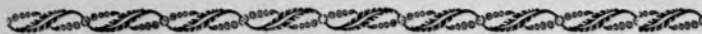


# MAGAZINE

No. 91.

DECEMBER, 1954.



*FOR*  
COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITTING  
CAPS, TIES, BLAZERS, HOSE, SCARVES  
*AND*  
**OLD BOY'S**  
BADGES, SQUARES, TIES  
*CONSULT*

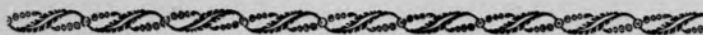
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**SWANSEA**



**Carmarthen, Haverfordwest, Llanelly, Port Talbot.**



GORAU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

# Dynevor Secondary School Magazine

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No. 91 (No. 18 New Series)

DECEMBER, 1954.

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## Editorial Committee.

*Editor :* E. A. DAY.

*Sub-Editors :* J. M. KNOYLE, R. J. WILLIAMS  
D. G. DAVIES.

## EDITORIAL.

THE season of goodwill towards men has returned and once again through great endeavour the School Magazine has been produced. We trust that the contents will be read by all, enjoyed by most, and criticised by those whose genius, as yet is embryonic but will blossom forth next term in the shape of an article worthy of this magazine.

This year we have a completely new editorial committee, and never in the past did we imagine what Herculean efforts are expected of these literati. Last year's committee has "passed on," W. Wagstaff and R. Bryant being students at Swansea University, while G. Macpherson is having a holiday serving the Queen before he takes up his studies at Cambridge.

We hope that our attempts at production will not disappoint you and that we have maintained the high standard of our predecessors. Finally, we would like to wish both staff and boys a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year !

## SCHOOL NOTES.

There have been no changes of permanent staff so far this year, but we do extend a hearty welcome to our new German assistant Herr. Karl Kurtz, who comes to us from the Saar. We also have the pleasure of welcoming to our midst four students from Swansea University, Messrs. David Webborn, an old boy, Emyr Jones, Cyril Butt and Geoffrey Williams, as well as Mr. Douglas Jones from the Swansea Art School.

Mr. Derek John leaves us at the end of term to take up a post as Education Officer in the Colonial Service, Northern Nigeria. We wish him and his family "bon voyage" and trust they will find happiness in their new sphere.

We extend our good wishes to Supt. Honbrook, an old boy, on his appointment as deputy Chief Constable of York, and wish him every success in his new office.

We take great pleasure in reporting the meteoric rise in the tennis world of former pupil, Michael Davies. After his grand performance at Wimbledon, Michael won the covered-court championships at Torquay. In the final he beat the holder and favourite, G. D. Oakley, by 6-4, 6-2 in a fine display of attacking tennis. We offer him, on behalf of the whole school, hearty congratulations and we hope his progress will continue.

Also in the world of sport we congratulate Einar Day on being capped for Wales against England at this year's match at St. Helen's under the auspices of the Secondary Schools Cricket Association. An article by him on his experiences on this occasion appears on another page.

The School Concert, again held at Ebenezer Chapel, was once more a success. In spite of unfavourable weather the attendance was excellent, and the audience showed their appreciation of the abundant talent displayed. The outstanding feature, of course, was the number of compositions by boys of the school. We will not go into details here for the concert is reported elsewhere in the magazine, but we must congratulate all who played a part, whether it was great or small, in making the concert such a success.

The Prefects. Yes, we must make mention of this august body of veritable warriors who keep the school in such good order. Since the abolition of flogging we regret that juniors (and that means anyone under five feet tall!) have not shown sufficient respect for these stalwarts. "A clip in time saves lines." However, with J. M. Knoyle as captain, and P. E. Saward (whom, we are sure, everyone is glad to see back after his lengthy illness) as vice-captain, all sedition has been crushed before it could reach fruition. There are definite signs of decline in the dreaded water-pistol menace, thanks to the prefects. The most popular "gat" is the gaily-coloured

plastic model, which guarantees a hundred squirts of any fluid substance. Many confiscations have been made by the well-meaning prefects who have banded together in a Ku-Klux Klan-like anti-revolutionary movement. Fully armed they patrol the school under the leadership of the ginger-haired Al Capone of the Upper VI Arts who sports a red gun in one hand and a green one in the other. But already they are showing results, and excellent marksmanship, too! So listen you young rascals, respect the boys who wear badges in their left lapels.

On the 12th and 13th of November, another conference of the Student Christian Movement was held at Llwyn-y Bryn Girls' High School, and was attended by the four grammar schools of the town. With Mr. Cox and Mr. Burgess at their head, Dynevor was represented by about forty boys, who all agreed to the intellectual and social value of such a meeting. It is a real achievement for a boy to stand up in company and express his opinion.

If anyone thinks this an easy matter we would be glad to see him at the Literary and Debating Society. This truly essential part of school life has been revived with fresh vigour this term, not having met since before last Christmas. We shall say no more for this topic is dealt with very competently in the following pages, but we do want to emphasise the importance of such a society, and we hope that next term we shall need a bigger room in which to hold our meetings.

Let us now go from the sublime to the ridiculous, and examine the progress (?) of the School 1st XV. All joking aside, this year's team has proved itself worthy to don the black and amber jerseys, and, although not enjoying the best of luck, the team has managed to break even, the number of defeats just slightly, at the time of writing, outweighing the number of victories. The forwards, as usual, are a good, strong shower of blockheads, while the backs are potentially brilliant but under-nourished, their favourite diet being passes!

During the term the Swansea Businessmen's Club held a luncheon at the Langland Bay Hotel, an important guest being Chris Chataway. "What has that to do with Dynevor?" you might ask. Well, an old boy, Mr. Bernard McInerny, came to school with two spare tickets for the luncheon. He invited the headmaster to choose two boys, and J. Knoyle and E. Day, lucky fellows, were sent in top hat and tails to meet the red-haired runner with plenty of ginger, and then to dine at the expense of the businessmen. The only drawback was that the luncheon clashed with the school dinner-hour, and the boys had to do without their energy-giving school dinners and make do with a three-course meal!

Feudalism, class segregation and frosted glass windows have returned! What goes on inside the staff-room? Why have the windows been rendered opaque? Why have lofty cupboards, like stout barricades, been erected? Do the masters feel socially isolated? Or have they an inferiority complex? Our secret agents, disguised as whisky bottles, inform us that a billiard table and a television set have been installed! Yes, you might well ask what happens to our sports fees!

Now that we have come to the question of finance we must write a paragraph on the condition of our school which, in spite of the elements and the by-gone efforts of the Luft-waffe, is still standing. Some schools are old, and others are just old. What an atmosphere there is at Dynevor! What inspiration we receive when during history lessons we feel a lump of mouldy plaster falling on our heads, and realise that the rotten mess which has started to roll down our neck was indirectly caused by the benevolent despotism of Frederick the Great of Prussia, even though he died nearly two hundred years ago! Yet even this inspiration seems insignificant when compared with that received by the boy who had to write an essay on "The Home of Stone Age Man." Despondent at first he was fired with inspiration by his environment. It was easy! All he had to do was to describe his form room which would have suited the Wild Man of Borneo down to the ground complete with carvings on the walls and moist atmosphere with water dripping from the ceiling! No doubt you have never thought of the advantages provided by the ruins of Dynevor castle. But this term the condition of our school buildings has been inspected by certain authorities, and we are threatened with painted walls, glass windows, water-proof ceilings and other new fangled modern developments. There is a wild rumour that a roof is going to be built because the rain it raineth every day.

Finally, if you have read thus far, we leave you with this advice. Read the rest of the magazine, imagine what work its production entails, and make your New Year's resolution be "I am going to write an article worthy of the School Magazine this term."

A painting "Fun in the Snow" by Kenneth Hendy 5C has been accepted for exhibition at the Royal Cambrian Academy of Art, Conway, National Exhibition of Children's Art in Wales, 1954/5.

The picture has been highly commended and Kenneth has been awarded a Certificate of Merit and a prize of half-a-guinea.

We congratulate Mr. W. J. Thomas, an Old Dyvorian, on obtaining his Ph.D., London University.

Mrs. Milledge, who, with her husband, Dr. Milledge, has served with the L.M.S. in North China and Southern India, spoke very entertainingly to the assembled school on life in Travancore ; later, members of the sixth forms had an informal session with her, and were much impressed by her answers to the many questions put on the customs, language and conditions in Southern India.

As we go to press we have news that an M.A. has been awarded to Mr. Leslie Evans, our German Master, and we extend to him our warmest congratulations.

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### THE OLD MEN.

(Adapted from the Welsh poem " Yr Hen Wŷr ")

The grey old men sit staring  
By the inn's bright fireside  
Into the dim grown embers  
With eyes whose lust has died.

Through a corner lattice window  
The Church's windows stare,  
The ivied tower and ash tree  
That lean together there.

And there they sip their beer  
With no more hopes and woes,  
As silent as the blue stones  
That stand outside in rows.

And to them, at some noontide,  
Come hymns from grave side gloom,  
The parson's distant mumbling  
Of hope beyond the tomb.

No longer understanding  
To drink they turn away,  
As silent as their elders  
Lapped in the senseless clay.

Until the long low tolling  
Sounds their sitting there,  
Staring at dim grown embers  
And sipping their bitter beer.

L.J., L.VI.

## CALIFORNIAN IMPRESSION.

What have you heard about California—something about oranges or climate or (most probably) about Hollywood ? Imagine that you had come to California. You would have come across from New York on the Pennsylvania and Union Pacific Railroad. This journey would have taken some four days and three nights continuous rail travel. This is not such a long time since you have covered 3000 miles between New York and California—a far greater distance than that between Swansea and Moscow. The United States is a continent and not just a country, characterised by vast distances and an enormous range of people and scenery. Americans are used to distance—an engineer was recently telling me how lucky he was to get a job in a town “ only 500 miles away from his home ”—for him this meant only a day’s journey by car ! After arriving in California you may be surprised to learn that the state is about six times the length of your native Wales.

Beside distance you have to become used to size in all things. From the hostel where I stay can be seen the largest single span bridge in the world—the Golden Gate Bridge (which is not golden but painted red). The view includes the Oakland Bridge which is one of the longest bridges in the world. Incidentally I can also see Alcatraz Federal Prison set on a lonely island in the middle of San Francisco Bay ; the skyscrapers of downtown San Francisco ; the Richmond shipyards where most of the wartime Liberty ships were built ; and beyond on the horizon is the Pacific Ocean. My Sunday newspaper contains over 150 pages, the University of California has 33,000 students—you have to become used to size in all things.

There are innumerable machines that would probably impress you. Washing and drying machines, pencil sharpening machines, cleaning machines, mechanical games, automatic candy and coke machines, the ubiquitous juke box—these are just a few examples that you constantly come across. Most people (including University students) possess cars which usually contain heating and radio equipment. Many High-School pupils also have cars and High School Curriculum sometimes include driving tuition. In a local test some High School pupils were asked about their mental problems ; the answers revealed that their most desperate problem was “ where can I park my car ” !

You may be surprised to learn that you could hardly bathe in the sea here. The cold Californian current means that the Pacific is too cold for comfortable bathing—hence the large number of swimming pools in the State. You would also discover that Hollywood is a very insignificant place which the



native Californian rarely bothers to visit. Its importance in California has been greatly exaggerated by the outside World (and Hollywood publicity). Californians are generally far more impressed by British films than by most of the Hollywood productions.

The American language is something quite different from your English. Americans use a whole vocabulary of words that are not used in Britain. This vocabulary includes an impressive number of words from everyday home-life such as

<i>American</i>	<i>English</i>
ash-can	dust-bin.
baby-carriage	pram.
automobile	car.
Candy	sweets.
thumb-tack	drawing-pin.
janitor	caretaker.
sidewalk	pavement.

These are just a few obvious examples that would soon occur to you. American slang would often be difficult for you to understand.

Cost of living is high. Your haircut would cost you ten shillings and a decent meal at least seven shillings. You would become used to hamburgers, cheeseburgers, frank furters and other concoctions. Fruit is relatively cheap and always available in California. You would now eat fresh and not tinned fruit—fresh pineapple, water-mellon, pears, apricots, and the more common pears, apples and oranges.

Some things about California would irritate you. Advertisement hoardings glare at you from all angles ; most radio and television programmes are frequently interrupted by " publicity spots " ; newspapers contain more advertisements than news ; many Americans regard Europe merely as an interesting museum. Incidentally very few Californian students have money grants to support their studies in university.

Now what would you think about California ? Probably that it was a mixture of good and bad with more than a fair share of hospitality for the foreign student. It has a fascinating history and range of impressive scenery. While acknowledging its obvious attractions, the Dyvorian would also come to realise some of the advantages of his British home and heritage.

My best wishes to Dynevor School and Staff,  
NORMAN H. HARRIES.

November 10, 1954,  
INTERNATIONAL HOUSE,  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,  
BERKLEY 4,  
CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,  
SINGLETON PARK,  
SWANSEA.

DEAR SIR,

It is my pleasure and, indeed, great honour to be writing the annual letter from Swansea University College to our old school. The Dyvorian element here is quite numerous and even more active proportionately, engaging in the widest range of activities the College can provide, not without distinction, I proudly add. We follow the school's progress avidly, and gratefully take this opportunity of wishing the school staff and pupils a Happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Being at a University is very different from being at school, and I am passionately told the difference is in every way better. A new student must get used to the unfamiliar sights of having cackling female students creeping round, of seeing everyone wearing a gown (which makes distant identification of Staff difficult), or the unnerving sight of beholding a library full of students who are actually working. However, despite these vast differences one does feel that this new world is a friendly one for anybody will help you—if you dare ask. The greatest difference is one of liberty, almost license; the student can work or not, attend lectures or not, come and go as he likes. He is in every way self dependent and the onus of failing falls upon himself for the first time in his life, whether he likes it or not, whether he knows it or not.

Work done in a University can be labelled "All my own effort" but an average student, in his first term at least, does not work so hard as an average schoolboy, although the amount of work he actually does is of a higher standard and more intensive. Apart from this the schoolboy is moving in a circle of activities he is very used to.

Regrettably for students but rather encouraging for Dynevor Boys the standard of activity in the Political and Debating Society falls far below that which we experienced in the school "Lit. and Deb."

The new influx of Dyvorians has settled down rather well. Some have discovered the value of the famous dictum "In vino veritas," while others stroll about with trilbys, umbrellas and cigarettes—normal students? One notable from Dynevor has become an Engineer (a term which the outside world must equate with Martian in Britain, Communist in America, or Edrich in Yorkshire), but in the main (a famous phrase) they have settled down happily and well.

We look forward to seeing a considerable number of this year's Sixth Form down here next year, and echo again our best wishes to the School.

Yours sincerely, W. D. WAGSTAFF.

THE UNION,  
MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY,  
MANCHESTER 13.

DEAR SIR,

It is with very great pleasure that I take this opportunity of contributing to the School's Magazine, and I sincerely hope that you and all those concerned in the arduous task of compiling the magazine have the satisfaction of a successful issue. I am now in my second year at the University and having got over that initial feeling of wonder which I experienced as a "fresher," I have settled down to the general routine.

I might at first point out that the Victoria University of Manchester was founded in 1880 by Queen Victoria, and provision was then made for the addition from time to time of other colleges into the University. There are about five thousand four hundred students in attendance at the University, and this is a considerable number when one recalls that Swansea has probably well under a thousand.

To my knoweldge there are only two old Dyvorians here this session, such well known personalities as Brian Darby, David Webborn and Geoffrey Morris having left last year. They are Mervyn Matthews who I believe is in the Russian School and Philip Kingdon, who left school the year before me and is now in his final year in the Spanish Honours School. I myself am doing a general degree in French and Italian and I have one further year to go in order to complete my course.

To a fresher, I think the most salient feature of University life is the art of self discipline, and here I believe is the main difference between secondary school and University education. You attend your lectures, or at least most of them, and the rest is entirely up to you, because you are not under constant supervision. Although you may be tempted to slack off somewhat it is only in your own interest to try and divide your time up suitably so that you do a fair share of work and also have time to participate in various other activities. In this last field there is plenty of scope.

The various societies in the first place play an important part in fostering social activity. Each honours school, such as the French, German or Geography, has its own society. Each is run entirely by the students in that society, and its success depends on the enterprise of its members. Apart from socials, film shows, debates, etc., inter society matches are arranged in soccer, rugby, hockey, table tennis or in fact anything which receives adequate support. These matches are played usually on Wednesday afternoon when everybody

is free from lectures. I have played soccer regularly this season for my society, and apart from one crushing 12-1 defeat have had quite a good season.

I am also a member of the Gilbert and Sullivan Society, which this year is performing "Iolanthe." I have never had any pretensions about my singing or acting ability, so I was quite content to join the society in the rather insignificant but necessary position of stage hand.

The Literary and Debating Society is certainly a very lively feature of University life and the debates are often of the most stimulating and interesting nature, with no lack of speakers. Within the last few weeks Mrs. Bessie Braddock and Mrs. Barbara Castle, two very prominent members of the Labour Party, have come to address the Society. Last year Greer Garson, the well-known film actress, came to give a talk on—"Shakespeare on the Films." It may be remembered that the film "Julius Caesar" in which she was appearing had been just released, and this really occasioned her talk. Needless to say, she was well received by the students.

On the purely sporting side there are facilities for practically every possible outdoor and indoor activity. Apart from the more common ones we have judo, lacrosse, squash, badminton, and fencing to name only a few. Most of these activities are carried on at the McDougall Centre which also houses the gymnasium and swimming pool.

Manchester University sports its own T.A. unit and its own Air Squadron, and they are well-organised and well-supported by the students. I understand that students who join the T.A.'s are paid 2/6d. per day, but they have to work in the cook-house to earn their pay.

I hope that my brief description of life at Manchester University may persuade more Dyvorians to come here next year, but even if they don't I do hope that they will at least try to enrol at a university away from Swansea, because to my mind it is only when you are living away from home that you can appreciate to the full "coll life."

Again thanking you for the opportunity of contributing to the magazine, I would like to close by sending my best wishes to the masters, pupils and former pupils of the school.

Yours sincerely,

B. L. WILLIAMS.

## A DIARY OF A SCHOOLBOY.

### Monday, October 11th.

Went to school joyously. Had a row with the bus-conductor and told him where to get off. Played a football match in the yard and broke four windows. Result, lines. In the afternoon, I ticked the maths-master off for not ticking my sums right. Drew my life-savings from the bank and spent it on a quarter of sweets. In the evening, I spent a busy couple of hours looking for jobs that didn't want doing.

### Tuesday, October 12th.

Upon waking, I did my morning exercises. Opened the window, threw out my chest and went down-stairs to retrieve it. Dinner time, I took my helicopter back to school and landed it on the school roof. Went into the market, tripped a man up and he fell into a dish of boiled beetroot. Was his face red? Lost my tea through shutting the dog in the larder.

### Wednesday, October 13th.

Fell downstairs, broke my neck but mended it with "Sello-tape." Had a holiday because a slight breeze blew down the school. In the afternoon, I watched the builders rebuilding school. Afterwards, I saw a policeman chasing a man who was cutting up a side street. Highways Department was very annoyed; made him replace it.

### Thursday, October 14th.

Was very surprised to see the school had been rebuilt overnight. In the new Chem. Lab. I showed the boys a few chemical tricks. They thoroughly enjoyed it and I was warmly applauded. My final item was to mix five chemicals together including nitro glycerine. This raised the roof. Leaving school, I watched a man on a ladder painting a wall. Saw him step back to admire his work. Dialled 999.

### Friday, October 15th.

Went on point duty in High Street instead of the policeman. Held up traffic, found it too heavy, and dropped it amidst confusion. Confusion hurt. Called at the Public Library, and asked the Librarian if he had ever read herring. He was put out, so was I. In the evening, I went to see a film at the Plaza. Outside, I saw Roger Bannister and asked if I could have a few words with him. He said certainly, chat away.

### Saturday, October 16th.

Went into the 'Mayflower' and asked when they were sailing. From there I went to 'Lipton's' and asked the assistant whether he had any broken biscuits. He replied that he had, so I told him to mend them. In the afternoon I played football in the park and having no time to change, arrived at the Brangwyn Hall in my football togs and shorts to conduct the Halle Orchestra.

### Sunday, October 17th.

Sunday, no school! What a wonderful thought. Gave three cheers but couldn't afford any more. Went for a walk and saw a milkman delivering his milk on his round in the square. In the afternoon I took a bus to Caswell. Offered a lady my seat and she fainted. When she came to, she thanked me and I fainted. When I was revived, the conductor stared at me as though I hadn't paid and I stared back at him as though I had. Walking along the beach, I drew a deep breath, rolled it up, and took it home and painted it for the Hobbies.

JOHN STUART HANCOCK, IIID.

### CAEREDIN.

Mae pob un ohonom yn gyfarwydd ddigon a'r hen ddy-wediad "codi cestyll yn yr awyr." Mae llawer ohonom wedi codi rhai ar brydiau, a'u gweld, yn fuan wedyn, yn gorwedd yn chwâl. Ond a welsoch chi gastell yn yr awyr erioed? Wel, fe welais i un â'm llygaid fy hun, ac nid un dychmygol oedd ef, chwaith.

Tua chanol Awst diwetha' euthum bob cam gyda chyfaill i mi yn yr ysgol o Manselton i Edinburgh. Gan fod cysylltiad mor agos rhwng y teulu brenhinol a'r ddinas mae'r hen enw Caeredin yn ddigon hysbys bellach. 'Rwy'n falch iawn o'm ffrind sydd a pherthynas yn byw mor bell ac mewn lle mor braf.

Y noswaith wedi i mi gyrraedd yr oeddun yn rhodio'n hamddenol ar hyd strydoedd y ddinas yn syllu ar siopau. Wrth droi i mewn i un o'r heolydd mwyaf, yn sydyn, sefais yn stond. Sefais fel un wedi'i barlysu. O'm blaen, uwchben y ddinas, safai castell—castell yn yr awyr. 'D oedd dim rhyngddo a llawr y ddinas—dim ond haen o dywyllwch.

Safai fel petai darn o olau dydd braf wedi'i adael ar ôl i'w amgylchynnu yn nhwyllwch y nos. Golygfa ryfedd i'w chofio am hir amser.

Yng ngolau'r dydd dilynol diflannodd y 'weledigaeth.' Sefais eilwaith yn yr un man a gwelwn y castell ar ben craig dri chant o droedfeddi uwchben y ddinas—yn sefyll, mor gadarn a'r graig odano.

Ond nid oedd rhyfeddodau'r dydd yn llai. Yr oedd y ddinas yn orlawn o ymwelwyr o bob gwlad dan haul am wn i. Cerddwn o amgylch yn glustiau i gyd, yn gwrando ar ac am bob swn. 'Roedd y castell yn y dydd wedi'i droi yn debyg i Dwr Babel yn swn y gymysgedd o ieithoedd a glywid ar hyd y strydoedd.

'Roedd yr Wyl Fawr neu'r Ffestival ar gerdded. Gwyl yn para am dair wythnos gyfan a'r gorau o bopeth ym myd Drama, Cerdd, etc, ynddi. Dyna growd stwrllud i stiwdents mewn un man yn eu capiau pigddu, pengwyn yn falch mai

Cerddorfa Symffoni eu gwlad fach. Denmarc oedd i agor yr Wyl. Symud oddiyno, a chlywed Almaenwyr—digon tebyg bod ganddynt hwythau ffrindiau yn y Gerddorfa o Hamburg. Ble bynnag y trown 'roedd Ffrangeg ymhob man. Ac wrth gwrs—yr Americanwyr—yn wŷr a merched. Y gwŷr mewn gwisgoedd ysgafn a'r olwg arnynt yng nghafael gwynt gogledd-ddwyrain a gadwai'r haf a'i wenau draw, yn peri dyn i grynu.

Pobl o bob man yn prysur gerdded i bob cyfeiriad i weld neu i glywed rywbeth neu gilydd. A phob un a chopi, neu raglen neu daith lyfr yn ei law ac yn celbran yn ddibaid yn ei briod iaith.

Ac wrth feddwl am ymdrech ac aberth ambell un i ddod yno bellafodd byd i flasau danteithion y wledd clywais am ferch yn gweini yn un o'r siopau ac ymwelwr cyfeillgar yn gofyn iddi a fuasai hi yn un o "shows y Festival." "Na, dim eto," meddai, "ond hoffwn yn fawr i weld "Chu Chin Chow on Ice."

Yn yr Wyl y flwyddyn nesaf fe fydd gan ein gwlad fach ni ran ynddi. Mor falch oeddem i gyd glwyed bod Cerddorfa Genedlaethol Ieunctid Cymru yn mynd i roi Cyngerdd yno. Faint, tybed, o fechgyn ein hysgol ni a fydd mor lwcus a chael mynd? Fe wn i hyn yn eitha da—fe fydd llygaid y byd arnynt. Rhwydd hynt iddynt.

O.R.P., L VI.

### MY FIRST DESCENT.

It was at the unearthly hour of 9 o'clock on a dreary November morning that a dozen or so members of the 1st Mumbles Senior Scout Troop gathered at Cae Duke Colliery Training Centre. We were to make our first descent into the bowels of Mother Earth. Naturally we were all excited at the chance of such a wonderful experience, for although we lived on one of the largest coal-mining areas in Great Britain this was to be the first time that we had visited a coalmine. Two members of our party, who were keen geologists, taking full advantage of this opportunity, had brought along hammers and chisels, which they proposed to use for extracting fossils or any other such geological specimens they might come across.

Before making the descent we were given a talk on the opportunities open to young boys, who intended to make the coalmining industry their career. Afterwards we were shown over the administration and recreation buildings on the surface and even sampled the canteen tea, which although rather strong for my liking was quite reasonable for two pence. During the few moments at the power-house we were rather terrified at the alarming rate at which the steel cable holding the cage vanished down the mine-shaft. It gave me the impression that the cage was dropped down the shaft and only stopped,

or at least slowed up, a few feet from the bottom. However, we were soon to learn the truth for ourselves as the time had come for us to make the descent.

Having first undergone a thorough search for matches and other such inflammable materials, we were taken to a small and rather dilapidated building near the shaft, and there equipped with helmets and Davy lamps. We then proceeded to the shaft itself, where two instructors were waiting for us, they assured us that there was no danger and that we would enjoy every moment of it. Personally, I had doubts on the matter after having seen the speed at which the cage went down. How disillusioned I was when I first set my eyes on it as I had always imagined it to be a glorified lift. Yet there it was, just a frail assemblage of steel affording the bare essentials that were required of it. As the cage held only half a dozen or so at a time we were forced to split up into two groups and I found myself in the first group. Having got into the cage, we held on grimly to the hand-rail as if our very lives depended on it. In a few moments the cage began to move and we tensed ourselves as the cage began to gather speed. Down, down we plunged, the walls of the shaft flashed past us and we hung on to the hand-rail even more grimly than before. I became aware of that peculiar sensation in the lower regions of the abdomen, which one experiences on passing over a dip in the road in a motor vehicle. I wanted to cry out—stop! but before I could do so the cage had come to a sudden halt and I found myself on the pit bottom.

My first impression, as I stepped from the cage, was that of entering a cinema and groping around in complete darkness for the aisle. However, we soon became accustomed to the darkness and could see each other quite clearly by the time the second group arrived. Having waited for our companions to become accustomed to the darkness we set off along one of the many intricate passages. I murmured my surprise at the height of the passage, but I was soon to regret my words for in the space of a few moments I found myself almost on my knees. Now and then the passage would open out into a large cavern and it was in one of these that the two geologists found some interesting fossils. They soon got to work with their hammers and chisels and it was only when their rucksacks had been filled with specimens that we were able to continue on our way. Unfortunately it was a Saturday and we were unable to see the miners at work cutting the coal. The time went all too quickly and we soon found ourselves back at the bottom of the shaft awaiting the cage to take us back to the surface.

The ascent was much slower than the descent in that besides going up we were eager to see the light of day again.



Before we arrived back safely on the surface we had to experience the change in the pressure, but this did not worry us as we were too eager to see the open sky and breathe the fresh air. How wonderful it was to be back on the surface after an hour or more down underground.

Having thanked all concerned for the very enjoyable visit we set off across the fields eager to get home to the dinner which was probably awaiting us.

GEOFFREY ORRIN, U VIa.

### THE LESSON OF A LESSON.

Form 1D at Renevod Grammar School was in the highest of spirits. The next lesson was going to be taken by one of the new students. What a treat! "Heard the news, Viv?" It was Tony Slick, the sharpest lad in the class and the boys' hero, who had spoken. The boy addressed, a chubby, sleepy looking fellow who appeared not to have a care in the world, turned a quizzical eye upon his interrogator. "Wot?" "Haven't you heard? Next lesson's a snip; old Misery's not taking us; we've got a student." Those boys who had not been informed of the pending break in routine let out a yelp of delight; the remainder joined in the celebration, and the upshot was a general pandemonium.

All the pupils in the school regarded the annual students' visit as an oasis in the desert of daily learning. These newcomers, they thought, are easier bait than the permanent masters, had less power of retaliation, and were so delightfully inexperienced.

The superb intuition of the schoolboy had not failed him this time, either. The student in question was apprehensive at the prospect of taking his first class. Moreover, Claude Hepworth had a more than usually nervous nature and had dreamt the night before of a sea of little boys' faces peering evilly at his discomforture. "He's coming, he's coming," screamed Slick, who was attending to his self appointed job of class spy. Claude walked laboriously across the schoolyard, his mind aswirl with a curious mixture of the morning's *Telegraph* cross-word, his first French lesson, and the possible dividends on that week's Treble Chance. As he neared 1D classroom, the crossword and the Treble Chance disappeared from his agitated mind, leaving the French lesson in uncomfortable isolation.

Claude cringed when he heard the noise coming from the room at the end of the corridor: he sensed it must be his form. All the other classes seemed to be already hard at work, but perhaps it was only his fancy. He steeled himself for the ordeal, and stepped as boldly as he could into the room. "French books out, boys." "Snot French now, sir," "It is French,

my boy, and who asked you for your opinion anyway? " Claude felt much better for his show of authority, but realised his presence was not sufficient to quell the rumpus, which had been going on continuously since Tony Slick's well-timed announcement. " Please sir, there's homework to mark." Claude was not ready for this, but parried gamely, " I'll collect the books at the end." " Mr. Stone always marks them in class, sir." " We haven't time today, so you'll all have to give your books in afterwards." With his use of the word 'all,' Claude hoped to include those boys who, up to that moment, had taken to reading the *Eagle*, thumping neighbours playfully in the back, or quietly going to sleep.—Nothing doing.—" We need our books for revision this evening, sir."

Claude Hepworth was getting fed up : he had expected something like this, but was now faced with dread reality. He decided to ignore the boy and proceed with the lesson. He was about to shout to try and restore order when he caught one boy whispering to another, " He'll have to put some *pep* into it or he's not going to be *worth* his salt." The feared pun on his name ! The joke caught on and everyone laughed and jeered, grinned and sniggered. Well he couldn't let that pass. " Who said that ? " " Not me sir." " Slick sir," " Was it you, Slick ? " " No sir, not me sir." Slick did his best to assume an air of injured innocence, but it was hardly effective in such an obviously knowledgeable youngster. Claude could do little about it. " Well, next time that boy will go outside the room."

The hubbub persisted. The student teacher looked around despairingly and then glanced hurriedly at his watch. The period had already run half its course and he had done nothing—absolutely nothing. He decided to struggle through the clamour. ' The Demonstrative Adjective,' he wrote on the board in his best handwriting ; but the writing that was neat and tidy on paper appeared ugly and almost unintelligible on the blackboard. " Can't read it, sir."—Slick again. At this, many boys could scarcely suppress a giggle, whilst others, giving up the struggle openly tittered. Claude tried to ignore this and asked, hopefully, " what does ' demonstrative ' mean ? " " If I **demonstrate** something, what do I do ? " He addressed his remarks to Vivian Thomas. Chubby Viv., however, was more than two thirds asleep and grunted drowsily. The class burst out laughing. " Go outside if you're not attending." Claude hoped to frighten the boy with the threat of expulsion from the classroom, but, in his innocence, little realised that Viv. was only too pleased to miss his French, a language he could never grasp and whose sounds he thought queer and vulgar—rather resembling a cross

between the grunting of a pig and lowing of a cow. Out he went, only secretly bewailing the loss of his comfortable seat.

Claude thought he had scored a point. "If I catch anybody else talking or fooling about, he can go outside with Vivian Thomas, and who wants that?" A host of hands shot into the air, and amused faces showed that once again the new 'teacher' had lost his battle. Claude turned to the blackboard, and repeated his question about 'demonstrate,' this time however more wisely to the whole class. One boy suggested 'scold.' "That's 'remonstrate,' my boy"—but even this mistake was pardonable since it showed at least a certain amount of interest and intelligence.

The student now began to worry, and wonder whether Vivian Thomas ought to be in the classroom and not miss his French lesson. "Call that boy in." Six lads jumped forward. "One boy only I want to fetch him." He singled out the particular boy; the others returned sadly to their seats. "Can't find him, sir; he must be down the other end of the corridor." "Go and look for him then." Hepworth was about to try and settle down to his exposition, the niceties of which he had carefully worked out the previous evening, when a fair-head, angelic-looking boy walked out to the front. "May I leave the room, please sir." "All right, but don't be long." Meanwhile Viv. had been located and brought back to the classroom. Claude could not afford to waste any more time on remonstrance, so he told them to sit down and attend. Tony Slick stood up. "May I be excused, please sir." "You may **not**, Slick! No other boy will leave the room this period."

The teacher resumed: "If I 'demonstrate' something, I 'show' something—**these** books, **those** pens, **this** boy, **that** door, and I'm going to show you how to say those things in French." As he opened his mouth for the next sentence, the bell went, announcing the end of the lesson. The lesson had been a total failure; he had taught nothing; the angel-faced boy had not returned; he had even forgotten about the homework to be marked.

Dejectedly, Claude Hepworth left rD and plodded back across the yard to the staff-room. There, he tried to avoid a conversation, but, inevitably, a solicitous teacher came over to him and said, "Well, how did your first lesson go, Hepworth my boy?" "Oh, very well, thank you, Mr. Jackson; a good form rD, I think. A bit noisy, perhaps, but nothing to speak of really." "You were first time lucky, then. You will find, with more experience, that not all the forms are like that; some are very troublesome you know."—"Oh?"

DAVID WEBBORN.

## PLAYING FOR ONE'S COUNTRY.

Playing for one's country is an honour which I suppose every sportsman dreams of, and the idea certainly caused my heart to beat a shade faster when I was invited to play in the final trial of the Welsh Secondary Schools Cricket Association. The time was last July and the venue for the trials was the Cardiff High School Ground. After the game the Welsh team to play England at St. Helen's was to be picked.

On my arrival I realised that I had only a very remote chance of getting into the team for boys had come from Pembrokeshire, Carmarthen, Glamorgan, Brecon and Monmouthshire to do their utmost to gain a place. Although the many school masters present tried to calm the frayed nerves of their candidates, the atmosphere was indeed tense. "Einar," said Mr. W. S. Evans, "you have nothing to lose. Play as naturally as you can, don't worry, and enjoy yourself."

I was somewhat overawed by the sight of seven boys who wore red caps,—international caps which they had won the previous year. However, as far as I was concerned, the trial went without a hitch. Yet I returned home feeling that, although I had done my best, the selectors could not choose me after one showing. With so many tried and proved cricketers at hand, I imagined the composition of the team was more or less settled before I had come upon the scene.

The following morning, a Wednesday, I trooped into chapel with the rest of the school. Came the hymn, the reading and then the Lord's prayer. I wondered what announcements there were to be that morning. The headmaster began to talk about the previous day's trial. My body went cold, I shivered with excitement, hoping I might perhaps have been chosen twelfth man. When Mr. Powell announced that I had been selected, I could have dropped through the floor. I was in a daze for the whole day, receiving congratulations from boys and masters alike,—almost alike anyway, for the masters congratulated me with a handshake while the boys gave me a slap on the back with retorts like "Hope the cap will fit!" and "You'd better keep the same size head!"

Soon after I received an official letter informing me of my selection, and advising me to keep in practice. Before the match I went to Birmingham for a holiday which I hoped would put me in top form. I went to Edgbaston with my keenest cricket critic (say that fast!) to study the technique of professionals.

I returned to Swansea, brimming, with eagerness, but unfortunately rain curtailed my practices at St. Helen's. The night before the match both teams stayed at the Mackworth Hotel. I had never realised what a big hotel it is for

we got lost more than once in its maze of passages. For the following two nights we stayed at the Training College on Townhill, and what fun we had! On the first day's play Wales had gained a strong position, being all out for 220 and getting England all out for 126. That night I was the only Welsh boy in the English lads' dormitory, and threats and pillows flew about until the small hours of the morning. We could hear the rain falling, and I said I could see the headlines "Rain saves England!" The silence was broken by a stormy outburst from my friends from across the border. "Hear what the newspapers said about so-and-so's cover drives? The reporter couldn't have seen the game!" True enough, many journalists make many mistakes, and this cricket match was no exception. Every player did his best while on the field, but the most pleasing feature to me was the good humour and laughter which were never lacking. In comparison with the important matter of making friends, the cricket game seemed to play a very minor part. Perhaps the most discouraging aspect was the fact that the number of cricketers exceeded the number of Dynevor boys who saw the match.

EINAR DAY, U VIA

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'Tis sweet to see

The sunset over waters on the shore,  
The roses in the garden, and the tree  
Whose blossom makes a carpet on the floor.  
'Tis sweet to watch the winding river free  
O'er rocks and pebbles flowing ever more,  
'Tis sweet to look upon an aged face,  
So lined and wrinkled, but so full of grace.

'Tis sweet to feel

The softness of a little child new born,  
To touch a curly head as he will kneel  
His prayers to say both night and morn.  
'Tis sweet to hold—into your hand will steal  
A dog's soft muzzle wet and so forlorn.  
'Tis sweet to feel when darkness comes at last  
Your bed—a haven 'till the stars have passed.

'Tis sweet to listen when the choir boys sing  
The anthem; to see their faces shine,  
As upwards to the carved roof they fling  
Their voices clear, to God—both yours and mine.  
'Tis sweet to hear the rustling as folk bring  
Their harvest gifts to the altar fine.  
'Tis then we hear the organ music swell,  
And feel at peace—the day has ended well.

J. MICHAEL WILLIS, 2D.

## THE GHOST CAR.

Slowly the door opened as my friend stealthily turned the handle and we both slid quietly into the back seat of this mysterious ghostly motor-car. But I should explain the circumstances leading up to this action.

My friend and I had been on a day's outing to one of the Gower bays and had lost the last bus home. We had no alternative but to walk in the hope of obtaining a lift, but cars did not often come along these lonely country roads. It was now dark and we had been walking an hour or two, and after looking back for the hundredth time for an approaching vehicle we sighed with relief, for we saw a pair of headlights a few hundred yards away. We stopped by the roadside and waited with our thumbs at the ready. But as we stood there, it was apparent that the car was moving only at a walking pace.

It was ten minutes before it came so close that we could see by the moon reflecting on the windscreen that there was not a soul in the driving seat !

Being so deperately tired, our thoughts were only on getting home by other means than our weary legs. So we quietly stepped forward on the grass verge. My friend's hand went out . . . slowly the door opened.

We both sat there, enjoying the elation of the luxurious seats, little concerned about the fact that there was no driver. We sat up as we approached a corner wondering how it would be negotiated when, suddenly, a long thin arm with damp horny fingers appeared from the front driving side window, clutched the steering wheel, turned the corner and disappeared.

My friend and I slunk back, too scared even to talk of the ghostly happening. The same thing happened at numerous corners until we came to the main street of Swansea and we both made a quiet but determined exit. A second afterwards we were pounced on by two dishevelled red-faced men who demanded in no uncertain language where we had come from. We politely told them, " from the back seat of the car which we entered somewhere between Porteynon and Llangennech." It was then we were informed (in unprintable language) that the two men had been pushing the darned thing all the way.

J. RICHARDSON, VD.

## THE SWANSEA FESTIVAL OF MUSIC, 1954.

It is not in every school that the staff decide to get together and bestow such privileges as a Festival season ticket upon a student whom it knows to be able to work anything like well in one direction only ; yet, for the third year in succession, this honour was conferred on myself, and it is a pity that my powers of composition in music will take many years in reaching a standard which will allow me to be worthy of it.

The dates were October 11th to 16th, and this year I set up a record in never once having left my ticket behind. On the first night, my expectations, were more than answered by reality. The Hallé Orchestra, under Sir John Barbirolli, set the ball rolling brilliantly with Brahms's "Academic Festival Overture," which was wonderfully played, containing, as the composer once put it, "Gaudemus and all sorts of things." The third piano concerto of Beethoven was brilliantly played by Claudio Arrau, and the "opening night" was rounded off with a massive performance of Brahms's second symphony.

The second concert was equally brilliant ending up with the second "Daphnis and Chloe" suite by Ravel. There all the pots and pans of the percussion section were employed to terrific effect. I have had some experience in percussion playing myself; and except for a slight inclination on the part of the cymbals-player to be late, I think that Sir John's kitchen staff was a great success, particularly the demonic suspended cymbal, which performed its foremost duty, to overwhelm the rest of the orchestra and split the ear-drums of the audience with admirable proficiency.

Sir John was replaced on the Wednesday evening by Mr. George Weldon whose only concert opened up with the wonderful march "Orb and Sceptre" by Sir William Walton. Alas my worst fears were realised all too fully: the slow tempo robbed the brilliant opening section of a considerable portion of its vitality. The heroic Trio however, was its usual noble self. The unforgettable performance of Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast" with Bruce Boyce as the baritone soloist was a really great experience for all who were present, I am sure. After the interval came the work I had been looking forward to most of all, in the shape of Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony. There we had a brilliant and energetic performance of this great and highly emotional work with the ingenious Scherzo marked "pizzicato ostinato" holding us all open-mouthed as usual. The Finale, which is Tschaikowsky's piece of advice to us on where and how to find happiness magnificently played ended a most full-blooded and memorable concert.

Frankly I did not enjoy the Viennese night as the rest: romantic scenes and dances are not to my taste, although Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" was very well played. Sir John of course was now back on the rostrum.

Friday was outstanding: Gioconda de Vito was the soloist in the Beethoven violin concerto and its numerous technical difficulties were mastered by this great artiste with admirable ease and proficiency. The suite "The Love of Danae" was another exciting item. Here the kitchen staff again performed with outstanding vitality especially the xylophone whose

brusque, skeletonic plinking and plonking had us in the usual mirth.

And then, all too soon, came the final night ; and, as in the opening night, a piano concerto was featured : here the Rachmaninoff No. 3 was beautifully played by Cyril Smith, who is world renowned for his playing of these notoriously difficult Rachmaninoff concertos. The Festival ended with a grand performance of the Second symphony of Elgar (who, to the school choir, is of "Banner of St. George" fame ! ) ; and, after the national anthems, yet another Swansea Festival of Music had reached its close.

For me, it was more than the finest Festival I had attended ; for, on the Saturday, I was sent for an interview with no less a person than Sir John himself. This honour came as a shock to me ; and so did the result—that Sir John invited me to London, for an interview with a great English composer, Mr. William Alwyn.

Both these things I owe to the staff, who, for the third year in succession, had conferred an honour upon me, which, as I say, I shall never forget. The Swansea Festival of Music is rapidly increasing its already great reputation. It is a thing of which Swansea, and, undoubtedly, the whole of Wales, is justified in being proud.

PHILIP CROOT, 5B.

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### **RICHES.**

'Tis sweet to hear the whispering breeze  
That cools the fragrant evening air ;  
Or watch the gentle swaying trees,  
And smell the dew-moist meadow fair,  
Or taste the honey of the bees  
Or feel the silk that beech buds wear.  
Such riches do my senses cull  
That never night nor day is dull.

MURRAY JONES, 2D.



## MEMORIES OF A CONTINENTAL HIKE.

Having toiled for one whole week in the Elba Tinplate Works as a navvy my fellow traveller, John Fox, and I at last managed to raise sufficient money for our proposed Grand Tour de l'Europe to become a reality. Consequently, two days later, we were able to depart from Swansea, full of zest and the desire for adventure.

We reached Folkestone without any incident, boarded the waiting boat, and eventually arrived in Boulogne late in the evening, in the midst of a torrential downpour. After searching through rain and mud for over an hour for the Youth Hostel, we finally arrived at its sorely desired portals, had a light meal, and went straight to bed. The following morning, we continued our travels with all due haste in the direction of Paris, our first main objective. Unfortunately, the journey from Boulogne to Paris was most boring. For miles and miles in all directions stretched fields of wheat, which did not disappear until we reached the outskirts of Paris.

Once in Paris, we made our way direct to the Youth Hostel, which we later discovered was Communist run, and spent the early hours of the next morning dancing and singing together with "fellow travellers" that familiar song, "The red flag . . ." Needless to say, the wardens did not seem to appreciate our singing and the following morning we were asked, not too politely, to leave. However, with careful persuasion, we were eventually allowed to remain, providing that we refrained from any similar occurrences!! Whilst in Paris we visited the Eiffel Tower, Arc de Triumphe, Les Invalides, Montmartre and Pigalle but unfortunately our money quickly diminished. Food was very expensive, but fortunately, the wine, that wonderful, tasteless, coloured French water, was very cheap. But in spite of the various 'attractions' of Paris, we decided to make for our next objective, which was Colmar in Alsace.

We were extremely fortunate to be given a lift direct to Colmar by a Frenchman, who 'unfortunately' complicated the situation by having only a slight knowledge of English. However, he was most generous to us, and insisted on buying us a lunch. We stopped at a small inn about fifty miles from Paris and had a meal which consisted of :—a Mattini, cold meat, steak, potatoes and Beans, one and half bottles of red wine, Dutch cheese, plums and coffee. The next day, we returned to our usual 'feast': bread, bread and cheese (alas, not even wine!!).

We left Colmar amid the picturesque mountain scenery of the Vosges, staying at Basle in Switzerland, passing through Zurich, and finally to Büch on the Austrian border. Luck was again with us when a gentleman who was on holiday from

Chile, gave us a 'lift' and took us four days touring Austria. During the tour we passed over the majestic Tyrolean mountains, and the Grossglockner which is the highest mountain range in Austria, where we saw our first glacier. We thoroughly enjoyed Austria, with its delicious food, wonderful scenery and friendly people.

Our good fortune had lasted well then . . . we spent an entire day in Salzburg on the Austro-German frontier without getting a 'lift,' and with a money total of five pfennig, which is approximately a penny. That night we subsisted, somehow, on our solitary bread roll, which had already lasted for the dinner on the previous day, and contented ourselves with memories of our unforgettable dinner which we had fifty miles from Paris. As soon as dawn broke the next day, we went direct to the British Embassy to plead our cause to the British Consul. He, sympathetic in his own dignified way, lent us the £7/13/2d. necessary to take us by train on the Orient Express, to Boulogne. I was thrilled. My mother's "thrill" was yet to come!!!

We arrived in Boulogne after a twenty-hour train journey, had a pleasant crossing back to Folkestone, and were relieved to find that my friend's mother had sent some money by post.

At last, we arrived home. My mother was extremely pleased to see me, and her pleasure lasted until the day a letter came bearing the symbols O.H.M.S. to remind her that she was in debt to Her Majesty's Government on behalf of her errant son for the sum of . . .

R. J. WILLIAMS, U. VI Arts.

### JOURNEY INTO LATIPSOH.

I could see it hurtling through the air towards me. It was not very big, and an oblate spheroid in shape, but the mere sight of it sent a shiver running down my spine. Like Childe Rolande I called to mind many of my colleagues who had had the same experience and who had assured me it was a lucky man who came out of the ordeal unscathed. But there was little time now for thinking. It had already landed some yards from where I stood petrified, and it was spinning and bouncing like a jumping bean. I plucked up courage and made my way at full speed towards the object. Soon it was within my reach and I shot out my arms, making a hasty grab at it, but alas! the elusive missile slipped through my eager hands. I tried again and succeeded in clutching it and hugging it close to my chest. But it was too late! The Philistines were upon me, and with the "thing" nestled comfortably in my arms I was pounced upon by eight burly adversaries.

I knew then that my moment had come. I was sorry I had ignored the advice of all my friends, who had told me that

I would regret my decision for the rest of my life. Yes, I had decided to take up rugby and I had been picked to play at full back. Before the match I had felt quite excited, but now here I was facing, perhaps, premature death. My assailants were clad in jerseys with red and white bands which reminded me of blood and bandages. Fortunately I was so small that there was not enough room for the eight of them to get at me at the same time, yet four, entirely forgetting the ball, were enjoying themselves disfiguring me. One delighted in chewing my ear, and another thought my foot ought to be twisted the other way, while the other two were content to jump upon the softer parts of my person.

In agony, I relaxed my hold on the ball, which was gratefully picked up by one of the other forwards who then hurled themselves in spectacular fashion over our line to score the winning try.

After I had come out of hospital I determined that never again would I don a rugby jersey. I have kept this promise and have lived a happy life although I have a twisted foot and only one ear.

E.A.D.

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### ECSTASY.

(from the French by VICTOR HUGO)

Lone by the waves I stood one starry night,  
With not a cloud and not a sail in sight,  
Beyond reality I plunged my gaze.  
Woods, mountains, the whole of Nature, did seem  
To question, mingling confus'd as in a dream,  
The wavy sea, the heav'nly blaze.

And golden stars, in endless galaxies,  
Sang high or low in countless harmonies,  
Bending their fiery crowns towards the sod ;  
And blue unruly waves, that naught arrests,  
Joined in the song, bowing their foamy crests :  
—" It is the Lord ! the Lord our God ! "

ROYSTON MORGAN, U. VI Arts.

## TOOTLING THE FLUTE.

I've never tried to play the flute, but I enjoy its great-grandfather, the recorder, an instrument honoured in history.



Its heyday was in Tudor times. Did you know that Henry VIII had more recorders than wives, seventy six to be exact, and was himself a skilled performer? Shakespeare, in "Hamlet" gave detailed instructions on its playing—proving that not only the court, but the common people too, knew and enjoyed the recorder, which was often heard from bands of roving players. In his diary Pepys notes that he too is enchanted with the tone of the recorder and is going to a music shop to purchase one. The recorders

formed a large part of every orchestra until their use died out about 1760, when the modern flutes and other woodwind instruments superseded them.

Now to my personal history of the recorder. I had hoped to play a violin, but my mother objected, so I chose a "penny whistle" and how glad I am! After a few months practice the best players were picked to perform in the school concert and were rehearsed under the **much** too watchful eye of Philip Croot the composer and pianist of our piece. At first the suite was dedicated to us but after closer acquaintance the composer changed his mind.

When the concert came we wanted still more practice which, alas, we didn't have. so with quaking knees Michael Rees and I took our seats just before item No. 7 (ours was No. 8). After frantic hand signals to Tony Withers, unnoticed by the audience (we hope) he, the third member of the group, joined us and we were all ready.

We extracted our recorders from up our sleeves (they play flat if they're cold) and sat hoping every song in the song cycle would not be the last. Alas! the final song did come and after more frantic hand signals to Philip, we marched out and climbed up the platform thinking Henry VIII's ghost would behead us if we made a mistake.

Once there, we stared at Philip Croot, trying not to see the audience. The introduction was completed and off we played. All went well except for a few hair raising moments in the third movement, we finished. We then heard thunder (or could it be applause). We then had to go downstairs and take the applause with a smile (which was difficult) because Philip was thumping our backs trying to make us bow.

However, after seeing the smiles on the orchestra's faces we concluded that it really was not thunder but applause and walked happily away. I hope 'Father Xmas' will bring me a Tenor recorder for next year's concert. That'll shake Philip!

D. MENDUS, 2D.

### WYTHNOS YN LLANGRANNOG.

Ar ol wythnosau o edrych ymlaen daeth y dydd mawr. Safai grwp bychan o fechgyn gyda, i rhieni ar orsaf Abertawe yn disgwyl y tren oedd i'n cludo i Gaerfyrddin ar ein ffordd i wersyll yr Urdd yn Llangrannog. Mawr oedd ein llawenydd wrth son am y dyddiau brâf oedd o'n blaen. Wedi cyrraedd Gaerfyrddin cyfeiriwyd ni i'r bysiau oedd yn disgwyl am danom i'n cludo gweddill y daith.

Saif pentref bach Llangrannog ar arfordir bae Aberteifi heb fod ymhell o Gei Newydd. Bob ochr a thu ôl iddo cyfyd bryniau gweddol uchel ac ar un o'r llethrau hyn y saif y gwersyll.

Wedi cyrraedd cyflwynwyd ni i'r swyddogion ac yna arweiniwyd ni i'n pabellau. Ar ol pryd o fwyd galwyd ni ynghyd i'r "gym." ac yno clywsom amryw o reolau y disgwyliid i bawb eu parchu a'u cadw. Ofnaf i rai ohonom dorri fwy nag un ohonynt.

Treuliwyd y dyddiau mewn hwyl a sbri. Pawb wedi anghofio fod y fath bethau ac ysgol a gwersi yn bod. Rhanwyd y gwersyll yn bedwar tim—Dyfed, Gwynedd, Powys a Gwent, a threfnwyd cystadleuthau rhyngddynt. Mawr oedd brwdfrydedd yr aelodau ar faes y bel droed ac yn neuadd yr eisteddfod. Daw ychydig o falchder i mi wrth gofio i'r "tŷ" y perthwn iddo ennill yng nghystadleuaeth derfynnol y bel droed, ac mai bechgyn ein pabell ni scoriodd y pum gôl.

Yn y prynhawn au gwelwyd math o "exodus" o'r gwersyll i lan y môr. Pawb yn mwynhau ei hunan yn ei ffordd ei hun, rhai drwy eistedd ar y tywod melyn, eraill drwy gerdded yn droednoeth ar ymyl y dwr ar gweddill, y dewraf drwy ymdrochi vn y môr. Rhan o hwyl y prynhawn oedd dychryn y genethod drwy daflu *jelly fish* atynt a'i gweld yn ffoi gan waeddi.

Gyda'r nos wedi i'r swyddogion fynd heibio i'n pabell am y tro olaf mwynhaem yr hyn a elwid yn "Beanos." Trefnid i rhyw un i brynnu poteli pop, ychydig o deisenau a chrisps. Mawr oedd yr hwyl wrth fwynhau'r danteithion hyn.

Treuliwyd wythnos ddifyr dros ben ac fe ddaeth yr amser i ddychwelyd yn rhy fuan o lawer. Ar fore Gwener ffarwelwyd a'r swyddogion a rhai o'n firindiau newydd a chychwynasom ar ein taith yn ôl adref. Er i ni deimlo'n hiraethus wrth ymadael a'r gwersyll balch oeddem i gyrraedd gartref a mwynhau noson o orfiwys heb i neb aflonyddu arnom. Melys yr atgofion.

PAUL ROWLANDS, IIIB.

## THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

For the second year, the school Concert by the courtesy of the Trustees, was held at Ebenezer Chapel, which had just been redecorated, and provided a warm colourful setting for the occasion.

The main work was Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater" which was sung in the original latin. The Choir is to be congratulated upon their success in grappling with the difficulties of the language and upon giving an intelligent and impressive rendering of a difficult work. The ready appreciation of the large audience can be well understood but it is regretted that their applause could not have been withheld until the conclusion of a work which is essentially an act of worship.

The chief soloists in this work, David Smitham and Dudley Coates, acquitted themselves well.

The rest of the programme consisted of many varied items, choral, instrumental and orchestral, and among these were many original compositions which testify to the creative work of the school. The concert in fact, opened with one such work, an "Overture in the Classical Style" by Peter James, 3A, which proved a happy augury for what was to follow. Peter played a triple role in the concert—as composer, performer and chorister.

There were two compositions by Clive John—a song cycle "Dream Island," the solist being Roger Pickthorne, and violin sonatina, played by Mr. Morgan Lloyd. Phillip Croot too, contributed a new composition, a stirring march, and a Suite for Recorders. This proved the most popular item of the evening, and the three performers—Michael Rees, David Mendus and Anthony Withers—are to be congratulated on an excellent performance. The Welsh folk songs "Rhyfelgylch Capten Morgan" and "Yn iach i ti Gymru" were well sung and well received, Ambrose Thomas taking the solo part as well as singing Mozart's "Alleluia." The concluding items introduced senior members of the school whose singing of choruses from the Palestrina Mass and the Gloria from Mozart's 12th Mass brought the concert to a rousing and happy conclusion.

It is pleasing to record our appreciation of the hard work of Mr. John Richards, who was responsible for arranging this rich and varied programme, and to acknowledge the assistance of Adrian Perkins with the orchestration, Mr. Myrddin Harris, accompanist, and Mr. Morgan Lloyd and the members of his orchestra.

D.T.P., U. VIa.

## THE SCHOOL CRICKET TEAM.

P	W	L	D
7	1	3	3

As in previous years, adverse weather conditions somewhat curtailed our fixture list, and the above record clearly manifests the result of infrequent practice. However, in the two stiffer games against the Old Boys and the Staff, the School rose to the occasion and emerged good winners.

Our solitary victory was gained in the match with Llanelly whom we defeated by 8 wickets, B. Mathias taking 4 for 12 and A. Watson 5 for 9 ; but we may well regard as a moral victory the match with Neath, who made no attempt to overhaul our total of 88. By far the most thrilling game was provided by the Old Boys, who amassed the total of 143 before declaring. All seemed lost for the School, until H. Davies, the captain, turned the tables with a forceful innings of 90 n.o., and he fittingly made the winning hit.

In many aspects, the team resembled the side which has so far done service in Australia. The attack was particularly accurate, and the spearhead of B. Mathias and A. Watson, the pace bowlers, frequently provided us with a good send-off ; but this was of little avail, since the batting largely consisted of individual rather than concerted team efforts. H. Davies headed this section with an average of 37.2, with E. Day second. Einar eclipsed all other performances by gaining a Welsh cap against England after several sustained all-round efforts and we heartily congratulate him on the achievement.

Finally I would like to express the team's sincere thanks to Messrs. D. John, W. S. and E. Evans, for their support and unflinching interest in the team's affairs. It is indeed a pity that Mr. W. S. Evans has decided to retire from the active scene, for he has served faithfully as Cricket Master for many years.

### AVERAGES.

#### BATTING

	<i>Inns.</i>	<i>N. Out</i>	<i>Runs</i>	<i>Av.</i>
H. Davies	7	3	149	37.2
E. Day	9	3	107	17.8

#### BOWLING

	<i>Overs</i>	<i>M'ns</i>	<i>Runs</i>	<i>Wkts</i>	<i>Av.</i>
B. Mathias	66	23	129	15	8.7
A. Watson	68	23	152	16	9.5

P. SAWORD.



*Back Row :* D. GRIFFITHS, A. WATSON, J. KNOYLE, B. MATHIAS, D. DAVIES, D. BOOTH.  
*Front Row :* D. DICKINSON, E. HARRIES, H. DAVIES (Capt.), J. DAVIES (V-Capt.), E. DAY.

### **FORM CRICKET.**

During the Summer term matches were arranged between the various forms of the lower and middle school. Many of the games, played on Saturday mornings, were ruined or severely interfered with by rain ; on one occasion, even, mist on top of the hill blotted out both batsmen and fielders, to the consternation of the scorers whose activities were temporarily suspended. Most games were keenly contested, but it was not possible to reach the concluding stages of the competition and so to decide the champion form in each year. Form 4a played poorly and turned out worse, and it is but little consolation to them to say that 4b were not much better.

It is to be hoped that far greater zest will be shown by these forms next summer and that given finer weather, it will be possible to decide form-championships.

### **LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.**

Once more after a lapse of two terms the Society has been reformed thanks to the enthusiasm of Mr. Chandler. Attendances have been pleasing, with a good representation of junior boys mixed in with the usual faithfuls of the sixth.

The Debates this term have been a mixed selection, ranging from popular sporting topics to more serious questions. A debate on Commercial Television attracted much attention the two speakers gave us a really entertaining hour with some really humorous comments.



Ever faithful Jim Knoyle has acted as Chairman for this terms meetings, and has preformed the rather awkward duty admirably.

Always prominent, whether speaking from the front or from the floor, were Hon. Einar Day ( a recognised orator), Comrade Sparks and the gentleman with the ' New York ' accent—Roy Morgan.

To round off this term's activities, a " Brains Trust " on the " Any Questions ? " line was held. Four brave members of the committee exposed themselves to an audience bent on tying up the team. Meetings have now ceased for this term but we are all looking forward to a new session next term when we will be glad to welcome any new members.

D. DICKINSON, U VI Sc.

### THE GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.

The Society has held several meetings in this, the Christmas Term, at which many fine Orchestral Instrumental, Operatic and Vocal recordings have been played.

The programmes are chosen with the utmost care as to whether the music is too long, too severe . . or even dry too. We do try to cater for everybody, although, of course, it is not always easy. Some people can listen to a complete Opera or an Oratorio for as long as you cared to play it to them, whilst others cannot last out the first number. Still, we try to please the majority by putting on popular programmes. What more popular prorgamme is there than Mozart's " Marriage of Figaro-Overture," Tchaikovsky's " B Flat minor Piano Concerto," and Dvorak's " Scherzo Capriccioso " ? Or the " Overture " and " Largo al Factotum " from Rossini's " Barber of Seville " Litolf's " Scherzo," " Your tiny hand is frozen," from " La Boheme," " All hail thou dwelling " from " Faust," and the 3rd Movement from Tchaikovsky's " Pathétique Symphony " ?

So you see that the contributors to the programmes are not merely playing endless records of the music they like, but really trying to attract listeners to good music.

The programmes for the Tuesday following are posted up in the Music Room every Thursday and notice is given of the meetings in Chapel on a Thursday. We should like to see more boys joining us on a Tuesday, even if only to give the meetings a trial.

We are sorry to note that our friends (or even opposers) the " Modern Music Society " do not hold meetings any more. Perhaps they are considering re-starting. If so, we are, contrary to what might be expected very pleased, because it seems rather silly not to give the listener a chance to make up his mind which type of musical entertainment he prefers.

L.J., Va.

## THE HOBBIES EXHIBITION, 1954.

Another hobbies show has come and gone, and some of us are coming up for air for the first time in days. An experiment this year was the placing of the "noisier" elements in the Lower Gym.—the Aeromodelling the Railways, and the Live Pets—and the quieter hobbies upstairs—an experiment not altogether successful, since first impressions count such a lot. We shall change the layout next year again.

On the whole, the Upper Gym was laid out more tastefully and carefully, and everything was properly labelled. The English section was especially interesting for its "Old Books" Section. This was won by Neville Pugh who entered a book published in 1670.

We have one complaint to make : many boys promised to enter exhibits but then failed us the last minute. Such behaviour is bad for our exhibition and worse for them as a training for life. Isn't a Welshman's word his bond, too?

Special mention must be made of Richard Foote's collection of shells. This work took twelve months to prepare, and was made between Whitland and Bracelet Bay. It was beautifully presented, and once more Richard gained the "Exhibit of Honour" prize. Well done!

We thought that the Art and Woodwork sections were excellent. Visitors to the Exhibitions were most impressed. Our thanks go to Mr. Tom Morgan, Mr. Abbott and Mr. Glyn Jones.

The outstanding success was the "Entertainment" Section. Hywel Lewis was superbly good as Philip Harben, and Lyndon Thomas and D. Ellis Thomas mystified us with their conjuring. Professor Winks has excelled himself as a Ventriloquist, and John Davies and Co. in Thackeray's "The Copper Merchant" were most successful. The musical section was most ably directed by Mr. Richards, and we thank them all for their efforts.

Finally, a word of praise to the "Live Pets" section under the direction of Nelville Pugh. Neville was so keen on his section that when he was "lifting" turf from Fairwood Common for the section, he was pursued by "The Law." We also understand that his father may claim a new car from us, to replace the one Nelville ruined in getting cages and pens.

Last, but by no means least, we must give the greatest credit and thanks to the "faithful band"—they shall be nameless, but not without honour,—who toiled from 8.30 a.m. until 8.30,—yes, 9 p.m. once, at night, who began with a smile and ended with a smiling gasp, who were ever ready and willing and who, we can assure them, have been carefully noted and indexed for future reference.



**Careers in the Coal Industry.**—Modern Coalmining is very largely a new industry. More accurately, it is an old and vital industry which is being reconstructed to serve the present and future needs of the nation. While other forms of energy will help, the main source of power in the foreseeable future will continue to be coal.

**Technical Careers.**—Many well-paid and absorbing jobs are available and the Coal Board are ready to train you for them, either through a University Scholarship or—if you prefer to earn and learn at the same time—by taking you into the industry straight from school and providing technical training without loss of pay.

**University Scholarships.**—Highly-trained mining engineers are urgently needed. The National Coal Board offer a hundred University Scholarships a year : most are in Mining Engineering, but some are available in Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical Engineering and in Fuel Technology. They are worth about the same as State Scholarships and successful candidates receive them in full—parents' financial position makes no difference to the value of the awards.

**Practical Training.**—When you have qualified—either through the University or through technical college while working—you are eligible for a two or three year course under the Coal Board's management training scheme. Each trainee has a course mapped out for him personally and a senior engineer gives him individual supervision. If you come in to the industry on the mining engineering side, you have a very good chance of becoming, between the ages of 25 and 30, a colliery undermanager at a salary between £900 and £1,200 a year—or even a colliery manager with a salary in the range £950 to £1650.

**Other Careers.**—There are also good careers in the Board's Scientific Department and in administrative posts. Young men and women of good educational standard (who have preferably spent some time in the sixth form or have attended a university) are also needed in such fields as marketing, finance and labour relations.

*Full details can be obtained from any Divisional Headquarters of the Board or from the National Coal Board, Hobart House, London, S.W.1.*

