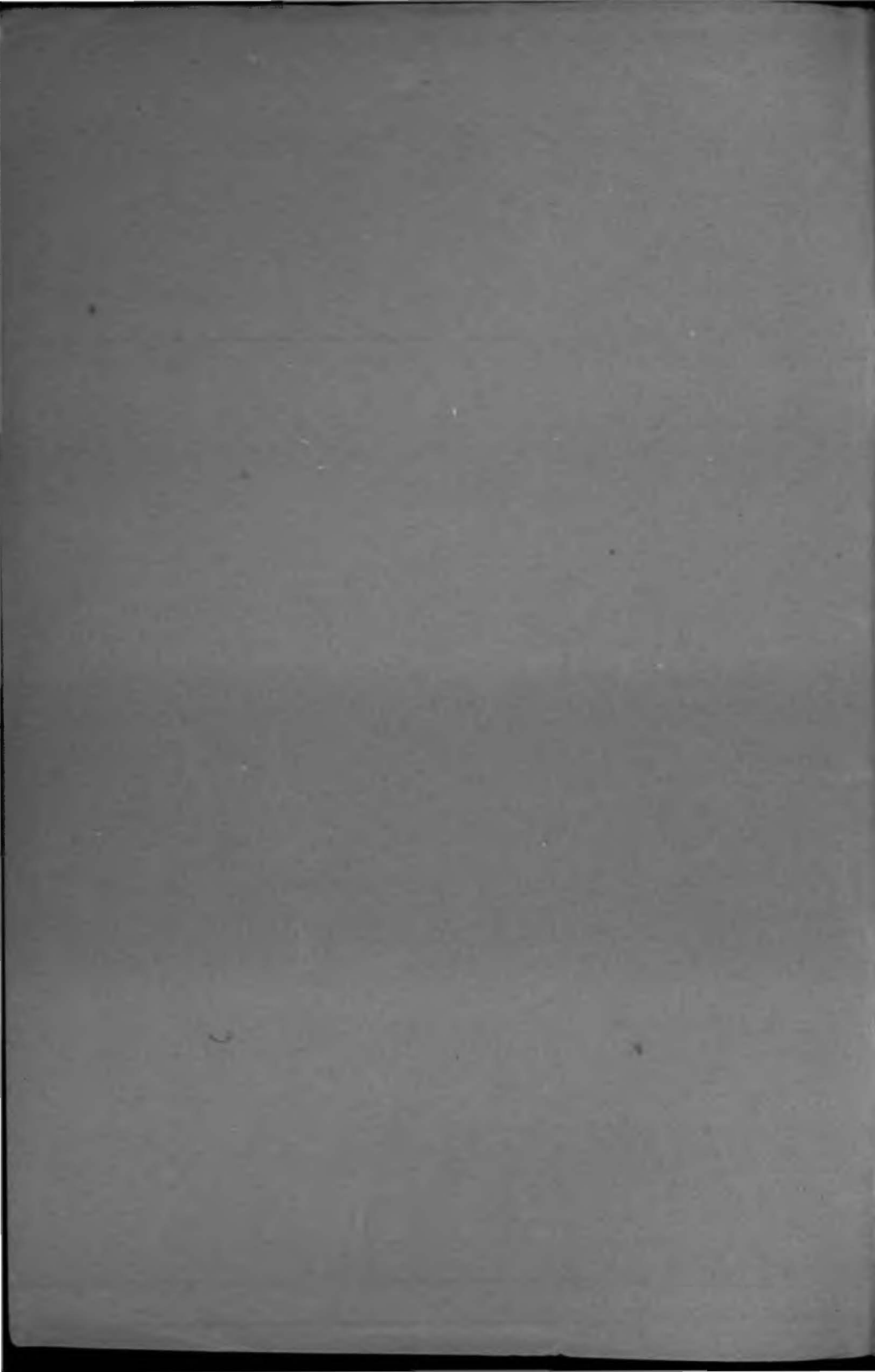


MAGAZINE

No. 82.

MARCH, 1950.

ALBERT E. DAVIES, PRINTER, SWANSEA



GORAU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

Dynevor Secondary Grammar School Magazine.

No. 82 (No. 9 New Series)

March, 1950.

Editor: K. James.

Sub-Editor: N. H. Harries.

EDITORIAL

As may be gathered from the composition of the new Editorial Committee, there have been several changes from that of last year. G. V. Davies and R. Hawkins have left for Swansea University College while J. M. Hacche is now studying at the London School of Economics. Last year's sub-editor, K. James, has now taken over the duties of editorship and a newcomer to the magazine staff is Norman Harries.

The Editors trust that you will find this magazine interesting and, we hope, amusing. If you are dissatisfied either with the contents or the arrangement of the publication, we invite constructive criticism and your contribution for the next issue.

SCHOOL NOTES

The Christmas term saw several changes of Staff. At about the middle of the term, Mr. C. M. Meyrick gave up the post of senior geography master and so ended a fine career of fifty years in teaching. The whole school extends to him its best wishes for a happy retirement. His place on the Staff was taken by Mr. J. Davies of the Junior Technical College. We hope that he enjoys his stay in

Dynevor. Mr. Charles, the temporary physics master left at the end of the term and has been replaced by Mr. Andre-wartha whom some senior boys will remember as a former student-master. We extend to him a hearty welcome. We also welcomed to the School at the beginning of last term M. Dornel who will be French assistant for this year. We regret the illness of Mr. Richard Evans which kept him away from his duties for a considerable part of last term and we hope that his present recovery may enable him, eventually, to regain his former energy and activity.

The School has noted with pleasure the complete recovery of the School Captain, K. James, from the serious indisposition which kept him away for over six weeks of last term. His absence affected the general tone of the School and the behaviour during Mr. Meyrick's last day was especially regrettable. The Sixth extends to Ken all good wishes for a successful result in the forthcoming Entrance Examination of Oxford University.

The School Sports were held near the end of last Summer Term in baking heat. Roberts once more carried off the Championship, closely followed by Llewellyn, Grove and Dillwyn brought up the rear. D. Gwynn distinguished himself by winning several senior events in really fine style.

The Annual Valedictory Service was held during the last part of the Summer Term in Mount Pleasant Chapel. Although not as well attended as in previous years, it was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Mr. D. H. I. Powell, Editor of the "Evening Post" gave the valedictory address and a most "eventful" reply was given by R. Hopkins, the School Captain. The Headmaster welcomed the parents and Old Boys who attended and spoke of the benefits which accrued to all from such a gathering.

The results of last year's School and Higher Certificate Examinations were, for Dynevor boys, very different from what certain "gloomy prophets" on the Staff had predicted. The Upper Sixth Arts distinguished itself as no less than six of its fourteen Higher Candidates were awarded Leaving Scholarships. J. Hacche gained a State Scholarship, R. Hawkins and K. James Major Scholarships and J. D. Evans, D. Webborn and N. Harries, Minor Scholarships. Several School Certificate candidates also gained really excellent certificates and the high percentage of passes was **maintained**.

We must not forget to mention the Prefects. These gentlemen, though sometimes reduced to indolence and stupor by the enormous meals provided for them in the canteen have, none the less, been roused, on occasions to most furious action and devastating efficiency. Boys who like to hide in certain form rooms during "break" will bear this out. The Prefects this year are: K. James (School Captain), D. Ellery (Vice-Captain), R. Hopkins, A. Macfarlane, N. Harries, D. Preedy, S. Hyman, B. Keane, D. Webborn, G. Warlow, G. Dixon and K. Bowen.

The Choir, this year, seems to be living up to the high standard set in past years and the frequency of alto practices certainly merit an excellent performance in that department. The Prefects will make a special point of attending the concert for the sole purpose of hearing these promising lads who have poured into School during Dinner Hour, armed with a perfect excuse. More may be heard of this topic in the next issue if the standard of alto singing is not exceptionally high. The choir are, this year, performing Dvorak's "Stabat Mater" followed by a miscellaneous programme. A small number of our boys were honoured by being invited to sing in the opera "Carmen" which was performed at the Empire Theatre and also in the Municipal Choir in a part of the Swansea Festival of Music.

The School was honoured last term by the presence of His Worship the Mayor, Councillor R. Gronow, at one of our morning services at Mount Pleasant Chapel. The Mayor read the lesson in Welsh and, in a short address to the School, pointed out that a boy should make a high moral standard his principal aim in life.

On the 26th of October, most of the School went to see Laurence Oliver's film version of "Hamlet" at the Plaza Cinema. Although the art of Shakespeare could only have been appreciated by the older pupils, the brilliant acting was apparent to all, and the film made "Hamlet" far more interesting than the product of the text-book.

On November 2nd a large party of boys from the Sixth Forms attended a performance of Shakespeare's "King Lear" at the Grand Theatre. Hugh Grunth was in the title role. The performance was enjoyed by all our boys and we were very glad to see a favourable comment in the local press on the behaviour and attention shown. We feel sure that the depreciatory remarks passed about the conduct of boys who attended the performance of "Hamlet" in no way reflected the behaviour of the Senior Secondary School pupils present. This was proved by the performance in the Grand Theatre.

Last November, our Sixth Forms spent a very enjoyable morning at the Central Library when they attended the Bible Exhibition held there by a Mr. Harries from Scotland who organised and arranged the private collection of a Mr. Ralph E. Ford. A film show was followed by a tour of the Exhibition which proved of especial interest to students of history. Thanks are due to Mr. Cox for arranging this visit.

During December, the Upper VI Public Affairs group heard, in the Geography Room, a talk by Captain Richards of the Coal Board. Captain Richards referred to the various activities of the mining industry, commenting on the recent improvements and the attractions of coal-mining as a career. He preceded his talk with a description of the geology of the South Wales Coalfield and, without being technical, made his address intelligible even to the Arts' students. The only blemish was the absence of the film-operator which was a source of great disappointment to all present. K. James, the School Captain, made a short speech thanking Captain Richards for his address.

Several meetings of the Student Christian Movement have been held at the High School and these have been well attended by boys from our Senior Forms. All who have attended these meetings have spent an interesting and enjoyable time.

The Old Boys' Rugby Fixture was played at the end of last term and resulted in a win for the School by 9 points to nil. The members of the Junior Rugby Teams and the Upper Sixth Forms were present at the kick-off but their numbers had dwindled, by the final whistle, to a gallant few who braved the bitterly cold wind to roar themselves hoarse for the School. The School XV gave a grand performance despite muddy conditions. The unconverted tries scored by Hopkins, Gwynne and Parry were lustily cheered, but support and advice was mainly centred on an immaculate second-ranker in the School pack. The impassioned rendering of certain carols from the touchline by the Upper Sixth Male Voice Choir doubtless inspired the School Team to victory.

After a period of service which has extended over a number of years, Mrs. Thomas resigned her post as Canteen Supervisor at the end of last term. Her cheerful and un-

selfish service has done much to raise the spirits of the boys who take lunch in the Canteen and take their minds off the dinner. Especially has it been appreciated by the Sixth Form for whom she has provided the extra nourishment which these gentlemen require in the pursuit of their arduous studies. The numberless cups of tea which she has carried to the Staff Room have, doubtless, infused new life and energy into the poor, harrassed, exhausted masters who sink into their chairs every "break" and brace themselves in preparation for the final ordeal before the Dinner Hour. As a token of our thanks for these services and as a clear evidence of our hopes for her future happiness, a presentation was made to her in the Canteen on behalf of the whole School. Our best wishes go with her in her retirement.

The Hobbies Competition was held in the Woodwork Room at the end of the Christmas Term. A number of parents and friends saw it and we are glad to say that the standard of the exhibits was higher than last year. This Exhibition which was started only the year before last has been, considering all the difficulties, extremely successful and we hope to hold next year's Competition and Exhibition in the Gymnasium.

A Public Schools' XV decisively defeated a Swansea Youth XV at St. Helen's on December 27th. Dynevor was represented in the Schools XV by R. Hopkins, G. Dixon and D. Thomas. These players were later included in a team chosen by Wilf. Harries which lost to a Rees Stephens' XV by 6 points to 3 in a match played at the beginning of this term. We note with pleasure that our boys fully justified their selection.

Much disturbance was caused last December by the arrival of a large quantity of rice. An American lady had kindly allocated the whole of her rice crop to be distributed among the pupils of a British school and, for once, Dynevor was not forgotten. As the Canteen lacks facilities for cooking, it was decided to divide the rice among the boys (and the Staff). After considerable mathematical research, equal quantities were packed into paper bags mysteriously produced by the caretaker. An adjustment to the fastenings of one window rendered the Stockroom accessible to certain expert burglars in the School, but fortunately the preserves of Mr. Morris remained intact. When the great day arrived, it was through this window that Mr. Wilkins

rapidly handed out the bags of rice to a milling crowd of juniors and, on succeeding days, to equally enthusiastic seniors. The Sixth overcame the indignity of having to form a queue by having their allocation delivered to the library, but the excited shouts proceeding from this place suggest that the emotions of these aloof gentlemen were also aroused. Finally a word of praise to the caretaker who was emphatic in giving everyone from the smallest to the biggest a fair share. But a snatch of conversation overheard between that gentleman and a Prefect on late duty provides a problem which we leave with you—

"How are the stocks looking, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Plenty for a few months to come." (Laughter).

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Editors wish to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of "The Stratfordian," "Glanmor," the Magazine of Swansea High School for Girls, and the Swansea Grammar School Magazine.

QUIPS: OLD AND NEW

There's a good time coming, but it's a good time coming.

A committee is a body which keeps minutes and wastes hours.

The boy who can save money to-day isn't a miser; he's a wizard.

Money is called "dough" because everyone "kneads" it.

The concert of nations is disturbed by too many wind instruments.

Money will not purchase happiness, but it does help one to enjoy being miserable.

School rules are like cobwebs: The small flies are caught but the large ones can break through.

Definition of an income: Something difficult to live within and impossible to live without.

The most dangerous part of a motor-car is often the "nut" holding the steering wheel.

If you want to learn the true value of money, try to borrow some.

Peter Macpherson (L.VI Arts).

SINGLETON LETTER

Common Room,
University College,
Singleton Park.,
Swansea.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I very gladly accept your invitation to contribute to your magazine. My first impression of the College, on attending the Freshers' Conference, was one of somnolence and peacefulness. The common rooms were silent, the library comparatively empty, and the sports pavilion deserted. The only sounds to be heard were those of freshers, like myself, who dare not raise their voices above whispers lest they should break the seemingly hallowed silence. The next day, when the whole college came up, showed how wrong my first impression had been. Dark figures were seated under the trees on the green lawn; the library was a mass of movement with students returning and borrowing books; the common rooms were filled with laughing, talking, singing, smoking figures and the brittle clashing of cups and saucers, spoons and plates. This was the scene that was to be repeated every day to the end of the Michaelmas term when the College sank once more into a deep and silent slumber.

During the first week of the new session we were showered with invitations to join various societies ranging from the serious Socialist Society to the puzzling Taoist Society. For a week or two I found myself contrasting conditions in the College with those existing in Dynevor—the heckling multitudes of the Political and Debating Society with the more orderly Dynevor Debating Society; the work-compelling silence of the College library to conversational air of the School library; the quick evacuation of lecture rooms to the general reluctance to leave form rooms at Dynevor—but gradually I lost this frame of mind and I was quickly absorbed into student life.

Now everyone is a voting-member of the Students' Union; we all understand the connection between the magnolia tree and the regulation of study; we know why the cry "eighty-nine" is raised at the appearance of a member of the Student Representative Council who is noted for his Conservative sympathies. There are quite a number of ex-Dyvorians here in various stages of study

while there are a number of new students also. Many of these new students left Dynevor some years ago to serve in the forces and now they are once again picking up the threads of academic life. Unfortunately I cannot mention all ex-Dyvorians but I might mention that Ron Hawkins is pursuing his artistic ability as artist on the board of "Crefft," the College newspaper, on which D. C. Davies is business manager. Tony Strange is to be seen on a Monday afternoon playing Badminton in the gymnasium.

Contrary to current belief, there is not such a distinct break between work in the Sixth Form at Dynevor and work at coll.; rather is there a quickening up and a widening process. We move about three or four times as quickly in lectures as we did in lessons and of course there is a lot more reading to be done. Also, there is attached to every department a departmental society, controlled by students, and through this society different views on different subjects are obtained.

For all new students there is a year's course of lectures, one lecture being given each week. The topic for this year's course is "Men and their ideas in the Nineteenth Century," and this topic covers a wide range of subjects from "Darwin and the Doctrine of Evolution" to "Marx's Contribution to Social Thought." New students are expected to write, and to read to a tutor, four essays during the year on varying subjects, and through these essays ideas are exchanged between students themselves and members of the staff.

As well as the intellectual side and the social events of college there is another side—the sporting side. Very close to the main college buildings lie the rugger and soccer pitches, the gymnasium, the squash courts and the swimming pool and often on a Wednesday the Harriers are to be seen running in the park. On this side of college life as on others most tastes are catered for and there is here a freedom which is to be found throughout the college.

Well, Mr. Editor, I am afraid that I have taken too much of your valuable space already, so I bring my letter to a close hoping that it has given you and your readers a pleasing picture of college life and that it is in keeping with the high standard of your excellent magazine.

Yours very sincerely,

G. V. Davies,

REVELS IN GOWER

Once again, this year, a small and distinguished group of Sixth Formers made an excursion into Gower. It will be remembered that when their doings last year were recorded in this publication, the party consisted of four. One has since left and so there were, this year, three. At the end of last term, the programme was mapped out and it was decided to explore a little of the area between Llanmadoc and Llangennith and also to pay a visit to Stembridge Camp and King Arthur's Stone.

It was a chilly, damp and cloudy morning when we set out from Swansea to Llanmadoc in a bus of rather doubtful comfort but of considerable speed. The weather did not chill our spirits. This fact was soon made evident to the passengers on the lower deck by the shouts of exultation, witty comments and roars of laughter which proceeded from upstairs. It was also made evident to the conductor who in no way appreciated our universal denunciations of the bus company's fare statutes.

We alighted at Llanmadoc amid glances of well-merited suspicion and distrust from the farmers assembled at the bus stop. Our first act was to examine, with much mirth, an ancient carriage which was being used as a chicken house but which had, according to its inscription, seen better service on the horse carriageway between Killay and Llanrhidian. This disrespectful attitude shown by us towards their own particular preserves drew forth looks far from affectionate from the above-mentioned farmers.

Sheering off to a safer distance to escape their wrath, the party made for its first objective—a bone cave at Hills Farm. After a rather dismal walk whose painful progress was lightened only by some sarcastic comments as to the water-tightness of the footwear of one member of the party, we trudged through a slushy yard and reached the place shown on the map. Here, a wall topped an overgrown and precipitous slope down which we charged with blood-curdling yells. The walls of the cave had a liberal coating of green slime and there were plenty of nice loose stones on which to slip and break your neck. We examined the back of the cave by torchlight but found no bones except those thrown therein from last Sunday's scraps by the occupants of the neighbouring farm.

Emerging filthy and disconsolate, we made for our next port of call, Spritsail Tor. We wished to find two caves high on the precipitous slope of these cliffs and, in his efforts to do so, one member reached the foot of the cliffs sooner than he had expected. When the laughter from the other two subsided—which was not until a few minutes later—the unfortunate fellow pointed in triumph to the mouth of the caves and led a tremendous race up an almost vertical slope covered by sand and couch-grass to get there before the others. We were very satisfied by our excavations in these caves and charged once more down the slope to cross Broughton Burrows. A long and difficult walk over high sand dunes was varied by the efforts of one member of the party to find "shell-heaps." These "shell-heaps" were of a rather vague and doubtful character as all the heaps of shells pointed out to him by the other two failed to give him any satisfaction.

Lunch was taken behind a sand-dune on Llangennith Burrows. The spirit stove and its owner won, this year, obsequious respect and flattery. A few mouthfuls from a bottle of "fizz" generously provided by this fellow made another gentlemen nearly suffocate with coughing and he, with tears of wrath in his eyes, fiercely asserted to the donor that "he was hanged if there wasn't poison in it." This statement unaccountably induced the owner of the bottle to burst into a roar of laughter wholly uncontrollable. After lunch, we had an astonishingly peaceful argument on what was private property and what wasn't with a gentleman dressed suitably in a Home Guard greatcoat and with his trousers supported at the knees by string and sacking. Having disposed of this troublesome fellow, we took the next bus from Llangennith for a little way and walked the rest of the way to Stembridge.

Here, after much heated argument and slushy marching over rich green fields, we decided that a certain large mound on the summit of a hill was all that remained of an old Roman camp. How the innumerable collection of tin cans, bottles and sandwich wrappers which we found on the site has survived until the present day remains a mystery to us. It was generally agreed, however, that although the camp was on rather an exposed and desolate site, the presence of these remains shows that its occupants must have enjoyed many a grand feast.

As time was creeping on, we made our way back to the road and thence up the slope of Cefn Bryn. To relate all

that befell us on this high and breezy eminence would take up too much space. It will suffice to say that after several encounters with cattle of rather a wild nature and some desperate efforts by one gentleman to evade a bog which the other two, wearing Wellington boots, had manfully crossed, we reached King Arthur's Stone. We made a thorough inspection of the tomb and although we nearly pulled our joints out of their sockets and almost kicked the toe-caps off our boots in trying unsuccessfully to rock the beastly thing, we were quite satisfied with our findings.

We left the stone and trudged back to the road. Our hitherto leisurely progress down the hill to Reynoldston was interrupted by a shout from one of the party to the effect that the bus was rapidly approaching the village bus stop. At this, we raced helter-skelter down the hill and managed to catch the bus by the skin of our teeth.

After another mirthful journey and black looks when we got off from an iron-hearted conductor, we dispersed in high spirits to our several homes covered with mud, nearly dropping from exhaustion and united in our resolve to go to Gower again at the earliest possible opportunity.

K. James (U.VI Arts).

THE CURLEW

(From the Welsh of R. Williams Parry)

High o'er the moor like a fine-voiced flute
Your call is heard in broad daylight,
Like a hidden shepherd's whistling
Your call is heard at dead of night,
Until is heard, when your note deepens,
The barking of your invisible dogs.

Your charge the bare and boundless clouds,
Your willing dogs the four winds are,
Who drive to fold your misty flocks
To scatter them again upon their way
A restless, loose, unbleating drove
Along the summer fields of heaven.

NEMESIS AND THE GHOST

The shriek of the night mail, as it emerged from the tunnel, brought me to my senses. I was hurrying home from the village cinema, rather late, along a country lane which ran alongside the railway lines. My mind was still with Boris Karloff's latest horror film. Looking up, I was in time to see the train, one blaze of light, rush swiftly by the lowest part of the embankment. My keen eyes noticed a man dressed in a light mackintosh, walking from the railway towards the road.

My mind at once jumped to mail robberies and I suspected him of having had accomplices on the train. These thoughts flew away, as fast as a lump jumped to my throat, when the man walked straight through the fence, turned left, and started to walk the same way as myself. I admit my experiencing a queer, cold feeling, especially when this person called out "Joe," which was not my name. The thoughts of Boris Karloff's scarred face returned to my mind.

On recovering my composure, perhaps through knowing that I was fairly fleet of foot, and could hold my own with boys my own weight, I followed him for a mile or more. I noticed that his cries of "Joe" were getting fainter every time until I could hear them no more.

Straight on he walked, looking neither left nor right, passing cottages here and there, until he came to a bungalow. Then he turned left, and went abruptly through the closed gate and door, into the house.

I stood outside and waited for further developments. Very soon I could hear a loud, coarse voice shouting, "Get out of here, Albert! Why do you come to me?" Then I could swear I heard just one word in reply, "Retribution!" uttered in hollow tones. The man, ghost, or apparition, call it what you like, came out in the same manner as it went in, and turned down the road with its head bowed low.

I slept little that night, and, at breakfast next morning, I mentioned my strange experience to my parents. Neither could enlighten me on the names I mentioned since we were comparatively newcomers to the district.

Enquiries among older residents told me that Albert Frost and Joe Taylor had been bachelor tenants of a small cottage many years ago, and between them had won a

large sum of money. In the event of Joe's death, Albert was to take the former's share. If Albert died first, then Joe would be richly compensated. From part of this windfall they had a modern bungalow built and well furnished.

Within six months, Albert Frost was found dead on the railway line, and Joe Taylor, a few yards away, lying in a drunken stupor. At the former's inquest, the coroner returned a verdict of "accidental death," but commented upon a length of blood-stained cord found in the vicinity. Taylor said he could remember nothing after leaving the public-house, and the publican of the "Bull" vouched for his inebriety.

Remembering that one word, "Retribution!" I sought Albert many a night, and was at last rewarded twelve months later. He appeared exactly as he was before, and as soon as he stepped on the road, I called out "Albert." He stopped and turned to me, his face lighting up. Over his head appeared a semi-circle of light, radiating from each eye so it seemed. We glared at each other until I managed to jerk out my question. "What did Joe Taylor do to you?" Holding out his hands he pointed to the red scars on each wrist, and drawing my face to his he said, "He tied me to the rails." Then pulling his face quite close to mine, he said, "Murdered me!" A cold shiver ran up my spine and I fled.

Upon hearing my evidence, the police agreed to question Joe Taylor. Evidently his replies justified a murder charge, for Taylor was soon appearing in court on trial for his life.

In court, he appeared to have recovered his old composure, and was undoubtedly winning his case. When the counsel for the prosecution asked Taylor, "Joseph Taylor, did you or did you not murder Albert Frost?" the accused looked at the prosecutor, the court was tense. Then a voice, which I recognised said, "Yes."

Walking towards Taylor was Albert, with his left hand pointing at the accused. Straight to the dock walked Albert, then vanished as quickly as he had appeared. Taylor admitted his crime and paid the penalty of death by hanging.

Since then Albert was never seen again, but I suppose that one day he will return to thank me. If it's your luck to see him, tell him I've moved now. Tell him that we bought his bungalow, and that now I sleep in his bed!

Mansel Lovering (L.VI Arts).

REFLECTIONS ON DYNEVOR

An indescribable sensation crept down my spine, when I realised that to-morrow, instead of wending my weary way to Maesteg, I should be setting out for Swansea (some-what earlier than my wont) and Dynevor, a school which I had visited only once before, and then under rather unfortunate circumstances, and a boys' school into the bargain. Therein lay the key to my nervousness.

Half-asleep in the train the next morning, I wondered what it would be like being the only girl among so many boys. I blessed the fact that I had attended a co-ed. school for six years. This, at least, had accustomed me to the odd behaviour of boys in general, with their singularly masculine habit of dashing madly about the place, scattering all and sundry, and leaving a trail of destruction in their wake. This boisterousness is curbed slightly by feminine influence in a co-ed. school, but to what extremes would it go where there was no such influence? I had vague visions of arriving home that night an unrecognisable mass of bruises. In this frame of mind I arrived at Dynevor, to find that my fears, after all, were unfounded.

After being warmly welcomed by the Headmaster, Mr. Thomas, I renewed my acquaintanceship with Miss Davies and Mr. Darr. who, after a short talk departed with the intention of "preparing" the boys. "For what," I wondered, and why did they need preparing? My nervous feeling intensified. Then I met my "co-mates and brothers in exile," the boys of the L.VI Spanish class.

By lunchtime, I had noted the two major differences between the schools of Dynevor and Maesteg. First, the freedom allowed to the boys of Dynevor, as compared with that allowed to us of Maesteg.

Secondly, compared to Maesteg, Dynevor is a huge castle with a veritable maze of corridors. It was three weeks before I could go from the Library to the Lower Sixth form room without losing myself. A rather amusing incident arose from this fact. On my first day at Dynevor, after a lesson in IIIB, I found myself at the top of the stairs by the L.VI form room, without the least idea as to the whereabouts of the secretary's room. I asked a small

boy. He did not speak but vaguely waved his arm in one direction, like a fond mother seeing her doting son off to school, at the same time gaping at me as though he had spent his life on a desert island, and had never seen a member of the female sex before. The rest of the day passed without any further mishap, except that I made the mistake of staying in to lunch.

To-day, after spending two days a week at Dynevor for nearly a term, I have come to the conclusion that there are vast differences between the boys of a co-ed. school and those of a boys' school. The former are better behaved outwardly, and understand a feminine point of view better than the latter. However, I have now fully settled down. The kindness and consideration shown me by the Headmaster and staff has played a prominent part in this process. I should also like to thank Miss Davies and Mrs. Thomas, head of the canteen staff. I was very nervous when I first came to Dynevor, but due to their combined efforts it has now become a second school to me. Last but not least, I should like to thank the boys. I have no doubt that most of them disapprove of co-education and that to have a girl suddenly foisted upon a bachelor establishment must have been a slight shock to some. However, they have all borne up very well, and so far I have heard no open denunciation.

Eileen James.

OLD DYVORIANS' ASSOCIATION.

The success of last year's dinner when about 120 Old Boys of the School spent a most enjoyable evening, full of happy reminiscences, has encouraged the Association to hold another on Monday, April 3rd (at 7 p.m. for 7.30) at the Mackworth Hotel. We hope that any Old Dyvorian who sees this notice will make early application for a ticket (price 10/6) from any of the Committee or the Hon. Secretary, Mr. R. J. Conybear, 29, Hawthorn Avenue, Swansea, or from Mr. Glan Powell, at the School. We feel a good evening is assured.

MR. C. M. MEYRICK

The reading of the lesson on "The Good Samaritan" marked Mr. C. M. Meyrick's last attendance at School Chapel. In a few well chosen words he exhorted the boys to get to know one another and to be of service to each other and to the School.

This week terminates his fifty year's service to education in Swansea—a half century of loyal and conscientious effort marked by the high standard so characteristic of him and which he demanded of all his pupils. My earliest contacts with Mr. Meyrick were made at Glanmor School where we enjoyed a long association together and afterwards at Dynevor School where he was Senior Geography Master. I have already referred to the high standards he imposed on himself—he was never satisfied with anything but the best. He taught his subject to generations of pupils with conspicuous success. He was equally keen about all the other things he undertook—whether as a Housemaster of Roberts House and the success of its pupils on the sports field, as a leader of geographical expeditions to places of local interest, as an A.R.P. warden during the war or as a controversial critic in the Staff Room. His sense of humour is unrivalled and his skill as a raconteur—in English or in Welsh—has often made me wonder whether his success might not have been greater in other spheres of activity.

We shall miss him in the staff room, we shall miss his "Bore da i bawb," but we shall always be delighted to see him among us on all occasions in the future. In his retirement I wish him and Mrs. Meyrick well, with very many years of happiness and health. If they both decide in the years ahead to travel abroad to see their son with his wife and children I hope he will carry our good wishes to them and that his journey will be full of pleasant and new experiences.

H.J.G.



Evening Post.

Mr. C. M. MEYRICK.

PORTSKEWETT CAMP

Once again, this summer, the peaceful village of Portskewett near Chepstow was "invaded" by Dynevor campers and underwent the usual "hectic" three weeks before relapsing again into its normal tranquillity. This year, a party of just over thirty boys under the able leadership of Mr. Richard Evans, assisted by Messrs. H. and L. Evans and Mr. W. Lewis spent a very enjoyable time in camp. Again, this year, we must express our sincere thanks to the Rector for allowing us the use of the church hall and for the interest he showed towards the camp. On the last day he gave us a short talk complimenting the campers on their behaviour in the village and expressing the hope that we should return next year.

The work, this year, was not plentiful; very few boys found their services required on smallholdings and so the main body of campers spent three arduous but healthy weeks on the Welsh Land Settlement. The work consisted almost entirely of weeding various crops and all who participated will acknowledge that, by the end of the period their back muscles would stand up to anything! The weather, this year was extremely favourable and after a few rainy days, we had sunshine for almost the whole of our stay.

Evening sports such as table tennis and cricket (indoor and out-door!) were very popular. We were all sorry that our projected fixture with the workers on the Settlement had to be cancelled by the opposing side. The "orchard-purge" was forestalled by the ample provision of fruit bought from a farmer of Caldicot, a nearby village. Saturday visits to Newport were popular and the Maindee Baths and the various shops and cinemas were well patronised.

A number of questions crop up about the camp. Who was so fond of lettuce? What were the ingredients of the jelly with which were provided on the last night? What were the various answers given to Mr. Evans' appeals at 7 a.m. for the campers to get up? Was there a society formed in the camp for riding horses bare-back? Last but not least, which member of the camp was so fond of cold and dewy blankets?

In conclusion, I would like to thank, on behalf of the camp, Mrs. Evans and Evelyn for their services and all who helped to give us such an enjoyable time.

K. James (U.VI Arts).

A JOURNEY TO CAERDYDD

I shall not bore you, dear reader, with an account of the agricultural camp held on the top of Kilvey Hill or of that archaeological expedition to the derelict works at Landore, but base my discourse on the experiences of myself and two fictitious companions one Saturday.

Our trio consisted of Archie, George and myself. To place Archie foremost is merely following the normal routine for nobody disputed his position as our leader. But the great thing about Archie was that he manfully accepted the responsibility which we thrust upon him: when we boarded a 'bus he always unselfishly claimed that draughty window position furthest away from the conductor, allowing the grateful George or myself pay his fare. All controversial matters were referred to Archie who never failed to impress us with his deliberate and thoughtful decisions. His wealth of learning placed him without question at our head. George, on the other hand, was respected for his health and fitness; his craving for fresh air and scorn of covering was a joy to behold. Long association with the learned Archie and the healthy George left me a quiet peaceful soul, filled with admiration for such companions who were constant reminders of my own shortcomings.

We were going to the International at Cardiff and travelling by British Railways. The train was late, which fact prompted Archie to a discourse on nationalisation, to which George added his father's opinion on the subject. Meanwhile, Archie kindly allowed me buy him some buns in the station canteen.

Eventually, the engine drew in. We followed Archie into an empty compartment and while he occupied the window position with his back to the engine, George sat directly opposite him; I sat next to Archie still proudly carrying his bag of sandwiches. Two other coves joined us who were, I supposed from their coloured berets and breath, also bound for the match.

We were off! But before reaching Landore, George was complaining of the stuffy atmosphere and, with Archie's permission, let down the window to its fullest extent. As he was facing the engine, I secretly considered George's action to be a little rash. Archie began to read a pocket edition of Weyman's "Under the Red Robe," the sight of which prompted one of the strangers to recognise in Archie

a fellow-Communist. Archie resented this, and proceeded to enlighten him on politics until the poor chap thought he saw a pal in the corridor and hastily fled. Silence again. Neath Station . . . shouting and bustling. "Here's some room, Dai," yelled one and they piled into our compartment. Everybody settled . . . progress once more. I was packed between Archie and a rowdy individual but succeeded in preserving Archie's sandwiches. From beneath lowered brows, I peeped at my fellow passengers, who, in spite of Archie's suggestive glances at the "No Smoking" notice, proceeded to light up. On and on, ra-t-t-ta . . . ra-t-t-ta . . . went the train; houses and works, streets and backyards flashed past; my head began to beat with the rhythm of the wheels; now in deep cuttings, now on high embankments but always, on and on. The periodic conversation revolved around prospects of the match and a criticism of the team, but everyone seemed overawed by a sense of expectation.

Then I noticed George was coughing a little. Surely George hadn't caught a cold? The idea was dismissed as quite absurd. The cause obviously was the dust and smoke particles which were pouring into George's lungs through the open window. Under a bridge, through a tunnel, and George was in dire distress: choking and wheezing until even Archie was concerned. George refused to acknowledge that his condition was the result of an open window, and spluttered an explanation that the air was so confoundedly stuffy that he could hardly breathe. Now his eyes were streaming. In a brave effort to hide his distress, he turned his blurred gaze to a photo above my head, of the horse-drawn Mumbles train, and remarked on the amazing advances of modern photography. Fortunately Archie was too absorbed in his book to notice George's comment. I ventured to George that he should close the window. What a decision for him — his comfort or his reputation? He was about to condemn my suggestion when Archie interfered to support my view and then, naturally, George surrendered his reputation.

Briton Ferry, Port Talbot and Margam Burrows swept by. Archie looked up from his book to question the suitability of the site of the new Steel Works, and convinced the people in our compartment that this gigantic structure would soon be drowned beneath the migrating sand-dunes. I glanced out of the window and thought that the idle cows in those marshy meadows couldn't realize

the importance of the day — that memorable day when we should witness an international battle, lose our dignity and individuality in a great cheering crowd; a day when even a fellow like Archie would be reduced to tears by a dropped pass or weak tackle. Through Pyle and Bridgend and we race across the Vale of Glamorgan on the final lap of our journey.

George had recovered his composure but was bitterly reprimanding himself for his physical weakness. Eagerly I studied the view for familiar landmarks. I noticed a small meandering stream which had undercut the embankment at that point where the train had been forced to slow down, almost as though Nature resented the passage of this man-made monstrosity. Large estates, small isolated farms, and then a cement works coating the surrounding country with a white limestone dust. By now, one had read his own and everybody else's paper but nobody attempted a conversation. At last the outskirts of Cardiff, and we reach for coats but nobody can find his railway-ticket. George and I had entrusted ours to the care of Archie who never lost anything and who, after a moment of confusion, safely produced them.

As the train crept into the noisy station, someone espied the ground which was already well packed with red berets and white mufflers; George said he could see a chap climbing the posts while another imaginative soul declared he could hear the singing. We tumbled out and were immersed in a huge jostling crowd, down the stairs, through the barrier, and over the bombed ruins towards the Arms Park. The newsboys, programme and rosette sellers were lustily advertising their wares while the strains of "Sospan Fach" in the background invited us on. My hand crept to my pocket for the hundredth time and fondly grasped the International Ticket . . . "The Angel Hotel Entrance!" I shouted happily to George.

Norman Harries (U.VI Arts).

A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN FRANCE

Pierre, my French correspondent, came to Swansea on the last day of my terminal examinations. After meeting him at High Street Station, I made my way to the Technical College to sit my last biology paper. His stay of three weeks soon passed and the day for our departure arrived. We completed the worst part of our journey (i.e. from Killay to Swansea) and boarded the London train. Arriving at London at 4.30 a.m., we consumed several cups of that Paddington nectar misleadingly advertised as "tea." We then boarded the Underground which took us to Victoria Station where we made our way to the Continental Booking Office as we had not already reserved our passages. Here, to my great dismay there was a notice stating that passages for France had been reserved for two weeks to come. We decided to wait, and wait we did with a queue forming behind us. After two hours, the door opened and an attendant announced that there were a few passages for the Folkestone-Boulogne crossing. Pierre and I seized the opportunity and we left London for Folkestone where we arrived at about 9 a.m.

We enjoyed an uneventful crossing on board "the Canterbury" although, owing to rough sea, I took a sudden dislike to my breakfast. On our arrival at Boulogne, we noticed a huge wall which once formed part of the sea wall built along parts of the French coast by the Germans. Boulogne no longer exists. It has been flattened by bombs, and ruined walls and an occasional house are the only remnants of the former port. The harbour once sheltered a large part of Hitler's invasion fleet.

We passed through the Customs into the train and were soon on our way. The beauty of the summer day was spoilt by the sight of a British military cemetery.

Arriving in Paris at 4 p.m., we were greeted by Pierre's father who took us to Fontainebleau in the car. As the intelligencia of the Sixth History section are aware, Fontainebleau is well known as the scene of Napoleon's abdication. A very beautiful château surrounded by a large forest can be found there.

A few days later, we left Fontainebleau for Le Croisie, a little town on the west coast of France. We remained nearly a week and, during our stay, I took violent

exception to fish of any description after a taste of "Dégustation de la mer."

My holiday soon came to an end and, once more I found myself at La Gare du Nord, Paris. Having said "adieu" to all my French friends, I was again "en route." My return journey was far more pleasant and this time I crossed the Channel on the 'Maid d'Orleans.' I passed through the Customs without incident and was soon on my way to London. I arrived there at about 11 p.m., made my way from Victoria to Paddington and, after another feast at the renowned café, I took the 1.5 a.m. from Paddington. I arrived home early next morning much to the surprise of my parents who were unaware of the fact that I was returning on that day. It was the end of a perfect holiday.

Gwyn Davies (U.VI Sc.).

BREUDDWYD.

Prynhawn y Nadolig oedd hi ac eistedd yr oeddwn yn y gegin o flaen y tân ac yn teimlo braidd yn gysglyd. 'Roedd y radio ymlaen ar yr pryd yn yr ystafell ond rhyw hanner-gwrando oeddwn ar y rhaglen. Ac wrth bendrymu fel hyh dechreuais feddwl pam y dethlir y Nadolig flwyddyn ar ôl blwyddyn. Tybod a ydyw ein ffordd ni o ddatlu'r wyl wedi newid rhyw lawer yn ystod y canrifoedd? A ydyw ein Nadolig ni heddiw yn debyg i'r Nadolig cyntaf?

Synfytyrio fel yna yr oeddwn rhwng cwsg a dihun nes o'r diwedd i mi gael fy hun yng ngwlad Palesteina. Ac yn y wlad ryfedd honno gwelais fawr cyfarfod dau fyd - y byd modern a'r hen fyd. Yno yr oeddent ochr yn ochr, y cyddaro a chyd-synud. Yr hen a'r newydd, tlodi a chyfoeth, y digyfnwid a'r cyfnewidiol yn gymysg a'gilydd.

Ym Mbalesteina heddiw 'roedd y bobl wedi'u gwisgo yr yn fath â ninnau; yr oedd ceir crand ar y strydoedd ac adeiladau a sinemau hardd ar bob llaw. 'Roedd yno siopau mawr yn debyg i'r rhai yn ein trefi ni. Ond, am yr hen fyd, yr oedd pethau yn dra gwahanol yno. Y bobl wedi'u gwisgo fel y gwelir hwynt mewn darluniau Beiblaidd ac yn teithio, lawer ohonynt,, ar gefn asynnod. Ystrydoedd cul oedd yma a'r bobl, druan, a'r eu heithaf yn gwerthu eu nwyddau plaen a syml ynddynt.

Taith hir oedd hi o Jeriwsalem i Fethiehem ac ychydig oedd i'w weld ar y ffordd. Tir diffaith a charegog a welwn gydag ambell goeden yma ac acw. Synnais weld cymaint o

ddefaid yn treio pori. Rhaid bod llygaid craff ganddynt canys ni welais i fawr porfa'n tyfu ar wyneb tir mor ddiffaith yr olwg. Yyg nghanol y defaid safai neu eisteddai ar ei sodlau rhyw blentyn neu ddyn yn bugeilio'r preiddiau, ac, ar brydiau, dodai, bib yn ei geg a chwarae tiwn arni, ac yn y fan, deuai'r defald ar ei ôl. Nid oedd angen ci-defaid.

Cyn hir, cyrhaeddais Fethlehem a chefais fy hun mewn eglwys hardd. Yr oedd torf o bobl yno yn symud yn araf i lawr dros risiau cerrig a arweiniai i ystafell o dan yr eglwys. Ymunais â'r dorf a dyma ni'n dod i'r ystabl lle ganwyd yr Iesu ac hefyd lle gorweddai'r preseb. Edrychai'r ystafell yn rhy hardd o lawer i fod yn ystabl. Clywais, wedyn, fod yr ystabl wedi'i harddu o bryd i'w gilydd gan frenhinoedd a ymladdent yn y wlad. Ymgais pob un oedd talu mwy o glod i'r Iesu a gwnaent hynny trwy harddu'r lle a chodi eglwys uwchben yr ystabl.

Symudodd y dorf yn araf o'r eglwys. Yr oedd hi wedi tywyllu erbyn hyn, ond cadw i gerdded a wnai'r dorf a minnau gyda hwynt. Dros y caeau yr aethom, os gellir eu galw yn gaeau, ac yn y pellter o'm blaen gwelais resi o flaglau (torches) fflamlyd fel petaent yn cerdded yn araf. Ar un eiliad diflannent ac ar eiliad arall deuent i'r golwg. Ac felly yr ymddangosent ar hyd y daith.

Beth oedd y dirgelwch, tybed? Abadau o'r eglwys oeddynt, mae'n debyg, yn cario flaglau i fyny'r bryn y tuallan i'r dref. Cadw i symud yn araf a wnai'r dorf ond yr oedd rhyw gyffro mewnlol yn ein cadw rhag blino. Cyrraeddasom ben y daith a safem mewn cylch mawr o amgylch yr abadau. Yr oeddem yn sefyll yn awr yn y cae hwnnw lle gynt y gorweddai'r bugeiliaid pan glwysant yr angylion yn dweud am eni'r Iesu.

Yn y man, dyma'r dorf yn canu—canu carolau, ac wrth wrando arnynt deallais sut y dathlwyd y Nadolig cyntaf. Yr oedd yr ateb yn neges y carolau.

Wedyn dychwelodd y dorf yn araf a thawel a meddylgar i Fethlehem. Tawelwch oedd ar bob llaw yn awr. Cyn hir torrwyd y distawrwydd gan swn melys clychau yn canu o gyfeiriad y dref. Clychau'r hen eglwys uwchben y stabl yn danfon neges Dydd Nadolig dros y byd unwaith eto.

Dihunais innau ac yr oedd y swn yn fy ymyl erbyn hyn. Swn clychau Bethlehem yn dod ataf dros y radio o bellter byd.

H.D.H., L. VI Arts,

MYND I'R MOR.

"Rhaid im fynd lawr i'r môr drachefn."

Dyma ddywed Masefield yn ei gân "Sea Fever." 'Rwyf finnau yn dioddef oddiwrth dwymyn y môr. Rhaid mynd-mae'r alwad yn drech na mi. A byddaf wedi mynd cyn daw'r rhifyn hwn o'r magazine i'ch dwylo.

Mae rhyw swyn i mi yn y môr. Mae rhyw swyn i mi mewn map, hyd yn oed. Gallaf dreulio oriau yn edrych ar wledydd y byd, gan fynd mewn dychymyg o wlad i wlad, ar hyd yr afonydd ac i fyny'r mynyddoedd. I mi darlun o wlad yw map ac nid rhyw linellau a marciau. Cred rhaid fod enaid i ambell lyfr neu nofel, ac os felly, yn siwr y mae i bob map ei enaid hefyd

Treuliaf ambell awr segur o gwmpas dociau'r dref yma. Caraf weld y llongau yn mynd a dod a gwylio prysurdeb diddarfod y llongwyr, mawr a mân â'u cleber dibaid wrth lwytho neu ddadlwytho'r llong. A'r ias fwyaf a deimlaf yw gweld y llong yn symud yn araf a llyfn, a'r dwr yn lapio'n dynn amdani wrth symud mor esmwyth o'i flordd. Ac, yna, cael yr olwg olaf arni yn diflannu dros y gorwel i'r cefnfor mawr. Beth sydd tuhwnt i'r gorwel, tybed? Mawr yw'r awydd ynof am wled y rhyteddodau a'r dirgelion y tu draw. Fe fydd llwybr y llong, i ble bynnag yr â, yn ddigon cyfarwydd i mi. Mae fy mhen wedi bod gymaint mewn map nes fy mod erbyn hyn yn "fap-ymwybodol." Rhyfedd cymaint o fanylion mae dyn methu eu gweld ar fap ar yr olwg gyntaf. Gellir edrych arno droeon a darganfod rhywbeth newydd bob tro. Gellir darllen llyfr, ond rhaid astudio map.

Mae i fywyd y môr ei helbulon a thrafferthion. Gwn yn dda, er enghraifft, am y dyddiau maith a drenalir ar unigeddau'r môr mawr. Ond fe fydd gennyf rai o'm hoff lyfrau wrth law ar gyfer rhai o'r oriau diddiwedd hyn, ac yn eu plith "Y Flodeugerdd Gymraeg," Casgliad o farddoniaeth y tir yw hwn. Nid yw'r môr yn gefndir i nwmor un o'r darnau sydd ynddo. Efallai y byddaf yn teimlo'n fwy balch o'r llyfr bach hwn yn ystod rhyw awr segur ar ddec y llong neu yn fy nghaban, ac y byddaf o'r un feddwl â'r bardd a ddywedodd:

"Nid oes i mi ddiddanwch yn y môr

Fel yn y mynydd."

Byw yn fy nychymyg ar y môr oeddwn pan yn yr ysgol, a phwy wyr, efallai mai byw yn fy nychymyg ar y tir y byddaf eto ar y môr. Dyna pam yr af â'r "Flodeugerdd." Rhag ofn, ie, rhag ofn i mi gael pwl bach o hiraeth a chael dim wrth law i'm cludo yn ôl ar adennydd ffansi i'r Hen Wlad.

W.N.R., L. VI Arts

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

As in previous seasons the School has four teams competing in the Swansea Schools Association League. Their records to date are:

	P	W	L	D	F	A
Senior A	11	9	2	—	37	8
Senior B	10	8	2	—	31	10
Intermediate A	10	9	1	—	40	7
Intermediate B	9	3	4	2	13	23

The Senior teams have both been fairly successful having lost only four games between them, while the Intermediate A team has done particularly well, losing only one game in ten matches. The Intermediate B team contains several promising players for next season.

In Inter-town matches, we have been well represented, three boys having played for the Swansea Schoolboys' XI namely W. Quick, VD., G. Hardey, VD., and J. Protheroe, VB., while two boys J. Phillips and D. Walker have acted as reserves.

The School is very fortunate in having five masters who are keenly interested in soccer, namely, Mr. T. James, Mr. E. Evans, Mr. L. Evans, Mr. Bennett and Mr. R. Evans. Unfortunately the two last mentioned were absent through illness towards the end of last term; we are all delighted to see them fit and well again.

With this fine support let us hope that the School will surpass last season's excellent performances and bring more than one trophy to Dynevor.

Walter Quick (Captain, Senior A Team).

THE SENIOR SCHOOL FIVES TOURNAMENT

One morning last June, a meeting was held for all senior pupils interested in the formation of a Senior School Fives Tournament. There was a large attendance at this meeting and interest shown was surprisingly keen. It was decided that such a tournament should be arranged and that it should be confined to senior pupils. Under the guidance of Mr. Gregory, a committee was chosen and arrangements made.

The first round draw was made and matches commenced. Umpires were carefully chosen from boys who were noted for impartial judgment and a wide knowledge of Fives with all its rules and wrinkles. The first and second round matches were soon played off, but during the course of these contests, it was noted that the competitors seemed very bored and looked for more exciting stuff. Imagine their joy and relief when it was announced that a new and more thrilling competition had been arranged! It was stated that this competition was called "The School Certificate Examinations" and that everyone was to enter. So the Fives Tournament was temporarily discontinued while the boys enjoyed themselves in the new competition.

Although they were sorry when the "examinations" terminated, the boys were revived and refreshed by the enjoyment which they had experienced in sitting them and returned with new heart to the competition. As the final rounds drew near, so the interest, excitement and tension increased. In the later rounds, some of the competitors continually postponed their fixtures for the rather questionable honour of remaining in the tournament as long as possible.

The semi-final round came, V. Baker, G. Davies, W. Rosser and D. Thomas being the competitors. These four really deserved to be semi-finalists as they had played grand Fives throughout. The games were played at top speed with great skill and they provided a real tonic for the crowd of excited spectators.

The Final Round between V. Baker and Graham Davies was a first class exhibition both of attacking and defensive fives. Both competitors gave of their best and provided the spectators with plenty of thrills. The competition was subsequently won by V. Baker.

Several features of this tournament stand out in our memories. Firstly, "the blood, sweat, toil and sometimes tears" with which each competitor battled along in the intense heat; secondly we will recollect the welcome appearance of those two dainty exponents of the game of fives—Messrs. H. Williams and B. J. Keane. Many a competitor shuddered at the thought of meeting Hywel and Joe in a doubles match. Thirdly we were impressed by the grand sporting spirit of the competitors; they all lived

up to our motto, "Nihil Sine Labore." Lastly, we thank Mr. Gregory for his devotion, encouragement and the help and advice which he readily gave throughout the tournament. Since he has taken an active interest—an interest desperately needed—in School Fives, the standard of play has improved considerably.

With our recollections of the success of this first competition, we all hope that the Fives Tournament will be, in future, an annual function.

R. G. Griffiths (U.VI Arts).

JUNIOR FIVES

Last year, as you will probably recollect, a Junior Fives Tournament was held. I am sure that it was a source of great enjoyment to all who participated and also to those who obtained permission to leave their studies in order to watch the final round. The fixtures were arranged by drawing from a hat, but I am convinced that several competitors felt that if they submitted inefficient Chemistry homework, they would meet "Proth" in the next round of the Tournament. The fixtures were played off in the presence of an umpire and there were several interesting contests. J. B. Protheroe won the Junior Championship with very little opposition but Jordan (3B) did well considering that he was only a Second Year. Tucker of the First Year did well and was unfortunate not to win the First Year Championship. Protheroe also experienced misfortune in his keen fight against the Senior semi-finalist, G. Davies of the Sixth Form. He won the first game, but the heat, his exhaustion and the greater experience of his opponent proved in the end, too much for him.

This Tournament was successful and Mr. Gregory is anxious to run a second. If you are interested in the game, encourage and teach others to play correctly. I am sure that you will agree that Rugby Fives is a hard and exciting game, so practise it. Dynevor is able to attain a standard in this game of which it can be justly proud.

G. Phillips (5B).

SCHOOL CRICKET XI, 1949

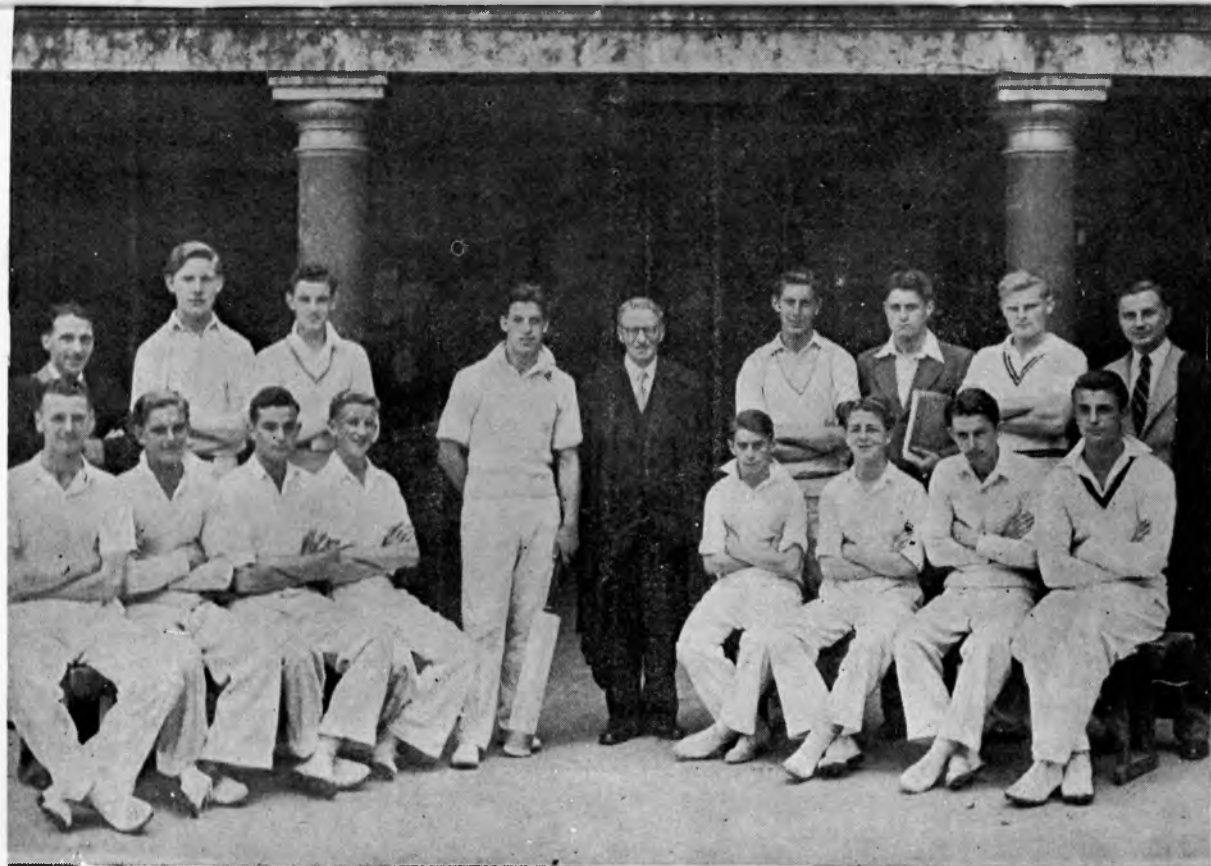
This season has been one of contrasts. A deplorable display at Llanelly was followed by a runaway victory over Ystalyfera County School at Townhill and the Grammar School, having decisively defeated us on the first meeting, were themselves beaten in the return game. However, the School team is almost intact to resume this summer and, by then, it should develop into a reasonably good side. As was the case in the 1947 season, there have been some fine individual displays which have been poorly supported by the other members of the side. The most blatant example of this was in our game at Neath where three boys obtained the School's total of 72 runs between them. The rest of the side was out before scoring.

N. Harries, the School's new opening batsman showed confidence in this berth and was never afraid to hit the ball really hard when the occasion demanded it. He had several extremely unfortunate dismissals and if he had had a successful opener to stay with him, he would have done much better. In the Staff Match, for instance, he scored a patient but polished 13 while Morris was batting steadily at the other end. Not until the end of the season did this latter player find his form, but he finished the season with a really fine 26 against the Grammar School. The introduction of G. Davies as an opener was not a success. He did very well, however, lower down in the list. This was exemplified by a good innings of 33 against Neath.

With the ball, the School had, in R. Thomas, a really talented pace bowler who could swing the ball well and keep an accurate length. He was very steady and, on one occasion, bowled eight successive maiden overs. At number six, he swung a hefty and often profitable bat. R. Bowen proved a good steady bowler who often had batsmen in difficulties. D. Ellery filled the role of number nine and was the School's stock bowler after the speed merchants had gone off. R. Griffiths had a chequered career at number eleven breaking a batsman's wicket with one ball and being hit for a resounding four off the next.

N. Eaton was a fine wicket-keeper and a useful batsman. In his last season at School, he acquitted himself well. The reserve wicket-keeper D. Gwynne was less successful but improved with every match.

The captain, G. Dixon, was popular on and off the field and he led the side well. His field placing was good and,



SCHOOL CRICKET ELEVEN, 1949.

Standing—Mr. W. S. Evans, R. Bowen, R. Thomas, G. Dixon (Capt.), Mr. W. B. Thomas, D. Ellery, K. James,
R. Hopkins, Mr. E. Evans.
Sitting—D. Gwynn, B. Darby, N. Eaton, G. Davies., R. Griffiths, D. Walker, N. Harries, E. Morris (Vice-Capt.).

as an opening bowler, he was quite successful although he lacked the accuracy of Thomas. He was the School's most successful batsman, too, and showed his team that the ball was there to be hit.

The fielding, this season, was very keen, the catching and ground fielding being exceptionally good. E. Morris and B. Darby set a very good example to the rest of the side in this department.

The arrival of one or two enthusiastic "cricketing spirits" among the Staff has had the effect of strengthening their XI considerably. They are now a force to be reckoned with, especially as they have gained experience and teamwork in playing other staff elevens. This fact was made evident on the two occasions that the School XI played them. They provided a far more stubborn resistance than of late years to the School's victorious progress. The team notes this development with pleasure and suggests that opportunities should be given for coaching by members of the School XI who would be only too pleased to aid this rejuvenation of Staff XI.

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

FORM CRICKET

If it were said that the standard of cricket had improved as the season approached towards its "Ashes," it would be untrue. Perhaps, the unknown behaviour of the fiery wickets, scattered in a patch work pattern about the dense undergrowth which made some bowlers "bump" or spin the ball whether they schemed it or not, might have explained the general indifferent standard of Form cricket. Again, some boys were determined not to remain in the crease unless they hit a six off every ball delivered. Yet, in spite of all these varying moods of weather, wicket and play, all the games were enjoyed by the large number of boys playing.

Just a few words about some of the teams. Form 3C, as usual, played their hardest to remain at the bottom of the 2nd years. Form 3A were too good for even 3D. In the 1st years, 2B possessing good batsmen and bowlers had serious opposition from only 2D. As for the 3rd years, Form 4C were the champions of a mediocre group of teams.

This year, it is hoped that there will be more determination to improve the standard of play to supply the School XI with the cricketers they need.

DYNEVOR JUNIOR RUGBY TEAMS

Records to date:

	P	W	D	L
"A" Team	6	5	0	1
"B" Team	7	3	0	4
"C" Team	7	4	1	2
"D" Team	4	1	0	3

"A" Team.—So far, this season, the "A" Team has done reasonably well, the only defeat being at the hands of the Grammar School by 9 points to 3. However, it is hoped that this defeat will be avenged later in the season. The team is captained by J. Williams (5A), who together with S. Dixon (5E), A. Mitchell (5E), G. Peachey (5C), E. Watkins (4D) and E. Hudson (4A) has played for Swansea Schoolboys. R. Peachey has done very well to gain a place in the Welsh Trial. Watkins has proved a good kicker and, J. Evans (5B) has been scoring regularly.

"B" Team.—This season the "B" Team has just about held its own. It has had several difficulties to combat in the way of injuries, etc., but these are not excuses for the defeats we have suffered. Apart from two crushing defeats by Grammar School "A" and the Technical College, we have done quite well. The team has included several new players this season and I must say that this experiment has been very successful.

P. Spiller (4C).

"C" Team.—The "C" Team under the captaincy of P. Saward is enjoying quite a successful season. Adverse weather conditions, have, however, restricted the number of our games to seven. In Powell and Hughes, we have a good pair of half-backs and the forwards have played quite well together although they have been "rattled" on several occasions. We have many players to choose from but rarely have we fielded our strongest side because of injuries. Many thanks are due to Mr. Gregory because it is due to his efforts that we have built up a reasonably strong side.

P. Saward (4A).

"D" Team.—We have like several former Dynevor "D" teams been rather unsuccessful, but this has not damped our spirits. We have won one match and of this we are

proud. The most exciting game of the season was against Grammar "C" at Underhill Park. Although we were well beaten (22-0), we did our best. We have lost nearly all our matches mainly because we have played against much bigger opponents.

N. Pugh (1A).

1st XV RUGBY

So far, this season, the first fifteen has been fairly successful. We have played nine matches, winning four and losing five, but of these five defeats only two have been really decisive. Although several of last year's forwards have returned to School, the pack has been very light. This has not prevented them, however, from playing well although this assertion is frowned upon by the backs.

Seven boys were selected for the First Welsh Trial: G. Dixon, J. Morris, B. Keane, D. Thomas, D. Harris, D. Gwynn and R. Hopkins. G. Dixon was the School's only representative in the Second Welsh Trial.

The appearance of the team has been greatly improved by the provision of a new set of blue jerseys, the white collars of which have already shown signs of turning the same colour.

We were sorry to lose both G. Sambrook and W. Rosser at the beginning of the season, but we hope to have Ken James back in the team soon, as he has now fully recovered from his illness.

The School team defeated Pontardawe in our first fixture by a converted goal and two tries (11 points) to two tries (6 points), and we were confident of a good season. Our spirits were somewhat damped when we were defeated by Ystalyfera by three points to nil. Our third match, at Ystradgynlais, resulted in another decisive win for the School by 12 points to 6.

Then came the annual "derby" with the Grammar School. This provided the usual keen struggle and the School was decisively defeated by 11 points to nil. The following week, a very depleted School team was beaten at Gwendraeth by only one point.

At the end of the term, the School team met the Old Boys XV. This clash provided a good game which everyone enjoyed and the School gained a 9-0 victory. We all hope to play another match against them before the season ends.

We would like to thank Mr. C. Jones who kindly gave up his Saturday mornings to referee and also Mr. Bassett for his great help in training the team. With this reasonable start behind us, it is our hope that by the end of the season, we shall possess a tolerably good record.

Hugh Thomas (Secretary).

DEBATING SOCIETY

So far this year, the Society has held seven debates and participated in an inter-school debate. At two meetings, various minor topics have been discussed and a Brains' Trust has also been held. We were pleased to welcome to one of our meetings J. Hacche, a member of last year's society and now a student at the London School of Economics. He spoke with his usual subtle humour and gave ample evidence of his ever-widening vocabulary. The Brains' Trust was a great success and a team consisting of H. Foner and D. Ellery of the Upper VI Science and D. Webb and B. Dowley of the Upper VI Arts dealt competently with the questions. The Inter-School Debate, held at the Girl's High School was rather a disappointment. The principal speakers made very good speeches but when the debate was thrown open to the floor, the response was not inspiring. B. Dowley, the Dynevor representative, seconded the opposition speaker. The debate which aroused the most interest and attracted the largest attendance was that which dealt with the conduct of the present Government. The standard of speaking in this debate was quite high and the question was thrashed out officially until 5.15 p.m. and unofficially until long afterwards. The attendances at the Society's meetings have been reasonable, but there is plenty of room for improvement in this direction.

The following subjects have been discussed:

- 1.—Sept. 23rd, 1949: That football pools are bad for sport.

That county and town teams should be chosen from "local boys."

That professional Rugby should be introduced into South Wales.

2.—Sept. 30th: That this house would welcome a relaxation in the strictness of the Welsh Sabbath.

Speakers: Supporting—D. Ellery (U.VI Sc.).

Opposition—P. Danielsen (5A).

The motion was carried by a majority of 3 votes.

3.—Oct. 7th: That colour discrimination should be abolished in all countries.

Speakers: Supporting—J. Hacche.

Opposition—B. Dowley (U.VI Arts).

The motion was carried by a majority of 6 votes.

4.—Nov. 4th: That there is a harmful decline in family life at the present time.

Speakers: Supporting—G. Phillips (5B).

Opposition—B. Dowley (U.VI Arts).

The motion was rejected by 4 votes.

5.—Nov. 18th: The amenities of Swansea.

The Ideal Schoolboy.

That comic papers are litter, not literature.

The best form of recreation.

6.—Nov. 25th: That under the present Socialist administration, this country is going to wrack and ruin.

Speakers: Supporting—K. James (U.VI Arts).

Opposition—D. Evans (U.VI Arts).

The motion was carried by a majority of 3 votes.

7.—Dec. 2nd: That mercy-killing should be legalised.

Speakers: Supporting: D. G. Jones (L.VI Arts).

Opposition—G. Meager (L.VI Arts).

The motion was rejected by 4 votes.

8.—Dec. 9th: That Capital Punishment should be abolished.

Speakers: Supporting—H. Foner (U.VI Sc.).

Opposition—P. Macpherson (L.VI Arts).

A tie—14 votes each and three abstentions.

9.—Jan. 6th, 1950: That Examinations are an unfair means of assessing the intelligence and ability of students.

Speakers: Supporting—K. James (U.VI Arts).

Opposition—G. Phillips (5B).

The motion was carried by a majority of 4 votes.

Inter-School Debate: That the Englishman is basically Conservative.

Speakers: Supporting—D. New (Grammar School) and
Dorothy Ikkint (High School),

Opposition—Jean Evans (Glanmor) and
B. Dowley (Dynevor).

The motion was carried by a majority of 12 votes.

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

UPPER VI SCIENCE NOTES

The U.VI Science this year, again under the paternal guidance of Mr. W. S. Evans, is working energetically to finish the Higher School Certificate course—the examination being two weeks earlier this summer, as the masters constantly remind us.

Although still working under many difficulties, the Upper VI Science has endeavoured to brighten its surroundings. The walls of our form room have been adorned with a poster (which is to be tampered with under pain of death!) depicting the various colleges of Cambridge which, in turn, has been decorated by members of the form.

Conditions have also been improved by the revolutionary introduction of brighter bulbs, better chairs, and considerably larger desks to replace the diminutive originals which were suitable only for the "first years."

Certain members of the form have been playing with the idea of forming a Music Lovers' Society due to their ability to play two tunes on three bells. They also possess a zither player who persists in practising upon the sonometer during the form's Practical Physics lesson. If Mr. Williams learns to play another tune on the test tubes, he will be offered a place in the form's orchestra.

The Chemistry periods run smoothly these days disturbed only by a certain Mathematics Master who insists that he can perform the "brown-ring test" far better than any member of the form! (He also insinuated that members of the Sixth Form were unable to play badminton!).

Well, fellow students, the School's Mock-Election is once again upon us with D. Ellery (U.VI Sc.) and D. Evans of the Arts, as the Socialist Candidates. A worthy effort is being made by these gentlemen to secure your support and an all-out campaign will be put into operation by the Science Sixth.

We have heard that the Conservative candidates are now ready to receive and consider any policies on behalf of their party and that Comrades Webborn and Foner will pay top prices for any arms and ammunition for use in their "revolution."

Well, voters, I know you will return the Socialist Party to office during the Election especially when I tell you that we have B. J. Keane on our side (since there is no Royalist Party, Keane will be unable to stand as candidate!).

M. Argent (U.VI Sc.).

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

During the Christmas Term, the Scientific Society held two meetings and a further meeting has been held this term. M. Argent was elected secretary at the beginning of last term. The meetings have been well attended by the Science Sixth and there have been several welcome visitors from the "Third Programme" Upper Sixth Arts who have, doubtless, been attracted to our meetings more by curiosity than anything else.

The first meeting of the year took place in the Physics Laboratory. It was introduced by the Headmaster and, after his short talk, two lectures were delivered, the first being entitled "Great Physicists" and the second "An Early History of Mathematics." M. Argent and D. Ellery were the speakers. Both these lectures were a source of interest and amusement to the distinguished company assembled.

For our second meeting, we were very pleased to hear a lecture from Mr. C. M. Meyrick on the subject, "Air and its movements." His lecture was most instructive and our sincere thanks are due to him for speaking to our Society.

Early this term, G. Grainger read a paper on "Simple Wireless." The clarity and force of this gentleman's lecture astonished even the most experienced members of the Society and we recommend Mr. Grainger as a promising apprentice to any leading wireless shop in Swansea. It may be gathered from these remarks that the word "simple," found in the title, did not apply to the whole lecture.

Several further meetings have been arranged for this term. We hope, also to organise visits to local factories. Accounts of these functions will be found in the next issue.

D. A. Ellery (U.VI Sc.).

UPPER VI ARTS LIBRARY NOTES

Books required—English Section: "Guide to the Browning Handbook," "Areopagitica in Basic English," "Reflections on Modern Poetry" by N.H. and B.G.D., "Milton without Tears."

History Section: "Forestry Commission's Report, 1630-40," "Monk's Miscellany, 1659-60," "A History of the Tory Party, 1714-60," "Jacobin's Handbook for 1793."

Geography Section: "The Topographical Features of Gower," "Rooftop Revels and Meteorological Mishaps" (from "Old Tim's Almanack for 1949").

Latin Section: "A Translation of Livy ix with full notes, Explanations, Maps, etc., etc." or "Caudine Calamity—A Fix in the Forks" by E.J.H.M., "Alford Explains," "Key to Bradley" by W. Kerchever Davies.

Perfect copies only accepted.

Note: We are pleased to note that two prominent members of the History Section have been awarded Long Service Medals by a former Oxford University lecturer for possession of one of his books.

P.M. and A.J.M. wish to announce their new joint work now in preparation—"How to get 'A' for an Essay." For further details, see Mr. C. Evans.

K.J., Librarian.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD BOY

Yes, times have undoubtedly changed since I was a boy at Dynevor. When I see the 'buses pouring out present pupils practically at the school gates I cannot but feel that the "walking age" is gone, perhaps for ever. I am an old boy and if I add that I left Dynevor in 1899, I may even say a very old boy. The changes which have appeared since my school-days have made me reminiscent, so let me jot down a few of my recollections so that you may judge for yourselves the contrast between my early days and your own.

The school hours were 9.30-12.30 in the morning and 2.0-5.0 in the afternoon. Truly we started half-an-hour later than to-day, but what about that last hour in the afternoon?

In those days Dynevor was known as the Swansea Higher Grade School and the Curriculum was on simpler and less advanced lines than at present. The only "other languages" were French and Latin; strangely enough Welsh was not a language taught at the School then. There were no separate departments for Chemistry and Physics but one department doing General Elementary Science. The rest of the subjects were much as they are to-day. There were no external examinations—Oxford Local and C.W.B. examinations were growths of later days. Boys left the School when about fifteen years of age and very few remained until they were sixteen or older.

Conveyance to School was very limited then. There were horse trams from the bottom of High Street to "The Duke" at Morriston and to Cwmbwrla; from Alexandra Road near the Station and from the front of Mount Pleasant Chapel. Both these routes ran along St. Helen's Road to the Slip and, of course, we had the old steam train to Oystermouth only. They were the sum total of transport facilities, except the railways, to and from the town at that time. Should you live off those routes, and most of us did, then you had to walk in wind and weather all the year round. Boys from Danygraig, St. Thomas, Sketty, Fforestfach, Treboeth, Brynhyfryd and many other areas had to trudge to school with loads of books and also their lunches in their bags. In the winter it was quite dark when we left school, often tired, with a long walk home, frequently in the rain.

From the above you will have gathered that there were no school lunches. A large number brought sandwiches eaten "dry," swilled down with a drink of water from the yard tap and a cup. However, others of us made a bee line for High Street after morning session. There we invaded

the faggot and green peas shop kept by Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Edwards. Sitting in little cubicles, we tackled with keen appetites the wholesome fare ladled out by Mrs. Edwards, bless her, for she looked after us like a mother. If a boy was in funds it was a "tuppenny plate" made up of faggot, green peas, potatoes and, last, but not least, the tasty little ocean of gravy. However, if one had the effrontery, and many did, to go in and ask for a ha'porth of gravy he could get it and, with a good hunk of bread from home, made a lunch of it when out of funds. But many a time did I go from Edwards' to the Waverley Cafe which stood on a site next to High Street Woolworth's and, slapping a ha'penny on the marble counter, got a ha'porth of rice pudding—it was a real round-off to the lunch.

After lunch we almost invariably wandered down Welcome Lane to the North Dock. Indeed, in those days the docks were "Open Sesame" to us. We got aboard the ships, chatted with crews and looked on at the loading and unloading to our great enjoyment. How we moved about! We got over to the East or Prince of Wales Dock (no King's Dock in our day) mixed with the Chinese and lascar crews of the big vessels which we boarded without challenge. We knew where all the coal, fuel and tinplates went and where all the iron and copper ores, grain and potatoes came from. We were as interested in a ship's triple-expansion engines and her tonnage as present boys are interested in aero and car engines. Yes, our great magnet was dockland and how fascinating it all was and what a lot of knowledge we picked up on our perambulations!

Organised games had no place in our school life, I regret to say—a boy in those days was expected to do all his playing after school. However, we were a generation of hardy walkers and runners. Organised Football and Cricket Leagues would have been very nice but, alas, they were not for us.

I have tried to give a glimpse of former days at Dynevor and although great progress has been in the width and standard of education since my day, nevertheless, we were given a sound foundation in most useful subjects, especially those commonly known as the three R's, which enabled so many of us to become good citizens and successful men of affairs.

We look back on our schooldays at Dynevor with great affection and pride and with grateful remembrances of our old headmaster, the late Mr. Samuel Roberts and his able colleagues.

C.M.M.

STRATFORD CAMP

At approximately half past seven every morning, whether the sun was shining brightly through the tent flaps, or whether the cold, damp vapours of a mist were hanging apologetically around the tree tops and completely enveloping the herd of cows that usually spent their night not very far from the tent, at half past seven every morning we were sharply jarred into consciousness by the clear and penetrating blast of a whistle.

This "reveille" called us to the dining hall and breakfast . . . to an unevenly paved Nissen Hut and a breakfast on boards and enamel plates. Before this usually excellent meal was taken, however, most of us visited the ablutions hut, where there was always a plentiful supply of too cold water and somebody else's soap. The morning meal having been eaten, or otherwise (as was the case on the morning when we had fishcakes. I am quite sure that most boys will remember this most memorable event) it was the usual procedure to prepare for work, although there was at first a rather hectic search for bicycles, and, if not for these, at least for spare parts, such as chains and wheels and the inevitable pump.

Mainly because most of the farmers had become fully mechanised with combines and tractors and all the other mechanical aids to farming, work this year had been rather hard to obtain. Eventually, however, after two weeks in which the camp's assets had just failed to reach the required level, most of the boys were fitted with some sort of "labour" at a fairly satisfactory wage. I will not linger long upon the gory details of lacerated wrists and trouser legs, of aching limbs and thistle pricked finger tips, of the "you and me we sweat and strain" feeling that are the necessary accompaniments to the harvesting of corn, except to remark that at least we knew that it was not for life. Those of us who were lucky enough to be engaged in fruit picking (and the activities this year, I think, were mainly centred upon plums), usually returned with purplish faces and a rather peculiar feeling in the bottom of their stomachs. Curiously enough, they recovered in time for tea . . . and then were ill for the rest of the night.

Tea, or I should say rather, dinner, was usually taken at about six to half past. This was frequently well cooked although the whole business was rather spoiled by the fact that the canteen always had to be vacated by a huge swarm of angry wasps, which was quite an ordeal, believe me, as most of us know to our own disadvantage.

Having the evening meal so late did not leave much time for those of us who wished to visit the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford. Accomplishing the journey by the local bus was completely out of the question, since the last return conveyance to Alderminster went at about nine o'clock. The plays did not usually finish until at least twenty to eleven, and this made the whole situation rather difficult. Bicycles, however, came to the rescue, and those of us who were inclined to visit the theatre will agree, I'm sure, that the entertainment was extremely good.

Except in the case of going to the theatre or cinema, upon which occasions late leave had to be obtained from the Masters in charge, everyone had to be in the canteen by half past nine, at which time supper was usually served. For those of us who had not visited the theatre during the evening, there was always the pleasant occupation of writing letters or playing cards or monopoly or some such game. Table tennis and snooker were also extremely popular among the boys, while amusement was also derived from bathing in the Avon at Stratford or in the local river at Alderminster. Before we retired to bed (and it is to be hoped that next year everybody has a camp bed and that there will not be so many boys to a tent) a short and simple service was always conducted.

The camp's stay at Alderminster was brought to a satisfactory close by a camp party, and I am quite sure that a very jolly time was had by all. The visitors to the camp were very varied, and we were particularly honoured by the presence of an Old Boy of the School (sorry, Shorrock!) . . . two Old Boys of the School. Tent inspections were held every Sunday, and the camp site received a thorough spring-cleaning in the process. It is to be regretted that next year we are not returning to Stratford, but in any case, whether the camp is held near London, Worcester, Norfolk or in any other place you care to mention, the atmosphere will be just the same. Why not come along next time?

"HORROR" IN THE UPPER SIXTH ARTS

I am writing this in the library, but I can see the picture in my mind's eye even now. That is the best, and the worst, thing about it, the ineradicable impression made by its burning colours. It is a painting by Matisse of — of — what on earth is it of — a red table, a blue and yellow bowl containing oranges, or pomegranates, or lemons, an

open window through which a tree appears to be growing, and the final horror, a shapeless red and white mass which I say is a tea-cosy, but which the rest of the form claim to be a chair-back.

It arrived on December 16th, the last morning of the Christmas Term of 1949. The date is important. Unless something is done, and quickly, it will be the date of the beginning of a new generation of schoolboys, sent out into life with minds tortured and warped by the Horror on the Wall. When Mr. Griffiths came into the room we all recognised the roll of paper under his arm as a new picture. We were not worried, for he had often brought in brightly coloured posters advertising the glories of La France, or British Railways. Indeed, we welcomed this new arrival, which would fill the last remaining bare patch on the wall, and would, too, break the monotony that is always part of the last morning of term.

I was sent out to fetch a step-ladder, so I did not witness the effect which the unrolling of the innocent looking sheet of paper produced, but I heard it, most of the school must have heard it—a cry of outrage, sharpened by fear, a cry which I will never forget. When I returned with the ladder I found the boys grouped round the desk upon which sprawled Mr. Griffith's latest acquisition. My worst fears were not fulfilled, they were surpassed. Strong minded rugby forwards who prayed for dirty games, prefects who would have exchanged places with Daniel in the lion's den just for the experience, all cringed before the form-master, and whimpered out their protests like frightened children. Protests, pleadings and threats were wasted on the hard heart and steel nerves of the man who could casually walk into a room with so much evil tucked under his left arm.

One boy, possessing either great courage and feeling for others, or poor eyesight and no sensibility volunteered to climb the ladder and fix the painting to the wall. As he did so, we all watched him, fascinated, like the rabbit before the ferret.

Someone suggested inviting the art-master to give his criticism. The suggestion was welcomed and we waited anxiously for him to arrive. At last he walked into the room, followed our gaze till he saw the picture, said, "My first year boys could paint better stuff than that," and

walked out. But before the cheers had begun to abate, the voice of Mr. Griffiths sang out, declaring that the picture would remain on the wall. Our fleeting joy changed again into loathing and fear.

A master came into the formroom intending to take a lesson. We asked him to try and show our form-master his folly. I believe he was about to do so, but, alas! he saw the signature under the work, and at once assured us that it was a masterpiece, and accused us of being dull and insensitive in not appreciating it. We lost all hope then — insensitive, when our sensitive souls had been torn by what we saw.

Sadly I picked up the step ladder and began to carry it away. I was walking with it down the corridor when I met Mr. Wilkins, the caretaker. Inspiration flashed upon me. I remembered the beautiful studies of mountains and streams which he had shown in the Hobbies Exhibition. I remembered his love of music, and the tenderness with which he played the musical saw. I remembered the number of cars he had sold because they did not appeal to his artistic soul, and eagerly I showed him the picture which he would denounce with all the fervour of the true artist, and would tear down during the holidays. But the enemy had been too cunning. I hate to use the expression, but Mr. Wilkins had been "primed." He looked up at the wall, and instead of pouring out his wrath and indignation, said, "Well, of course . . . (everybody in the room knew then that all was lost, Mr. Griffiths smiled) . . . it's very hard to understand, but we must not condemn it because of that."

There is little more to tell. The determination of one man kept the Horror in its place for a day. Since that day the power of the painting itself has kept it safe. No one can tear it down; we are horrified, but at the same time hypnotised into being quite unable to touch it.

So I appeal: if there is any boy in the school with strong nerves and with no sensitivity to the horrors of modern art, let him come forward and take away this thing from us. He must do it soon, before it is too late — before the baleful influence of this painting extends from the already doomed members of the U.VI Arts to the rest of the School.

B. G. Dowley (U.VI Arts)

THE HOBBIES COMPETITION, CHRISTMAS 1949

We were gratified by the increased interest shown in the competition this year. Particularly noteworthy was the upward trend in the numbers and quality of the woodwork entry. The Headmaster, speaking at the beginning of this term, promised that if this improvement is maintained we should have the use of the gymnasium for the competition next year. This is a splendid opportunity, and one of which the school must make the fullest use. Our sincere thanks are extended to those kindly people who came to judge various sections for us. Let us all aim at having a bigger and better show next year.

The names of the winners are given below:

Woodwork.—Senior: 1, Terry Witt; 2, Lawrence Crook and Leonard Rott; 3, Peter Naylor. Alwyn Roberts was "Highly Commended." Middle School: Terry Williams (IVA). Junior School: 1, Edward Jackson and Roger Pennel; 2, Peter Natras (Ib); 3, Glyn Davies (Ib).

Bookcases.—Special Award: 1, Alun Mitchell; 2, Dennis James; 3, Bernard Davies.

Bookends.—Special Award: 1, Sydney Stewart; 2, Alun Clarke.

Carving.—1, Michael Stewart (L.VI Sc.); 2, D. Dermody (L.VIa); 3, Tom Stone (L.VI Sc.).

Turning.—1, Michael Stewart (L.VI Sc.); 2, Terry Witt (Va); 3, Frank Bennett (L.VI Sc.).

2nd Year Paper-knife Competition (Woodwork).—R. A. Lamb (IIIa); Brian Price (IIIb); L. Dickenson (IIIc); D. Timothy (IIId).

Toymaking.—David Davies (IIId).

Plastics.—Senior: 1, Bernard Davies (Vc); 2, M. Jones (L.V). Junior: 1, Peter Vaughan (Ia); 2, Glyn Lyden (IIId).

Aero-modelling.—1, Clive Jenkins (IIIa); 2, Brian Roberts (IIIb); 3, David Dickinson (IIIc). Commended: A. D. Ford (L.VI Arts).

Model Ships.—Senior: 1, Alec Macfarlane; 2, Geoffrey Lewis. Middle School: Geoffrey Griffiths. Junior: Kenneth Greenslade (Ib).

Rug-making.—Senior: 1, Aeron Clement; 2, W. Challice (L.V). Middle School: Clive Thomas (IVb). Junior School: John Davies (IIId).

Fretwork.—1, L. E. Rott (IVb); 2, John Pickard; 3, John Longhurst.

Leaf Gathering.—Wm. Gwyn Rosser (IIIb).

Art.—Senior: 1, Alan Jones (L.VIa); 2, B. Ratcliffe (Vc); 3, L. McKeivitt (Vc). Middle School: 1, J. Jones (IVb); 2, V. Malpass (IVc); 3, M. Williams (IVb). Junior School: 1, Clive Jenkins (IIIa); 2, M. Jones (IIIb); 3, T. Pilot

Geography (Model Competition).—Senior: 1, Ken Walton and Eric Wastell (L.VIa). Middle School: 1, D. F. Perkins; 2, Peter Spiller.

Geography (Map Section).—Senior: 1, J. T. Wright (Ve); 2, Colin Jones (Ve). Middle School: G. Macpherson (IVb).

Photography.—1, K. Waite; 2, R. Hyman.

Xmas Cards.—Senior: 1, Daryll Davies (L.VIa); 2, A. Jones (L.VIa); 3, Colin Bevan (L.VIa). Middle School: 1, M. Williams (IVb); 2, J. G. Lewis (IVa); 3, J. Jones (IVb).

Meccano.—Senior: A. Blackler (Va). Middle School: Ivor John (IVc). Junior School: 1, D. Lynch (IIIb); 2, G. Jarvis (IIIc); 3, H. Knoyle (IIIc).

Leatherwork.—R. Coker (Ib).

Cigarette Cards.—Senior: Colin Jones (Ve). Middle School: 1, G. Griffiths (IVd); 2, B. McKay (IVb). Junior School: 1, B. Youge (IIIa); 2, Noel Cox (IIIa).

Cigarettee Packets.—1, Brian Gough (IIIc); 2, Neville Pugh (Ia).

Coins.—Senior: 1, Mansel Lovering (L.VIa); 2, Colin Jones (Ve); 3, A. Roberts (Ve). Junior School: 1, Brian Bull and David Lilley (tie).

Badges.—Colin Jones (Ve).

Farmyard Layout.—John Taylor (Ib).

Four Crystals.—Peter Fletcher (Ve).

Stamps.—Senior: 1, G. K. Whyatt (L.VIa); 2, W. Perrins (U.VI Sc.); 3, C. Jones and T. Lewis (Ve), tie. Middle School: 1, D. Roderick (IVb); 2, D. Soo (IIIc); 3, P. Hopkins (IIIa). Junior School: 1, J. Evans (Ic); 2, J. H. Morgans (Ic).

Architecture.—Senior: 1, Alec Macfarlane; 2, J. T. Williams; 3, W. Rideout.

Results.—Grove 133 points, Roberts 91 points, Llewellyn 69 points, Dillwyn 67 points.

