cry from Verdi's setting to the long drawn aisle and fretted vault. Music, formerly pursued for the sake of religion, began to arrogate more independent functions. After the Renaissance the Mass itself fell under the influence of opera. It took over the opera style. It also adopted the opera singer, till gradually it lost its true religious bearing becoming little but a monument of virtuosity. The work of Verdi is that of a demonstrative Italian.

Those of you who are familiar with Walter Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel will remember the end of the narrative where he refers to the funeral service of the departed minstrel :—

The mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead.
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burthen of the song—
Dies irae, Dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla.

Then Scott gives the hymn sung by the holy Fathers :—

That day of wrath that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
When, shivering like a parched scroll
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!
O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

This hymn is the principal subject and is the central idea on which all turns. Perhaps it is the best 'programme' one can offer to this year's School Concert.

The torrential stream of music poured forth by Verdi in the setting of this hymn is overwhelming. Wrath, terror, hope, devotion, are each in turn used as a preparation for the concluding prayer for 'Eternal rest.' Its dimensions are stretched to the utmost, and a huge array of orchestral and vocal forces, including organ and a battery of percussion are required to make it a terrible reality.

To conclude, a brief reference should be made to a few other outstanding features of this monumental work. It opens with a short passage for a section of the orchestra heard in the most tranquil of pianissimo suggesting a state of ethereal

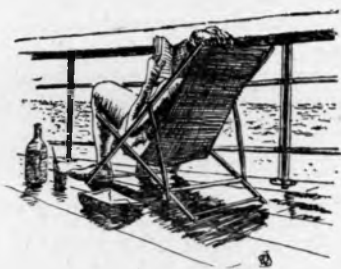
stillness and repose. Then voices enter in broken declamation intoning the solemn phrase "Grant them rest ternal and light perpetual." This leads later to the most moving passage in the work when solo voices, choir and orchestra combine in the three-fold prayer of Christendom—Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison. Another feature is where Verdi stages the advent of the Judge heralded by trumpets with the vividness which he would have used in an opera. The awe-inspiring vision of Dies Irae is later dispelled by the jubilation of the immensely vigorous and truly glorifying Sanctus which is, in effect, a dance of sheer joy. The quiet end—*Libera me*—is perfect in its poetry and solemnity.

We wish our music master and the boys every success in this big musical venture, and we feel sure that their gigantic effort will be well rewarded.

LONDON TO ATHENS.

The ropes were cast off fore and aft, and the M.V. "Oakmore" swung round under the power of the tugs. Through the docks and out into the Thames Estuary we went. At last, after many weeks of waiting, we (my mother, sister and I) were on the first stage of our 3,500 mile voyage to Rhodes.

We were going to join my father at Athens. From there



we were to travel together to the Island of Rhodes, where my father was working with the British Police Mission to Greece.

Some time later on the day of our departure, I saw the white cliffs of Dover come into view. Standing nearby, gazing at them, were two fellow passengers. One of them, a young lady, remarked that they did not appear particularly white. Her companion replied, and she quite believed him, that because of the war they had not been whitewashed lately. Bursts of laughter from the crew, however, gave the game away.

As we crossed the Bay of Biscay the ship's motion became somewhat exaggerated, and there were many who seemed to show little interest in the wonderful food served on board. Off the coast of Spain I saw two whales. I had finished my dinner early, not through any disability, but through natural speed, and I was first up on deck. I suddenly noticed a spout of water about a hundred yards from the ship. I ran down



the companion-way into the saloon and shouted that there were whales close by. Many of the passengers did not believe me, and one day declared that I had been drinking too much orangeade. However, when we all went up on deck we saw the two long dark shapes, spouting tall columns of water into the air.

When we arrived at Algiers harbour it was night-time and everything was pitch black. The streets of Algiers appeared as wavy lines of sparks, and here and there were brilliancies that indicated cafes or night-clubs. Then, over the horizon came the moon, but it was blood-red. As it slowly climbed into the sky it changed from red, through orange, yellow, and cream, to a dazzling white. The whole of the scene was illuminated. It was an unforgettable sight.

The rest of the Mediterranean cruise I can only divide into periods of eating, sleeping and sun-bathing, with occasional games of quoits upon the 'midship hatch. The sun-bathing was glorious. I used to lie in a deck chair in my shorts and read the thrillers from the ship's library. The next stop was at Kalamata, a small Greek port, where olive oil drums were unloaded. During this halt I went swimming in the glorious, transparent, blue water of the bay. To get into the water one only had to dive twenty feet from the rail of the ship, but, as I found out later, to get back on board, one had to

swim through fifty yards of oil-covered water to the gang-plank. It took me half-an-hour's scrubbing under the shower, two meals and three oranges to thoroughly clean myself and get the taste out of my mouth.

The next day we left Kalamata and continued round the coast. The morning after that, we were told at breakfast that we were in the port of Athens, Pireaus. I immediately rushed on deck. The great grey and brown mass of the hills, sweeping down to the bluey-white of the town of Athens, caught my eye immediately. On a mid-distant hill stood the Acropolis, glaring white in the morning sun that had not then reached down into the town. On the rippled surface of the bay, the small native coiques were being gently puffed along by a breeze that swelled their white triangular sails.

We eventually docked at Pireaus, and when we disembarked, a car was waiting which took us to Athens, and to the Hotel where we were to stay. The second part of the journey was due to begin in a fortnight's time . . . but that is another story.

P.D.L.J.—Lower VI, Arts.

A WORKING HOLIDAY.

Last July, having dispensed with the tiresome business of C.W.B., I received an invitation to avail myself of the opportunities of a healthy holiday which would be at the same time a useful one. This invitation came from a farm on the Berkshire Downs near Reading, which was rather short of labour for the harvest and, therefore, enthralled at the anticipation of rolling countryside and healthy country air after the smoke and "car-exhaust" atmosphere of Swansea's blitzed streets, I accepted gladly.

I arrived at Reading at 11.15 a.m., having taken an early train from Swansea, and having partaken of lunch at a restaurant and seen some of the town's lofty and impressive stores and municipal buildings, I took a bus to Aldworth, my destination, and reached this pleasant little village after an hour's pleasant journey. There, I was met by the farmer, who very kindly took my luggage and drove me up to the farm in his car. It was a glorious spot: the farm was situated on the brow of a hill from which a fine view could be had of the rolling hills and rich pasture lands which are typical of this area. The farm was surrounded by tall elms and had numerous barns and out-buildings. I spent the first day "settling-in" and agreed with the farmer to start work on the following day.



PREFECTS 1947-1948.

Standing (left-right)—S. G. Richards, J. Beale, R. Hopkins, K. C. Lewis, C. Richards, J. R. Morgan.
T. H. Williams, M. Erikson, I. Shorrock, D. C. Davies, J. D. Evans.

(Seated) C. W. Lewis (Vice-Captain), Mr. D. J. Williams, Mr. W. B. Thomas (Headmaster),
J. N. Howard (Head Prefect), M. Seacombe (Deputy Vice-Captain).

Tuesday morning dawned bright and clear, and I was roused at 6.30 a.m. with a very welcome cup of tea from my charming hostess. Having enjoyed a real farm breakfast of bacon and eggs, I went out to receive instructions for the first day's work with the farm labourers. I soon learned that farm work was not, as it is often portrayed in paintings, sitting on top of a load of hay, chewing a piece of straw and generally looking as unintelligent as possible! It was hard work and no mistake!

For the first work week I was subjected to the miserable and tedious task of "cleaning up" the fields where the cattle grazed. This consisted usually of pulling up docks and rag-forts and cutting thistles—all the time endeavouring to avoid the repeated charges made by the lusty young bulls who seemed to consider my discomfort a great joke—I thought otherwise!

During the following weeks, however, I did the jobs which I really came to do. When the binder was at work on the standing corn, I usually drove the tractor and when "hauling" was the programme, my activities centred on rick-building and unloading the sheaves from waggon to elevator, which transferred them to the top of the rick. Of course, it wasn't all pleasure. When we were "stooking" a heavy crop of damp wheat the feelings with which I rose on the following morning was too agonising to relate, and when we were hauling barley I experienced a great deal of itching and irritation as many who have participated in such work will readily appreciate.

However, we finished the harvest in record time—mainly on account of the glorious weather—and we then reverted to the usual tasks of "winter" on the farm—dung-carting, threshing, thatching and wood cutting. Of these, the hardest job was threshing, because, on account of the dry weather, the corn was very dusty and when one was subjected to cleaning out and "bagging up" the chaff from under the thresher and cleaning out the caving and dirt, one's face was by no means white at the end of the day!

Nevertheless, in spite of the hard life and hard work, this holiday conferred inestimable benefits upon me, and I returned home much healthier and happier than when I went away. This was due mainly to the fresh air and healthy surroundings. The people were very kind and generous and

they completely succeeded in making me feel at home—in fact, there was never an unpleasant moment. Therefore, if anyone wishes to find a profitable way in which he can spend his summer holidays, I can thoroughly recommend “lending a hand on the land.”

K. D. James, Lower VI. Arts.

Y GYMDEITHAS GYMRAEG.

Hoffwn gyfeirio at ddau o'r cyfarfodydd a gynhaliwyd yn ystod y tymor. Mae'r Seiat Holi bob amser ym dderbyniol gennym ac yn llwyddiannus. Rhaid oedd ei chael i mewn i'r rhaglen, a da o beth oedd gwranddo ar atebion i gyfres o gwestiynau campus a oedd yn cyffwrdd â'r difrif a'r digri mewn bywyd. Cafwyd atebion parod a hwylus gan Mr. Bryn Davies, Mr. Islwyn Williams sydd mor barod bob amser i gefnogi'r gymdeithas, a Mr. R. Huon. Yr holwr oedd Mr. Harries.

Cyfarfod da arall oedd sgwrs Mr. René Huon ar wlad ei febyd, sef, Llydaw. Wedi cyflwyno ei destun yn huawdl yn Gymraeg trodd at Saesneg i roi inni ddarlun byw o gefndir hanesyddol y wlad, ei pherthynas â frainc, ei thraddodiadau, a'i chyflwr heddiw wedi'r rhyfel. Petai galw am hynny gallasai'r gwr dawnsu hwn droi at ddwy iaith arall a pharhau ei sgwrs. I lawer ohonom sy'n medru un iaith yn unig ac sy'n profi'r poen a'r blinder mwyaf i geisio dysgu unrall rywffodd, fe fyddai'n werth gofyn i Mr. Huon “How is it done?”

Dathlwyd Gwyl Ddewi yn deilwng eleni. Dymunwn longyfarch Mr. Bryn Davies ar ei waith rhagorol gyda'i basiant. Dadlennwyd i ni ogoniant gorffennol ein gwlad mewn ffordd a thipyn o afael a blas arno. Wedi clywed ymdriniaeth ddeheuig a chynnwysfawr Mr. Davies gallwn ymfalchio fwy fyth ynddi.

Pob lwc i'r bechgyn hynny sydd wedi llanw eu ffurflenni ar gyfer Gwersyll yr Urdd yn Llangrannog. Mae'r nifer wedi cynyddu'n fawr yn ein plith. Ond ofnaf na chewch eich derbyn i gyd.

Diddorol sylwi, wrth derfynnu, ar y cychgrawn bach “Ein byd.” I'r rhai hynny na fedrant Gymraeg dyma bapur destlus a chryno i hwyluso'r gwaith.

J. Randall Morgan, VIA.

DRINGO MYNYDD.

Mae pawb ohonom yn cofio rhyw daith fwy diddorol na'i gilydd a gawsom trwy ran o Gymru—hynod o ran ei golygfeydd, neu o ran ei hanes, neu efallai'n syml am ein bod ni mewn cywair arbennig i'w mwynhau y diwrnod hwnnw.

Taith hynod o ran ei golygfeydd sydd gennyf dan sylw ond nid rhyw daith esmwyth, ddiymdrech dros fryn a dŵl, eithr antur enbyd i ddringo copa uchaf Cymru, sef, Yr Wyddfa.

Mynd ben bore yn gwmni difyr mewn bws o Griccieth, man Gwersyll yr Urdd, yn union hed oedi i Lanberis. Byd yn mynd heibio i rywle a byd newydd yn dod downd y gornel—dyna'n fyr yw teithio fel hyn. Ond cyn cyrraedd y dref honno rhaid mynd trwy Fwlch Llanberis. Yma y sylweddolir gwir ystyr a grym yr ymadrodd ystydebol 'Cymru Fynyddig.' Heol yn unig sydd ynddo yn ymestyn fel edefyn am ryw bum neu chwe milltir o un pen y Bwlch i'r pen arall—mynyddoedd ar bob ochr yn codi bron yn syth i'r uchelderau a'u llethrau creigiog gyda golwg ddu, frawychus arnynt yn ddigon i beri braw i undyn.

Cyrraedd stesion Llanberis—stesion y trên bach sy'n tuchan a phwlffacan yn fyglyd wrth fynd a'i lwyth o ymwelwyr haf i'r top. Ond yr cadd deg swllt yn ormod i stiwdent heb lawer rhyngddo a'r tloty i ymuno â'r dieithriaid ffroenuchel hyn. Llwybr y mynydd amdani ynte, a bant â ni yn ysgafn galon. Dechrau dringo'n hwylus gan ddilyn y llwybr igamogam i fyny ar lethr y mynydd. Gweld y wlad yn dechrau vmagor ac ymehangu am filltiroedd odditanom ar yr un llaw—gwlad ag amryw o lynnoedd ynddi; gweld golwg heriog Y Glyder Fawr yn taflu ei wg arnom ar y llaw arall.

Wrth esgyn a chodi ein golygon at y mynyddoedd mawreddog roedd y llwybr yn mynd yn fwy serth a throellog a charegog. 'Roedd y cam erbyn hyn yn dechrau arafu a'r anadlu yn drymach, ond llonder i bob calon oedd golwg y caffe hanner-ffordd hwnnw. Snac a sbel fach ynddo cyn wynebu ail-hanner y daith. 'Roedd yr ymdrech o hyn ymlaen i gadw i fynd yn llafurus am fod y dringo mor anodd. 'Roedd swm hymiog olwynion y trên bach yn digalonni. Erbyn hyn 'roeddy gwynt wedi codi'n uchel a rhaid oedd gwylio'n cam yn ofalus wrth dremio dros ambell ddibyn erchyll. Rhaid dod o fewn tafliad carreg bron cyn daw'r copa i'r golwg.

A dyna olygfa ryfedd oedd hi o'r top! 'Roedd pen y mynydd ar y diwrnod hwnnw yn disgleirio yn erbyn y glas digwmwl, ac islaw—ymhell islaw—gorweddaï darn helaeth o

Gymru yn union fel map enfawr agored o gylch ei draed. Golygfeydd gwych ac arswydlon o boptu yw gwobr dringwr yr uchter gwybrol hwn. Trefi a phentrefi di-gynnwrf yn bentyrau bychain cryno yn britho'r wlad; tir llonydd, gwastad, ufudd i lafur dynion, a'r môr glas, mawr ei gynhaef yn golchi'n ddiddarfod y glannau.

Wedi dringo i awyr deneuach deneuach i uchder ryw filoedd o droedfeddi uwchlaw'r môr teimlaf yr oerfel hyd yn oed yn awr wrth gofnodi'r sylwadau hyn, ac felly brysiat oddiyno a dwyn hyn o ysgrif i ben yn ddisymwyth.

Golygfa i'w phrofi ac nid i'w disgrifio a geir o ben Yr Wyddfa.

J. Randall Morgan, VIA.

GOLWG AR LLYDAW.

Edwyn pawb yng Nghymru y bobl a elwir "Shoni Winwns." Daethant bob blwyddyn i Gymru cyn y rhyfel i farchnata eu nwyddau, a medrent wneud eu hunain yn ddealladwy i'r Cymry. Yn wir, ni fyddai'n rhaid i'r Llydawiaid, wedi glanio, ar dir Cymru, farw o mewyn canys medrent ddweud y frawddeg ganlynol yn Llydaweg a'i gwneud yn ddealladwy: "Gwin ha kig moch." Y mae hyn yn dangos y berthynas sydd rhwng pobl Cymru a phobl Llydaw: yn wir, y mae hanes Llydaw yn dechrau ym Mhrydain. Pan ormesodd y Sacsoniaid Brydain aeth Prydeiniaid i Lydaw (h.y. Cyfandir). Aethant â'u hiaith, traddodiadau a gwareiddiad. ac adeiladasant bentrefi bach a alwent yn "plou," weithiau "lann," neu "tre" (plwyf, llan, tref), e. e. Plougastell, Tregastell a Lanmeur (Llan mawr), sydd yn enwau trefi yn Llydaw.

Cyn i'r Brythoniaid, braidd, gartrefu yn Llydaw, gorfu iddynt ymladd â'r Ffrancod (Franks)—ond yr oeddynt yn ddigon cryf i'w gwrthwynebu a'u gorchfygu. Aeth pob peth yn dda hyd 1488 pan orchfygwyd hwy gan y Ffrancod ac yr oedd yn rhaid i dduges Llydaw briodi brenin Ffainc. Yn 1532 unwyd Llydaw a Ffrainc o dan hunan-lywodraeth. Yna gyda'r Chwyldro yn 1789 collodd hyd yn oed ei hymreolaeth.

Beth yw ystad yr iaith ar hyn o bryd yn Llydaw? Wele eto fwy na miliwn o bobl yn siarad Llydaweg bob dydd, yn bennaf yn y wlad, ond ymae'r llywodraeth wedi gwgu arni, ac nid yw'r bobl a sieryd Lydaweg yn gallu ei darllen na'i hysgrifennu. Ni ddysgwyd yr iaith yn yr ysgolion erioed, ac y mae'n rhyfedd bod pobl yn dal i'w siarad eto yn Llydaw, ac yn rhyfeddach byth fod ganddi lenyddiaeth.

Dechreuodd y gyfathrach rhwng Llydaw a Chymru gyda'r dadeni llenyddol yn Llydaw. Ar wahoddiad Cymdeithas y Cymreigyddion daeth y bardd Kervarker i Gymru i Eisteddfod Abergafenni yn 1838, a chydag ef yr oedd y gramadegwr Ar Gonideg a'r bardd Ffrengig Lamartine. Daeth dirprwyaeth fawr i Gaerdydd yn 1900 i'r Eisteddfod, a phenderfynwyd sefydlu cangen o'r Orsedd yn Llydaw, a daeth pobl o Lydaw bob blwyddyn i'r Eisteddfodau yng Nghymru.

Mae Llydaw a'r Llydaweg yn fyw o hyd, ac fel yng Nghymru y mae'r bobl ieuainc yn credu yn yr heniaith ac yn byw erddi. Cofier mai'r iaith yw enaid y genedl.

Un o Lydaw.

René Huon.

Y CWM YN NHREFORUS.

We have no marble statues,
Or monuments of stone;
We have no rural scenery,
Or castles weather-worn.

Look around you stranger,
And everywhere you'll see
The toil, and work, and struggle
Of man's infirmity.

The quarries on the hillside,
The tips across the moors;
The smoke of fifty chimneys
And furnaces outpours.

This is the life and labour
Of nameless men untold;
This is their only tombstone,
And this their only gold.

But to this life of labour,
Each Sabbath day has brought
A time of rest and quiet,
For worship and for thought.

The hymns in chapel singing,
The people everyone
Forget this world of trouble,
And praise God's Glorious Son.

O Valley of Treforus,
My only wish for thee,
—To see thy people happy,
And ever peaceful be.

G. V. DAVIES, Lower VI Arts.

THE LODGER.

When Mary suggested that we should have a lodger I was heartily in favour. Not only would it help to relieve the town's housing shortage, but it would mean that Mary's Uncle Cuthbert would not be able to visit us during the Easter Vacation. Some people would call this selfish, but those people do not know Uncle Cuthbert. I can still remember his last week-end visit, which, incidentally, lasted one complete month. I shudder when I think of Uncle Cuthbert putting the greater half of one week's butter ration on three pieces of toast. But to get back to the question of our lodger.



When I suggested that he should be about 80, with plenty of money and no surviving relations, and so ill that Mary could nurse him, she was very annoyed. Finally, after much discussion, we came to the decision that our lodger must be middle aged, very rich and suffering from an incurable disease. I thought this was a lot to ask for, but Mary insisted, so as all wise husbands do, I agreed with the suggestions of my wife.

I inserted the advertisement in the "Bigglesworth Daily Telegraph." Like all advertisers, my wife and I eagerly scanned the Friday issue of this notable newspaper. There it was: "Respectable couple require a lodger." I had thought

this a very unbusinesslike advertisement, but as my wife pointed out, if it was unusual, everybody was sure to read it.

Saturday dawned and bright and early I ran downstairs. There on the mat was one letter. I opened it, scanned it eagerly, and gave one joyous shout, for it stated that a Mr. Heplethwaite was coming to view the rooms advertised in the local newspaper. Glancing at the clock, I saw that it was then 8.30. I called my wife and told her the gladsome tidings, and when she heard that the lodger would most likely be here at noon, she at once got up, and went to grocers, for, she said, she must make a good impression.

I arrived home from work at 11.30. My wife was glancing anxiously at the clock. Quarter to twelve—still no lodger. It was ten minutes past twelve that we heard a car draw up. Mary glanced at the table, with its cold ham and salad laid neatly on a white tablecloth.

The door-bell shrilled. I straightened my tie and shuffled forward to answer the door. I opened the door and there standing on the porch was I shall always remember that minute, for Mr. Heplethwaite was a mere pseudonym for Uncle Cuthbert!

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A HOBBY.

Photography has a new fascination today, for many fine and hitherto impossible pictures are now comparatively simple to take, even by the novice. The first known photograph of a human face was taken in 1840 and the person whose photograph was being taken had to sit in glaring sunlight and have his face covered with white powder. The exposure lasted ten minutes. Today, however, photographs can be taken indoors even with a "box" camera, and the exposure, far from being in the region of minutes, is only a "split second."

If a person is going to take up photography as a hobby, far more pleasure will be derived from it if the correct type of camera is chosen. There is today an extensive range of cameras, and the best type for the beginner is not an extremely intricate and expensive camera, but one which will take good pictures not only in sunlight but also under adverse conditions, such as a dull, cloudy sky, or in shadow. Therefore, I think it best to have a camera with several shutter speeds and apertures.

I have a camera with nine different shutter speeds and six possible apertures, and with this type of camera endless joys may be obtained. The possible range of pictures obtainable with the camera is very great. Some of the pictures I have taken are unusual and interesting.

Night pictures have a peculiar fascination of their own, and I have one or two which are extremely pleasing to look at. When taking a night photograph, it is necessary to have a long exposure and a comparatively large aperture for the scanty light to pass on to the film. One of my photographs is that of a bay at the sea-shore, with the light of the moon tracing a silver pathway across the lightly ruffled surface of the sea, while in the distance on the opposite side of the bay, a light, somewhat diffused by distance, lends a pleasant relief to the sombre looking land mass. When I look at this peaceful scene, a feeling of pride creeps over me to think that I have mastered quite a difficult photograph.

An enjoyable time can be had by contriving amusing, deceptive photographs. For example, photographs of ghosts can be quite easily contrived by means of taking two photographs or exposures on the same piece of film, but each exposure must be half of what an ordinary photograph would require under the same conditions. In the same way, triple exposures can be performed, only these are rather more difficult.

Triple and double exposures are often very amusing when used in a different way. For example, it is possible to take a picture of a person offering a cigarette to himself! All that is necessary in this type of photograph is a black background from which no light is reflected. The subject stands before the black background with an open cigarette packet in his hand. The photographer must make sure that the subject is well to one side when viewed through the viewfinder. An exposure can then be made. Without turning the film or moving the camera, another exposure is made, but with the subject on the opposite side and in the action of taking a cigarette with his hand outstretched. When the photograph has been developed it will be found that the subject will appear twice, but in different positions—on one side offering the cigarette and on the other side receiving it. In this way twins and triplets can be made of one person.

If a person wanted to photograph a cloud formation it would be of little avail for him to take an ordinary snapshot.

If he did the clouds would hardly be visible, so what is done is to place a filter of coloured glass over the lens, in this case a yellow-green filter, and if this is done a fine picture is the result. As far as I can make out, the reason for this is that a film is not as sensitive to certain colours as the eye. The converse is also true.

I remember once attempting some animal photography, but under somewhat uncomfortable conditions. I had decided, after viewing a splendid photograph of a beaver gnawing at a tree, that I would attempt this type of photograph, and at once sallied forth confident that I would succeed. It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining out of a clear blue sky and everything was fresh after a night of rain. At last I reached my objective—a small wood where I hoped to find some animal life that I could photograph. As I entered this wood I noticed that the stream which flowed on the outskirts was somewhat swollen by the recent rain. I was just about to continue my journey when I noticed that at one part of its course the stream fell over a miniature waterfall and struck a rock at the bottom, sending the water up in a spray, which, as it caught and reflected the sunlight, seemed as though each particle of water was a tiny jewel. Anxious as I was, I could not resist taking a photograph of this entrancing scene. As if ashamed of my delay, I hurried on into the wood. It was not long before I arrived at the place I had decided on. It was a rather narrow pass between two shelving banks, with a boggy, muddy bottom. After waiting some time, remaining as still as possible, I heard a slight rustling on the opposite bank. Looking across, I saw a small field mouse industriously burrowing into the soft, sandy soil. Hardly able to restrain my excitement, I raised my camera and leaned forward. As the camera clicked I slipped and fell flat into the mud! When I arose, my first thought was for the camera. Picking it up, I found to my great relief that it had suffered no damage. Putting it aside for a moment, I attempted to clean myself, and then started home. I was thinking what a fine photograph the mouse would make, when suddenly a thought struck me—I had forgotten to turn the film from the waterfall picture, and both were ruined!

Photography is not only an exciting and instructive hobby, but it is one where there is always something new to be attempted.

K. Waite, V.D.

"A TALE OF REVENGE."

In our back garden we had a small chicken shed. It was not a very stable affair (even less so after my attempts to improve it), but after covering it with a large piece of tarpaulin, and brushing that and myself with several coats of tar, it was pronounced fit for habitation.

We had several chickens, which we killed as they grew big enough, until there was only one left.

Now I had formed an attachment for this old bird, partly because he was the proudest and most handsome of the lot, but mostly because he was the last one who was to be killed. He would strut around the garden when let out of his shed, as he often was, with the air of one who is above the world around him.

But I must not slip over his greatest fault. He had a vicious temper. Even when he was very small he was always rather snappy. My cousin's young brother, John, a kid of six who went about in a sailor suit, used to delight in teasing him occasionally and as our hero, Chanticleer, grew, so did his hatred of his tormentor.

I was the only person who could do anything with him, but even so I had to keep a careful eye on him when he was near. Strangers to him could only venture down the garden at their peril.

Anyway, on that fatal Sunday morning when matters came to a head the fowl was safely locked up in his shed. I can vouch for that because I had just given him his mash (of which he was very fond) and I distinctly remember shutting the door and putting the latch on afterwards. The latch was definitely quite safe; I had fitted a new one only the day before.

Well, about half an hour later who should show up but my cousin with John in tow. I was making a model schooner at the time and it was this monstrosity that they had come to see (I still haven't the slightest idea why). I used to make any articles of wood that were within the scope of my limited stock of tools in a place at the top of the garden which I will dignify with the name of workshop.

After I had unsuccessfully tried to persuade John that he didn't want to see my handiwork, and that there was nothing in the shed that interested him, I led the two of them to my honoured domain. It was in its usual pickle, so we lined up at the bench to start a systematic search for the schooner.

The shed was not a very well lighted affair, and that combined with the fact that the bench was piled with rubbish, did not make the search very easy. My older cousin had just started to expound his views on schooners and untidy sheds in general, when the words froze on his lips.

One distinct "cluck" had come from the doorway.

A death-like silence settled over us, and it even seemed as though the birds around had stopped singing to watch what would happen.

We all turned, knowing what we would see, and yet dreading the sight. It was true; he had escaped and was standing there in the doorway, with his greatest enemy at his mercy. Everybody stood perfectly still for one moment, and during that time I could have sworn I saw an evil smile of triumph pass over that bird's face. It was soon over. He flapped his beautiful red-brown wings, stretched himself and crowed, while the green-black feathers on his back glistened and shone in the morning sun.

Then he attacked. It was easy to see that he had singled out his victim from the first, because, ignoring my cousin and me, he sprang straight at John; and that's all I saw.

My cousin and I, in search of something with which we could rescue John from the flying terror, retired hastily to the coal-shed where I thought I had put my garden spade the night before. But it wasn't there. We searched frantically for about three minutes, while the old shed shook with screams intermingled with squawks and a loud scuffling noise. Clouds of dust and some feathers (one of which I recognised as the main feather of our hero's tail), also flew from the shed during the aforementioned time. Suddenly, just as I spotted the article in question leaning against the wall at the other end of the garden, the noise stopped, and through the dust strutted the cockerel.

He held himself with the same proud air: with the same tilt of head and body: but what a shocking condition he was in. I was right about the tail feather, it was missing, and several more with it. He was covered with grease and dirt from head to foot, but to crown his dishevelled appearance, he limped like a switch-back when he walked. I saw him more plainly as the dust cleared away and I could see that his right leg was scatched and he had a tiny cut under his foot, which he held up under him when he wasn't walking.

Once more he set off down the garden with what he tried to make a pompous walk, but what appeared to us to be a

sort of rolling limp. He disappeared behind a clump of bushes, and that was the last we saw of him for several hours.

Little more remains to be told.

My cousin John was more frightened than pecked, but he, too, was in an appalling condition. His white sailor suit was a dirty grey and I don't know what his mother said to him. Whenever she visited us I managed to keep out of her way until she had cooled down. The feud between Chanticleer and John was over, with John coming out second best : needless to say, our hero was never teased again.

Of course, I got the blame. Even if I had almost knocked a plank out of the back of the old shed by putting the latch on, I was only trying to help. It wasn't my fault if he got out through the hole.

W.M.M., 4E.

DOMINIC LUCIA.

It was late October when I first saw him. He was a man of over 60 years of age, I should say, dressed in well-cut but well-worn clothes. He drew my attention by the manner in which he appeared to be eating the food exhibited in the refreshment room window of Le Gare du Nord, Paris. His imaginary meal over, he sauntered along the platform, an old violin case tucked under his arm, his hands thrust deep into his overcoat pockets and his head bowed low as though in grief or great thought.

I followed him at a respectable distance and watched him sit down on a deserted seat and rummage in an old haversack until he found a small packet of sandwiches. These he quickly devoured. Meanwhile, I was strolling towards him, with a view to offering him a square meal, when he pulled out a wallet. A miser, I thought at first, but evidently there was little in it, because he then pulled out a gold watch. This he fondly caressed, then with a shake of his head, put both back into their respective places.

For a short period he just stared at his violin case, then proceeded to open it and tune up his instrument, the tones of which, when reaching my ears, made me wish that the instrument belonged to me.

Sauntering away along the platform, he stopped outside the first-class refreshment room, and adjusting his tie, tucked his violin under his chin and played "The Hungarian Dance Number Five" by Brahms. When he had finished, an old

lady approached him and requested him to play "Annie Laurie." With a nod of his head, he proceeded to play. Now, this being my favourite tune, and being the possessor of a good tenor voice, which I say with all modesty, I could not refrain from singing.

At the end of the song, loud applause brought me back to my senses. In vain I tried to escape the people but they lead us into the refreshment room and gave us both a good meal and financial assistance in spite of my protests. At the first opportunity I evaded their attentions and it was not until I was aboard the ship at Calais that I saw the old maestro again. He came up to me, shook my hand and thanked me for the help I had been to him. I gave him the money I had received, as I had no want of it, and with tears running down his cheeks, he said, "Things have not always been like this." Hoping to save him further embarrassment I asked to see his violin. It was a Stradivari, on the neck of which was a small golden plate, with these words inscribed: "To my son, Emmanuele Baselli, on his sixteenth birthday, 1888." I played a piece or two, put it back into its case, and asked him how he came by such a good instrument that had once belonged to the great Italian violinist, Emmanuele Baselli. In a whisper that I could hardly hear, he said, "I am Emmanuele Baselli." Then followed a silence, while I conjured over in my mind the audiences he had held spellbound, and I left him after receiving his promise to lunch with me later on.

After lunch, which was the best I could afford, I ventured to ask him (addressing him as Mr. Baselli) why he had left the high lights of the musical world. He told me that never again must I call him Baselli, but Dominic Lucia. "Emmanuele Baselli," he continued, "died 21 years ago today, when I committed the unpardonable sin of running away with many more Italians from the Austro-German Army during the Battle of Caporetto at a little village near Santa Lucia, from which I took my surname. Dominic was the name of my batman, who held off the opposing infantry, thus enabling me to get away. Dominic! I last saw him still firing a machine gun and all but over-powered, I take my hat off to his memory." Dominic Lucia, as I shall now call him, doffed his hat, crossed himself and muttered a few words of prayer. Sitting down again, he explained to me that he had been a great friend of General Badageo, and had obtained a commission in the Italian Second Army. However, political propaganda had sapped the morale of the majority of the

troops, and when the enemy attacked, the support and even headquarters began to retreat. Dominic had drifted with the crowd, not having had the training or the qualification to lead men, especially in adverse circumstances. They sank to the lowest possible level of pillaging food and clothing from their fellow countrymen, including women and children. So, Dominic had not recovered his morale when the war ended twelve months later; indeed, he had not recovered it when I met him. Then came the rise of Mussolini and the Black Shirts; these, Dominic knew, to be behind the political trouble prior to Caporetto, therefore he had had little faith in the new regime.

From the sublime to the weak is but a short step, and it was in the latter group he now moved. Caporetto still lived in his mind and stank in his nostrils. He declared, especially to Britain, that the war drums were being beaten again, and he was coming to England, as she was the only free country in corrupt Europe. During the remainder of our journey, Dominic kept very quiet, while I toyed with the idea of taking him home with me. On the train's arrival at Victoria, I dashed into a telephone box, 'phoned my father, and received his permission to bring Dominic home.

From that day on he became a changed man and made quite a name in the musical world. He also gave lessons on the violin in our parlour to some local pupils. With the advent of War he was morose for a day or so, and again when the Italians became Britain's enemies in 1941. When I told him that Mussolini had struck at stricken France, his only reply was "Le Cochon."

Dominic was too well liked to be hated (since he was Italian), and was too old for internment. However, to show his thanks, he worked hard to give charity concerts, accepting not even the expenses. Then he was booked for the Royal Albert Hall, London, and while rehearsing, the press critics wrote: "Dominic Lucia is the finest violinist of the century, but he was born 40 years too late." To me he said: "If they only knew the truth." As we journeyed to London that afternoon a German plane and its crew also had the same rendezvous, and we must have arrived at Paddington simultaneously, because we had no sooner stepped onto the platform before the air-raid siren sounded.

Then came a short whine, a shriek, then confusion. Dominic and I were on the ground, he clutched my arm and shouted, "They are through." Caporetto was uppermost in his mind still, and as he slowly rose to his feet he apologised

to me for his outburst, then he added : "Never again." The recital was a tremendous success; the applause was without parallel. To his room he eventually came. I shook his hand warmly and congratulated him as best I could. He made no answer, only smiled, sat on the settee and collapsed. I telephoned a doctor immediately, but before he arrived, Dominic revived a little, called to me and whispered in Italian. "Che Sarâ Sarâ," which means "What will be, will be." Then he was away through those pearly gates. The coroner returned a verdict of death through shock, and said that Dominic had reached for a brief moment the highlights. But you and I know that he had reached it before, but the Germans had pulled him down once more.

M. Lovering, VC.

LIMBURG.

About two hours after our arrival in Holland at the beginning of last August the W.F.A. was dissolved; so I assume that we were the last party from Wales to visit Holland.

Limburg is the narrow strip of southernmost Holland that juts out between Belgium and Germany. It is near the Ardennes and is therefore very hilly with numerous pine-woods. It contains much of interest to the historian, picturesque scenery and some lovely old villages and towns.

Our party consisted almost entirely of girls, and as there is nothing so unbearable as a crowd of excitable females, I more or less deserted the party and spent nearly all the time with my gradually accumulating Limburgian friends. Thus my experiences were more interesting and varied than they would otherwise have been, and I collected quite a number of interesting photographs.

We toured nearly all Southern Limburg on bicycles beneath an azure sky and a scorching sun—it had not rained for 50 days—and I had the unusual but delightful experience of being struck by red, ripe, juicy apples which fell from the overladen trees, shading the lanes near farms.

Nearly everyone in Limburg is a Roman Catholic, and many are the shrines, effigies and crucifixes adorning the hedgerows. The friars who persist in walking slowly down the middle of the long, winding, dusty country roads and lanes, telling their rosaries with their faces uplifted to the heavens, are a constant source of annoyance to unholy motorists, whose curses pass unheeded over the heads of the time-oblivious brethren. We were deeply shocked one day to

see a nun, her voluminous robes billowing out behind her, riding a very highly powered motor cycle at a speed which endangered motorists and put pedestrians in fear of their lives.

The people of Limburg are, for the most part, very good natured and benevolent. But on one occasion we were returning after a day of cycling and we stopped near a farm to try to buy some cider. Jan and myself approached a character who was probably the farmer's son, produced two empty bottles, and Jan asked to buy some cider. The farmer's son was firm in his refusal. We returned despondently to our



thirsty friends, whereupon Elsa—she had black hair and a lovely smile—took the bottles, the money, and after muttering something about the incompetence of boys, stalked determinedly to the farm. She returned three minutes later not only with a triumphant expression on her face, but with two bottles of cider, a large bag of apples and our money back. "You see," she said.

There are three types of policemen in Limburg, the military police, who wear resplendent black and silver uniforms; the frontier police, who wear British Army Uniforms, and are found on the Belgium and German borders—but if I start talking about the activities of these and the smuggling on the border I will never finish—and the State Police who are the equivalent of our "Boh'ies". They wear ex-Schutz Staffeln uniforms (all their equipment is ex-S.S.) and carry revolvers, truncheons and, on public occasions, swords.

There are only thirteen of these 'politicagents' in the municipality of Jeleen where we stayed, half are engaged on clerical work, and the main occupations of the others seemed to be staring into space or taking small children for rides on motor cycles around their headquarters, the Town Hall, a formidable building in the market place. Henny, my Dutch host, tried to tell me that these thirteen arms of the law practised horrible tortures on their victims in the cells beneath this edifice: but as he had, only that morning, tried to give me conclusive proof that President Truman was his grandfather, I wisely remained sceptical.

The youngsters in Jeleen still regard the German uniforms with amusement, and often I have seen cyclists, when passing a policeman, raise their right arms and shout in unison, "Sieg Heil," much to the discomfort of the embarrassed P.C.

The most annoying things in hot and sunny Limburg are the cafes, no matter where one goes one is bound to come across a cafe; in an old Spanish fort, or in the midst of a pine-wood: they are everywhere, with waitresses in bows and tails waiting eagerly to serve the thirsty traveller with 'Limonade' or 'bieren,' an to take the customary ten per cent. tip.

One of the chief features of Jeleen is the sports park where the motor cycle races are held. I was present at the Dutch-Belgian international races, and believe me, the crowd at the Vetch Field is quiet compared with the mob who watch the cycle races. Wim, Jan and myself were sitting on the grass at the corner of the wide cinder track, practically melting in the heat. We had a lovely view, but every time the competitors went roaring around, a vast cloud of black, chocking ash would drift over us like a plague of locusts. Holland was victorious that day, I think, but I am not sure, for before the races were half over we staggered blackened and parched to the cool cafe just down the road.

D. R. Hawkins, L.VI Arts.

THE OMNIFARIOUS SOCIETY.

About the middle of last January some of the intelligensia of the Junior School got together and decided to send a deputation to the Third Programmite Sixth with a view to forming an omnifarious society. With a bribe of two toffy apples (note for connoisseurs: the sweetmeats were of the sticky rather than the runny variety) and a lollipop good for at least fifty-six licks, they got by the two prefects who were, as usual, zealously guarding the main entrance of the Dela-

beche building, and after they had put their ideas to certain of the Sixth, it was decided that a society should be formed called "The Omnifarious Society."

A meeting of all persons interested was held one afternoon at the close of school, and officers were elected. After much heated discussion, certain principles were drawn up, among them one which was joyously acclaimed by the members of the Junior School present, but which met with the disapproval of the Sixth, namely, that all members should attempt the study of oriental philosophy. A debate was arranged for the next meeting, the motion to be that "Locke has contributed little to Subjective Idealism." suggestion that a paper should be read by a biology student on "The Sex Life of the Kidney Bean" was howled down.

At the debate, Master X of the Third Form made a very promising speech for the motion, and in reply, the clarity of Master Y and the force of his arguments astonished even the oldest among us. The motion was defeated by $4\frac{3}{4}$ votes to $3\frac{1}{4}$ (one voter not being able to make up his mind). The paucity of the attendance was disappointing, but it was offered as an explanation that it was badminton night for the Sixth Form.

About the middle of the following month a paper was delivered by one of the Latin students (students? Get away, you etymologists, who said they're zealous or devoted? Well they do like that little blonde with the blue eyes, I know, but . . . come on! Back to work!) on the metres of Catullus. The reader shower promise as such, indeed his pronunciation of the word "pulcher" showed his tonsils quite clearly, I mean, showed a mastership of the tongue of Cicero which many scholars would find hard to better.

The following week a fellow with a red tie, long, wavy hair, rather stocky in build, accustomed to wear brown corduroy trousers, and a member of the Upper Sixth Arts (three guesses as to his name, no prizes for correct solution offered and don't send your answer to us), sang in a deep, mellow, rich, fruity, bass voice. His resonant voice boomed with obvious effort half a dozen words, "Your tiny hand is frozen, let me rub it into life" (such a romantic soul!), and then dropped into his boots (I mean, rather, into his brown, well-polished shoes). Nevertheless, the audience showed their keen appreciation of his talent, and the officers of the Society collected a supply of red, juicy tomatoes to use as fruit in a play they intended to perform. Rehearsals for the play had been going on in secret for some time, and the following week it was staged.

The lack of an appreciative audience on the first night did not perturb the players who, indeed, are specially commendable for their enthusiasm. All had learnt their lines exceptionally well, except one, a Mr. Prompter, who had to read his part from a book.

About the beginning of March, Master Z, of the Junior School, delivered a masterly paper on "Epistemology," which was followed by a demonstration by one of the Sixth Science on "How to Make Toffy Apples." For this demonstration the Senior School turned up in force, and the number of hoary heads among the audience prompts us to ask how the School Staff regards the rationing of sweets. This was the last meeting for the Easter Term of The Omnifarious Society, and the next meeting will take place some time next term.

J. M. Hacche, U.VI Arts.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

With the introduction of an Intermediate Division for boys under 13, the School has, for the first time in its history, been able to run two teams this year, an Intermediate and a Senior.

Both teams have done remarkably well. The Intermediate Team with two matches left to play, is undefeated and requires only one point more to be sure of the Championship.

Its record is as follows:

P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals For.	Against
18	16	0	2	63	15

In the Senior Division, the School is running neck and neck for the Championship with Townhill and Llansamlet. At the moment the Seniors are second, one point behind Townhill, and both the above teams have to be met.

An original weakness in defence has been more or less eradicated, so there is every hope of the double being accomplished. The record to date is:

P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals For.	Against.
21	17	2	2	81	19

Brian Darby, the Senior Captain, has played for the Town Team throughout the Season and has also appeared in all the International Trials. Roy Jones is also now a regular member of the Town Team, and is young enough to play next season, while Ronald Cray is a Reserve and may yet secure a place in the Team.

To these boys the School extends its heartiest congratulations.

1st XV. RUGBY, 1947-8.

The Rugby team this year has a record of which it can feel reasonably proud. The pack, which has been subjected to a number of changes throughout the year, has been the best pack the School has had for a number of seasons, and has shown that the "fighting" forward of the "old" days can still be found, and has not turned against tradition to play soccer.

This season also brought a victory over Gowerton, by whom we had been previously been beaten in every game for four years. Three members of the team, Seacombe, Hopkins and Williams, had trials for the Welsh team, and Hopkins was actually in the third trial before losing his place.

A lot was done to boost the morale of the team by the purchase of a new set of jerseys, blue and amber in colour, and the team looked "sweet."

The Second XV. has played a number of games, and of these several were won. Many thanks to members of the team who have assisted the First XV. at any time during the season.

RECORD OF GAMES.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points for	Against
17	8	7	2	106	126

WHO'S WHO IN THE 1st XV.

J. QUIRK (Full Back).—Although he is the smallest member of the team, "Nobby" is very cool in defence. It has been said that "protection money" is paid by Mrs. Quirk to a certain forward every Friday night.

P. JONES (Wing).—A fast moving and hard tackling player, "Pete" shows great promise for the future.

D. COLLINS (Wing).—Just as fast as his counter-part, he makes the most of every opportunity he receives.

R. COFFEY (Centre. Hon Sec.).—He decided that he is a wing-forward, and his play seems to show he is right. He has also proved himself a worthy Secretary.

D. FINCH (Centre).—Moved into the above-mentioned's place. Very fast and steadfast in attack and defence.



FIRST XV, 1947-1948.

Standing (left-right)—J. Morris, P. le Bars, R. Hopkins (Vice-Captain), M. Seacombe (Captain), D. Finch,
B. Keane, G. Dixon, G. Spratt.

Kneeling—C. Richards, R. Davison, M. Webborn, B. Coffey, H. Williams, K. Lewis.

Sitting—H. Trew, F. Grey, J. Quirk, D. Collins, P. Jones, E. Smith.

R. HOPKINS (Centre. V.Captain).—"Reg" thinks that ties were never made to hold up trousers. He is a polished player, and can be relied upon in defence. He is the "kicker" of the team.

F. GREY (Outside Half).—Has won himself a permanent place in the team by his fine running and constructive play.

H. TREW (Inside Half).—Harry has developed an accurate pass from the scrum. We are sorry to hear that a pending operation necessitates his resting for some weeks.

M. WEBBORN (Wing Forward).—"Billo" is the type that leaves all the shouting to others, and so becomes one of the best of our players. He is well-liked by our "threes" because of his back passes from the line-outs.

C. RICHARDS (Lock. Committee).—Being the pack leader, "Cliff" has to use his lungs a lot, but, between his appeals to the referee, he is a good forward. He shares the kicks with "Reg."

M. SEACOMBE (Wing Forward. Captain).—"Seac" (?) is, without a doubt, the most useful member of the team. He is extremely popular as a captain and in his school life. I doubt if he has ever grumbled at anybody, on our side or on the opposing.

H. WILLIAMS (2nd Rank. Committee).—Twelve stone of muscles (?). He is the stalwart of the team. He can sometimes be heard bawling in a foreign language (Welsh).

B. KEANE (2nd Rank).—A storming player, whose hair, even when wearing a scrum cap, gets in his teeth. He sings French songs, and has broken all existing records for not having his hair cut.

P. LE BARS (Front Rank).—A very useful player, now removed from us. I am sure everyone joins the team in wishing him every success in his Army career.

G. DIXON (Hooker).—Glyn is a good forward, but at his best in a loose maul. It is rumoured that he even goes to bed with Podge.

J. MORRIS (Front Rank).—"Podge" is a useful forward. He is in the fore of all rushes. I challenge anyone to give me the date of an instances when "Podge" has been seen *without* Dixon.

Many thanks to Davidson, Lewis and Spratt, as our chief reserves, and to all others.

M. Seacombe (Captain. U.VI. Science)

B. Coffey (Hon. Sec. L. VI. Arts)



JUNIOR RUGBY.

Four Teams have represented the School this Season. The A and B Teams have played in the Senior Section (under 14½ years), and the C and D Teams in the Junior Section (under 13 years).

The records of the four teams are given in the table below :

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts. For	Pts. Against
A Team ...	14	12	1	1	199	29
B Team ...	11	2	9	0	35	173
C Team ...	12	8	4	0	80	60
D Team ...	9	0	8	1	9	103

The A Team (Capt., D. Thomas, 4B) has had a very successful season, losing only one match early in the season. The B Team (Capt., M. Thomas, 4E) was unsuccessful for most of the season but improved considerably at the end, particularly in its forward play.

In the Junior Section the D Team (Capt., P. Gibbs, 2B) has cheerfully lost most of its matches. The team, however, was drawn only from the First Year boys, and it hoped that next year will find them seasoned warriors. The C Team (Capt. A. Mitchell) has been quite successful and contains several promising players including Phillips, an acquisition from South Africa.

E. Thomas (4B), K. Williams (4B), H. Thomas (4E), C. Latham (3D), D. Batcup (4A) and G. Macdonald (4A) have all played for the Swansea Schoolboys, while M. Thomas (4E) and P. Hughes (4E) have played in Trials. D. Thomas (4B) played in all the Welsh Schoolboy Trials and was picked as First Reserve for the Welsh Team against the English Schoolboys.

As many boys from both A and B Teams are available next year, a strong A Team seems assured. Much more enthusiasm, however, could be shown for Form games on the School Field, particularly by members of the Junior Rugby Teams. This would improve "three-quarter" play which is mediocre or poor in all the teams at present, and discover players early in their School careers and not as is now too often the case, in their third or fourth year.

REPORT ON THE ACTIVITIES OF THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

Since the resumption of the Literary and Debating Society in September, 1947, a large number of meetings have been held. Under the guidance of Mr. Chandler, a strong committee was formed consisting of J. Beale, J. D. Evans, J. Howard and S. G. Richards (Hon. Sec.) of the Upper VI Arts, C. Lewis and B. Tucker of the Upper VI Science, and B. Taylor and K. James of the Lower VI Arts.

Our two most important functions were those held in conjunction with the "Grammar School Debating Society." The first debate was held at Dynevor during the Christmas term whilst the return debate was held at the Grammar School at the termination of the Easter term.

The motions were respectively :—

"That the development of civilisation has not added to the happiness of humanity." and "That domination of the world by one great power is the only way to achieve world peace."

The motion of the first debate was supported by two Dynevor speakers, J. D. Evans and I. Howard (U.VI Arts), and opposed by two Grammar School speakers, P. Jones and N. E. P. Davies. The resulting vote was very close, the motion being rejected by only four votes.

The voting in the second debate was even closer, the motion being rejected by only one vote. The speakers in this debate were J. Gowman and D. M. Shorrock of the Grammar School, who supported the motion, and C. V. Lewis and B. Tucker, of Dynevor, who opposed it.

These inter-school functions proved to be a great success and it is to be hoped that in the future debates will be held with the Grammar School and also with other local schools.

During the Christmas and Easter terms the Society has held ten debates, the motions varying from politics to religion.

The following is a list of the motions, speakers and results of the debates, excluding the inter-school debates :—

1.—That Wales could not exist as a cultural and economic unit separate from England.

Speakers : Supporting—S. G. Richards (U.VI Arts)

Opposition—J. Howard (U.VI Arts).

The motion was carried by a majority of eight votes.

2.—That Sunday amusements are detrimental to the spiritual welfare of the community.

Speakers : Supporting—C. Lewis (U.V Science).

Opposition—J. Howard (U.VI Arts).

The motion was carried by a majority of five votes.

3.—That there is in the life of Britain today, a decline in the moral, physical, intellectual and social standards of the people.

Speakers : Supporting—E. Evans (L.VI Arts).

Opposition—D. Evans (U.VI Arts).

The motion was carried by a majority of 12 votes.

4.—The Conservative Party makes a poor Opposition and if returned to power would make an even poorer Government.

Speakers : Supporting—B. Taylor (L.VI Arts).

Opposition—C. Lewis (U.VI Science).

The motion was carried by a majority of five votes.

5.—That the Bible is out of date.

Speakers : Supporting—J. M. Haache (U.VI Arts).

Opposition—J. Beale (U.VI Arts).

Motion rejected by 14 votes.

6.—That Palestine should be the national home of the Jews.

Speakers : Supporting—Stanley Hyman (L.VI Science).

Opposition—J. Howard (U.VI Arts).

The motion was rejected by four votes.

7.—There is no decline in the spirit of sportsmanship or standard of play in British sport today.

Speakers : Supporting—B. Tucker (U.VI Science).

Opposition—G. Thyer (U.VI Arts).

The motion was rejected by six votes.

8.—That the B.B.C. should amuse and not attempt to educate the public.

Speakers : Supporting—H. Trew (L.V Science).

Opposition—K. James (L.VI Arts).

The motion was carried by a majority of one vote.

During the Easter term a successful experiment was made when a number of five-minute lecturettes were given and discussed. The subjects chosen were both amusing and intellectual and the first meeting was so successful that another series of lecturettes was given later in the term.

We should like to express our thanks to Mr. Chandler for his guidance in the activities of the Society and for all the time he has devoted to the organisation of its functions.

During the course of the year the attendances at the Society's meetings has increased to a great extent, but the Society is still not supported strongly enough. Especially noticeable is the absence of the Lower Sixth Forms, who should be the backbone of the Society.

A cordial invitation to our meetings is extended to all; any suggestions for debates and other activities should be given to the Secretary or one of the Committee members.

Stanley G. Richards (U.VI Arts), *Hon. Secretary.*

SCHOOL HOBBIES EXHIBITION, 1947.

This Exhibition was held this year in the Woodwork Rooms and Upper VIa Form Room on the last two days of Term. Because of the break during the war years, the number of entries was low, though the standard of some of the exhibits was extremely high, and above all, each exhibit appeared for the first time in this exhibition. A committee (the Headmaster, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Jones, Mr. Burgess and Mr. Bennett) undertook the organisation and did the judging, though we must put on record that the President of the Swansea Philatelic Society kindly judged the stamps for us.

A list of the prize winners is given below :—

Junior Woodwork : 1st, C. Beynon, 2A; 2nd, John Blewitt, 2C; I. M. Williams, 2A.

Middle School Woodwork : 1st, Paul Hughes, 4E; 2nd, Michael Stuart, 4E; 3rd, J. Watkins, 4C, and T. J. Rees, 4C.

Senior School Woodwork : 1st, B. F. Francis, VA.; 2nd, E. E. Evans, L.VI.

Art.—Junior School : 1st, V. Malpass, 2B; 2nd, D. Lewis, 2B; Middle School : 1st, G. Phillips, 3B, 2nd, C. Howard, 3B; Senior School : 1st, W. Davies, U.VI. (Modelling), 2nd, R. Hawkins, L.VI. (Modelling), 1st, K. Dowdle, V.B., R. Hawkins, L. VI. (Modelling), 1st, K. Dowdle, V.B. (Painting). R. G. Morgan, L.VI. (Painting).

Meccano.—Junior School : 1st, Ivor John, 2C.; 2nd, James Knoyle, 2B.; Middle School : 1st, R. L. Hyman, 3C, 2nd, R. Blackler, 4D.; Senior School : 1st, Arthur Hunt, 5C.

Ships.—Middle School : 1st, W. Rosser, 4C, 2nd, F. Bennett, 4D; Senior School : 1st, P. Markey, U.VI. 2nd, J. Crawford, 5A, 3rd, P. Markey, U.VI.

Aero Modelling.—Middle School : 1st, G. Meagre, 4B (Solid Model), 1st, G. Whyatt, 4B (Flying Model); Senior School : 1st, J. A. Bartley, 5C (Solid), 1st, P. Jones, 5E (Flying).

Coins.—(1) R. Sullivan, 2C; (2) L. Owen, 2B; (3) L. G. Williams, 2B.

Badges.—(1) J. Wright, 3B.

Photography.—(1) S. G. Hyman, U.VI.

Wireless.—G. Graigner, 5C.

Unclassified.—1st, W. D. Stone, 5E.

Fancywork.—1st, A Macfarlane, 5E.

HOBBIES COMPETITIONS FOR XMAS, 1948.

The Competitions for the Exhibition at Christmas, 1948, are given below :—

(Juniors II. & III. Forms. Middle School IV. Form.
Senior V. & VI. Forms.)

1. **MODEL.**—Any medium. Subject : "Towers."

2. **PHILATELY.**—Junior, Middle School, Senior. Entries mounted on *four* album loose leaves, or on paper 11½" x 9".

Stamps may be entered under the heading of a country or a subject (ships, birds, lakes, etc.). All four sheets may be made up of stamps of one country or subject, or the sheets may represent different countries and subjects.

3. ARCHITECTURE.—Seniors only.

(a) Sketch 10" x 7½" of a Tudor Half-Timbered House.

(b) Sketch 10" x 7½" of a Gothic Doorway.

4. GEOGRAPHY.—(a) Map of Wales showing and naming the chief highland areas and rivers, chief towns and industries marked by labels where they are carried on.

(b) Model in plasticene or clay of the relief of a small area of country showing highlands, valleys and river courses running over a coastal plain. Roads, railways, two or three small towns and a seaport. Enter the scale of your model. Size 14" x 9" (Seniors, Middle School, Juniors.)

5. WOODWORK.—Juniors: A stool. Middle School: Table book stand. Senior School: Cutlery box.

6. ART.—Senior School: (1) Portrait or life drawing in pencil, chalk or pen and ink, 11" x 16"; (2) Illustration for "The Ancient Mariner" in colour or pen and ink, 11" x 7½"; (3) Any out-door sketch, any medium, not smaller than 11" x 7½". Middle School: (1) Illustration for a book on "Camping" in pen and ink or colour, 11" x 7½"; (2) "Ships," composition in any medium, 11" x 7½". Junior School: (1) "Sport," figure composition in any medium, 11" x 7½"; (2) "A Dish of Fruit," in colour, 11" x 7½".

7. COINS.—Juniors, Middle School, Seniors. Best mounted display of coins; suitably labelled and written up. Size of mounting board, which should be covered with dark cloth, preferably velvet, to be *not less than* 12" x 9".

8. PLASTICS.—Juniors: Book-marker.; Middle School: Ash tray; Seniors: Table lamp. Polish and finish will be looked for.

9. LEATHERWORK.—Juniors: Purse; Middle School: Tobacco Pouch; Senior School: Hand or Shopping Bag.

10.—TOY MAKING.—Junior, Middle, Senior School. Open Competition.

11. RUG MAKING.—Open Competition.

12. MECCANO.—Open Competition.

13. MODEL RAILWAY.—Model shunting yard complete

with rolling stock, mounted on three-ply or any other suitable medium. (Boys may combine into teams of three for this competition.) Junior, Middle, Senior School.

14. AERO MODELLING.—Junior, Middle, Senior School. (a) Flying Models; (b) Solid Models; (c) Aerodrome layout.

15. ELECTRICITY AND RADIO.—Middle School and Senior School: (a) Working bell circuit; (b) Radio competition (open).

16. MODEL SHIPS.—Junior, Middle, Senior School. Open competition. Each exhibit *must* be written up.

17. PHOTOGRAPHY.—(a) A series of snaps mounted on a sheet of sugar paper to illustrate "My Summer Holiday." Written up; Class (2) Set subject: "Old Swansea"; Class (3) Open.

MISCELLANEOUS ENTRIES.—These will include any exhibits of hobbies not listed above.

Greater emphasis will be placed upon presentation this year, and each model must be as finished a product as is possible, and each must be written up where this is at all possible.



