

# MAGAZINE

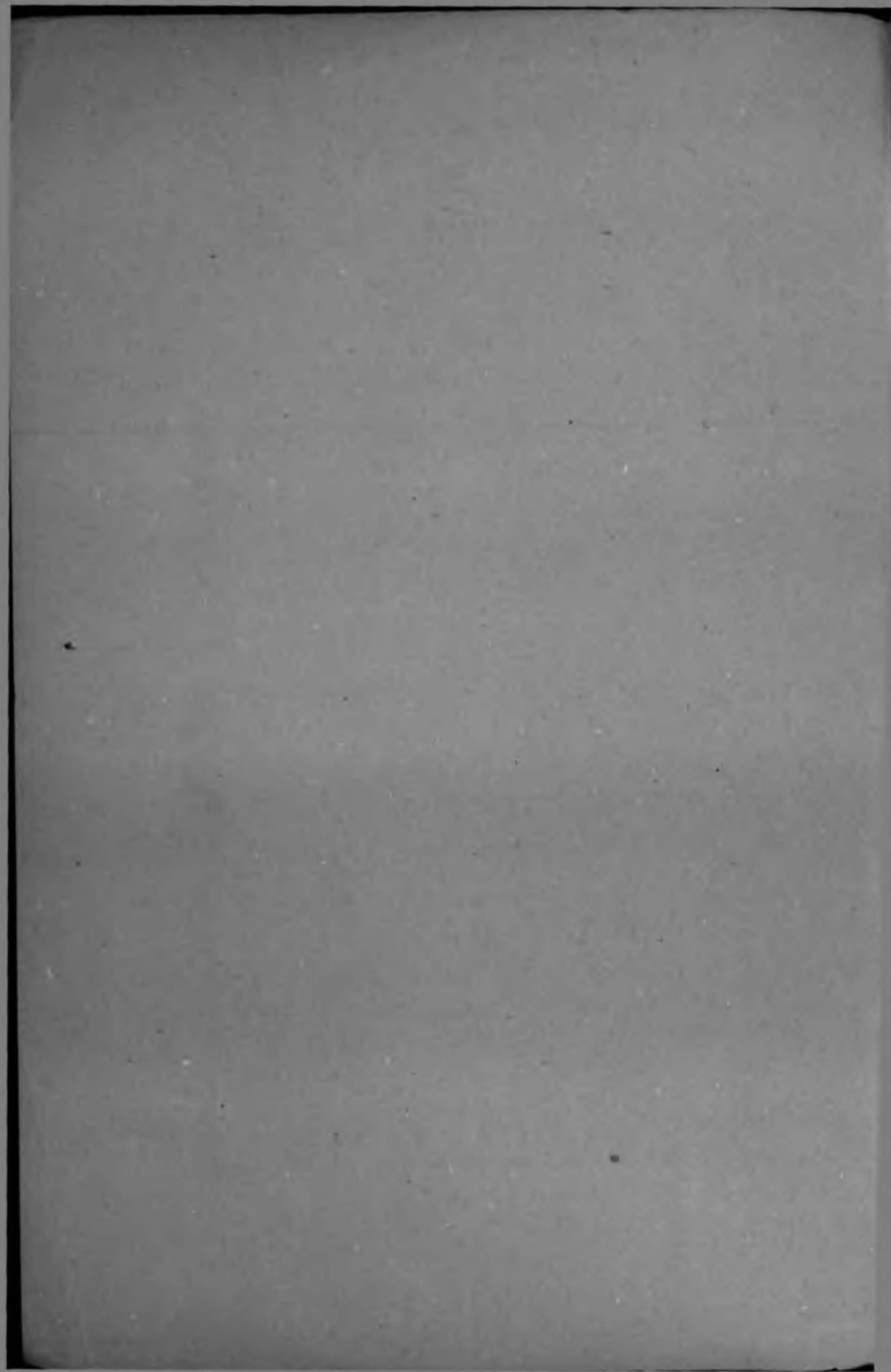
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No. 80.

JANUARY, 1949.

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ALBERT E. DAVIES, PRINTER, SWANSEA.



**GORAU ARF,**



**ARF DYSG.**

## **Dynevor Secondary School Magazine.**

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**No. 80 (No. 7 New Series.)**

**January, 1949**

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**EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: G. V. Davies (Editor),**

**D. R. Hawkins (Art Editor), J. M. Hacche.**

### **EDITORIAL**

We hoped to have published this issue of the School Magazine before the Christmas vacation, but the many difficulties that presented themselves to us in the course of its preparation made this impossible. Not the least of these difficulties was the belatedness of the contributions. The closure of Mount Pleasant Church for repairs and decoration meant that until late in the term we were unable to hold our school assemblies in the mornings and this deprived us of the best opportunity at our disposal of making known the fact that the magazine was in preparation and of soliciting contributions. Has there ever been a school editor who has suffered from a surfeit of contributions, who has been inundated with articles, and has had to make a wise and judicious choice from the work of his would-be contributors? It has certainly not been our experience on this occasion, and we would take this opportunity of asking for more and earlier contributions. We would like to see a larger number of boys interested not merely in receiving and reading the mag. but in contributing to it. Let us remember it is our magazine and if we are to make it a worthy one, we must be prepared to devote some time and thought and energy to it.

We had hoped to produce the magazine on this occasion in a new dress and cover designs for this purpose were sought and received. Consideration of cost, however, has made it necessary to defer the use of a new cover, but we hope that we shall be successful in this matter before very long.

It is proposed to publish the next issue immediately after the Easter vacation; all contributions must therefore be in by the end of term. So let's get busy — and more of us.

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### SCHOOL NOTES

For the early part of last term we were deprived of the use of Mount Pleasant Baptist Chapel for our morning assemblies, owing to renovations which were being carried out there. During this time when we could not meet as a school we fully realised the benefits of having such a hall at our disposal. On our return to Mount Pleasant Chapel we were pleased to have a visit from the minister, the Rev. E. Davies.

We regret the retirement of Mr. D. J. Williams who has been at Dynevor for forty-one years (an appreciative article appears on another page). Unfortunately at the end of his long period of service to the school Mr. Williams was taken ill, and it is certain that the sympathies of the whole school are with him.

Mr. Williams' place is being taken by Mr. T. G. Davies and we are sure that he will carry out his duties capably and fairly and that he will receive the support of every one.

Last July, another master retired, Mr. C. C. Davies, who had been English Master at the school for some years, but we note that his attachment to the scene of his former labours is such that he pays frequent visits to the school. We are glad to welcome in Mr. Davies's place, Mr. Basset who comes to us from London, and who is already playing a prominent part in the school activities. In this respect also we are glad to welcome M. Devallez, our French assistant for a year and also a French student B. Mouchez who has been a member of the U.V.I. Arts.

Last June, a few boys had the pleasure of visiting the Brangwyn Hall to hear the London Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Anthony Baines. The programme was a varied one and included a section from "The Nutcracker Suite" by Tchaikowsky,

An innovation last term was the visit by members of the Upper Arts Form to the Empire Theatre, where in connection with their study of Robert Browning, they saw "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." A visit to the Grand Theatre was also arranged for members of the Senior School to witness a performance of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice."

Surprising this term is the number of boys who have left school and who have proceeded immediately to the forces. We extend to these boys every good wish for their period of service and in their future careers.

We note, too, that one of our ex-pupils, J. Randall Morgan, has won the first prize for woodwork at the 1948 National Eisteddfod of Urdd Gobaith Cymru (Welsh League of Youth) held this year at Llangefni, Anglesey. This incidentally was the first time for him to compete in the Eisteddfod, and he maintains that his success is in no small way due to the guidance of Mr. Abbott.

We must not fail to mention that much maligned and motley band, the Prefects. The Prefects this year are R. Hopkins (Captain), J. Dixon Evans (Vice-Captain), J. M. Hacche, A. Macfarlane, H. Phillips, T. G. Davies, F. H. Williams, N. Harries, K. D. James, D. Ellery, D. Preedy, N. Eaton, C. Maggs and H. Williams. They have been carrying out their duties well and seem to be standing up to the strain involved (doubtless through the extra nourishment they receive in the canteen).

The editors regret that they are unable to publish any such advertisements as the following: student (U.V.I.A.) wishes to meet studente (VI.) who wishes to meet student (U.V.I.A.). To crown his impertinence, our would-be advertiser actually wanted us to say that a photo was necessary, and that all replies should be sent to him through us! We feel sure we have the school's support in refusing such an outrageous demand.

Two meetings of the Student Christian Movement were held last term and both were well attended by a number of boys from the senior forms.

Last term the Literary and Debating Society embarked upon a new venture, participation in the Inter-School Debating Society. One debate was held with the Grammar School and the other by the four Secondary Schools at the High School for Girls. This term a debate will be held with the High School and one with Glanmor. This is a highly beneficial step: speeches delivered before a mixed audience will develop an orator's powers more than speaking

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before a single-sexed audience ever will; while the presence of young females will we feel, disperse for a little time at any rate the celibate gloom (shades of the Lit. and Deb.?) of the Upper Corridor. We offer our heartiest congratulations to the originators of the scheme.

Last summer there was an attempt to form a tennis team which would be officially recognised by the school. This team played a few matches with other Swansea schools. There is at present an attempt being made in the Sixths to form a hockey team and that hockey should be part of the school curriculum. This team has also played several matches with other school teams.

We are asked to deny, with all the emphasis we can muster, the rumour now current throughout the school, that the Upper Sixth Arts are using their House buttons for tiddley-winks.

The School Sports were held successfully at St. Helen's Ground during the summer term and strangely enough we were, on this occasion, favoured by the weather. The top House was Roberts, followed closely by Llewellyn, with Dillwyn and Grove coming some distance behind. From what we understand the latter teams are trying hard to oust the first two from their positions.

We note with pleasure the recent successes of two of our pupils, Batcup and Dixon in the County Championship Meeting. Batcup received a certificate for winning the Junior "Throwing the Cricket Ball," in which he set up a record, and G. Dixon received two certificates, one for the "Hop, Skip and Jump" and the other for the "Putting the Shot."

Intellectually, too, the school seems to be doing well. In the Central Welsh Board Examinations, the school maintained its high percentage of passes, and J. M. Hacche obtained a Major Scholarship, while B. H. Tucker, now at Swansea University College, B. Knight at Cardiff, and K. C. Lewis at Birmingham received Minor Scholarships.

A most interesting talk was given this term by Alderman Percy Morris, M.P., an old Dyvorian, on the "Relation between the Central and Local Governments." This talk was given with the Public Affairs Course taken by the Sixths Forms and Mr. Morris will be returning to give a further talk on this subject.

There has been written a piece of music for a school song and anyone with a flair for poetry is invited to compose suitable words for this music. Speaking of singing,

the school concert next May will be "Merrie England" and the choir and Mr. Roberts are hard at work, as is testified by the singing that one oftens hears, drifting across the yard. This work is rather different from the ones previously performed and it will provide a pleasant contrast and change.

Still on the subject of singing we are sorry (?) to see the disbandment of that select group, the Upper Sixth Arts Male Voice Choir. Their impassioned rendering of such immortal pieces as "There's an old mill by the stream" would have moved hearts of stone, combined as it was with such a wealth of harmony and melody. The Choir, which flourished in the school year 1947-48, has been obliged to take this step by a lack of talent and appreciation in this year's Sixth Form.

Last term the Old Dyvorians' Society was revived and a rugby match was played against the school. After a hard tussle the school managed to gain the victory by a score of 23 points to 12. A soccer match was also played between the Old Dyvorians and the school.

Next Easter it is proposed that a party of boys from Dynevor will go to Denmark for a holiday under the auspices of the World Friends. A party went from the school to Holland two years ago. Anyone interested in this venture should see Mr. Burgess.

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### **THE HOBBIES COMPETITION, CHRISTMAS, 1948**

The second post-war Hobbies Competition was held at the school this year at the conclusion of the Christmas Term. More entries were received this year, and we were able to open the exhibits to the parents of the boys in the school. Quite a good number paid us a visit. Altogether 150 boys entered the 200 models and the range and quality were gratifying to the organisers.

The model which received the most attention was the fine model railway layout by Whyatt and Beer. We hope to add to this next year, but we are sadly cramped in the woodwork room.

Aeromodelling headed the list in popularity, though most sections except photography were well represented.

Hobbies play an important part in the make up of a human being and it is sad that so many boys have no

hobby. With the coming of the record card careful note is taken of a boy's interest, and no better way is in existence of showing your out of school interests than by entering a model in the competition. Why not start now and build something ready for next year? It is not compulsory, it would cease to be a hobby if you were forced to do it, so why not take up a hobby now, in time for next year?

The winners of the various sections are given below:—

SET SUBJECT: G. Phillips and J. Wright IVb; Jenkins IVc; Clive Jenkins IIa.

STAMPS: W. Perrins, D. Soo, C. Howard, G. Whyatt, D. Roderick, J. K. Hambling, D. Abrahams, P. Hopkins.

ARCHITECTURE: Macfarlane, Alan Jones.

GEOGRAPHY: G. Matthews, N. Williams.

WOODWORK: Black, Lindenburn, Crook, Alan Williams.

ART: Hawkins, Parkinson, Mckevitt, D. Lewis, Waite, Pilot, Malpass.

COINS: Waite, L. James, Lovering, P. Lewis, Lilley.

PLASTICS: Beynon, Olsen, J. Lewis.

LEATHERWORK: Everson.

RUGMAKING: B. 'M. Williams, Challice, Ridd, Clements.

MECCANO: Shute, Hyman IVd, W. Williams and D. Owen, Evans, Lynch, Barry (B), J. James, I. John.

MODEL RAILWAYS: G. Whyatt and J. Beer (Special Award).

AERO-MODELLING (solid): Peachey, Meagre, T. Phillips.

AERO-MODELLING (flying): C. Jenkins, McKay, Gosling, A. Davies.

ELECTRIC and RADIO: Grainger (3 awards), M. Perris.

MODEL SHIP: Smith Vd, Griffiths IIId, Macfarlane Va, B. Hastings, Knoyle IIb.

PHOTOGRAPHY: K. Waite.

MISCELLANEOUS: Morgan IIc, C. Howard IVb, L. Rott IVb, N. James IVc, D. Thomas Ve, Parkinson IVd, C. Lerwell IIb, M. Stewart.

BEST MODEL of the Competition: Tie between L. Rott (Firth of Forth Bridge) and M. Stewart (Colliery).



## **"MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH SMOKING"**

"We shall this day kindle such a torch in England . . . as shall never be put out." So spake Latimer when he was at the stake, but so also might Raleigh have spoken, as he lit his pipe, on that historic afternoon in his garden, and although a bucket of water would have had a dampening effect on his sensations, the flame was rekindled, and has, indeed never been "put out." It can be safely said that someone is smoking somewhere at every second of the day. An examination of the history of tobacco might, therefore, be profitable.

When the early explorers landed on the American coast, they discovered that the natives inhaled smoke from burning tobacco leaves through their nostrils, by means of a forked cane, the end of which was placed among the leaves. After its introduction into England it was for a time disfavoured, although Milton was a moderately heavy smoker. It was popular as a disinfectant and was even used in place of incense in churches during the 17th century. After a temporary "boom" in the latter half of the 17th century, its popularity declined with an increase in snuff-taking. With the reduction of tobacco duties in 1815, its popularity again revived, and in 1868 legislation was enacted to provide special railway carriages for smokers. The cigarette became popular after the Crimean War, and after the Boer War, smoking became popular with the "gentler sex."

On my first acquaintance with smoking, I did not, like Chaucer's scholar "go sounding on my way"—on the contrary, I experienced sensations of some little unpleasantness, although I had been smoking only cigarette tobacco in a little bubble pipe. Later I smoked with "apparent" relish only, some foul cheroots which my brother brought back from India, and on that qualification considered myself a connoisseur of cigars.

One of the saddest sights which is to be seen to-day is the quest of smokers for cigarettes. When I consider the abject manner in which I accept a packet of Woodbines, flung across the counter by an irritable tobacconist—a veritable King Lear's, "Dog in Office"—or the wan smile of gratitude which I manage when I am told "Turkish only," I sometimes wonder whether I should give up smoking and take to drink!

J.D.E.

## THE RETIREMENT OF MR. D. J. WILLIAMS

(A tribute by a colleague)

October 1907, the year of Mr. D. J. Williams' appointment to the permanent staff of this School—which had only just become known as the Municipal Secondary School—saw the writer of this short article preparing somewhat apprehensively for the School Leaving Certificate Examination of the University of London, then in its first year as the local examining body.

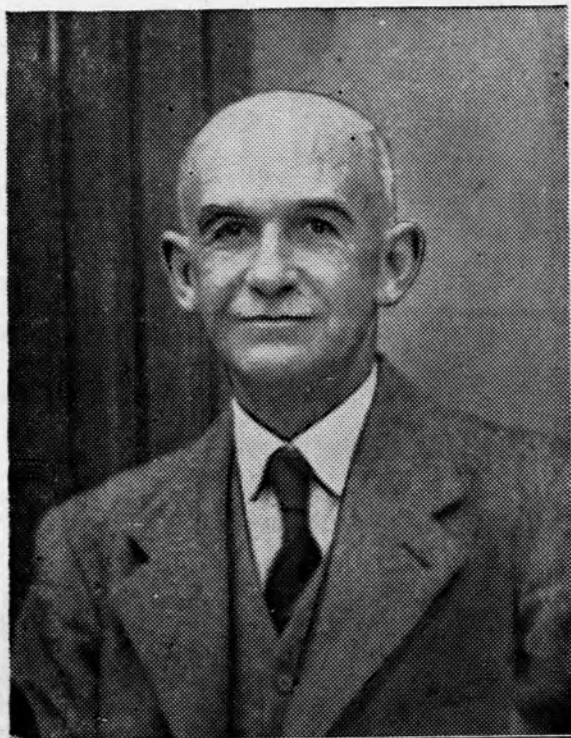
Forty-one years have since rolled by, but Time has dealt kindly and has had little, if any, apparent effect upon the trim, light-footed, thrustful personality which was then making its first appearance as a Junior Form Master in this School.

One alteration only is apparent, apart from the inevitable "receded brow," and that is the change in style and texture of what was then fashionable among members of Staff, namely, the thick Sergeant-Major moustache, with well waxed ends of varying length, or the drop-handle variety, any one of which, with the accompanying "stick-up" collar, was guaranteed to strike terror into the heart of the most recalcitrant of pupils—not that I am for one moment suggesting that the cloistral discipline exacted by those worthy seers was directly attributable to any such insignificant aids.

Thoroughness, combined with a striving after perfect efficiency, seem to have been the mainspring in the life and activities of Mr. Williams throughout the whole of his career from the early days of 1907 when, as a Junior Form Master, he undertook the training and supervision of the School Football team, continuing as Senior History Master (1913) and as Second Master and Deputy Headmaster (1933). Whatever outside activity was undertaken, be it tennis, golf, house decoration and, lately, gardening, he manifested the same highly infectious enthusiasm, with its correspondingly high degree of efficiency and success.

Indeed his outstanding qualities were early recognised by his election to the offices of Secretary and Chairman of the Swansea Schools League and also to the Chairmanship of the Welsh School Football Association.

To members of staff he was the unfailing guide, philosopher and friend, always ready—nay eager—to share the benefit of a wide teaching and organising experience, generous to a degree in his loyalty to all School activities and imparting such enthusiasm and inexhaustible vitality in the pursuit of his duties that it made many a



**Mr. D. J. WILLIAMS.**



member half his age feel more than ready for an eventide home.

Latterly, however, it is our great misfortune to report the sudden indisposition of Mr. Williams, at a time when we all looked forward with eager anticipation to congratulating him upon the termination of his long and invaluable services by the presentation to him of a radio set as a token of the esteem in which he was held by the Headmaster and members of staff, and with a leather travelling case from the six hundred pupils of the present school.

Old Dy'vorians, too, meeting at the School during the last week of the Christmas term for their first post-war General Meeting, expressed their unanimous regret at his enforced absence from among them, and in wishing him a speedy and sound recovery, hoped that the due reward of his outstanding services would soon be forthcoming in the form of a long and happy retirement.

In the normal course of events Mr. Williams would, at the last School Assembly of term, be acknowledging with much emotion the tributes paid him by Staff and boys and I feel sure that he would have voiced a sentiment confided on more than one occasion—that next to his home, the focal point of his interests and affection lay in his life-long, close association with the Dynevor Staff and boys of the last 41 years.

May this brief but sincere appreciation of his devoted and highly successful life-long endeavours continue to be a rich source of joy and satisfaction during the many years that lie ahead and, in wishing Mr. Williams "bigger peaches and tomatoes" and, soon, a long drive down the fairway, we extend to both Mr. and Mrs. Williams our very sincere good wishes for many years of good health during their well-merited retirement.

### **S.C.M. WEEK-END SCHOOL**

On the 9th of April, fourteen Dyvorians, and a number of lesser lights from the more plebian of the Swansea Secondary Grammar Schools set out, amid a fanfare of omnibus horns, for the S.C.M. Camp at Llangenith, a destination which was reached after a thrilling and luggage packed journey.

There, under the leadership of Miss Telford, Miss Enid Williams of the High School, and Mr. Burgess, we spent a very enjoyable week-end. Our daily programme consisted of an early breakfast at 9 o'clock—it had been changed

from 8.30 a.m. at Collins' earnest request—then household duties, which were followed by a talk and discussion group. After lunch the afternoon was ours for whatever low purposes we desired. Immediately after tea, for which some of us were generally too late, we had another discussion session which lasted until supper, after which games, etc., were enjoyed by all. Of the rest of the evening and night I shall only say that we managed to snatch a few hours of sleep before breakfast the next morning.

The camp did not pass off without a few moments of exciting melodrama. Three campers were caught by the incoming tide and had to wade to safety; an incident which was duly recorded in the "South Wales Echo"—fortunately the report did not give the names of the campers concerned.

Several incidents will be remembered by all for some time. Firstly, the expression on Grainger's face, when he was turned out of bed at 7.30 a.m. Then we shall remember the patient manner in which Mr. Burgess remade his bed every evening, extracting from it sticks, stones and Grainger's pyjamas. Tucker's dog also made himself a nuisance after eating some home-made egg, which, it was rumoured had been made by Miss Williams. There were also a gramophone and a record of "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" . . . ! Several Dyvorians caused anxiety and amusement by taking midnight walks.

On the last evening, each discussion group attempted to amuse the others by producing sketches. "Group 2," of which I had the misfortune to be a member, put on a sketch in which Mr. Burgess played the part of a grandma, P. D. L. Jones, the part of an American soldier, as only "P. D. L." could play it and I, the part of a baby. During the performance, I had a jug of very cold water poured over me—my constitution has not yet recovered from the bad attack of pneumonia which I had as a result of this performance.

To turn to the more serious side of the camp. Miss Telford gave three interesting talks on "God and Man," and "The Christian Church." She presented the Christian beliefs and ideals in an informal, broad-minded and very helpful manner. I think that everyone enjoyed her talks and the discussion groups.

In conclusion, I should like, on behalf of all the Dyvorians, to thank all those who helped to make the camp so successful and enjoyable—Miss Telford, Miss Williams, Mr. Burgess and the Matron and staff of the Camp School.

J.D.E.

## II THE DYNEVOR MARIONETTE GUILD

When is a mole not a mole? When it's a marionette, — or so we've been told. At anyrate, mole or no mole, you can bet what you like that turn him loose upon a marionette stage, and he and Ratty and Badger will more than come to life. In five seconds you will have found trouble with a very big "T."

From what has been said the reader will realise that the writer has evidently had something to do with the production of the show, "Toad of Toad Hall" by A. A. Milne, from the book, "The Wind in the Willows." As most of the boys in the school know, the scene which was played at the Patti Pavilion, during the recent Hobbies Exhibition, is part of the full show, — one scene in fact. The whole show will take about two and a half hours, and will be presented at St. Barnabas' Church Hall on February 16th, 17th and 19th next. At least that is the intention. But if you wander around the Art Room on rehearsal day (any day of the week) you will begin to have doubts whether the show will be ready in time. If you listen to the stage scene manager you will hear him blame the Décor man. If you interfere with the electric circuit you will hear Frank Bennett "Blow a fuse," and Ken Jones will mutter that the show will never be ready in time. If you speak to the puppet master or to the operators, you will go away convinced that the part-speakers are to blame, but if you talk to the part-speakers they will blame the operators, or Mr. Bennett or Mr. Morgan. In fact, the only person who is never blamed for anything seems to be Mr. Harries.

Seriously, however, the show will be ready in time, and a great show it is going to be. The play is extremely difficult and offers a challenge to any Marionette Guild. There are many points in the play where entrances and exits offer difficulty (the play has had to be rewritten, anyway, to make it suitable for marionettes) but in spite of everything, it is gradually taking shape, and even the producer now looks more cheerful.

So keep the dates free, and spread the good news around. There will be a first class marionette show in Swansea in February, and it will be given by your school.

## HIKING IN THE LOW COUNTRIES

At the close of a glorious day in early August "Le Trait" sailed out of Swansea, carrying a cargo of ammonium nitrate and two passengers, bound for Boulogne.

What we were going to do when we reached Boulogne we did not know, but when we thought of our friends and acquaintances eking out a lifeless existence in Langland and other torpid places, we did not care. France, Belgium and Holland lay before us, and we were free to live and go as we pleased.

"J——" and I are both good sailors and we reached Boulogne three days later in the best of spirits. But what a sight met our eyes!—shattered houses and dock installations, with the superstructure of rotting ships lining the entrance to the harbour—a fitting testimony to the thoroughness of Allied "softening up" operations.

We remained on board "Le Trait" while the rather dangerous cargo was unloaded, had our last meal with the officers and spent our last night on board.

After saying "au revoir" to Commandant Pierre and a somewhat sinister officer, who was a favourite of ours, we tipped the ecstatic steward a substantial number of francs and returned to our cabin across the sun-drenched deck. Complete with rucksacs and kit we stepped from our cabin a few moments later—down came the rain, and when it rains in France it really rains.

Half-an-hour later two bedraggled figures were to be seen furtively buying railway tickets in the nearest railway station; fortunately travel is cheap in France.

I do not wish to go into the details of our journey across France and Belgium into Holland, as the accounts of queer characters met with, and our extraordinary experiences would fill a dozen school magazines. It is sufficient to say that we travelled from Boulogne to Calais by train. Then we proceeded to Lille, crossed the Belgium frontier and eventually reached Brussels. We were not impressed with this northern part of Belgium. Prices were high and the rate of exchange (those were the words the Belgians used, we called it something else) was ruinous.

Therefore we decided to leave this pocket-emptying country as soon as possible and push on to Holland, even at the expense of a night's sleep.

We left Brussels and caught the electric train to the lovely old city of Antwerp. It was on this train that we



stared in amazement at a Belgian who was wearing a Grammar School tie, but my delighted cry of "Grammar duck" was cut short by J—— who was at the time a patriotic Grammarian.

We stayed only three hours in Antwerp before deciding to push on to the Dutch border and then to Maastricht.

But our plans went "hay-wire" and we found ourselves marooned at a little place called Esschen in the company of a gloating Walloon stationmaster who regarded with awe the two characters who thought they could get to Maastricht from his station. That night was spent on a hard bench in a draughty third class waiting room, but sleep was denied us by a seemingly endless procession of Belgian frontier guards through the room, who took the place of sheep as we tried to doze off.

Early in the morning we left for Roosendaal by train, and from there proceeded to Breda, after going through the customs; from Breda to Eindhoven, and thence down to Geleen in the sunny south of Limburg.

In Geleen we stayed for a week with a family with whom I had stayed last year; and at last we were able to put on our "greys," look thoroughly respectable and dash off a few hurried lines to those at home (for we arrived looking like a mixture of tramp and saboteur).

After a thoroughly enjoyable and interesting week we decided to leave Geleen and the elaborate preparations for the accession of Queen Juliana, and proceed back to France.

Not wishing for a repetition of our journey to Holland we decided to take the train right through Belgium to Rheims in France. So, leaving a first-class feud with some American engineering students still smouldering, we set off from Maastricht early one morning.

But how we wished that we had not gone by train! For we travelled through a hiker's paradise.

Our route was down the Meuse Valley, which is surely one of the most beautiful valleys in the world. With its wooded hills, and chateaux perched fairy-like on the jagged rocks, this district of the Ardennes which merges into the Duchy of Luxembourg surpasses all description, and I shall return as soon as possible.

Sadly we watched the Ardennes and the Meuse receding in the distance and it was not long before we were seeking lodgings in the old cathedral city of Rheims.

In the morning we toured the city and saw to official matters such as ration cards, etc., then each carrying an amazingly long loaf of bread, rifle-fashion, we commenced our walk to the nearest Youth Hostel, thirty-three kilometres away.

"A Paris," said the mocking cyclist passing us trudging wearily along a long dusty road. "A Paris," said two mocking hikers, as, perched on the back of a little fruit lorry, they passed the same cyclist pushing his bicycle up a steep hill.

Thus after alternate trudging and riding we reached the Youth Hostel of Chery Chartreuse.

It was the first — and last — time that we visited a French Youth Hostel of which the main characteristic was an abundance of dogs. We left as soon as possible in the morning, proceeding by means of "the thumb" to Meaux, where we soon found lodgings. A peculiar thing about our bedroom was that the floor had a very marked slope. This impressed us more in the morning when the washbasin overflowed, and we gazed fascinated at the stream of water which ran rapidly across the floor and disappeared under the door.

Early that morning we left Meaux and optimistically commenced to foot it out to Paris — forty-five kilometres. But our optimism was justified, for we walked only a quarter of the way before obtaining a lift right into Paris in time for dinner.

After dinner we went by the underground (the Metro) to "J——'s" aunt who gave us possession of a vacant room in a flat for as long as we cared to stay. But now we were wondering how to get back. Therefore one morning "J——" paid a visit to the offices of the owners of "Le Trait," while I went to pay a visit to a friend in the barracks of the Republican Guard. There I was forced to stay to dinner with Adjutant Leroy, while "J——" ground his teeth waiting for me by the Arc de Triumphe, and had to be content with a bar of chocolate.

We spent five glorious days in Paris before leaving for Rouen where we met "Le Trait." When formalities were completed and we were back in our cabin we discovered that "Le Trait" would not be sailing sailing for two days, so we were compelled to stay in Rouen somewhat longer than we had thought.

At last, one evening "Le Trait" moved quietly out of Rouen and down the Seine where we promptly ran into a

thick river fog. There was a great commotion, bells ringing, the commandant shouting, and the searchlight on the bridge failing to penetrate the fog more than a few yards. But it was just as well for the ship had to drop anchor and could not proceed until morning, when we had the benefit of the glorious scenery of the Seine which slowly winds from Rouen to the sea. Once past Honfleur and Le Havre we were in the open sea, and it was only a matter of days before we were back home safe and sound with our trophies and glorious memories.

D. R. Hawkins.

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### THE OMNIFARIOUS SOCIETY

First Motto: From a girl that speaks Latin, and a donkey that brays, Good Lord deliver us (Mediaeval Spanish Proverb).

Second Motto: Sapiens est qui bulbos scit suos (Proverb).

Though it is the writer's lot to be criticised, we must confess that we were not expecting the barrage which greeted us last April. We have nothing to say in our defence, except that our disparagers have no idea how difficult it is to be humorous for even one paragraph, quite apart from one whole page. We would, however, recommend them to study thoroughly the second motto written above, and to digest thoroughly such enjoyable fare.

Before giving a review of this term's activities, we feel it a pleasurable duty to congratulate the Society on a full examination success. Indeed, we feel we are unique among the school's societies in having the whole body pass the examination of the Central Welsh Board. Such intellectual prowess, we feel sure, augurs well for the future of our society.

The more observant (and obedient) among you, dear readers, will have noticed the mottoes at the head of the article. Generalisations, they are to some extent fallacious. But whether this be so, or whether this be not so, the turbulent youth who suggested the first one had nothing to say for it but praise. "Here we have," said he, aspirating carefully and forcefully, "a saw, the pithiness of whose expression is matched only by the profundity of whose wisdom. Females, beware! (this in a clarion voice) you little know . . ." But here the chairman ruled him out of order, and he sat down, beaming broadly around and muttering

still. The chairman rose, "Well, gentlemen," said he, "it has been proposed that we adopt this maxim as our motto . . ." Here his voice was drowned in a burst of cheering, which so harrassed the fat little fellow that he nearly screamed aloud, and would have done, but he couldn't, because someone was sitting on his head. The cheering had just begun to decrease, when a sober voice restored a greater calm by suggesting that the society, to realise its intention of ubiquitous uniqueness (as far as possible), should have not one but two mottoes. He himself proposed the proverb "*Sapiens est qui bulbos scit suos*," and this was unanimously adopted. Whereupon, a third member arose and began to declaim, with sombre mien,

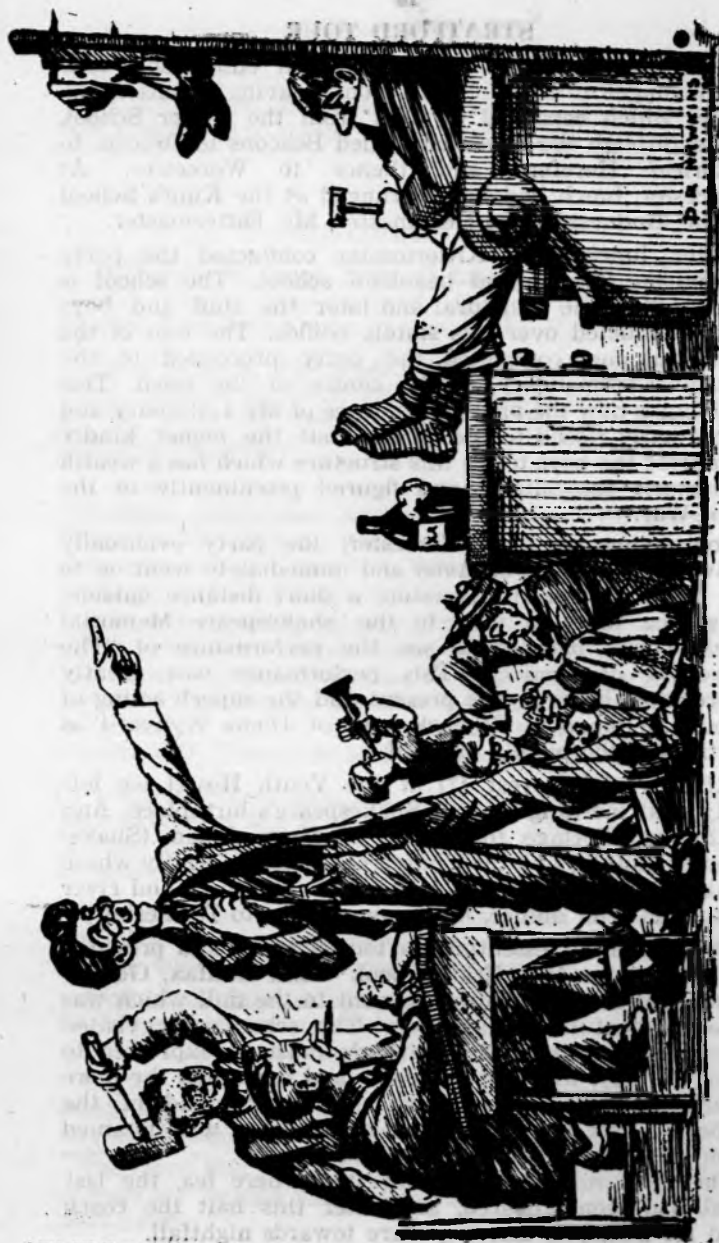
" A l'âge où l'on croit à l'amour,  
J'étais seul, dans ma chambre, un jour  
Pleurant ma première misère . . .

He seemed visibly affected by this and rolling haggard eyes, with tears running down his cheeks, he suggested that the society adopt as its third motto this, or a similar piece of Musset. We felt that this was going to far, however, and rejecting his proposal we promptly silenced him. Glory and peace be his!

Towards the middle of the term, a lecture was given by a member on "Corduroy Trousers." "I deplore," said he with fearful glare, "the current trend among wearers of this wholesome garment. O tempora! o mores! No longer are corduroys the exclusive possession of the indigent — the navvies, the literati striving for recognition, the poor student! No longer do they embrace the spindly shanks of the poor, but the fat hams of sixth-form secondary school boys, those semi-illiterate intellectuals (that with great force) who, because they can spell psycho-analysis, are bursting with over-weening pride. What times we live in, gentlemen! I can . . ." but here a flood of emotion poured forth from the speaker's heart to extinguish his spluttering rhetoric in harrowing sobs. He sat down, and the chairman offered his condolences.

The concluding meeting of the term had, unfortunately, to be cancelled, but it is hoped that the paper prepared for that meeting will be delivered next term, along, probably, with many others.

John M. Hacche, U.VI.Arts.



FEMALES BEWARE! YOU LITTLE KNOW.....

## STRATFORD TOUR

Towards the middle of last term an educational tour was arranged to Stratford-on-Avon. Leaving Swansea, the party, which consisted of boys from the Upper School, drove through the mist-enshrouded Beacons to Brecon, to historical Hereford and thence to Worcester. At Worcester, lunch had been arranged at the King's School by the kindness of the Headmaster, Mr. Kittermaster.

After lunch, Mr. Kittermaster conducted the party around the famous and beautiful school. The school is connected to the Cathedral and later the staff and boys were conducted over this stately edifice. The tour of the Cathedral once completed, the party proceeded to the ancient Commandery in the centre of the town. This building is now the private residence of Mr. Littlebury and is normally closed to the public, but the owner kindly permitted the boys to see this structure which has a wealth of historic associations and figured prominently in the Civil War.

Journeying on from Worcester, the party eventually arrived at Stratford-on-Avon and immediately went on to the Youth Hostel at Alverston, a short distance outside. After tea there, a visit to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre was planned to see the performance of "The Merchant of Venice." This performance was greatly appreciated by everyone present and the superb acting of Robert Helpman as Shylock, and of Diana Wynyard as Portia was thoroughly enjoyed.

After a night's rest (?) at the Youth Hostel, we left early next morning to visit Shakespeare's birthplace, Ann Hathaway's Cottage, the House of Mary Arden (Shakespeare's mother) and the Church of the Holy Trinity where Shakespeare is buried. A last look at the town and river was taken after dinner, before moving on to Tewkesbury.

Tewkesbury is essentially a tourist town, and provided the setting for Mrs. Craik's book "John Halifax, Gentleman," and the boys naturally went to the mill which was a notable feature of this book. The school party visited Tewkesbury Abbey, and gratitude must be expressed to Dean Purefoy, who met the party and explained the more interesting features and historical background of the Abbey. A fine view of the red-roofed town was obtained from the Norman Tower of the Abbey.

The next stop was at Gloucester, where tea, the last meal, had been prepared, and after this halt the coach sped for Swansea, arriving there towards nightfall.

Fortunately, the weather was very good and added greatly to the success of the tour. Tribute must be paid to Messrs. Cox and Morris who were in charge of the party, and it is hoped to repeat the tour next year.

G.V.D.

### STRATFORD CAMP

This year the main body of campers left High Street Station for Stratford-on-Avon, on the Tuesday following August Bank Holiday, in charge of Mr. McGivern.

On arriving at the camp, we found that everything had been prepared for us by an able advance party, in charge of Mr. Yates the Camp-master, who had arrived on the previous Saturday.

I must state that we were extremely lucky to have a first-class cook, Mrs. Edwards, and her two assistants Margaret and Gaynor, who were at the camp for the first fortnight. Later, Miss Sue Stewart joined the domestic staff, and we fared even better.

A team from the camp played the team of a neighbouring youth-camp from Leicestershire at cricket, but the match had to be abandoned because of bad light. We succeeded however in defeating the local Y.M.C.A. team twice. Our best bowlers were G. Ellis and G. Dixon and our best batsmen, G. Sambrook and E. Morgan.

When Mr. McGivern left after a fortnight we were glad to receive Mr. Williams and Mr. Cox. All the staff worked hard and they all contributed to the harmony and smooth-running of the camp.

The camp had the pleasure of a visit from the headmaster and Mrs. Thomas, and he was greatly impressed by the way in which the camp was being run.

Most of the boys at camp saw a few of the plays at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. About the most popular was "Hamlet" with Robert Helpman playing the name part.

On the last Thursday of camp a social was held, during which items were given by both Staff and boys, and there was also community singing which was led by Mr. Cox.

The camp this year was very successful and the majority of boys are looking forward to camping again at Stratford next year.

D. Ellery, U.V.I. Sc.



## ROUND THE HOUSES

There has been increased activity in the Houses in the Christmas Term. Various matches in most branches of sport have been played and towards the end of the term many boys were seen to wear in their coats the distinctive colours of their respective Houses.

**Dillwyn House (yellow).**—At the end of the summer term, the House saw with regret the retirement of Mr. C. Davies, who for many years past had been the House Master. This position he filled capably and admirably and we wish him every happiness in his retirement.

The House subsequently met under the guidance of Mr. I. Williams, our new House Master, and at the first meeting of the term C. Maggs was elected Captain; N. Eaton, Vice-Captain; and J. M. Hacche, Secretary. These formed, ex-officio, the committee, along with Tonkin (representing the Sixth Forms), Darby (the Fifth), Quick (the Fourth), Williams (the Third) and Day (the Second).

The committee very soon set to work, and choose the teams for the athletic competitions. The Senior Rugby team, and the Scrimmage Ball team have so far proved unlucky, but Dillwyn's Junior team has yet to be beaten in Association Football.

In the past few years, the House has invariably occupied third place in the results of the School Sports. Although we have never come last, yet there is, as the House in general realises, no room for complacency, and Dillwyn intends making every effort during the coming year to increase her status in athletics. On the intellectual side, however, the House's record is somewhat brighter, and Dillwyn looks forward with confidence to the crop of inter-house quizzes and other tests of knowledge, which next term will surely bring.

J. M. Hacche (hon. sec.).

**Grove House (blue).**—Grove appears at last to be awakening out of the dormant state into which it had sunk during recent years.

We are glad to welcome this term as our new House Master, Mr. Basset, who takes the place of Mr. T. G. Davies, who has ably controlled House matters in the past and whose services were greatly appreciated by all members of the House.

The House Captain this year is A. Macfarlane of the U.VI Arts, and he is assisted by the Vice-Captain, H. True, U.VI.Sc., who is also Senior Rugby Captain; the Secretary, D. Preedy, U.VI.Sc.; the Senior Soccer Captain, D. Stevens, U.VI.Arts; and the Junior Rugby and Soccer Captains, G. Williams and K. Edwards respectively.



The results this term are so far favourable. The Senior Soccer Team triumphed over Roberts by 4 goals to 1, while the Junior team did likewise by 5 goals to 1. The Senior Rugby team beat Roberts 26 points to 11, but the outcome of the Junior match is yet to be known. In Scrimmage Ball, Grove scored 12 goals to Dillwyn's 8, but unfortunately, in Badminton, they lost to Roberts 0 games to 2.

I would like to thank all the members of the House who have participated in these games, and I hope that everyone will rally round the Captain to take Grove to the top position where it belongs.

D. Preedy (hon. sec.).

**Roberts House** (green).—Once again Roberts was the champion House at the Annual School Sports, held at St. Helen's Ground at the end of the summer term. Two outstanding competitors were B. Coffey, who has now left and K. Williams of the Junior School, but I would like to commend every member who played a part in achieving the success of Roberts.

The House Officials were duly elected at the commencement of the Christmas Term and are, House Captain, D. Ellery, U.VI.Sc.; Sports Captain, Morris. L.VI.Arts; and Vice-Sports Captain, R. Griffiths, L.VI.Arts.

There seems to be a marked deficiency in senior members in the House this year, and this may be the cause of the defeats which Roberts has sustained this term. Nevertheless it is hoped that all members will give full support to maintain the position of Roberts.

D. Ellery (House Captain).

**Llewellyn House** (red).—At a General Meeting of Llewellyn House during November, the following officials were elected: House Captain, Reg. Hopkins, U.VI.Arts; Senior Rugby Captain, Hywel Williams, U.VI.Sc; Junior Rugby Captain, Colin Latham, IVE; Senior Soccer Captain, Colin Pilot, VC; Junior Soccer Captain, Walter Walsh.

Last year Llewellyn ran a close second to Roberts' first in the School Sports and we hope to be the winning House next time.

At the first meeting of the House, Mr. Yates, the House Master, expressed the hope that the past tradition of the House would be maintained.

A good start has been made in the House matches of which we have won the Senior Rugby Match against Dillwyn 19 points to nil and the Scrimmage Ball match against Roberts 11 goals to 5, and lost the Senior Soccer match to Dillwyn 3 goals to 4.

R. Hopkins (House Captain).

## "WHAT A LIFE!"

Last Saturday was my first opportunity of sampling my dentist's methods now that he has become nationalised.

Unlike my wife, who is an ardent supporter of all social Services, mainly because they cost nothing, I was not overjoyed at the prospect of experiencing the much boosted National Health Service. My reasons for not wishing to partake of the benefits of the Service were quite simple, in fact they fell into two straightforward categories. My first reason was that I objected to having my teeth pulled out on the very Saturday that Downlittle Wanderers, my local club, were playing against their hereditary rival, Littlehampton Rovers, and the second reason was quite irrelevant, so I will not bore my readers with it.

Now my wife is a keen supporter of Littlehampton Rovers, mainly because her Uncle Cuthbert played full-back for them, and although I don't like to boast, I must say that our local club didn't have the remotest chance of winning the match, without my virile and stimulating support. I expect that the intelligent reader has by now concluded why my wife had arranged for my "appointment with fear" to coincide with the great match.

The Saturday of the match soon arrived and at one-thirty in the afternoon my wife escorted me to the local dentist's surgery. When she rang the bell, I saw a smile cross her otherwise grim and forbidding features, as if in anticipation of the defeat of Downlittle Wanderers.

Eventually, in reply to her eager and insistent ringing, a nurse, dressed in spotless white (doubtless she had hidden the bloodstained overalls contaminated by her other victims' life blood) ushered me through the portals of fear and then vanished. As I crossed the threshold, my wife hurried away and whilst waiting I thought despairingly of the impending defeat of the team. I was awakened from these musings by the nurse primly informing me that Mr. Pullemoutquick would see me. After all formalities had been dispensed with, indeed when I think of all the forms I signed in triplicate I shudder, I was seated in the dentist's chair.

"Open wide please . . ." The dentist's voice penetrated my numb and terrified brain with startling clarity. When he had finished his swift and efficient examination, and entered a summary into his book in quadruplicate, Mr. Pullemoutquick prepared to apply the anaesthetic. Suddenly I was imbued with new strength. "Why should I be treated like this?" I asked myself. Like the determined

man I am, I acted quickly and efficiently. Pushing the nurse one way and the dentist another, I made for the door, and as I rushed out of the house I heard the nurse's screams ringing through the crisp air. I smiled sardonically to myself, "That will teach them," I thought.

On the village green the excitement had risen to fever pitch, and as I appeared the crowd sang with fervour, "See the conquering hero come." With my head held high, I walked majestically along the red carpet that had been spread along the meadow, and approached the ditch where the team were changing into their attractive yellow, purple spotted jerseys. They were very enthusiastic about my arrival, and indeed the reporter of our local journal immediately phoned his editor to inform him that Down-little Rovers were assured of an easy victory.

I think that match will be written down in the annals of Rugby, indeed when people remember that match they will converse with bated breath.

After old Jenkins, the farmer, had removed his tractor and cows from the pitch, the match began. I flatter myself that Uncle Cuthbert grew to like the taste of our grass, for he had ample opportunity for sampling it. I played the game of my life, and as I scored my nineteenth try, I saw my wife, and if looks could kill well . . . When the match was in its closing stages, I made a spectacular solo run. There was only Uncle Cuthbert to beat, and as I neatly sidestepped . . .

"Wake up, please Mr. Biggum," a gentle but insistent voice brought me back to my natural surroundings. I might add that Littehampton Rovers won by 19 tries, my team not having scored at all.

C. D. Fisher, Va.

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### SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

After some delay this term, the School Scientific Society has been formed once again, and at the general meeting for this school year the following officers were elected: Chairman, D. Gwynn (L.VI.Sc.); Secretary, N. Eaton (U.VI.Sc.); Treasurer: D. Ellery (U.VI.Sc.) and a strong committee representing both the Upper and Lower Sixth Sciences.

The Society got away to an excellent start when a most interesting lecture on the "Cathode Ray Oscillograph" was given by Mr. W. Lewis at the Technical College in November. Mr. Lewis was at one time the Physics Master at Dynevor, and many of his former pupils enjoyed once

more the subtle humour of his lectures. On behalf of the Society, I would like to express to him our deep appreciation for an entertaining and informative meeting.

This was followed later in the month by a lecture by G. Grainger (L.VI.Sc.) on 'Wireless Reception.' This was well received by a large audience, but I venture to record, that a current rumour held that it was above the heads of certain members of the Sixth Science.

In December, a lecture was given by N. Eaton (U.VI.Sc.) on the "Shaping of Metals" which was much appreciated by the Society.

The Sixth form members of the Society visited the Post Office Automatic Exchange in Wind Street and thoroughly enjoyed the experience. The Society also hopes to visit the National Oil Refineries as well as a number of other industrial and scientific undertakings in the Swansea area.

Finally, on behalf of the Society, I would like to appeal to any scientifically minded member of the Senior School to come forward and read a paper, for it is only with the help of all interested in scientific matters that we can make the Society a success.

N. F. Eaton (Hon. Sec.).

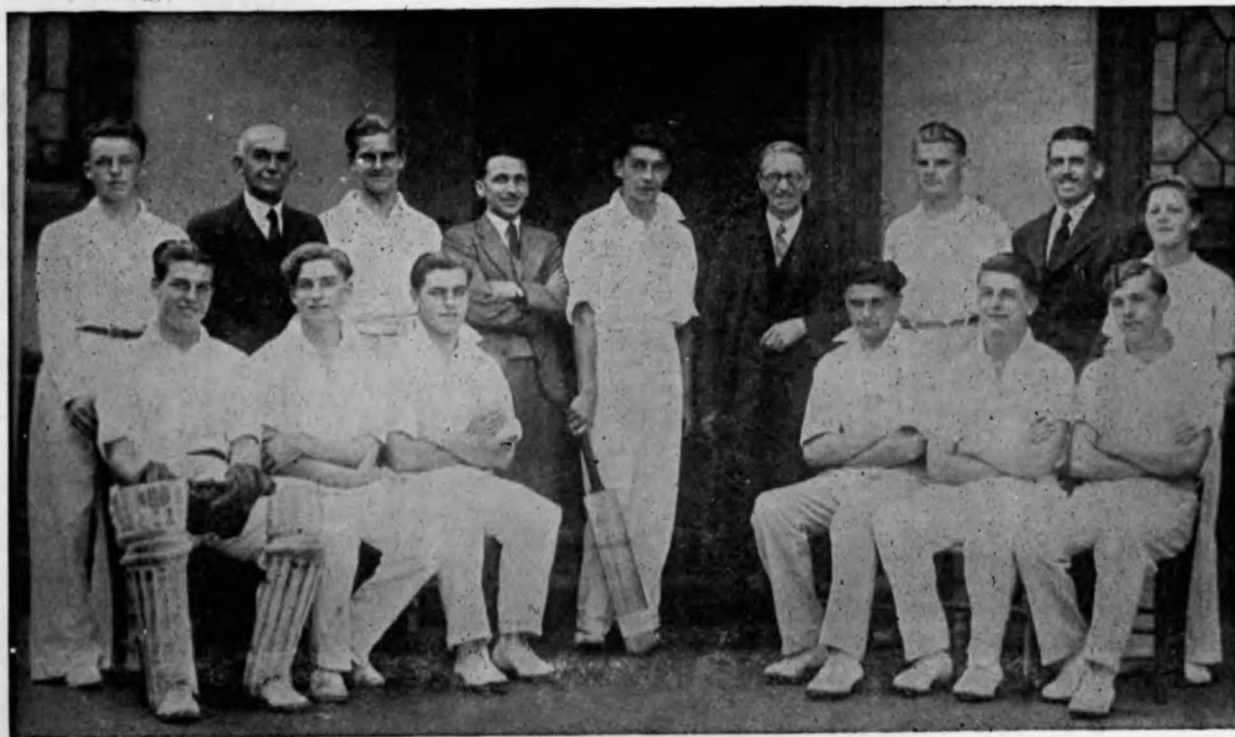
### SCHOOL CRICKET XI, 1948

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
12	5	2	4

(One match abandoned)

The team's performance this season showed a considerable improvement on that of last, and the School XI is to be congratulated, especially when it is taken into consideration that they lost the services of their captain T. A. Clarke before May was out. In spite of the fact that he played in only four matches, Clarke clearly tops the batting averages and during his period of captaincy he gave several sound and capable batting displays which were an inspiration to the team. Especially brilliant was his innings of 35 not out against Neath County School which proved to be his last game for the school. I take this opportunity of wishing him, on behalf of the team, every success during his period of National Service in the R.A.F.

After the departure of Clarke, W. Davies took over the captaincy and he filled his position very capably, playing soundly throughout the season and being at all times an inspiration to the team. His field placing was very good



# **DYNEVOR SCHOOL CRICKET XI, 1948.**

Mr. D. J. Williams	Mr. W. S. Evans	Mr. W. B. Thomas	Mr. J. L. Bennett
C. Pilot	B. Darby	W. Davies (Capt.)	R. Hopkins
G. Dixon	J. Davies	C. Randall	H. Phillips (V.-Capt.)
			E. Morris
			D. Walker
			G. Jones

and his batting and fielding a splendid example to the side. His bowling always looked dangerous while he excelled as an opening pace bowler.

Prominent players for the school were E. J. Morris, who proved to be a sound and polished opening batsman. His best display was against Llanelly Grammar School when he scored 24 not out. C. Randall, an aggressive batsman, played well throughout the season. He will be remembered by the Pontardawe bowlers for a forceful innings of 32 in which he hit five fours and did their averages no good. C. Jones was the school's best all-rounder, his display against Neath County School being especially good. In the School's innings he scored a fine 20. Against Gowerton County School he took 4 wickets for 13 runs.

H. O. Phillips was the school's most successful bowler, and his performances throughout the season were consistently good. The following analyses give a clear picture of his grand pace bowling:

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets
v. Llanelly (home)	13	6	13	6
v. Llanelly (away)	6	5	1	2
v. Pontardawe (home)	12.1	6	8	6
v. Pontardawe (away)	10	2	19	6
v. Ystalyfera (away)	8.4	4	15	8

This season, the fielding was on the whole good, a favourable comparison with that of last season. Both V. Tonkin and N. Eaton did well as wicket-keepers. C. Pilot, D. Walker and B. Williams all showed promise for the future and next season should find them seasoned warriors.

Memorable events of the season were: the exhaustion of the players after E. Dew (Gowerton) had been dismissed having scored 88 runs; the powerful lungs of a certain Dynevor slip-fieldsman; the dirty looks given by various groundsmen to one of the School's opening pace bowlers; and last but not least the agonised looks of certain last-wicket batsmen when they went out to face a very keen attack despite the derisive encouragement given by earlier batsmen who had distinguished themselves in the fray.

The Staff Match proved the usual hard struggle (?), and, as so often in recent years the boys emerged as victors. This year, the Masters' fate was sealed by a hard-hitting partnership between B. Darby and W. Davies which realised 78 runs. Despite the gallant efforts of Messrs. G. Jones, J. Bennett and G. Gregory, the boys won by 80 runs and the masters were glad to retire from the struggle at the point of exhaustion.

### LEADING BATTING AVERAGES, 1948.

		Innings	Runs	Highest Score	Not Out	Average
T. Clarke	...	4	70	35	1	23.33
G. Jones	...	11	78	20	1	7.8
C. Randall	...	10	71	32	0	7.1

### LEADING BOWLING AVERAGES, 1948.

		Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
H. Phillips	...	98.1	38	163	36	4.52
G. Jones	...	30	8	96	11	8.72
W. Davies	...	88.3	27	230	21	10.95

K. James (U.VI. Arts) Official Scorer.

### AWAY FROM IT ALL

It was a fine, clear morning and the mist had almost disappeared from the barren tops of the hills. Two people came toiling up the worn and narrow track, dressed in shorts, with rucksacks on their backs. The man was panting heavily and looked as if his youth was long since past, but the girl with him was somewhat younger and seemed to find the climb no strain at all.

"Ah! it's nice to be up here in the pure air," said the man, in the tones of a London business man, "but it's rather thirsty work though." "Well Robert," said his companion pointing across the hill, "there's a cottage in that dip over there; perhaps we can have a drink there." So the two set off for the cottage.

In the cottage a boy was standing at the window, gazing across the valley. "Isn't it time we went home," said the boy. "Oh, we won't be long now," replied his father, who was seated in his chair, counting some money. Suddenly he was interrupted by the excited voice of the boy who hastily cried, "There's two strangers coming up the path, father." "Quick," was the reply, "into your chair and pull the blanket over your legs. They'll be here in a minute."

A knock was heard, and the man swept the money away and shuffled to the door. "Bore da!" said the man in a strained voice to the two strangers. "Good morning!" answered the business man. "We've been walking on the hills, and we wondered if we could have a drink here." "Come in, sir," said the father. "What would you like? Cider, milk or just water?"

Soon the two were seated and the business man was sipping a glass of cider, while his companion, Diana, took a glass of goat's milk. "And what's the matter with the boy there?" said the Londoner, in the voice of one who knows everything. "Well," mumbled the boy's father, "it's a long story."

"Tom Hughes my name is, sir. I was born in this house and my father before me. I've been married now about sixteen years and I've one son, David, he's fourteen."

One night two years ago, it was rather cold and the mist had settled down on the mountains like a thick woolly blanket. We were all sitting before the fire, my wife darning, my son carving, he's fond of making things you know, while I was doing a bit of reading. All at once we heard a sound, like a muffled shot, coming out of the fog. My son was up in a moment, and out into the mist before I could stop him. I called after him, but he did not reply, so I sat down to wait for him. After about half-an-hour my wife became agitated and I said I'd go out and look for him, if she would remain in the cottage. I went out carrying a lantern, but this was no use as the mist was so thick, and looking back I saw the lights of the house merge into the erie darkness. I stumbled down the path as best I could, groping my way through the fog which clung about me like a cloak. After some time had passed through shouting and searching I decided to return to the cottage as I realised that it was futile to search anymore that night. I went back up the path practically on my hands and knees and at last managed to get to the house.

Just as I was about to go in, I thought I heard a faint cry on my left. I picked my way over there and I nearly fell over my son who was huddled on the ground. He couldn't walk and I carried him back to the house. My wife wasn't in the room, so laying David on the couch, I went to the bottom of the stairs and called to her. Receiving no reply I went up but couldn't find her. I went to the door then and hallo'd loudly, but still had no answer. I spent that night sitting at the side of my son, who was in great pain, and waiting for my wife.

Next morning when the mist had cleared, I rushed over to Evans' farm, and with the help of some men from there, we managed to carry David down to the village, where a lorry took him to hospital. This done we all set out to look for my wife, but though we searched all day we couldn't find her. This search continued all the week, but with the same negative result and I was forced to give her



up for lost. My son, after six months in hospital, came home, but he was a cripple. Exposure in the night air and that long night of agony had prevented him from ever walking again. As for my wife, some say that the 'Tylwth Teg' took her, while others maintain she is still walking the mountains looking for David, all I can say is that I have never seen her since." "What about that shot you heard?" asked the young lady, who had followed this story closely. "That, too, remains a mystery, miss," said old Tom.

"Well, we must be off now," said the business man rising, and hitching on his rucksac. He strolled over to the boy and pressed into his hand a half-crown. Then, turning to his father he proffered a note. The old fellow refused this generous offer, but his protestations were brushed aside. "You've had enough sorrow in your life. Perhaps this will bring you a little happiness," he was told. The two then set out and the man went outside to see them off. When they had gone some way down the hill, Tom went back in and his son rose out of the chair.

"Yes," said the father, "I think we've made enough now. We haven't done too badly this summer. Your mother and sisters will be waiting for us and you will be just in time to start school, after the holidays. Oh yes! And we must think up another story this winter, ready to tell our 'visitors' next year."

The two hikers stopped at the bottom of the hill and gazed up at the cottage perched at the top. "It's hard to believe that these lonely hills have seen so much tragedy and conceal so many mysteries," said the girl. "Yes," replied her companion, "but to-morrow we'll be back amongst the hustle and bustle, the trickery and the roguery of London and these simple, honest Welsh folk will be vague characters in an even vaguer dream."

G. V. D.

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### THE INK-BLOT TEST

American universities have recently been experimenting with the ink-blot test which is designed to test the personality of students. We are glad to inform our readers that this interesting experiment is to be tried out in our school next term; do not be unduly apprehensive; it doesn't hurt, at least not more than having your left kidney removed, or your liver scraped.

By this test you are likely to discover in yourself lots more neuroses, all delightfully new and tintillating.



A Two whales scratching each other's backs and eating bananas.

B An ink blot.

C A gorilla with its head split open by a meat cleaver.

D A beautiful girl.



A Hot and cold water taps with hot tap dripping slightly and drain half closed.

B An ink blot.

C A bandit holding two smouldering time bombs.

D A beautiful girl.



A Mussolini and double with fur caps speaking to Marie Antoniette with an upswept hair do.

B An ink blot.

C Bela Lugosi and friend strangling Peter Lorre.

D A beautiful girl.



A A windmill theatre chorus girl protesting that she has nothing to wear.

B An ink blot.

C A witch uttering a curse.

D A sack of potatoes.



A A large twin engine plane flying through a small cloud followed by a smoke trail.

B An ink blot.

C A turkey recently run over by a steam roller.

D A beautiful girl.

Just decide which description best fits the ink blot; and having come to your decision, note the letter beside your choice. Determine what letter is most often your choice, and look at the table for your diagnosis. The letter that was most often your choice is the letter opposite your case.

Name Of Disease.	Have You Tried	Your Predicted Career.
a. Idiomorostupidity.	A course in Physics.	Lab. Boy.
b. Neuropsychoinkblotity	Pencils.	Your guess is as good as ours.
c. Psychoneuromorbidity.	Arsenic.	Nursery School Teacher.
d. You're Nuts.	Everything.	Student at Dynevor.

C. Joseph and K. Hyman, U.VI.Sc.

### LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

This term, the activities of the Literary and Debating Society have been many and varied and the attendances at the Society's meetings have been encouraging. Under the supervision of Mr. Chandler a committee was formed consisting of J. D. Evans, R. Hawkins, J. Hacche and K. James of the U.VI.Arts, H. Trew and D. Ellery of the U.VISc., D. S. Evans and K. Waite of the L.VI.Arts, Foner of the L.VISc, Macpherson (Vb), Danielson (Ve) and G. Phillips (IVb).

This term, three meetings were devoted to lecturettes and five to debates and so far we have called upon fourteen speakers which shows that there is a great deal of talent in the school. At one meeting, some impromptu speeches were included in the programme and those who spoke are to be congratulated on their creditable performances.

This year has also seen the formation of an Inter-School Debating Society which embraces all four Swansea Secondary Schools. In connection with this society two debates have been held in which Dynevor has taken part. The first was held on November 5th when we received a visit from the Grammar School Debating Society. The motion was "That Britain has reached an age of decadence." The motion was supported by two Grammar School speakers. D. Frayne and D. James, and opposed by

two members of our own Society, J. Hacche (U.VI.Arts) and H. Trew (U.VI.Sc.). After a keenly contested debate, the motion was rejected by two votes. On December 10th the four schools participated in an Inter-School debate at the High School when a motion "that Royalty had outlived its usefulness" was rejected by nineteen votes. J. D. Evans (U.VI.Arts) was the chief speaker against the motion.

The following is a list of the debates held so far :

(1) Sept. 27th.—"The Labour Government has failed." Speakers: Supporting, J. D. Evans (U.VI.Arts); Opposition, B. Taylor (U.VI.Arts). The motion was rejected by one vote.

(2) Oct. 15th.—"Christianity cannot meet the needs of the Twentieth Century." Speakers: Supporting, J. Hacche (U.VI.Arts); Opposition, K. James (U.VI.Arts). The motion was rejected by one vote.

(3) Oct. 22nd.—"This House affirms that it would be preferable to be marooned on a desert island with Jane Russell rather than with George Bernard Shaw." Speakers: Supporting, B. Dowley (U.VI.Arts); Opposition, R. Hawkins (U.VI.Arts). The motion was carried by a majority of 14 votes.

(4) Oct. 29th.—"U.N.O. has every chance of maintaining world peace." Speakers: Supporting, P. Jones (U.VI.Arts); Opposition, D. Ellery (U.VI.Sc.). The motion was rejected by 3 votes.

(5) "Strikes are criminal and should be made illegal." Speakers: Supporting, J. D. Evans (U.VI.Arts); Opposition, G. V. Davies (U.VI.Arts). The motion was rejected by 4 votes.

(6) Inter-School Debate.—"Royalty has outlived its usefulness." Speakers: Supporting, Barbara Gammon (High School), D. B. Wright (Grammar School); Opposition, J. D. Evans (Dynevor), Hilary Jones (Glanmor). The motion was rejected by 19 votes.

Next term, a varied and interesting programme has been planned including a talk by one of our Old Boys and debates with the High School and the Grammar School. A cordial invitation is extended to all to come to these and other functions of the Society and we can promise you an interesting and enjoyable time.

K. James (U.VI.Arts) Secretary.

## PORT SKEWETT CAMP

For the fourth successive year a Dynevor Camp was to be found at Port Skewett and we must now be regarded by the villagers as a natural phenomenon which occurs every summer. The headquarters was, as usual the Church Hall, and for this privilege we have the rector to thank.

The foresight and initiative of our leader, Mr. Richard Evans were responsible for the abundant supply of work throughout the three weeks we were there; work which varied from lifting potatoes to transplanting cabbages.

It was perhaps unfortunate that the week in which we began work was the warmest of the summer. No one appreciated this at the time, but now we are all proud of our tanned bodies.

The favourite evening sport was table-tennis, and a tournament was arranged which John Davies subsequently won. Three cricket matches were played with the neighbouring village of Sudbrooke. The first two games resulted in a win for each team, but needless to say the camp won the final game. The best individual batting performance was by V. Tonkin, while J. Davies and E. J. Quirk bowled exceptionally well.

I would like to thank Mr. Harold Evans and Mr. Lewis who assisted Mr. R. Evans in the running of the camp. Their efforts were appreciated by everybody. It was said to watch Messrs. R. and H. Evans trying to persuade the stoves to light on a warm day, was worth a week's work. I would also like to thank Mrs. Evans, Barbara, Roma and Margaret, for to the girls fell the tedious and unenviable task of cutting sandwiches for the whole camp. Our thanks are also offered to anyone who helped in any way to make the camp a success.

P. Morris, U.Via.

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