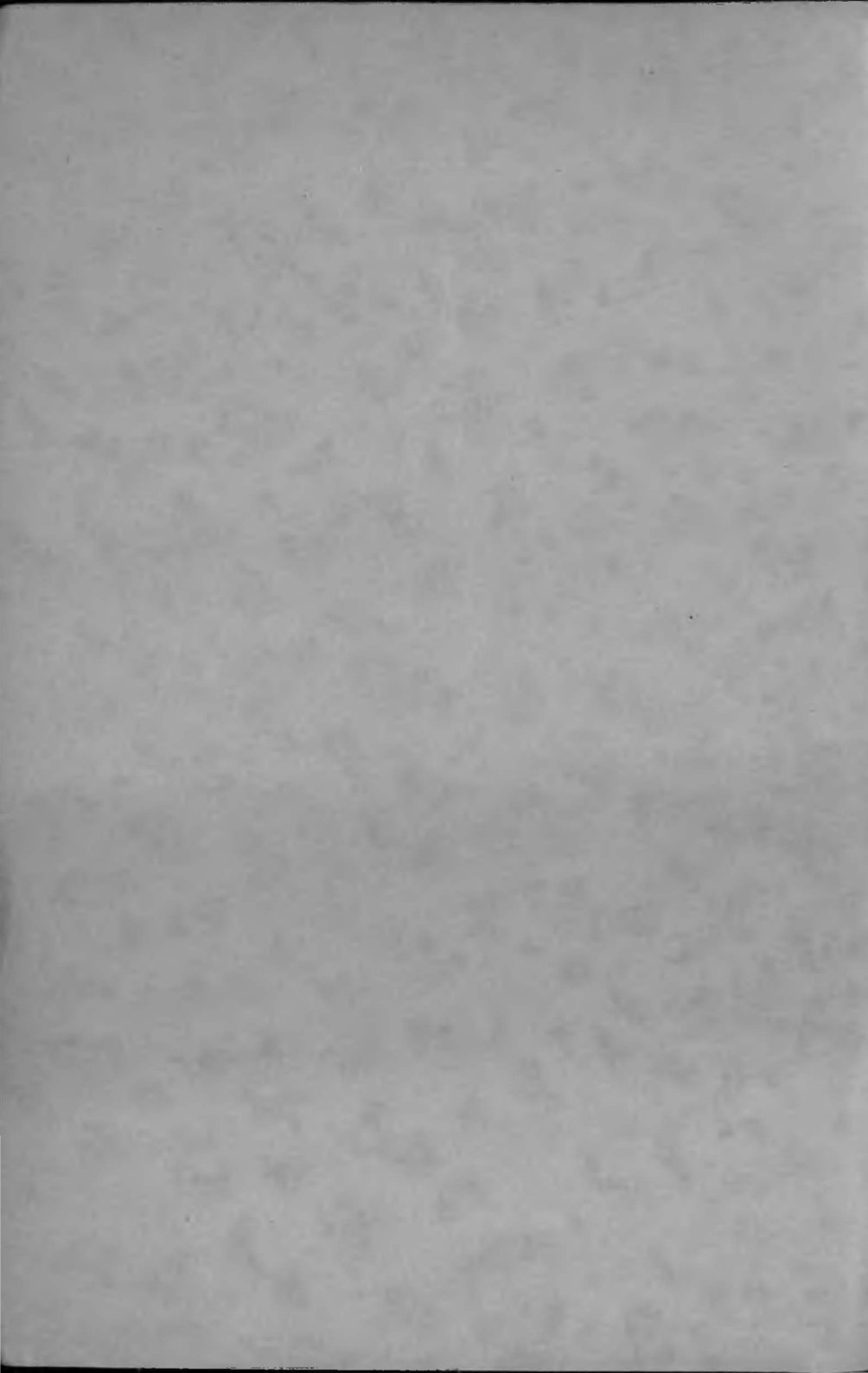


MAGAZINE

No. 87.

January, 1953.

Albert E Davies, Printer, Swansea.



GORAU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

Dynevor Secondary School Magazine.

No. 87 (No. 14 New Series)

January, 1953.

Editorial Committee ... G. V. Phillips (Editor)

J. V. Davies (Sub-Editor) D. R. Lloyd (Sub-Editor)

EDITORIAL

We had hoped to print this edition of the School Magazine at the end of last term, but owing to several difficulties, not the least of which was the lack of contributions until the last moment, we were delayed until the beginning of the Easter Term. It will be noticed that this issue is somewhat slimmer than its immediate predecessors. This is partly due to financial considerations and partly to a lack of enthusiasm among contributors.

If there are defects in this edition, do not criticise the editors unfairly, for they can only publish what is submitted to them: rather, amend these defects by contributing the changes desired in the next issue.

As will be seen the editorial committee is almost entirely new, but in spite of their inexperience, they have done their best to mould your contributions into a comprehensive form. So after some premature trepidation and anxiety, the Editors present this issue of the School Magazine.

SCHOOL NOTES

The end of the Christmas Term saw the departure of three well liked members of the staff to posts in other schools, Mr. J. M. Davies to become Senior Geography Master at Bishop Gore Grammar School, Mr. P. J. Darr to become Head Master at Llansamlet Secondary Modern School, and Mr. R. F. Webber who has accepted the post of Musical Director at Harowgate Grammar School, York. We would like, on behalf of the School, to wish all three every success and happiness in their new posts.

We regret to record the death of Mr. W. T. Davies who until his retirement two years ago, was Senior Classics Master of the School. Mr. Davies spent almost the whole of his teaching career—42 years—at Dynevor, during which time he gained the respect and regard of a large number of pupils. A memorial service at Horeb Chapel, Morriston, of which he was a life-long member, was attended by many senior boys and members of staff.

This year there are nineteen of that long-suffering band of stalwarts, the Prefects, namely: M. D. Perris, Head Prefects; A. Mitchell and G. V. Phillips, Deputy Head Prefects; and Prefects B. L. Williams, G. A. Evans, P. Maimone, D. R. Lloyd, M. Williams, J. V. Davies, W. A. Thomas, H. Davies, G. Jordan, D. Hodge, L. A. Holbrook, L. James, R. Hyman, D. Williams, D. Abraham and B. Havard.

We should like to welcome M. Boë, the French assistant for this year, and on behalf of the School wish him every happiness during his stay at Dynevor. We would also like to extend a cordial welcome to two boys from the Commonwealth who are at present studying at Dynevor, namely Tarig Abdullah from Pakistan and Casbeggs from Canada, and hope that their stay in Dynevor will be a happy and profitable one.

The School paid a visit to the Opera this term to see performances of "Carmen" and "Rigoletto" at the Empire Theatre, Swansea. We hope that visits of this kind will continue and that the Welsh National Opera Company will make it a regular feature to perform matinées for schoolchildren.

Certain Senior members of the School were present at the first performance of the production of "The Zeal of

Thy House" at the Bishop Gore Grammar School at the end of the Christmas Term. We were impressed both by the excellent performance of a difficult play and the magnificent hall in which it was produced.

As usual, a Conference of the Student Christian Movement was held this term at the High School and a number of our senior boys were present. Once again we should like to thank Miss Havill for her hospitality and organisation.

We are pleased to notice that this term's Hobbies Exhibition was a great success and surpassed that of previous years. Thanks are particularly due to Mr. Bennett for his untiring work in this connection. An article by Mr. Bennett on the Exhibition appears in this issue.

The School Orchestra has performed its rites regularly under the supervision of Mr. Webber, who has also trained and conducted a School Choir which has given outside concerts, including one at Brunswick Methodist Church in the interests of the National Children's Home.

G. A. Evans, P. Maimone and B. L. Williams of Upper VI Arts are going to Paris during the Easter vacation to attend a "Semaine de Culture Française" at the Lycée Lakanal. The course is for Sixth Form pupils and in addition to studies there will be a visit to Chartres and excursions to other places of cultural interest. We hope that they will have an enjoyable time and that they will also profit from the excursion.

We would like to congratulate our young musician Phillip Croot who brought further honour to the School when he took part in a concert sponsored by the Swansea Music and Arts Club at St. James's Church Hall, during last term.

We would also like to congratulate an old boy, Gareth Walters, who has won three prizes and the William Wallace Exhibition Scholarship for his musical compositions and the L.R.A.M. and A.R.C.M. diplomas for pianoforte playing. Several of his compositions have been broadcast.

Our congratulations are also offered to Michael Davies who left Dynevor last year and who has shown outstanding skill as a tennis player and is now touring Australia on a trip sponsored by a South Wales business man. We learn

that Michael has already played the Australian champion Drobný, and won a game.

Last year's cricket team also deserves congratulations for having such a successful season. We notice with relief that there is a great improvement in the rugby team this season, and are also asked to announce that last term a VI Form Hockey Team was formed and has so far an unbeaten record, having played one match.

We notice with interest that there has been an attempt this term to form a Welsh Society which has not proved too successful as yet owing to lack of interest in the School. We hear a rumour that a certain member of the Upper VI Science, undeterred by the lack of enthusiasm in the Welsh Society, is determined to launch forth a Hebrew Society in the School.

Finally, we have been asked to deny certain rumours concerning respectable (?) members of the Upper VI Arts, so we would like to assert here and now that: D. R. Lloyd has never been to Venice; M. Williams does not have his hair cut by a Red Indian, and that J. V. Davies does not live in a cave on Langland cliffs.

Dr. Eddie Bowen, an old Dyvorian, who as previously reported, was awarded for his contribution to radar development during the last war, the O.B.E. and £12,000, as well as the American Thurlaw Award for his contribution to scientific aerial navigation, now holds the responsible post of head of the Department of Radio Physics at Sydney University.

Success in the same field has also come to another old pupil with Dynevor connections. Mr. Brian Flowers, whose secondary education, through the exigencies of war time, was successively at Glanmor and Dynevor, has been appointed by the Ministry of Supply to the post of acting-head of the Theoretical Research Division of the Atomic Establishment at Harwell.

The Library,
Swansea University College,
Singleton,
Swansea.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Firstly let me thank you for the opportunity of writing what will probably be my last contribution to your magazine. Like most, it was only in my last years at school that I contributed, and I hope that this tardiness may, in some manner, be recompensed by my writing this letter as an "old boy."

My first impression of college, on the day of my interview with the Dean, was one of thick, brooding silence. The corridors were empty, the pathways deserted, and my steps resounded thinly on the wooden floors. On the next day, however, when the whole college returned, the buildings resounded with the hearty voices and solid, thumping steps of the other students, who were sufficiently acquainted with college to have lost most of their initial timorous respect. In the Refectory the clatter of cups and spoons, the shouts, and the haze of cigarette smoke was reassuring to my "Fresher" trepidation, and now I probably make as much noise in that room as anyone else.

During the first week we were besieged on all sides by invitations to join innumerable societies, ranging from the Orchestral Society to the Chess Club. On the advice of older students we accepted every invitation and then forgot about the ones we did not like, and also firmly resisted the attempts of the society chairmen to sell us anything.

There is one difference between school and college that struck me very quickly, and that is the difference between the dignified procedure of the Literary and Debating Society meetings at Dynevor, and that of its equivalent at college, the Political and Debating Society. In the latter hecklers supply more of the debate than the actual speakers, and even the latter welcome any opportunity to ignore the subject and slip into an endless stream of witticism at the expense of anything that outside the college would be regarded as holy and inviolable. Also the

subjects of the debates differ from those at Dynevor: I do not think I was ever in a debate at school in which the subject ever bore the slightest resemblance to something like, "That Vice is nice, but Virtue will not hurt you."

All new students in this college are required to attend a course of special lectures on "Great Figures of the Nineteenth Century." The lecturers come from all over the country and from many different universities. Unfortunately subjects such as "Marx's Dialectic" and "The Effect of Darwinism on Religious Thought" seem to have had a sleep-inducing effect on the audience. One exception so far, stands out vividly in all our memories. It was a lecture by Professor Galbraith of Cambridge on Stubbs, the nineteenth century historian. Within fifteen seconds this speaker had us (and the Principal) reeling with laughter, and kept us in that state for nearly the whole of his talk. Someone was heard to exclaim afterwards that one of his "cracks" was worth the whole of "Das Kapital," an opinion with which I heartily agreed. But I shudder to think of the number of supersonic revolutions that Stubbs must have made in his grave that day.

There is of course a great deal of academic work to be got through in college, but the facilities for relaxation and pleasure are immense. Most of these facilities are run by the Student Union, which has its headquarters at a very fine house in Sketty. This body also organises the Rag Week, and I am looking forward to charging into Dynevor next February with a collecting box. I firmly intend to empty the fur-trimmed pockets in the staff-room, and extract every odd half-penny and farthing from the Sixth Form money-bags.

Finally with the wish that your magazine will be the most successful that the School has ever known. I must regretfully finish, and sign myself.

Yours very sincerely,

DEREK CROOK

Guy's Hospital Medical School,

Guy's Hospital

London, S.E.1.

November, 1952

Mr. Editor.

In previous issues of your magazine, it has been customary to include numerous letters from old pupils who are studying at universities. It is high time that you included a letter from a hospital, and it is very fitting that such a letter should come from one of the world's most famous teaching hospitals—Guy's.

The history of Guy's is a long and glorious one. The hospital was founded in 1725 by one Thomas Guy, a Governor of St. Thomas' Hospital, and he built his hospital at London Bridge, where it stands to this day, though it has been considerably expanded in recent years.

The Medical School was established soon after the hospital was built, and in 1799 systematic lectures in Dental Surgery were commenced, but it was not until 1889 that the Dental School proper was opened. Incidentally, Guy's was the first hospital to give instruction in Dental Surgery, and it is still in the fore to-day.

I hope I am not boring you with all these details, but we in the hospital have great traditions to uphold, and we are proud of our hospital's history. In fact, many of our present day diseases were discovered by famous Guy's surgeons and now bear their names. A few such diseases are Addison's, Bright's and Hodgkin's.

The hospital publishes a gazette of surgical and dental matters fortnightly, and it is the only hospital to do so. There is a library of 19,000 volumes of surgical and medical interest, and we also have an extensive museum of pathological specimens—the finest museum of its kind in the world.

There are over 1,000 students at Guy's. About 650 Medicals, 350 Dentals, 150 Physiotherapists, 30 Radiographers and a collection of Dental Surgery Assistants. Guy's is also a famous nursing school.

Coming straight from school, as I did last October, it was rather strange becoming part of this great community which we have at Guy's. We are all an integral part of it, and there exists a very friendly atmosphere between staff, students and hospital personnel. Guy's is indeed a community within a community, and there is plenty of opportunity in the hospital for working or following almost any form of sporting activity, from fencing to football (both codes), and boxing to squash racquets. On the non-sporting side there are numerous clubs and societies in existence, such as the Debating Society, the Physiological Society and the Theatre Club. The Theatre Club obtains complimentary tickets for all the West End Shows, and each student is entitled to two seats. These tickets are always for very good seats, and it is hardly necessary for me to say that we take full advantage of this service.

There are two other Old Dyvorians at Guy's at present. They are Grafton Maggs, who succeeded in gaining the Newland-Pedley prize for Operative Dental Surgery last year, and his brother Colin Maggs.

This letter would not be complete if I omitted to mention the Staff of Dynevor, and to them I offer my sincere thanks for all the guidance and help I received during the six very happy years I spent with them.

Yours faithfully,

COLIN HOWARD

The University Union,

University of Leeds,

Leeds, 2, Yorkshire.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Before I try to tell you something of the University here, let me thank you for inviting me to contribute to the School Magazine, and express the hope that you may have a successful issue.

Since this is probably the first University Letter from Leeds, and since there are so many features of university life that I must confine myself to a narrow scope, perhaps I had better attempt to tell you something of the University and its history.

Leeds University was first granted a Royal Charter in 1901, but its origins date from 1800, when a Medical School was opened. By 1878 Arts and Science were taught at what was known as the Yorkshire College, and in 1887 this was included in the Victoria University of Manchester. It has long been an independent University, however, and now has six faculties, these being: Art, Science, Technology, Medicine, Law, Economics and Commerce. In addition to the older buildings of the Yorkshire College, and the many houses in the vicinity, the University is now housed in a beautiful new building, the Parkinson Building, which was officially opened in 1951. This is built of white stone, and is something of which we are justly proud, I think. Everything within is modern and among other refinements it holds lifts, fluorescent and concealed lighting, the Brotherton library holding over 400,000 books, and some really wonderful lecture halls.

Besides catering for our brains, however, the University looks after our bodies, especially "the inner man."

The Union building adjoins the new refectory, and houses a theatre, cafeteria, bar, card rooms, billiard room, book shop, barber shop, social rooms and committee rooms, and here students are able to get everything from chess to a cheese sandwich.

The athletics grounds are situated on the outskirts of Leeds, and are a breathtaking sight out on both sides of the main road, and contain six soccer and six rugger pitches, seven hockey pitches, two Lacrosse pitches, fifteen tennis courts, six cricket pitches, and a track of very high repute—shades of Townhill.

Therefore, Sir, if any of your readers are thinking of coming up to University in the near future, I would warmly recommend them to this expanding and zestful establishment in Leeds. In wishing you and your readers a Happy Christmas then, I would also send you my best wishes for the coming year and all that it may hold for you.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN T. WRIGHT.

REFLECTIONS ON THE HOBBIES, 1952

Man cannot live by bread alone, nor, boys, be it said, by Algebra, French, and English Grammar, but by every activity which fills their surging lives. Therefore, it was not surprising to the writer that many who shone not in class, glowed brightly among the constellations of the Hobbies skies.

Because we are a blitzed school, whose gymnasias, our only nails, are used each night by outside organisations, our hobbies had to be assembled between Saturday 9 a.m. and Monday 9 a.m. We need not have worried. A band of stirring characters, led by U.V.I. Sc., was at hand. Tables took legs and walked, screens flew into position; Mr. Abbott drove in nails to prevent further volition; Hyman cut paper silently and expertly; willing hands forced in drawing pins; Perris, Mitchell and Co. placed the front boards in position, and lo! by 9 p.m. Saturday night our "shell" was ready.

Working on through Sunday, by 8 p.m. Sunday night it all looked so neat, virginal, and tidy that we almost decided not to spoil it with exhibits, exhibitors and public. They would but tear our snowy papers, and desecrate our lovely shrine.

Monday, however, saw this process begin. Careless hands punctured our wall paper; sharp models tore at our table coverings; shuffling hordes shifted our flags and bunting. By 7 p.m. we looked at each other with a wild surmise, knowing that it would take two hours' work to repair the damage.

On Tuesday the cookery and the live pets arrived. Had they become mixed it is doubtful which would have destroyed the other.

By Tuesday night, from the comments of Press and public, we knew that we had a success upon our hands. The Physics department amazed them, the Cinema amused them, and the Mathematics stall dumbfounded them (can things roll up-hill willingly?) We noticed that the fathers, having nothing but paternal scorn for maths, and having "seen through" every illusion in the Physics department (though they sportingly did not explain them—aloud!) spent most of their time at the Model Railway display, as good fathers should.



By Courtesy of "Evening Post."

OPENING OF THE SCHOOL HOBBIES

by His Worship the Mayor, Councillor W. T. Mainwaring Hughes, J.P.

Friday saw the sad process of dismantling begin. I spoke to a breathless IIIrd year on the stairs, but he pushed past, muttering "Mr. Jack Davies . . ." His eye was glassy, his brow, wet. Upon enquiry, I found that he was part of a factory-belt system, organised by the energetic J.M.D. The boys would seize a table, stagger downstairs with it, rush up the other stairs, stagger down stairs with another. Under their stern task master's eagle eye the gyms were cleared of tables in forty minutes flat.

The highlight, for me, was that lovable first year, Cass-Beggs. The Chief Inspector of Schools, having heard that he was a Canadian, endeavoured to enter into conversation with him. Nothing impressed, our first year waved a grimy paw in the Inspector's general direction, and in his richest Canadian, said, " You'll have to excuse me. Sir—I guess—I'm busy fixing the scenery on my Santa Fé Special." "Sic transit gloria auctoritatis."

Now it is all over for another twelve months. The School has benefitted as a whole. We worked as a team. We have discovered many hitherto unsuspected qualities in many of our boys. Next year, ah! next year! it will be better still. We shall work harder, toil longer, laugh more and succeed beyond our dreams.

THE SERPENT

(From the Welsh of D. Gwenallt Jones)

You wound your artful cunning fold by fold
Like ivy, round the one forbidden tree,
And then allured man beneath its bough,
And hurled the fruit of death upon his head;
From there you slipped away and left a trail
Of deadly poison on each hill and dale,
Mankind was trapped among your crushing coils
As was Laocoon before the fall of Troy.
Then once you hissed upon our gracious Lord,
And tried to catch him with your steady gaze,
But you could not compete with God's fair Son
Who dragged you to Him like a pliant rope,
And wound you round him limply coil by coil
And crushed the poison from your deadly sting.

D. R. LLOYD, U.Via.

ORPHEUS AND EURIDICE

(Orpheus had descended into the Underworld to regain his lost Euridice)

Orpheus now retraced his vigilant steps,
 And led Euridice, redeemed from Hades,
 Who followed close behind her spouse, for this
 The goddess Proserpina had decreed.
 When now all perils he had overcome,
 When now at last he neared the realms of day,
 A sudden passion seized the careless lover,
 A sin surely worthy of remission,
 Could the shades of hell know how to pardon—
 At last, on the dawning horizon of light, forsaking
 His pledge, and yielding in purpose, he stopped and alas
 Looked back on Euridice, at last his own.
 But in this hasty glance, all his toil
 Was squandered, the cruel tyrant's covenant broken,
 And thrice the racing Avernian rapids roared.
 "O Orpheus, what madness is this destroying our love,
 Severing me, thy wretched wife, from thee?
 Once more I hear the cruel fates calling,
 Calling me back to dark perdition, and sleep
 Enshrouds my eyes that swim with tears." she cried.
 "And now, farewell. I am winged away through
 Fathomless night enveloping me, still stretching forth
 To thee my lifeless hands, alas no longer thine."
 And on this sorrowful lamentation, like a wisp
 Of whirling smoke dwindling in the phantom air,
 She faded from his sight. In vain he clutched
 The shimmering shadows, in vain he longed to speak.
 Nor would hell's ferryman steer the sorrowing youth
 Once more across the fateful fen that lay between them.

(Translation of Virgil Georgics IV l.l. 485-503).

G. V. PHILLIPS, U.VI Arts.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

It is very much regretted that Mr. Webber is leaving us at Christmas. The members of the orchestra would like to thank him for his persistence and patience in urging us on.

It was said by one of the masters that our school orchestra was the first one that he had heard playing in tune. The wind section has increased this term by the addition of a flute and a French Horn. This section now consists of the afore mentioned, a trumpet and clarinet.

and is now able to hold its own against the rest of the orchestra. Works performed this term consist of Mozart's Rondo in B Flat, works by Handel, Alec Rowley, and Gustav Holst, together with numerous other pieces. The Monday morning Service in the gym has now included the 1st and 2nd years and is progressing very quickly. The string section has greatly improved, partly due to the addition of some promising young members and partly due to the confidence which the orchestra now possesses.

G. W. Lynn James, U.VI Sc.

NOTICE

AMAZING OFFER! UNREPEATABLE VALUE!

**ONE DROP HEAD, 14 H.P., ALMOST NEW,
SEMI-DETACHED CAR.**

Definitely no ground rent; no need to pedal.

MUST SELL—GOING CONCERN.

Apply: The Higher Chemistry Laboratory.



I shall not mention who is selling it, but, being a neutral party and having gazed with awe over the wonder thereof, I can make some comments on this subject.

I guarantee that the above offer is well worth the money, even if it is given away—and then the vendor will be making about 200 per cent. profit. Drop head ain't the word for it!

Certainly there is no need to pedal! Of course, if you do not, there is doubt as to whether this vehicle will go, but who will worry about a small thing like that? You can always buy a horse to pull the confounded thing. Buy twenty for all I care.

Think, dear reader, of the social status gained by owning a Thing like the aforementioned. Imagine parking it in the gutter outside your house—the neighbours would think you were an inventor, or a scrap merchant, or something . . .

First, after taking out a licence (to hold a lethal weapon) you would obviously want to start the thing. Of course you must be awkward. But have no fear—a hefty Negro slave is thrown in on the deal to crank the thing. If the handle gets stuck, it is customary to grasp the front bumper of the car (?) (unless it has already fallen by the wayside) with a force of one dyne (must not be rough with this delicate, precision . . . I don't know quite what) and shake the whole thing corpseily (you can't say bodily!) a couple of times. This is quite easy as there is nothing under the bonnet (which is a straw Easter one). Well, after you have wound the elastic, and all the sulphureous smoke has cleared from the exhaust pipe, you open the right hand rear door. This is because (a) the right hand front door does not open, and (b) the left hand doors are reserved for the horses (did we not say it was semi-detached?) Sitting in the back does not make much difference. Instead of looking forward to see where you are not going, you now look backwards to see where you ought to have been—which just about amounts to proving Pythagoras's theorem.

Take the wheel with both hands. It does not matter where you take it; throw it away if the mood so urges you. If you have the engine running, it may be best to chase after it and fetch it back. You then put it into gear—on this modern car there is no clutch. If you hear a grinding sound—as if a bulldog were sharpening his teeth on the lamp post against which your carriage is leaning—do not be in any way perturbed, it just means the car is in gear.

That's all there is to it! I am unable to tell you any more because the car simply does not go. But I am told chicken keeping is a fascinating hobby: does anyone wish to purchase one fourteen horsepower . . . chicken run?

Apply the Higher Poultry Lab.

BUNJY.

SCHOOL CRICKET XI, 1952

The past cricket season was a very interesting and enjoyable one. Although a number of our old stalwarts left us, we managed to build up quite a useful team. A varied list of fixtures was arranged and a number of enjoyable games resulted.

P.	W.	D.	L.
12	8	1	3

(The match with Ystradgynlais ended in a tie).

As can be seen from the above results, the school cricket team had a successful season. We won eight games and suffered three defeats, and though excuses are not desirable, I think they can be justified in this instance. In the Neath game we were opposed by the brilliant school-boy cricketer Brian Richards, who scored an undefeated century and took six wickets for 20 runs. In a very enjoyable game with the Old Boys, although we lost, in all fairness it should be mentioned that their side included four of the Swansea 1st Eleven. In the Port Talbot game we were unlucky to have to play on a very poor wicket.

The run-getting was left to three players, who between them scored 680 runs, which was over half the total of runs scored. These players were Desmond Walker, who in scoring 284 runs passed the highest post-war score; our captain, Ken Walters who scored 272, and David Jones, playing in his 1st year, who scored 124. Both D. Walker and K. Walters played for the Glamorgan Schoolboys XI, and the latter was reserve for Wales. We congratulate both for their performances and the honour they have brought to the School.

As regards our bowling, three players again shared the honours. They were M. Perris (18 wickets), M. Gibbs (13 wickets) and D. S. Williams (18 wickets). Gibbs, who came into the side late in the season, put up a very creditable performance as can be seen by his figures: Overs, 38; maidens, 9; runs, 118; wickets, 13; average 9.07. He headed the bowling averages.

The fielding throughout reached a high standard, particularly that close to the wicket.

Our most exciting game was undoubtedly that with Ystradgynlais, when both teams were dismissed for 69 runs. However, the game we choose to remember the best is that against our old rivals the Grammar School, when we defeated them by 23 runs.

So another season is over and we confidently look forward to the next. Before closing, I would like on behalf of the captain and the team to convey to Mr. W. S. Evans and Mr. Emlyn Evans, our sincerest thanks for their interest and coaching during the season and also to those masters who accompanied us on our away games.

B. L. WILLIAMS, U.VI Arts.

THE INTERESTING FILM

(Translated and abridged from the German by

(Martin Proskauer)

Deputy police inspector Serin of the 69th police district strolled swaggeringly along the sunny street, full of his own importance and of happy anticipation of an afternoon off duty.

He was turning into the Rue d'Amsterdam, dreaming of the fame and glory that would certainly come to him one day, when he took a startled step backwards, for two powerful cars suddenly came rushing round the corner and down the street. A second later, they stopped at the kerbside, and in a trice, a crowd of people had gathered around them.

This was too much for the inspector. The inborn dislike of a police officer of big crowds, curiosity, and the desire to throw his weight about, urged him forward.

He had just arrived when an elegant man elbowed his way out of the crowd, greeted the inspector politely, and presented him with a visiting-card.

"Inspector," he said, "we are in the act of making a film. We would be extremely grateful to you if you would give us free scope for a few minutes.

He elbowed a way for the inspector back through the crowd, which was standing in a semi-circle around the cars, and said, "We are making a crime-film, a la Sherlock Holmes, you know! We are now making the scene where a banker is attacked and robbed by thieves, who then escape."

The inspector looked on with interest. Close to the kerb stood a big red car. The driver had a sack tied over his head and was tied to the steering-wheel with straps, from which he was trying in vain to free himself. Inside the car, thrown diagonally across the seat, lay an elderly man, who had a black cloth knotted over his face by the actor-thieves. One thief was holding him firmly down, while another was taking his watch and wallet out of his jacket.

On the other side of the street stood two cameramen, busily turning the handles of their cameras.

Behind the red car was another grey one, whose driver was keeping the engine running, and, with his hands on the wheel, was keenly watching the scene.

Inspector Serin shook his head.

By Jove, how realistically those fellows were acting! Just as the old man in the red car freed one arm and beat about him with it, so one thief quickly and roughly caught the arm and retied it.

The elegant representative remarked, "Don't our people really work well? Wonderful, realistic acting! Now the scene is almost finished. Look, one of the thieves is taking the old man's brief-case. That is the main objective of the thieves, in it there are a hundred thousand francs! The inspector laughed. "What will happen next?"

"You shall soon see. Perhaps you would be so kind as to move these people back, so that we could have more room?"

The inspector nodded, and turned to the crowd. "Move back please! Make room there!" he cried to those in front, who slowly drew back, and so made a lane.

At the same moment the elegant man made a sign with his top hat the whirr of the cameras ceased, the grey car moved forward, the actors, the cameramen and the elegant man jumped in, and with a powerful jerk the car shot through the gap in the crowd, and down the street. From out of the thick cloud which whirled from the exhaust, only the representative's hat could be seen, then at the next street-corner the shrill note of the horn sounded once more and all was quiet.

The inspector looked after the car with surprise. Where were the film-people going like lunatics? But the other car was still there. The driver was still struggling in his bonds, and from the interior of the car, the struggles of the old man could still be heard.

Inspector Serin went slowly up to the car. Good gracious! Those inconsiderate fellows had tied the cloth so tightly, that the old man was blue in the face.

He bent and helped the man up, and then untied the cloth. The old man waved his arms about vehemently, but he could not utter a sound and fell back on the seat.

Meanwhile some men untied the driver and pulled the sack off his head. He also had become red and was panting breathlessly.

At last, the old man, whose voice had returned, cried, "Help! Thieves! Stop them!"

The inspector said: "Calm down, the picture is finished."

But the old man cried desperately: "Picture? Oh, the swindlers! They attacked me. I had over a hundred thousand francs with me! My watch! My case!"

The inspector turned pale.

Then the driver, who had meanwhile recovered, joined in. They have stolen everything from us! Everything gone! In broad daylight! And the police stand by and even help the thieves!"

Gradually it dawned upon the inspector that he had made a nice mess of things.

He became quite faint. He felt for a support and encountered the horn of the car, which sounded, shrill and piercingly, under his hand, just like that of the other car, which even now was carrying the thieves at a furious rate through distant streets.

ROBERT CAIE. L.VI Arts.

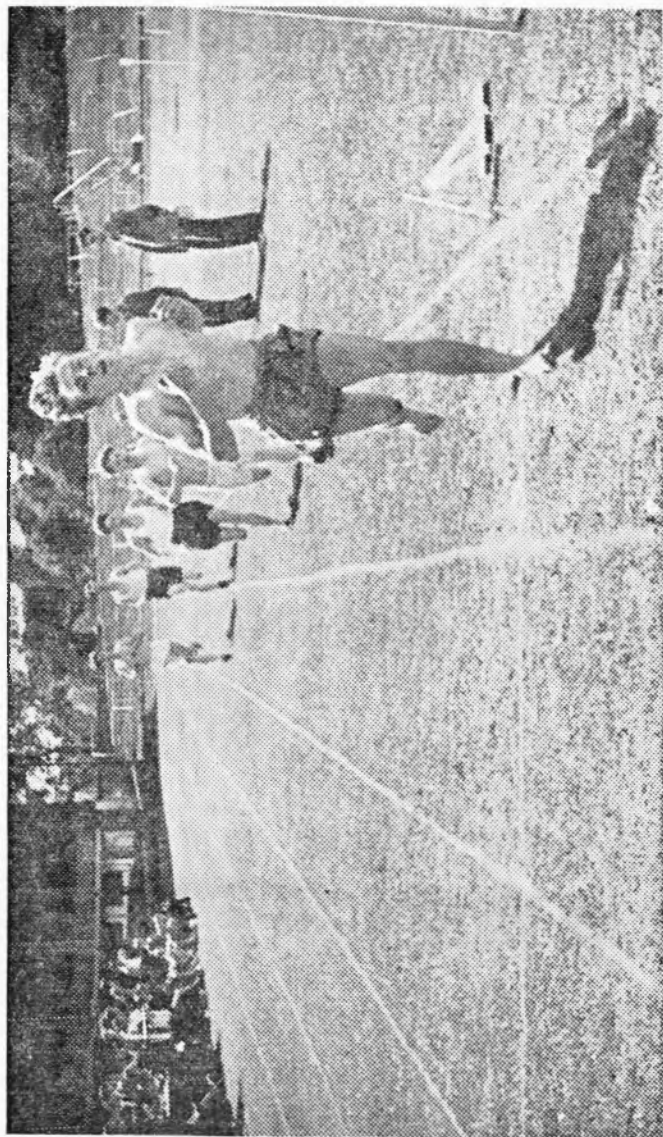
LAST MINUTES

It was a dark, dismal day in November, and as the hands of my watch drew slowly nearer the zero hour, I realised that the end was near.

During those last few minutes, my mind wandered back to all the valiant men through the ages who had gone to the scaffold with a smile on their faces, and had with their last breath denounced their executioners. Would I be as brave as these? I thought also of Charles I on that fateful day in 1649. How had he felt during those last moments?

I was abruptly aroused from my meditations by the cold, steely sound of a bell in the distance, which announced that the hour of nine was at hand, the accursed knell which was to send me to my doom.

Slowly I crossed the Great Yard and looked up at the cold grey block of buildings which had been my home for five years. Five long, weary years, I thought, and now this! I was escorted across the yard by several officials, each wearing his badge of office. To them this was everyday routine, but their turn too would come, I thought.



The 880 Yards at the School Sports, 1952.

As we gradually approached the massive building where the "ceremony" was going to take place, I became panic-stricken and my mind became filled with fantastic thoughts of escape. My eyes turned towards the Main Entrance Gates but saw that they were closely guarded by two officials. My spirits rose when I saw that a small stretch of railings was unguarded but dropped again when I remembered that there also lurked a grim conclave.

Up till this moment fantastic thoughts had blinded me from a true realisation of my plight, but now it became quite clear in my mind that escape was impossible and I became overcome with despair.

At last the dreaded moment had come. I mounted the steps to the rostrum, and each step rang in my ears like a clap of thunder, while below me waited a silent sea of faces, all fixed intently on me and the black-cloaked figure by my side.

I could see that they were all waiting for me to speak. My mind went back to those men who had on the point of death denounced their executioners. I was not going to let them down.

I opened my mouth and managed to utter the words "The reading this morning is taken from the fourth chapter of Genesis"

D.R.L., U.VI A.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN

The other day, an amusing incident occurred in the School Lobbies, from which the more philosophical reader may choose to draw conclusions of a moral or ethical nature.

Four o'clock is the usual hour for the transformation of the Lobbies from silent mysterious catacombs, to a bedlam where small children perform their gymnastic feats, worthy of any Tarzan, and larger ones, after enforced restraint for so long, burst forth into raucous song. On this particular day, a stalwart band of prefects were striving to check the seething mob, eager to be free from their imprisonment. Oaths, curses and threats were having little effect upon them, until suddenly, for no apparent reason, a sudden hush overtook all—except one. One over-zealous prefect, cursing louder than ever, was chasing an invisible figure behind a row of coats. At last he caught up with it, grabbed at it, shook it in a scolding manner, and finally

dropped it on the floor like a load of coal. The victim lay there a while, a lethargic bundle, then crept from beneath the pile of macintoshes and slowly stood up. A pair of goggling eyes and a face, a deep shade of crimson, from the effect of suppressed indignation, peered up at him, like the prophetic hermit of Engaddi peering at his inquisitors. The bewildered prefect shrank back in despair, and in utter confusion managed to stutter—"Sorry Sir."

A DISILLUSIONED PREFECT.

DEAR SIR,

We should like to repudiate some disconcerting rumours that have reached us down in the vaults which are known generally as the Upper VIth Science form-room.

It is not true that the following notice was found pinned to the School notice-board:

"All requests for time off on account of headaches, severe colds, funerals, etc., must be handed to the headmaster by 10 a.m. on the day before the exam."

It is not true that the member of the Lower VIth Science who was heard to declare that he was going to analyse the canteen stew, has not been seen since. In fact the Swansea Hospital assures us that there is every hope of recovery.

It is not true that certain members of the gallant Rugby 1st XV team have decided to follow Lewis Jones' example and "go North."

It is not true that the body of a boy was seen floating sluggishly on the bottom of the School Baths soon after he attempted to perfect Mr. J. Davies' "bomb dive."

It is not true that bloodcurdling howls have been heard issuing from the nailed-up space behind the bookcase in the U.VI Arts room where, it has been suggested, two first-year boys were left, after being late three times in succession.

We are not quite so emphatic about the rumour that members of last year's Upper VIth Science were seen in an unseemly state of dress sun-bathing on the School roof soon after last year's leaving examination.

It has also been said that the formula for an X-bomb has been discovered in the ruins above the school where the chemistry laboratory used to be, and is to be tried out on December 17th at 3 p.m. We are still investigating this rumour.

BRUNO SIRREP.

A HOLIDAY IN GERMANY

Although few of us could claim to have exhibited any lively interest in the German language, there could be no denying our interest in the country where that language is spoken, for we were to visit it as guests of the German youth, and we eagerly looked forward to our visit.

We arrived, after a journey by boat and train, at the German frontier late one afternoon and made our way to Cologne, where we were much impressed by the magnificent railway station. Our journey along the banks of the Rhine to the Youth Hostel enabled us to form our first pleasant impressions of a German city; and the hostel itself confirmed those impressions for it was a very fine building with every amenity.

Our greeting was most friendly and cordial and we were soon seated at table to partake of our first German meal which consisted of Brotchen (bread-roll) sausage and—mustard.

The evening was passed pleasantly in sing-song, joke and laughter.

On the Sunday morning that followed we were roused at the unearthly hour of 6 o'clock by the noise of passing traffic, the volume of which was as great as at midday in Piccadilly. Having breakfasted we set off for the famous Cathedral noted for its lofty roof and twin towers. This, like much of the city had suffered from the bombing-raids of the last war and the Kollenzalbe Bridge which we crossed to visit the Eau-de-Cologne factory bore evidence of similar war-time damage.

Our journey to Koblenz took us along the east bank of the Rhine, where we noted the fine castles on the hillside.

On arriving at Koblenz we had a very long climb to the old fort of Ehrenbreitstein which is now used as a museum—and a youth hostel. I'm glad to say that none of our party was detained as a rare and interesting exhibit. From the walls of the fort we had a magnificent view of the town beneath, and the junction of the Rhine and Moselle where stands the Deutches Eck monument. Unfortunately the old bridge of boats had been destroyed.

Our next visit was to the large commerical city of Frankfurt-on-Main where again we found that much of the older parts of the town had been destroyed. At night the place was aglare with neon-signs and put one in mind of Piccadilly. Our journey continued through Heidelberg,

famous for its university, and Freiberg, another ancient city with many fine buildings still standing. We were now close to the Black Forest. As we entered the agricultural area, we noted with interest the use of oxen instead of horses for work in the fields.

Returning by the west bank of the Rhine, we arrived at Bonn, capital of Western Germany, and another celebrated university city. The end of our tour found us once again in Cologne and there, as we had begun, we spent our last night in Germany.

Next day farewells were soon said and we set off for the Dutch frontier, after a most enjoyable holiday.

I brought back with me very pleasant memories of a beautiful country, and of people who had given us every welcome, and in addition a pair of German shorts and cross-braces.

C. KRETZECHMER, IVc.

CAN.

Yn gynnar ryw fore
 Pan oedd yr haul yn dwyre
 Mi glywais gân morwynig
 O'r dyffryn islaw.
 "O paid a'm twyllo i
 Paid byth a'm gadael i
 O, pam y gwnaethost gam a thruan fel myfi."

Mor llon ydyw'r garlant
 Mor ir y rhosynnau
 A bigais o'r llwyni
 I rwymo dy ael.

O cofia'r addewid
 A wnaethost i'th Fari
 O cofia'r llwyn irddail
 Lle tyngais dy lw.

Fel hyn canai'r forwyn
 A chwynfan ei gofid
 Fel hyn canai'r forwyn
 O'r dyffryn islaw O, jeha
 "O paid a'm twyllo i."

Dewi Williams, L.VI Arts.

NATUR.

Meddylwi'n ni yn y dref am y wlad fel rhywle hyfryd i fynd iddo yn yr Haf, pan fydd y coed wedi' u cuddio gan ddail gleision a'r meysydd yn frith gan flodau hardd o bob lliw a llun.

Ac wrth feddwl am y wlad, daw i'n meddwl ddarlun prydferch o wartheg a defaid yn pori ynghanol harddwch meysydd glas a choed dan lesni digwmwl yr wybren, a phelydau cynnes yr haul yn gwenu ar bob peth. Ond, tybed, a fuoch chwi eriod yn y wlad yn y Gaeaf? Mor wahanol ydyw. Nid oes ddail ar y coed — eu tegwch a dderfydd ac o flaen gwynt yr hydref fe'u gyrrir ar ddiddychwel hynt, yn ffoaduriad. Nid oes flodau ar gloddiau a meysydd — y mae fel petai'r llawr wedi'i ddiosg o garped amryliw a'i ddail yn yn llwm i'r llygaid.

Mae'n oer iawn, ac yn fynych nid oes ddwr gan fod y nentydd ar llynnoedd dan haen o iâ neu farrug.

Ond, os blin mynd ysblennydd pasiant yr Haf, i mi mae'r wlad yr un mor brydferth a rhyfedd yn y Gaeaf, oherwydd dyma'r adeg y gwelir cadernid Natur yn gwrthsefyll holl derfysgoedd yr elfennau. Er garwed y ddrycin, y gwynt a'r glaw, saif Natur yn gadarn, ac er cilio'n llwyr o'r tegwch fe ddaw newydd ddail a newydd haf gydag atgyfodiad y y Gwanwyn.

Ac fe wna'r darlun hwn o Natur a'i harswydus nerth yn gwrthsefyll yr elfennau i mi feddwl am ein hiaith a'r ffordd y mae hithau wedi gwrthsefyll drycinoedd oesoedd lawer ac yn para i wynebu bygythion o bob tu heddiw.

Tybed a gaiff hithau, rywbryd yn y dyfodol "newydd haf," ym myd Natur? Pwy wyr?

D. R. Lloyd, U. VI Arts.

POEM

They tell me pleasures are a moring mist
Wherein I wander youthfully;
That soon the midday's fire, flaring glarefully,
Will show the shapes in bald proportion. I list
And wonder; for what shall follow noon
Than glorious day and heavenly moon?

D. Crook, U.VI Arts (Dillwyn).

POEM

Smooth is this garden rose,
 This dewlapp'd rose, essaying
 Her involv'd head to raise,
 The air perfuming
 While the day is dying.

Swift is the swallow's dive
 For its fledgeling's flying.
 Shyly flies the fearful dove
 Close to the nesting,
 Privy from all prying.

The starlets' gleam I glimpse
 On the dewpond playing.
 Joyful glints, the starlets glance,
 The shade allaying,
 Reflection always finding.

Though soon the roses droop,
 At swallows' Southward wending,
 And from skies the starlets drop,
 My joy's unending
 Their image ever minding.

Old Dy'vorian.

THE SEA

How calm is the sea to-day,
 Reflecting the blue of the sky,
 While the waves caress so tenderly
 The time-worn rocks nearby.

Yesterday, a gathering storm
 Raced madly to our rocky shore;
 The breakers strong lashed the rocks forlorn
 Flooding the caves with a roar.

Slowly the storm abated,
 Spent after its rowdy play;
 The beach looked forlorn and neglected
 Yes, calm is the sea to-day.

Colin David, 3A (Roberts)

PENHALE ESSAY COMPETITION

This competition, which has now become an annual event, was held at the close of the Christmas Term. Competitors were invited to write on one of three subjects, viz. The Message of Christmas, The New Swansea, and How Swansea should celebrate the Coronation. The winner was adjudged to be L. J. Bennett of IVD, while the essays of Colin Clifford (IIID) and Seymour Phillips (IID) were highly commended. The winning essays are printed below.

THE NEW SWANSEA

Swansea, in the days before Hitler's blitz almost completely flattened the town centre, was not a town of beautiful, clean, wide streets. The streets themselves, even main streets as Oxford Street shows, were rather on the narrow side.

Some magnificent buildings were destroyed, including several large stores which had seemed indestructable. These had vanished over night, leaving people to guess where one building had ended and another began.

The town remained in this stage throughout the duration of the war and for a few years following the capitulation of Germany.

Then, slowly at first, the work of clearance and reconstruction began. From Castle Street to Dillwyn Street the Kingsway was constructed. This magnificent road is intended to link up with the new by-pass under construction from Jersey Marine to Cardiff.

Work has not been at a standstill in other directions, however. Castle Street, of which one side was gutted by fire, and the other completely flattened, has been rebuilt and the Castle Buildings are no longer a reminder of those three nights of February, 1941.

At Fforestfach and at Penlan on sites which are new and not those of older destroyed buildings, large housing estates have been put up, and the same thing has happened at West Cross stretching from the Mumbles Road almost to the nearer side of Fairwood Common.

New industries have been attracted to the town and most of these are situated at Fforestfach Trading Estate. Most of these are light industries employing women or girls, or men who are not physically fit for the heavy industries for which the South Wales area is noted.

The suggestion that Fairwood Aerodrome should be de-requisitioned and opened for civil aviation has been made and the aerodrome should be opened by Cambrian Airways Ltd. by the spring.

All these things are helping the rising of a new Swansea from the ashes and rubble of the old, and it is to be hoped that in the near future Swansea may retrieve some of the prosperity it possessed when the town was known as the metallurgical centre of the world.

L. J. Bennett, IVD.

HOW SWANSEA SHOULD CELEBRATE THE CORONATION

Swansea should celebrate the Coronation with two main points in mind. Firstly, the celebrations should be of a gay nature in keeping with the atmosphere of the Coronation. Secondly, they should be suitable for ages of all kinds ranging from one to a hundred.

To deal with the first case. There should be lots of carnivals and a carnival queen who would drive through the town on June 2nd. We should see a big "Go as you please," contest. Contests of this kind have been arousing great interest in the last two years. An attempt should be made to stimulate athletics in Swansea as this Sport has not been kindly received in Swansea. For this purpose : great athletic meeting could be arranged to which famous athletes should be asked to come. Among the more general entertainments should be the ever popular street tea.

Dealing with the second case, we must not forget in our eagerness to enjoy the Coronation to the fullest possible extent, the very young, and the very old. With regard to the very young I feel sure a baby show could be arranged with a prize for the best baby in Swansea. For those a little older a fancy dress competition could be arranged. As for the very old, a hobbies competition could be arranged for special articles such as Coronation mats, baskets, and various other things which the old folk are accustomed to make in their leisure time. A prize for this competition could be ten pounds or even a ton of coal, something which would make the winner's life a little easier.

Those are a few of my suggestions to make the Coronation a happy affair for every citizen in Swansea. Some suggestions have been thought of, others will in time be thought of, and some will be thought of when the Coronation is over. Nevertheless, I feel sure that a happy and memorable time will be ensured in Swansea when the Coronation comes around next June.

Colin Clifford, IID.

THE NEW SWANSEA

Swansea has sprouted up afresh as if by magic from the great ugly heaps of rubble which once marred the landscape.

Our school, and buildings like it, are out of place in the midst of modern architecture, such as is now becoming increasingly common in the big cities of our country. This is a pity, really, as the old architecture was much more elegant, but architecture like everything else, has to adapt itself to the age.

I think that the emphasis has been put too much on women's fashion stores. Surely people would welcome a change?

The saying goes that variety is the spice of life, so why not greater variety of different shops in Swansea's town centre.

Swansea is rapidly becoming a very beautiful town in all respects. Visitors come from the outlying districts just to see the shops. At night time the scene is even more beautiful, with the neon signs hanging and flickering from almost every shop front.

The details which perhaps we are most proud of are the fine dual carriageways—the Kingsway and the Princessway.

Swansea is indeed a fine town of which we are justified in being proud.

Seymour Phillips, IID.

THE OLD DY'VORIANS ASSOCIATION.

The Association's Winter Programme of Social Activities is now well under way.

The Session opened with a 'Smoker,' at the beginning of November, held at the Metropole Hotel, when the introduction of various competitive games proved to be a popular feature.

This was followed by two new ventures: first a reunion dance was held at the Pier Hotel, Mumbles during the first week of December. The weather on the night of the dance was particularly bad and was probably the reason for the attendance being less than expected. However, all who attended were agreed that that dance was a decided success, and should be held again next year.

Then in January the Association held what proved to be one of its most successful functions. Younger "Old Dy'vorians," at present students at various Universities throughout the country from Dundee to London were invited to join with the Association members in a combined 'Smoker' at the Metropole Hotel. The response was outstanding, more than eighty people attended, and all were unanimous in their praise for this new venture.

Further functions which have already been arranged for the future are the Annual General Meeting and 'Smoker,' to be held at the Metropole Hotel, on Monday Feb. 9th. At this meeting all Officers and Committee Members for the coming year will be elected. This will be followed by the Annual Reunion Dinner at the Mackworth Hotel, on Monday, March 2nd, and it is anticipated that this will be as well attended and be as successful as similar functions in recent years.

Finally there is a 'Smoker' at the Metropole Hotel early in April. This has been arranged to take place during the Easter Vacation, and so it is hoped that the Students will again join the Association Members to complete what promises to be a most successful Winter Session.

