

# MAGAZINE

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JANUARY, 1952.

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*Albert H. Davis, Printer, Swansea*



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## Dynevor Secondary School Magazine.

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No. 85 (No. 12 New Series)

January, 1952.

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Editors: John T. Wright and Geoffrey V. Phillips.

Sub-Editor: Philip Kingdom.

### EDITORIAL

Once again we present the Magazine after having triumphed over the many fears, worries and doubts which always beset harassed editors. It will be noticed that the Editorial panel is completely strange to this task, and so we ask that any errors or deficiencies may be excused. We do, however, welcome any constructive criticism, especially if such criticism takes the form of an article worthy of publishing in our next magazine.

Here, then, is the result of our collective labour. We hope you will find it interesting and amusing, and that you will be stimulated to submit your contribution next term.

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### SCHOOL NOTES

The first thing which we noted on entering the school last term was the fresh paint-work which had been effected along the lower corridor. These rooms now provide a pleasant change from the rest of our drab school, and are eagerly sought by some of the more itinerant masters.

The prefects this year are as follow: Head Prefect, J. B. Protheroe; Deputy Head Prefects, K. Walters and P. Kingdom; Prefects, D. Williams, R. Williams, B. Rees, C. Howard, T. L. John, R. H. Davies, C. Lewis, G. L. Roberts, G. K. Wyatt, T. W. Jenkins, D. Crook, L. McKevitt, T. J. McCarry, A. D. Ford, G. V. Phillips, J. T. Wright.

We wish to congratulate both last year's Upper Sixth and Fifths upon the high proportion of passes obtained in the examinations of the Welsh Joint Education Committee.

We learn with regret of the retirement of our Headmaster, Mr. W. Bryn Thomas, M.A., in the near future, and we wish him every happiness during his retirement. We wish to share in the general happiness felt by both the school and staff alike upon the appointment of the present Deputy Headmaster, Mr. Glan Powell, to the post of Headmaster.

The school shared last term in the enthusiasm of the proleteriate in the General Elections which descended upon the country on October 25, and although we did not stage an election in school as on the previous occasion, excitement in most parts reached fever heat. We are told on good authority that several forms appointed unbiased representatives to ascertain the "latest state of the parties" from Mrs. Morris in the canteen. Whilst masters frowned upon such illegal practice, we are informed that an enormous amount of tea was brewed that day and was consumed "on the premises" by those mighty men themselves.

All correspondence which we have received on behalf of the Secretary of the Rugby XV will be forwarded to him when we learn of his whereabouts, for we are told that he is well on his way to South America by this time.

The Essay Prize very kindly donated by an Old Dyvorian, Mr. W. B. Penhale, was won by L. Holbrook, L.VI Science and J. Wright, U.VI Arts. These essays will be found elsewhere in this magazine.

Last term most of the upper school were privileged to visit the Empire Theatre to see the operas "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Il Pagliacci" given by the Welsh National Opera Company. These were thoroughly enjoyed by all present, and judging by the great applause, were truly appreciated.

Two meetings of the Student Christian Movement were held last term, and we wish to thank Miss Havill of the High School for her hospitality in entertaining the four Grammar Schools of the town upon these two occasions.

A very successful Hobbies House competition was also held last term and a report of this event will be found later in this issue.

At the last Morning Service of the Christmas Term, we were honoured by the presence of His Worship the Mayor

of Swansea, Alderman Dan Jones. His Worship gave an address during the service when he spoke of the necessity for the youth of our Grammar Schools to make the most of their opportunities.

We learn from a reliable source of information that our worthy caretaker, Mr. Wilkins, was seen furtively eyeing the boys of our school from the back row of the chorus of the National Opera Company, hardly recognisable in a purple fez.

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### MANCHESTER LETTER

The University Union,

Manchester 15.

Dear Sir,

It gives us very great pleasure to accept your kind invitation to write a "Manchester Letter" for the magazine. We hope to give an outline of the varied life which may be led at this University.

Anyone deciding, as we did, to attend what is called the "Freshers' Conference" may find himself with rather confused impressions at the end of the three days assigned to it. It was a mixture of formality and informality. On the very first night we were apprehensive at having to meet the Vice-Chancellor and the Union Presidents. Our apprehensions were little quelled by the fact that as we entered the formal-looking Whitworth Hall, our names were shouted out by the porter, and we had to shake hands with them in turn. After this formal opening, we were relieved to find that inside the hall we were able to talk very informally with members of our various departments. During the rest of the conference we made a tour of the University, heard various speeches about it, and were introduced to its social life. At the end we felt much more at home.

The University is situated in the city itself, and its surroundings are not as impressive, as, for example, those of Swansea University. In spite of this it maintains an impressive dignity. Inside the various buildings everything is up-to-date, and the facilities for work are excellent. The Arts and Science libraries, as we are told, can supply not

only almost any book but also provide very fine places for study. The silence rooms in the University Union are also very comfortable for working in.

In Manchester the men and women students have separate Unions although both are housed in the same four-storied building, attached to the University. It has been suggested that the popularity of our Union derives from the fact that women are not allowed in the men's Union: this being the only place where a rest from their chatter can be obtained. The truth is that the Union caters for all tastes and many activities are carried on within its precincts. The list of things which may be done in the Union is endless. It is the centre of University life, outside that of academic pursuits, without which the full benefit of a University career cannot be obtained. At this early stage we can see that this side of University life tends to create broad-mindedness and a respect for the opinion of others.

The Athletic Union is itself a branch of the Union, and is very important at this University. Situated about three hundred yards from the University is the McDougall centre which has a huge gymnasium and swimming bath, and caters for most indoor sports. Outdoor sports are well served by two sports grounds which between them comprise about eighty acres.

At the University with us this year are several old Dyvorians. In their second year in the Spanish Honours school are David Webborn, Brian Strong and Reece Price. Mervyn Matthews is a first year in the Honours School of French, and Jimmy Hambling is in the Chemistry Honours school. Also with us in the English Honours school is Miss Eileen James, who, though she was only present twice a week last year at our school, regards herself as an "old boy." We are all of the opinion that we would like to see more Dyvorians here next year.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking the staff for all they have done for us in the past, and to wish the school every success in the future.

We remain, Yours sincerely,

Brian Darby.

Geoffrey Morris.

## **BIRMINGHAM LETTER**

The Geography Dept.,  
The University,  
Edgbaston,  
Birmingham.

1st Dec., 1951.

Dear Sir,

It gives me great pleasure to be able to write the Birmingham Letter of December 1951, for this feature, I notice, has become, together with letters from numerous other universities, quite a regular characteristic of the Dynevor Magazine.

Having emerged successfully from the hectic moments of carnival, and the first few weeks of term, I am at last able to appreciate the two main divisions of university life—I refer of course to the academic and social spheres. I will not pour cold water on to the hopes which any university aspirant at the school may have by giving a long drawn-out account of how hard and difficult the academic side of life is, partly perhaps because the authenticity of this statement might well be challenged by the more jovial-minded members of the University, and partly because of the fact that I shrink from making any sweeping statement as to the straight-forward or complex nature of university life, until that day of reckoning in early January when we will be confronted by our examination results.

However, the social activities on the other hand, which are so much an integral part of the undergraduate's life, are practically endless. To my knowledge there are something in the region of sixty or seventy active societies, while the facilities for sport could hardly be bettered. Every night of the week there is some organisation, club or society holding a meeting or general function at the Guild of Undergraduates Union, which adjoins the main university buildings themselves. This Union incidentally, is to me, one of the most efficiently-run buildings which I have had the pleasure to enter. Equipped with numerous lounges, dining halls and other extensive facilities, it is managed by a student council, of which I am privileged to be a member, which control the organisation and general management of the Union. I consider that we in Birmingham are extremely fortunate in having such a first-class development put at our disposal.

At the moment there are about six or seven Dyvorians up at the University. Reg Hopkins and Brian Dowley, as inseparable as ever, are now in the second year of their course, while Norman Harries and R. W. C. Bowen are colleagues of mine in the Geography Dept. Then of course one must not forget the diminutive Roland Griffiths, who has already made quite an impression, especially on the social side.

The great degree to which one is thrown onto ones' own resources is perhaps one of the most striking characteristics of university life and although I do not personally support the exaggerated view that when one is in school, everything and everyone is at the pupil's beck and call, it certainly is noticeable that from the very beginning the undergraduate is expected largely, to work out his own salvation. The lecturers deliver their address, seemingly oblivious of our individual reactions and are virtually indifferent as to whether the students take notes, listen, or even go to sleep! I might add that of late, such is the speed of the lecturers in talking, the point is reached when one no longer wonders why the handwriting of some of most eminent medical practitioners has descended to such a low level. Now we know—for our own scrawls become just as bad.

The overall life of the Birmingham undergraduate is so broad and interesting in fact, that I am becoming increasingly more dubious as to whether there is any foundation at all to the much-maligned "student apathy," condemnation of which has become, in the last few years, quite a regular occurrence. Whether this so called apathy is more widespread in any of the other universities is a matter for conjecture, but my own opinion is that the whole thing has been exaggerated far too much, and the pursuance of such ill-founded assertions can undoubtedly do much harm to the British undergraduate.

I conclude, sir, by wishing you, the magazine, and the school the very best of luck in the future. May you, in the future, enjoy the success which has been so much a part of Dynevor in the past. I indeed look forward to seeing more Dyvorians included among the ranks of the new students at Birmingham in October, 1952.

I remain, sir, Yours faithfully,

Ronald J. B. Bowen.





**THE PREFECTS, 1951-1952.**

**Front Row:** R. H. Davies, K. Walters, J. B. Protheroe, Mr. W. Bryn Thomas, P. P. Kingdom, G. L. Roberts, C. Lewis.  
(Vice-Capt.) (Captain) (Headmaster) (Vice-Capt.)

(Vice-Capt.)      (Captain)      (Headmaster)      (Vice-Capt.)

**Second Row:** A. D. Ford, T. J. McCarry, L. McKevitt, D. Crook, T. W. Jenkins, G. K. Whyatt, T. L. John.

**Back Row:** D. Williams, R. Williams, B. Rees, J. T. Wright, C. Howard, G. V. Phillips.

**LIVERPOOL LETTER**

The University of Liverpool,  
Guild of Undergraduates,  
Students' Union,  
2, Bedford St., North,  
Liverpool, 7.

Dear Sir,

It is with very great pleasure that I write this letter to the magazine in response to your request. I am indeed grateful to you for giving me this chance to contribute once again, probably for the last time, to the publication in which I took such a close interest last year. If I may say so, the writing of the "Liverpool Letter" is the fulfilment of the last of my schoolboy ambitions.

Let me first tell you that I seem to have established a precedent in coming to Liverpool, for, in spite of assiduous enquiries, I have been unable to discover any natives of Swansea here. Therefore, it would perhaps be better if I were to tell you something of the University itself.

The original University Building, the Victoria Building, was erected in 1881—"for advancement of learning and ennoblement of life"—as we are told in a commemorative tablet built into the wall. In those days, it was but a University College, an off-shoot of the Victoria University, of which Manchester and Leeds were also subsidiaries. It was not until 1903 that the University of Liverpool was established by Royal Charter. Since then, it has developed rapidly. In 1913, the New Arts Building was added to the Victoria Building, and 1938 saw the opening of the magnificent library and reading-rooms, the gift of Dr. Harold Cohen. The library contains over 200,000 volumes, and there are nearly 100,000 volumes distributed among the various class and departmental libraries in the University. At present, the University has six Faculties, Arts, Science, Law, Medicine, Engineering and Veterinary Surgery. With these and the numerous Departments and Schools, the property of the University extends over some few square miles.

Near the Victoria Building stands the Students' Union, the home of the Guild of Undergraduates, the official student representative body. This building is reputed to lie on the site of what was originally a lunatic asylum, but I hasten to assure readers that, in spite of the general opinion of students' behaviour in some of the lesser

University towns, we have a certain dignity to maintain, with such a noble tradition behind us, and this is true of the atmosphere in the Union. This is the centre of student activity; it is one of the most modern and best equipped Unions in the country, and here we hold dances, debates, recitals, plays, films, public meetings, and so on. We publish our own newspaper every fortnight, "Guild Gazette," on the Editorial Board of which I have the honour to serve. "Gazette" has been acknowledged by a committee of Fleet Street journalists to be second only to the Student newspaper of Cambridge in the whole country. But the purpose of the Union is not only for relaxation. Here, we meet and talk with members of other Faculties. Here, we can exchange our ideas and make plans, as well as gain practice in those things which all add to our experience for later on in life, debating, public speaking and management of affairs—it will no doubt surprise you to know that all the affairs of the Union are administered by the Student body, known as Guild Council.

When I came up in October, I attended a Freshers' Conference which lasted three days. This was more or less an introduction, generally, to the easier side of University life. Our invitation into the "adventures" of lectures, and the academic side, was to come later. We started lectures on the day following the end of the Freshers' Conference, and, contrary to general expectation, found that we soon got into the "swing" of them. It is a strange new world to the young man (I will not say "boy") just up from school. One meets people from all over the country, and, indeed, the world, and hears accents which have only been heard in burlesque form before, on the popular radio. Perhaps, the strangest thing is the new-found freedom—this is perhaps the greatest enemy of the Fresher until he finds his feet. At first, it seems strange to have to attend only one lecture on a certain day, and then to be free—if he so chooses. Of course, wise Freshers get down to work immediately—the facilities are all there—but "the day of reckoning" comes all too soon for those with a lesser sense of responsibility.

This term has seen a great event in the history of the University of Liverpool—the installation of the Marquess of Salisbury as its 4th Chancellor. At an impressive ceremony at the Philharmonic Hall, the Marquess received the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws (LL.D.), and, in his turn, conferred that Degree on Lord David Cecil, Professor of English Literature at Oxford, Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, the noted historian, Viscount Swinton of Masham, and M.

René Massigli, the French Ambassador in London. Thus, we can add these great names to the already glowing pages of Liverpool University history, and couple them with such illustrious names as Allison Peers, at present Head of the School of Hispanic Studies here, Fitzmaurice Kelly, his famous predecessor, A. C. Bradley, of "Shakespearean Tragedy" fame, Sir James Chadwick, Nobel prize-winner in Physics, and many more, almost too numerous to mention.

Well, I see that I am writing away here without any regard for the exigencies of your space, Mr. Editor, but I would like to mention, before I close, the Headmaster and Staff of Dynevor. It is to them that I owe my present position, and I would like to record here my deep and sincere thanks to them for the attention and advice they bestowed upon me during my school career. It is only when we reach the university that we realise the enormous debt we owe to our former teachers.

May I conclude, then, sir, by extending to you my best wishes for the success of the present publication.

I remain, Your very sincerely,

Peter H. Macpherson.

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### DYNEVOR REVISITED

The first impression we formed on our return to the school after extricating ourselves from the labyrinth of university studies, was that the external appearance has met with very little change. The walls of the classrooms seem somewhat dirtier and have less paint on them; there seem to be more broken windows, but apart from this the building has lost none of its grandeur, being situated in surroundings which appeal to the eye and are most conducive to silent study.

It was a very strange experience to cross the portals of the holy of holies to be cordially welcomed by those who seemed too exalted and inaccessible a short time ago. The composition of this august body of pedagogues has undergone remarkable changes in our absence. The smiling faces and bald heads of the veterans have been replaced by the youthful radiance of recent arrivals, some of whom cherish most tenaciously the mop of hair that Providence had so graciously bestowed upon them. We note, too, that some of the "old firm" have lost none of their skill in wielding their favourite weapon—either a barbed shaft of wit or a good right arm!

We do not know whether the school prefects have received tuition in their arduous tasks from any member of the staff, but they certainly perform their duties with a far greater degree of efficiency than was attained by the writers of this article. It is with admiration we have observed their skill in handling the charging mob of over-enthusiastic pupils who attempt to carry all before them as they rush up the stairways. The only plea we have to make is that we wish they would make the hallowed walls of Mount Pleasant Church re-echo with their resonant voices instead of whispering as if they were conspiring against authority.

We find that there is no lack of school spirit, which exhibits itself on the playing fields as well as in the over-exuberance of certain forms in their class rooms. In spite of this fine spirit there are certain pupils who flinch visibly at the very mention of that place called Ystradgynlais or the fateful number, 71. To them we would commend the old Chinese proverb: "Every dog has his day." On the other hand every congratulation must be offered to the first soccer eleven who have so convincingly beaten their every opponent that they remain the "invincibles" at the head of their League. It has been encouraging also to see the high standard of play achieved by certain members of RD and renowned RA respectively who have this season played for the Town team. It has come to our notice that the "un-official" senior team has maintained the schools reputation in defeating their nearest rivals. We trust that the school spirit will be very much in evidence when "the snow lies deep and crisp and even" and the time comes for the annual struggle with our rivals up the hill. We wish the lads an accurate aim and more power to their elbows for this hectic snow-battle.

An excellent innovation is the hobbies exhibition. This annual event proves, in a most practical manner, the interest which the staff takes in the pupils outside the class-room, and the pupils should make every effort to benefit from this co-operative spirit. Furthermore the exhibition prevents our traditional rivals from "crowing" over us because they had something which we lacked. We only regret that there is no possibility of exhibiting that which is, and has been from time immemorial, the chief hobby of the senior boys—we leave that to conjecture!

In conclusion, we should like to wish the school well in its diverse range of activities and suggest as parting advice from two not very old, old boys, that the school take to heart its very excellent motto—"Nihil Sine Labore."

A. Balch and J. Beale.

## ODDS AND ENDS

I hear that:

Four Prefects are to be detailed to guard the stock room with cudgels to preserve the remaining low stocks of books and paper!

Several lower school lads are digging an underground tunnel from the bottom of Mount Pleasant to the Boiler Room to evade the Late Gate Prefects. This excavation is going on under the guise of building a new Fire Station on that corner!

The Upper Sixth Science are saving to buy a car from the Caretaker.

The school library is to be turned into a billiard room for the masters.

Up to last Monday afternoon first years had volunteered for the Home Guard. They have exercises every dinner hour on bombed Swansea buildings.

The Badminton Club is organising a pigeon hunt in the yard to obtain feathers for worn out shuttlecocks. It's their effort in Miss Horsbrugh's economy drive in schools.

There are still several first years wandering on Kilvey Hill after their trip to the top two months ago. Weird howls have been heard from the top in Foxhole and St. Thomas.

During the last week of term diners in the Canteen will be waited on by the masters, and boys will be able to put Prefects in Detention.

Thumbscrews have been fitted in the Detention Room for those thrice late!

Mr. — acts as "bookie" when his boys hold hedgehog races in the Physics Laboratory.

Behind the bookcase in the Upper Sixth Arts there is a private entrance into the Albert Hall.

There will be a special service in Chapel for the Rugby Team.

The fence between Dynevor Place and our entrance to Chapel has been electrified.

It is wrong to think that the school motto has anything to do with politics.

The masters are holding a backwards walking race on the West Pier. First over the edge will be the winner!

The Station Police are suspicious about the number of new posters going up in the Upper Sixth Arts and will hold an identification parade in the Staff Room.

The Upper Sixth Arts are suspicious about the number of new posters from the U.S.A. vanishing and going up in the Upper Sixth Science and will hold an identification parade in the U.S.A.

There is confusion between U.S.A. meaning Upper Sixth Arts and U.S.A. meaning Upstairs in the Attic. The Arts wish to point out that there is no resemblance between their form room and an attic.

That the Science boys are having a Christmas present each.—A clip on the head with a metre rule.

And oh! by the way, a prize is not offered for the discoverer of the author of this highly seditious article.

Geekay.

### **LIFE WITH A TYPICAL PARISIAN FAMILY**

During the Easter holidays, unlike those boys who visited Paris under the guidance of Mr. Griffiths, I spent three weeks with my pen friend at his home in St. Denis some miles from Paris.

The English word "home," with which we connect comfort, family life, the fireside and all that goes with it, has no equivalent in French—it is, however, translated by the word "foyer," meaning a "hearth." This does not imply that the French have no form of "family life." On the contrary, in France a family is more directly united than in Britain, and during my visit, I learned that it was customary to visit grandparents at least once a week, for the older people were never left out no matter what age they were.

My first impression of French food received on arriving at my host's home, was that French people eat too much or should I say, rather more than we British. To this first meal, however, I was unable to do justice and so retired reluctantly from the table which was laden with salads, chickens and every conceivable delicacy. Before the first week had passed, my opinion had been completely changed for I had not considered the fact that a Frenchman eats but twice a day! At 12.30 p.m. he takes his "déjeuner"—a heavy meal—for a large cup of coffee is all that he took before setting out to work at 7 a.m. His second meal is the "diner" at 6.30 p.m. which compares favourably with "late dinner" in this country. Wine is the invariable beverage to be taken with these meals.

A French schoolboy must rise every morning at 6.30 so as to be in school by 8.0. Then he does not return home until 6.0 in the evening and after his evening meal is still expected to study.

Living with a French family I soon learned that there is a greater bond between parent and child, no matter how old he or she is. A very familiar scene in France is, as Mr. Kernan describes in "Report on France."

"... a bearded papa kissing his grown up son with a loud smack on each cheek." This procedure takes place in the street, in buses, and, in fact everywhere and anywhere, and still more, not only between parent and offspring. It must not, of course be laughed at, for the Frenchman is genuinely affectionate.

French people have a natural love of their buildings and their traditions for their eagerness to impart information to the stranger testifies to their pride in everything French.

Before visiting France we are always warned that the Frenchman has a very excitable nature—sometimes this is exaggerated and sometimes not.

At the International Rugby match between Wales and France, however, I was surprised at the sobriety of the French compared with that of the Welshmen present. I observed that it was the Welshmen who sang the French National Anthem and not the French!

Many will remember the Transport strike in France last Easter, and English people in Paris at that time will remember the alarming uniforms of the guards to be found in the Metro stations. They carried rifles with bayonets fixed and hand grenades which, I was told, they would not hesitate to use in a disturbance.

These comments are not meant to be a deterrent to any prospective Paris visitor—for there is much to be seen and much to enjoy, and any and every visitor is assured of a very pleasant time.

P. Kingdon, U.VIA.

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### RECOLLECTIONS OF RECKLINGHAUSEN

Twenty-six hours after leaving Swansea, the party of boys and girls led by Mr. R. Evans and Mr. L. Evans, reached its destination of Recklinghausen, in the Ruhr Valley of Germany. We were weary and travel stained after a journey that consisted mainly of eating (thanks to the ample supplies provided by doting mothers) and being



requested in numerous languages by innumerable officials to show our passports, etc. We were really too tired to notice much of the passing countryside as we journeyed through Germany, although the amount of bomb damage to the large towns was very noticeable.

Our German hosts met us at the station, where I noticed that the platforms are much lower than ours. Most German trains have wooden seats and are not as comfortable as those to which we are accustomed. All the townspeople seemed to be there to meet us, and after an official welcome we were conducted by our hosts to their homes which were to be our homes also for the next two weeks. How strange the harsh guttural tongue of the German people sounded to us! Mr. Leslie Evans proved a valuable ally, since we were in constant need of his services as an interpreter. I was fortunate to have as my host, a German youth who has been learning English for eight years. This fact enabled me to dodge the arduous task of trying to converse, using my limited German vocabulary.

English is the main foreign language taught in German schools, which are run on co-educational lines. They have no playing fields attached to them because sport does not hold such an important place in the German curriculum as it does in ours.

The first things I noticed in Recklinghausen were the large buildings and wide streets. There are fewer small houses to be seen in Germany than there are in Wales. The people live mostly in flats and they have no open fires, their heating being from one central stove. Farmhouses are the only places where open fires are still used. German streets are exceptionally clean, and I never once saw a grubby child playing about the streets. The German "hausfrau" keeps her home spotless, and most Germans are very hardworking. There is no five-day week in Germany, because they are striving very hard to rebuild their bombed towns, and to recapture their former markets. Wages are also lower than they are in Great Britain.

Cologne is an impressive city. Few walls seem to be left standing in the city, but the beautiful Cathedral still stands sentinel in the midst of all that desolation. Sundays in Germany are very different from those in Wales. The churches are packed every Sunday morning but the afternoons and evenings are free for all kinds of enter-

tainments. Football matches and handball games take place. Dances are held in beer gardens and dance halls are filled by those with a preference for folk dancing. Cinemas and fun fairs are open and everyone makes it the day of enjoyment just as a Saturday is here.

Instead of service buses in Germany, they have single-decker trams and one soon finds that fares are considerably higher there than in Swansea. All the cars that I noticed in Germany were of the latest design, I did not see one of pre-war vintage. Frankly their cycles seemed very ungainly to me, being heavy machines with thick tyres, and the few prams I noticed were of the low American type with thick pneumatic tyres.

The shops in Germany were a feast for the eyes. Clothes were of good quality and quite reasonable. The girls of our party heaved many sighs at the beautiful things displayed, nylons included. The only things in short supply were our traveller's cheques! Food shops were stocked with all kinds of delicacies, and although the prices were somewhat higher than here, there is no rationing in Germany. My kind hosts wanted to know the amount of our rations and were dismayed when I told them. Tea is not a popular drink in Germany; coffee, wine or beer is the usual beverage. Tea and coffee are very expensive because of taxation. Beer seems to be their national drink and, of course, their beer gardens are well known. It is a very common sight to see young children drinking beer with their parents in the beer gardens, because there is no age limit for children as there is in Wales.

Pork is the most popular meat eaten in Germany as well as sausages of endless variety. I did not like their black bread, I'm afraid. It is a very dark brown in colour and reminded me of a cork table mat. Sandwiches consisted of a slice of brown and a slice of white bread with either sausage meat or a slice of raw ham in between. Believe me, that ham tasted better than it sounds, because although uncooked, it is cured in some way.

At a reception at the Rathaus or Townhall which was arranged for us by the German Youth Leaders I noticed that the Burgomaster did not wear a chain of office as our mayor does.

The German autobahns are really wonderful roads, with dual carriageways and are for motor traffic only. On a trip,

arranged for us by Mr. R. Evans, down the Rhine Valley, we travelled along one of these autobahns which stretched for miles in long straight lines. It seemed very strange to be travelling on the wrong side of the road because of course it's left hand drive in Germany. The many castles dotted along the wooded sides of the valley have a fairylike quality and the Rhine Gorge is most impressive. It is a deeper cleft than our own Cheddar Gorge. We camped for two days at the site of the famous Lorelei. It is perched high up and the sight of the river far below is one worth seeing.

As Recklinghausen is so far from the coast, bathing is done in nearby lakes, and what a shock I had when I first encountered the icy coldness of that crystal clear water.

Our party all agreed that the German people were very eager to be friendly, for they made us very welcome. All the ordinary people I spoke to seemed to regret the war and hoped that closer friendship between our two countries will eliminate the possibility of further war. We were all sorry when our grand holiday, made possible by the hard work and untiring efforts of Messrs. R. & L. Evans, came to an end. We are hoping to revisit Recklinghausen again next summer, and those German friends who accompanied us to Swansea for a holiday, hope to return again next year.

D. Hapgood, RA.

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### A MEMORY FROM LAST YEAR

We passed through Uplands and as the bus droned up Windsor Hill that afternoon, I remember how I had tried to think of a suitable ending for the magazine article that I was writing. It is not my habit to think very hard while sitting in the bus (possibly some will say that it is not my habit to think very hard anywhere), but in the evening I had to attend a performance of a French film in the University, and I wanted to conclude my article quickly. It was growing dusk as I jumped off the bus wrapped in thought and my mackintosh for it had begun to drizzle. I spent my usual quarter of an hour eating tea, and then excused myself to go and write the concluding sentences of my article.

The minutes spent in pondering in the bus had been fruitful for now my pen flashed over the paper. I shall not inflict the details of my writings on the reader, who may,

perhaps have glimpsed them in a previous edition of this magazine. I completely forgot about the time and when I eventually glanced at my watch I was startled to find that I only had twenty-five minutes to reach the New Arts Theatre of the University where the performance was being held. My writing was bundled away and I leapt upstairs and had a quick wash. A lick and a promise I call it, but, as a member of the family often pointedly remarks, it is more promise than even lick. Anyway, this rashness cost me ten valuable minutes. I ran to the bus stop hoping that the familiar red shape would appear over the hill, but I was unlucky, and, as every moment counted in my haste to reach the University I decided to run on to Broadway. I trotted along this stretch of road until I reached the wide pavements and orange lights of Broadway. The clock on Sketty Church spire chimed a quarter to seven, and the film was due to begin at seven!

The chimes spurred me on and finally decided me to take a short cut through Singleton Park to my destination. I was breathless by the time that I had reached the main gates of the park on Gower Road. The drizzle had stopped and the evening was dark with only a few stars sparkling in the heavens. The little lodge, in complete darkness, loomed up like a sentinel by the gate. I pushed at the main gates but they were firmly closed. However, the small side gate of the lodge had been left open and gently pushing it, I silently stepped through.

Singleton was cloaked in darkness and I was aware of profound silence, broken only by the patter of my feet. I had an eerie feeling of isolation: the nearest lights were from the dimly lit lamps of Brynmill Lane, and otherwise the sombre and weird shadows of clumps of trees with an occasional fir tree outlined against the blue black of the sky, were my only company. Running at a steady trot I kept to the main path all the way, although I realised that it would be quicker to cut across the grass near the little lake in front of the Swiss Chalet. It was the thought of the little lake that stopped me using that short cut for I had visions of staggering out of it with slimy mud and reeds.

Surprisingly the Swiss Chalet did not have a single light showing. The deep shadows which the buildings cast over the path made me run a little faster, but I had to revert to a walking pace in order to get my breath back.

The path was now going down a gentle gradient and led

through a small plantation of trees. I have often thought what a sombre spot this could be, and now I was to have the experience of walking through it when it was pitch dark and without any company. I entered the black tunnel formed by the overhanging boughs of the trees with only the faint rustling of the trees caused by a slight breeze overhead. When I was in the middle of the plantation there was a sudden crash and the crackle of twigs behind me to my right. I started away to my left and leaned breathlessly against a post for a moment to recover myself. I did not feel in a position to grapple with any possible intruders and of course I had the excuse of being in a great hurry, so I ran until I reached the open space at the end of the plantation and just to my right I could glimpse the iron gates of one of the entrances to the University. I was nearly here at last!

The gates would not open so I began to scramble over, but just as I was about to swing over the top, I heard a car, grating its gears, with blinding headlights swinging around the University drive. Quickly I dropped back to the ground and flattened myself against some bushes until it passed. It was five minutes past seven and I was determined to waste no more time in getting to the Arts Theatre. I was soon over the gate and passing in front of Singleton House, the Refectory and the Chemistry Laboratories. Several students glanced at my bedraggled figure as I panted along, and the Abominable Snowman could not have appeared more ragged than I did with my mackintosh belt askew, my scarf flapping out, and my hair dishevelled.

I put my hand into my pocket for my wallet so that I should be able to hand over my ticket straightaway, and go straight into the show. I turned the corner to the Theatre entrance. The building was in darkness and I knew that the show must have begun. I stepped boldly into the entrance hall, but I found it deserted. Gently I tried the door but it would not yield and the next moment there was a clatter of buckets on the flight of stairs above me. In a flash the horrible thought struck me and I dashed to the dim light at the entrance, with my ticket in my hand. There I received the greatest shock of the evening—I had come a night too soon—Monday instead of Tuesday!

G.K.W.

## Y TRO CYNTAF.

Bore diflas oedd y bore hwnnw pan sefais yn y pulpud yn y capel i ddarllen y llith am y tro cyntaf.

I ddechrau, dyna'r siom a gefais wrth godi o wely cysurus a chael fy hunan yn hollol iach heb un esgus i aros gartre. Yna, mynd ar fy ffordd i'r ysgol gan obeithio am gawod o law cyn naw o'r gloch i groesawu'r newydd na fyddai gwasanaeth y bore hwnnw, rhy wlyb. Ond nid felly y bu.

I mewn â mi i'r capel anferth a theimlo fel carcharor yn mynd i lys barn dan bwys "euogwydd du."

Eisteddais yn fy sêd a dyfalu pob math o bethau a allai ddigwydd. Beth pe bawn yn colli step ar y grisiau wrth esgyn i'r pulpud neu wrth ddisgyn? Beth pe bawn yn colli lein wrth ddarllen, neu, yn waeth na'r cwbl, cael pwl ysgydwl o beswch? Eto, pa bryd y dylwn adael y sêd yn ystod y canu? Rhag cyrraedd yn gynt na phryd neu yn rhy hwyr rhaid mesur y pellter a chyfrif yr amser i drwch blewyn.

Rhyw feddyliau bach, digownt yw'r rhain ar bapur, ond y'r oeddynt yn ddigon i beri braw a dychryn i mi ar y pryd. Ond, o'i diwedd, wedi i mi gyrraedd y pulpud 'roedd yr olygfa oddiyno yn fwy o syndod fyth. Môr mawr o wynebau a haen o niwl dros y cwbl. Yno yr oeddwn yn edrych ar bawb a gweld neb.

Mentrais edrych ar res drefnus o "First Years" ymhell odditanaf yn y ffrynt. Dyma'r rhai a fu wrthi gyunau, yn neido, dringo, rhedeg a bloeddio yn y iard. Ond yn awr y mae gwawr angylaidd ar eu gwedd. Rhyfedd y newid a ddaeth drostynt.

Syllais ar un ohonynt a gweld rhyw gyfuniad hapus ynddo o angel a chythrel bach—ond nid cythraul yn yr ystyr Feiblaidd, chwarae teg iddo. Fe ddaw ei dro yntau i sefyll fan yma a "mantell parchusrwydd" yn wisg weddus amdano.

Ennyd o ddistawrwydd dros y lle wedi'r canu, a'r organ yn graddol ddistewi i'r cryndod eithaf wedi cau'r olaf stop. Agoraf fy ngenau a gollwng yn rhydd i'r gwagle oddiamgylch y geiriau cyfarwydd: Mor hawddgar yw Dy Bebyll Di, o Arglwydd y Lluoedd . . . . ."

Gofalaf lynnu'n dynn wrth y gair printiedig rhag colli fy lle. Ac mor oer a du a thrymaidd yr olwg yw'r llythrennau

mawr ar ddalen Beibl y pulpud. Dyma benbleth arall—  
dieithrwch y print ar y ddalen fawr a swm dieithr fy llais. Nid  
oeddwn wedi sylweddoli hyn cyn dod i fyny yma.

A ddywedais i wedi cwpla darllen "Dyma derfyn y wers?"  
Wn i ddim, ond mi wn yn dda mor falch yr oeddwn i fynd yn  
ôl i'm lle cynefin a suddo unwaith eto, i ddinododd.

D. R. LLOYD, L. VI Arts.

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### PWLL DU YN YR HAF.

Mi wn am lecyn tawel  
Ar draeth y penrhyn hir  
Lle tyr yr esmwyth donnau  
Wrth odre'r creigiau dur..

Ac yno'n dawl orwedd  
Ymhell o ddwndwr tref  
Caf weld y lli'n ymestyn  
I gwrdd â glesni'r nef.

Yr oriau heulog, hapus  
Sy'n llonni'm ysbryd blin  
A'm tywys hwnt i frodir hud  
A chael ei rin yn win.

A phan dry,r haul i'w wely  
Dros ysgwydd bell Cefn Bryn  
Dof 'nol, fin nos, i'm hannedd hoff  
Yn ysgafn ac yn chwim

D. R. L., (L VI A.)

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## PENHALE ESSAY—PRIZE I

## DYNEVOR SCHOOL

In spite of Herr Goering's public spirited and, in due fairness, somewhat successful attempt to obliterate it, the magnificent edifice of Dynevor School still stands. Much controversy is aroused as to whether it actually stands or merely hovers in space, supported by the hot convectional air currents set up by the muttered blasphemies in the lower form-rooms. This, however, is merely theoretic and is not even accepted as a hypothesis, except by certain misinformed patrons of the physics laboratory. No doubt, the appearance of the building has been greatly enhanced by the action of the Education Committee, who, mindful of the ancient traditions of the building, and wishing to preserve it in its original conditon, have scrupulously refrained from marring the interior with new paint for the last sixteen summers. The warm light of this kindly consideration for old tradition, however, is slightly dimmed by the removal of the last remnants of the top-most corridor, which for several years had imparted a certain monastic air to an otherwise prison-like exterior.

Within the walls, however, all resemblance to the holy sanctuaries of old vanishes, both in the building itself and in the appearance and behaviour of the occupants. In the former there is, quite rightly, an even more noticeable resemblance to a state penitentiary if one is to believe the descriptive literature written concerning those delightful establishments, but again the heartless occupants shatter the likeness by their most impenitent actions and appearance. It is only in the laboratories that no remnant of these illusions remains. Here the atmosphere is one of expectancy, creative genius and abominable smells of sulphuretted hydrogen, a commodity which is as noticeable in the physics department as in that dark, mysterious chamber in which it is prepared. In this room, the suggestion of an alchemist's cell is not totally absent—especially when occupied by the Lower Sixth. The sight of a budding chemist, with ruffled forlock half-obscuring his horn-rimmed spectacles, his pimpled and spotted face, inclined with his rounded shoulders towards a fearsome retort containing a bubbling fluid possessing the colour of a thunder cloud and a noxious odour reminiscent of child-like conceptions of hell incarnate, would be sufficient to convince any visitor that witchcraft still prevails among the remote Celtic races of Western Britain. Although this



particular flight of fancy may be an exaggeration of the truth one may quite definitely detect a certain sadistic gleam in every pupil's eye which bodes ill for future generations of peace-loving nations.

Perhaps to say that the laboratories are the only sections of the school, unblessed by this prison-like atmosphere, is being grossly unfair to those three sanctuaries of Dynevor's more sober occupants, the staff-room, the secretaries' room, and the headmaster's private fortress—all grouped together as near to the Albert Hall cinema as the boundaries of Dynevor allow. Concerning these, much popular belief and a wealth of legend has arisen among the pupils.

Any reference to what occurs in the two former retreats, has, essentially, a vaguely suggestive air of mystery, while behind the closed door of the headmaster's study, with its impressive, polished plate, any amount of dark and sinister scenes are reputed to have been enacted. This latter belief, however, prevails only in the lower school, for those who have ever crossed this forbidding threshold have returned and festivity must have been most gratifying to the Festival convinced that it is merely the foyer of the Albert Hall Cinema, into which an additional entrance has been effected.

L. A. Holbrook, L.VI Sc.

## PENHALE ESSAY—PRIZE II

### SWANSEA AND THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN

The Festival of Britain has been staged in 1951 primarily as a manifestation of Britain's tradition, and the important part which she plays in the world to-day. On the South Bank site of the Exhibition, the centre-piece of the Festival is to be found. Here one can see various exhibitions depicting Britain's history and her ascendancy in commerce and in industry. Here we have epitomised the spirit of the British people, their activities and their tastes, but this central Exhibition must not be mistaken for the Festival as a whole, for in London we have only the general and the briefest outline of the British people. It is in the provincial cities, towns and even in the rural villages that the true spirit of the individual is really characterised. In these places Britain is shown to the world in a more typical atmosphere, which can hardly be



#### THE STAFF, 1951-1952.

*Front Row* (from left to right): Mr. W. S. Evans, Mr. R. Evans, Miss Davies (School Secretary), Mr. G. Powell (Deputy Head), Mr. W. B. Thomas (Headmaster), H. J. Griffiths, Mr. E. Burgess, Mr. T. Morgan, Mr. B. Cox.

*Second Row* (from left to right) Mr. E. Price, Mr. W. McGivan, Mr. J. M. Davies, Mr. G. Jones, Mr. Andrewartha, Mr. B. Davies, Mr. C. Evans, Mr. G. Gregory, Mr. S. C. Jones, Mr. T. James, Mr. J. Bennett.

*Third Row* (from left to right) Mr. M. Harris, Mr. R. Rees, Mr. Baker, Mr. L. Evans, Mr. S. Bassett, Mr. T. H. Chandler.  
*Back Row* (from left to right) Mr. C. A. Jones, Mr. D. John, Mr. Webber, M. Le Tallec, Mr. E. Abbot, Mr. E. Evans, Mr. O. Morris, Mr. R. B. Morgan.

captured in the metropolis. Here are found the amateur productions, equally as effective and successful as those staged in London's Festival Hall, and it is the enthusiasm of these local attractions, both by audience and by producers, which makes this Festival successful and sincere.

Swansea has not been lacking in either talent or originality in her Festival celebrations. She has indeed risen magnificently to the occasion. It would indeed have been easy to recommend Swansea people and their visitors to travel to London to see the Festival, but this was not to be our method of surmounting the difficulties of organisation and the responsibility of production. The matter was tackled bravely by the Town Council and a Festival Committee was elected to receive and give effect to suggestions for suitably celebrating the occasion. The town was decorated with gay flags in the more prominent parts, while individuals draped their own flags outside office buildings and private houses. The town then assumed a new air of gaiety, for the festival had indeed arrived.

The first event produced was a Shopping Week during which time the shopkeepers of the town decorated their windows in every conceivable and delightful way, and the best individual window display received an award from the committee. Assistants in the shops of Swansea were also entitled to compete in the Queen of Trade competition, and the way in which all joined in the spirit of rivalry and festivity must have been most gratifying to the Festival Committee. This was truly Swansea's festival, it was to be neither exclusive nor poor in execution. From early June, also, exhibitions in the various libraries and museums were opened. In the central museum was opened an exhibition to show the growth of Swansea, her docks, and commerce. Swansea china and porcelain was shown in the Art Gallery, while in the library at Mumbles, the growth of this ancient and quaint old village was shown by prints, models and photographs.

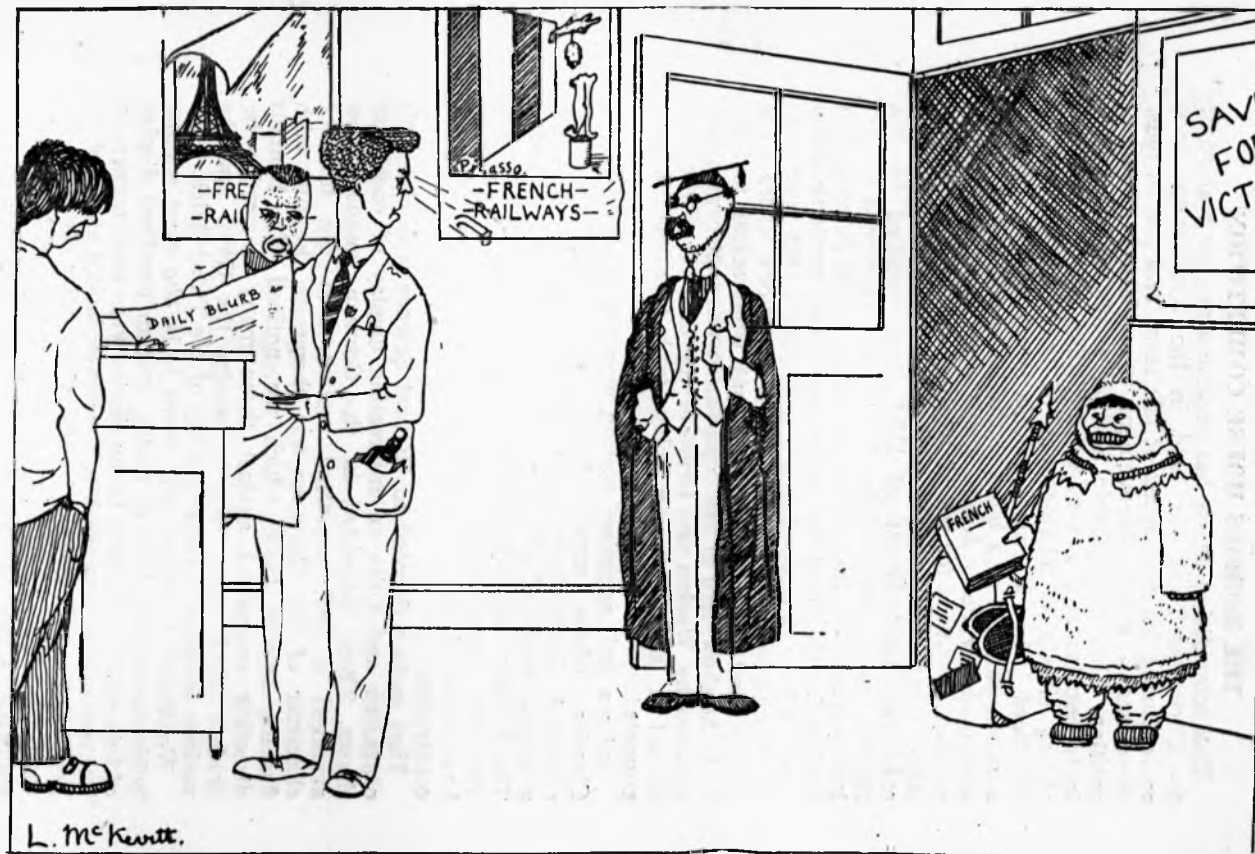
As a part of the celebrations also, His Majesty's Ship Sheffield arrived in the docks, and was open for inspection. The theatres of Swansea also played their part in our festivities. A week of Welsh plays was held at the Grand Theatre, while in the Brangwyn Hall, a most interesting spectacle was staged. This was the Pageant of the History of Swansea, and was performed by pupils of various schools. By all accounts this was most successfully accomplished, and it portrayed the growth of Swansea in a most

graphic fashion from Roman times to the building of the new Swansea and her reconstruction after the second world war. At the Brangwyn Hall later in the year, the Festival of Music was also held, and this pleased even the most aesthetic of our townspeople.

Thus Swansea paid her contribution to Britain's Festival. It may not have been patronised by Royalty, nor visited by the many tourists invading our shores this festival year, but it has been inspired throughout by a spirit of sincerity, and it has, too, been a genuine attempt at providing an added attraction to the many natural attractions of our town and the surrounding country. Materially, the festival in Swansea will not last. There will be no Festival Halls and Pavilions to commemorate it for future generations, but the spirit of entertainment, open-hearted generosity, and enjoyment will remain in the minds of most for many years to come. I think and hope that this Festival Year will have provided the proverbial tonic for the country. Many believed that the project would fail at the outset, but the overwhelming support which other nations have lent to the celebrations in sending over many thousands of visitors, often at great expense and over exhausting distances, has confounded these pessimistic views. Once more Britain has positively asserted herself as the centre of the Christian and free world, and has proved conclusively that she can still provide attractions and benefits far above the means of many younger and larger countries. Many have said that costs at this time prohibit such a venture, yet I am sure that Britain will not lose materially from the production of such a festival. Indeed, I am sure that the prestige of our country has been appreciably raised in countries alien to our aims, that we have been able to stage such a show when war is raging in other parts of the world, in which we are actively participating. The Festival has been in effect a national shopwindow in which we have been able to show all our attractive wares to great advantage, and by which I am sure the country will greatly profit.

John T. Wright, U.VI Arts.

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L. McKenitt.

"As you know, Prefects, last year we were visited by Italian, Australian, and German boys. Well, THIS year....."

### THE HOBBIES HOUSE COMPETITION

This competition which has become a regular feature of the Christmas Term was held in the Gymnasium once more during the final week of last term, and was in most directions a great improvement upon last year's competition. The photographic Section seems to be increasingly popular and a very good display was shown, consisting chiefly of photographs of the Festival and of Stratford. The Meccano models were rather few in number, but that of a block setting crane was exceptionally well made by Peter Jones. There were, as usual, quite a number of entries for the philatelic competition, but most lacked any attempt at a description of the stamps exhibited. Only Wyatt of U.VI Arts excelled in this respect, and we are told that he has now redeemed his collection from Mr. Burgess by winning the 1st Prize in this section for the third successive year. Two sections which seem to have developed in size and quality this year were the leatherwork and railway layout sections. There were also several miniature theatres, but what seems to have been the showpiece in this department was the theatre constructed by Weekes and Cribb of the first year, who conducted a short one act play with hand-manipulated puppets.

Quite a well organised section was that concerned with Classics, where some attempt at arrangement was observed. Particularly good in this section was the plasticine model of a Roman soldier by David Owen of 3B. The Roman camps by Williams and Kingdon were also very well done. Ships were not so numerous as one would have expected, but the ship-in-a-bulb was quite ingeniously constructed.

That section devoted to Natural Science was also well organised and quite an interesting display of cacti was shown. Those interested in the German language also arranged a well organised section, and the military character of the Germans was shown to the full with flashing swords (with which we noticed Mr. Bennett directing operations against those many unworthy intruders which were wont to besiege the Gym) and the various insignia of Hitler's army of the Third Reich.

Woodwork, however, still seems to be the most popular hobby among the boys of to-day, and an excellent display of this craft was staged. Lamp shades were most numerous, but one of the best exhibits, a cabinet, lacked any label or description whatsoever. In the Geography Section, the map of Wales by Skujins was excellent, although the standard in this section was very high all round.

Thus we should like to thank the organisers of this exhibition, especially Messrs. Bennett, Abbot and Morgan, who worked very hard to enable us to enjoy this exhibition which was without doubt a great success. We felt that the way in which the sections were organised in sequence was a great improvement upon previous years, while we noticed a marked improvement in quality and in quantity of the exhibits. One criticism which we feel must be made is that the entries were lamentably lacking in descriptive labels. It is not enough merely to attach the exhibitor's name on a grubby scrap of paper (some did not even consider this necessary), but more attention must be paid to a neater presentation of the exhibit with descriptions or plans where necessary. Then will the organisers of this competition be really gratified and our praises will be more worthily merited.

John T. Wright.

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#### THE BEAN

But see my lately planted bean  
 (Nay, soft look you and sly)  
 Raising its spade-firmed trap  
     Of earth  
 Which this day's sunshine gently laves.<sup>4</sup>  
 Spurt; check; sky clock speed;  
 Neck bent, white like bone:  
 Spurt; check; soon to spread  
 Tender its gangling tip  
 To greet God's dawn with brave new leaves  
     Whose mirth  
 Mocks at our atomed life in death.  
     Old Dy'vorian.

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#### SAMSON

I, Samson, with my long hair  
 Walked in the mountains;  
 Hiding from the Philistines  
 With my agile young friend  
 Many times I swooped down  
 On the snaky caravans,  
 My young friend with his 'sling,  
 And I with my whistling bone.  
 Shorn! Fenced by the Philistines,  
 And packed away to prison.  
 There I had to turn the mill  
 To grind the corn to dust.

They put me in a sandy cove  
Where tittle-tattlers tortured me,  
I was led near two stone pillars,  
And I pulled their triumph down.

Peter McGlynn, IC.

### NIGHT ON THE SHORE

(Based on Part II of the Spanish poem "Marinas"  
by Rocado Vega)

'Tis a still night, gloomy and sad with death:  
On the whispering shore only the breath  
Of the sea, as it falls in sobbing waves  
Breaks the echoing silence of the sand and the caves.  
From the sky there is nothing, not a light:  
The cold stars hang cloud-sheathed, blind, without  
sight  
For the wanderer or lonely traveller,  
Passing in silence through night's dark barrier.  
When sudden through the blackness cuts a beam,  
Tracing warm light in a single stream  
On the murky deep: a lantern winks  
From the hidden light-house top, a ray sinks  
Through the gloom, dispelling the black of night,  
Like hope in despair gives cause for man's fight.

Gerald L. Roberts, U.VI Arts.

### STRATA FLORIDA

(From the Welsh of T. Gwynn Jones)

The shivering leaves in Ystrad Fflur  
Make music in the air,  
And twelve dead abbots buried deep  
In peaceful sleep lie there.  
Beneath the yew tree's cloistered shade  
A Gwilym's shrine is treasured  
And many a warrior bold and brave  
In Time's waste unremembered.  
Though summer comes again to wake  
Sweet mead and boughs to flower,  
Man sleeps—while slowly time decays  
Austere wall and tower.  
When to oblivion wrought by death  
A ruined faith I see,  
And tread the turf of Ystrad Fflur  
My sorrows fade and flee.

Alwyn J. Edwards, L.VIA.





