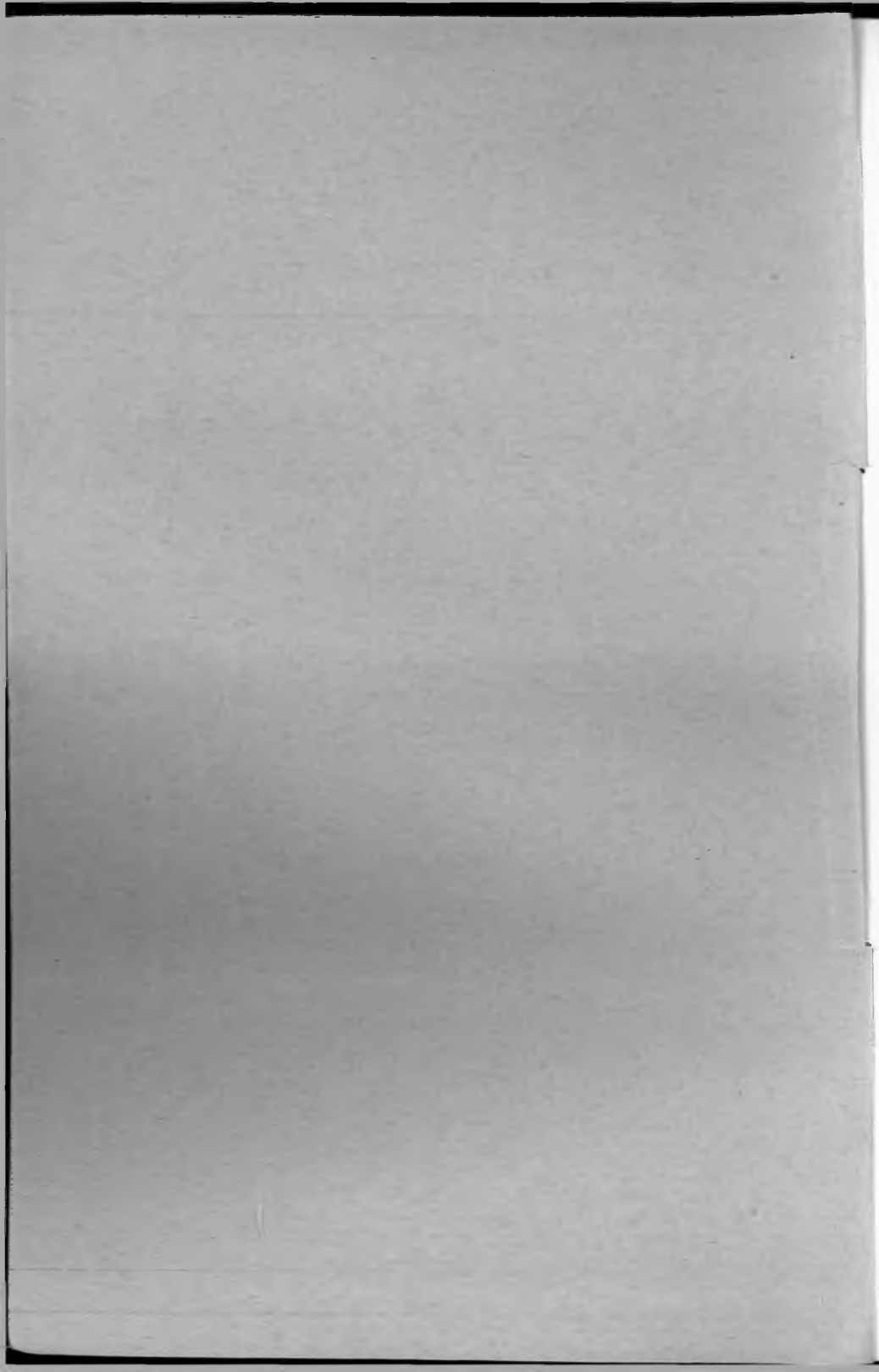


MAGAZINE

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GORAU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

Dynevour Secondary School Magazine.

No. 89 (No. 16 New Series)

December, 1953

Editorial Board:

Rhys Bryant, Gerald R. Macpherson, William D. Wagstaff.

EDITORIAL

This year, there has been a complete change of the Editorial Board. Geoffrey Philips, last year's editor, is now pursuing his studies at King's College, Cambridge and J. V. Davies and Michael Perris, the sub-editors, are both at London University. This year's board is composed of R. Bryant, G. R. Macpherson and W. D. Wagstaff.

In this edition, the editors have tried to include something to suit all tastes. Any constructive criticism, accompanied by an article, would be welcome. Most of the features appearing in this issue have come from the Senior School. We would appeal to the Lower School to "get down to it" before Easter so that our next edition can be representative of the School as a whole.

Therefore, without further ado, we offer you for your critical inspection this edition of the Dynevour School Magazine.

SCHOOL NOTES

We welcome Mr. J. J. Crofts, the new Spanish master, into our midst and hope he will have a long and happy stay here. Another newcomer is Mr. T. G. Davies, who is really an old friend of the School. He has returned to take the place of Mr. Andrewartha who, we regret to say, has suffered a long and serious illness, but is now, fortunately, recovering. We look forward to seeing him resume his place at the head of the physics department next term.

Other arrivals were the French assistant, Monsieur Garret, and the German assistant, Dr. Voss. They are both extremely welcome and, we feel sure, everyone will benefit from their firsthand knowledge of their respective nations.

Science boys were delighted at the arrival of Miss Anne Wheatley, the new physics laboratory assistant, who takes the place of Miss Freda Gwythr.

The stalwarts of law and order this year, viz. the prefects, are as follows: G. Evans, head prefect; A. Mitchell and J. E. Davies, deputy head prefects; R. Bowers; R. Bryant; R. Caie; H. Davies; R. Davies; M. Griffiths; D. Harries; R. Hyman; H. James; T. John; J. Knoyle; J. Lewis; N. Lewis; G. Macpherson; V. Malpass; P. Saword; W. Wagstaff; B. Watt and B. Waygood.

This term has seen a revived interest in Second XV Rugby. The team is rapidly thriving, but, we notice that a certain member of the Upper Sixth Arts rarely attends a practice!

School life has been disrupted on several occasions this term. Visits to the Palace Theatre to see "Macbeth," to the Empire Theatre to see the Welsh National Opera Company's rendering of Johan Strauss "Die Fledermaus" to the Bishop Gore School to see the "Merchant of Venice," and to the Plaza Cinema to see "The Conquest of Everest" were enjoyed by many of the School. More recently an opportunity was offered to the Sixth Forms to see the University's production of "Hamlet."

This term the School Orchestra welcomed a new conductor. He is Mr. D. T. Parry of the Upper Sixth Arts. We are given to understand that after a few practices the conductor was wishing he could welcome a new orchestra.

In passing we would like to mention the brief, but boisterous existence of the Popular Record Club which received great support from the fifth forms. There was an average attendance of forty-two, which, if the pun can be excused, is probably a school record. Its place in the Music Room has now been taken by the School Male Voice Choir

which both masters and boys attend. We would like to point out that this has nothing to do with the general appearance of the School, or with the fact that the boys seem even more anxious to depart homewards on a Wednesday at 4 p.m.

Just after half-term the School was visited by the photographers. Every form was duly photographed and those forms that were able to recognise themselves when the photographs were received, had the "privilege" of purchasing one of these permanent records.

Towards the end of term Tarig Abdullah left the School to commence studies at the London Polytechnic College. His place as the School bellringer has been adequately filled by Mr. D. T. Parry. History lessons now start on time.

News of a meeting of two Old Dy'vorians in the United States is brought to us by Mr. J. K. Chadwick Jones, who recently returned to Swansea after a tour of duty as an officer of the Bank of London and South America. Mr. Jones writes: David Gwynfi Davies was thirteen when, with his parents, he left Morriston in 1932. In his home in Tulsa, Oklahoma, he showed me his "Munsec" cap which he was wearing when he arrived in the States and which, together with his neat grey jacket and short trousers, made him something of a curiosity to his new schoolmates. It was in Detroit that his family settled. There is indeed a large Welsh community in Detroit which holds frequent Cymanfa Ganu. David's parents still live there but have since visited Wales several times and hope to come again next year.

During the war David was a G.I. and took the opportunity to visit Swansea in the course of his travels. After going back to the States he took a degree in economics and then a job with an oil company in Tulsa, the "oil capital of the world." Tulsa (pop. 400,000) is a bright, clean and thriving city, typical of those in the South-West. I envied David's good fortune in living there and among people whose qualities of serenity and good humour and whose hospitality can stand comparison with any.

One day, after it had been mentioned in the daily "Tulsan" that my home was in Swansea, a 'phone-call came from a Mr. Davies of Wales. The following Sunday David came round and drove me over to meet his wife and two small daughters at 2,818 East First Place. Then followed a typically American perfectly cooked Sunday dinner and afterwards Mrs. Davies, who was born in Louisiana, poured out a typically British cup of tea. The afternoon went

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quickly while we talked of American roads and British cars, of McCarthy and Bevan, of the National Health Service and the National Eisteddfod. In fact it was dusk when I suddenly remembered that I wanted to take some snaps which I have brought back with me as a record of our meeting.

SWANSEA LETTER

Students' Common Room,
Singleton Park.

December, 1953

Dear Mr. Editor,

Let me first express my grateful thanks for the opportunity of writing this year's letter from the College in the Park although I feel myself totally incapable of performing this task in as excellent a manner as my illustrious predecessors. I would also like to express the hope that this issue of the School Magazine will be a highly successful one.

As many writers of college letters have explained before, the first impression one gets on entering college is that of the great difference between school and university life. This difference, of course, is largely in the tremendous amount of social activity to be found in college. One realises that the university, in addition to being a place of academic instruction, is also a social institution providing physical and intellectual recreations to suit all tastes. At present, there are at this college about forty societies recognised by the Students' Union ranging from the solemn Philosophical Society to the light-hearted Rhythm Club. During the first week of the session, we were showered with invitations to join these various societies, some of which we accepted amid great acclamations of joy, while others we politely declined.

The central landmark of social activity in this college is undoubtedly the impressive Union House on Sketty Road, which has recently been magnificently redecorated throughout, and which soon came to be regarded by us as, in the words of a fellow freshman, "A home from home." In addition to every indoor game imaginable, Union has a lounge containing a large grand piano, luxurious couches and innumerable magazines. There is also a buffet where all student requisites from Aspros and writing-pads to cigarettes and ice-cream can be obtained. Television is to be installed next term.

Another striking feature of college life is the large amount of unsupervised time which one gets between lectures. One soon realises, however, that one cannot afford to spend all of this on social activities or drinking tea in the Common Room, but that the College Library must be frequented as well. A healthy balance between academic and social activities must be achieved before one can really benefit from college life.

Academically, there is not such a distinct break between work in the Upper VIth at Dynevor and work at the university. There is, however, a great widening of scope and speeding up of pace, and this means that a great deal of the work has to be done by the student himself.

Sporting facilities at the university are excellent. Conveniently near the main college buildings are to be found the gymnasium, the rugby and soccer pitches, the squash courts and swimming baths. Provision is also made for athletics, rowing, cycling and many other sporting activities. No lectures are held on Wednesday afternoons so that sport can receive the maximum amount of support and matches with other colleges can be played.

At the beginning of this term, quite a number of last year's Upper VI entered the College to add to the already considerable number of Old Dy'vorians here. Yet Old Dy'vorians form only a minority of the large number of acquaintances which one has from every part of the country and even the world.

Having already taken up too much of your valuable space Mr. Editor, I will close what will probably be my last contribution to the School Magazine, by wishing the staff and pupils of Dynevor every success in the future and sign myself,

Yours very sincerely,

DENNIS R. LLOYD.

A HOLIDAY ON SKOKHOLM BIRD OBSERVATORY

The island of Skokholm is situated off the west coast of Pembrokeshire. It is roughly one mile long and half a mile wide, and in summer it is covered with bluebells and bracken. The coast of the island is rugged and dangerous, but obviously well suited for birds as a breeding station and for bird-lovers as a migration observatory. There are only two buildings on the island, and both are used by the Council for the Promotion of Field Studies as a small hostel for naturalists of all types. Not more than eight

people can be accommodated at once, which gives the impression that you are living on the island as a member of a family rather than at a hotel. The island is run in conjunction with the Dale Fort Field Centre, which is the headquarters for the Council for the Promotion of Field Studies.

On deciding to spend a week on Skokholm, my friend and I made the necessary arrangements with the warden of Dale Fort. We were to arrive at Haverfordwest station by train at 6.30 a.m. on Saturday, May 30th, where we would be met by taxi and taken the fourteen miles to the "Fort." At Dale Fort we would have breakfast and meet the rest of the party going to Skokholm, which was seven miles away by boat.

We arrived on May 30th quite excited and were met by a tall bony-legged man in short trousers, who introduced himself as Harold Bassett, the warden of Dale Fort. We climbed into the taxi which was an old but powerful army truck and bounced the fourteen miles to the Fort. We had an excellent breakfast and met the rest of the party going to Skokholm, which consisted of a naval commander, a lecturer from the Department of Zoology, Cambridge, a London schoolmistress, a nurse, and the deputy warden from the Fort. We had a few moments of anxiety when talk of postponing the trip to the island for a day was mentioned. The weather was bad for the boat trip as a mist was developing with heavy rain and the sea was very rough. The boat, which was a 30 ft. motor-powered fishing boat, arrived at about 8.30 a.m. and we loaded the week's provisions and clambered aboard. About a mile out we ran into the really rough water of the Atlantic. The boat swayed all ways, and we were soaked from head to foot with rain and sea water. We turned back once but finally kept on towards Skokholm, which suddenly appeared wreathed in rain and mist, but still about a mile away. It was then that we saw our first gannet which is Britain's largest sea-bird with a wing span of 6-7 feet. It looks like a large white gull, with black wing tips, a stout yellowish bill and black legs. It feeds on fish for which it dives, sometimes from over 100 feet with half-closed wings. Our boat fought its way into South Haven which is a natural little harbour, where we were met by the party leaving the island and our hosts for the following week, who were Peter Conder and his wife who have been on the island for six years. Ronald Nederman, the assistant warden, and Paula, a German woman who is the cook.

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We had excellent meals for dinner and tea after which everyone helps to wash the dishes or fetch water from the well. In the evening we were shown over the island by Peter Conder, and saw our first Mann Shearwater, a bird for which Skokholm is famous. The Shearwater is 16 inches long, sooty black above, white below, with black tubular nostrils and pale pink legs. It was named Shearwater because of its characteristic flight over the sea, during which its wing tips shear through the water, as it turns sharply on rigid wings. This bird, like the Petrel family, is mainly nocturnal as larger predators such as gulls kill them in daylight. The Shearwater and Petrels land on the island only at night time, although a bird on an egg will stay in its nesting burrow for six days without food. It is interesting to note that they lay only one egg which is incubated by both male and female alternately for periods of about six days.

While one bird incubates the egg, the other on its journey for food often flies as far as the Bay of Biscay. Incidentally the Shearwater has the longest incubation and fledgling period of all British birds. The incubation period lasts 52 days and the fledgling period 72 days.

Skokholm has abundant numbers of breeding birds and some of the larger gulls have to be stopped increasing in numbers. There are at least 10,000 pairs of puffins, almost as many razorbills, hundreds of pairs of gulls and in lesser numbers, oystercatchers, meadow and rock pipits, ravens and buzzards.

Peter Conder has been doing excellent work on wheat-eaters for the past six years on Skokholm. In addition to the above, there are birds such as shags, cormorants, kittiwakes, fulmars and gannets, none of which breed on Skokholm.

My friends and I spent most of the week ringing puffins and razorbills. Ringing is the best method of tracing birds on migration, length of life, or for recognition if the ring is coloured. The rings are made of aluminium, about three inches long and a quarter inch wide, with the number and date printed on both ends. The ring is rolled loosely around the bird's leg so that one printed end is under the folds of metal and safe from rubbing on rocks. A record of where the bird was ringed, when, and what species it was is then made. Once a week, usually a Friday, the Shearwaters are ringed. This work has to be done by night, with the help of torches, as there are only incubating birds in their nesting burrows during daytime. Once on land the Shearwater is easy to catch, as their legs are set far back on their bodies, and are not suited for walking. To take

flight the bird either bounces along the grass on its soft chest, or flies off a steep cliff. Leather gloves must be worn as the birds have strong hooked bills. In 30 minutes (actual ringing) six of us ringed 100 and then we returned to the house for tea and biscuits at 1.30 a.m. Before going to bed everyone meets in the common room, which is also a small library, sits around the log fire in easy chairs, and drinks cocoa with biscuits. Peter Conder then brings out the record book and everyone helps to make the day's records. On one night of the week, each person takes his or her turn and enters a short account of the day's happenings in another record book.

After a wonderful and interesting week, we left on Saturday morning June 6th. We arrived home very tired but full of memories of an unusual holiday on an extremely beautiful isle.

D. GUARD.

VICTORIAN MANHOLE COVERS

Do you collect manhole covers? Those who are favoured and indulge in such a delightful task will appreciate why they offer such irresistible fascination. Until you are grounded in the delicacies of such a charming occupation, you fail to realise the beauty and splendour of a manhole cover. If you have studied the intricate features of this universal object you will be intrigued by the variety of geometrical designs that they bear. And what is more interesting than to study shapes?

I have learned on the very best authority that these worthy objects are considered as insignificant. In fact, many unfortunate people fail to realise their existence. Indeed I have reached a heart-breaking decision to manhole cover enthusiasts that people only realise their existence when they discover the absence of one in a street. To think that men have trodden on works of art and passed them without even a thought to their beauty! All I can say in an attempt to revive interest in this art is that unless a man has been aware of the beauty and splendour of a manhole cover, then he is one of the unfortunates who have not tasted the higher and more intellectual fruits of life. He cannot fully appreciate the beauty and joy of living if he is ignorant of the nobility of their existence. For without manhole covers what is there to live for?

I had the good fortune of becoming a manhole cover enthusiast at a very early age. I discovered this absorbing hobby quite by chance. It was during an illness that my

interest and real life began. I remember having heard all Hans Anderson's fairy tales twice over; having painted on sufficient paper to cover the side of a bus until all the colours had intermingled in my paint-box and I was left only with a glorious dark grey. It is when one is ill and has nothing in particular to do that one's mind begins to dwell on the gloomy thought of death and one remembers one's failure to appreciate the finer arts which make life bearable. It was in this depressing mood that my mother attempted to amuse me with a completely new hobby I had reached the age of six and up to that time my hobby was confined to my precious teddy-bear, and I reluctantly set it aside to make way for whatever mother had decided upon. I was startled when I was introduced to a manhole cover. Here indeed was one of the finer arts, although at the tender age, I hardly appreciated it. Mother proudly produced the article, and in a robust voice I promptly delivered full instructions as to where to put it. Mother, although somewhat astonished by my vivid imagination, placed it above the head of my bed, and from that day on, I never looked back.

I have mentioned the intriguing geometrical designs on manhole covers. Historians will, no doubt, be astonished to learn that manhole covers date back to the time of Julius Caesar, but were, of course, of a primitive type. Since that date steady progress has been made to achieve more ingenious and complicated designs. But it is to the Victorian Age that we owe some of the finest manhole covers, for it was at that age that the aforesaid had reached their zenith, and it is to this age that I dedicate this short appreciation. The Victorians have been renowned for their manners and they have treated this worthy hobby in as gentlemanly a manner as could be expected of so great an age. This period has produced some of the finest manhole covers in the world and I have heard say that such a manhole cover is exhibited in Paris, but I have failed to locate the actual street where it lies in all its glory.

I am proud to say that England still leads the world in the production of manhole covers and it is from this great country that the world has witnessed some of the leading manhole cover enthusiasts. Let us rejoice in such a worthy honour and hope for yet more manhole cover enthusiasts. For there is only one thing that a manhole cover collector enjoys more than a fine collection of these rare specimens, and that is two collections of these rare specimens.

R.J.B., U.V.I.

REFLECTIONS ON THE HOBBIES, 1953

Time flies, says the Latin tag, and says but the bare truth. It seems but a term ago that we were dismantling our 1952 Exhibition, and here we are in the middle of another. Before this article sees print, however, the stalls will have disappeared once more, the paper will have met a Moloch-like end, the pins will have been neatly repackaged and the gyms will once more echo hollowly to thump of plimsoll-clad feet.

How does this one compare with the last? Some say it is better, for the standard of presentation, the care of finish, the labelling of exhibits, and the arrangement of stalls are **all improved since 1952.**

Some say not as good, for the exhibits are undoubtedly fewer. Yet the aeromodelling contains more, if the mecano contains less; the live pets have increased in number (as live pets should) even if the leather work has diminished; the physics, like Topsy, "just grewed and grewed," and (tell it not in Gath) the Chemistry Section is expanding; undoubtedly, next year, we shall have a working model of the atom bomb (unless mankind becomes suddenly sane, in which case we may have a discarded real atom bomb).

Personally, I think that the Exhibition has come alive. It has gained a personality. It throbs with life. Heavenly voices (ever) singing are heard from theatre at 4.30; Professor "Archie Andrews" Winks uses his Wooden Stooge to poke gentle fun at the staff, not excluding the headmaster; the old firm of Weeks and Cribb hold their audiences spellbound (and they have rivals at last), while Lyndon Thomas and Mark Clode bewilder the assembled audience with their conjuring and magic. A word of praise, little enough reward for such stirring efforts, must also be given to the Old Dynevor Cinema Circuit, directed by Malcolm Hemming, aided and abetted by Lester Matthews and Peter Francis. If the shrieks of laughter issuing from the library are anything to go on, then these boys are excellent projectionists and Charlie Chaplain is still the good, clean, healthy comic genius he always was.

Everything is relative. I am reminded of the case of Allan Mitchell, U.V.I. Sc., who, the live-long day, handled with ease wires and circuits on the X-ray tube, which, mishandled would have more than merely pricked his finger. Did he blanch? Did he go weak at the knees? Not he. Yet, one evening, Cole's pigeon escaped, and Mitchell, climbing the wall bars, made a grab for it. He caught it rather towards the stern, and the bird, still cherishing its freedom



By Courtesy of the "Evening Post."

**His Worship the Mayor examines one of the Exhibits
at the Hobbies Exhibition.**

flew off, leaving its compete tail in Mitchell's suddenly nerveless hand. It was then that this master of 20,000 volts suddenly blanched. His cry of horror rang through the hall. His knees buckled, and in haste he hurled the tail high into the air, whence descended a shower of feathers upon the open mouthed multitude. Meanwhile, the bird, minus its rudder was weaving its erratic flight to another window. When it finally landed, it looked round at its own denuded posterior, and one first year boy assures me that he distinctly heard it mutter: "Cor lumme, chum, the weather don't 'alf change sudden in these parts."

Yes, another Hobbies Exhibition has gone, and many of our stunchest and most experienced workers will be gone too before next year. But already I have noticed boys—good, dependable boys—coming forward to take their places. To them I say, if you do as well as your elders have done the Hobbies Exhibition will go from strength to strength: it may not become actually, materially better, but its spirit will strengthen, it will throb with life, it will continue in your minds when Euclid is forgotten.

THE GARDEN

The robin, wary of last Winter's snow,
 Ravenous, delves for the worm
 Which glides in the dark, low
 In the cool, dewlapp'd earth.
 And the rabbit, grinning bucktooth,
 Hides by day in the fern,
 Awaiting the moon to champ in bits
 The sulphate-forcèd leaves of Winnigstadt:
 From below
 The gallfly weevil grinds their roots to rot;
 In safety sprout only those mushroom trees,
 Phantasmagonian growths of air and dust,
 Dropping unseen their fatal gamma leaves.
 Now overhead a calling cuckoo pays
 Its hollow tribute to our lastling days.

OLD DY'VORIAN.

GRASMERE

During the summer holidays I had the pleasure of spending a week in the Lake District, staying at Ambleside. A few miles from this town is the village known as Grasmere, situated on the edge of the lake of the same name. The country around this village is also known as the Wordsworth country, for this is the village in which William Wordsworth spent much of his life, and where he wrote many of his poems.

Setting out one wet afternoon on the road from Ambleside to Keswick, I went in search of Rydal Mount. At the foot of the hill leading off the main road on my right, I observed a notice reading "Rydal Hall" and feeling, in the absence of any other notice, that this must be the road to Rydal Mount, I started to climb the hill. I saw first a little church, and entering, was interested by a photograph in the porch of a stone said to be in the adjacent Dorothy's Field, and having an inscription carved by the poet. I spent some time in the rain and wet grass until I found it and with difficulty deciphered the words inscribed thereon. Returning, I continued my walk up the hill, but failed to find Rydal Mount. Upon enquiry, the house was pointed out to me, but I learned to my disappointment that it was privately occupied and only open to the public on the anniversary of the poet's death.

Returning to the main road, I went on to Grasmere, and in the part of the village on the hill overlooking the lake I found "Dove Cottage." This cottage like Rydal Mount was occupied by William Wordsworth during the time he lived in the Lake District. The cottage is in much the same state as when the poet dwelt there, and on the walls have been set out some of the interesting letters and manuscripts of the poet. At the top of the garden is a little summer-house, and from it there is a beautiful view across Grasmere Lake. In the graveyard of Grasmere Church is to be found William Wordsworth's grave, and those of his near relatives. A memorial is also erected to his memory in the church.

Grasmere is famous not only for the fact that William Wordsworth lived there, but also because it is the centre of the Grasmere Sports. I discovered that this event was being held on Thursday afternoon of my week's holiday, and I was determined not to miss it, for these sports are very famous in the north-west of England, and the year 1953 was the centenary of these meetings. Following a night of storm and heavy rain which I thought would

seriously interfere with the sports, morning dawned bright and sunny, so I hopefully made my way to the sports ground. As I arrived at the ground I found that a large crowd had assembled and were waiting for the sports to begin. I am told that on the day of the event a crowd in the region of thirty thousand attends. There are three features which make this sports meeting unique among similar events. These are the North Country wrestling matches, the guides race and the hounds trail. The first of these events takes place between two men, who place their arms around each other's bodies, and then try to throw each other to the ground. The second event calls for stamina and speed for the guides have to climb a mountain above the field, which reaches a height of nine hundred and sixty feet. The winner took fourteen minutes to reach the top of the mountain and to return to the sports field, a speed which is almost incredible considering the nature of the ground, and the guides obviously have to be extremely fit and well-trained before entering the race. The last event is a scent trail for hounds, which takes place over some twelve miles of hills and dales. The hounds left the field in one mad rush to start their long trail. Towards the end of the race the hounds could be seen returning to the field on top of the hills above the ground. The first hound returned in thirty-two and a half minutes, and like the competitors in the guides race had to be properly trained for the trial. The meeting came to an end in the late afternoon, and I was glad that I had not missed it, for the sports were very interesting and they left a happy memory of my holiday.

A.G.C., L.VI Arts.

THE CHAOS

(A poem in honour of the undoubted clarity of English pronunciation)

Dearest creature in creation,
Studying English pronunciation,
I will teach you in my verse
Sounds like corps, horse and worse.

I will keep you, Susy, busy,
Make your head with heat grow dizzy,
Tear in eye, your dress you'll tear,
Queer, fair seer, hear my prayer.

Pray, console your loving poet,
Make my coat look new, dear, sew it,
Just compare heart, beard and heard,
Dies and diet, lord and word.

G. R. MACPHERSON, U.VIa.

A PERFECT DAY

The other morning, on awaking, I found that my head was aching a little. Aha! thought I, here's a perfect excuse for not going to school. So calling my mother in as hoarse a voice as I could command, I croaked to her that I was afraid that I had a very bad cold. When finally I convinced her that I really was ill, she advised a morning in bed for me, with the consoling prospect of school in the afternoon.

Breakfast was brought up to me, and, tucking away a substantial meal (feed a cold is my maxim), I asked my mother to bring me a certain packet from my school satchel. This done, I waited until my mother had gone downstairs again before opening the parcel.

Oh joy! There confronting me lay two unread books of Sherlock Holmes, my favourite super-detective, which I had been obliged to conceal in this manner as, unfortunately, my parents did not consider such literature advantageous to my education. After an interval of a minute or two, during which I brought out a store of milk chocolate, I started to read, munching happily the while.

The morning passed all too quickly for me, enthralled in the adventures of the great sleuth. I had finished one book and was well into the other when I suddenly heard mother coming up the stairs. Down under the bed-clothes went the books, what was left of the chocolates was quickly hidden; and when mother entered the room, I was lying back on the pillow with an expression of acute agony on my face.

"How do you feel now dear?" she asked. I replied that I felt no better. "Oh well, you won't be able to go to school this afternoon then, I'm afraid," she said, "Or will you?"—an afterthought spoken in almost hopeful tone.

I groaned and tried to look as ill as I possibly could, whereupon she reassured me that I had better remain in bed.

Off went mother, to reappear a short while later with quite a tasty dinner for the invalid. Having done full justice to this, I followed the sage advice of the medical fraternity of 'after dinner rest awhile' which I personally consider very sound counsel indeed. For half-an-hour or so I just did nothing.

I next took out my book again, but, finding myself not in the mood for reading, I closed it, and, sinking back on my pillow, began to think "great thoughts." In particular I thought about my friends in school, who at that very moment would be handing in (some of them) their Physics homework. How I sympathised with them!

When at last I awoke from my pleasant reverie, I decided to entertain myself by playing patience. In the first game only five cards came out; and I fared little better in the second; but at the third attempt I succeeded in getting it out perfectly. Then, honour satisfied, I brought out the unfinished book again, and was soon lost in the account of Sherlock Holmes bringing the master criminal to justice. This lasted me until about a quarter past four, when I heard my father's key being inserted in the lock. A little later I heard his footsteps ascending to my room.

"Well, and what's the matter with you this time?" he demanded, with his customary brutality. I told him that I had a bad cold, but that I was feeling a little better, after which he left the room with a suspicious grunt. Breathing a sigh of relief, I decided to stay where I was and not invite caustic criticism by getting up.

Next came tea, and after that a visit from one of my friends. After much cajoling I persuaded mother to let me have my dartboard in the bedroom, and my friend and I enjoyed ourselves immensely, playing game after game until half-past eight, when he took his leave.

I then had a glance at the sporting news in the evening paper, after which mother brought my supper in. When I had finished this I put out the light and composed myself for sleep, not allowing any thoughts of the morrow and school to mar what had truly been a perfect day.

B. J. Havard, U. VI Sc.

DEFENCE FOR DYLAN

Let be, let be:

These fulsome praises do protest too much;

And if ye loved the man

Thy heart's too full for such:

Let be, let be:

Let be, let be:

The poet-body's spirit is the word;

Ye have the verses still,

Although the voice unheard:

Let be, let be:

Let be, let be:

Nor seek thy petty present to deny

Beneath the glitt'ring arc

Of his eternity:

Let be, let be:

OLD DY'VORIAN

CHEMISTRY AS A HOBBY

Chemistry can be a very fascinating hobby, but the beginner usually finds difficulty at the outset in obtaining apparatus, etc., and it is with a view to surmounting these difficulties that this article is written.

Chemistry-sets, as such, are usually too elementary to be of any use. A better method is for the beginner to build up his own stock of apparatus and chemicals. These may be obtained from local chemists but it is cheaper to buy by post from a dealer. The firm of Messrs. Oakes Eddon and Co. Ltd., 97/99, Prescott Street, Liverpool 6, are highly satisfactory and a price list may be obtained from them on application.

To start off with, a few items are essential. These include a Bunsen burner (4/-) if gas is available or a spirit lamp, for heating purposes; half a dozen test tubes (1d. each); a porcelain evaporating dish (2/6); a filter funnel (1/6) and filter papers (1/-); beaker (2/6). All these things may appear expensive at first, but if they are carefully looked after, they can last a very long time. Certain pieces of apparatus e.g. test-tubes racks, tripods, can be improvised by a boy with some ingenuity.

Chemicals may be bought as required, but should be kept in clearly labelled bottles. Acids can not be obtained through the post, but there are various means of acquiring them. Sulphuric acid can be obtained from wireless shops or garages and is sold under the name of "accumulator acid." It is quite strong and should be diluted with two volumes of water. Hydrochloric acid is sold as "Spirits of Salt" by chemists and paint shops. This, too, should be diluted with two volumes of water. Acids should be kept in bottles with ground glass stoppers (price 9d. each), as ordinary corks rot quickly.

This article is not intended to outline any experiments, but a few words of advice might be helpful to the beginner wishing to do his own experiments. If you decide to do your experiments in your mother's kitchen, do not spill chemicals all over the place so as to leave ugly stains. Do not taste chemicals and do not mix things at random. It is better to get a book on home experimenting—there are many about (a few such books are obtainable from the School Science Library) and they usually describe safe experiments, and outline the method.

If you use any part of your house as a laboratory, beware of preparing gases. If you do prepare gases have a window open: chlorine is poisonous, hydrogen sulphide

fills the area with a smell of bad eggs, and hydrogen can be very dangerous if a naked light is near.

The beginner will immediately set about making gunpowder, I feel sure (I know I did!). From my own experience I can say that you are wasting both your time and your chemicals, for the gunpowder never works. However, do not be disappointed—there are many other far more interesting experiments that can be done. Crystal growing is very interesting, and your products can be entered in the Hobbies Exhibition. But if you obtain a book on the subject, e.g. "Chemistry Experiments at Home" by Heys, there are many experiments for you to do—from obtaining potash from cigarette ash to making artificial silk.

However you go about it, record your experiments in a note book, and I feel sure you will spend many happy hours doing something besides making "stinks!"

RHYS BRYANT, U.VI Sc.

THE LIFESAVING SOCIETY

As our school now has a regular use of the Bishop Gore swimming baths every alternate week, and also a period from 5-6 p.m. on Friday evenings, it has been possible to form a lifesaving society. We are indebted for our instruction to Mr. Burgess who has not been able to take a lifesaving class for a good many years, owing to the fact that Swansea has had no baths.

The aim of the society is to enter for the award of Bronze Medallion of the Royal Lifesaving Society. This entails regular practice both on land and in the water. The very interesting work includes learning how to approach a drowning person and releasing oneself from his clutches, how to tow the person to land, and, once on land, how to apply artificial respiration.

At present the lifesaving society consists of only half a dozen or so members of the upper part of the school, but the practices are quite easy and well within the scope of any boy who is a reasonable swimmer. It is to be hoped that all boys will aspire to this end and so help to make the society flourish.

THE NATIONAL YOUTH ORCHESTRA

Shakespeare spoke of music as the food of love ; I do not know if this is true, but I would subscribe to the view that music is the food of life. Since I joined the National Youth Orchestra of Wales in 1951, I have existed on music for three weeks every year during the summer holidays. Thanks to this organisation, I can leave behind all my mundane cares and trespass on the preserves of the chosen few—the concert orchestra.

The 1953 course was held at Wrexham. On July 27th the Swansea members of the Youth Orchestra assembled at Victoria Station. As soon as I entered the compartment, I forgot this vale of tears. Violins were piled on the racks, two 'cellos stood on the corner seats, a French Horn (in its case) provided some of the boys with a foot rest and a trombone lay half on the rack and half out of the window. As the train travelled through mid-Wales, more and more young musicians joined the party. There were handshakes between the veterans and cordial welcomes for the new recruits. The train sped northwards and the songs of Wales filled the compartments. The journey passed quickly and soon one hundred students were assembling at Wrexham Training College.

After queuing up to hand in my ration book and receive the number of my room, I joined the other members in the dining hall where I could hardly eat for excitement. This was the first time the orchestra had assembled for a year, soon to set eyes on the music which was to be played in the large towns of North and South Wales within a week. The first rehearsal took place at 8 o'clock that evening, so that Mr. Clarence Raybould, the world-renowned conductor, could find the weak spots. For the next seven days, I talked music, listened to music, argued about music and played music—nothing else. The orchestra rehearsed for four hours every morning, either under Mr. Raybould or Mr. Whitehead, the string tutor. In the afternoon, sectional rehearsals took place under the various tutors. Between four and six o'clock, the members of the orchestra were free, either to practice alone or play chamber music or go into town. In the evening the whole orchestra assembled under the maestro himself. This was the rehearsal which thrilled me most, for each evening I noticed a marked improvement in the execution.

After a week of hard work, the night of the first concert at Wrexham arrived. There was the usual flutter of nerves but this quickly disappeared after the National Anthems. Such was Mr. Raybould's confidence in the orchestra that

he and Mr. Irwyn Walters, the founder, were not afraid to select works of the great masters such as Dvorak, Humperdinck, Bizet and Mozart. The orchestra toured Wales, seeing much of its beautiful countryside and playing at the major towns. The highlight of the tour was the concert at the National Eisteddfod in Rhyl where the orchestra was televised. The atmosphere on the platform was electric. I thought of all the relatives and friends sitting with their faces glued to the screen trying to pick out the faces they knew so well.

As the course drew to a close, faces grew longer. For some it was the last year with the orchestra, but for others here were many such holidays to look forward to. On the final night, parties took place and pillow fights were waged between the different dormitories, and there was little sleep for anybody.

G.R.M.

QUOTES FROM ESSAYS

(Compiled by the Editors)

1. "A volcano is a hole in the ground, and if you look inside you can see the Creator smoking."
2. "Rhubarb is celery gone bloodshot."
3. "Drake was playing bowls when he was told the Invisible Armada was in sight."
4. "The feminine of buck is buckshee."
5. "Sanctuaries are what Len Hutton is always scoring."
6. "An average is something a hen lays on."
7. "A teetotaller is a man who is never seen drinking."
8. "The capital of Great Britain is the U.S.A."
9. "A monologue is a conversation between a man and his wife."
10. "The tributaries of the Nile are called juveniles."
11. "The zoo is run by a benelphant society."
12. "Tarzan is an abbreviation for the American flag. Its full name is Tarzan Stripes."
13. "A buttress is a female goat."
14. "Tedium is a necessary part of church service."

CELESTIAL FIREWORKS

The clink of beer mugs, conversation that ebbed like the eddying tobacco smoke, a burst of laughter that fell out of the inn door and lost itself in the calm of the evening, the gaffers drinking ale and watching the television recently installed—a perfect English autumn evening.

It had been a wet day, but the showery clouds had drifted away and left a perfectly serene blue-black sky. Leaves drifted gently to the ground, there wasn't enough wind to swing the inn sign: the whole village was breathless, as if waiting, spellbound.

Conversation at the bar and by the door, where several youths were lounging, drifted over the daily topics. Road accident figures were down on last month, the position in China was threatening, the astronomers had discovered a new comet, a new folio of Shakespeare's had come to light. England were in a good position in the World Cup. "Wet weather won't help," pronounced the butcher. It had been a good year for fruit, in fact everyone had had enough fruit. Mr. Gambit, whose raspberries had failed dismally, continued to revive his drooping heart on spirits. "Never known 'em to fail before," he said miserably. "Every bloomin' cane; 'nother pint of 'alf an 'alf Miss."

"The trouble with the world," began the watchmaker, getting on to his pet theme, "is that no one cares a hang about events that don't touch them. We don't worry about starving Chinese or impoverished Indians . . ."

"Ah, the pettiness of the world," cried Humphrey, the village poet, running his fingers through his hair. "Give me life and air and all eternity is mine," saying which he flung himself dramatically from the inn and vanished in the dark. "Glorious evening, I salute you!" was his parting shot. The drinkers looked round but continued to talk; Humphrey was not unknown to them.

"China does not affect us," continued the little watchmaker as if nothing had happened, "so we don't care about it, but don't care." Did he but realise it, he should have been vitally interested in something going on 100,000 miles away at that moment.

By this time the butcher was developing his theory of hollyhock culture to the point of boredom. Mrs. Mercer could be heard—distinctly audible through the mass of

the intervening pump handles—proclaiming to Joyce behind the bar that her washing had been slashed by local raggamuffins. "S'too bad," came the sympathetic judgment.

"Too bad! I should say so," retorted the lady with the slashed clothing. "It must be put a stop to—and that right quickly." She wheeled on the luckless councillor present who, wedged close against the table, had been seeking escape desperately for some minutes—already in vain. "Pretty pass, I must say, when an honest woman can't hang washing in her own garden without having it cut to ribbons by hordes of vandalistic gangs."

The councillor took his life in both hands. "It was only one of your husband's shirts, wasn't it?" he ventured. Even lesser men have their hour of greatness. The storm drew away, came in again, and engulfed him.

Meanwhile the darts team had come in. "Lots of shooting stars to-night," was Jim's contribution. No one paid any attention. "Double top and bull consecutively," said George rubbing his hands gleefully. "Pint of mild, Miss." Everybody crowded round him.

But Jim was right: there were a lot of shooting stars.

"Good sticking is what you need," the butcher was advising the disconcerted Gambet.

"Having to defend our very homes soon," Mrs. Mercer approached white-heat. "Next it'll be the furniture; what's it all coming to?" "Worm in the bud is worst. What they need is . . ." "Gave it a flick as I threw it." George was full of his double-top and bull.

"Hacking my linen about! What next! If they're going to carry on like that, why not finish the job I say?" "A little wet potash should do it nicely. It does wonders Smithers, believe me," the butcher was saying.

A noise at the door effectively attracted all attention. "Look! The heavens are falling." A rush to the door ensued. The scene was indeed extraordinary. A great white radiance was diminishing overhead and to the west hundreds of stars seemed to be falling earthwards. The white elongated masses fell with a spitting motion. "Can't hear much," murmured George. "Funny. Must be a long way off." As if tempted, a large white flame, tinged red and purple, fell to the south with an eerie whine. "Lord!" ejaculated Jim. Two more passed dangerously overhead.

"I'm off," said the watchmaker, suiting action to word. He was a distinctly objective philosopher. Some ash fell in the street. "I left my stockings out—and me dishcloth," said Mrs. Mercer, and fled.

The darts team joined the crowd outside the inn. "Celestial fireworks," remarked one. "Lovely night," sang a voice from inside. It was Mr. Gambit who had not troubled himself much. More ash fell.

Suddenly, a small mass of incandescent fire fell on the hill. It lit the inn-yard like burning magnesium. There was a burst of flame and a farmhouse no longer stood out on the horizon. "Rawling's place," cried the butcher and set off up the lane towards it accompanied by several of the other stalwarts.

The meteoric shower, for so it was, continued for an hour and a half; the only serious accident was the destruction of Rawling's farm-house. Two or three fields away, the nuclear mass had pitted a crater four feet deep in the earth. The masses that had "fallen" looked singularly uninteresting—like chunks of coke.

Rumours concerning the phenomena were very rife in the district. It was said P.C. Bailey was discovered under the bedclothes and great difficulty was experienced in trying to get him up; the newspaper boy reported seeing Miss Garshaw, an experienced spinster, executing a tribal dance in the neighbourhood of the bridge—but he was running home as fast as his legs would carry him.

From that evening the butchers's hollyhocks ceased to grow, Mrs. Mercer failed to carry a cup of tea any distance without slopping some into the saucer, and the darts team won every match of the season. As the papers said, it was the merest accident that the meteoric shower should have been drawn into the gravitational field of our planet, but then the creation of the Universe was such an accident and life itself another?

One thing is certain, that within an hour of the occurrence boy met girl in a shady lane and the conversation was anything but astromonical. Human nature is a powerful shock absorber!

A SECRET WEAPON

One of Britain's war-winning devices in the last Great War is, even to-day, little known outside the War Office. I have received permission from that eminent body to enlighten the general public upon that subject.

It was at a very critical period of the war that this deadly weapon was first used. Rommel was massing his Afrika Korps for a last desperate effort to reach Alexandria. Our war-weary forces were struggling heroically to hold out against overwhelming odds, for we were hopelessly outnumbered. Something had to be done quickly to alleviate the pressure on our valant forces.

I conceived a plan, audacious, unorthodox, but with distinct possibilities. I enlisted a large force of good old English crows to which I devoted many weeks of careful exhaustive training. Finally, after a seemingly hopeless struggle, they were ready for action. Each crow had a Vickers machine gun strapped to its legs. The "Boffins" had perfected a device whereby the gun would fire when pointed vertically downwards.

Zero hour was 1300 hours one Tuesday morning. At the appropriate time six squadrons of my trained crows took off from our base near Alexandria preceded by a lone helicopter. Below the Afrika Korps were making their big drive. Suddenly the helicopter let fall millions of bread crumbs. The crows, specially kept for three days without food, were released and dived eagerly to reach the crumbs. At once the machine guns opened up, strafing unmercifully the enemy massed below. The attack became a rout and the tide of the battle changed.

That evening the official report stated: "In the attack upon the enemy great havoc was wrought: two of our crows are missing"

C. J. PICTON, IVa.

THE POETS ON SCHOOL LIFE

Shakespeare on canteen cutlery:

"Is this a dagger which I see before me?"

W. H. Davies on the prefects:

"We have no time to stand and stare."

Shakespeare on school dinners:

"To feed were best at home."

Wordsworth on lab-girls:

"Something between a hindrance and a help."

Shakespeare on the prefects at the late gate:

"How say thou now? Is it not past two o'clock?"

Arnold on the 1st XV:

"But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill."

Shakespeare on Monday mornings:

"Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwilling to school."

Wordsworth on the school orchestra:

"Hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity."

Shakespeare on a first visit to the Debating Society:

"Thou'lt come no more
Never, never, never, never, never."

Milton on Mr. Grths:

"His state is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed."

Shakespeare on the caretaker:

"Make me a willow cabin at your gate."

Goldsmith on the school assembly:

"While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics rang'd round."

Shakespeare after yet another window has been broken:

"Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?"

Lydgate on the cloakroom:

"I saw where hung mine owne hood
That I had lost among the throng."

Shakespeare on the chemistry department boys:

"What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth
And yet are on 't?"

Keats on the school heating system:

"Oh, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold."

Arnold on the boy who wants to be a school-master:

"'And I,' he said, 'the secret of their art,
When fully learned will to the world impart.'"

Goldsmith on the Geography master:

"Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

Chaucer on the camel-like prefect from Mumbles:

"Of his visage children were aferd."

Khayyam on the writer of lines:

"The moving finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on."

Shakespeare on the compiler of these quotes:

"A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit:
How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward."
NIT WIT

THE SCHOOL CRICKET TEAM

Played: Won: Lost: Drawn:
7 2 3 2

Owing to adverse weather conditions this year's fixture list was sadly depleted, four complete games being cancelled. Compared with previous seasons this year's team had a fairly lean time, but this can be partly attributed to the weather which prevented any practices whatsoever on the field.

This lack of practice helped towards our first defeat of the season against Pontardawe, who also triumphed over us later in the season. Of the two games with Llanelly, one was lost and the other drawn; the game with the Bible College resulted in a win for the School by 45 runs, and we defeated the Bishop Gore XI, our keenest rivals, after drawing with them in the first game.

This year we were lucky enough to play the Old Boys at St. Helen's Ground. The Old Boys batted first and put up the rather formidable total of 144 runs mainly due to the fine efforts of R. Longhurst and H. Williams. This was too much for the School who, although helped by an invaluable 20 from Tom Arnold and an unyielding, perky innings by Einar Day, lost by 76 runs.

The team was ably led by Ken Walters who was "aided and abetted" by the vice-captains B. Williams and P. Maimone. To Walters falls the distinction of setting up a new School record in scoring 87 not out against Llanelly, and he made other commendable scores of 56 and 39. B. Williams was the rock on which the bowling was built and was greatly helped by T. Pilot and H. Davies who also turned in some useful scores towards the end of the season.

It only remains for me to express the profound appreciation of the team to Messrs. W. E. and E. Evans for their help and support in running the team and for their undying interest.

Colours were awarded to six players: viz. K. Walters, M. Perris, H. Davies, T. Arnold, B. Williams and P. Maimone.

P. SAWORD, Hon. Sec.

DRINGO EVEREST

Roedd gennyf ddiddordeb neilltuol yn y ffilm y bore hwnnw yr aethom i'r Plaza. Bu perthynas i mi yn yr India yn ystod y rhyfel, a chlywais ganddo droeon am ei ymweliadau mynych i ogledd India pan gai seibiant o'i waith yn y lluoedd arfog. Roedd Stôr o hanesion a disgrifiadau yn fy meddwl ar fy ffordd i'r sinema.

Arferais fy ewythr fynd bob cyfle a gai i le o'r enw Darjeeling, ryw saith mil o droedfeddi uwchlaw lefel y môr. Ar ol cyrraedd yno codai'n aml am dri o'r gloch y bore a dringo bryn gerllaw i weld yr haul yn codi dros Fynyddoedd mawrion yr Himalaya. Gan fod yr awyr mor eithriadol o glir gellid gweld dros ddau can milltir i bob cyfeiriad. Yna yr olygfa ryfedd o weld peledryn cynta'r haul yn taflu'r crib uchaf i'r golwg—Mynydd Kinchenjunga, sydd dros wyth mil ar hugain o droedfeddi o uchder a rhyw ddeugain milltir o Darjeeling. Ac yn raddol wedyn, deuai pob un o'r Copâu i'r golwg yn ei dro. Pob un dan eirâ yng ngolau'r haul yn ymddangos ar y cyntaf yn las ac yna newid o las i gochni egwan, ac fely deuai'r haul fwyfwy i'r golwg y lliwiau yn symud i lawr yn raddol dros y llethrau a gwynder y cribau yn dod yn fwy amlwg. Ac wedi cael golwg ar y lliwiau symudol hyn, y rhes mynyddoedd i gyd yn ymddangos yn wyn.

Onid yr ias fwyaf iddo, bob tro oedd edrych i bellter dros gan milltir tua'r gogledd a gweld un copa bach gwyn rhwng dau grib gwyn arall, fel petaent yn gwarchod yr un yn y canol. A hwnnw oedd yr un sydd hyd at y flwyddyn hon wedi herio dyn ar bum cyfanir — Everest.

Felly, braf oedd cael eistedd y bore hwnnw mewn sêd esmwyth a gweld â'm llygaid y lluniau lliw a oedd eisoes egwan yn fy nychymig, a gwylio'r fintai fach ddewr yn brwydo ei ffordd ar fannau mor anhygoel o ddiiffaith a chrenlon.

Pam yr aethant yno? Onid yw ateb syr John yn gwtla ac eto'n gyfreithlon? Am ei fod e' yno! Y cymhelliad oedd y peth rhyfedd hwnnw—uchelgais dynol — peth na ellir byth mo'i atal. Mawr yw eia dyled i'r etholedig rai sydd o hyd a'u bryd ar goncro bydoedd newydd. Ymhob cylch o fywyd.

Ond nid pam oedd problem fawr syr John, ond pa fodd. Gwnaee y ffordd yn hwylus iddynt cyn belled ag oedd modd trwy gymorth Gwyddoniaeth Fodern. A dyna pam yr ydym ni, wyr y "Lower aa Upper VI Science" yn ymddangos mor wysig a dysgedig i weddill yr ysgol y tu mewn iddi a'r tu allan y dyddiau hyn! Y tro resaf yr ysgrifennaf i'r magazine fe gewch hanes y trip rhyfeed i Mars. Rydym yn brysur iawn yn ylabs," ar hyn o bryd yn paratoi ar gyfer hwnnw. Ystyriwn daith i Everest fel tamaid i aros pryd.

GWYN ROSSER, L. VI Science.

THE SCHOOL CONCERT

After a lapse of three years, the School Concert was revived by a performance by the choir and orchestra at Ebenezer Chapel. The splendour and dignity of the Brangwyn Hall where we formerly held our concerts gave place to the more homely and intimate setting of the chapel, but the change did not detract from the merit of the performance nor the enjoyment derived by the very large audience.

The chief choral work was Elgar's "Banner of St. George" in which John Williams gave much pleasure as the soloist. In addition there were Welsh airs and part songs which the boy choristers sang with obvious enjoyment; solos and duets by Ambrose Thomas, Roger Pickthorne, Peter Jones, Ivor John and Gwynfor Morgan; the Mozart Horn Concerto in which Michael Griffiths was the soloist, and a piano concerto composed and the solo part played by Phillip Croot.

One of the items which gave most pleasure was a violin solo by a diminutive first year, Gerald "Campoli" Lloyd. Holding a violin almost as big as himself, his effort delighted the audience whose tumultuous applause, however, could not persuade him to return to the platform.

To ensure the success of the concert, much hard work was necessary, and the perseverance and continued effort of Mr. John Richards and Mr. Myrddin Harries were amply rewarded. A great deal of work was done, too, by the back-room boys who orchestrated many of the pieces—it was rumoured that the ink was still wet on the manuscripts received by certain members of the orchestra. This revival of the musical side of our school life was fully appreciated and plans are already being made for next year's concert.

D.T.P., U.VIa.

GEFNFOR SBAEN.

(Cyfieithiad)

Mae'r lloer wen fry : mae'r ser yn llon ;
 A'r gwynt yn rhydd ac ir !
 Fe geisiwn heno aur dros don
 Draw o'n cynefin dir !
 Bu'r byd yn mynd yn hen a brau
 Rhown eto'r hwyl ar daen !
 Fe awn i geisio Teyrnas Aur
 Tu hwnt i Gefnfor Sbaen.

Blin ym ar wasaidd blygu glin
 A'r gwrtais wen a'r ffug !
 Duw, gad i'r chwa a'i balmaidd su
 Ysgafnu'n bron o'i chur !
 Na fydded serch ar werth byth mwy
 Am elw byd di-raen ;
 Fe awn i geisio oes o Aur
 Tu hwnt i Gefnfor Sbaen.

Tu hwnt i olau pell Cathay,
 Tu hwnt i freuddwyd dyn,
 Ymhell o gyrraedd nos a dydd
 Mae El Dorado gun,
 A ddengys - rhwng cymylau pell—
 Ryw seren glaer ddistaen,
 Gogoniant hardd y Pyrth o Aur
 Tu hwnt i Gefnfor Sbaen.

T. JAMES. (L. VI Arts).

