

GORAU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

Dynevor Secondary School Magazine.

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D. R. Hawkins (Art Editor),

J. M. Hacche (Sub-Editor). K. D. James (Sub-Editor).

EDITORIAL

We had hoped to print this Edition of the Magazine immediately after the Easter Holidays, but on account of the delay we experienced in gathering the material for certain events taking place late in the Term, we were unable to do so. However, the number of contributions received has been encouraging, and, which is better, there has not been "a last-minute rush." It will be noticed that this publication is larger in size than last Term's Edition. This fact will probably be made more evident by a certain adjustment of the School Fund, but by then the present Editorial Committee will, we hope, be out of reach. It is advisable, therefore, to read this Edition from cover to cover, to get your money's worth.

SCHOOL NOTES

The Easter Term of some twelve weeks has proved to be very eventful. We welcomed to the school at the beginning of term Mr. Evans, who fills the vacancy on the staff created by the retirement of Mr. D. J. Williams.

We notice regretfully Mr. Yates' leaving to take up the position of headmaster at Dunvant School. Mr. Yates has been a member of the staff at Dynevor for twenty years and has taken a prominent part in the activities of the school, notably with the school soccer teams and harvest camps. We wish Mr. Yates much success and happiness in his new school. Mr. Yates' place is being taken by Mr. Leslie Evans, who has spent some time in the school previously in the capacity of student teacher, and we cordially welcome him to the school.

In February the Fourths were privileged to hear Mr. Travis Kemp, Director of the Continental Ballet Company, which was then appearing at the Grand Theatre, give an interesting talk on "The Ballet."

Also in February, a number of boys paid a visit to the Tower Cinema for a showing of the film, "Monsieur Vincent." The dialogue of the film was in French but had English sub-titles set to it and it was easily understood by the least fluent of French speakers.

St. David's Day was traditionally celebrated by a half-holiday, while in the morning a programme was given including items in both Welsh and English. The programme was given by pupils from all sections of the school and consisted among other items of Penillion singing, an imaginary conversation between a Medieval Welsh Poet and a Modern Welsh Poet, and a violin solo. For the arrangement of this programme we are indebted to Mr. Bryn Davies.

The debate with the High School for Girls was held on February 4th at the school. The motion was "That sport is exerting a pernicious influence on our national life to-day," and the meeting was well attended by a large number of boys from the Senior School. The speeches by the principal speakers were very good, but when the debate was thrown open to the floor the result was disappointing. Whether this was due to shyness or lack of knowledge on the subject has not been ascertained. A debate with Glanmor Girls' School is yet to be held.

One of the main annual events of the school was the Concert given by the School Choir at the Brangwyn Hall on May 21st and 28th. This year a lighter work was chosen, Edward German's "Merrie England" and it was supported by a miscellaneous programme.

The school had an opportunity of hearing the choir sing one of the pieces included in this programme, "The Heavens are telling . . .," on the occasion of a visit to the school by Miss Reed. Miss Reed has come over from New Zealand and is studying the British Educational System. We hope Miss Reed will have an enjoyable stay here and that Dynevor has made a favourable impression on her.

Also performed at the School Concert was the School Song. Words were set by Mr. E. Yates to the music of Mrs. Gwilym Roberts. This was a delightful rendering and we can say it is in keeping with the tradition of Dynevor.

A highlight among the school's various activities this year was the success of the Marionette Guild. Three fine performances of "Toad of Toad Hall" were given at St. Barnabas' Hall, Uplands, and, later, two repeat performances were given at the Central Library, Swansea. The show was under the direction of Mr. T. Morgan; the adaptation of the play was by Mr. J. E. L. Bennett from Kenneth Grahame's "Wind in the Willows," and the music accompaniment was provided by Mr. M. Harries. We must compliment both boys and staff on such a good piece of work, proving as it was a triumph over many difficulties. Although the school, as a whole, has not yet witnessed a finished performance of the play we feel sure that it will do so before the end of the year.

At this point it would be well to assure boys that the characters depicted in the cartoons by our Art Editor bear no resemblance to any person or persons present in the school. We might add a note, however, that the editors put no restraint on anyone who might like to attribute names to these characters.

Our eyes have been dazzled throughout the year by flashes of colour varying from the sombre, airforce-blue, navy-blue and khaki, to green and white, blue and green and navy, red and white. The wearers of these colours, members of the services and various universities, seem to be continually appearing at the time of the examinations to taunt the unfortunate pupils, more especially of the



Senior Forms, who are sitting these examinations. Nevertheless we are glad to see these friends who have such a high regard for the old school.

While speaking of examinations, the bogey of the school year, the Easter Terminal Examinations are behind us, while we have yet to face the more terrible dragon, the examinations of the Welsh Joint Education Committee, which has superseded the Central Welsh Board. We would like to take this opportunity of wishing all boys sitting these examinations, both Senior and Higher, every success and all leaving the school in July happiness and luck in their future careers.

After an inspection of the Canteen at the beginning of last term it was decided that the Prefects should be relieved of their duties. This decision was hailed with joy among that select band who were looking forward to another term of toil and sweat (?) with many gloomy forebodings. However, much to their disgust, that sacrosanct area between the table where the food is served and that from which it used to be collected, hitherto the undisputed preserve of the Sixth Form, is now filled every day with a jostling crowd of noisy juniors whose chief aim seems to be to take the canteen staff "by storm." However, the Prefects will probably accept, although reluctantly, the time honoured saw—"You can't have it all ways."

The School Sports which mark the culmination of the year's sporting activity will be held during the second week of July. According to results of various House Matches held throughout the year, it seems that positions of the houses will be altered.

We note with surprise a rival in the school, namely the Magazine of 5E. The Editors have not received a copy of this enterprising form's magazine but they have been informed of its excellence in style and matter. While we must compliment the editor of, and the contributors to, this magazine on their production, we hope they will devote their energies in contributing to the official issue of the school. Unfortunately, no sign of the ability of this form has been revealed in the previous or present issue of the School Magazine.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following school magazines, "The Wayfarer," "Y Darren," and the Swansea Grammar School Magazine.



PREFECTS, 1948-49.

J. M. Macche, K. James, N. Harries,

R. Hopkins (Captain),

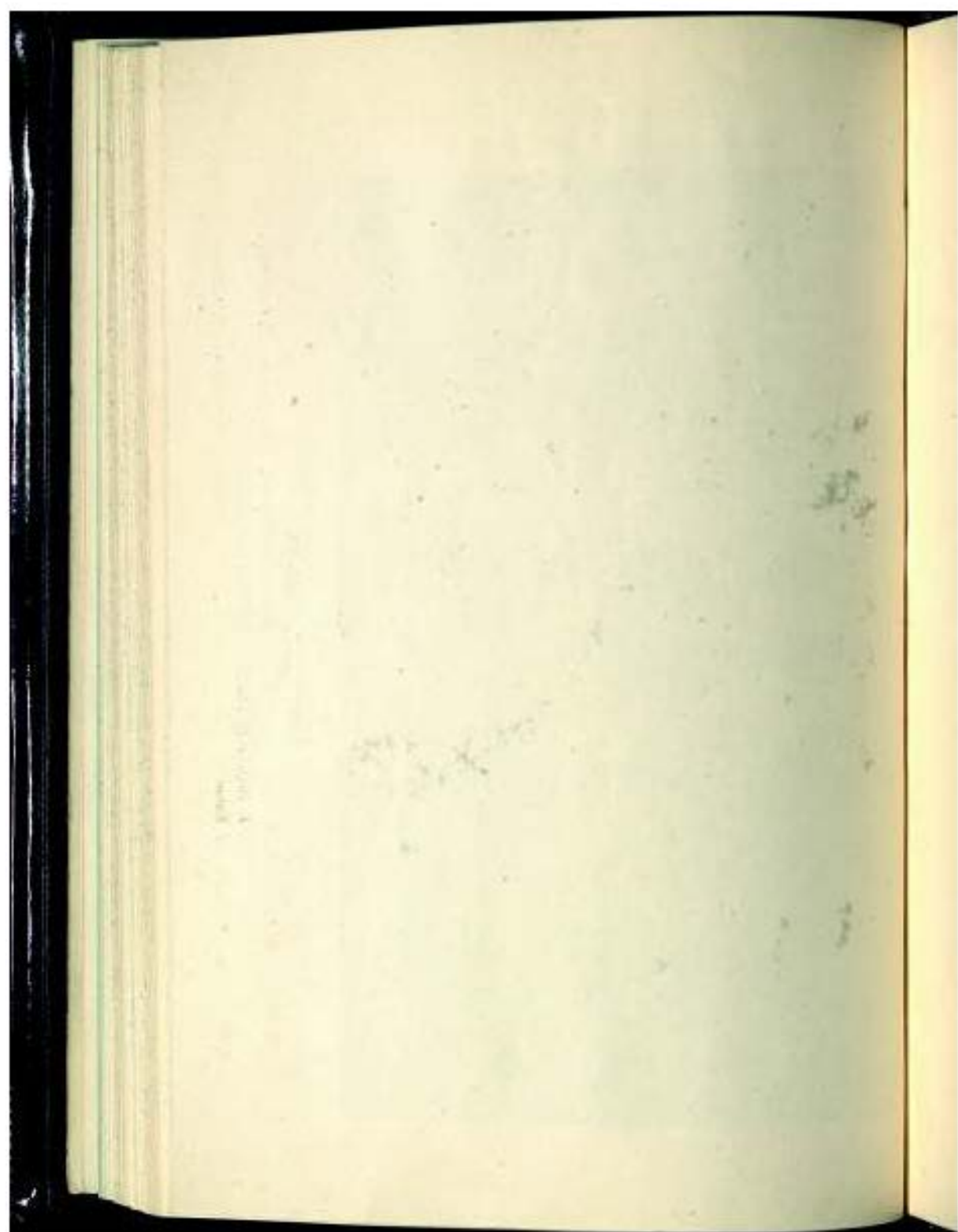
A. MacFarlane, B. Keane, N. Eaton.

J. D. Evans (Vice-Captain),

Mr. W. Bryn Thomas,

C. Maggs, H. Williams, D. A. Ellery.

D. G. Presdy, B. G. Dowley.



THE SCHOOL CONCERT

This year's programme for the Annual School Concert is a break in the sequence of oratorio performances. The work to be performed is *Merrie England*—a light opera composed by Edward German (1862-1936). This composer's early activities were connected with the theatre. He had a long series of successes with his charming incidental music for Shakespearean productions—*Richard III*, *Henry VIII* (with its lovely old English dances familiar to us all), *As You Like It*, and *Much Ado*. These were at once hailed as something a good deal better than what theatre-goers were as a rule accustomed to hear and since then they have obtained universal and lasting popularity. It was natural that such proven skill should have led Edward German to write operas of his own, of which *Merrie England* is the most popular.

Although the theatre stage with all the glamour one associates with it is absent in this particular performance a concert version of the opera is quite effective.

Let us first of all estimate the value of *Merrie England* in relation to other musical works. The music of the theatre is of various types, the highest of which is opera. *Merrie England*, however, is the less exalted type of opera, and for that reason it falls into the class known as light opera—an opera of which the subject is cheerful and the musical treatment such as calls for little effort on the part of the listener. It has been customary, in some quarters, to belittle so-called light music. Now, however, this attitude has changed, not because justice demands it as a matter of principle, but simply for the reason that light music has attained such dimensions that it cannot be ignored. The problem of light music, its development and destiny, and, finally, its relation to the serious side of music proves to be extremely interesting and instructive. The tendency has been for a long time to take into account only the supreme human achievements in music. In these democratic days composers of light music deserve recognition and attention, not only because they as a class represent the substratum from which the great ones, the aristocrats of music have sprung, but also their work shows every sign of becoming predominant in the art.

When speaking of light opera it should be made clear that what is termed musical comedy is a more frivolous form of entertainment, and its music aims at grace, charm and catchiness rather than enduring worth.

This delightful and popular work of Edward German forms one of the best and brightest examples of genuine English light opera. It is replete with a number of characters of typical English Elizabethan life and fashionable society of the period. The opera is of a varied character, dramatically as well as vocally. Much of it is exceedingly tuneful and dainty and at times it rises to a style approaching grand opera. Set in the gay and picturesque times of Queen Elizabeth it portrays scenes of old English mirth and revelry, with here and there a touch of pathos.

We will now consider the plot of the opera itself.

Picture an Elizabethan setting depicting in its opening the May Day revels with the May Queen and her retinue on the banks of the Thames opposite Windsor. The plot is mainly concerned with the love affairs of Sir Walter Raleigh and Bessie Throckmorton (Maid of Honour to the Queen), and the rivalry between Raleigh and Essex for the favour of Queen Elizabeth. Essex is engaged in plotting against Raleigh and to this end obtains from Jill-all-alone (a supposed witch) a love letter written by Raleigh to Bessie. Bessie, to save her lover, discloses to Queen Elizabeth her love for Raleigh, and declares that Essex is jealous. The May games proceed in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, the humour being provided by Walter Wilkins, a strolling player, and his companion, Silas Simpkins. Jill-all-alone is accused of witchcraft and appeals to Wilkins for protection, but this avails her little, for she is condemned to death. Bessie is imprisoned, and Raleigh, as a result of Essex's activities, banished from the Court. In the second act Jill has retreated to the forest, where, by means of a secret passage leading from the castle, she has aided Bessie's escape. Queen Elizabeth has arranged to meet an apothecary in the forest to procure a poisonous drug to administer to Bessie. Raleigh, disguised as a forester, overhears the plot, but the supposed apothecary turns out to be a friend in disguise. Essex, realising that his favour with Elizabeth will be enhanced when Raleigh marries Bessie, now works to obtain a pardon for the lovers and for Jill. This is achieved by the subterfuge of a supposed apparition of "Herne the Hunter," which is said to appear only when the sovereign contemplates a crime. The subterfuge succeeds, the Queen is terrified and pardons the offenders, the play ending with a joyous representation of Robin Hood's wedding.

We are confident that choir and conductor will give a first-rate performance which this attractive and universally loved work so well merits. In addition to the opera a few miscellaneous items of interest, given by the guest artists and the boys will complete the programme.

MONEY TROUBLE!

Last Saturday afternoon when I was journeying home from my weekly pilgrimage to Swansea Town's home ground, I overheard a conversation between two men. They were discussing the day's football, and as their conversation became more intimate they began to confide in each other on the subject of their football coupons. "I nearly had a dividend last week," said one. "Oh! that's nothing," said the other, "If I had had one more point in the treble chance last Saturday fortnight, I would have won thirty thousand pounds." When I heard this, I smiled somewhat sardonically to myself, for I can remember the Saturday (oh, that ill-fated Saturday) when I thought I had won thirty thousand pounds. It happened like this.

One Saturday afternoon as I sat before the fire jotting down the football results I became aware that I had reached such a high standard of accuracy in forecasting my results that if I had one more correct result I would have an all-correct forecast. The announcer seemed to take a lifetime to reach the all important result . . . "Ah, here it is," Marmajam Wanderers 0, Stambacon Rovers 2.

It had happened. I had achieved what thousands of other sporting enthusiasts had tried to accomplish all over the United Kingdom. Yes, I had achieved the impossible. I had actually won a super dividend in Grabitquick's Football Coupons section for advanced novices. "Yipee!" My piercing shout resounded through the house. I felt like running out into the street and telling the neighbours of my amazing good fortune. I checked myself, however, and began to look at the practical side of the situation.

"What would I do with the money?" Well I would be able to buy my wife that mink coat she had always wanted (I realised that the one her mother had left her was getting rather moth-eaten. We would sell our house and rent a palatial flat. During the week-end we would visit our country residence in Berkshire. Why, during the winter time, we could visit Capri, perhaps we would buy a villa there. No more Mumbles for us. I would resign my position

at the bank (I had never liked the bank manager anyway). My train of thoughts was interrupted by the incessant ringing of the door-bell. I rushed to open the door, "Expect it's a director of Grabitquick come to present me with my cheque," I thought. I opened the door . . .

It was the wife. I didn't notice her grim and forbidding features (her moth-eaten fur coat either). No, I was too eager to tell her of my good fortune. "Fanny! I've won the football coupon." Instead of the expected thump, as she swooned to the ground (she had always said I would never win), her features visibly altered. Her face had turned a sickly green, and I could see that she was making a supreme effort to remain on her feet. I quickly helped her to a seat in the lounge.

I certainly hadn't anticipated that my good fortune would have had this effect on her. Perhaps it was due to the fact that she belonged to the "Anti-Gambling League" and she thought that she wouldn't be able to help me spend the money . . . "Harry!" (a faint moan from the easy-chair, into which I had gently lowered her, indicated the presence of my spouse). "Harry, I have a confession to make, I'm afraid that I have never posted your football coupon since we were married! You see, I was saving for that mink coat I've always wanted!!"

C. D. Fisher, 5a.

EASTER

Easter is the time for fun,
Tis the time for feeling gay,
At Easter tide let everyone
Make merry holiday.

In Heaven too the angels sing
And laugh and dance with glee
Rejoicing their returning King
Whom they delight to see.

The angels and the people sing
In praises to their risen Lord.
"All thanks to Thee, O God our King
For thine unfailing word."

W. G. Rosser, 11a.

ABERYSTWYTH LETTER

Dear Mr. Editor,

"Our College towers in pride
By the western waters' side,
Where wild waves vainly beat along the bay."

The University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, stands as a monument testifying to the traditional Welsh love of culture, for it was founded by subscriptions from common Welsh folk, and housed originally in a hotel bought with the proceeds. This first college of the University of Wales has made no small contribution to the upholding of Welsh national culture, though it has grown too large for its original home, and now has departments scattered throughout the town.

As the lines above (quoted from the College song) suggest, the main College building stands massively and impressively, if unsymmetrically, surveying the Irish Sea. The most striking feature of the interior of the building is the high Hall, or Quad, as we call it. The expression, "To meet someone in quad," is not to be misunderstood! It is in Quad, at ten and eleven o'clock every morning that announcements for the day are read, and it was a memorable experience for me the first morning I was in Aberystwyth, to hear the hubbub of the ten minute break between lectures, when everyone congregates in Quad., reduced to deep silence in a few seconds after the announcer had climbed onto the "Grid" (one of the large radiators) and started a "Shhh!" which was caught up by dozens of initiated students. When the "Shhh!" has finished there is silence while the announcements are read.

It was in Quad., too, that I met Stan Griffiths and Derek Maimone, two old Dyvorians who were prefects (Stan was School Captain) in 1945. It was grand to meet these two and to exchange pleasant memories of a school we all remember so fondly. Both Stan and Derek have served in the armed forces and are now in their second year in Col., while I am in my third, though they were two years my senior in Dynevor. However, my service is yet to come! Stan, by the way, boxes for Col. Another old Dyvorian, Bill Rees, was a contemporary of mine in school, and we are now doing Geography together at Aberystwyth.

All announcements of social or sporting events are posted on the notice boards in Quad., and what a lot of notices there are!

Aberystwyth, unlike Swansea, is essentially a University Town, and most of the students are in "digs" or the students' hostel. There is little else in the town other than

the College and its activities, and thus a tremendous enthusiasm exists for every aspect of college life, in fact enthusiasm is the key-note at Aberystwyth! Every taste is catered for by the numerous clubs and societies, the most popular of which is the Debating Society. In passing, I would like to suggest that support of Dynevor's Debating Society will bring a rich reward to all those who intend to continue their studies at college. The art of expressing one's opinion is invaluable in college both in debates and in the General Meetings of the students at which matters affecting the student body are thrashed out. The democratic nature of British university life is well exemplified by these General Meetings, for any student can say exactly what he likes—provided his language is respectable and his remarks relevant. Moreover, they are conducted entirely in camera; a noticeable incident was the expulsion of a police officer who was seen standing at the back of the hall!

There can be few members of Col. who do not play some game or other, and sporting activities range from chess through table-tennis, badminton, hockey, to rugby and soccer in winter, and swimming, cricket and tennis in summer. The Boxing, Gymnastics, and Harriers Clubs are also very well attended. On the sports' field Aberystwyth emerge champions of the University of Wales more often than not, our teams being urged on by the heart-warming cry, "Bre-e-e-a-th on them Aberystwyth!"

There is, of course, a more serious aspect of college life, but here again there is enthusiasm at Aberystwyth. I can remember Mr. Thomas so often telling us in morning chapel, that there is a time and a place for everything. Well, that rule is observed by most of the students in the "Prifysgol" who work hard and play hard (possibly "harder").

It is small wonder then, that we become ardent lovers of our College. So much so, that our compatriots in Bangor, Cardiff, and Swansea think we need larger hats! If this is true, I can think of no better excuse than that we do strive might and main to make our's the leading Welsh college both in studies and sport.

Aberystwyth is a fine college, and one to which I hope I shall welcome more Dyvorians. It is a college worthy to follow our years at Dynevor, a school of which we are justly proud.

In conclusion, I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the staff for making my stay in Dynevor both profitable and enjoyable, and to wish both staff and pupils every good fortune in the future. A. Ivan Williams.

SINGLETON LETTER

University College,
Singleton Park.
7.4.49.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I remember that when I was in school the author of almost every "Singleton Letter" seemed to regard it as his duty to remind those of his old friends who were still in school of the tremendous difference between school and university life. Following in the footsteps—or should I say ink?—of my more illustrious predecessors, I, too, must admit that there is a difference between school and university, but I want to assure any Dyvorians who are thinking of joining us at the college that they are sure of a very hearty welcome.

Wherever they go in college, or whatever they do, they will find an Old Dyvorian. They will find, as I did, that the college is almost an extension of Dynevor—if some allowance is made for a loyal Dyvorian's natural exaggeration. That view seems to be held in the school itself, for some of our most frequent—and far from being the least welcome—visitors to our "Union" are some of the stalwarts of the School Rugger Team, and there are many poor, innocent students who are convinced that these former Dyvorians are already members of the best University College in Britain.

The Dyvorians already here are playing an ever increasing part in the corporate life of the college, playing a valuable part in creating for this college the tradition that previously was lacking.

One of the most prominent, who will be remembered by many in Dynevor, is Gordon Richards. He has been chairman of the Political and Debating Society, and of the Socialist Society, while this year he stood for the presidency of the Union. He was narrowly defeated, but is still as vocal as ever on the Students' Council.

In sport the part played by the Old Dyvorians is no less impressive. Two "old boys" in C. M. Jenkins and G. Pitchford won their 1st XI colours in a hockey team that only lost one game in the season, while among other leading lights in our sporting world are "Smiler" Leyshon, whom many of the staff will remember as the most cheerful boy in school at 9 a.m., T. M. Shorrocks, Spencer Jenkins, Denis Hughes, Arthur Balch, Ellis Emmanuel and Terry Glynn. I could mention many more, for if there is one thing the "old school" did for us, it certainly made us "triers," willing to have a shot at anything, anytime, anywhere.

But you must not think that all we do in college is play games. Dynevor is strongly represented on the more cultural side of college activities, especially in the Political and Debating Society. And were one of the long-suffering masters, who tried so hard—and so successfully—to make us work when we were in school, to walk through our library, he would be really astonished at the number of Dyvorians he would see, frantically slaving away as though their lives depended on it. (Do I hear the Staff Room exclaiming cynically, "They've just realised that their examinations are nearly on them"?).

It is in this matter of work that most of us have found the greatest difference between school and college. In school we grumbled when made to work by various "slave-drivers," not realising that it was all a training for when we would be thrown on our own resources, and, if it is any consolation to that long-suffering staff, I think their efforts are appreciated—now.

I would like to say how sorry all of us in college were to hear of the illness of Mr. D. J. Williams, and how glad we were to hear of his recovery. Dynevor will not be the same without him for those of us who had the pleasure of working with him, and we hope that he will have many years to potter in his garden.

I hope that as many Dyvorians as possible will join us in October. They will find that university life at any time can do a tremendous amount for them in broadening their outlook, and teaching them the most important lesson of all—that the other fellow may be right. If the would-be dictators of the world could realise this, then there would be no need for an "Iron Curtain," and the world would be a much happier place.

At no time can this fact have been truer than the present, for we have the advantage of working side by side with older ex-servicemen whose experience is far greater than ours, who have come to college straight from school. We may have an advantage over them academically, but they can teach us so much that can never be measured in terms of examination results that college life would be poorer without them.

The mere fact of being a Dyvorian assures one of a welcome amongst the older generations of Dyvorians whose studies were interrupted by the war.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I would like to wish you, your magazine, and the school generally, the best of luck, well deserved as it is, and I can assure you that as you have the interests of the school at heart, so have we in Singleton.

Your sincerely, J. N. Howard.

VERGIL'S GHOST VISITS DYNEVOR

As all students of the Classics are aware, Vergil and Horace were on excellent terms during their life at Rome. But one day in Hades a dissension arose: Cicero and Vergil firmly maintained that satire-writing was as difficult in 1949 as in 09. On the other hand, Horace and Lucilius scoffed at this notion. Whereat, Vergil raging with savage mien swore by Styx that he would prove his point or his name wasn't Publius Vergilius. The oath was sealed by a puncheon of rich old Falernian, kindly provided by Maecenas and, after a dedication to his household gods, Vergil slipped along to Vesuvius and came up with the next eruption.

"Ods bodikins!" quoth he, "but 'tis wondrous cold. Methinks I must needs not tarry. Whither to go I know not." But, in the midst of his meditations, incense-bearing Zephyr floated by. "Watcher, cock," says he, "d'je want a lift?" In a trice he was on his neck and in two trices a thousand miles away, deep in the heart of . . . Britain. Zephyr suddenly peeled off into a neat side slip, and Vergil was gently wafted through the air, still quietly dozing.

When he awoke next morning, he found himself lodged in a drain-pipe, and he heard from below familiar sounds being pronounced in a deep, mellow, rich, fruity, bass voice: "Arms I sing, and the man who wert the first to come from the coasts of Troy, the exile of fate, to Italy and Lavinia's pleasant shore . . ." "Grammercy!" quoth he, "but this is a portent rare to tell. How comest it about that even here my accents fall not scorned—down-trodden 'neath the feet of men. But wait, what race barbarous 'soever has such a tongue for its own. Nay better 'twere my songs were never writ than in such language be so vilely sung. Horace, where art thou . . ."

As savage wrath kindled within his breast, there smote upon his ears the sound of distant shouts. "Alas! alack!" quoth he, "why could I not fall on the Ilian plain and gasp out this my life 'neath the savage steel than come to face with these barbarian hordes?" So saying, he shrank further within the pipe, but the noise, though it did not abate, came no nearer. So, taking his resolution in both hands, he ventured forth to see whence came the dismal squalls. Scattered fragments came to his ears, "the liberty of the individual is inviolable and sacroscant . . ." Of course, the psychopathological aspect of the cosmology is comparatively important . . . "Well I know a chap, and

he's a perfect rotter of a fellow . . . " Ah me!" quoth our sage, "alack for our times and customs." Where is the silver tongue of Cicero, where of Demosthenes . . . ?" Just at this moment, came wafting o'er the breezes the dinner-gong of Hades and, responsive to its summons, Vergil, heavy of heart and light of stomach, took to the air once more, only pausing to relate his experiences to your scribes,

Nisus and Euryalus.

SAIN FFAGAN

Pentre bach iawn yw Sain Ffagan heb fod ymhell i Gaerdydd. Dau beth i dynnu sylw'r ymwelwr ar unwaith yw'r tai bychain heirdd gyda'u toau gweilt a'r castell ar ben y bryn. Y mae'r rhain yn arwyddo ei fod yn hen le. Y mae'r pentre bach hwn wedi dod i fri yn gynhanol ddiweddar, oblegid ynddo ceir Amgueddfa Werin Cymru (Folk Museum of Wales)—yr unig sefydliad o'i fath yn Mhrydain Fawr.

Fe godwyd y castell yn yr unfed ganrif ar bymtheg a rhoddwyd ef i'n cenedl gan Yr Iarll Plymouth ynghyd a'r gerddi hyfryd sydd o'i amgylch. Fe ddaw miloedd o ymwelwyr i weld y lle rhyfedd hwn bob blwyddyn.

Amcan amgueddfa yw dangos a chadw pethau a fu a'r syniad a ddaw i'ch meddwl ar unwaith, efallai, yw mai rhyw le ydyw i gadw pethau meirwon. Ond syniad newydd am swydd amgueddfa a geir mewn lle fel amgueddfa werin. Ni cheir sefydliad fel hwn ynghanol dinas neu dref. Rhaid mynd y tuallan i gael darn helaeth o dir i ddangos pethau yn eu lleoedd priodol. Ei hamcan yw egluro bywyd a diwylliant y gymdeithas genedlaethol trwy roi portread llawn o'i gorffennol a'i gywylltu a bywyd heddiw.

Ceir ystafelloedd yn y castell ag ynddynt ddarluniau yn hongian ar furiau, a gwanhanol offer a llestri ac yn y blaen, fel y gwelir ymhob amgueddfa. Ond ar wahan i bethau fel hyn rhaid wrth lawer mwy o le y tuallan i mwyn sefydlu adeiladau o ddiddordeb hanesyddol yn eu ffurfiau priodol, megis, ffermdai, bythynnod, a chartref enwogion ein cenedl, hynny yw, pob math o adeilad a'r deilwng o gadwraeth.

Er nad yw'r ochr yma wedi'i datblygu eto y mae darn helaeth iawn o dir—rhyw bedwar ugain o erwau—yr barod ar gyfer yr adeiladau hyn. Fodd bynnag, y mae gweithdy crefftwr gwlad yma a gwelir y crefftwr wrth ei waith, a nwyddau o'i amgylch ar werth i'r sawl a fynno eu prynu.

Yn y castell y mae ystafelloedd eang wedi'u dodrefnu i ddangos bywyd a dull o fyw hen deuluoedd aristocrataidd Cymru gynt. Nid cynhyrchion ffatrioedd modern a geir ynddynt ond gwaith llaw y crefftwyr gwlad, y gwyr hynny a ymfalchiai'n fawr yn eu gwaith, megis, y gof, y saer, y crochenydd a'r turniwr. Hawdd sylweddoli yma ein bod flynyddoedd yn ôl yn genedl o grefftwyr celfydd a chywrair, a phethau i synnu a rhyfeddu atynt yw cynnwys yr ystafelloedd hyn.

Fe'ch cymeradwyaf i fynd am dro ar brynhawn o haf i'r lle hwn i weld gogoniant gorffennol ein gwlad.

Y mae staff o Gymry glan yno wrth law yn barod i'ch cyfarwyddo a'ch helpu ymhob ffordd, a chewch de hyfryd yno am bris rhesymol iawn mewn ystafell wych yn yr hen gastell. Cyfarwyddwr yr amgueddfa yw'r bardd a'r ysgolhaig enwog Y Doctor Iorwerth Peate.

W J. Thomas, L.VI Arts.

CAN Y GOG

Ti lwydias gog a'th beraidd dôn,
Dy gan sy'n llonni'r galon,
Ti wyddost eto pryd i ddod,
Nid rhaid i neb dy anfon.
Telori wnei yn y goedwig werdd
Mor hoff gan bawb dy glywed,
Dros dymor byr y pery'th gerdd
A'i hud bydd wedi myned.

H. P., U.VI Arts.

DANISH HOLIDAY

All members of the party of seventeen schoolboys and one girl, under the leadership of Messrs. E. Burgess and R. Evans vouch that this was, without doubt, the finest holiday they had ever spent.

It was a gay party that set out from High Street Station at 9.30 p.m. on Monday, April 11th, and, despite the fact that when we arrived in London in the early hours of Tuesday morning few of us had slept the proverbial wink, our spirits were quite undampened as was revealed by the eagerness some of our members had in following the adventures of a certain blonde female in one of our popular newspapers.

The journey by boat-train to Harwich was quite uneventful, but then came the moment for which we had all been waiting, when we boarded the "Kronprins Frederick." We were safely conducted through the customs by an old Dyvorian, Mr. John Treharne, a native of Mumbles, who is now a customs officer at Harwich, and once aboard the ship we easily found our berths.

Those of us who were making our first sea-voyage felt a certain concern as to whether or not we would be sick. However, most of us were fortunate to escape the scourge of the dreaded "mal de mer." We finally arrived at Esbjerg, and after a long train journey reached Copenhagen where we met our hosts.

The first thing which impressed one was the great hospitality of our Danish friends. Kindnesses were showered upon us, and in a very short time we were completely at ease in our adopted homes.

The next fourteen days were packed with interest. There was never a dull moment in the whole of that time. A skilful guide had been procured for us and during the organised tours he proved of invaluable service in explaining points of historical, architectural interest, etc., on our visits to such places as Kronborg Castle or cathedrals and museums which abound in Copenhagen.

The excursion which perhaps appealed to most of us was that which we made in harbour, in a vessel, which in my humble estimation, could be deemed a tug. During this trip we were very impressed by the Danish genius for making bridges. At the approach of our craft the bridge would be raised in an instant, and hardly had we passed through then they would be lowered again.

A feature of our stay was the visit we made to Sweden. Though it was necessarily a brief one we were there long enough to see the plentiful supplies in the shops. The items displayed in the windows ranged from all the popular brands of English cigarettes to food stuffs of every description, and at very reasonable prices.

Another popular item on our programme was our visit to Truborg Brewery. We were shown around by a man who spoke excellent English and made everything very interesting. However, I think the grand finale, which consisted of free drinks for everybody, was the crowning artistic touch. Here, several avowed teetotallers ruined their reputations for ever. The speed at which some of the bottles (lemonade of course) were emptied was simply amazing, in fact there was much speculation as to how long the brewery would take to run dry.

Parties were another feature of our stay. Our hosts in their endeavours to make our stay a complete success, threw several parties for us. These were immensely enjoyed by all, and often lasted into the early hours of the morning.

Boating was a popular pastime and several boys spent a considerable amount of time on Copenhagen Lake. How certain members of the party, in this unaccustomed pursuit, succeeded in reaching dry-land without either sinking a boat, killing dozens of ducks or at least receiving a severe wetting will remain a mystery.

While on the subject of boating, the visit we paid to the Hellerup Boating Club deserves special mention. Here, we spent one of the most delightful days of our whole stay. After a competition at athletics with some Danish boys of our own age, which ended in a draw, we were treated to a sumptuous tea, with the most wonderful cakes one could imagine. Afterwards we went rowing in some racing craft, fondly imagining that we were the Oxford and Cambridge boat crews, though to the observer on the shore it must have appeared quite the opposite.

Alas! our holiday passed all too quickly, and it was soon time for us to bid a reluctant farewell to our Danish hosts. All of us had thoroughly enjoyed our stay, and already several of us are planning a return visit in the not too distant future.

Several recollections will remain with us as long as we live. The morning a certain member was unable to find his way home, although his place of abode was not more than two hundred yards away; somebody's Danish vocabulary which was not wider than the two words "snaps-vanlose" (without water); our guide's great enthusiasm for walking; and last but not least the Danish people's overwhelming hospitality. They are a fine race and on behalf of the rest of the party I would like to say to them a very hearty, "Thank-you."

E. J. H. M., L.VI Arts.

Ah! dear reader. You weren't going to turn over the page, were you? You weren't going to read "The Omnifarious Society, were you? Well, why not? Too lazy? I assure you, it's the funniest article in the magazine.

Editor.

THE OMNIFARIOUS SOCIETY

Motto (i) *Sapiens est qui bulbos scit succo.*

Motto (ii) From a girl that speaks Latin, and a donkey that brays, Good Lord deliver us.

This term, the activities of the Society will be curtailed by the proximity of the forthcoming examinations. In fact, after the publication of the magazine, there will be no more meetings at all: the members are all leaving school at the end of the year. So far, however, the Society has enjoyed a full programme—which has ranged from a speech by the president to an expedition in the archaeological field.

The first meeting of the year consisted of the president's address: "Culture and civilisation," said he, "are inseparably one: I doubt whether any one will make as bold as to deny this. Indeed, even as two young saplings, bursting from the bosom of their dear mother, Earth, like their little cousin springs, rise, and as they rise intertwine with brotherly affection, a protection against cruel nature's flustering winds and howling storms, so have civilisation and culture marched forth from the cradle of life, to fall and wax alternately, whether in distant climes, where Father Sun beams kindly down upon his brown-faced children, or nearer home, where the fog-begetting north wraps us in the grey-white sanctity of cotton-wool."

"This being so, I would like especially to honour that company of stout-hearted gentlemen, the prefects, and to sympathise with them in their arduous and often ill-appreciated duties."

At a subsequent meeting, one of the Society's classical scholars reported that he had found slipped between the pages of an old Caesar issued him a lavender-coloured manuscript which contained, he thought, an account hitherto undiscovered, of one of Caesar's adventures. A translation of the fragment runs thus: "... made a remarkable move. He has now left the neighbourhood of Gergovium and has advanced into still further Gaul, to campaign against the Dynevori. Spies sent on in advance have reported to Caesar that this is a very peculiar tribe, both in custom and in dress. They wear no clothes above the waist, but are painted instead in a strange black wood, which has in it, at regularly spaced intervals, red and yellow stripes. They further reported that the majority had already come into contact with Caesar, but had developed for the Dux a fixed antipathy, no doubt because of his scarlet..."



DR. HUNTING

The Omnifarious Society carries out extensive archeological research in the Peninsula. (See Article).

At the beginning of this term, we enjoyed a most interesting and illuminating lecture from one of our most promising members. Taking as his text a quotation from "Mr. Polly" by Wells—"Wimmin's a toss up," said Uncle Pentstmon." Prize packets they are, and you can't tell what's in 'em till you took 'em 'ome and undone 'em"—taking, then, this as his text, he made an excellent speech in support of co-education for the Sixth Form. Making an effective comparison with the natives of Central Africa, he went on to prove his point amid a swelling storm of uproarious cheerings and bursts of thunderous applause.

At the last meeting for the term, an archaeological expedition was arranged for the following week, and of more immediate concern, dear reader, a contest was arranged to choose a School Poet. Several competitors from the Sixth Science at first presented themselves, under the mistaken impression, it appears, that an ability to write a coherent sentence was unessential. These were soon disillusioned, and returned, disheartened, to their "setting up the apparatus as shown in the diagram." The competition was subsequently won by a member of the Upper Sixth Arts (need we give his name?), clad, suitably, in corduroy trousers and long hair. We are fortunate enough to have had the author's consent to print his winning lines:

Night is falling
And the shadows
Creep around
His heart.
The moon is shining—
At the door knocks
With reverberating banger,
Deafening the echoes.
Shining is the light
Of his soul incrusting,
Spear, to relieve
The tension of his braces.

The day for the expedition dawned wet and murky. The storm howled in fury, and lashed land and sea with whips of rod-like water. Nowise daunted, the Omnifarious assembled in force, for wasn't it the last meeting of all? They set out to the Peninsula, encased in stout waterproofs. The blackness of the weather occasioned some difficulty in ascertaining the exact nature of the excavations, indeed, it is rather obscure where the site was; we remember clearly passing the stable on the right, then the duckpond on the left. The strong odour arising from the site suggested that we were, at least, exploring a tomb of

great antiquity. After tea, the Society disbanded, each member to his home. John M. Hacche, U.V.I Arts.
Told you it was funny, didn't we.—Editor.

THE OLD DYVORIANS' ASSOCIATION

After a lapse of more than eight years, the Old Dyvorians were born again on December 14th, 1948, when, at a general meeting held in the School, it was unanimously decided to resume the activities of the Association. A preliminary committee of 14 members was set up under the chairmanship of Mr. Arthur Jones, a Past President and donor of the Association's handsome President's Badge of Office, to draw up a constitution for the Association and also an agenda for the second general meeting which followed on January 19th, 1949.

At this meeting the constitution was presented and met with the approval of the assembly. It was decided to invite Sir William Jenkins, J.P., the Mayor of Swansea, a pupil of the School in its Higher Grade days, to become the first post war President of the Association. Sir William graciously accepted the Association's invitation. Mr. Glan Powell was re-elected treasurer with Mr. W. D. Jarrett as his assistant, and Mr. W. H. Lewis consented to carry on the secretarial duties with the help of Mr. Eric Yates. An Executive Committee was appointed which comprised the following members: Messrs. Wilfred Thomas, Alan Sullivan, Hubert Joseph, Hubert Howells, Howell Mendus, Harold Richards, R. J. Conibear, Jack Jones, Derek Luce, David Jones, Donald Allen, Raymond Farmer, Arthur Bolch and R. J. Hixson.

When the Executive had its first meeting in February, it was agreed that Mr. W. Bryn Thomas should be asked to assume the Chairmanship in place of Mr. Arthur Jones. The revival of the Association is due in great measure to the efforts of Mr. Arthur Jones, who, in company with Messrs. Glan Powell and W. H. Lewis, brought all his pre-war experience to the assistance of the new Committee and the advice received has proved most invaluable.

The first tasks of the Committee was to make arrangements for a Re-union Dinner. A sub-committee was appointed to deal with this particular business and the success of their efforts may be judged from the expressions of delight which followed from all sides after the affair.

The Dinner was held at the Mackworth Hotel on March 22nd, in the presence of the new President. The proceedings opened with the Investiture of Sir William Jenkins

with the President's Badge of Office by Mr. Arthur Jones. After an excellent meal the toast of the Association was proposed by Councillor Fred Shail, Chairman of the Swansea Education Committee. Councillor Shail referred to the wonderful spirit of the School which made it possible for the Old Boys to come together again in later years and revive happy memories of their school-days. His own school-life had been spent in a little village school in Mid-Wales and he envied the opportunities which those present had received in the Dynevor School. Councillor Shail went on to explain the changes which were being made in the system of Secondary education, particularly with regard to the selection of entrants but added that under the new system it would be possible for more children to enjoy the advantages which had been lot of Dynevor boys in the past.

In response, the President of the Association referred to his happy school-days in the old Higher Grade in Trinity Place. Sir William went on to astound all present by producing a book which had been presented to him in 1882 at the Higher Grade School—the Mayor's Prize for Map Drawing for the year. Sir William added that he little thought at that time he would himself become Mayor of Swansea.

The Toast of the School was proposed by Mr. W. R. Francis, a Past President of the Association, who recalled some of his experiences at the School when his class-neighbour was one Bryn Thomas—now Headmaster of Dynevor.

Mr. Bryn Thomas, in his capacity of Headmaster, replied to the Toast. He remembered the time when Mr. Francis was his companion and also mentioned that Mr. Jimmy Barlow, who accompanied the soloists at the dinner, was also one of his class mates. Mr. Thomas, producing a "Punishment Book" which dated back to the eighteenthies, read several extracts which brought roars of laughter from the gathering. The offences ranged from the orthodox "Eating sweets in class" to the almost impossible "Going home when kept in."

Reg Hopkins, the School Captain, offered the Association the best wishes of the boys of the School.

Councillor W. T. Mainwaring Hughes, Deputy Mayor, also a Past President, proposed the Toast of the Visitors. In a brief but amusing speech he made jocular reference to the political differences between Shail and himself, and also made a light-hearted tilt at Mr. D. H. L. Powell on the

three-halfpence he was forced to pay for his evening newspaper.

Responding, Mr. D. H. I. Powell, Editor and Director of the "South Wales Evening Post," thanked the Association on behalf of the visitors for inviting them to attend the dinner which he said he had enjoyed very much, adding a brief note on the increased costs of running a newspaper, obviously for the enlightenment of Councillor Mainwaring Hughes.

A musical programme was provided between speeches by Master Ken Jones, a present pupil, and Mr. John Walker, who were accompanied by Mr. Jimmy Barlow. Mr. Keith Williams, also entertained with impersonations and monologues.

There is no doubt that the dinner, attended by 114 Old Boys, was a great social success, which brought forth praise for all concerned in its organisation. It was therefore rather disappointing to find that a loss of some £10 was incurred. In reporting this at the next Committee meeting the Chairman referred to the high cost involved but thanks to the prompt lead given by Vice-Presidents Walter Hyman and W. R. Francis, supported by other public-spirited members of the Association, it is pleasing to report that the loss has since been made good.

A further general meeting was held at the School on April 6th, when it was decided to make arrangements for (a) a Smoking Concert in early September, (b) a dance in November or January, and (c) a Past v. Present Cricket Match at the School Field at the end of the Summer Term.

An invitation was also extended to all Old Boys of the School to attend the Annual End of the Year Valedictory Service at Mount Pleasant Chapel on the afternoon of Thursday, July 28th.

The sporting activities of the Association were got under way on April 7th when a representative Rugger team played the Old Grammarians at Ashleigh Road. Although defeated by nineteen points to three, our lads were not disgraced and with a little more experience, hope to turn the tables at the next encounter.

The Association hopes to regain the eminence which it attained in pre-war years and it is felt that no more auspicious year could have been chosen for its revival—one in which both Mayor and Deputy Mayor were Old Boys of the School and one in which one of Swansea's two representatives in the House of Commons, Alderman Percy Morris, is also an Old Boy and a Past President of the Association.

"DAI KLONDIKE"

You never could tell with old Dai Evans, or Dai Klondike as he was known in the village, what he was thinking. His face always wore the same expression. At first glance you'd think he was smiling but on approaching him you found his eyes screwed up in a rather quizzical and strained look.

I met him one day on the seat on the cliffs looking out at the sea which beat and foamed on the rocks below. "Good morning," I said to him. "Schwd i chwi," he replied. I went and sat along side him and by way of starting a conversation I said to him, "It's a lovely day Mr. Evans." "Yes, but you don't know how lovely days are going to turn out," he answered philosophically. Then he began his often repeated tale, for in this respect Dai Klondike was quite an ancient mariner you know.

"It was in fine weather like this that I was out in America prospecting," he said. "Aye, I remember it as if it was yesterday. I was twenty-nine at the time and an active and healthy young man. I had a good partner, a Scotsman he was, and a God-fearing man too. D'you know he never set out in the morning before he prayed for success. Yes, he was a good man. I never found out what became of him after we parted that morning.

"We had no success in the district we had been working and we agreed we had better move to new ground. I wanted to move north as I said no one had been there before us but Angus, he insisted on going south as he said, he had a little education, that the Spaniards had found gold and silver down south, and he was sure if there was any gold left in America it would be in the south.

"Well we argued the toss all day and nearly all night too and we finally came to the conclusion that we would have to part. The next morning we packed our personal possessions and shared out the rest of the stuff we had with us. Angus said his usual prayers and we wished each other goodbye and good luck. The last words I heard him say was that he was certain God was with him, so I don't know who was with me I'm sure.

"After some weeks hard walking I reached the Yukon. It was summer and I hadn't any experience of the Yukon winter as yet. If I had I'd never have gone near the place. I found a little hut in one part, a store the few trappers who were around there called it, and there I bought a few

things with the bit of money I had. I set out with my equipment and two days later came across a little valley which I thought was suitable for prospecting. I made myself a meal in my old tins, and set up my tent, and then I began to look around. I wandered over to a small stream that trickled down through the rocky soil when suddenly a glint caught my eye. I walked over to the spot and there, I'd found it. A lump of white rock as big as your fist and full of gold and only after five minutes searching.

"I packed my things and set off back the way I came to the store. There I was directed to the nearest Government office in a little town thirty miles away and I made for this post-haste. Two days later I started back and within a few days was back at the valley but not alone this time. A number of men had got to hear from the store-keeper of my lucky find and had accompanied me. I got down to digging and panning and all the time the numbers in the valley increased rapidly. Soon whole families began to arrive in wagon-trains and people all over America were making for this "Eldorado of the North." I had started the Klondike gold rush.

"Angus was right when he said God was with him for if he had been with me he would not have let me cause all the misery which was the consequence of the "rush." The evils of the world were well represented in that small valley. Gamblers, robbers, rogues, tricksters and profiteers were all there. Some men found fortunes while others a hundred yards away starved. Then the terrible winter came. People froze to death for lack of warm food and clothing. The children in the camp soon died off. Disease was rife in this miniature hell. And I was the cause of it all.

"As for myself, well I had claimed the southern part of the valley and started off well but as I worked the gold became noticeably less and less until in a short space it had petered out altogether. The main deposit lay higher up the valley, I had touched on only the fringe of it. I stayed on for a while hoping my luck would be renewed but at last I gave up hope and left. I reached the coast with barely enough money to pay my passage back to Britain.

"I arrived home worse off than when I went away but it was home. Since then I've never been away and I've led a very quiet life. I retired six months ago, I'm sixty-five you see, and now I spend my time out here when its fine and in the Men's Institute when it isn't, with occasional visits to the 'Prince of Wales' of course."

When he had said this he began to look out to sea again, so I got up and with a "So long Mr. Evans," continued my walk along the cliff path. As I walked I thought over what old Dai had been telling me: suddenly the truth dawned. The Klondike gold rush had occurred in 1896, fifty-three years ago, and at that time Dai was a boy of twelve not a man of twenty-nine. Was he worrying over what was but a figment of his imagination or was it just another old man's story? I never found out, I kept on walking.

Why didn't I go back and point out the error to old Dai? Well on the one hand I might have relieved his conscience of its burden but on the other he might have just as well relieved the cliff of my burden, by pushing me over. You never could tell with Dai Klondike.

G.V.D.

THE HOBBIES COMPETITION: CHRISTMAS, 1948

Next Christmas, on the last three days of the Autumn Term, this competition will be held for the third time since the war. It is to be emphasised that it is a Competition and not an Exhibition, and boys are asked to compete, no matter how humble or seemingly unimportant their particular hobby maybe. Actually no hobby is really unimportant if it is worth pursuing at all it is worthy of the honour of competing in skill and interest with other hobbies. Once more the models judged best will be given a certificate from the headmaster. This year we offer a House competition which is open to groups of boys within the same House. Housemasters are asked to encourage this as much as they can.

The following is a list of the major competitions; each is divided into Senior (Vths and VIths), Middle (IVths) and Junior (IInds and IIIrds) divisions. Attention is drawn to the Wild Flower competition.

1. House Exhibit; 2. Stamps; 3. Architecture; 4. Geography; 5. Woodwork; 6. Art; 7. Coins; 8. Plastics; 9. Leatherwork; 10. Toymaking; 11. Rugmaking; 12. Meccano; 13. Model Railway (Engineering or Layouts); 14. Aero-modelling: (a) Solid, (b) Flying, (c) Gliders; 15. Electricity and Radio; 16. Model Ships; 17. Photography; 18. Nature Craft—including sets of pressed wild flowers; 19. Fretwork; 20. Construction Outfits; 21. Metal Work; 22. Cigarette Card or Book Collections; 23. Wild Flowers.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

Owing to the forthcoming examinations, the Scientific Society has been less active than usual this term, and no papers have been read by members of the Society.

At the beginning of the Easter Term, however, the Society was invited, together with those of the other Swansea Secondary Schools, to a "Christmas Lecture" in the University College. This proved to be very interesting and enlightening, as in the College there is a great variety of apparatus which is much better than that of the normal school laboratory. The subject of the lecture was "Electrical Discharge through Gases" and included a demonstration of the various pieces of apparatus, the latter part being confined mainly to the theory and application of Cathode Rays.

The Society has made two visits this term. The first was a visit to the National Oil Refineries at Llandarcy and the second to Tir John Power Station. Both proved to be exceedingly interesting and instructive visits. Their interest is emphasised by the fact that they provide an insight into the various industrial problems which have to be overcome in operating on a large scale the processes discovered in the laboratory.

At the beginning of the Summer Term, the Society again visited the University College of Swansea to attend an Institute of Physics lecture on the "Stratosphere" by Dr. Beynon. During this lecture Dr. Beynon obtained reflections from the first layer of the stratosphere, directly above the College, using radar equipment. This also proved to be of the greatest interest.

N. F. Eaton (Hon. Secretary).

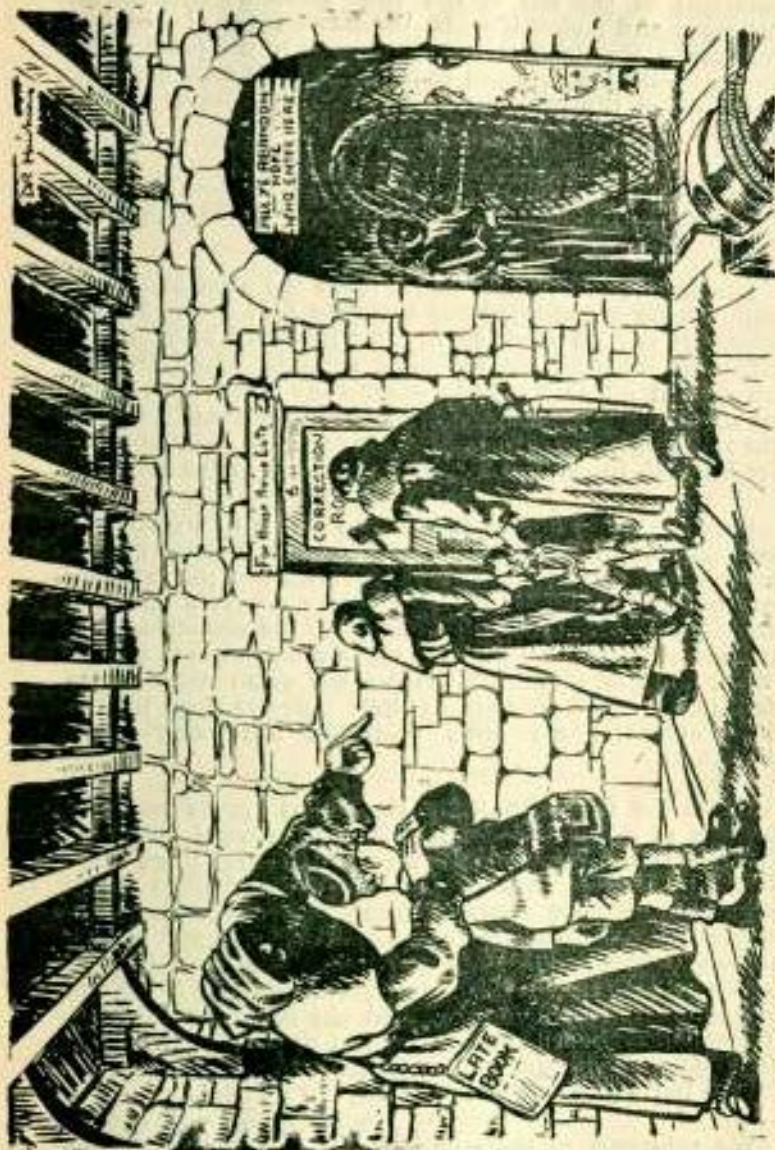
AN ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION IN GOWER

During the last Christmas holidays, three members of the Upper Sixth Arts and a gentleman from the Fifth decided to make an exploration of the forts and caves which abound along the Gower coast between Port Eynon and Rhossilly, and, unfortunately for myself, I consented to join the party. We arranged the place where we should catch the bus, deciding, moreover to take an early one so that we could get off to an early start. Emerging therefore, clad in a shocking old overcoat, which, doubtless, had seen better days, a loud white scarf and a pair of heavy hob-nailed boots, and carrying a haversack which would not disgrace any effigy of Guy Fawkes on Bonfire Night, I made the best speed I could to the "rendezvous" where, on my arrival, I was relieved to find that my companions looked as shocking as myself. We caught the bus and having successfully convinced the conductor by "bribery" and corruption that we were not yet adults, we enjoyed an uneventful journey to Overton near Port Eynon, arriving there at 10.15 a.m.

From here, we walked along the cliff path in the crisp morning air, and, having reached a place which overlooked a scene of historic interest called, according to our Survey Map, Longhole Cave, we discarded our luggage and charged in a most undignified fashion down the precipitous slope, avoiding a very dismal end in the sea only by a sudden "skid" on our hobnails at the bottom of the little ravine.

Little of historical interest did we find, however, for, while the two more enthusiastic members of the party were scrambling over the rocks looking for the mouth of the cave, the other two (of whom I had the good fortune to be one) were amusing themselves by trying to get as near to the sea as possible without being thoroughly drenched—a fate which we escaped more than once only by a desperate sprint from the danger area.

The report which we received from the "enthusiasts" with regard to their search for the cave was far from favourable and, hurling abuse at the heads of the Ordnance Survey people for marking such a place on the map we



"At the start of last Term a campaign commenced, as you all ought to know, to intensify School discipline. Above is our Art Editor's portrayal of what might have happened if this scheme was carried out fully. So take heed, you Juniors, and mend your wicked ways—you never know....."

returned to the top of the cliff. Here, we collected our baggage and moved on to the next place of historical interest—Paviland Caves. However, to the relief of the less enthusiastic members in the party, we were unable to climb down the precipitous slopes to these caves because it was high tide.

Undaunted, we marched on and stopped to take our lunch beneath the mound of an old Roman fort on the cliff-top.

Lunch was uneventful apart from the attempts of one enthusiastic member of the party to heat a tin of baked beans on an old spirit stove which he had brought with him. The scornful and sarcastic remarks which attended his gallant efforts failed to discourage him and at length he silenced his critics not only by succeeding in making the stove light but also by producing a fine steaming meal for himself, much to the envy of the rest of the party.

Leaving the two "enthusiasts" to dig with a small pick into the remains of the Roman mound in the vain hope of finding "implements," the less adventurous pair marched on until they reached the cliff above a cavern known as Red Chamber. Indeed, the beauty of the scenery and the freshness of the wind inspired us, and we began to sing the "Song of the Cossacks" with such gusto that all the rabbits retreated speedily to their burrows along the cliff edge and the sea birds scattered squawking in all directions.

When the two enthusiasts caught us up, we descended by way of a precipitous slope to the cavern mentioned before. During our descent we were several times saved from dire injury only by the presence of mind of our leader whose yells of warning more than once stopped us as we trod the brink of a yawning abyss. We made a thorough study of the cavern, and would have reached the back of it but for the darkness, the narrowness of the way and the foul air which prevented our penetrating that far. We emerged both drenched by the drops of water which fell from the roof and stained by the red ochre slime which covers the walls and gives the cavern its name.

We returned to the cliff path, and, deciding to do no more exploring that day, marched on to Rhossilly—which pleasant little village we reached just after sunset. Having

regaled ourselves with some very cold, gassy minerals purchased at a small café (the proprietor having been summoned by my rapid and insistent knocks with a small coal-hammer at the back door), we were perturbed to find that the next bus did not leave until an hour later.

While the other three took refuge before the stove in the small village church, I undertook the highly energetic task of running swiftly to the crest of Rhossilly Down to keep myself warm. When I had rejoined the others in the church, we spent the remaining quarter-hour before the arrival of the bus in surveying by torchlight the architecture of the fine old building, especially the curiously carved stonework of the inner doorway. We were not in complete darkness, as the church was faintly lit by a lamp flickering above the altar.

After a final warm by the stove, we left the church and caught the bus back to Swansea. We dispersed chilled to the marrow, completely exhausted but thoroughly happy, and it was generally agreed that, although the archaeological side of our outing had borne little fruit, we had spent a highly beneficial and enjoyable day.

K. James, U.VI Arts.

"The COCK PHEASANT"

(Translated from "Y Ceilog Ffesant" by R. Williams Parry)

Because thy multicoloured feathers are
Like autumn on thy bosom sleek,
And every rich colour that ever was
Drifts and curves along thy back,
May the law keep thee from every harm;
I, for my part, would not wish thee ill.

Because of the proud clatter of thy beak
And thy haughty gaze on the lord's domain,
I would this night desire thy flesh,
A roasted delicacy on my board,
And live luxuriously for that brief space
On one who battered on the fat of the land.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

After the Christmas holidays, the Literary and Debating Society followed its pre-arranged programme and the support given to its functions was encouraging. During the Easter Term, four further debates have been held including one with Swansea High School for Girls. Three meetings were also held in which some very interesting lectures were given and discussed. Those which attracted the largest audiences dealt with politics and, in one of these meetings, feeling ran so high, that a firm grip had to be exercised by the chairman to keep the meeting in order.

A lecture on "Evolution" was given by George Usher, a former Secretary of the Society which was very amusing if not very interesting. Aided by Mr. Cyril Jones, he answered the questions fired at him very competently!

During the term, members of the committee took the chair in turn, and, in so doing gained valuable experience in chairmanship.

The debate with the High School, held in the canteen, was very successful. It attracted a large and enthusiastic audience including quite a large force of girls from the High School. The motion "That Sport is exerting pernicious influence on our National Life to-day" was supported by Mary Davies of the High School and Danielson (5c) and opposed by J. Hache (U.V.I Arts) and Dorothy Davies. It was rejected by 36 votes after quite an interesting debate.

The following debates were held this term:

1.—January 21st.—"The voting age of 21 should be raised."

Speakers: Supporting—K. James (U.V.I Arts)
Opposition—H. Foner (L.V.I Sc.).

The motion was rejected by 10 votes.

2.—January 21st.—"The present day decline in good manners is to be condemned."

Speakers: Supporting—G. Phillips (4B).
Opposition—B. Dowley (U.V.I Arts).

The motion was rejected by 2 votes.

3.—February 11th.—"Our present educational system is turning out a lot of young barbarians."

Speakers: Supporting—G. V. Davies (U.V.I Arts).
Opposition—D. Ellery (U.V.I Sc.).

The motion was rejected by 4 votes.

4—March 11th.—“Science is more important to the individual than Arts.”

Speakers: Supporting—N. F. Eaton (U.VI Sc.).

Opposition—G. Hounsell (L.VI Arts).

The motion was rejected by 1 vote.

Although, activities will be severely curtailed next term because of the C.W.B. Examinations, a debate will be held at Glanmor Girls' School to which all interested are invited. I also wish, on behalf of the society, to thank Mr. Chandler for all the time he has spent and the trouble he has taken to organise the society's functions and we look forward to seeing a thriving society next year.

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

THE MARIONETTE GUILD

As forecast in our last issue of the magazine, the Guild put on its show for three nights at St. Barnabas' Hall, during February. A proportion of two juveniles to one adult in the audiences gave us ideal support, for the spectacle appealed to one while the satire of the situations pleased the other.

It is invidious to single out people for their “performances” in puppet shows, but this opportunity must not pass without recording that Badger, Mole, Rat and Toad “came through” to the audience as “living” characters. Badger, in my hearing, was called the “complete old bore,” and his persistent references to Toad’s “father, his grandfather, and his uncle, the archdeacon,” were greeted with ever increasing delight by young and old alike.

Undoubtedly the outstanding scene was that in the Court House. The complete reversal of values, the serious treatment of light things, and the flippant attitude toward serious things, the low cunning of Weasel, the indignation of Ratty, the obvious prejudice of the Judge against Toads in general and Toad in particular were a great bit, and, above all, Terry Thomas’s valiant struggle with the Judge’s song made this scene one to remember. The enthusiasm of some of the speakers caused them to lose their voices before the Saturday night, but with the help of the excellent amplifier which the school has purchased, this difficulty was overcome.

Our thanks are due to those boys who gave up their half-term holiday to shift the show back to Dynevor.

In March we gave three shows in the Library, and they were equally successful.

The Guild is now taking a rest until next term when, we hope, a show will be given in Morriston.



MR. T. G. DAVIES

Mr. T. G. Davies and I have been colleagues for nearly twenty five years and this term our long association with one another comes to an end as Mr. Davies is to cease being an active teacher and is to retire from the profession which he has so well served. Whether he can cease to be active I very much doubt for in body and in spirit he is still an energetic young man. I can well remember the day he received me—a very young and inexperienced teacher—on to the staff of Glanmor School. Just as he was a father to all the boys so he fathered me through my difficulties in a new school. Every boy was known to him by his Christian name, as were the hundreds who had already passed through the school. His memory for names and faces must be phenomenal and one who was merely Jones or Williams to me was George or Kenneth to him. I can still see him playing a vigorous game of rugby in the school yard, or racing along with the junior school three-quarters to train them for a forthcoming match. I can remember his presiding over our daily lunches in his lab—before the days of canteens and school dinners! When war came we moved our quarters to Oxford Street and later I joined him once again at Dynevor where he is enjoying the well deserved honour of being Senior Master of the School.

And now his period of service is almost over. Nobody will ever fill Tom's place as he filled it—he was always the genial colleague, the faithful friend and a father to all. His loyalty to everyone was almost incredible and no task that fell to his lot ever brought a grumble from his lips or a look of disappointment to his face. We as a staff will miss him very much; our parting wish is that his retirement will be a long and happy one for Mrs. Davies and himself and that both may enjoy together a lengthy period of well earned leisure.

H. J. G.

WISHFUL THINKING

I'd like to own a lovely house
Amid the mountains rollin'.
I'd like to sing like Gigli,
Or dance like Anton Dolin.
I'd like to shine at manly games,
Knock sixes off the bowlin',
But best of all I'd like to own
Some socks without a hole in.

D. M. Jones, L.VI Arts.

THE SCIENCE LIBRARY

LIBRARIANS: H. Foner (L.VI Sc.), B. Marsh (L.VI Sc.).

ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS: A. Mitchell (4D), B. Hastings (4B).

The Science Library is open for all, between 10.45 and 11 a.m. every Monday and Friday.

The library consists of almost 250 volumes on most branches of science, and contains books suitable for all boys.

A few examples of the range of books are given below: (1) Materials of To-morrow; (2) The Rare Gases; (3) First Course in Radio; (4) Everyman's Astronomy; (5) Maths for the Million; (6) Science for the Home; (7) How You Work; (8) Railway Engines of the World; (9) Adventures with the Zoo Man; (10) At Whipsnade Zoo.

We feel that too little use is being made of the Science Library, which after all, has been established to help and entertain anyone in the school interested in science. We hope this article will help to alliviate this lack of interest.

Henry Foner, L.VI Sc.

Brian Marsh, L.VI Sc.

(Senior Librarians).

SPORTS.

FORM CRICKET TOURNAMENTS

The cricket season introduces again the Form Cricket Tournaments. First year boys will soon know all about them. These games, on a Saturday morning are intended to give as many boys as possible an organised game of cricket—and, perhaps, supply the First XI with potential cricketers.

Last season, despite the indifferent weather and the hazardous wickets, the games were completed successfully, though disastrously for certain forms.

In the First year forms, 2D were easy winners. 3D, a form with relatively good bowlers, were top of the Second year forms, but lost the 3D v. Rest game.

In the Fourth forms, 4B the winners were a good all round team.

However, as a result of the games, one fact is clear. There must be more consistency in turning up on a Saturday morning as a complete eleven. When chosen for their respective forms, all boys must play.

This season, rules, to prevent this small but irritating fault occurring, are to be introduced. These rules will be given out in the cricket meetings.

First Year Forms.	P	W	L	D
2D	6	4	2	0
2A	6	3	3	0
2B	6	3	3	0
2C	6	2	4	0
Second Year Forms				
3D	5	4	0	1
3A	6	4	2	0
3C	6	1	4	1
3B	5	1	4	0
Fourth Forms				
4B	6	5	1	0
4C	6	4	2	0
4A	6	3	2	1
4D	6	1	4	1
4E	6	1	5	0

SOCCER

This season the school has run four soccer teams—two Senior teams (A and B) under 15, two Intermediate teams (A and B) under 13—and all have done particularly well.

The Senior A team entered the Martin Shield competition, which was run in two sections, viz. North and South.

Dynevor headed the South Section with a very fine record: Played 14, won 13, lost 1, goals 57 for, 10 against. The final game between Dynevor and Pentrepoeth Senior XI resulted in a draw 1-1 after extra time. All who saw this final enjoyed a football treat; a very fine game between two exceptionally good sides.

These two schools, Dynevor and Pentrepoeth are now joint holders of the Martin Shield for the next twelve months.

It is interesting to note that the last occasion on which Dynevor won this Shield was as far back as 1934. Going back further still we recall the time when Mr. D. J. Williams no doubt regarded the Martin Shield as his own personal property. Between 1914 and 1925 Dynevor (then known as Municipal Secondary) won the Martin Shield on eight occasions.

The Senior B team consisted mainly of boys who are eligible for next year's A team. They won the majority of their games and showed promising form for next season, their record being: Played 13, won 8, lost 3, drawn 2, goals 23 for, 16 against.

The Intermediate A team headed the South Section of their division, and qualified to meet Pentrepoeth in the final of the Swansea Town Supporters' Shield.

However, they failed to find their true form in this final game and lost 3-0. Their record was: Played 10, won 8, lost 1, drawn 1, goals 36 for, 14 against.

The Intermediate B team consisted mainly of first year boys, and they played a series of friendly matches.

We congratulate Roy Jones, the Senior XI captain on his selection for the Swansea Town Schoolboy team, for the second season in succession! Also W. Quick who played in one Inter-town game, and G. Hardey who has been reserve left-back for the Town team this season, and who has been selected to play for Wales against Ireland at Belfast.

We also congratulate Quick and Hardey on being chosen to take part in Welsh Schoolboy International Trials (under 14) this year.

Soccer in Dynevor has been connected with the name of Mr. Yates for many years. The "soccer boys" particularly will miss him very much. The school is fortunate, however, that two new members of the staff, Mr. Emlyn Evans and Mr. Les Evans, are both keenly interested in Association Football. We extend to them a most hearty welcome.

Our prospects for the coming season are bright judging by the talent available. May the "1914-25 days" soon return!

JUNIOR RUGBY

Junior Rugby has had on the whole, a successful season, the A and C teams finishing second in their respective divisions. Practices after school have been quite well attended and so forward play has improved and in some matches reached quite a good standard. Combined back play is weak in all the teams. While lack of real field practice is no doubt one cause for this, intending halves and threequarters could well put in more of the humdrum practice at the elements of passing and taking passes. Tackling is improving and some first rate tackling has been seen with the D team.

C. B. Lathem (4E) captained the A team, captained the Swansea Schoolboys and reached the final trial for the Welsh Schoolboys. K. Williams (5E) also played in the Welsh trials. K. Williams (5E), D. Batcup (5C), R. Bennett (C), G. MacDonald (5C), D. Matthews (5E) and J. Evans (4A) all played for the Swansea Schoolboys.

DIVISION I TEAMS

	P	W	D	L	For	Agst
A Team	11	9	1	1	163	9
B Team	11	4	3	4	43	75

The A team had a good season, although the backs, considering the experience of most of the players, were rather disappointing in combined play. The forwards played well together, D. Matthews and R. Bennett particularly showing much improvement. The team won all their matches except those against the Grammar A team, which were lost 6-0 and drawn 0-0 respectively.

The B team started the season badly but improved steadily and were proud of their win, late in the season, against the Grammar B team by 8-3. A. Mitchell (4D) captained the team, while R. Peachey (4D) was an outstanding forward.

DIVISION II TEAMS

The C team won 17 of their 19 matches, losing only to their rivals, the Grammar C team, a heavier side. They played well together as a team and should provide many players for the A team next season. E. Hudson (3A) was the captain and the most determined runner, scoring many of the tries.

The D team, like the present C team last year, learned to lose. In fact they were about to record their first victory in the last match of the season when heavy rain stopped play. This was the only occasion the team were really depressed as their losses affected neither their keenness nor their cheerfulness. D. Thomas (3A) was a redoubtable captain while P. Evans (2C) was generally acknowledged to be crash tackler No. 1.

WHO'S WHO IN THE 1st XV

†—Denotes players to whom "colours" have been awarded.

†R. HOPKINS (Vice-Captain).—Reg, a reliable and helpful vice-captain, started the season as full-back but owing to injuries in the team changed his position many times, and then he was unlucky enough to break a finger which put him out of the game for the major part of last term. A splendid player who always gives of his best; he should endeavour to re-attain his last season's standard of tackling.

†P. JONES (Wing).—Peter, until his departure to the Army, played regularly for the team. He was a good attacker and a fast runner but needs to concentrate more on the defensive side.

†W. ROSSER (Wing).—In his first season Bill has developed into a very good player, sturdy in defence and sound in attack.

†H. TREW (Centre).—An efficient and hard working secretary, plays good football and is a fearless tackler. His chief fault is that of garrulity while on the playing field.

†T. ARNOLD (Centre).—Plays his hardest, but lacks confidence. He should study the game more critically.

G. SAMBROOK (Scrum-half).—A newcomer to the team. He shows much promise but must give a quicker and longer pass from the base of the scrum.

†H. THOMAS (?).—Hugh has played in almost every three-quarter position. In each he gave a sound and polished display.

†D. HARRIS (Front Rank).—This season's find. Doc is a fine forward and shows great promise. He is not spectacular but always present where needed.

†D. THOMAS (Hooker).—A new and very promising player who has hooked exceptionally well. He is more than useful in the loose mêlées and his bursts from the line-outs merit more success than they achieve.

†K. JAMES (Front Rank).—A greatly improved player. Ken works hard in the scrum and in the loose.

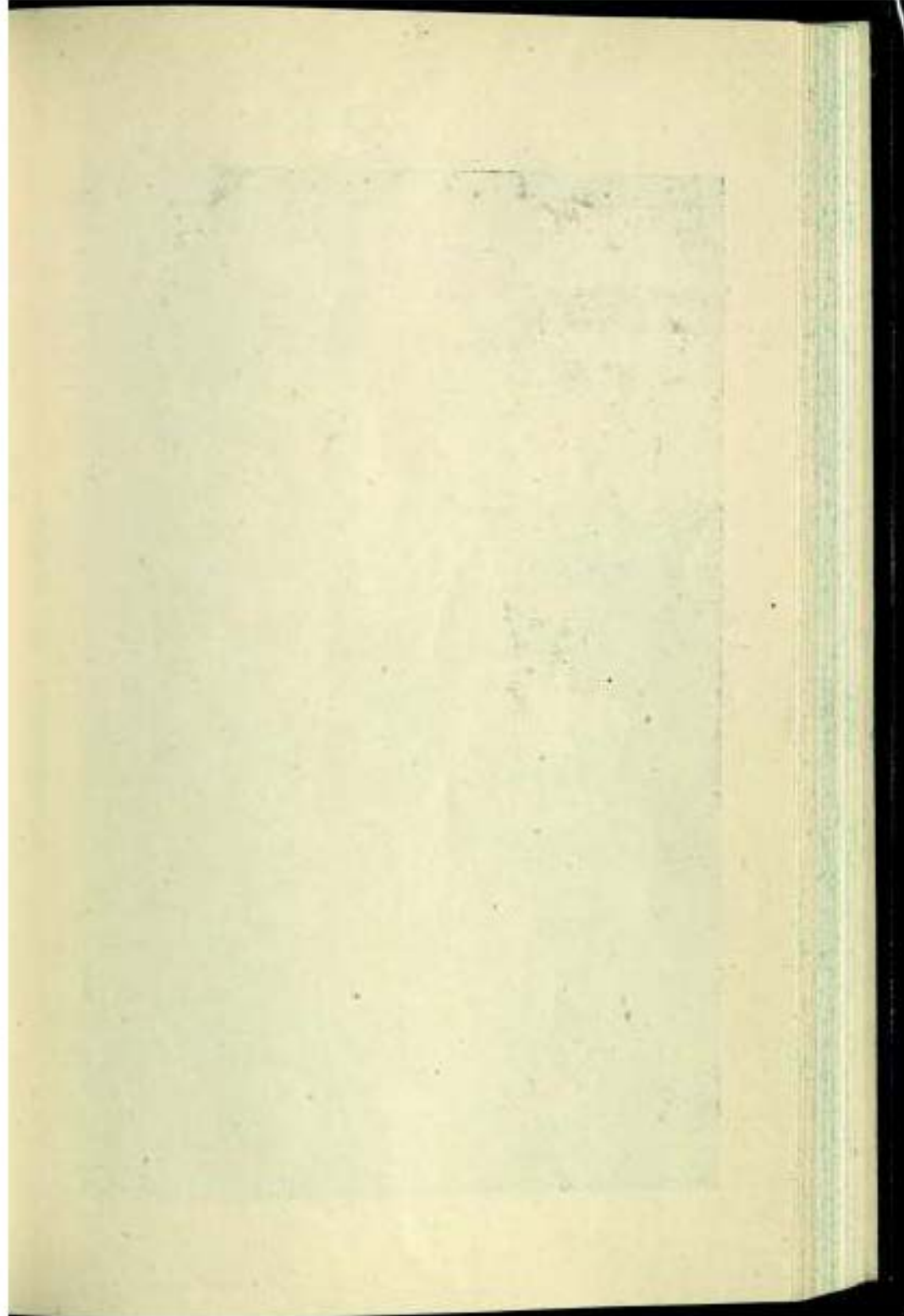
†B. J. KEANE (2nd Rank).—A storming player who is always in the thick of it. He should, however, read the rules of the game more often.

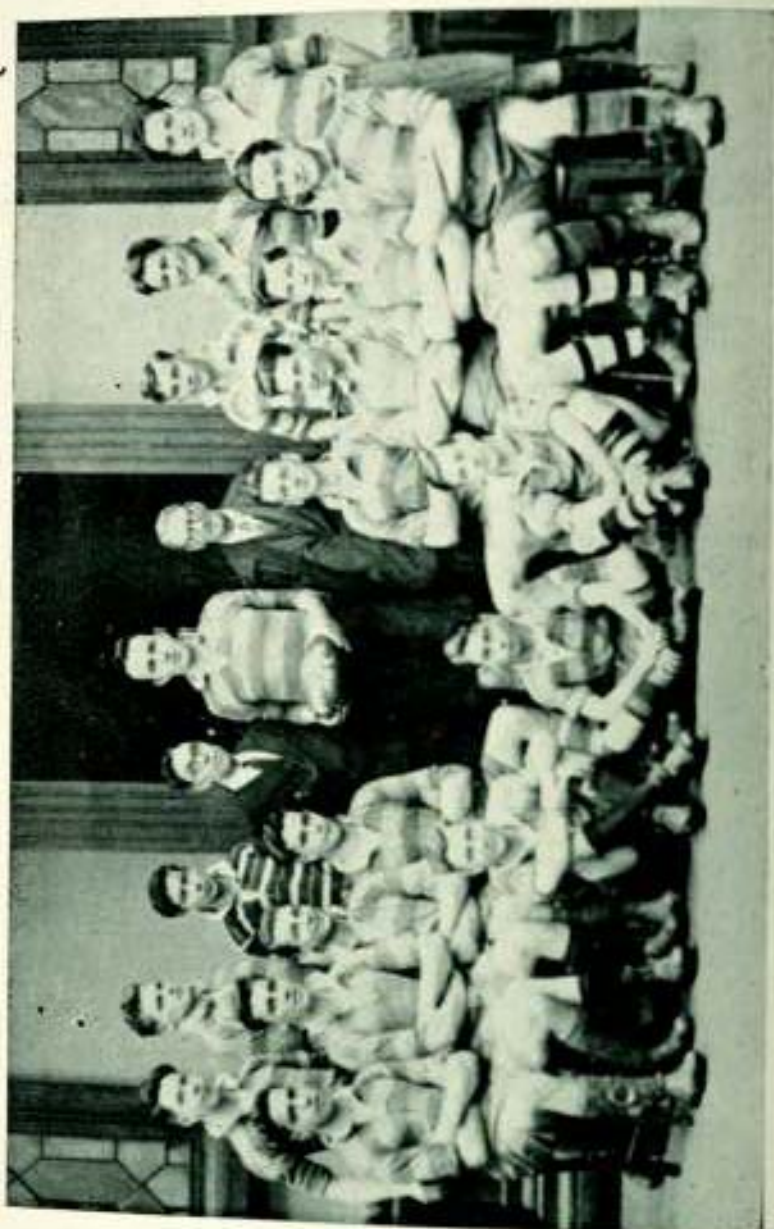
†J. MORRIS (Lock).—John plays a good defensive game, is fond of intercepting but in his eagerness to do so forgets the off-side rule.

†J. DIXON (Wing-forward).—A grand forward and a sporting player, he should curb his tendency to hold the ball too long when near the opposite goal line.

Hywel Williams (Captain).

†H. WILLIAMS (2nd Rank, Captain).—Hywel has taken over the mantle of the Grand Old Man of the team which was relinquished by last year's Captain, Mansel Seacombe. He started playing for the 1st XV when he was in the Fourths—way back in 1944-45 season. That season he occupied one of the "prop" positions in the scrum but has graduated since to the second rank where he has combined in an effective manner with his bosom friend Bernard "Joe" Keane. His fulfilment of his duties as Captain have been admirably executed, while he is both a stalwart in the line-outs and a terror in the loose. The only fault that the pack have to find with him is that he issues his orders in Welsh—a language that few of his companions can understand.





RUDY FIRST XV, 1948-49.

A. Hunsford	B. Hughes	C. A. Smith	D. E. Smith	E. J. Smith	F. J. Smith	G. J. Smith	H. J. Smith	I. J. Smith	J. J. Smith	K. J. Smith	L. J. Smith	M. J. Smith	N. J. Smith	O. J. Smith	P. J. Smith	Q. J. Smith	R. J. Smith	S. J. Smith	T. J. Smith	U. J. Smith	V. J. Smith	W. J. Smith	X. J. Smith	Y. J. Smith	Z. J. Smith
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This is his last season at Dynevor and his election to the captaincy is a fitting tribute to a player who has given not only long and loyal service but also proved himself a great asset to the team.

Reg. Hopkins (Vice-Captain).

We should like also to express appreciation of the services rendered by the following: G. Davies, N. Eaton, P. Hughes, V. Hopping, R. Griffiths, D. Gwynne, G. Spratt and M. Thomas, who were frequently called upon and from whom will come the greater part of next season's 1st XV.

DYNEVOR 1st XV

At the beginning of the season we were unfortunate in losing John Quirk (full-back), Derek Collins (centre), Brian Tucker (wing) and Fred Grey (outside-half). Shortly afterwards Reg. Hopkins (vice-captain), who has represented the school in every position behind the scrum, broke a finger and consequently missed a number of games. A large majority of this year's team will be available next year, however, and they will have the advantage of experience which they are now in the process of attaining.

Our captain this season, Hywel Williams, who is usually in the "thick of it," has been an excellent example to the team as a whole and always comes off the field laughing. To mention Hywel without mentioning Bernard (his better half, known to his friends as Joe) would be sacrilege. Joe puts every ounce of his energy into the game and is always ready to take a vital pass. He has never questioned the referee's judgment not even when his try against Pontardawe disallowed.

The school made a useful discovery when they beat the "Old Boys" and that was Glyn Dixon's ability to kick goals—he scored 14 out of 20 points.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all masters who have travelled with the team, especially Mr. Cyril Jones who has devoted much of his time to the thankless task of organising and refereeing. Thanks also are due to Mr. Meyrick whose persistence has been rewarded by the knowledge that he has lived to see the showers installed at Townhill.

D.H.T., U.V.I. Sc.

RUGBY FIVES

Many different games are now played in our Five Courts. Often they bear only a faint resemblance to the game of Rugby Fives. Moreover the conduct of the game is so haphazard that many boys remain unattracted by a game at which they might excel. The main trouble appears to be lack of knowledge of the rules of Fives and it is to overcome this that the following account is written. First is described the Singles game and then some notes are added for the playing of Doubles.

The players first toss up to decide who is to be Server. The Server is the player who throws the ball into the air to commence the rally, the Striker is the player who first strikes the ball in what is termed the return of the service. The winner of the toss elects to become Server since only the Server can score. When the striker wins a rally he does not score but instead becomes the Server. In a close game therefore, it is possible to play several rallies without any change in the score.

To commence the rally the Striker stands in one corner of the court. He may choose either corner but right handed players generally find the right hand corner best while left handed players prefer the other. The Server now throws up the ball so that it hits the middle wall first and then the side wall nearer the Striker. The ball must then bounce after which it is played by the Striker. He strikes the ball so that it hits the side wall first, then the middle wall above the board, and finally bounces beyond the centre court line. (This is the only time this line enters the game). From now on Server and Striker play the ball alternately. They can hit it to any part of the court and the ball may strike the walls in any order provided that after each stroke it hits the middle wall above the board before bouncing on the floor. Volleying is allowed after the Striker has returned the service.

When a player fails to hit the middle wall above the board (and for other reasons given below) then he loses the rally. If the Server wins the rally he scores a point, if the Striker wins he becomes Server. The winner is the first to reach 15 points. A score of 14 points is called "game ball" and from a score of 14-14, termed "game-ball-all" the winner is the first player to gain a lead of 2 points.

It is important to notice that the ball may be hit to any part of the court and that the centre line is only used during the Striker's first stroke.

RULES FOR SERVICE

The Striker must let the ball bounce.

The Striker need not hit the ball if the bounce does not suit him.

The Server must throw the ball as required by the Striker.

If the Striker misses the ball from a service then it becomes a Let, that is there is no score.

If the Striker returning service hits the walls in the wrong order, that is the middle wall first, there is no score.

If the Striker returning service hits the walls in the correct order but the middle wall below the board then it is a point to the Server, except at "game-ball-all" (14-14) when the Striker is allowed two of these faulty strikes before being penalised.

ADDITIONAL RULES

If you hit the ball so that it bounces out of court, that is beyond the back court line then you lose the rally.

If you strike yourself with the ball you lose the rally except when it hits you after rebounding from the middle wall and bouncing.

If you strike your opponent with the ball you lose the rally unless the umpire decides that the shot would otherwise have been up.

If you prevent your opponent from hitting the ball, he can claim a let. If, however, you stand still when he is moving to the ball you can hardly be preventing him from hitting the ball.

DOUBLES PLAY

The rules are generally the same but the following points are of importance:

- 1.—The Server and his partner are known as "back"
- 2.—Serving includes both the hands except in the first hand of the game. For this reason when you win the tie at Doubles it may be better to allow your opponents to serve first as they will only serve for one hand.
- 3.—The Server remains "in" until his side loses a point where upon his partner serves. After losing another tie the opponents become Servers.
- 4.—The side which is "striking" must change Sides after each point scored by their opponents. This rule is rather confusing but prevents a partnership playing on a weak Striker.
- 5.—Only the Server may take the return of service from the Striker.
- 6.—If a wrong player serves or strikes, the mistake must be pointed out before the end of the rally, otherwise the rally counts; but at the next rally the players must return to their correct order.

GENERAL

Special Fives balls can be purchased but they are all expensive. They do not last many games unless the striking is protected with adhesive tape. Small rubber balls do quite well but are rather slow. Tennis balls or any lighter than golf balls are quite unsatisfactory.

Some players wear gloves to protect their hands not only from the ball but also from the walls.

Success at the game is attained by the possession of a varied first strike, ability to vary pace and angle of shot and to make the fast shot, hit just above the board with either hand.