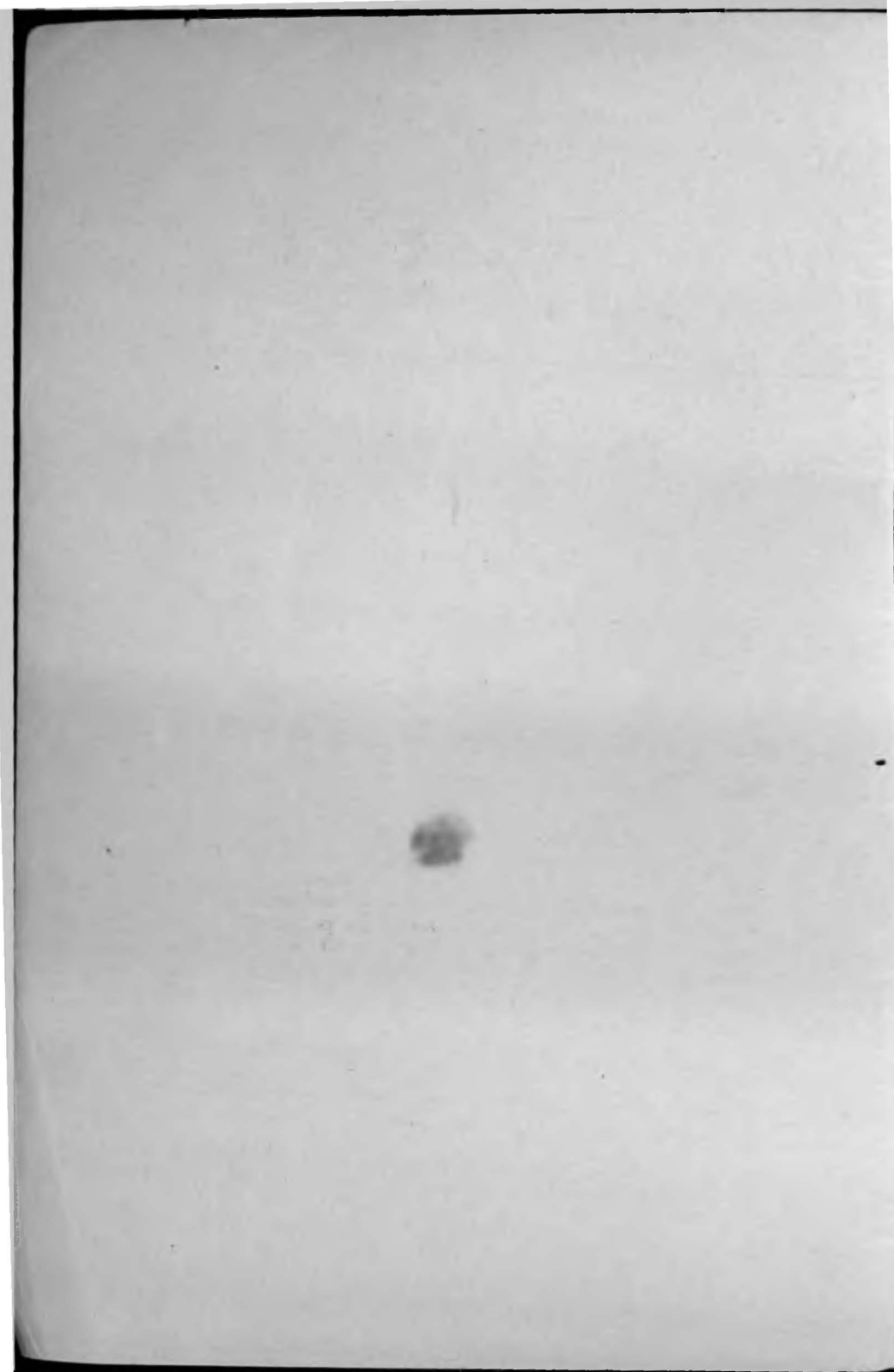


MAGAZINE

No. 92

JULY, 1955



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Dynevor Secondary School Magazine

No. 92 (No. 19 New Series)

JULY, 1955

Editorial Committee.

Editor : E. A. DAY.

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

EDITORIAL.

MANY months have flown by since the last edition of the School Magazine, and the Editorial Committee have been slightly hindered by the demands of a certain W.J.E.C. Lessons ceased and the Upper Sixth finished work at the beginning of June. At odd intervals throughout the month they were seen straying into school and disappearing into the gymnasiums, emerging some hours later with hair dishevelled, fingers covered with ink, and faces pale, drawn and haggard. Now their ordeal is over and, 'twixt hope and fear and with twopence in hand, they eagerly await the publication of the results of their efforts. In addition, poor heedless, inexperienced, innocent fifth formers hardly out of their mothers' arms, have undergone similar, though more frivolous, experiences. Good luck to one and all!

The Committee have done their best with the material at their disposal, and so if you have any adverse criticism our answer is : the only way of improving the standard of the Mag. is by an overflow of contributions, for competition creates the highest quality. See to it that YOU make a contribution, no matter how humble, to the next edition of YOUR Magazine.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Second half of the rugby season saw the school team completing its most successful season for years. Notable features were the excellent victories over Ystalyfera and Llanelly and the draw with the not so old Old Boys on St. Helen's. However a fuller account of the XV's exploits appears on another page.

Congratulations to Peter Saword on receiving honourable mention for his effort in the Hispanic Council's Prize Essay Competition in January.

On February 11th sixty-six senior boys went to the Bishop Gore School to attend a conference on Current World Problems. Dealing in the main with Malaya and Singapore, the chief speakers were Mrs. Mary Burke of the Imperial Institute and Mr. J. Athisayam. The meeting proved to be very interesting and of immense educational value.

The 1955 school journey to Paris was again led by Mr. R. B. Morgan, accompanied by Mr G. Jones. The boys were accommodated in a private boarding school in the famous Latin or Students' Quarter and so were centrally situated for carrying out a very interesting and enjoyable programme of sight-seeing. During an excursion to the Science Museum a tape-recording was made, and played back, of the party and John Williams singing well-known Welsh tunes. An innovation this year was a visit to a circus, certain turns of which had been seen by some of the boys on their television screens at home. The authorities at the French School have written to the party leader saying how very pleased they were with the general behaviour of the Dynevor pupils during their stay there. Finally, the two masters concerned would like to thank the senior boys (special mention : Lyn Lewis L. VI Sc.) for their assistance and all the other boys for the splendid way in which they co-operated to make the visit a success.

At the beginning of the summer term boys were shocked by the state of the school yard. It seemed as though the dear old establishment had undergone an extensive bombing raid. A clue to the causes of the deep craters was provided by the ugly scaffolding which clung to the main school building and by the disappearance of its top floor. The flat appearance of the roof led the imaginative to believe that the Education Committee were setting up either a skating rink or a helicopter base. Later a sharply sloping "trough" was erected from the summit and ended abruptly some eight or ten feet off the ground. What on earth? . . . Perhaps it was to be a chute for the masters to slide down during the break, or perhaps a Rocket Ramp for the Science Sixth to flee to the Moon before the Chemistry exam. It was neither. The mystery



SCHOOL PREFECTS 1954 - 55.

Back Row: D. PARRY, D. HARRIES, B. YONGE, F. POWELL, R. MORGAN, G. ORRIN, H. KNOYLE, M. SPARKES, R. CASEY.

Middle Row: D. DICKINSON, D. LILLEY, D. DAVIES, P. FRANCIS, R. SCOTT, C. JOHN, P. GRIFFITHS, J. JEREMY, D. SOO, E. DAY.

Seated : R. WILLIAMS, J. BENNETT, Mr. G. POWELL (*Headmaster*), J. KNOYLE (*Head Prefect*), Mr. H. GRIFFITHS (*Deputy-Headmaster*), P. SAWORD (*Deputy Head Prefect*), G. ROSSER.

was solved when lorries were parked with their empty "holds" immediately below the structure, inviting their "cargo." And what cargo! An unholy rumbling woke up the History master and faces were pressed against windows to see what was happening. Was it thunder or an exceptionally noisy cowboy picture on at the Albert Hall? The din became a familiar sound and ear-drums became hardened. The rubble on the roof was every now and then hurled with boyish delight by the working men (?) down the chute and into the lorry waiting below. Now everything has been cleared up, but the chute remains, a distasteful reminder of the former rumbling to those who sought a remedy in bicarbonate of soda.

Turning to a more serious subject, the whole school regretted the long absence through illness, of Mr. Bassett. Nevertheless compensation came in the shape of Mrs. M. Morris, who enjoyed her stay as temporary English mistress. This lady certainly did bring a refreshing ray of sunshine into our prominently masculine surroundings. Now she has left us, but we are all glad that Mr. Bassett has returned and seems to have fully recovered.

In March the school was saddened by the passing of Mr. Llewellyn John, who was Headmaster of Dynevor for thirteen years. We extend our heart-felt sympathy to all those near and dear to him. An appreciation of his services, by our present Headmaster, appears in this issue.

Mr. Percy Morris an Old Boy, continues to bring credit to the school. As well as being appointed Mayor of Swansea he was once more returned to the Westminster Parliament. We offer him our congratulations and best wishes for the future. Some of the school staff, including the Headmaster, and some of the Prefects attended the Mayoral Procession and the morning service held at Carmarthen Road Congregational Church on June 12th.

Yet again the school can feel proud of the progress of two other Old Boys, this time in the world of sport, Michael Davies was again the last Britisher to be knocked out of the Men's Singles at Wimbledon. After a gallant fight Michael was beaten in five sets by Merlo, the Italian. Congratulations also on his being selected to play against Italy for the Great Britain Davis Cup Team at Edgbaston. We all hope his progress continues. Rifle Shooting gives us another example of the successful Dyvorian in sport. Colin Howard, now reading dental surgery at Guy's Hospital, won the Guy's Hospital Challenge Cup when competing at Bisley for the first time. As a result of the shoot he was awarded the Donegal Medal for 1955. Our congratulations and best wishes go to you, Mr. Howard.

We are pleased to hear that, after auditions, fifth form violinist Lyndon Jenkins, and third form 'cellist Peter James, have been invited to play in the National Youth Orchestra of Wales. Congratulations to both of them.

In spite of the weather in the early part of the season the school cricket team has played, up to the time of writing, seven matches. Although not enjoying the best of fortune, four matches have been won and three lost. Einar Day has represented the Glamorgan Secondary Schools against Pembrokeshire and Carmarthenshire, whilst David Griffiths and Alan Watson have both been to Cardiff for trials.

On June 9th David Charles, captain of the junior rugby A team, received the Shield donated in 1948 by the Swansea Cricket and Football Club. The presentation was made by Mr. Anthony Rees, an Old Boy of the school, and the Shield, shared with Bishop Gore, is to be held for six months.

Here we gratefully acknowledge the kind donation of some books to the Science Library by Mr. T. G. Davies, the former Physics master.

This term marks the departure of Philip Croot, who has been awarded a scholarship and next term takes up his studies at the Royal Academy of Music in London. With him go our best wishes and we hope to hear more of this brilliant young musician in the future.

With the ending of exams., many interesting excursions, under the leadership of Mr. Richards Evans, have been arranged by the Education Authorities. The programme, free of charge, included visits to Mettoy's factory at Fforestfach, the David Evans Store, the Smelting Works at Llansamlet, and to the Museums at Cardiff and St. Fagan's.

A Careers Evening was arranged to take place in the school gym. on July 12th, organised by Mr. Cutler, the Youth Employment Officer. Many experts in various spheres of employment provided invaluable information for boys who will soon be making their way into this cruel modern world of such keen competition.

Just before the commencement of exams a movement was begun for the enforcement of stricter discipline, and thenceforth the unwritten school rules were neatly typed and posted up in every classroom. Now no errant youngster can bleat "I didn't know . . ." Bowlers and top hats are forbidden and the school cap is the only legal form of headgear. Harsher execution of the detention rule has led to mass arrests, but those whose habit it is to stay behind till dusk have not yet

risen in revolt. Mural decorations are not allowed and this, one feels, might harmfully discourage many would-be cartoonists. Strict discipline has been lacking for some years now and it is about time that steps were taken to remedy this defect. Such measures can not but improve the morale, esprit-de-corps, or what-you-will of the whole school.

OLD BOYS' SUCCESSES.

News of old boys successes that have been made known up to the time of going to press is as follows :

Gerald Talbot, first in Applied Maths., following his first in Pure Maths. last year at Swansea.

Terry John, first in Applied Maths., Swansea.

Geoffrey Whyatt, second in Geography, Aberystwyth.

John Protheroe, second in Chemistry, Swansea.

Peter Macpherson, second in Spanish, Liverpool.

Ron Bowen, second in Geography, Birmingham.

Terry Llewellyn, first in German and research scholarship, Swansea.

Philip Kingdon, second in Spanish, Manchester.

Mervyn Matthews, first in Russian, Manchester.

Martin Thomas, second in Geography, Swansea.

R. G. Williams, second in Chemistry, Swansea.

David Webborn, awarded his M.A. by Manchester University.

Alan Hughes, Diploma in Architecture, Welsh School of Architecture, Cardiff.

Gerald Corney, research Scholarship at Swansea.

MR. LLEWELYN JOHN.

In March of this year there passed away, at the age of 78, a very highly respected former Headmaster of our School ; one who, during his 13 years of Office—he retired in July, 1942—maintained and, indeed, enhanced the best traditions of Dynevor.

During the latter years of his retirement Mr. Llewelyn John had not enjoyed the best of health and was unfortunately unable to attend any of the activities with which he had so enthusiastically identified himself—the Old Boys' Association, the School Choir, and the various other societies, to which he was continually being invited. Prior to his coming to Dynevor, Mr. Llewelyn John had taught at the Portsmouth Secondary School, the Swansea Grammar School and Technical College, where he had been Senior Physics Master.



Mr. LLEWELYN JOHN

Highly esteemed by members of Staff and pupils alike, he will always be remembered for the infectious enthusiasm he diffused into everything he undertook. He displayed at all times a very healthy, practical interest and great pride in all the varied activities of the School and brought to bear on all he undertook the very highest ideals and industry. This was equally true of his untiring efforts with the W.E.A., Rotary, C.W.S., and his varied stimulating lectures on a wide range of subjects.

Our very deep and sincere sympathy goes out to Mrs. John, to his daughter, Mme. Nansi Poiré (formerly on the Staff of Glanmor) and to his son, Dr. Leighton John.

Mr. John was, indeed, one of Nature's gentlemen who will ever be nobly remembered.

THE NEVER-REST EXPEDITION, 1955.

If you have travelled by road from Swansea to Brecon, no doubt you have paused at Cray to admire the reservoir below the hills around. Some of these mountain tops look bare

and desolate ; others look rather forbidding, as though challenging anyone who dares to approach. Perhaps you would be interested to hear of one instance where such a challenge was accepted.

In the staff room at Dynevor one day Ruggeretto was enchanting a small audience with excerpts from "Madam Butterfly." His portly figure screened the fireplace from view. Luckily, there was no fire ! Gremlin and Soccari entered the room together and drew up their chairs.

It was mid-June and the Soccer season had just ended ; so that they were now able to relax, for a few weeks.

The discussion now centred around trout fishing and mountaineering.

Ruggeretto was in his element here. Let's listen in to the conversation.

- R. "Honestly, you fellows, if you are keen on climbing you should spend a holiday at Llanberis."
- G. "Snowdon is not really a difficult climb if you follow the railway line."
- S. "Helvellyn, in the Lake District is definitely a stiffer climb."
- G. "What about the Arnapurna ? Very few have climbed it and lived to tell the tale."
- S. "Our Summer Holidays are too short. An extra month for winning the English Shield,—and we could consider it."
- R. "There's no need to go so far afield. Ever been to Llyn-y-Van ?"
- G. "I agree. The Black Mountains always strike me as being rather formidable."
- R. "Whenever I go to Cray, I look up at one particular peak which stands out against the skyline. I believe it's called Van Gihirych, and, to my mind, it's much too difficult for any amateur to climb. Yet, I'd love to get to the top of it."

G. and S. "Why not ? Let's have a go !"

Quite calmly, the decision was made, and as the world now knows, the decision was that Van Gihirych should be conquered once and for all.

The necessary preparations were made and one fine evening in late June, a Ford Consul car with its three occupants left Pell Street, unobserved, on its momentous journey into the distant hills.

The car creaked and groaned under the weight of G. R. and S. who looked extremely fit after a week's intensive training on step ladders and stairs. Yet, their faces were lined with grim determination as they contemplated the task that lay ahead of them.

The car cruised along at a steady pace slowing down to fifty at all sharp bends and eventually pulled in at the side of the road at a point overlooking Cray Reservoir.

Excitement reached fever point as the rope ladders and ice axes were taken out of the car. The great moment had arrived.

In a personal interview with our Editor, Socarri gave a brief account of the actual ascent :

" We stood in a group at the roadside for a moment. Van Gihirych seemed to tower above the surrounding hills, its top covered in mist and cloud.

Someone was heard to say, " I think one of us ought to stay behind to keep an eye on the car," but this was not taken too seriously. There was no turning back now.

We approached our objective from the north side and after a steady 20 minutes climb over rough, uneven, boggy ground we pitched our base camp and enjoyed a five minutes spell. Our guide studied his compass and suggested that we should take a circuitous route around the foothills and approach the escarpment from the West Col. This we did, and in due course we were faced with the most precipitous part of the climb.

We decided to carry on without a break. It was much colder now, and a damp mist clung to everything around. Gremlin contended that we were well above the snow line by this time, yet no-one complained of frost bite. The air was like wine, what there was of it. In this rarefied atmosphere we had some regrets now that the oxygen cylinder had been left behind in the Chem. Lab. We struggled on, step by step, seeking a foothold wherever possible.

The summit seemed to be quite near at times, yet still beyond our reach. A biting wind hampered our movements which were much slower at this stage. Ruggeretto had taken the lead now ; he was braving the ' elements ' well. On and on we went ; the climb seemed endless. Then suddenly it dawned on us, we were no longer climbing ; we were on level ground. We had achieved our ambition. There were handshakes all round in this hour of triumph. Yet it was hard to realise that this " No man's Land " was the top of Van Gihirych. One pictures a mountain peak as being as sharply defined as the apex of a triangle. It is always rather an anticlimax to find that most mountain tops are flat.

We sat on a mound of black peat and peered into the mist around us. Gremlin chuckled hilariously " There'll be some doubting Thomases in the staff room tomorrow."

Ruggeretto : " There must be a wonderful view from here on a clear day."

Socarri : " Is there a shop around here ? I've left my cigarettes in the car."

Gremlin : " The time's getting on, you know ! We might as well make our way down."

And so we made our descent, pausing just long enough to take some photographs to mark the historic occasion.

Afterwards, we stood in silence, on the road beside the reservoir ; our eyes fixed on the majestic height of Van Gihiryeh. We all heaved sighs of relief and contentment. We jumped in the car and soon were homeward bound, tired but well pleased with our efforts. Something attempted, something done, had earned a night's repose."

Whether you accept this account as fact or fiction, we quite seriously commend this climb to all who are interested in climbing, experienced or otherwise. Even if you've never scaled a mountain before you may well reach this summit within an hour, and once you've tasted of the joys of mountaineering, you'll want to go again.

We intend to go on. We have conquered Van Gihiryeh. We will aim higher on our next venture. This summer it is our intention to scale the highest peak in the Norfolk Broads.

PER ARDUA AD ASTRA.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

War is a very funny thing, it has startling effects on ordinary people. In my last story the main character had been a bank clerk in civilian life, but on joining the army he had proved himself to be a brilliant strategist. There have been several like him in the course of history, and one was Josef Hackelschmit late of the Hussars. In civilian life Josef had been a carpenter but like many others he had joined the army to fight for his country.

At a crucial point in the war his commanding officer received orders to capture a certain important town. However it was easier said than done for when the town was reached it was found to contain a very strong garrison and ample provisions for a siege. After unsuccessful assault the C.O. was at his wits end. After a conference with his staff, he addressed his troops, inviting any helpful suggestions which might lead to victory.

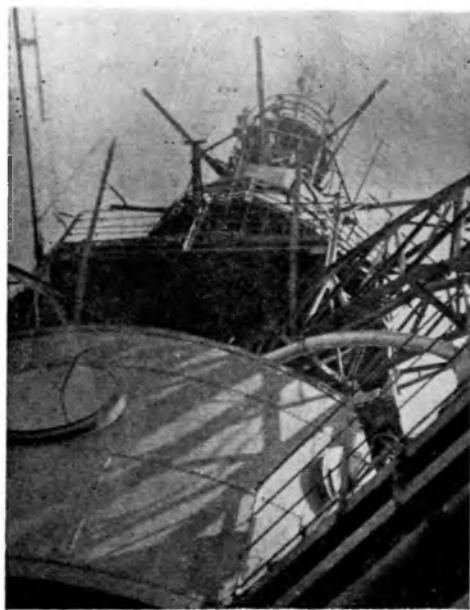
The next day a very nervous private, Hackelschmit, stood before his superior and unfolded his plan. At the time there were large numbers of starving cats hanging round the camp looking for food. Josef proposed to collect them, and tie to the backs of each one a charge of gunpowder with a time fuse attached.

That night under cover of darkness, two teams of men went out and laid special trails of highly scented haddock around the walls of the besieged town. The plan seemed infallible as there was a strong breeze blowing the scent towards the camp. On release the cats would make for the town and the fish, and the fuses would be timed to detonate the charge when they reached the walls, thus causing several breaches. The C.O. agreed and the plan was put into action.

But alas! the enemy also had a strategist, one Ivor Counterplan, who heard of the plan in the nick of time, and began to work out a counter attack. He collected all the mice in the town and when the cats neared the walls he released them. The cats seeing food naturally pursued it, unfortunately it led them back to the camp and there the explosives did their deadly work.

That was how the siege was lifted and for once a piece of counter strategy saved the day. Consequently Ivor was elevated to the rank of general and poor Josef was discharged in disgrace.

C. PICTON, 5A.



WHAT IS IT ?

- | | |
|----------------|------------------------|
| 1. Lightship. | 3. Eiffel Tower. |
| 2. Battleship. | 4. B.B.C. Transmitter. |

Answer on page 37.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PAPER.

(Out-of-the-ordinary Level.)

N.B. (i) Candidates should not worry if they cannot answer a question.

(ii) Candidates SHOULD worry if they can answer a question.

1. In what year did the action of the play "1984" take place, and what was the play called?
2. What is the formula of CO_2 and apply Ava Gardner's Hypothesis to this?
3. If a cowlet is the young of a cow, prove that a bullet is the young of a bull.
4. Spell Istanbul.
5. What is T V. activity, bearing in mind radio activity?
6. Who came fourth in the 1928 Boat Race?
7. Express 8d. as a decimal of $5\frac{3}{4}$ feet.
8. How heavy is a 2-ton lorry (weigh this question up carefully)?
9. What are the advantages of being an idiot?
10. Differentiate a moron with respect to a schoolmaster.
11. How many sides has a parallel line, and why are parallel lines never used for constructing circles?
12. Explain explicitly (i) what an oobligondolia-with-a-foofoo-valve-taken-out is, and (ii) why the above creature builds its nest in disused balaclava helmets.
13. (a) Simplify $x=4$.
(b) Complicate $x=4$.
14. What is the best method of collecting rabbits' eggs?
15. Who wrote Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," and if not why not?
16. Two cars are travelling one at 30 m.p.h. due North and the other at 60 m.p.h. due South. Which will hit the other first?
17. Where are the shores of the Dead Sea, who killed it, and if it wasn't killed, what did it die of?
18. Draw an airship out of sight.
19. Why do only **two** people play '**fives**'?
20. How would you attempt to give 8d. change in £1 notes? (Be careful)
21. Why was Henry the Fifth (Henry V)?
22. Is red cabbage green grocery?

LVI SCIENCE GOONS.

OVERHEARD ON THE WIRELESS.

Good morning everybody, here is the 7 o'clock news for April 33rd, 1963 $\frac{3}{4}$.

The Prime Minister is due to dock at Cwmbwrla Docks today after completing his 23 year trip to Northern Siberia and the Russian salt mines. At a conference given aboard his rubber dinghy today, he stated that he will dock at 11.30. He will be wearing a new orange loin cloth, brown gum boots, a false beard, pair of horn rimmed glasses, and alarm clock.

The American War Department announced from Washington last night that a battalion of troops had deserted from Chinese West Africa yesterday evening. They were told that Senator Joe McCarthy had decided to pay a visit and they were last seen swimming at high speed towards Australia. Will any person who can give any information please contact the American Foreign Office, 10 Downing Street, London.

Martians have landed in Paris and have barricaded themselves in the Folies Bergères. The French police have made several attempts to remove them. A party of police were sent in through a dressing room window and have not been seen since. The Martians passed over the North Pole and were first seen by a sausage factory night watchman in North Devon. They were travelling in Mars Bars.

The English F.A. team (F.A. standing for flipping awful) last night were beaten by the Eskimo Tidley Winks team in Dien Bien Phu by 10 goals to minus one.

The weather forecast for today is very much the same as for yesterday and is quite normal for the time of year :— West and North Scotland and Northern Ireland are expected to have whirlwinds and typhoons with flooding up to 7 feet in places. East Scotland and North England can expect a rather severe heat wave with temperatures ranging somewhere between 0 and 500 degrees F. North Wales, the Midlands and East England will have thick fog—specially manufactured in our Midland studios,—with ice on roads and T.V. Aerials. South England will have hail the size of footballs and snow blizzards, with temperatures of about 100 degrees in the shade. In South Wales, if it doesn't rain and it isn't cloudy, then fine weather can be expected for some time.

There is very little other news but here are a few of the slightly more interesting items :—

The Loch Ness Monster has devoured 15,000 of the inhabitants of Glasgow. Slightly gusty winds have blown Snowdon into the Irish Sea and all battleships and aircraft carriers are advised to make a detour by way of Derby and Birmingham.

Finally here is a police message :—An accident occurred at the Corner of Teddy Boy Alley. Little Blackspot-on-Water. A jet plane knocked P.C. Muggins and failed to stop at the traffic lights. Chase was taken up by a fleet of scooters but the plane got away. Will any person who can give information please contact the Chief Constable of Puddingshire whose telephone number is the last in the directory and is, of course 1.

That is the end of the news, Programme Parade follows immediately :

By the left,—Quick March ! Smarten up there Workers' Playtime !

PONGO LVI Sc.

ST. FAGAN'S CASTLE.

St. Fagan's Castle did not impress me greatly from the outside. I had expected to see a castle and not the stately mansion I saw when I passed through the turnstile. As I went through the screens passage I saw a large tapestry hanging on the wall. This tapestry was the first of several which I saw, for in the castle there are many tapestries portraying various scenes. Passing the tapestry I entered the kitchen via the larder. Here I saw many relics of the cooking of a bygone age, including a spit turned by a large wheel and some cumbersome machinery. Other old kitchen utensils were a bread rack suspended from the ceiling, pewter plates, shining copper saucepans and a large ladle that was a good span across.

I left the kitchen by the back entrance and came to the yard where I saw the wood turner's lodge. When I entered the wood-turner had just finished turning a wooden spoon. He asked me if I would like to try my hand at fashioning a small pin bowl. I said that I would, and with much help I was able to turn out a moderately good pin-bowl which when compared with some of the other examples of his craft seemed very crude.

After leaving the wood-turner's lodge I entered the coach house where I saw fine coaches of various colours all emblazoned with coats of arms. I was surprised at the size of the rear wheels of the coaches, those on the largest coach being as big as myself. Another interesting feature of the coaches was the large lamps containing fat yellow candles in cases in glass begrimed by the dust of many years.

From the coach-house I traversed the lawn to the front of the house, and entered via the screen passage once more, having gone in a complete circle. This time however, instead of continuing straight down the passage I turned right into

the hall, where stood a number of heavy ungainly pieces of furniture including a table that looked as if it weighed half a ton. On the opposite side of the room I saw a large stone fireplace, above which was a beautiful and intricately designed coat of arms. Passing from the hall to the retiring room I saw a large number of musical instruments including a harp, an old fashioned piano, and an ancient wooden recorder. In the far corner of the room I was amused to see a baby's chair and cradle, together with a number of wooden animals and toys.

As I went through the passage-way and up the stairs I noticed two things, one an unusual ornamental grandfather clock which told the month as well as the time, the other being a sedan chair with two well worn handles and a comfortably cushioned interior.

When I reached the top of the stairs I entered the sixteenth century bedroom. It contained a large four poster bed, some chests of drawers and some nameless paraphernalia. From there I went into the library where I saw many books, scrolls, maps and globes all remarkably dust free. Hanging on the wall were three maps of South Wales all made at different times and all varying in their dimensions. I then visited the seventeenth century bedroom which was smaller and plainer than that of the sixteenth century ; otherwise there was little difference except that the bed had no canopy and was shorter.

Leaving the higher part of the building I noticed a chandelier consisting of at least a score of candles. I then went into the last room which contained much pottery in glass cases, including wassail bowls, eisteddfod souvenirs and other exhibits.

In the grounds I passed a fountain into which superstitious people have thrown a small fortune. Passing the fountain, having thrown in my mite, I crossed the river and came to the woollen mill. By tracing the stream that flowed into the river I saw that it rushed with a forceful current through a grating enclosed in the wall of the mill forming a waterfall which provided power to drive the spinning and carding machines. The first thing I saw on entering the mill was a huge wheel which turned slowly and by means of cogs twirled the boffins round at great speed. When the wool had been spun and carded it was dyed and placed on a loom where a man skillfully wove it into intricate patterns for carpets and rugs.

My visit to St. Fagan's was now coming to its end and, leaving the woollen factory, I went to the battlements to take one last look at the river which flowed past the castle as it had done for centuries.

C. DAVIES, IId.

GAY BRUXELLES.

You will no doubt remember how in a previous article I described the week I spent in Brussels with the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain in April, 1953, as the happiest of my life ; so you can imagine how I felt when, during our Christmas course last year, we were informed that we were to re-visit the glorious Belgian capital in April of this year. Yes, surely enough, I saw my dream city once again ; but there were differences this time, both for the better and the worse, but these latter did not alter my opinion of Brussels. I have not been there yet for a full fortnight ; but already I have a love for it which will draw and redraw me back to it in later life.

The date was April 22nd. We had finished our ten-day course at Canterbury and had scored a tremendous success at our Royal National Festival Hall Concert, part of which you may have seen on television ; and now, at some unearthly hour of the morning, we were dragged out of bed, all excited (save those few unfortunates who had not been invited to the Continent), and started out from Canterbury on the first stage of our Brussels-bound expedition—a pleasant bus-ride to Dover. Then came a comparatively uneventful crossing, from Dover to Ostend ; and from there we made the final stage, by electric train, to gay Brussels, where we arrived at the Gare Centrale at about six o'clock in the evening.

Ah, yes, Brussels, with its fine boulevards, its magnificent buildings, and its good-natured people. Here we were again, surely enough ; and out we got, and from the train we made our way in coaches to the foyer of the Palais des Beaux-Arts—where I was to receive my first shock. You see, this was the place where the members of the orchestra were introduced to their Belgian hosts and hostesses, and vice-versa ; I waited with pounding heart for what seemed like an age for my name to be called. And then—it happened. Along came cheery Mr. David Snell, our housemaster, who gave us the distressing news that about forty of the boys were destined to spend the week at a hostel ! Needless to say, the poor old xylophonist from Swansea was one.

Out of the foyer and into a stuffy coach got two score of long faces, plus that of the now equally outraged Mr. Snell, who a few minutes after he had jovially informed us of our misfortune was told that he himself was included in the hostel party.

Anyway, out we got at a not-too-cheerful-looking building on the Rue Louis Hap, called Home de Jeunesse. Bent form after bent form lugged suitcase after suitcase up stair after

stair, all amid general pandemonium, caused partly by our disappointment, bringing forth what was almost cries of anguish and partly by the sight of the beds we were to sleep on, which brought forth roars of laughter. O me miserum ! How well we remembered the director say : " This must be a week you will remember all your lives " (Too true) ! And how well I remembered 1953, and a quiet, pleasant week with M. and Mme. Dagnelie at the Rue Leys—yes, a host, and a home—and now this !

Anyway, during an equally hysterical supper, the atmosphere at which reminded me of that at the English camp at Picardy in " Henry V," we were introduced to the owners of the hostel, M. and Mme. Haye, and their little eight-year-old son, Jean Pierre, who kept passing shy smiles at us (his shyness was not surprising, on seeing some of our faces).

And so passed our first night ; but as time went on we realised more and more how fortunate we were to have been invited to Brussels at all, and we were all quite happy, in spite of how some of us felt when we heard that two members of the orchestra were staying with the richest family in the city—that of a financier. Really, these financier chaps must roll in it : we were told that their house had a bathroom, a theatre, a concert-hall with an organ, and " a few other minor luxuries," including about four cars. And all this for five people ! You can imagine the general cry of the hostel after that : " Let's all be financiers ! "

Anyway, I spent most of my time in between concerts taking long walks, and spending portions of the 125 francs I had been allowed. How I loved the Grande Place, with its impressive Gothic spire ; the church of St. Gudule and the magnificent Arch at the end of the Rue de la Loi. This was built in 1830, when also the Belgian National Anthem, " La Brabanconne," was composed by Francois van Camenhout. The piece is a stirring little march, with an unforgettable tune " Too bad I wasn't on the bass-drum !

I am told the laws of Belgium are especially wise, but also that the people will not do anything they do not like doing. To me it was quite obvious that the road-users among them did not like slow travelling. To cross the road and arrive safely at the other end in Brussels is a great feat. To half-cross it is an achievement. I have never yet experienced the comforts of the driving-seat myself (save whilst using the limited facilities provided for that purpose by Mr. Peter Studt) but I sincerely hope that if I am ever destined to rise out of my present pauperic existence sufficiently to be able to afford a car, I will use that privilege in a more seemly fashion

than do our Belgian friends ; really, after my Belgian experience, I have lost part of my former interest in cars and motoring. At any moment whilst strolling down the Rue de la Loi I was quite prepared to see a handsome Nash make a forced entrance to Mme. Devereux's patisserie, or a cyclist take a sudden and unexpected passenger either on his back or on the wrong end of his machine, or motor-cycle and its sidecar go in different directions : indeed, you stock-car experts can look to your laurels. I had visions of being imprisoned in a hospital, and I still wonder how Brussels is so densely populated.

Well, as most weeks do, this one came to an end. Day followed day, night followed night, and concert followed concert ; and then, all too soon, on the 27th, we said goodbye to dear old Brussels, city of the Arts, a museum in itself ; yes, it was " au revoir " to gay Brussels, and on we moved to Holland, where we gave two concerts in the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam. These I will not detail ; certainly I received some lovely impressions of Amsterdam, with its beautiful canals (eighty in all) and streets, during the day we spent there ; but, in spite of our catastrophical first night, Brussels once again won the day.

I might add in all modesty that my French served me well ; it is a very pleasant experience to see the rules of the language spring from the grammar-books into life, and, as an all-time admirer of the elegance and flow of the language, I enjoyed speaking it with every word. Indeed, I found myself talking to my parents in French for a fortnight afterwards.

Once again, I arrived home the richer for my experiences, musically and otherwise, but very much the sadder on having to return so suddenly from a week of paradise to the old routine—but there, what else was to be done ? At any rate, I had soon fully recovered, and was back on my feet again.

And now I am destined to make my final exit from the great portals of Dynevor as a pupil, and my first entrance into those of the Royal Academy of Music as a student. Perhaps it is as well for me to admit that I have not reached those social standards which quite a percentage of you might have expected, during my five years here ; as you know, this has had its effects, both good and bad. But I still maintain, nevertheless, that if I enjoy my days at the Academy as I have enjoyed those among you as a Dyvorian, I will feel so much better for it all at the end. May I therefore wish the School the very best of luck in the future, in every respect ; certainly it deserves this, for what it has done for me alone. So then, for me it is —vale, Dynevor ; Salve . . ? Well, we'll see in September.

PHILIP CROOT, 5B.

WHO WAS MY FELLOW TRAVELLER ?

"All tickets, please !" shouted the ticket collector as he came along the corridor.

I had hurried to the station at Stamford, and had had no time to purchase the necessary ticket. As the collector slid open the compartment door, a sudden impulse seized me. Why should I pay the full fare, when all I had to do was to tell him that I had boarded the train at Oakville, a considerable distance from Stamford, and thus save a pound or two ? The collector issued me with the necessary travel permit, punched the ticket of the other occupant of the compartment, and left. My plan had worked.

I settled back into my seat with an air of contentment. The gentleman opposite me folded his paper and looked me in the eye.

"You know," he said, "lying is one of the biggest sins, and you will ultimately gain nothing by it."

I knew he had guessed my secret because we had both boarded the train at Stamford.

"Lying got me into the most serious trouble once," he continued. "I was engaged in some illegal business, when a friend of mine met his death in suspicious circumstances. Having no decent alibi, I lied to the police and to the coroner. I won't encumber you with the details," he added, "but, by a strange twist of fate, I found myself facing a murder charge. Panic stricken, I became more entangled in this web of deceit. Eventually, a verdict of guilty was brought in against me, and I found myself in the death-cell. Too late, I realized my folly, and in a desperate attempt to tell the truth, I made my last appeal."

At this point in the story, I was feeling most uncomfortable and managed to stammer :

"I'm glad you were reprieved, but how long a prison sentence did you get ?"

My strange companion replied, "Oh ! but you're wrong there—I didn't get a reprieve, I was hanged."

By this time the train had stopped at the station, and my fellow traveller rose and prepared to alight from the train.

I was, by now, deathly pale, and unable to move, but in high-pitched voice I shouted, "Then you're a gh— !"

"Oh, no !" he interrupted, "but, as I said before, I'm the most incorrigible liar." and, with a laugh, he disappeared into the darkness.

A. D. WALTERS, IV'D.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY.

How well I remember the first time I passed through the gates of Dynevor almost seven years ago. Excited, rather nervous, with new blazer, cap, stockings and tie, and satchel whose stiff, unsoiled leather smelt the way only fresh yellowish leather can smell, I wandered stupidly into a yard crowded with noisy, energetic boys of all shapes and sizes. It was indeed a creditable feat to avoid the human bodies and mis-guided missiles that hurtled round about me. Soon came the dreaded "initiation service" of which I had been warned by the experienced: "You'll be ducked under the cold water tap. Don't worry, old chap, it happens to everyone." It does, or used to, happen to everyone, but not four times on the first day as was my lot. Just four feet tall and less than four stone in weight I was easy prey to the third or fourth formers who usually perform this delicate operation. At first I regarded these boys as big bullies; a couple of years later as ordinary-sized bullies; and now finally as little bullies.

Entry into a grammar school naturally leads to a broadening of one's mind and an opening up of new channels of thought due to the consequent regular intercourse with the many boys from all over and around Swansea, and the immediate introduction to a wide variety of subjects hitherto not encountered. Unlike some I could never boast of a complete geometry set (not that I found this a handicap), but I was always the proud possessor of a very gay collection of coloured pencils. I am sure these pencils gave me inestimable help in my geography—brown for the mountains, green for the grasslands, blue for the river, black for a railway line and red for a road. On coming to Dynevor I became acquainted with gymnastics which has four stages: first you learn to stand up straight on two legs; then on one leg; next on your hands; and finally, the hall-mark of success, on your head. I was told gym. would make me grow, and keep me fit so that I would not get too fat. Over the years I have multiplied my weight by almost two and a half times, yet in an upward direction I have gained but few inches, although I feel appreciably taller after my shoes have been tapped.

I cannot mention woodwork without simultaneously thinking of art. These two were always my "bêtes noires" which, although it can mean "dirty beasts," has a more usual, accepted metaphorical interpretation. I was never able to adapt myself to these two similar subjects, not being gifted in that direction. After many fruitless attempts at the simple operation of sawing along a straight pencil line on a piece of wood I am amazed that I still have eight fingers and two thumbs. My art career consisted of the customary and

laborious process of printing the letters of the alphabet in block capitals which required the most minute details. After wearing out two pencils and a rubber, with intermittent cracks on the head from the edge of a ruler, my effort received official approval and I was then allowed to print my name in similar fashion on the cover of a portfolio which was to serve as a container for my future creations. I thank Heaven for a three-letter surname. My best, or rather least bad, "canvases" were a fiery mess which was supposed to represent Guy Fawkes' night, and a Christmas scene in the disguise of a somewhat off-white snowman with black dots down his front and something like a miniature Alpenhorn protruding from his mouth.

Addicted to soccer and cricket I was overjoyed on the few, and I mean few, occasions on which we went to the playing fields for games. However, the existence of four school teams provided compensation for the more fortunate footballers, and in my time we won both the Swans' Supporters Shield and the Martin Shield. I shall also never forget those Saturday mornings in summer when we flocked to the games field to challenge other forms at cricket. On the bumpy pitches our opening bowler, at least as fast as McConnon if not quite so accurate, was responsible for an untold number of bruised casualties. The boy wearing the red shirt, blue pull-over, corduroy trousers and brown shoes usually scored all the runs and took all the wickets, whilst the lad in smart white shirt and sweater would be out for a "duck," could not bowl, and fielded out in the country.

I have always loved music and an important item in my first two years at Dynevor was the school choir which then used to hold an annual summer concert in the Brangwyn Hall. It was a thrilling and enjoyable experience to be one of the many trebles in Edward German's "Merrie England" and to sing with many celebrated vocalists. German's music is so happy and possesses a rich English flavour which warms the British heart. In the following year the school performed Dvorak's "Stabat Mater," a much more solemn work. Nevertheless although the young mind tends to sneer at the serious I found that familiarity does not always breed contempt. Indeed I have come to the conclusion that only regular acquaintance with a work of art can provoke the meditation necessary for one to best appreciate it.

Luckier than most boys, I have twice visited France through school organisations. The first occasion was a "taster" of the French capital and was purely a holiday, whereas the second was partly an educational course. The value of such opportunities can not be estimated, for as well as sharpening my interest in the language I know that those holidays have endeared me to France and the French for the rest of my life.

"Tempus fugit" as the Romans used to say and in no time I found myself in the fifth form confronted with serious exams., not that they can be anything but serious. Yet there was the frightening thought that my whole future might depend on these particular exams. I was growing up intellectually and felt attracted to the Literary and Debating Society. Previously I had ignored this function because the very name sounded dull and boring. I now regret that I did not attend this Society's meetings earlier in my school career. When it is all boiled down, the Debating Society is merely a polite and sensible means of demonstrating one's arguing powers whilst conforming to certain rules. As a means of training the mind and tongue it has no counterpart and, despising Latin grammar and geometrical theorems, it seems to me to be the very essence of education. A place in the school cricket team also told me that I was a different boy from the one who five years earlier had embarked upon this testing grammar school career.

Having surmounted the Ordinary Level exams. I passed into the sixth form which, as the philosophers will tell you, differs vastly from the fifth form. The fifth former thinks he knows everything, whereas the sixth former pretends he knows everything but realises he knows nothing. Now I had to learn to restrain my boyish desires. There would be no more singing, whistling, fighting or playing cricket in the form room. The sixth former must acquire dignity to command respect for in his final year he takes over the duties of prefect. But to err is human and even prefects cannot always contain themselves. What is progress anyway? Certainly when a prefect smashes a window the resulting smash is more decisive than if it were done by the timid first year.

Then I was faced with the question: "To play rugby or not to play rugby?" Taunted and goaded by friends, encouraged by the insane, I took the plunge and have since learned to love the bleeding game. Reaching 1st XV status fulfilled my supreme ambition.

Now another hurdle is over,—the Advanced Level exams. While my fellow students and I anxiously await the results, we ponder over the past seven years. At last we appreciate the efforts of and the sound advice given to us by the school staff, than which none could be finer. The light-hearted might scoff at this revolutionary suggestion, but, as I have said before cautious consideration leads to a clearer understanding. I beg your permission to pass on this advice: a consistent, steady worker has nothing to fear in his school work and hard work leads to immense joy and satisfaction; do not waste the opportunity which this school affords to every single one of its pupils. Yes, Dynevor, when I grow too old to dream, I'll have you to remember.

E.D.

STRATFORD AND OXFORD.

Some forty fifth-formers, more than the usual number, had the pleasure of an educational journey to Stratford-on-Avon and Oxford, in May of this year. This was an event to which we eagerly looked forward, and the departure of our coach, at 7.30 exactly, contributed to the "wonders" of the world. Immediately the boys relaxed after their gallant effort in getting up at 7.0 o'clock.

On arriving at Morriston, Mr. Morris, and a few other boys were picked up. Then we travelled at full speed to Brecon where we arrived at the appointed time of 9 o'clock. Here, we ate our own sandwiches in a sort of "restaurant," although other more appropriate names were suggested by certain members of our party. I should like to add, however, that the tea which we had was very good.

The journey, from Brecon to Stratford, was comparatively quiet, the silence being broken now and again by murmurs of "stick" and "twist." When we reached the outskirts of Stratford the boys' voices rang in the English air and I, personally, think that our arrival in Stratford, singing anything from "I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts" to "Sospan Fach" created a "disturbance" rather than a "sensation."

In Stratford we visited many places of historical interest such as the house where Shakespeare was born, Ann Hathaway's cottage, and No. 2 New Place, next to the plot on which stood the house that Shakespeare bought on his return from London to Stratford. Unfortunately, our party missed one important relic of Shakespeare's life, that being the Holy Trinity Church, where there was to be seen an entry of Shakespeare's death and birth in the old parish register. As there was a "Mothers' Union" meeting in progress at the time, we could not enter the Church to see this historical record. We went next to buy some souvenirs to take home to our families. Those boys who entered shops for this purpose were very disappointed by the price of the different ornaments. Even the two-penny stamps cost fourpence, so one boy said.

After this short visit to the town and district we made our way to the Youth Hostel at Alveston, where we were given our "duty" cards and sleeping bags. Our beds were double ones, having the appearance of bunks in a ship. We were split up into dormitories with about twelve boys in each. Our dormitory was honoured by the presence of Mr. Morris who, I am glad to say, did not snore all night.

At 7 o'clock we proceeded to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, where we were to see a performance of the play "Twelfth Night." We saw such distinguished actors and actresses, such as Sir Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivien Leigh, and, also, many

fine supporting actors and actresses such as Michael Denison and Angela Baddeley. During the interval the audience was allowed to leave the rather stuffy atmosphere of the play-house itself and retire to the balconies which overhung the beautiful and peaceful River Avon. Opera glasses were obtained by numbers of us by placing sixpence in a sort of slot machine.

All of us thought the play to be very good and even the science boys of 5c and 5d enjoyed it. The acting of Sir Laurence Olivier was thought to be extremely good and proved to be quite an experience to boys who had not seen him before.

We then re-entered our coach which took us immediately to the Youth Hostel. Here we had a little to eat and drink before going to bed. The majority of boys rose between six and seven o'clock while the rest of them stayed a little longer. Some boys went to a nearby village for a walk and then returned to the hostel for breakfast. After breakfast we boarded our coach, all jobs being finished, and ready for the forthcoming day, we left at nine o'clock.

We travelled southward to Oxford where we again stopped. First of all we visited the Oxford Colleges and universities. The dining-hall in Christ Church College was extremely beautiful and we were much impressed by the portraits around the walls, which were absolutely magnificent.

Then we left these to go to a restaurant for lunch. It was a self-service place and the meals proved as good as the waitresses. We were recognised as being Welsh immediately by the servers, which shows that our accent is not unmarked.

Having eaten our meal we once more had a look around the town and then boarded the coach which was to take us to the Morris Works at Cowley. We arrived there about 4 o'clock and were very soon split up into two groups, each having its own very efficient guide. The tour of the factory was most interesting and pleasant but our guide always kept on asking questions on what we had just passed, the result being that at the end, we knew almost as much as he did. We were then given tea consisting of cakes and sandwiches in the works' canteen and we once more, boarded the coach, en route for home.

Our next stop was Gloucester where we had supper at the "Shire Hall" Restaurant and very nice it was too.

Most of the boys in the back of the bus (having left Gloucester), were persuading the rest to sing, but with little success now, as the hands of the clock crept nearer midnight. We were now falling off to sleep, when Mr. Cox and Mr. Morris, revealing a musical ability which few of us had suspected, gave us an enjoyable recital, the result being that the coach once more rang with our songs.

In Swansea, boys were dropped at Townhill, Morriston, Tycoch, Oystermouth, Mumbles, Uplands and Town. The majority of us arrived home just after one o'clock and very tired indeed. On arriving home I remembered that the French "oral" was the next day—a thought which kept me from dropping to sleep for at least two minutes.

I should like to thank, on behalf of the rest of the boys, Mr. Cox and Mr. Morris for the arrangements made and to congratulate them on the success of our Stratford trip.

ALAN JEWELL, 5c.

THE 1955 SCHOOL VISIT TO PARIS.

On Easter Sunday evening we left High Street Station and arrived at Paddington at 4.30 o'clock the following morning. We had a snack and later took the underground train to Victoria. We had breakfast and caught the train for Newhaven. After waiting in a queue for a few minutes, we boarded the S.S. Brighton. It was a calm crossing. At Dieppe quayside we got on our train and arrived at the Gare St. Lazare, Paris at 6 p.m., and from there we were taken by special coach through the city to the school in the latin Quarter where we were going to stay.

When we got up the next morning we had the traditional French breakfast of coffee and rolls. Afterwards we had a coach to take us round Paris. We saw the Palace of Luxembourg, Notre Dame Cathedral, Arc de Triomphe, Sacré Coeur Church, Eiffel Tower, and Napoleon's tomb. Around Napoleon's tomb there are carvings indicating his successes and some of the famous military men of France are buried nearby. In the evening we went to the circus. I think the best turn was the trapeze artists swinging from a flying aeroplane.

The next afternoon we went to the Holy Chapel, which really consists of two chapels: the servants' downstairs and the royal chapel upstairs. The royal chapel is built entirely of stained glass. Next we went to the cells of the French Revolution. We saw Marie Antoinette's cell which has a low door because she would not bow to her captors and so they made her bend to them. We also saw the guillotine blade and many interesting documents.



School Party at the Place de la Concorde near the site of the Guillotine during the French Revolution.

On Thursday we went to Versailles which is ten miles out from Paris. It has golden gates and a cobblestone courtyard. It is the most beautiful place I have ever seen. It has tapestries and paintings on the walls and ceilings. The grounds are also wonderful. We saw Marie Antoinette's house and hamlet and also the royal coaches.

On Friday we went to the Louvre Museum which has a wonderful collection of paintings and also houses the royal jewels of France. In the afternoon we went to Notre Dame Cathedral which is gloomy but impressive. Its front entrance is of carved stone representing scenes from the Bible.

On Saturday we went to the top of the Eiffel Tower from which there is a wonderful view of Paris. In the afternoon we went for a boat-trip on the Seine and in the evening we saw films of Charlie Chaplin and Laurel and Hardy in French.

On Sunday we went to the Science Museum where we saw experiments with liquid air. In the afternoon we went to the Stamp Market and the famous Avenue of the Champs-Elysees.

On Monday, 18th April, we left Paris for home. The sea journey was a bit rough but we survived. We arrived in Swansea at 11.30 p.m. after having had an enjoyable visit to the French capital.

ROGER BROWN, Form 2C.

"Wel," meddai rhywun, pan oedd sŵn mawr mewn bri yma'n ddiweddar, "mae digon o sŵn o amgylch y lle yma i fod yn destun protest ar ffurf llythyr, neu erthygl, neu gerdd i unrhyw bapur. Dŵr oedd yn ein blino ni o'r blaen, ond sŵn yw hi nawr."

A rhyw sylw bach diniwed fel hwn a awgrymodd rywbeth i mi ysgrifennu amdano yn y Magazine.

Gan ein bod ni i gyd yma mor gynefn â dŵr a sŵn ac wedi ein boddi gymaint yn y ddau, meddyliais mai da o beth fyddai casglu rhyw fân sylwadau at ei gilydd ar y testun, a'u rhoi rhwng dau glawr y Magazine.

'Alla' i ddim meddwl am unman yng nghafael sŵn gymaint â'n hysgol ni. Pan â fy meddwl ar grwydr mewn gwers, a hynny'n rhy aml, rhaid cyfaddef, rhoddaf ryddid i'r glust dderbyn y mathau o sŵn sy'n nofio o gwmpas yn yr awyr. A rhyfedd yr amrywiaeth! 'Does dim eiliad o dawelwch drwy gydol y dydd. Llif o sŵn didor yn dechrau gyda'r haid yn y iard ben bore yn aros am ganu'r gloch hyd at bedwar yn y prynhawn pan fydd yr adeilad yn arllwys ei griw stwrllud drwy'r drysau i sŵn mawr y byd tuallan.

Ac o feddwl amdano fel hyn, sŵn a wneir gan ddyn yw ef bob tro. Mae fel petai rhywun rywle bob eiliad o'r dydd a'i holl fryd ar ei wneud. Dyn wedi mynd yn elyn i ddistawrwydd. Yn wir petai eiliad o ddistawrwydd yn dod ar ein traws yn ddjarwybod fe fyddai'r sioc yn ormod ac yn ddigon i barlysu pob un ohonom.

A dyna pam yr af i ganol gwlad weithiau, rhag mynd yn drwm fy nghlyw i sŵn arall. Rhag mynd yn ddieithr i sŵn sibrdw dail y coed, murmur nant a chân adar. Rhag colli blas ar hyfryd leisiau'r cread.

Ond fe ddaeth sŵn ar ein traws yma'n ddiweddar a roddodd daw ar bob sŵn arall. Daeth i feddwl rhywun i wneud to'r ysgol yn lefel a thynnu ei muriau briw a bylchog i lawr. Cyn hyn 'roedd ei thô fel dannedd hen grib gwallt a welsai amser garw. Erbyn hyn mae ei thô yn debyg i doeon yr adeiladau gwych a balch o gwmpas, megis y 'C. & A.' y 'Mayflower,' a'r Banc Cynilo. A dyna fel mae'r ysgol yn sefyll heddiw, un hanner ohoni, beth bynnag, â'i thô'n wastad ac yn addas i arddel perthynas â'r adeiladau gerllaw. Mae iddi nawr 'new look' a 'functional look' ei chymdogion modern.

Ond cyn i hyn ddigwydd, un dydd fe ddaeth byddin o weithwyr atom. Yma y buont am ddyddiau fel morgrug ar ben twmpath yn lamio â nerth braich y cerrig anferth. Yna, yn cael yr hwyl rhvfeddaf, gallwn feddwl, ar eu taflu'n ddi-seremoni, i lawr dros y 'shute' o ben yr adeilad i lorri yn y

iard islaw. A honno dan faich ei llwyth yn clwyrnu a thuchan wrth fynd a dod yn gyson drwy'r dydd.

Ambell athro, druan, wrthi yn cystadlu â'r sŵn, a'i lef fel cri'r wylan yn rhyferthwy'r storm. Cymylau o luwch yn cael eu gwasgaru ac yn dallu'r ffenestri. Ninnau'n mynd yn fyddar ac yn ddall i bopeth o gwmpas..

Ond yn sydyn un dydd diflannodd y cwbl. Protest arall wedi ennill sylw, tybed. Fe ddiflanodd y gweithwyr a'u gêr, a'u hoffer, a'u taclau, yn union fel rhyw gerddorfa fawr ddi-effig wedi ysbaid hir o chwarae ffyrnig a thanbaid, gan adael un offeryn cerdd mawr ar eu hôl.

Ac yma mae'n sefyll o hyd—y 'shute'—fel offeryn anferth ond heb ddwylo medrus dyn i dynnu miwsig ohono.

L. JONES, LVI.

CAREERS EVENING.

A very successful Careers Evening was held at the School at the end of Summer Term and was attended by a large number of parents of boys from fourth and fifth forms.

The Head Master introduced the Chairman (Mr. G. A. Knowleston, M.A., Deputy Director of Education) and welcomed the parents. The panel consisted of a number of professional and business men of the town representing a large variety of professions. Quantity Surveying, was represented by Mr. C. Parker; Electrical Engineering by Mr. J. Hopkins, Technical Officer to the Ministry of Labour; the National Coal Board by Mr. Edgar Williams, Area Manpower Officer; Civil Service by Mr. C. W. Stevens, Manager of Labour Exchange; Dentistry by Mr. Grafton Maggs; Law by Mr. C. Goldstone; Pharmacy by Mr. Griff David; Accountancy and Estate Agency by Mr. Wilfred Higgs; Teaching by Mr. Horace J. Griffiths; Medicine by Dr. Elwyn James; Insurance by Mr. J. Banker; the Optical profession by Mr. V. Grove; Business Management by Mr. K. D. Ross, Merchandise Manager of Messrs. Dd. Evans Ltd.; Mechanical Engineering by Mr. E. Evans, Engineer examiner to the Ministry of Transport; Architecture by Mr. Howell Mendus; Banking by Mr. H. Watkins, Manager of Barclays' Bank; and Mr. Cutler, Youth Employment Officer.

The questions asked were varied and interesting and the replies gave adequate information on the requirements and scope of each profession.

A pleasing feature of the evening was the presence on the panel of a number of Old Dyvorians.

The proceedings were concluded by a vote of thanks from Mr. Cutler to the Chairman and to the panel, and ably seconded in a happy speech by J. M. Knoyle, our School Captain.

MUSIC NOTES.

The Choir.

During the past term and a half, the School Choir has been reserving its Vocal Powers for Monday and Wednesday evenings.

The Choir has been rehearsing Gluck's "Orpheus," Handel's "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and some Welsh Folk Songs which it hopes to render publicly sometime during October.

The Choir has now about 80 members comprising Sopranos, Altos, Tenor and Bass Sections.

New members will be welcomed.

D.A.W. 5c.

The Orchestra.

It is hoped that the School Orchestra will be heard for the first time at a School Concert, this year. The Orchestra, which has been coming into its own during the past few terms, and which is now permanent, has appeared three times in this School Year, participating in the Hobbies Exhibition, in our own Saint David's Day Celebrations and appearing publicly in New Siloh Chapel, at a Concert arranged by the Headmaster. At this Concert, several unforeseen incidents took place, the most unfortunate being the collapse of an essential part of the piano into the lap of Philip Croot. This took place during the First Performance of Philip's Violin Sonatina, in which the soloist was Mr. Terry Sullivan. However, the "Second Performance" (which followed immediately), continued happily, proving to be one of the highlights of the evening. For the School Concert, the Orchestra is rehearsing some movements from the "Fireworks Music" Suite of Handel. J.L.J., 5A.

The Record Society.

This term, by way of a change, the Committee of the Society decided to devote each meeting to the hearing of a single large-scale work. Several works have been enjoyed including the Fourth Symphony of Brahms, the Fifth and Sixth Symphonies of Beethoven and the Second Piano Concerto of Rachmaninov.

J.L.J., 5A.

The Recorder Band.

The Recorder Band, which made its first public appearance at last year's concert, has now been in existence for two years, and has been meeting every Friday evening for practice.

Our Music Master, Mr. John Richards, has now written a Suite for us, which we hope to introduce at the next School Concert. Four new members have joined, they are Huw Morgan, Lynn Davies, David Morris and Richard Bowen.

D.M.R. 2D.

The Committees and Members of the above Societies wish to thank Mr. Richards and Mr. Graham Jones, for their un-failing help and enthusiasm.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

SPRING TERM.

The encouraging start made last term enabled the Debating Society to more than hold its own during the Spring Term. An elaborate programme was prepared and this was rigidly adhered to. Attendances were, for the most part, commended but leave no room for complacency. Several of the more prominent members will, however, still be here next year, and this augurs well for continued successes.

Several interesting features marked this term's proceedings. Mr. R. Ming, a student at Swansea University, delivered a charming address on his native isle, Bermuda; another Brains Trust was successfully staged; and there was a revival of the Inter-School Debate, with Glanmor, in which our representatives, D. Dickinson and E. Day, dressed "à la très moderne," provided an excellent send-off, which was unfortunately, not maintained.

Finally we are greatly indebted to Mr. Chandler for his sterling work and his ideas, especially that of a rotation in the chairmanship, and we are sure that his efforts have not been in vain.

Programme.

- Jan. 14—"That the invention of the internal combustion engine has been detrimental to the welfare of mankind."
Prop. : D. G. Davies ; Opp. : R. Rees. *Defeated.*
- Jan. 21—"That 'Horror' should not be publicised."
Prop. : M. Sparkes ; Opp. : E. Day. *Defeated.*
- Jan. 28—"That Public School education is more advantageous than the normal Grammar School education"
Prop. : C. John ; Opp. : J. Morgan. *Carried.*
- Feb. 4—"That euthanasia should be legalized."
Prop. : R. Morgan ; Opp. : H. Knoyle. *Defeated.*
- Feb. 11—Brains Trust with a Team of Masters and Boys.
- Feb. 18—"Talk on Bermuda" by Mr. R. Ming.
- Feb. 25—"That the Colour Bar is morally and politically indefensible."
Prop. : B. Davies ; Opp. : P. Saword. *Carried.*
- Mar. 4—INTER-SCHOOL DEBATE.
"That modern fashion deserves the highest praise."
Prop. : E. Day ; Opp. : D. Dickinson.
Motion—*carried.*
- Mar. 11—"That the basic weaknesses of British sport may be traced to the fact that we are a nation of sport-watchers and not sport-players."
Prop. : J. Knoyle ; Opp. : D. Dickinson. *Carried.*
P. SAWORD (Hon. Sec.)

SOCCER.

Once again four soccer teams were run during the season, although fixtures were affected adversely by the unusually bad weather conditions. Long periods of continuous rain and heavy snow rendered more pitches unplayable in mid-season, and in consequence many games were cancelled, abandoned or postponed.

Senlor A.

This team played excellent football and maintained a very high standard : in fact they were unbeaten for the greater part of the season. In the final game against Llansamlet, however, they lost their shooting boots and although they looked the better side they failed to score and lost 2 - 0 after a very fine game. Their excellent record shows how great a team they were :

P.	W.	L.	D.	For	Agst.	Pts.
8	7	1	0	40	4	14.

In the Cup Competition, the team reached the quarter-finals, losing to Llansamlet by 2 - 1 after a very close game. Llansamlet were eventual cup winners so that their performance was a very creditable one.

Senior B.

The team suffered most from the unfortunate weather conditions and were only able to play four league games, winning three, losing one and scoring twelve goals against seven.

Intermediate A.

Our Intermediate A team did not achieve much success in league matches but had a very good run in the cup. They beat Manselton, Llansamlet and Pentrepoeth, before going down in the final to Townhill by 3 goals to 1. Townhill played well and are to be congratulated heartily on their success.

Intermediate B.

The Intermediate B team thoroughly enjoyed their first experience of wearing the black and amber jerseys. The two best games were against St. Joseph's and Dunvant who were beaten 6 - 0 and 7 - 0 respectively. Outstanding players were B. Owen, Roy Evans and G. Holly. Unfortunately we were a player short in two games, which consequently we lost. If a boy is picked to play he should turn out whatever the weather or circumstances. Most of the team are eligible to play again next season so the prospects for the Intermediate A team for 1955 - 56 are good.

Before we conclude this review of the past soccer season, we wish to congratulate Peter Jones, the School goalkeeper, who is now the proud possessor of both a Welsh and English Shield winner's medal. We congratulate, too, Don Evans and Cyril Baker who played for the successful Swansea Boys in many early matches.

RUGBY.

Four teams were again in action from the junior and middle-school during the past season.

The Senior A team had a very successful season and were most pleased by the victory over their rivals Bishop Gore, who had not suffered a defeat since 1939. The return match was hardly contested and the Gorians won by a narrow margin. Consequently the Challenge Shield is shared with Bishop Gore, and is in our possession for half a year. D. Charles had the pleasure of receiving the shield from the Chairman, Mr. Anthony Rees, himself an old boy, who congratulated the team on their success. Prominent members of the team were Lane, Vaughan, Twomey and D. Charles, the latter of whom had the distinction of playing in the Welsh Schools Trial.



"A" TEAM

(Joint Holders of the Championship Shield 1954 - 55)

Back Row: H. CARROL, G. DARRACOTT, C. LANE, J. JONES, M. TWOOMEY, W. DAVIES, B. REEVE, M. JENKINS, D. SLACK, P. VAUGHAN (*Vice-Capt.*)

Middle Row: Mr. GRIFFITHS, Mr. G. POWELL, D. CHARLES (*Captain*) Mr. G. Jones, R. EVANS.

Front Row: H. LEWIS, T. WALTERS, T. HALE, O. THOMAS.

The B Team had a more successful season than last year. They showed an excellent team spirit and developed a good standard of play as the season progressed. Outstanding players were Slack, Walters and C. Richards.

The younger **C team** had a very successful season, winning all games until the encounter with Bishop Gore when they were defeated by 9 points. Bishop Gore also proved too good in the semi-final of the Cup, winning by 12 points to nil.

In the middle of the season a game was arranged, through the instrumentality of Mr. Arthur Balch, an old Dyvorian, with Port Talbot. The game was evenly contested, the School winning by 8 pts to 3. A return game is to be arranged next term.

The team ended the season second in the league table and as indicated reached the semi-final of the Cup.

The D team were badly hit by the weather and were without a game during November, December and January. However, they settled down to become a useful combination by the end of the season and finished, if not in a blaze of glory, at least, in a blaze of enthusiasm.

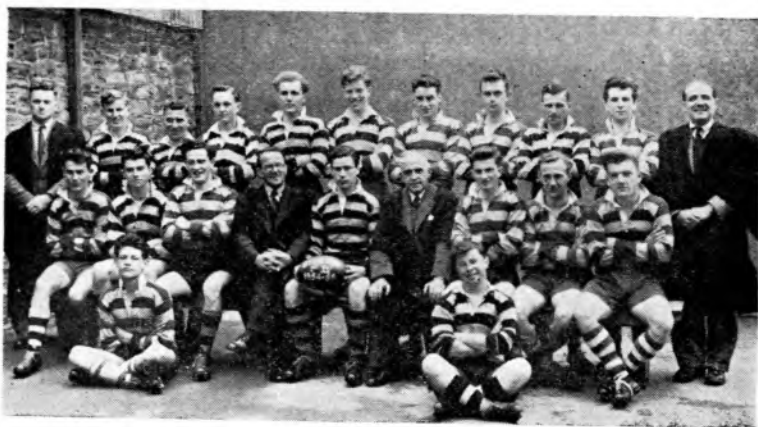
The first years had a well-balanced team right from the start and had a very successful season.

SCHOOL RUGBY 1st XV. 1954 - 55.

P	W	L	D	Pts.	
				For	Against
13	6	6	1	72	73

The rugby team this season created a record of which it can feel justly proud. Indeed, a better team has not been fielded for a number of years. The back division was most constructive, while the pack, after a number of changes, proved to be intelligent, powerful and mobile.

With the commencement of the season came the teams high hopes of an outstanding one—eleven of last year's players returning to form the nucleus of a new team.



SCHOOL FIRST XV.

Left to Right: Mr. C. GROVE, D. DICKINSON, T. JAMES, H. VAUGHAN, D. BOYD, B. MATHIAS, H. KNOYLE, F. BOAT, M. EVANS, C. JOHN, Mr. G. GREGORY.

Seated: D. LILLEY, F. POWELL, R. WILLIAMS (*Vice-Captain*), Mr. G. POWELL (*Headmaster*), J. KNOYLE (*Captain*), Mr. H. GRIFFITHS (*Deputy-Headmaster*), D. DAVIES, J. BENNETT, D. TIMOTHY, B. GEORGE, E. DAY.

Three practices were held during the summer vacation—all being comparatively successful. The newcomers played a promising game which augured well for their success in attaining membership of the 1st XV team. The officials this year were chosen earlier than is usual, thus enabling the team to settle down to serious training without much loss of time.

The team commenced the season encouragingly, winning the first two games against new rivals, Bridgend Tec. and the Bible College. Both games provided a display of open fast rugby. Everyone began to ask "Could this last . . . ?" Ystalyfera soon provided the answer for after a keen struggle in the first half we eventually went down to a better side by 16 - 6. The following Saturday Ystradgynlais were our opponents. Although the side played well in a hard and determined game, the opposition was too good for us. The return game saw another defeat. After two defeats the 1st XV returned to the game anxious to prove the capabilities of the team. A win was recorded at the expense of Llandovery—the game being remembered most vividly for the continuous downpour of rain

in which it was played. Carmarthen were known to have a formidable team but the 1st XV rose to the occasion, George scoring in his first match. The next opponents, Neath Tec. were slightly the better side on the day and consequently won by 6 pts to nil. Unfortunately, the weather prevented any further games being played until after the Xmas holidays, during which practices were arranged.

The first match of the new year resulted in Llandilo being soundly beaten in appalling weather conditions. Special mention must be made of the three remaining fixtures—the home matches against Ystalyfera and Llanelly and also the Old Boys Match.

Against Ystalyfera, the team were eager to avenge their earlier defeat and played as if inspired eventually winning by 5 pts to nil. Against Llanelly the team once again excelled themselves. The forwards, under the leadership of J. Bennett steadily wore down the opposing pack enabling the backs to play an attacking game which resulted in F. Powell scoring a try converted by C. John. Llanelly fought back strongly and scored an unconverted try. The result which was always in the balance, thus finally fell in Dynevor's favour. A very successful season culminated with that enjoyable annual event, the Old Boys Match at St. Helens. The Old Dyvorians, who were led by B. Abraham, picked a strong side in view of their narrow defeat of the 1st XV last year. The forwards played superbly while the backs outstripped the opposing defence on many occasions. Just after the kick off, the school team suffered a setback when Welsh international Horace Phillips scored for the old Boys. But our team fought back to equalise through M. Evans, the kick narrowly failing. Shortly before full time, however, the old boys made one final effort but a co-ordinated defence dealt admirably with the on-coming attack.

The success of the team this year has been largely due to the good attendance at practices and the excellent morale which has been prevalent throughout the season.

Congratulations must be extended to B. Mathias, the Hon. Secretary, who being new to the ropes, did extremely well.

No report of a school team would be complete without mentioning the work of our "manager," Mr. Gregory. He joined the 1st XV when it was at a very low ebb. The team, with his help has now ascended from such depths to attain the distinction of playing at St. Helens. Consequently, on behalf of the team, I would like to extend my sincere thanks and congratulations to him for his patience and long service in a good cause.

J. M. KNOYLE (Capt.)

WHO'S WHO IN THE 1ST XV.

- * C. JOHN : keen full-back, although sometimes impeded by his long, flowing locks. More than once caught out of position due to over-attention towards the hockey pitch.
- †† D. TIMOTHY : commonly known as "Timber," probably because of his head. Loves all referees, has a lamb-like disposition and a partiality for Carmarthen blood. An exceptionally hard runner, who has served the school loyally for years.
- † D. LILLEY : A quiet, unassuming player whose supreme ambition is to land a fifty-yard drop goal. A strong runner who will form the basis of next year's back division.
- †† R. WILLIAMS : an extremely reliable VICE-Captain, who provides the vocal support when the forwards are busy at work. Hobby is "wine, women, and song" although he does not drink or sing. Has given good service with his crash-tackling, never losing his temper (?).
- * B. GEORGE : a newcomer to 1st XV rugby who has performed faultlessly, scoring a try in his first match. Bearing in mind his stature, his line-saving tackles have sometimes been amazing.
- †† D. DAVIES : an excellent outside half, destructive in every sense of the word. Does much of his training walking to and from the High School. A long-service stalwart.
- †† F. POWELL : a talented player who says little, but thinks a lot. His partnership with Dai has been an outstanding success.
- * E. DAY : a versatile player, having played with equal success in the backs as in the forwards. A recent convert to rugby, is now an accomplished defender. Very keen, and always puts the rugby team first. Is normally quiet, but when roused becomes "Boatonian" in style.
- * D. BOYD : a greatly improved player, especially after the House matches. Always reliable. His unostentatious pulling of an opponent's hair has got Boat into serious trouble on numerous occasions.
- * H. VAUGHAN : this season's discovery. His hooking has been the best by a Dynevor hooker for years, holding his own with his Welsh International opponent. More than useful for "looking after" dangerous rivals in the line-out.
- †† J. BENNETT : a veritable warrior and seasoned campaigner. Has purchased a shaving kit contributed to by the opposing front row! Enjoys a good scrap together with Brother Boat, but for all this is a thoughtful player and conscientious committee member.

- * F. BOAT : bosom-friend of the afore-mentioned, and forming with him " The Terrible Twins." Whisky drinking champion and leader of the Choir. His rendering of " Ebb Tide " is now famous. An enthusiastic player, his fourteen team-mates are glad that he is on their side and not an opponent. His talent was recognised by two Welsh trials.
- * H. KNOYLE : a meteoric rise to stardom, having taken up rugby only in the sixth form. Boat's very worthy partner in an unforgettably strong second row. Must curb his ardour in slapping down opponents after the departure of the ball.
- † T. JAMES : a terrier-like wing forward who deals ruthlessly with the opposing outside half. A grand defender, having saved the team from many a disaster. Jealous of Boat, had his hair cut short to make his appearance more vicious.
- * M. EVANS : his first season was unfortunately marred by injury, but he has shown exceeding promise. A turn of speed and a devastating tackle have been his main qualities. Scores when most needed.
- * B. MATHIAS : an efficient secretary who has gained valuable experience from which he will undoubtedly benefit. Eager to learn, his height makes him prominent in the line-out.
- † J. KNOYLE : the perfect captain. An outstanding leader on and off the field, whose unceasing example in fitness, keenness, persistence and tenacity rallied and inspired the confidence of the whole team. A strict disciplinarian, but popular, respected and greatly admired. His move from the front to the back row provided the necessary strengthening to this department. Greatest asset was determination.

Thanks are due to D. Dickinson, D. Richardson, and J. Coode who have supported the team as chief reserves on numerous occasions, which often entailed being a touch-line spectator.

J. KNOYLE.
E. DAY.

†† full colours re-awarded. † full colours. * half colours.

Answer to " What is it ? "

(see page 11)

THE TOP OF THE EIFFEL TOWER.

(*This picture was taken by Mr. Glyn Jones on the School's visit to Paris at Easter.*)

AUTUMN.

Autumn leaves turn russet-gold
As nature sadly goes to sleep,
And winter winds will soon blow cold,
And rabbits dig their burrows deep.

But e'en though winter now draws nigh,
We know 'tis but a passing phase
Though birds desert the dark'ning sky,
Fair spring will herald sunny days.

J.F., UVI Sc.

THESE I HAVE LOVED :

These I have loved :—
The flowers ; the bright sunset ;
Ships that sail the seas ;
Larks ; and the sound of waves
Crashing on shore ; the smell of budding roses ;
Blooming chrysanthemums, brown and red ;
Dewy ivy ; fir cones hard and planes ;
The rugged hills and ploughed fields ;
Yellow corn, waving in the breeze ;
Violets purple ; and yellow primroses
Clustering in the sun ; silver lakes ;
Hedges green ; brown winding lanes ;
Reeds green in the ponds ; and lilies
In the woods ; valleys ; and the plains
Which go on for ever.

J. MICHAEL WILLIS, Form 2D.

TO A LADY.

Have you not known my lady ? Never sighed
For love of her ? When garden air serene
Prolongs the waning kiss and, sanctified,
The sun-steeped mist evanishes ? Not seen
Her pass amidst the dew drenched loveliness ?
Not seen her swaying with idyllic ease
To music at the finger's soft caress,
Evoking wistful rapture from the keys ?
Not seen her sitting by a fountain's limpid face
Watching the fairy showers ? So refined,
Such elegance, such unaffected grace,
Such charm, such beauty enervates my mind.
She lingers in the storm, the ice, the glare
And in the cool of evening she is there.

J.F., UVI Sc.

OLD DYVORIANS ASSOCIATION.

President—Mr. Leslie Davies (Ex-Managing Director of R.T.B.)

Vice-President—Mr. I. R. Williams (Executive Director of Passenger Road Transport, etc.)

Firstly our greetings to "Young Dyvorians" and best wishes to those who are about to join the "Old Dyvorians" list. The officers and committee wish to extend to all Old Dyvorians, including this year's leavers, a most hearty welcome to join their ranks.

Our activities over the past twelve months have consisted of the following :

Monthly Smokers have been held on the first Monday of the month at the Mackworth Hotel, where eminent speakers have entertained us on subjects varying from "Spot" (Councillor D. S. Parker) to the "Amusing Experiences in a Parson's Life" (Rev. Leslie Norman).

The Annual Dance was held at the Pier Hotel, Mumbles, in December. This was a very successful social evening and was voted an even greater success than the dance of 1953. (N.B. Dec., 1955.)

The Annual Dinner was held in March of this year. This event is now firmly established and increases in popularity year by year. Included in the list of speakers were the President (Mr. Leslie Davies), Vice-President (Mr. J. R. Williams), Alderman Percy Morris, Messrs. D. H. I. Powell (*Evening Post*), G. Powell (Head Master), J. Knoyle (School Captain), L. J. Drew (Director of Education), with Mr. W. Bryn Thomas acting as Toastmaster.

The Old Boys v. School rugby match was played on St. Helen's and resulted in a drawn game. A novel feature was the kick-off, which was executed in a most professional style by Mr. Glan Powell. The school team was a little overawed at the start, but the second half provided delightfully open rugby and was played at a rousing pace.

In their annual cricket fixture played at St. Helens on July 11th, Old Dyvorians again triumphed over the present Dyvorians by some 74 runs. Batting first, Ron Longhurst (18) and Tom Kiley (47) gave the Old Boys a good start and a further fine innings of 34 not out by Colin Williams enabled them to declare at 136 for 7.

In reponse the School started well, scoring 56 for 4 ; but then followed collapse, the whole side being out for 62.

In conclusion may we extend our heartiest congratulations to Councillor Percy Morris, M.P., both on his re-election to Parliament and on his appointment as Mayor of Swansea.

OUR SACRED HILLS.

[Elsewhere in this issue will be found an account of the Never-rest Expedition, wherein is recorded the successful attempt of three members of staff to scale the heights of Van Gihirych, in the Black Mountains. Another contributor, feeling perhaps that the exploit was not accompanied by the requisite sense of awe, and moved no doubt by the same sense of reverence that caused the recent conquerors of Kangchenjunga to refrain from treading the last three feet of the summit, has been inspired to contribute the following, freely adapted from a Welsh poem of the 19th century.—EDITOR.]

Tread softly, friends, all this is sacred ground
The Heavenly muse, 'midst stillness, broods on these hills,
How well I know—forgive my pride of race—
The many dear ones of my lineage
Whose names and fame are all unknown
Save to a guardian spirit of their age,
Hallowed these hill-tops with their songs of joy,
Experience, and of suffering, and we
Likewise shall leave our legacies of sweet
Remembrances for fragrant airs to muse
Or mingle with their kindred mist.

These soaring peaks, to Homer strange, drew not
His epic strain ! what of Gihirych's fame
Had he been cradled in its mystery ?
Some unimagined Ida thrusting through
His song, and day of Gods ever dawns on its peak.



