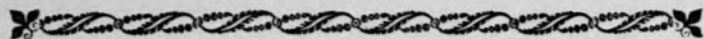


MAGAZINE,

No. 93

FEBRUARY, 1956



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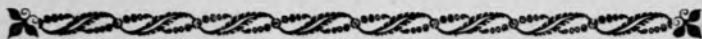
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Dynevor Secondary School Magazine

No. 93 (No. 20 New Series)

FEBRUARY, 1956

Editorial Committee.

Editor : EINAR DAY.

Sub Editor : D. BRIAN DAVIES.

EDITORIAL.

It will be observed that we still have last year's Editor with us, and this will be thought a fortunate or unfortunate situation according to your opinion of our two previous productions. We can only hope that experience gained from past mistakes will result in an improved magazine this year. Last year's three Sub-Editors have now taken up their studies in college: Jim Knoyle and D. G. Davies are at Swansea University, while Raymond Williams is broadening his mind at the London School of Economics. This year's Sub-Editor is the school vice-captain, Brian Davies.

Owing to several difficulties, including the absence of the Editor, we could not publish this issue at the end of last term. As a result we have been, happily, inundated with contributions, some of which, we trust, will meet with your approval. We can please all our readers some of the time, some of our readers all the time, but it is impossible to please all our readers all the time.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The reason for this edition of the Magazine being rather belated has already been given in the Editorial. As a result there are probably more pages than usual, and worthy efforts have been made to fill them with material worth reading. Apart from the many articles, you will find in this issue a few cartoons. This is very encouraging for in recent years we have failed to find a budding Harry Hanan among our ranks. Reports on School activities must necessarily date back to last summer, so historians get their chance to show their prowess to the lesser mortals. We shall publish the next issue in July,—if we survive the W.J.E.C., examinations.

Last term saw the arrival of new faces from various parts of the globe. This year's French assistant is Monsieur J. C. Allais, whilst Herr Karl Kurtz's successor is Herr Waller. From further afield we also welcome new pupil John Mowat of 2A. He hails from the United States, his grandfather's other efforts being well known to the U.S.A. History group (U.S.A., in this instance, standing for the Upper Sixth Arts). But John is a big disappointment to the rest of his classmates, confessing that he never did meet Davy Crockett when he was way out West!

At the end of the term Mr. J. D. Rees left us for Llangollen, and with him go the sincere good wishes of the whole school. We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. D. J. Mort, who fills the breach caused in the Mathematics department. A notable absentee in November and December was Mr. Burgess, but we are all glad to see him back again, bounding round the school with his old enthusiasm. Finally, we enjoyed the short stays of three students from Swansea University,—Messrs. Thomas, Geen and Evans,—not a firm of solicitors we hasten to add.

When Bishop Gore School was built a swimming bath was installed at great expense. But at Dynevor funds are lower and minds more economical. Days of heavy rain preceded the commencement of school last term. This resulted in a wonderful tingling sensation for the boys' feet on the first day. But conditions were so bad that most of the school was sent home, the water lying deep in the corridors. So the roof has been made water-tight and Dynevor will produce no more "Cockleshell Heroes."

This year there are only sixteen prefects, nine fewer than last year. Head Prefect is Einar Day with Brian Davies as Deputy Head Prefect. The others are J. Bennett, R. Bevan, F. Boat, H. Davies, D. Dickinson, P. Francis, J. Jones, L. Lewis, D. Lilley, G. Morgan, R. Mort, G. Orrin, G. Rosser and G. Rumble.

On October 5th, the assembled school was honoured by the presence of one of its more distinguished Old Boys,—the present Mayor of Swansea and Member of Parliament for many years, Alderman Percy Morris. His Worship exhorted his eager audience to take full advantage of the educational facilities afforded them by preparing for themselves a groove and not a grave. The Head Prefect expressed the thanks of the school in a carefully prepared speech.

The School Concert was once more held in Ebenezer Chapel, and yet again the cruel elements seemed to express their displeasure by lashing Swansea with uncomfortable rain on November 8th. But the school's musical reputation was maintained by the high standard of the performance. We shall say no more here for a more expert account is to be found elsewhere in this issue.

Led by Mr. Cox senior pupils have continued to support the Student Christian Movement, which once again held all its meetings at Llwyn-y-Bryn Girls' High School. The bright feature of the term was a talk on Apartheid by Miss Jean Holme, a lecturer at the Ladies' Training College.

On December 13th (it was not a Friday!) many boys spent the whole day at Bishop Gore School. In the morning there was a very interesting lecture on the state of affairs in Kenya, while in the afternoon the Bishop Gore boys entertained us with a really first-rate production of "Henry V." We understand that next year, in answer to "Joe Macbeth," they are doing a modern version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which leads us to our next topic.

This year we have two new lab. girls, and consequently twenty fresh Chemistry students. Perhaps here we might issue a word of warning to a certain Chemistry master now revelling in the freedom of celibacy,—'tis Leap Year, Sir! Another handsome addition to the School's equipment is the new ding-dong, shiny metal-type bell. Like some masters, the old bell was cracked! And the popularity of "The Goon Show" continues to spread.

The Hobbies Exhibition was put on in December under new management, and we must congratulate Mr. Glyn Jones on the success of his first effort. A full account appears on another page.

Before Christmas the whole school had to undergo a medical examination. Doctor and nurses were up to their usual tricks, but were confounded by the rather myopic science student. "Now lad, take off your glasses, please, and read this card." "What card?" asked the poor chap, looking around helplessly, his glasses in his hand. Yea, verily I say

unto you, in the words of Oliver Cromwell : " He goeth furthest who knows not whither he is going." And again : once upon a time there was a cross-eyed man. Walking down the street he bumped into another man. Furious, he raved : " Why don't you look where you're going ? " But quick as a flash came the reply : " And why don't you go where you're looking ? "

Last term the Headmaster received a letter from Desmond Thomas, a former pupil who emigrated to Australia and is now an electrical apprentice in a hosiery factory at Ashburton in Victoria. He thanked the school staff for all their help and encouragement, and we think every boy should feel similar gratitude. Schoolmasters are the salt of the earth, even if they do refuse to take your National Savings on a Monday morning. We are also pleased to learn that Dr. D. J. Keith Palmer, another Old Boy, has been awarded the higher degree of Doctor of Medicine. To him go our congratulations and best wishes.

Last year's cricket season passed away quite peacefully, except that the Staff XI (or was it twelve ?) silenced their critics by holding the School to a tie. The Senior Fives Tournament was won by Einar Day, who defeated David Lilley in the final, and in the Junior Tournament, Worts just managed to beat Hullin, who put up a very good fight.

The Debating Society carried out a full programme last term. Attendances were excellent. The debate with Bishop Gore was quite a success, and this term we propose to hold debates with Glanmor and Llwyn-y-Bryn.

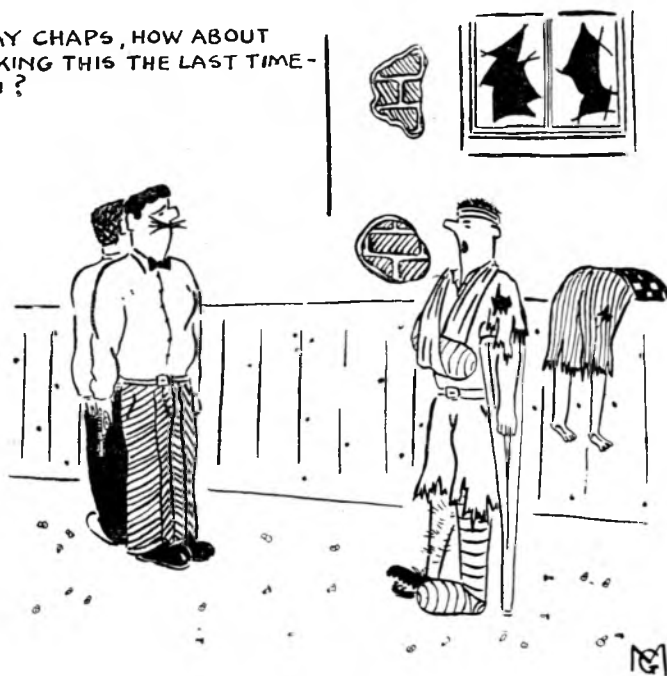
The School soccer teams have played very few matches due to the inclement weather and the great number of games played by Swansea Schoolboys. Congratulations to centre-forward Sidney Greeney on being selected to play in the final Welsh Trial.

The School 1st XV has had an amazingly successful run. Up to Christmas only one game had been lost, with ten won and two drawn. The defeat, by a try to nil against Maesteg, was undeserved. This year's captain is John Bennett, with David Lilley as vice-captain. Most pleasing victory was that over Bishop Gore. But the game was one of the most sporting we have had,—the Bishop Gore captain sending us a letter of congratulations. However, Keith Davies left for the Civil Service in December, and for this term's first game, against Bridgend Grammar, a strong side, the team was without four other regulars,—Bennett, Lilley, Boat and Rosser. The game was lost 9 - 3, but the match was very even in spite of this score.

The House Rugby Matches were contested with the usual fire, enthusiasm and zest, whilst the finer points were ignored. Grove were worthy winners, and you can read the story of their success elsewhere. An innovation was a first year inter-House game played between a combined Roberts - Llewellyn XV and a Dillwyn - Grove XV. The latter won 14 - 3, piling on the pressure in the closing stages. Thanks for the arranging of this match are due to Mr. Graham Jones.

Finally, a word of thanks to Mr. Gregory. Rugby, badminton and fives players owe a lot to him for his advice and keenness. We can assure him that his efforts are deeply appreciated, for, like other masters, he is generally recognised as one who labours and does not ask for any reward—save that of knowing that the 1st XV's playing record is the best for years.

I SAY CHAPS, HOW ABOUT
MAKING THIS THE LAST TIME -
HUH ?



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
SWANSEA.

January, 1956.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

After hardly a term of evasive action at Swansea College, I have already been cornered and confronted with the task of writing a "College Letter"—a frightful experience to look forward to, but an agreeable task when once begun.

Consequently, it is with the greatest pleasure that I accept your invitation to write for my colleagues here, realising at the same time that there never was such a "duffer" who ever put a pen to paper endeavouring to write a respectable letter for an even more respectable magazine. Such a letter requires a knowledge of many present day activities and institutions in college. It would indeed be presumptuous for me to speak with authority on a particular subject of which I know nothing ! ! !

It is only when one leaves to become an undergraduate that one fully realises the value of school life. At this juncture, I would like to extend my sincere thanks and gratitude to that "ever faithful body of men" who with their help, influence, experience and encouragement have given many a new student a sound introduction to a new sphere of life. Having spent eight years in Dynevor, I was, to say the least, reluctant to leave, yet excited on the embarkation of a new adventure.

Before leaving, I was warned of the vastly different life I was to experience. The change to college life has been the subject of many an article but one cannot over emphasise the fact that the change to freedom with which the student has to accustom himself is of vital importance if he is to succeed in his college career. Among other things, a student is expected to broaden his outlook and realise that the other person is very often correct. If this were recognised, then it is the consensus of opinion that the world would be very much a happier place to dwell in.

This sense of toleration cannot be better exemplified than on the playing fields. The freshman has the advantage of working side by side with an elder whose experience is vastly superior to his own—a faculty which can never be taught in the lecture room or tested in any examination. Already quite

a number of freshmen from Dynevor have travelled widely to represent their various clubs and societies. While enhancing the reputation of their college and former school, such active members of a University broaden their own outlook by coming into contact with people from all parts of the principality and different walks of life. Before terminating my remarks, it is now apparent that the social side of University life constitutes the main source of pleasure to students everywhere.

Academically, it must be realised that students are expected to and must of necessity work conscientiously in order to make the grade if not to achieve greatness.

Perhaps you will be interested to hear of the new facilities the college will offer when the next Dynevorian invasion takes place!!

The present students are envious of those who will enter the college as Geologists, Botanists and Zoologists, since it is these fortunate people who will occupy the new buildings now under construction. It is, indeed, a fine building and one which will add lustre to the college. Other men-students have their own personal ambitions of residing in the new Hall of Residence in the Grounds of Clyne Castle which will be completed in time for the commencement of the next session. These two buildings will do much to enhance the value of social and academic life in a college which has a comparatively small membership of approximately nine hundred students—a fact conducive to a more intimate and happy environment than one would find in larger Universities.

Although we do not condone the fact that we are now far removed from school, it is remarkable to estimate the number of cups of tea or coffee drunk in the refectory or the hours spent in sprightly conversation of the "old school." It is our privilege to reflect upon the enjoyable days spent there and the inevitable hard work which resulted in our College life. It is then that one perceives their keenness to emulate the fine men who have trodden the path before them.

Little more remains to be said except to express the earnest desire for more recruits to our ranks and the wish that in the near future Dynevor will occupy a new home where it may continue to mould the citizens of the future.

May I conclude, Sir, by sending you sincere good wishes in the compilation of the magazine and extend to the Headmaster, Staff and Students, a joyous and prosperous year.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES M. KNOYLE.

ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS.

How do you usually amuse yourself on the morning of Boxing Day? Many just sleep; some go for a walk, working up an appetite for dinner; perhaps there is a football match; then again others' time is taken up by Pentrechwyth prayer meetings. But it is always exciting and refreshing to go somewhere and see something for the first time. Yet our lives are so very restricted and the world is so wide that we must remain ignorant of many of life's sweetest experiences,—the thrill of a Penclawdd native when first tasting frog's legs, or the apprehension of a Parisian confronted with laverbread for the first time.

We are told in the Bible to "Go out and do a new thing." This I did on Boxing Day last when I went along to a motor-cycle scramble. Perhaps not a startling thought, but nevertheless it opened up new spheres of imagination for me. For the past week it had rained heavily and the ground was soft and slippery underfoot, but on this Monday it was quite mild and bright, though a few threatening clouds still hung from above. Off we went, dressed suitably and prepared for the expected mud and slush.

We turned off the main road and went through an inobtrusive gateway, which I had never noticed before although I had passed the spot scores of times. Then up a little lane until we reached the old farm house buildings surrounded by all sorts of vehicles which had brought the spectators. The mud was now getting softer and very unpleasant to wade through. At last we reached a gate opening out on to an expanse of grassland and bushes. We were on top of a hill which fell some fifty or sixty yards down to the hollow below. No sooner was I through the gate than I was almost scared out of my wits by a harsh rrrr...roaring sound coming from behind me. Then a young man on a motor bike flashed past me recklessly. I felt like shouting "Watch out! You'll be over the side!" But there was no time. A quick turn of the wrists and he was tearing down the steep incline. I realised now that he knew what he was doing. Faster and faster he went. How were the wheels able to grip the treacherously slimy surface? That was easy to answer,—the wheels were not even touching the surface! I was worried. How would he stop when he reached the bottom? But that problem never occurred to the rider, for he had no intentions of stopping. He turned sharply left and sped along the level ground. But there was worse to come. Suddenly I realised he was having a trial run round the course. He started on a flat stretch and descended twenty feet into a gully full of mud a foot deep; if the rider survived this he then had to

climb to the top of the hill,—a very steep and slippery slope ; then about two hundred yards along the ridge of the hill,—a narrow pathway between the edge of the slope and the thick hedge, made worse by the ruts caused by the passage of farm carts ; then down the hill again, across the level, down sharply into a twenty feet dip, and before the riders knew had time to stop rattling he had to face the trickiest part of all,—a precipitous bank of another twenty feet, which he had to surmount before starting another lap of the course.

There were about twenty contestants, coming from places as far apart as Abergavenny and Saundersfoot. It must be serious fun when riders come all that way. At first sight their appearances were truly comical. They looked as if they had just arrived from outer space, but they were all prepared for the conditions, only their faces being exposed to the dreaded mud. One was dressed entirely in white, crash helmet and all. Another wore a black sweater and a leather jerkin ; he had a strong, hard jaw, an expression of grim determination, perhaps even ruthlessness. All riders felt their way around the course, thinking out solutions to their difficulties. My experienced friend knew more about them. " He's a good 'un." " He'll have a go." " That's our Brian. Never entered before."

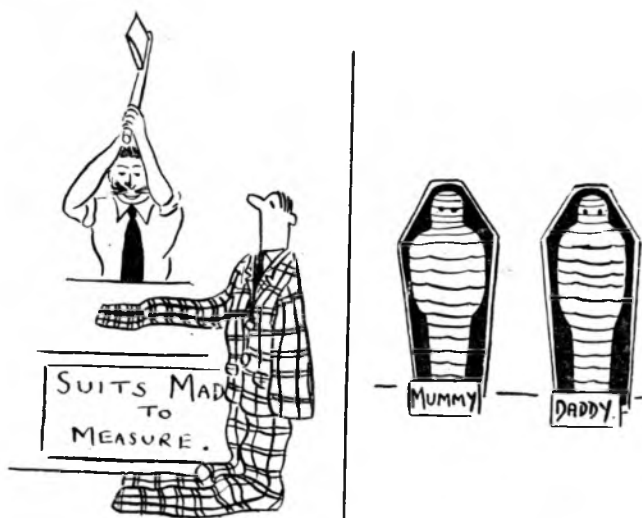
Now the competitors were at the starting line. Some machines were nearly twice as strong as others. Rrrrr ! . . . The first race of ten laps had begun and there was a sudden leap forward by every machine, every rider wanting to be in the lead at the first bottle-neck. The din was terrific and clots of mud were flung into the air behind the bunch of speeding figures. The wild young lad who had startled me earlier was first through the gap and down into the mud he plunged. Every rider had to help his bike through this patch by pushing the ground backwards with his feet. Only one rider was stuck in the mud,—it was our Bri ! After two laps " Mad Dan " was still well in the lead, but after a particular rigorous part of the course his bike slowed down, phutted wearily a few times and then toppled over on its side. And our Bri was still stuck in the mud !

By now all Brian's friends and relations, who had gathered together on top of the hill, were laughing their heads off. At last, after many unsuccessful efforts and with the help of two or three sympathetic onlookers, the luckless fellow emerged from the veritable pit together with bike. There were cheers from the top of the hill as our Bri started the upward climb. He passed the group of his fans amid loud shouts of encouragement, but, his face deathly white, he was too intent upon the ground flashing beneath his wheels to receive the crowd's

caustic comments with any degree of understanding. He proceeded warily along the ridge of the hill and someone remarked loud and clear : "Cor blimey ! He's riding as if he wants to live for ever !" The rider with the determined jaw was now drawing away from the rest of the field. After Ruthless Rex had passed us a few more times our Eri came round again and seemed to be making rude signs to his supporters. But no, he was merely trying to tell them he had now completed two laps ! Soon after, Rex brushed past him and sent him flying into the gorse. That was the end of the race for gallant Brian, but his assailant went on to win easily and when he had been presented with the trophy the down-pour came. The sky was black. The rain fell in torrents. The crowd scattered. But the second race was about to start. The competitors revelled in the conditions, for it was good clean fun wallowing in the cold, black mud.

Like me before Christmas, you have probably never been to such a scramble, but it is really wonderful fun. And if you think this is just a story you can ask our Bri,—if you care to look for him in the gorse bushes of Weig Fach farm !

E.D.



Mc VI Sc.

A SIXTH FORM POLITICAL DEBATE.

In the lower part of the school, politics is not generally a subject of frequent discussion, if discussed at all ; and therefore it is surprising how the position is reversed in the Sixth Form.

A Sixth Former is often described as one who pretends to know everything, but really knows nothing. Be this as it may a member of the Sixth Form is unworthy of his position if he does not possess some political views. The fact that very often he has no idea of what he is talking about does not matter ; as long as he holds some opinion one way or another, and of course refrains from using that extreme language which is very often the inevitable result of a Sixth Former getting hot under the collar, then he can take part in those delightfully hostile discussions which frequently reverberate around the hallowed precincts of the Upper Sixth Arts.

Such then is the relation of politics to the Sixth Former ; therefore, keeping that in mind, I should like to tell you of a political debate which was held in the Upper Sixth Arts last Autumn during our weekly " Public Affairs " lesson. You may remember that at that time we heard of Mr. Butler's much discussed Autumn Budget. What political arguments this provoked !—ardent Socialists denounced the Chancellor in no uncertain manner, asserting that the country's economic policy had gone to —, while confident Tories calmly defended " Rab." Such a subject must be debated at all costs, and so it was that the forthcoming " Public Affairs " period was reserved for a debate on this current political controversy.

Came the great day. Having attended assembly in Chapel we all hurried back to that hall of democracy, the Upper Sixth Arts, in eager anticipation of the debate, all of us, that is, except the people from the Science Department (some say they are quite normal really), who slouch into the room in twos and threes, looking as interested as a certain member of the Upper Sixth Arts is when he sets his eyes upon a copy of Caesar's " De Bello Gallico." Those worthy gentlemen having taken their seats, we patiently await the arrival of the master. When that venerated person has similarly made his appearance all is ready, although it does seem a pity that half of the lesson has already been wasted.

Since time is against us, we have no discussion from the floor ; there are just two speakers, representing Labour and Conservative and at the end a vote will be taken. The two speakers advance to the floor, the Socialist candidate buried beneath and overweighed by copies of the " Daily Herald." The master briefly introduces them, and at last the debate begins. Now for it !

The Tory rises to his feet, an event which is enough to elicit from all Socialists, Communists and Fascists on the floor a stream of curious hissing sounds and other rude noises. He is in appearance a typical Tory ; slick debonair and supremely confident, he struck me as being a truncated edition of Sir Anthony Eden. Showing plainly that, unlike his opponent, he has no need of the Press in his speech, he imperiously whips out a scrap of paper, at which he occasionally glances. He calmly defends Mr. Butler ; while some of his remarks are most unpopular with the floor, he affects his opponent in various ways, and this fellow's successive facial contortions are a most absorbing study ; at first he simply grimaces, then he gazes at the ceiling in amazement, and finally gives a wry smile as if to say, " Just like a Tory." Having spoken for a brief ten minutes, the oily Tory sits down, to the accompaniment of another storm of abuse.

Now it is the turn of the effervescent Socialist, who has obviously taken great pains to maintain silence for the past few minutes. Emerging from his pile of " Daily Heralds," he commences his great oration. In outward appearances he provides quite a contrast with his opponent. He is a genial chubby-faced little man, considerably lacking in stature ; in fact one is uncertain whether the trousers he wears are long shorts or short longs, and one is also reminded that, unlike his opponent he is not a truncated edition of anyone,—he's just truncated ! Such a description might possibly deceive some of you, because his lack of stature is totally incompatible with the vehement invective which is soon to burst upon us. His voice rises in an ever-increasing crescendo to an extremely high pitch, and indeed his obstreperousness is so deafening that the History master in the next room can follow his argument without effort. He looks quite pleased with himself when he further defames the character of poor Mr. Butler by calling him the rather derogatory name of " Rab the Grab." Then however, he evokes an effusion of derisive laughter from his critical audience when he declares so naively, " Gentlemen, I'm not speaking to you as a Socialist ; I'm trying to approach the question from the point of view of common sense." Enraged at the adverse welcome which this well intentioned remark receives, he begins to indulge in personal recrimination, with the result that I was glad to hear the bell ring, thus signifying the end of the lesson.

A vote was taken, but that in itself is unimportant and need not worry you. The main thing was that we had held the debate. As the bell went, everyone was brought back to the world of reality, and reminded that the dull routine of school-life must be carried on. The Tory went away completely con-

vinced of the rectitude of Mr. Butler's policy, the Socialist flopped wearily on to his pile of "Daily Heralds," wondering just how stupid people can be, and the people from the Science department, resuming their look of complete boredom, re-entered their strange world of test-tubes and H_2SO_4 . Once more heavenly silence reigned in the Upper Sixth Arts.

D.B.D.

TO NATURE.

I sit and watch and wonder
How such a thing can be,
And yield in full surrender
To Nature's harmony.

How well she does encompass
Within her wide domains,
Those things that do enchant us,
The trees, the lakes, the plains.

My wild, capricious mistress
Has many different moods ;
Yet, unlike mortal temptress,
She neither spurns nor broods.

Men speak of maids with tresses fair,
And tell a wondrous story ;
But who with nature can compare ?
The sky's her crowning glory.

When sun-flushed is that tinted face,
'Tis then that best she's seen ;
She moves us from the commonplace
To glory in the green.

And when her form's by moonbeams lit ;
Therein my mind doth stress
Lies beauty that is infinite,
Mere words cannot express.

My sense recoils, oh let me fly
From all the world calls great,
Where all is splendid calm, and I
With her communicate.

Could she but speak what in her tells !
But no ! for now I see
Her hills and dales are in themselves
A silent oratory.

D. J. ATHERTON

JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

Preparations for their journey being completed, Professor Peabrain calculated that their take-off would be in three days. The scientists, after much wise counselling, found that only one thing remained to be decided, namely the question as to their destination. Professor Bottleneck, upon the raising of the question, immediately suggested the Moon as their objective. The reason for this suggestion appeared to be that he was extremely fond of green cheese, and had always wanted to meet the Man in the Moon. However, Professor Peabrain violently disagreed with him, pointing out that Venus should be their destination, as he had read of a race of beautiful women who were reported to live there. The source of this news was that indisputable publication, "The Weekly Science Fiction Comic." After haranguing for several days, the point still remained to be settled, and it was only a last minute suggestion by their brilliant assistant, Fogbrain, that solved the problem. This genius proposed that they should get out on the first planet that they bumped into. Enthusiastically congratulating Fogbrain for his one suggestion, the two scientists climbed aboard their rocket, and, promising to send a post card to say that they had arrived safely, took off.

Being careful not to touch any of the controls, the two intrepid pioneers settled down to the studious task of reading the most recent theories of how Dan Dare thwarted the Mekon. Sometime after they took off, Peabrain, looking through the panoramic, high power, telescopic, periscope-viewfinder, observed a shower of meteorites bearing down upon them. Reporting this to his colleague, they both gazed down, with a feeling of wonder, and no little dismay, at the complicated instrument panel. After they had finished arguing upon which switch was the most likely to alter their course they decided to press one each. Peabrain chose a blue one, which although he did not know it, was the electronic gyro-stabilizer, and Bottleneck decided upon a green one (because it reminded him of green cheese) and thus set in motion the ultra high speed teleconic landing gear. The net result of these two actions resulted in exactly the desired effect, except perhaps that it was a little more violent than anticipated. The landing motors roared on, and the gyro-stabilisers cut out. The super-rocket and its gallant crew were flung about helplessly in space for a few hectic moments until Peabrain managed to flick his switch back over, and once again stillness ruled supreme inside the ship. The two brave, but bewildered, men rose shakily to their feet, and upon examination, found that all their bottles of pop had smashed, and their comics were now floating in it. Suddenly a bump was

felt and observation, from a hole in the double thickness feno-cardboard walls of their craft, revealed that they had landed.

Excitedly donning their space suits, red for Peabrain and green for Bottleneck, our heroes decided to make an exit. After much examination and experimenting during which the rocket was tipped on to its side, and the atomic boosted, super destructive cannons fired several times, they found the door and opened it. Outside all was dark. The two explorers decided they might possibly need a torch and after obtaining one, they set out to explore their new whereabouts. Professor Peabrain staggered along in his clumsy suit, dragging behind a portable atomic disintegration ultra planic counter, and his friend excitedly followed, pushing a portable combined television-cum-juke box. Neither had the foggiest idea of the name of the planet on which they had landed. However, they both agreed that it was certainly Mars or Venus, and not the Moon, since it was not made of green cheese, and also because they knew of no other planets. Therefore, having satisfied their curiosity a little, they set out to spy out the lie of the land. Walking straight into a rock, they decided that it was just what they needed, so, they climbed it. With the help of their ultra-clockwork compass, the brilliant human computers decided on a course to follow. Setting off, they very shortly found themselves in a bog, a marsh for those who may think otherwise, which had rather a depressing effect on them. Furthermore it began to rain,—they realised this fact quite quickly, but it was not due to their outstanding brain power, or remarkable intelligence; this time, it was merely because their suits were not waterproof, and allowed free passage for the rain right through to their underwear.

By now they realised that interplanetary pioneering was not what it was made out to be, but bravely they struggled on in the faint hope of meeting one of Peabrain's Venusian women. After what seemed days of plodding to Bottleneck, they rounded a hillock to catch sight of a huge monster approaching. There were two huge eyes with a growling, shadowy form behind. As it approached the two modern Columbuses frightenedly dragged out their super atomic hand blasters, took careful aim, and pressed the triggers. The flash and bang that followed both blinded and deafened the two for a few seconds. Regaining their vision, they were rather surprised to see a figure approaching from the slain beast, uttering foul curses in English. Regarding the newcomer, the professors realised that he was, unfortunately, a human being. Not to be dismayed, Bottleneck interjected on the rude remarks flowing from the stranger, and asked what a human being was doing riding a wild beast on Mars, without a space suit

on. "Mars?—Wild Beast?—Space Suit?" roared the irate man "Seems to me yor off yer rockers or summink—first you to try blow me an' me lorry oop an' 'en yer asks me what I'm doing on Mars! Ee, lads, y'are in a state aint yer? Don't yer know yer on Ilkeley Moor in Yorkshire?" "Well, um . . . er . . .", Bottleneck attempted to explain and did so, in a manner of speaking. "Hmm, . . . well I'm reporting you to the cops see? Interfering in a person's private affairs. Lucky me and me lorry didn't come to no 'arm . . . " but Bottleneck wasn't listening. "Marmaduke Adolphus" he murmured, "Hold me up!" but Marmaduke Adolphus was not listening either—he had quietly, undignifiedly sat down in the wet heather. "Lorry? Mars? Police? Yorkshire?" the driver heard him gasp weakly. Telling himself that the further he was from these lunatics the better, he turned on his heel and, leaving the professors in their undignified but comical positions, he began to run. The last the professors saw of him was as he disappeared into the mist with a hollow laugh.

PONGO U VI Science

THE BUZZARD

High above the lonely moors
The cruel buzzard glides and soars,
Watching for his vermin prey,
He waits and wheels through sunlit day.

Far below the mice in play
Are heedless of the price they'll pay
If that mighty eye discerns
Their happy playground in the ferns.

Here he swoops and there he dives
Unceasing menace to their lives;
Now to craggy mountains high
He moves with speed and fierce eye.

Once again in lengthening loops
He circles round, then dives and swoops,
Seizes now the prey he seeks
And wheels aloft to mountain peaks.

EDWARD DAVID, 1B.

HOBBIES EXHIBITION.

Once more a Hobbies Exhibition has passed, and experience has been gained from it which, we hope, will go towards ensuring the success of future exhibitions.

Unfortunately, Mr. Bennett was unable, through illness, to run this year's Hobbies, but his position was admirably taken by Messrs. Glyn Jones and Tom Morgan, whose efforts, together with the advice so generously given by Mr. Bennett, guided the exhibition to success.



HOBBIES EXHIBITION

The arrangement of exhibits was altered from last year, collections, cookery, etc. being in the Lower Gym, while the Top Gym was characterised by the rattle of the railways, and the staccato roar of model aero-engines, the plaintive protests of the live pets being just discernible amongst this apparent chaos and confusion.

A programme of flying was run whenever possible, but this gradually declined, owing to the high rate of "crashery" in the latter stages of the exhibition.

The exhibition was perhaps not quite as complete as in previous years, and some stalls were noticeably short of exhibits. This was particularly felt in the Aeromodelling Section where the number of models presented fell below the number promised.

To revert to the Lower Gym ; under Mr. Richards' able guidance the choir once again gave a polished performance.

The cookery section was very good this year, and aroused admiring comments from many visitors.

The Meccano section was also very good, one remarkably intricate model being presented by Mr. Hendy of the L VI.

On the entertainment side, the Cinema once more excelled under the expert guidance of those two venerable " old-timers " of showbusiness, namely Messrs. Matthews and Hemming, both of L VI. Praise must also be given to Messrs. Winfield and Jackson of L VI, whose voices were perhaps a little on the bass side to come under the heading of usherettes, so we shall refer to them by the more apt title of commissionaires.

Let us also not forget the " back room boys " of the exhibition, in particular Mr. Robert Rees of U VI Sc. who organised the Public Address system and electrical lay-out of the exhibition. Boys such as Robert are very rarely named but we should remember that it is boys of his calibre whose efforts ensure the success of the exhibition.

Thanks also to the many boys who helped assemble, run and dismantle the exhibition, and let us hope that many such boys of the same character will offer their services in future years to enable their exhibition to enjoy the success which it has done this year and in previous years.

L. B. LEWIS, U VI Sc.

DAWN.

Rosy Dawn is breaking now
Soon night's gloom will vanish ;
Murky shadows, ghostlike glow
Morning light will banish.

Still the night jars cry and call
Still the owls are hooting,
But night's grey and sombre pall
Is now slowly lifting.

EDWARD DAVID, 1B.

THE WHITE LIE.

I was six when the episode I am about to relate, befell me. It was during the war period ; I was living in London, and I recall the German 'planes dealing out death and destruction nightly.

One evening, against my parents' desires, I slipped un-noticed out of the house, and began walking to my friend's house. Alas ! before very long, dusk descended, followed by a thick fog, and I hopelessly lost my way. I began to sob and cry, and soon I heard the distant rumble of aeroplanes, and I was beside myself with fear. Many people passed me, but they hurried on, bent on getting home safely.

However, I soon saw an old, bent, gentleman, walking with the aid of a stick, approach, and hearing my sobs, he stopped and asked why I was crying. I replied I was lost, and he offered to take me home.

Soon, I was walking by his side, clutching his hand, while his stick tapped out a rhythmical background to our conversation.

We turned many corners, yet his feet never faltered, and I noticed his eyes were always fixed immediately ahead of him. Before long, we reached home, and my parents who were in an agony of mind were infinitely thankful to my friend. My father offered to repay him for his trouble, for such kindness was rarely come by in the war days. My friend had risked his life in order to bring me home, yet he refused all that my parents offered.

When, at last, he left and we heard his stick tapping out his farewell, I turned to my father and asked, " But, Daddy, why did he have a white stick ?"

J.F.R. L VI Science.

MARLOWE OR SHAKESPEARE ?

Christy Marl, or Billy Shake ?
Has someone made a big mistake ?
For if Young Marlowe wrote the plays,
How did old Bill spend his days ?

But be it Avon or Canterbury,
No cause is there for me to worry ;
E'en if the tomb prove Hoffman right,
I'll not dream on a Midsummer's Night.

W.J.M., L VI Arts

A JOURNEY FROM SWANSEA TO ARNHEM.

Are you all in the car? Hold tight then; we're off on our way to Arnhem via Harwich and The Hook of Holland.

It's early morning so we only get held up three-quarters of an hour in Port Talbot, but we're soon speeding down the Golden Mile to Cardiff.

Cardiff isn't awake yet, but the municipal dust wagon is, as it forces us into the gutter—this certainly calls for a long blast on the two-tone horn. But the driver must be deaf for he just carries on.

On and on clicks the mileometer and Newport comes into view. All seems to be going well, but a huge petrol tanker is stuck on the middle of Chepstow Bridge. The driver doesn't seem to worry; he's leaning over the bridge, feeding the birds. We'll give him the bird if he doesn't shift that truck—we've got a boat to catch at 7 o'clock!

Chepstow is now behind us, we'll be crossing into England shortly, so we'd better check our passports and hide that bottle of brandy.

It must be about one o'clock now. My stomach is beginning to rumble. We're passing through a Cotswold village littered with American cars with huge grinning radiators. I think we'll stop here for dinner.

It's a hurried meal of tea and sandwiches and we're soon moving again but there is still another 120 miles to go to Harwich.

The last few miles to Harwich seem endless because we get stuck behind a luxury coach, displaying a row of children in the back seat licking enormous ice-creams. We breathe a sigh of relief; we've arrived at Harwich and the Boat hasn't left.

One glance at the sea is enough to tell me we're going to need those tablets I brought with me—but where are they? At the bottom of the Boat!

The voyage lasts all night and when we wake up a look through the port hole tells us we're in Holland. It must be Holland, the stevedores are wearing wooden shoes and smoking cigars. While they get our car off the boat we stroll along the quay to a little office where we produce our passports. I look like a convict in mine—I hope the official will recognise me. He smiles and brings a stamp thundering down on my passport—I'm officially in Holland.

Come on you chaps! Into the car! We're off to Amsterdam. Oh dear, I'm supposed to be on the other side of the road. I'll have to watch that!

The road down to Amsterdam is narrow with a canal running parallel to it. I'd better slow down—unless we want an early morning dip.

After Amsterdam we leave these roads and join a vast concrete carpet, stretching as far as the eye can see. A glance in the driving mirror—not a car in sight—but wait, a small silver speck has appeared and before we can say ‘Ying Kong Hidly Ipo’ a Mercedes is passing us—he must be doing at least ninety! I’d better keep to the side for there’s a whole procession hooting to get past. I wouldn’t be surprised if we’ve got into a motor race!

However the miles tick by and our destination, Arnhem, soon appears on the sign posts. At our present speed we should be there within the hour.

Sure enough, an hour later we’re in Arnhem and spend another hour going round in circles looking for our hotel.

I wonder if that policeman can speak English?

D. DICKINSON.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS.

(by one who has toll’d it).

Yes, I remember the time quite well . . . I had not long entered the sacred portals of the Lower Sixth Arts when I received a visit from one of the most powerful members of the administrative staff. I shall always remember his words as I stood before him, full of wonder and I must confess, apprehension. Was I finally found out? Had one of my betting slips been intercepted? Or worse, had the news of the illicit still in the Lower Sixth Arts room been passed on by some informer? No! He spoke. “After much consideration you have been chosen to carry out a special mission, at the end of which you will receive a substantial reward.” I became very uneasy. He continued. “On the morning of 7th of Sept. 1955, you will commence your duties. I must warn you however, that this job requires great initiative, and you must be prepared to meet and overcome the inevitable opposition which you will encounter.”

Undaunted by these ominous words of warning, I took up my position at the appointed hour. I looked at my watch, took a deep breath, siezed my weapon of destruction in both hands, raised it and then—clang, clang, clang—the slightly cracked notes echoed across the yard and immediately there arose a storm of abuse from the serried ranks before me. I retreated hastily and breathed easily again. Yes, it was ten to nine on Wednesday morning and my mission (Thank heaven) had been successfully completed. I had rung the School bell.

By the way, I got the fabulous reward which my benefactor had promised me—the finest set of blisters this side of Ambridge.

C. J. PICTON L. VI A.

THE NATIONAL YOUTH ORCHESTRA OF WALES.

One morning in July of last year, I received a pleasant surprise in the form of a letter informing me that my audition for the National Youth Orchestra of Wales had been successful. Thus it was that I found myself boarding a train bound for Bangor on the last Friday of the Summer Term.

As I travelled through Wales, other members boarded the train. New members were given a cordial welcome, the older members renewed friendships, and in this atmosphere I felt quite at home. The journey was for the most part uneventful, and we reached Bangor Training College at half past six.

An hour and a half later, I found myself walking across to the rehearsal room which was in the University buildings opposite the College. The founder of the Orchestra, Mr. Irwyn Walters, obviously had great faith in the capabilities of the Orchestra, as he had chosen such works as Dvorak's "New-World" Symphony and Massenet's Ballet Music to "Le Cid."

I shall not bore you with the details of rehearsals, but I feel that I should mention the string tutor, Mr. James Whitehead, who is a renowned cellist, Mr. Haigh, the Double-Bass tutor (the section of which I was a member), and of course Dr. Clarence Raybould who is the conductor. During the fortnight of rehearsals at Bangor, the Orchestra became very proficient and was able to give a good account of itself at the concerts it gave. These concerts included one at the Pwllheli National Eisteddfod which was the highlight of the Bangor course.

About a hundred and twenty students then went to Caerleon Training College for five days when concerts were given at Port Talbot, Newport and Cardiff.

A fortnight later, about ninety-five of us met at Wrexham Training College preparatory to a concert to be given at the Edinburgh Festival. Then, after a few days intensive rehearsal, we travelled up to a camp eighteen miles south of Edinburgh. On the Saturday we travelled in to hold a short rehearsal in the Usher Hall after which we toured the most impressive city.

The afternoon concert was broadcast, and it received many reports (including one by Neville Cardus in the *Manchester Guardian*), the audience showing their appreciation by demanding an encore. Immediately after this concert, the orchestra appeared on television.

We travelled back to Wrexham and in the evening 'made merry.' The last morning arrived and faces grew long as we realised that we were at the end of our course and would not meet again for another year. A long time to look forward to, perhaps, but well worth the waiting.

PETER JAMES, 4A.

A HOLIDAY IN THE FATHERLAND.

"Fasten your safety belts, please,"—these were the words which woke me from my reverie and brought me back to reality. For a moment I wondered where I was, then I remembered that I was in a K.L.M. Airliner on the way to spend a holiday with my German pen friend in Stuttgart. Looking out of the window I noticed that the aircraft was gradually losing height. We were coming in to land. With due regard to the attractive stewardess's pleas I fastened my safety belt and prepared myself for the landing. The landscape which before had seemed miles away began to loom up. Before long the wheels of the aircraft came down and up went the flaps. The runway soon came into view and I tensed myself for the ultimate contact with the ground, but so skilfully did the pilot bring down the aircraft that all I experienced was a slight bump and the 'plane was taxi-ing along the runway to the dispersal centre.

It was with great reluctance that I said goodbye to our charming stewardess, who had taken care of me so well. However, there were the usual formalities of passing through the customs before I could see my friend, Erhard, so I made my way to the customs offices. On this occasion the German customs officers dealt rather ruthlessly with me. Not contented with opening my case and peering inside, they also wanted to have a look at the pattern on the bottom. Having left the customs officers rather disappointed at not finding any coffee which incidentally I was carrying in a leather band on my shoulder I passed through to the waiting room where my German friends were eagerly waiting. After the formal German introductions we were speeding through the suburbs of Stuttgart in a sleek Mercedes-Benz to my friend's house which was to be my home for the next three weeks. There I was introduced to the other members of the family and after many handshakes and bows I experienced my first German meal. It did not take me long to size up the surprisingly huge appetite of these South Germans. Although I had worked up a reasonable appetite through travelling it was pitiful in comparison with theirs. However the food was good and not too different from English. After this meal there followed a chat which put to the test my powers of German conversation. At first I found it difficult to converse freely but after a week or so my German began to run logically if not fluently. Another thing which I had to combat was the guttural south German dialect, which when spoken by peasant-folk seemed anything but German.

During the next three weeks I became accustomed to German life and culture. So gloriously fine was the weather that I discarded my long trousers for German leather shorts and cross braces. From time to time I made excursions with Erhard on his motor-scooter into the Suabian Alps. There the landscape was picturesque indeed with its pine forests and snow-capped peaks. As time went on and I became more accustomed to German life, I began to draw comparisons with my own way of life. The way of living in Germany is rather different from what we are used to in Britain. The houses have round, tall, black stoves, or built-in corner fireplaces, but not open ones and they warm the rooms very well, though one misses a cosy fire to sit by, even in the summer. Blocks of flats are numerous in Germany and single houses generally accommodate a large family. The food eaten in Germany is not very different from that in Britain. The difference is in the method of cooking which varies considerably from our methods. For example, potatoes, a common German food, are boiled in olive oil and are very sickly to eat as one can imagine. Coffee is the main beverage and tea is only drunk on special occasions. Like most continental countries the German breakfast can only be described as meagre. Rolls and coffee make up this meal and it was hard for a person like myself to go without my usual nutritious breakfast. The Germans also have a very bad habit of getting up early and it was with bitter resentment that I was awakened at six or seven o'clock in the morning with a "Guten Morgen." This habit of getting up early is probably due to the fact that in Southern Germany lighting up time in Summer is very early, about eight o'clock.

During my stay I had the experience of attending two "Sommerfests." At the end of the Summer Term the students really go to town. On the last day of term school finishes early and in the evening the festivities begin. Those students who have taken their school-leaving examination build a bonfire of their exercise books and set a light to them at midnight. There is dancing, drinking, eating and sketches until three to four o'clock in the morning. As you can imagine I felt rather fatigued by that time and was glad to return home to recuperate.

Time went all too quickly and my three weeks' holiday in Germany came to an end just when I was beginning to really enjoy the wonderful German hospitality. Nevertheless there was the thought of returning to my homeland, a place which is appreciated after three weeks away from it.

G. ORRIN, VIa.

A TRIP TO HOLLAND.

The 24th July, 1955, will long remain in my memory, for on this day a party of 13 of us, together with two of our masters and their wives, left Swansea for a fortnight's holiday. Needless to say I had looked forward eagerly to this trip.

After some preliminaries on High Street Station, such as having our photographs taken by the *Evening Post*, and some last minute advice from our parents, we waved goodbye. After having spent the night at the Sandringham Hotel in London, we caught the boat train to Harwich. Following the usual procedure at the Customs, we went on board ship, which was bound for the Hook of Holland. Fortunately we all proved to be good sailors, and were able to enjoy the voyage which, by the way, took seven hours. After a short train journey we arrived at Utrecht, our headquarters for the next fortnight.

From a Travel Guide we found that Utrecht was a city with a similar population to Swansea's (160,000). Its inhabitants appeared very kind and sociable. Two things drew my attention as I strolled around sight-seeing,—the scores of cyclists and the numerous canals that crossed the city. Large barges moved slowly along these carrying various cargoes.

The policemen were a peculiar sight indeed. They rode around the streets on bicycles. Their uniform was of the same colour as policemen in Britain, but they wore black leggings. Hanging from a wide leather belt was a sword on one side and a revolver on the other. We were very amused one day when we were ushered off a green in one of the parks by two such warlike creatures.

Most of the townsfolk wore European dress, but the majority of the country people still wore their national costume. During a trip to the Islands, of Marken and Volendam, we saw most of the islanders wearing their native dress. The old ladies wore large white starched hats, black bodices, white blouses and black bustle skirts. The men wore peaked hats, jackets and baggy trousers. It was quite a common sight to see a row of clogs of various sizes outside a back door, for each member of the family takes them off before entering the house.

One of the things that fascinated me at Amsterdam was the little village in the centre of the town, which had been built many years ago as a Home for Old People. It was encircled by a high wall which had two gates. These were closed at night. There was even a chapel where they could come together to worship on Sunday.

During the trip to Arnhem we visited a Dutch Folk Museum, similar to our Welsh Museum at St. Fagans. It contained old farmhouses, farming implements and a Windmill. Perhaps the scene that remains most vividly in my mind was the wonderful cemetery outside the town of Arnhem, where thousands of young allied paratroopers lost their lives during the last war. The gravestones remain as a tribute to the young men, and the cemetery to the folly of war.

The holiday, to which we had looked forward, soon came to an end. After a very enjoyable voyage and journey by train we arrived back home feeling tired but very happy. I must pay a tribute to our masters who arranged this trip and who conducted us on the various tours. They were most considerate, and closed their eyes to many of our schoolboy pranks. Thank you, Sirs.

PAUL ROWLANDS

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Christmas term proved to be one of the most successful the Society has enjoyed for a long time. The committee provided a varied and most enjoyable programme.

The term started rather quietly with a debate on motor racing but the motion "That Welsh Nationalism is a futile cause" filled our meeting place to capacity to hear Mr. Robert Bevan proposing and Mr. John Morgan opposing.

From that debate on, the attendances have been good, with a pleasing number of junior boys. Unfortunately the sixth form support is not strong enough. However, an advance notice of this term's debate with the High School should rectify this matter.

The most pleasing feature of last term's programme was the number of new members who made their maiden speeches.

Of the lighter debates the Inter-School debate with Bishop Gore was the most humorous when Major Dennis Bloodnok Day successfully defended the "Goon Show." A debate on multilateralism proved much closer than had been anticipated, while on the other hand an almost unanimous vote was passed that "Prefects are a blessing in disguise."

The Society welcomes any new members who, we are sure, will enjoy our Friday evening meetings.

Once again the Society is indebted to Mr. Chandler for his help and co-operation in making the Lit. and Deb. Dynevor's most flourishing society.

DAVID DICKINSON, U VI Sc. (Sec.).

CRICKET—FIRST XI.

1955 saw the school team emerge very creditably from a season which was enjoyed by all who took part, despite the inclement weather during May and the early part of June, as a result of which the away fixtures with Llanelly and Neath were completely washed out.

For those interested in figures the school played ten matches, of which they won five, drew two and lost three. The team was captained by Einar Day, who played no small part in the team's success. He easily headed the batting averages, scoring 182 runs for an average of 26.00, and his attitude in the field inspired confidence. Barry Mathias, who captured 23 wickets at a personal cost of 5.13 runs per wicket was top of the bowling averages ; Alan Watson, too, did well to take 15 wickets for an average of 8.20.

The school failed to gain any representative honours last year, although Einar Day was included in the Glamorgan County Secondary Schools XI, and, together with David Griffiths and Alan Watson, attended various trials with a view to being selected for the Welsh Cricket XI to play England at Edgbaston. All three, however, were unlucky, although Day's



SCHOOL CRICKET XI 1955

FRONT Row—Mr. E. Evans, D. Griffiths, Mr. G. Powell, E. Day, Mr. H. Griffiths, D. Booth, Mr. W. S. Evans.

BACK Row—R. Bevan, K. Davies, J. Knoyle, J. Peters, B. Davies, D. Beynon, D. Davies, T. Rees, G. Orrin (*Scorer*).

omission was surprising, considering that he was selected the previous year.

The most pleasing, and exciting, of our victories was undoubtedly that inflicted on our rivals, Bishop Gore, a match which was played at the very end of the season. The match was brought to an end in the very last over, when the then school captain, Jimmy Knoyle, made the winning hit. In the annual match at St. Helen's the school failed to emulate last year's victory, the Old Dyvorians triumphing by 74 runs, while in the staff match the school team, imbued with sympathy for their aged opponents, allowed the match to end in a tie. Of the three defeats sustained, it may be said that that suffered at the hands of Llanelly was rather unfortunate, because the team was weakened by the absence of three of its regular members.

With the majority of the team, still with us, we naturally hope to have another successful season in 1956. Nevertheless, I would urge all those interested in playing for the school cricket team to attend the trials in April, so that the school can be represented by the best team possible.

D. B. DAVIES (U VI ARTS), *Hon. Secretary.*

FORM CRICKET.

The Form-Cricket matches were played last year with customary enthusiasm, and for once they were all completed, thanks of course to the exceptionally dry summer which we experienced. In the Second Year 2c were champions, although they met defeat at the hands of the Rest. 3b however went one better, for they managed to defeat the Rest in addition to winning all their Saturday morning matches.

The final records were :

Form	W.	L.	D.
1A	1	1	1
1B	2	1	0
1C	2	0	1
1D	0	3	0
2A	2	1	0
2B	0	3	0
2C	3	0	0
2D	1	2	0
3A	1	2	0
3B	3	0	0
3C	0	3	0
3D	2	1	0
4A	0	2	0
4B	0	2	0
4C	1	1	0
4D	2	0	0

THE HOUSE MATCHES.



GROVE HOUSE RUGBY CHAMPIONS 1955

It's happened at last! Grove have won the House Rugby Tournament. Inspired by the unexpected success of the British Lions, the Grove pack plus captain George at fly-half won through against all odds—including the psychological warfare and wily tactics of the doyen of Llewellyn House, the Golden Boy of the Chem. Lab. himself. To all those wretched fellows not in Llewellyn would come the soul-destroying, rapier-like query: "I say, you chaps! You don't honestly think you are going to win, do you?"

Training on the sands was the order for weeks before the slaughter was due to begin. Then came the first contest: Dillwyn (holders for the last three years and dead certs to retain the trophy) v. Llewellyn (known as "The Pirates of Penlan," because of the Gilbertian lyrics emanating from their ranks in the showers; and needless to say, Sullivan's tuneful efforts were mutilated mercilessly). Unfortunately, Dillwyn fielded at half-strength, their all-star pack (including the 3 Bs.) lacking the support of their defensive outside-half of the previous triumphant year. The result was a narrow win for the Pirates, who employed a 12-man pack in the second half and then proceeded to give a thunderous rendering of "Tit Willow" in the dressing room. In the other game Grove surprisingly beat Roberts, but this was thought to be insignificant by the experienced who confidently predicted a victory for Llewellyn.

The final had to be postponed over the holidays until January. The great day came, but there were only half a dozen spectators, the match being played while the rest of the school enjoyed their Latin, Physics, etc. By half time Grove were undeservedly trailing by two tries to nil, but the second half saw a storming revival. Their forwards, spearheaded by F. A. T. Arthur and the ruddy-faced Trev., bulldozed their way to victory. George saw to it by his kicking that his pack did not burn themselves out. A try and then a converted goal, and the match was nearly won. With minutes to go a Llewellyn player broke through in a dribble, but his advance was cut short by a large dog, who was promptly told where to go by the Pirates' Housemaster, who could scarcely bear to remain on the touchline, shouting to his team "Keep calm! Don't get excited!" while he himself danced about and frothed at the mouth.

So Grove won 8—6, and how well they deserve the congratulations of the other Houses! Mr. Lloyd played no small part in the win and his team owe him their thanks. Who knows? It was never discovered to whom the line-saving mongrel belonged, but it certainly seemed fond of Mr. Lloyd.

E.D.

BADMINTON.

More interest has been displayed by members of the upper school in the Badminton Club than for some time, and the number playing the game has increased a great deal this year.

In spite of the efforts of members of the Lower Sixth and Fifth forms, the team so far has been made up of the old hands of the Upper Sixth (two very old hands!) and has so far this season met with a mixed degree of success.

Two matches have been played. One against the 'old enemy,' Bishop Gore, in which the school was defeated by seven games to two, and one against Neath County School which was won by Dynevor by six games to three.

As Neath have since beaten Bishop Gore, the members of the Club look forward to the return games which should prove extremely interesting.

Finally, all members of the club wish to thank Mr. Gregory for his unfailing interest and enthusiasm which make the game possible in the school.

L.B.

THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

The School Concert was once again held in Ebenezer Chapel, which, as a setting, proved to be as appropriate as that of a Concert-hall.

The main part of the Concert was devoted to a performance of Gluck's opera "Orpheus and Eurydice." For this performance of a work usually seen in the Opera-House, an edited and abridged version was used. Credit is due to Mr. Richards for his clever reduction, which did not interfere with the sequence and flow of the work. Three soloists—David Smitham, Victor Davies and Ambrose Thomas were supported by the hundred-strong choir, together with a section of the Morgan Lloyd Orchestra, augmented by members of the School Orchestra. Some extraordinarily fine singing was heard during the performance, in which all the contrasts of tone and style were observed, and in which some full-blooded singing was combined with some delicate pianissimo passages.

As in other years, the second half of the Concert was devoted to a Miscellaneous programme. The word 'miscellaneous' is frequently taken as meaning 'not of any real worth,' but this exhibition of miscellanies was indeed an exceedingly rewarding concert of its own. We heard several examples of 18th century music, together with some modern writing.

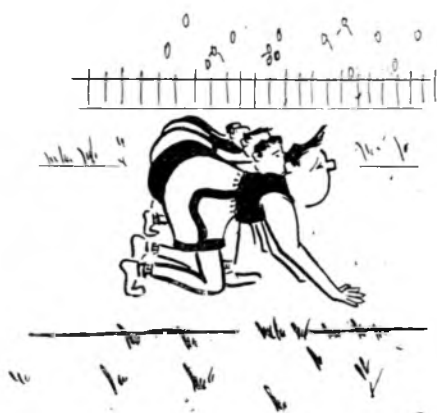
A delicately clever Suite for Recorders was composed by Mr. Richards and executed with due aplomb by the Recorder Band. A work "Prelude and Scherzo," composed by Adrian Perkins (U VIA) was played by the String Orchestra in a good performance, with due attention to dynamics and phrasings.

A "Scherzo and Trio," by Peter James (IVA) for string quartet proved delightful and enjoyable. Of the other music perhaps the pride of place can go to Adrian Perkins for his virile rendering of Handel's B Flat Organ Concerto, and a close second to the dozen or so boys, who sang a group of 3 Welsh Folk Songs. Credit must go to Mr. Harries for his arrangements, no less than his fine playing, which added much to the general brightness and charm. The School Orchestra made its first appearance at a School Concert, playing music by Handel and Purcell. In this half the Choir was also heard to advantage in "Happy We" and "Come, ever smiling liberty," and provided a fitting close to the evening with a vociferous rendering of Handel's "See the Conquering Hero Come."

In spite of the inclement weather, a large audience enjoyed an excellent evening's entertainment, displaying the musical talents of Dynevor. Great credit is due to Mr. Richards for his sustained efforts to achieve perfection of performance in all items of the programme.

LYNDON JENKINS (L. VI ARTS).

ZANIES



DYNEVOR ATHLETIC SPORTS—ST. HELEN'S, 1955.

The Annual Dynevor School Sports was last year held on a July day, which for athletics, was near perfection. A gentle breeze failed to mitigate the warmth of the sun and hardly served to ruffle the flags spaced evenly along the running track of the smooth St. Helen's turf.

A more encouraging throng than of recent years had assembled beneath the stands to cheer their House on. They had plenty to cheer. Dillwyn began at a cracking pace, winning four of the first five Junior and Middle events, but unfortunately their Senior members failed to emulate their early success and only C. Picton emerged with credit.

Then with four successive victories followed by a win in the House Relay Llewellyn drew ahead closely followed by Roberts for whom Killeen did well to win both the 220 yards and half-mile middle events.



LLEWELLYN HOUSE SPORTS CHAMPIONS 1955

Grove House had a lean time rarely coming into the picture at all, and of their few successes D. Beynon won two of the shorter distance events.

In a thrilling finish Hugh Knoyle captured the laurels for Llewellyn with a fine win in the one mile senior event which enabled his House to snatch the coveted Secombe Cup by a mere two points.

For Llewellyn, the brothers Hugh and Jim Knoyle, R. Bevan and D. Charles, won six of the Senior events, while G. Rees, Twomey and Roach must not be forgotten as up and coming sack-racers and three-legged specialists in the Junior events.

Despite ideal conditions, however, times were not fast, and in view of the increasing popularity of Athletics it is to be hoped that the coming season will see an increase in the number of competitors for the preliminary heats so that the School's very best athletes can set up record times in 1956, and later on, who knows, in international competitions.

R.W.B.

AIRCRAFT SPOTTING.

Aircraft Spotting is one of the most fascinating of all hobbies, and also can be one of the cheapest. There are three main types of aircraft spotters —

1. Those who see an aircraft and think of it as "an aircraft with swept-back wings."
2. Those who think of it as a Hawker Hunter.
3. Those who think of it as a "Hunter Mk. 6 with external link collectors and re-heat from 634 sqn."

Most spotters are between groups 2 and 3.

Swansea is not an ideal district for spotting, the only major aerodrome nearby being Pembrey, a training base. There are, however, many interesting aircraft which occasionally fly overhead. Some of these are : the Bristol Britannia—Britain's new long-range airliner ; a B 47—America's medium jet bomber ; a Mosquito—the famous wartime aircraft ; and a Gloster Javelin—the new Super-priority fighter.

The *only* essential piece of equipment is a pair of eyes. Some spotting equipment is, however, useful. A good aircraft recognition book is the most useful piece of equipment ; this costs from 2/6 to £4/4/0. Three handy books are :

A.B.C. of Military Recognition, 2/6d.

A.B.C. of Civil Aircraft Recognition, 2/6d.

The Observers book of Aircraft, 5/-.

The first two or last one make an excellent start. Once these books have been read a few times most aircraft can be recognised. A good pair of binoculars is useful but the lens should be kept clean and free of spots to avoid seeing "flying saucers."

A scrap book of aircraft photos cut from newspapers is useful to help bring the books up to date. A good flying magazine is also always useful with its recent news and pictures.

These complete your equipment, so whether you are in group 1, 2, or 3, "Good Spotting."

DAVID MENDUS (IID)

WEIGHT A MINUTE !

It will come as a shock to all those in any way connected with the Physical Welfare of the Youth of Britain to learn that during 1954, one in five of the young men called up for National Service was found to be medically unfit. 47,000 men were unfit in one year as stated by the Minister of Labour, and nearly 100,000 in two years.

These are astonishing figures, especially when it is remembered that so much is being done to provide young men with recreational facilities of all kinds from schooldays to adulthood.

This shows that the standard of health and fitness of a young Briton is far from satisfactory and it is time that a really practical plan was laid down. In fact, the whole outlook on physical education needs to be overhauled.

Far too much emphasis is laid on team games and team spirit, and on activities which only achieve complete physical and mental fatigue. In very few schools, colleges and universities has physical education undergone radical changes, producing extraordinary results.

Why is it that weight training has not been considered by Dynevor School? It is considered essential by the athletic world, specially by Russia and America, who are the foremost athletic nations of today. You will hear more in the next issue of this Magazine.

J. POWELL, L VI Sc.
P. ARTHUR, I. VI Sc.

HEADLINE HIGHLIGHTS.

“ The girl they tried to poison—read about her inside ! ”
Magazine headline.

From a report on a golf tournament :—“ At this point the gallery deserted Miss——and turned to watch Miss—— whose shorts were dropping on the green with amazing regularity.”

“ Hereford woman takes top honours in Cattle Show.”

From a report on an accident :—“ The region in which Miss———was injured is remarkably scenic and beautiful.”
PONGO.

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 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 into 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 £1,650.

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.

