



# MAGAZINE

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No. 74.

SEPTEMBER, 1944.

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## Dynevor Secondary School Magazine.

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Editor ... A. WILIAM.

Sub-Editors ... J. D. WALROND, C. GAMMON.

### EDITORIAL.

After a break in publication owing to war time conditions, Dynevor School has salved its literary soul, and so, once more we present the Magazine for your approval. No attempt has been made to make the Magazine purely high-brow or to please those of the other extreme. Our policy is to include a little of everything and thus we sincerely hope to strike a happy medium. If certain of the contributions appear open to the charge of aiming too high and of being too serious, the only excuse we offer is that we are amateurs, and as such, we are always ready to welcome new ideas and suggestions for the improvement of the Magazine.

We hope to publish two issues this year if the restrictions due to paper shortage will permit.

Here then is the Dynevor School Magazine, to which we offer the sub-title "Phoenix."

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### ROLL OF HONOUR.

To our infinite regret, all records of Old Boys serving with His Majesty's Forces are so incomplete as to represent but a small part of the effort made by the School. Enemy action and other causes are responsible for this state, but we are now most anxious to compile a *complete* list of these *Old Dyvorians*. If therefore readers can give any particulars

(including date at School), Mr. D. J. Williams will be very glad to compile a list for publication in the Magazine.

In the same way, Mr. T. G. Davies will be grateful for any details of *Old Glamorgians*. Will you please co-operate?

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### MORNING ASSEMBLY.

Thanks to the magnanimous action of the Trustees and Deacons of Mount Pleasant Church, and the hearty co-operation of the Education Authority, Dr. Elfed Thomas, Director of Education, and Mr. M. H. Davies, H.M.I., the School is to have the use of the Church and Organ (with Mr. Arthur E. Davies, F.R.C.O., as Organist), for morning assembly on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, as well as for certain other occasions, as from September.

This privilege will be increasingly appreciated by the School, especially as both Halls were destroyed by enemy action. There will be splendid opportunities for the choir, under Mr. Roberts, to take a real share in the services. Later, it is hoped that the Orchestra can take part. The esprit de corps of the School is bound to be strengthened by this act of corporate worship. It will be the first time for over three years that our 500 pupils will be able properly to meet as a School. Entrance will be from the playground through the new doorway leading directly into the Church, which thus in a sense becomes the fourth side of the School quadrangle. Any parent desiring exemption for his or her son from the services, is kindly requested to send a written note to that effect.

Our deepest thanks are tendered to all the friends who made this arrangement possible. We shall do our best to prove worthy of such a fine gesture. W. BRYN THOMAS.

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### SCHOOL NOTES.

We are glad to note that the Advanced Chemistry Laboratory for Higher Work will be completed and furnished with the necessary apparatus in time for the coming School year.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Cox, who has, ever since the outbreak of War, taken the task upon his shoulders of collecting the Savings of the School. Our appreciation of his carrying out of a thankless task should be placed on record.

We enumerate here some of the interesting events that have occurred during the past half-year. In reply to the possible charge of broadcasting "stale news," we beg to point out that the Magazine has not been in existence during the period concerned.

The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Mr. Irwyn Walters has given two concerts in the Brangwyn Hall to the assembled schools of Swansea. Not long after the first came the Anglo-Polish Ballet Company, led by Jan Cobel. These performed, amongst other dances, in the "Empire," "Les Sylphides."

We were also privileged to hear a recital in the Glanmor Girls' School, given by Mme. Fuchsova, the Czechoslovak pianist. She played pieces by Dvorak, Smetana, and Joseph Suk, and also a well-known Welsh folk-tune, arranged by a Czech composer who had visited Wales.

One afternoon, in the gymnasium, a well-known actor, gave recitations of some of Shakespeare's works. His recitations were accompanied by a talk on Shakespeare.

A little while later, during the same Term, the gymnasium was invaded by the Ministry of Information, who showed films of Soviet Russia and some war pictures.

In addition to all these welcome concerts and recitals, the School was given a half-holiday last St. David's Day. All this has, without doubt, been very much appreciated by the School. Long may this continue !

We extend our heartiest congratulations to a member of the Upper Sixth, Aled Wiliam, on gaining the Cymrodorion Society's Welsh Language Scholarship this year. We wish him further successes in his future career. We also send our best wishes to those who have lately been called to the Services : Stuart Seabourne, D. Peter Cumings, Norman Sparrow and Dennis Hughes. J.W., C.G.

The Prefects for this year were as follows : School Captain, D. E. Hughes ; Vice-Captain, S. Davies. Prefects : L. P. Cumings, E. Gibbs, S. Griffiths, J. Hartigan, C. Jackson, N. Long, L. Morse, E. Morgan, K. V. Richards, N. Sparrow, G. Thomas, D. Thomas, W. H. R. Thomas, A. I. R. Wiliam. Stuart Seabourne was the Captain during the Christmas Term of 1943, but left School in February to take an R.A.F. Course at Oxford.

The Fifth and Sixth Forms were privileged this Term to attend a Religious Conference at the High School for Girls under the auspices of the S.C.M. All the Swansea Secondary

Schools were invited as well as our neighbours from Gowerton County School. This Conference was held in three afternoon sessions from 3.30 until 6 p.m. The Meetings were a great success, as many people were heard expounding different points of view, both from the floor, and from the platform. At discussion time it was very interesting to hear problems on Predestination being thrashed out between bites of sandwich and draughts of milk. There was nothing but praise for the way in which Miss Cameron, as hostess, catered for us. All who were present express the hope that this is not the last inter-school discussion that will take place. It is hoped that the Literary and Debating Society of the School will later take up some of the questions raised.

Two members of the Sixth Form were fortunate enough to attend a French Course at Exeter College last Term, held by the British Institute in Paris. The time was spent in lectures on French economic, cultural, and social life, with classes in French Language. It is said that the two boys concerned came back speaking broken English.

It is not generally known that the School building is one of the most used in Wales. A.T.C. technical classes, Cadet Force parades, and Youth Council meetings have been held here; the building is regularly used as a registration office by the Ministry of Labour, while Evening School Classes throughout the winter have been held for many years.

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### THE BLACK PANTHER.

(Freely translated from the French of Leconte De Lisle)

Her restless eyes are arrow sharp,

She softly sways where tendrils float,

A speck of blood, new spilt, is sprent

Upon her royal velvet coat.

The great moths touch a thousand times,

As in a never ending game,

They twist, they turn, they spin, they slide,

And leave the air with perfume warm.

The Python in his scarlet throne

Of cactus, stares with curious eyes,

Lifts his flat head, unrolls his tail,

And sees her distantly pass by.

She quickly glides among the fern;

She twists where crimson creepers run;

She disappears, the noises cease;

The earth and sky sleep in the sun.

C.G.

## THE "ELIJAH" CONCERTS.

The School Choir gave two performances of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" at the Brangwyn Hall on the 13th and 17th of May.

The tremendous success of last year's "Messiah," which only had one performance, and in consequence of which many hundreds of people were disappointed, encouraged the School to give two performances of this year's Concert. On both occasions every seat was taken. This means that altogether 3,000 people heard the Concert on the two successive Saturdays. The people of Swansea no doubt remembered the inspired singing of the boys in the "Messiah" and that the choir had sung on March 30th of this year at the Brangwyn Hall before Their Majesties The King and Queen and Her Royal Highness, Princess Elizabeth.

We must thank Mr. Richard Evans for the successful business arrangements; it was due to his unremitting labours that all the seats for both concerts were sold out several weeks in advance, and that all the financial arrangements, the booking of the Artistes, etc., were carried through without a hitch. The proceeds from the first concert will be devoted to the purchase of instruments for the School Orchestra, which is to be re-formed, while those of the second concert will go to the Swansea General Hospital.

Famous Artistes sang at both the concerts, and the musical and educational value to the boys of hearing and singing with such eminent singers cannot be over estimated. Surely the boys will never forget such a wonderful experience.

The Artistes were :—

May 13th.		May 20th.
Elsie Suddaby	Soprano	Isobel Baillie
Constance Shacklock	Contralto	Kathleen Ferrier
Walter Glynne	Tenor	Peter Pears
Henry Gill	Bass	Roy Henderson

At the first concert Walter Glynne took the place of Arthur Servent who was indisposed.

The choir of 250 boys conducted, of course, by Mr. Gwilym Roberts, with Mrs. Roberts at the piano and Mr. Arthur E. Davies at the organ, was assisted by Swansea Music Lovers, who supplied the basses and the tenors and by an orchestra led by Mr. Garfield Phillips, an old Dy'vorian.

One of the most interesting features of the performances was the choral speaking by the boys. Spoken choruses provide a dramatic contrast to the singing. Many people

expressed doubts as to whether this startling innovation would prove successful, but opinions expressed at the end of the concerts showed that almost without exception, both artistes and audience were very much impressed by the unison and beauty of the young voices, and with the moving effect of the Choral Speaking, which heightened the dramatic effect of a dramatic oratorio. The good reception afforded to such an innovation certainly brings credit upon Mr. Yates, who showed imagination and skill in training the boys, and of course brings credit upon the boys who worked very hard at something which was entirely new to them. Nor must one forget to pay tribute to G. F. Parker, of IIIc, who recited a solo passage in an excellent and clear voice, which could be heard throughout the Brangwyn Hall.

And what of the singing? It is not meet, perhaps, that we should sing our own praises, but as at last year's "Messiah," the Artistes themselves were amazed at the quality of the voices, at the precision and discipline of the choir, and above all at the wonderful appreciation by the boys of the religious and dramatic qualities of Mendelssohn's music. Henry Gill was so impressed with the singing that he wrote a letter of appreciation to the whole choir. Walter Glynne wrote to the Press in praise of the choir, and all the Artistes paid them very high compliments. The performance at both the concerts was inspiring, and there can be few of the 3,000 people who heard them who were not deeply moved by their choruses. The lovely soprano voice of Dewi Rees thrilled the audience as he sang the youth's responses to Elijah, and again in the verse of "Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau."

With such famous Artistes, it goes without saying that the solos were beautifully sung. The Elijah of Henry Gill and Roy Henderson were both impressive in their dramatic performances, while the Quartets "Cast thy Burden" and "Oh come everyone that thirsteth" were rendered with exquisite beauty.

We must not forget the Swansea Music Lovers, whose singing was of the greatest importance for outstanding success. The basses and the tenors blended beautifully with the boys' sopranos and altos. We must also thank the orchestra whose performance was also congratulated by the Artistes.

One cannot conclude without expressing our deepest gratitude to Mr. Gwilym Roberts for his long months of untiring work, and for the wonderful sympathy he achieved with the choir, boys and men, and also with the Orchestra.



The School is eagerly looking forward to the choir's venture next year. From impressions gathered, they will be as great a demand for tickets as this year. We learn that next year's Oratorio will be Handel's "Samson," which will give our Choir boys the story of a world famed religious tragedy set to great music.

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### THE CHOIR TEA.

On June 13th, the Choir Tea was held in the School Canteen, in order to celebrate the remarkable success of the choir at the "Elijah" Concerts. It was at this festivity that the boys saw the results of their hard work in the form of the cheque for £158/5/4 which was presented to Mr. Abe Freedman, Chairman of the Hospital Board, to help swell the funds of the Hospital's £25,000 appeal.

Whilst the party was in progress Mr. Thomas, our Headmaster, introduced Mr. Freedman, Alderman W. J. Davies (Chairman of the Education Committee), and Dr. Elfed Thomas, Director of Education.

In his speech Ald. Davies congratulated the boys and Mr. Roberts for their splendid performances which, he said, had given great pleasure to many Swansea people. He went on to say that it was an experience for the boys, too, and one which they would never forget. Moreover, the concerts had provided a splendid sum of money for a very deserving cause.

Dr. Thomas in his speech said that the boys had succeeded in three notable ways. They had raised a considerable sum of money for the Hospital, a smaller sum for the purchase of instruments for the School Orchestra, and had given Swansea music lovers one of the finest treats of their lives.

The Headmaster then handed the cheque to Mr. Freedman with the best wishes of the School to the Hospital, whose noble service they all appreciated. Mr. Freedman in reply expressed the thanks and appreciation of the Hospital for the splendid effort.

As for the tea itself, we can only say that the boys did ample justice to the excellent repast prepared for them. The Headmaster wishes to thank all those parents and others who so generously helped in the matter of catering for the boys. Without their aid it would have been impossible to organise the function. Mr. Jewell and Mrs. Williams are to be congratulated upon their share in its success, as is Mr. Batcup for his fine arrangements.

### THE DENTISTE.

(Editor's note : This hitherto undiscovered portion of the Ellesmere Mss. was found neatly folded and tucked away in the Lower Sixth Register, together with notes of absence from Piers Plowman, Billy Shakespeare, and other forgotten pupils of the School.)

A Dentiste was ther in our compaignie,  
 A full solempne man, it seemed me.  
 Of drillinges he baar outrelly the pris.  
 His robe was whyt as is the flour de lys.  
 But for to tellen you of all his geere  
 His table-dormant in his halle was sheere  
 With many a pique and knif ay fully farsed.  
 A Nurse he hadde with him for the nones  
 To soothe the childer with the aching bones.  
 Wo was his nurse, but that his piques were  
 Poynaunt and sharp, and ready all his geere.  
 But greete harm was it, as seemed me  
 That they should forpyne childer wantownly. C.G.

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### Report on the Activities of the Literary and Debating Society.

At the beginning of the Easter Term a meeting of the Upper School was called to find out whether there was sufficient interest in the School for the formation of the Literary and Debating Society. Mr. Hill took the chair at this meeting, where it was unanimously decided that such a Society should be formed. A committee was then elected, with Donald Thomas of the U. VI as chairman, together with representatives from each of the forms of the Upper School. Under Mr. Hill's friendly guidance, this Committee then commenced the task of providing a programme of activities for the term.

The meetings of the Society have been held once a fortnight in the L. VI form room at 4 p.m. on Fridays. Meetings have so far given emphasis to the Debating rather than the Literary side of the Society.

The debate subjects have included such highly controversial subjects as the Sunday opening of cinemas, and the effects which modern science has had on Man's well-being. The former motion was so closely contested that the chairman, Don Thomas, had to use his casting vote, which was in favour of the opening. Both these debates showed that the School possesses some quite good potential orators.

Two Brains Trusts were then held. The "Brains" were chosen from amongst the staff and the boys. The first session had Mr. Darr, Mr. W. Lewis, and Mr. Hill, the boys being represented by J. D. Walrond and E. Morgan of the Lower and Upper 6th, respectively. The Question master at this session was E. Gibbs (U. 6th). The second session had Mr. Darr and Mr. Griffiths for the staff, while E. Gibbs, A. Williams (both U. 6th) and S. G. Richards (5b) represented the boys. At this session the Headmaster very kindly consented to act as the Question Master.

The questions put to the trust ranged from the highly technical kind to the one which asked whether a bald head added to a man's dignity or otherwise. Amongst other things heard at these sessions was a certain master, notorious for the amount of work he is wont to pile on, advocating the abolition of all homework. We were also very interested in another well-known master's peculiar type of dry humour getting to work, when he was asked a question on the subject of polygamy. Never have we been so privileged to hear such a splendid blending of serious thought and wit. The boys who appeared kept the standard of brain on the boys' side up to the mark; although we were very surprised to hear one member of the 6th advocating corporal punishment in school. Perhaps it is because he wants others to suffer as he has done, somewhere or other.

The meetings of the Literary and debating Society are open to all members of the Upper School and we sincerely hope that all who can attend these meetings will do so. We can promise you that you will be made quite welcome, and we will do our best to give you an enjoyable hour or so.

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### **"THE TUNNEL MYSTERY."**

(A True Story).

Our Angler, the hero of this narrative, caught the early train to Brockdale. He was carrying a fishing rod, as well as a pair of waders and a fishing basket, indeed all a man needed to enjoy a day's fishing. After he had settled down in his carriage he pulled out a rather crumpled newspaper from his pocket and commenced to read it. When he was only five minutes from his destination he started to change into his fishing togs. But he was suddenly interrupted by a foreigner who poked his head into the compartment and said "Sorry Sir!"

"It's quite all right" replied the angler, and continued his dressing. "Excuse me, sir, but could you spare me a paper?" "Certainly, I won't be reading it any more. Here you are," answered the angler, as he threw his paper over to the stranger, who then returned to his own compartment.

A little later the train entered a tunnel. When it came out the angler was in full fishing kit complete with boots. Brockdale station was joined to the tunnel at the further end.

The angler left the train and went to the station buffet for a meal. The waiter serving him remarked that it was very strange, as the train had been stationary ten minutes while it was only supposed to stay a minute. The angler took no notice, as he thought it was just an ordinary delay. A few minutes later the waiter approached the angler and said, "It's awfully strange, but there is another train overdue in the station and all the passengers are looking back towards the tunnel." The angler thinking there had been an accident called out to the porter, "What's up, porter?"

"Some one has committed suicide in the tunnel. So far they have found only a left shoe in his compartment." Five minutes after the angler had left, it occurred to him to look in his basket to see if he had both his shoes. Alas! only ONE shoe was there. So he retraced his steps, approached the station master and told him he had lost a shoe.

"Oh! so it is you, is it, sir, causing all this trouble?"

"It must be, I am afraid" replied the angler. "Fancy all this fuss just because I left a shoe in my compartment."

"Well," replied the station master, "This is how it happened. Just after your train came in, a foreign looking gentleman came rushing up to me and said that someone had committed suicide. I asked him to start his story from the beginning. This is what he said. 'Just before we entered the tunnel I went into the compartment next to mine and asked its occupant for a loan of a paper. He was undressing and his coat, waistcoat and shoes were off, also his hair was ruffled. He gave me the paper saying that he would not need it again. I went back to my own compartment very puzzled, and determined to watch him at Brockdale, but he didn't come out of the carriage.'

"This is where he made the mistake, I suppose," said the station master. "You came out of the carriage, but he didn't recognise you, as you had changed your clothes and wore a Souwester. He immediately ran into the compartment

but found it empty, the door was open, and there was a shoe on the floor, so he quite naturally came to the conclusion that you had committed suicide."

The angler was informed that he could not have his shoe back until the evening, as it had been sent to Hereford for the "inquest."

R. G. MORGAN, IIIB.

### BADMINTON, OR SHUTTLE BATTLE.

Scene: The Gymnasium.

Time; 4.10 p.m. (16.10) Double British Summer ? Time)

Enter four boys, equipped with Badminton bats, ferocious expressions and great confidence in their skill. A pack of cards is proposed (Printer's error: for 'Pack of cards' read 'coin.') and two teams are picked of two-a-side.  $(2+24)=$  On the left, the unbeatable, incomparable and untouchable Gibbs (Toothpaste) and Morse (Code). On the right, the doughty, irrepressible, irresponsible and irre... (See Oxford Dictionary) Morgan (Buccaneer) and Thomas (O'r nant).

The latter pair win the service. Morgan serves, Morse misses. Morgan serves again, Gibbs misses, etc. Score soon is Morgan and Thomas 13, Gibbs and Morse 0. The game becomes boring, (square 4). Morgan attempts to serve, misses; tempo quickens. Gibbs serves, scores. Shuttlecock thrown back. Gibbs treated for shock but serves again and scores. Gibbs borne away on stretcher; Morse left to carry on alone. Excitement white hot. Morse plays the game of his life—13-2, 13-3, 13-4, etc. Score now becomes Morse minus Gibbs 14, Thomas and Morgan 13. Situation tense.

Morgan and Thomas worried and harrassed, Morse cool and saigné (for translation, see Mr. Griffiths). Service. Morgan shuts eyes, counts three, hits shuttlecock. Surprise! Morgan leaps up and catches hold of the ropes. Enter Mr. Burgess; Morse pretends to be firewatching. Exit Mr. Burgess. Going into a neat side-slip (A.T.C. boys please note), Morse swoops down, smashes shuttlecock home to win 15-13. Enter Mr. Burgess with a bucket of water, bucket of sand, stirrup pump, three sand bags and a firewatching mate. Revival of Gibbs, exit with firewatching mate in the leading role. All the rest face the West and bow three times whilst Morse in a halo of glory gravely takes obeisance.

Modesty forbids full name of the author.

L.M. Upper VI.

### "TAKE NOT THEIR GODS."

..... "But surely, a man who has been trained in science, such as you, doesn't credit the powers of these primitive religions" . . . . We weren't a large group, just a few friends who had gathered to wish one of our number good luck in his new appointment in India, which he was due to take up in a few weeks' time. The man to whom I had addressed the above remark was a doctor who had spent many years in colonial service. He had just given a warning to Hurst, for that was the friend's name, never to interfere with the natives' religious beliefs, unless it was his bounden duty to do so. "I don't believe in their religions as such," he said, "but I do believe in their extraordinary powers of worship, which can have queer results." I asked him to explain further and this is the story he told :

"In the northern part of India," he began, "there was a chain of factories, run by a big textile firm. These factories were all supplied by one central power station. Native labour was largely used in this station. One of these natives was a slight, sad-eyed Indian, who had lost caste through breaking one of the religious laws, and who had been forced by necessity into taking up the menial job of greaser in the plant. From the very moment that he entered the building, the machinery seemed to fascinate him. He would watch, with curiously hungry eyes, the little blue darts of electric flame that would leap from the dynamo commutator, as a piece of grit would lodge in the spindle. The occasional noise of a "flash-over" seemed curiously satisfying to his usually impassive face. The place which seemed to give the greatest joy to this man, however, was the water pump inspection cover. When this was working, the tremendous force of the water rushing past that little window was seen, felt and heard. The Indian would sit for hours on end, just watching that torrent go rushing past. The superintendent did not mind this as the fellow did his work well. Not unnaturally, however, he began to get a little tired of seeing the man "hanging around" long after his hours of work were over, occasionally kneeling as if in prayer in front of this inspection cover.

One day, about ten in the morning, the superintendent came around making his customary inspection of the machinery, and when he came to the inspection cover to the water pump, he perceived the Indian greaser lying in a peculiarly secretive attitude in front of the glass disk. In

his hand, he held a bright metal object, and appeared to be trying to place it somewhere in the mechanism. The superintendent immediately became suspicious, for there had been a considerable amount of strike trouble in the area, and he thought that this was a sabotage attempt. Impetuously he grabbed the object, and seeing that it was a strong metal bar with some strange markings upon it, demanded an explanation of his conduct. He therefore immediately dismissed the workman.

Several times the Indian tried to regain his employment in that place, offering to work for no payment at all, if he were only allowed to go to the inspection cover of the pumps when he wanted to. The manager, not unnaturally, refused to allow him. Then the Indian did a rather peculiar thing for any Indian to do. On one of the visits to the manager in an endeavour to get his job back, he burst out crying. Not child-like sobs, but great heart-rending sobs of desire which seemed to move his whole frame into horrible, convulsive motion. The manager brought the interview to a close as soon as he could, and he never saw the man again.

About five months after the events which I have described above took place, I was sitting in the consulting room of my house in Delhi, when a Mr. Jordan was announced. He was the work's superintendent of the narrative above. He was in an advanced state of nervous prostration when he came to me, and he was assisted into the room by his nephew, who had been looking after him for the preceding five months. I set about asking the usual questions that doctors ask on these occasions, and found that my patient was suffering from something that I was unable to cure, nor any other doctor. He kept on hearing in his mind the sobs of that Indian, those terrible soul-tearing sobs that he had heard when he had taken away that man's god. We tried everything in the power of medicine to cure that man's horrible affliction. Just when we thought that we were succeeding, he would suffer a relapse and go through terrible agonies of mental pain as he heard those sobs again. He died after four years of mental agony. So please be careful, Hurst. Take not their gods."

"Well done doctor," I said, "now tell us another one." But the stern, regretful expression on the doctor's face told me that this was true.

J. D. WALROND.

## OF LIFE.

One of the things that war brings about is the increase of philosophical discussion. Foremost amongst them are discussions dealing with the question of death. In times of peace, the atmosphere of luxury in which we live is apt to dismiss all thoughts of death from our minds ; it is only when the war has engulfed the world in a holocaust and the cruel, hard facts are forced upon us that we see and fully realise the awful meaning of it. It is on this subject that I put forward my views : the significance of death, the possibility of life afterwards and its effect on our earthly lives.

To begin with, what is our life ? To what may it be compared ? We are all like streams of water ; for whatever distinctions may flatter man's pride, we all have the same source. Man's years roll on like waves which, after making a brief noise, some lasting longer than others, are all confounded together in fathomless deeps. Men are swallowed up in an abyss where neither kings nor lords are given any claim of privilege through rank or other distinction.

*"Pallida mors aequus pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
Regumque turres."*

That is our end, we all know. But what after ? Theologians, in order to reconcile man to his inevitable end and his somewhat cruel destiny, create another world infinitely superior to this. This conception of life after death is present in practically all religions, whether it be the religion of an East African native who believes in the departure of the spirit for a life of sensual pleasure, or the most sublime and ethereal conception promulgated by Christianity. Furthermore, these beliefs, of which I have but given two examples, are based on Faith alone, without which they must all collapse. For those who place Faith above Reason, that may be completely satisfactory ; but for those who accept the supremacy of Reason, and who aim at making this supremacy effectual in the affairs of every-day life, these conceptions do collapse.

And now we come to the problem of how to pass our lives on earth. If we toil and achieve fame and how many of us do ? the most we can expect is to have our name passed down from generation to generation. The rest of us live and die unknown to no more than a few of our immediate associates. What kind of life shall we live, then ? What



principles should be our guides? Surely they should be in the Biblical sentence, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." In that sentence lies the essence of something greater than any religion, which as I see, is only the adoration of a supposed god-head. That something is Love.

This is the lesson that we should learn from the war. This war differs from others in so much as it is more in the nature of a Universal Revolution. It is heralding in the age of the common man, and we must use the opportunities that this will bring to the full advantage. What is more, I feel sure that if the instruction contained in the sentence above is carried out, no longer will the trumpet of battle be heard, and the earth will be as near as possible to the ideal age of Greek Mythology.

D. G. JONES.

### HOW IT IS DONE !

In these inquisitive times we are frequently asked to inform educational authorities and other paternal public bodies the age at which we entered the School. Many are the boys I have seen haggard and worn by the strain which this requires. We resolved that this should not continue (for it was an extreme shock to the members of our august form to find that they had entered school at about the time that Lady Godiva was riding through the streets of Coventry). We exerted ourselves (I pause for gasps of amazement from the masters) and evolved a system. We therefore have pleasure in letting readers into the secret with which they can solve the problem easily and correctly by means of their identity number. This is how it is done !

Take the number of your identity card (or someone else's), treble it, take away 5 and multiply by 15. To this number add the year when our rugby team last beat Llanelly (1922), and also the number of days in the year (365). Then take away the number of members in the House of Commons (615). If you deduct whatever is your age on your fifteenth birthday, you not only will have your identity number but also your own age next year.

This, my friends, is what is called progress, and represents a great advance on the old method of taking the year of birth, and counting on the toes and fingers, or even that of using logarithms.

E.D.M., U.VI Arts.

## THE MARIONETTE GUILD.

One day we decided to pay a visit to the Art Room in search of contributions for the Magazine. We didn't get any contributions, but we did get a most interesting half hour or so. When we entered the room, we were amazed to find what looked to us a fantastic hospital operation theatre session going on. Boys walked around the room carrying people's arms and legs, others intent upon carving their victims into shape, and presiding over it all, the chief surgeon, Mr. Morgan, who was giving some advice to one of the less experienced doctors upon how to carve out somebody's foot. We were somewhat frightened at this unusual spectacle. especially as we noticed a fiendish look of delight creep into someone's eyes as he deftly hacked at a torso.

Our fears we soon laid to rest when Mr. Morgan explained to us that this was quite a usual occurrence when the members of the Marionette Guild set to work, and that we were not watching a psychological experiment to prove that mental sadism is to be found in a latent condition in everybody's mind, but watching the characters of "Toad, of Toad Hall" by A. A. Milne gradually coming to life under their skilled hands. Mr. Morgan went on to explain that there were some thirty-five boys interested in the venture, and that they hoped to produce their show some time towards Christmas. As we were shown the various figures at different stages in their development, it was pointed out to us that the production of a Marionette show involved such a wide range of arts, crafts, and sciences, that there was something to interest everybody. Up to now, the main activity has been the making of the dolls, but next term it is proposed to hold a meeting for the purpose of choosing the speaking parts of the production. Mr. Morgan will also require the assistance of about four boys who have a practical knowledge of electricity in order to help him with the lighting of the stage which, by the way, is not quite so easy as it would appear. It is also hoped that it will be possible to have a room in which the stage can be permanently erected for the purpose of rehearsal.

Perhaps some of the older boys in the School can remember the great success of a previous marionette show which the School produced. It toured this country and was about to leave for France when the war broke out. That is certainly a very high standard of achievement to live up to, but if enthusiasm is a criterion by which to judge the

prospects of success, then this year's production should prove comparable with that of 1939. Mr. Morgan wishes me to express my appreciation of the kind co-operation which Mr. Abbott has given him in the activities of the Guild.

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### ISAAC WALTON DISCIPLES.

Sometime ago I became very interested in fishing. Walton's "Complete Angler" (a book really worth reading), stirred my imagination. Walton, with his descriptions of silvery trout in the frying pan, decided me to try the pleasures of this sport.

My companion and I set out one evening with the sarcastic remarks of our friends ringing in our ears. It was a beautiful night and trout were jumping for flies all over the stretch of water in view. As we prepared the tackle I made room in my bag for the catch. My fellow fisherman cast his Mayfly out across the stream confidently. I followed his lead and a rise near the fly caused a corresponding jump in my heart, and a hope that the fish would take the fly on its swing back. There was no swing back, however. The hook was firmly anchored in a gorse bush and despite gentle persuasion, it refused to dislodge itself. I stood in full view on the bank and strained at the line, and was eventually rewarded when the hook came swinging back with a large piece of yellow gorse, which plopped into the stream, giving the trout his second fright that evening.

My friend regarded my efforts with a superior air and gracefully cast out for the third time. The whole thing resulted in an anti-climax, for his line whirled around mine, and the next hour was spent in unravelling the line, while the gnats did their best to annoy us. We moved on, however, and decided to try worm. "Have one?" said my companion as he offered me the worm box. He was already mauling an anæmic-looking worm, which smelt of earth, and he assured me that the wriggling reptile was a 'killer.' "Here's the place to put the hook" he said, as he speared the wretch through the middle. He changed his mind, however, and put the hook the other end, and succeeded eventually in getting the outside of the worm at least, on the hook. He dropped the stiff looking bait into a pothole and, resting his rod on the bank, he sat down. The gnats were irritating and he perspired as he pulled some truant worms from the grass and put them in

the box. His wormy fingers now dipped into a packet he carried, and out came a spam sandwich which he ate with great relish. He enjoined me to do the same, but the sight of the last few minutes served to persuade me that I was not hungry and, seizing my tackle, I moved on.

It was dusk now, so we began to fish desperately. Hooks stuck in branches, twigs were torn away, worms were yanked out of the water after a few seconds' rest on the river bed. We hoped against hope to get a "bite," but the secret of good fishing, 'patience,' had failed us.

My friend on the other side of the stream gave up, and I was very glad he had decided first. The moon was already shining on the surface of the water and selecting a shallow spot in the river to cross, I jumped in. Still waters run deep! The cold water rushed up as far as my waist. I was hauled out on the other side and squelched heavily on to the dewy earth. Off came the waders and out rushed a stream of water on to the ploughed earth, before we started our long journey home across the fields.

We were too modest to mention the fish caught, but it is true that we did get one. A solitary minnow wriggled in the furrow in the light of the moon. D.E.G., U.VI.

### FEAR.

A lightning-speed object burst around the corner . . . His eyes were staring madly before him; his mouth worked convulsively, dragging in great gusts of air. Little flecks of foam appeared at the corners. His hair was sticking to his temples, like some green slime which one finds sticking to the stonework in a waterfall. With an agonised shudder, he clung to the wall, resting his head on his arm, fighting for breath. . . . A great red beast crawled up the deserted road, and behind it lurched a small black toad, spitting venomously. Like a hunted animal, the unfortunate peered insanely over his shoulder. He spread himself flat against the wall. The nightmare creatures came closer. He tottered weakly forward, his arms flailing madly before his face. The cold, bleak eyes of the great animal winked at him. The black toad was almost on him; he could smell its fetid breath. Then he was whirled away into space . . .

The conductress said, "You shouldn't jump on like that. Why don't you wait until the bus stops?" D. MAIMONE.

### NOUS NOUS DEMANDONS !

1.—What member of the U. VI possesses a suit that vies with a rugby team jersey in its colour and dazzle ?

2.—Who are the members of the L. VI who were found playing " touch " in the yard during break ?

3.—Who is the vandal who spends his time collecting pictures of the opposite sex out from illustrated papers in the 6th form library ?

4.—What member of the L. VI insists on arguing like a genius during the Literary Criticism lesson ?

5.—Is there any truth in the rumour that an English master is about to obtain a book of fairy tales for the use of the 6th forms. Have any other masters advised him to do so ?

6.—Who is the " unseen enemy " who delights in changing the desks around in the U. VIth form room ? How long does it take each boy to find his own desk ?

7.—Which of the Prefects is now sporting a moustache and sideboards in imitation of his favourite film star ?

8.—There is a rumour current that the authorities intend to replace the windows of certain 5th form rooms by bars. Is this true ? Do the authorities think that by so doing they will make the spectacle of so many faces gazing out of the window appear more natural to the gaze of passers-by ?

9.—Why is it that so many of the U. 6th have clothes brushes in their desks ?

E.D.M., U. 6th.

10.—We would very much like to know whose is the gloomy voice that haunts the U. 6th room every Friday morning demanding " Two pence, please." (Ed.)

### A COLOUR SYMPHONY—WINTER.

It is Winter that I love,

In its wistful, darkling grey ;

Scanning its deep night above,

I must feel my dim-starred way,

Thou moon's shimm'ring silver light,

From Winter's Symphony, Go ;

A mere suggestion of white

From the stars alone should glow,

For, clothed in his purple brave,

Dark mystery weds this mood—

That vagueness bland which I crave

Winter's hue alone can brood. A. WILLIAM.

### DYNEVOR SENIOR RUGBY TEAM, 1943-44.

The School Rugby Team started the season under a big handicap, that of losing a number of last season's players. In spite of a string of defeats the team kept its morale and eventually scored a win against Ystradgynlais at the Games Field (11 pts. to 3 pts.). Against Gowerton County School, the team played as if inspired, turning an 11 pts. deficit at half time into a victory, the score being 12 pts. to 11 pts. in the School's favour, N. Sparrow kicking a penalty goal and later scoring a try which he converted. With three minutes to go, D. Hughes dropped a goal to bring victory.

In conclusion our heartiest thanks are extended to Mr. D. O. Bowen and Mr. Whyndham Lewis for their advice and encouragement to the team during the season. To reserves E. James, G. Williams and G. Morgan, many thanks are due for their faithful appearances.

#### THE PLAYERS.

- T. Edmonds—Wonders sometimes why opposing three-quarters are possessed of so much speed. Has rendered good service in the full back position.
- G. B. Williams—Lives up to the slogan "On ne passe pas!"
- N. Sparrow—The centre with the twinkling feet who leaves his opponents grasping thin air, much to the advantage of the Dynevor points total.
- N. Long—Fills the role of right centre and can always be relied upon; his secret ambition is to run through the opposing team
- J. Harries—Has a playful habit of stopping his opponents in their tracks.
- W. T. Davies—From kick off to final whistle he makes his opponent's life a misery.
- J. Hartigan (Vice-Captain)—Wing forward; in his anxiety to be well up with the ball, he forgets the existence of the off-side, but can always be depended upon to seize an opening to score.
- H. Jones—A reliable forward who also did good work as a wing.
- J. Ross—A good line-forward and in the mêlées is generally in the thick of it, and appears to enjoy it.
- H. Thomas—Hooker. Does not bother to waste his breathe or words; he believes in deeds and is one of the team's stalwarts.

- J. Parrott—Has filled many positions during the season. When following up develops a ferocious expression.
- M. Seacombe—Equally at home on the wing or in the hurly-burly of the scrum. Believes in deeds and not words.
- D. John—The young elephant of the team. Had the audacity to score in a recent game at Port Talbot.
- H. Treloar—Has a tendency to forget about packing low and wants to see how things are going ; nevertheless he gives of his best.
- J. Thomas—Though young, he has shown determination and promise in his play. D. E. HUGHES, Captain.
- D. E. Hughes—Has played consistently throughout the season and it is due to him that the team has kept its spirits up so well. J. HARTIGAN, Vice-Captain.

### FROM THE DIARY OF A TWIN.

January.—Am born. Didn't want to be. Object as loudly as I can. Younger brother born seven minutes later. Looks like a fool, but may improve as he mellows with age.

February.—Catch a cold. Give it to younger brother. He is sicklier than I am. Very nearly settles him.

March.—Catch a nice rash. Pass it on to the other cove. Pretty nearly winds up his clock.

April.—They christened us. He's Augustus and I am Alexander.

May.—Got the nettle rash. Hooray ! so has he, only worse.

June.—They don't think that they will be able to rear him He's to have cod-liver oil. Can't help laughing.

July.—He's been squalling all awfully. Nurse says that 'tis his nasty temper. I know it's a pin, but I ain't going to tell.

August.—We got a new nurse. Augustus got a blister on the end of his nose. They don't know what it is. He is to have a powder.

September.—I've given him the scarlatina. He seems resigned. I've punctured his feeding bottle.

October.—I've got a new game now ; I poke my finger in his ear when nurse ain't looking.

November.—We're beginning to walk. He's weaker on his pins than I am, so I can shove him over easily.

December.—I am beginning to cut my first tooth. As soon as it's through I plan to bite Augustus' ear.

N. HARRIES, IIIB.

### **Notes on the School's Company of the Army Cadet Force.**

Of the pre-entry training organizations, much has rightly been heard of the A.T.C., whose Schools' Squadron has its headquarters in the Grammar School. This is, however, the first opportunity that the Schools' Company of the Cadet Force, based at Dynevor School, has had of giving a report of its activities.

The newly formed company, which is fortunate in having as its C.O., Capt. Harry Morris, was formed in November last, and much good work has been accomplished in a short time. We take this early opportunity of welcoming as an officer in the company, Mr. D. O. Bowen. Like 659 Squadron, our company is composed of cadets from Dynevor, the Grammar School and the Junior Technical College. A report of the company's recent activities, mentions that 23 candidates, who sat the recent War Office Cert. A, Part I Examination, passed, while the two cadets, Quarter Master Sergeant Eustis and Corporal Hewitt, were also successful in Part II of the same examination. Even if this is not a record it is certainly a very creditable performance. The next Cert. A Examination takes place shortly, when we hope to repeat the previous performance of attaining 100 % passes.

During holiday time, several Public School Boys joined us in our duties. Last Easter we had as our guests a member of the Cambridge University S.T.C., as well as a cadet of the Harrow School Company. In the Guard of Honour, during 'Salute the Soldier' Week, our company was well represented, forming more than a third of its strength. The battalion sports, in which we hope to put up a good show, are due to take place at the Cricket Field, early in July. In the next edition of this magazine we will be able to give an account of the series of matches in which our cricket team is engaged, as well as a description of the time we spent at Camp in Porthcawl. Almost every cadet is looking forward with great anticipation to this event.

In conclusion, we might add that the few remaining vacancies, which will bring us up to company strength, are rapidly being filled.



## LETTER FROM HENRY GILL.

MORLAND HOUSE,  
STEETON, NR. KEIGHLEY,  
YORKS.

The Boys of Dynevor Secondary School Choir, Swansea.

Dear Boys,

It afforded me great pleasure a week ago to be associated with you in your performance of the "Elijah," and during the intervening period it has given me much happy thought, not only from the point of view of your very fine work on that occasion, but more particularly in regard to what such magnificent culture means to you all during your future life. I hope, in the first place, you will appreciate the unsparingly fine efforts by which your masters in their combined work brought you as a choir to such a standard of efficiency. This must in time give you the desire for that standard of efficiency in whatever walk of life you will eventually pursue. I was particularly pleased to note the strength of the spirit of comradeship towards your solo boy, Dewi Rees. There again let that remind you that always there is room for a good one at the top. Did it strike you how much Elijah did by the power of fire? That was because he believed in the fire of the word of the Almighty. He called down the fire, and went to heaven on fire.

Do not misunderstand, or you may do damage, if this is taken literally. The fire in the case of Elijah was actually fervour and I know that fervour, used in the right direction, especially by Welsh people, means that something good must be the result. Fervour costs nothing. See that you get it and use it in the right direction.

Best wishes for your future successes, and my hearty congratulations upon your recent Royal Command.

Yours sincerely,

HENRY GILL.

POEM. (by a blossoming poet of Form II)

Spring is sprung,  
The grass is riz;  
I wonders where  
The birdies is?  
The bird is on the wing,—  
But that's absurd,  
I always thought the wing was on the bird!

## TOPICAL QUESTIONS.

## PREFECTS IN LITERATURE.

- K. Richards—Youth's blossom unshorn upon his cheek  
Scarce was he but a boy. *Virgil.*
- N. Long—He that loves a rosy cheek, and coral lips admires.  
*Carew.*
- E. Morgan—I meet thy pensive moonlight face,  
Thy thrilling face I hear. *Lyte.*
- S. Griffiths—Sleep on, and dream of heaven while. *Rogers.*
- C. Jackson—To his office prematurely called  
There stood the Urchin, as you will divine,  
Something between a hindrance and a help.  
*Wordsworth.*
- E. Gibbs—Noght o word he spak more than was need,  
And that was said in form and reverence,  
And short and quick and ful of hy sentense.  
*Chaucer.*
- L. Morse—I wandered lonely as a cloud. *Wordsworth.*
- W. H. R. Thomas—Among the Indians he had fought  
And with him many tales had brought  
Of pleasure and of fear. *Wordsworth.*
- D. Thomas—I am not only witty in myself,  
But the cause that wit is in other men.  
*Shakespeare.*
- D. Hughes—I must to the barber, Monsieur, for methinks  
That I am marvellous hairy about the face.  
*Shakespeare.*

## THE SCHOOL AS SEEN BY THE POET.

- L.VI. in English period—  
"With half shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half-dream." *Tennyson.*
- End of Term—  
"This is the month and this the happy morn." *Milton.*
- Milk Ration—  
"Rarely, rarely comest thou, Spirit of Delight." *Shelley.*
- Violin Practice—  
"There is sweet music here that softer falls  
Than petals from blown roses on the grass." *Tennyson.*
- The Gym. in the VI's period—  
"In this still place remote from men," *Wordsworth.*
- The Senior Cloakroom—  
"Oh! say what is this thing called light." *Cibber.*  
"NISUS & EURYALUS."

### **Easter Farming Camp at Llandegveth, 1944.**

On Friday, March 31st, 14 boys from Forms V and VI, in the charge of Mr. Richard Evans and Mr. P. J. Darr, left Swansea for a fortnight's Farming Camp at Court Perrott Farm, Llandegveth, Near Caerleon.

Dynevor had gained the distinction of providing the first Easter Farming Camp under the Ministry of Agriculture which took a great interest in this experiment, for it was important to discover whether such a camp would prove a success from a financial point of view, and whether the health of the boys would stand up to the uncertainty of the weather at this time of the year. If the first Easter Camp were a success, it was intended to arrange several such camps for Easter, 1945.

It can be said at once that the Camp *was* a success, from every point of view. Moreover, the farmers were emphatic that help was just as essential at Easter as at Harvest Time. The work undertaken was most varied ; here are just a few of the jobs which the boys did—planting potatoes, sowing, spreading manure, digging ditches, cleaning stables and sheds, whitewashing farm buildings.

We were very lucky with the weather ; the first two days were wet, but from the first Monday morning we had fine sunny weather, until nearly the end of the camp. Out of about 1,100 possible working hours only about 120 were lost through bad weather. As far as health was concerned, all the boys returned home sunburnt and fit, and nearly every boy showed an increase in weight. We were, too, just in time for the bursting of the buds on tree and hedgerow, and the first green shoots were coming through in the fields. Never has the miracle of spring seemed so wonderful ; it was an experience many of us will never forget.

Three girls accompanied us to assist with the cooking and they undoubtedly contributed greatly to our comfort and happiness. Never has a camp been more united and friendly. Most of all, however, we are grateful to Mr. Evans for his untiring efforts in the kitchen, and we hope that he will realize how we all appreciated his hard work and his excellent cooking. All the boys agreed that they had never been better fed.

An Official of the Monmouthshire War Agricultural Committee expressed his complete satisfaction with all aspects of the camp. As might have been expected, Dynevor rose

to the occasion, and we were told we should have a hearty welcome from the local farmers when we returned in the summer,—which was the case.

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### THE ROYAL VISIT.

The School was indeed honoured when the Choir was 'commanded' to sing at the Brangwyn Hall on March 30th, before their Majesties the King and Queen and Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth at the end of their industrial tour of South Wales.

After scenes of great rejoicing all along the route, the Royal Party, on arriving at the Guildhall, made its way towards the Brangwyn Hall, where the only occupants were the School Choir of 250 boys under the leadership of Mr. Gwilym Roberts, with Mr. Ivor Owen at the Organ and Mrs. Roberts at the Piano, the Director of Education (Dr. Elfed Thomas) and the Head Master.

Just as the King and Queen were entering, the Choir, thrilled by the actual presence of their Majesties, sang "God Save the King" most stirringly, and when the Royal Party had taken their places a few yards from the platform, out poured the grand strains of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," to which their Majesties listened with obviously real attention. Then followed Dewi Rees' exquisite rendering of G. Munro's "My Lovely Celia."

Since the Royal Party had been delayed on the way, there was no time to give the rest of the prepared programme, but we were all immensely proud when the King and Queen called for Mr. Roberts and congratulated him very heartily, the Queen adding that she would have gladly listened to half-an-hour of such singing.

When the ceremony was over, Alderman Percy Morris (to whose inspiration the honour paid the Choir was largely due), on behalf of Sir Gerald Bruce, Senior Regional Commissioner, thanked the School for its contribution towards the success of the Royal Visit. At this moment, large numbers of people entered the Hall and we were called upon to give several choruses.

The School itself most warmly thanks all those who were in any way responsible for this proud and memorable event in the lives of its choir boys and in its own history: the setting of the Brangwyn Hall on a gloriously fine afternoon, the expectation, the realisation, the joy, the Royal presence, the music, the pride, the gratitude, the affection and the loyalty!

### BALLITREE CASTLE CAMP (Herefordshire).

Under the efficient leadership of Mr. H. Lester, the combined Swansea Grammar and Dynevor Secondary Schools Harvest Camp at Weston under Penyard near Ross, was again very successful and thoroughly enjoyed by all. Outstanding features were the glorious weather of the first three weeks, the inordinate appetite of N— L—, ably abetted by many others who presented themselves unabashed for a third and even a fourth helping, the social activities, the kindness of many of the farmers, especially Mr. Harper who proffered the camping-site, and the failure of the Staff to play one game of chess undisturbed.

Thanks to the fine weather we were able to assist in gathering in most of the harvest before departure, and perhaps the assistance was all the more valuable as some twenty of the boys had attended the same camp the previous year, and could thus bring experience to bear. The envy of the camp, however, was the party of boys who worked on a fruit farm, since they "had all the plums."

Unreserved thanks are due to those responsible for the catering which was excellent. This was in the capable hands of Miss E. Gwynn for the first fortnight, and of Mrs. M. A. Elias during the last two weeks. Tribute is also due to Miss E. Potts if only for the introduction of 'Cornish Pasties' for lunch, a tradition which Miss Gwynn upheld in the final fortnight.

Social activities were numerous. A cricket match was played against Ross A.T.C., the latter winning after a hard tussle. The boys contributed largely to "Charities" by playing a local ladies team at football on two occasions. The ladies team was considerably strengthened (?) the second time by three members of the "Staff"—how the latter rose to the occasion on the following morn is a story too agonising to relate.

The Entertainments Committee under Mr. Gwynn also arranged "Socials" at Weston Hall, culminating in a final Concert and Dance, to which the farmers employing the boys were invited. Mr. Sainsbury, Chairman of the War Agricultural Committee attended, and in a short address expressed his gratitude for the help rendered, and stressed the value of the experience gained by the boys.

The success of the camp only adds to the regret with which we take leave of Mr. H. Lester who was so largely responsible

for the smooth running of the camp and the happy spirit which pervaded it.

We can only wish him and Mrs. Lester further happiness and good fortune in London and tender the grateful thanks of the whole camp for services rendered these last two years. We also thank Mr. Eric Yates for his cheerful contribution towards the success of the camp.

### LLANDEGVETH (MONMOUTHSHIRE) CAMP.

JULY 26th to AUGUST 25th, 1944.

Camp Masters—Messrs. Richard Evans, P. J. Darr and Whyndham Lewis. Camp Captain—John Parrott. Number of boys—26.

Our happy Experiences at Easter made us welcome at Court Parrott and the neighbouring farms. The weather was remarkably settled and all the boys had regular work. Illness was negligible. From all causes (weather, etc.) the average loss of time the whole period was only 5 hours. By the time the lads terminated their month's work, they had become adept at such tasks as thinning swedes, weeding in the lucerne grass, and cutting down brambles, thistles and nettles. They also gained much experience in haymaking, cutting off potato haulms and picking and storing potatoes, sewing sacks, stocking corn, planting cabbages, cleaning stables, carting oats. As field-foremen, Mr. Darr and Mr. Lewis had easy tasks, for every boy pulled his weight. Mr. Thomas, our Head Master, who visited us, was extremely gratified at the fine fettle of the boys and the happy relationships which existed throughout the camp.

One of the most pleasing features was the the excellent cooking of Edwina, Netta, Glenys and Margaret, all students of the Training College of Domestic Arts, University College, Cardiff, and grand work was also performed by the helpers, Elizabeth, Evelyn and Jean. Our best thanks are due to them.

The camp was brought to a very pleasant conclusion by the Harvest Home. Games, musical items and individual turns were followed by a repast, the menu consisting of apricot sandwiches, honey scones, flapjacks, iced cake, vanilla chocolate and lemonade.

Heard at the Camp—Master on Rounds, "Any complaints, boys, about the food?" "Yes, sir," answered someone, "the fifth helping is getting a bit small!"

### ALDERMINSTER CAMP (Nr. Stratford-on-Avon).

The party of 43, with Mr. C. J. A. Hill (assisted by Mr. D. J. Williams), in charge, who worked in this delightful locality, has had a very enjoyable, though not always easy, time. There was plenty of varied work, and as the weather was so beautiful scarcely any working hours were lost. We were well placed on a disused searchlight station and therefore enjoyed some extra conveniences. Many of the boys were veteran campers under Mr. Hill (who has been running camps for the last fifteen years) and this also contributed to the smooth running of the camp. But credit must also be given to the 'freshers,' who did some remarkably good work, to the satisfaction of the employers. Fruit farms, of course, were popular.

One of the great joys of the camp was the opportunity of going to Stratford, not only for the sights, but also to attend plays being performed at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. We made good use of this chance and saw plays which we might otherwise not see for many a year elsewhere. There were also facilities for boating on the Avon.

Gratitude is due from all of us to all those responsible for the efficient feeding of so many ravenous mouths, and especially to Mrs. D. J. Williams, Mrs. Hill and Miss Gladys Luff, as well as Barbara and Valmai.

We were very sorry that illness at home necessitated the recall of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Williams at the end of three weeks.

So pleased were the farmers that when volunteers to remain for another week were asked for, 13 boys did so, with happy results. We learn that we have already been asked to return to the district next year.

### DYNEVOR MAGAZINE CLASSIFIED "ADS."

#### Advertisers' Announcements.

Wanted : Second-hand Modern poet ; need not understand own writing, provided sufficiently expressive. Exclamation marks supplied, spelling also corrected.

Wanted : A duster, answering the name of Achilles. Must be faithful and take no notice of other Form-masters.

Wanted : Some form of heating apparatus for the Sixth Form rooms, to take place of existing system of leaky radiators.

Found : A grey silk top hat ; believed to be property of one of the Fifth Formers.

Lost : Several Sixth Formers from Gym. lesson. Names unknown, cannot be identified by Gym. Master. (Thank heavens !).

### SCHOOL SPORTS.

The School Sports were held at St. Helen's Field on June 14th. The weather was reasonably kind to us, although the ground itself was wet after a fall of rain in the earlier part of the day. The Headmaster, Mr. Bryn Thomas, presided, and amongst the visitors were Dr. Elfed Thomas, Director of Education, Mr. Llewellyn John, and Mr. W. A. Beanland, both of whom were former Headmasters of the School. Indeed, it must be a unique record to have two former heads of the School at a function, together with the present Headmaster.

Results in the chief events were:—

- 880 yds. (Senior)—1st N. Long, 2nd R. E. Jones.  
 100 yds. (Junior)—1st B. Preedy, 2nd P. Andrews.  
 100 yds. (Senior)—1st H. Thomas, 2nd J. P. Hartigan.  
 Obstacle (Middle)—1st G. Williams, 2nd G. Fortune.  
 Obstacle (Senior)—1st N. Long, 2nd G. Parker.  
 High Jump (Junior)—B. Creber. 4ft. 1½ins.  
 High Jump (Middle)—A. Hickman. 4ft. 8½ins.  
 High Jump (Senior)—A. Loosemore. 4ft. 10ins.  
 440 yds. (Middle)—1st P. Gibbs, 2nd A. T. James.  
 440 yds. (Senior)—1st H. Thomas, 2nd J. Harries.  
 220 yds. (Junior)—1st B. Preedy, 2nd D. Williams.  
 220 yds. (Middle)—1st D. Hillman, 2nd H. Lewis.  
 Peg Gathering—1st Footman, 2nd R. Pritchard.  
 Cricket Ball (Junior)—1st Gilchrist, 2nd A. Goss.  
 Cricket Ball (Mid. & Sen.)—1st H. Jones, 2nd H. Billington.  
 Hurdle (Middle)—1st G. B. Davies, 2nd Hiscocks.  
 Hurdle (Senior)—1st K. Williams, 2nd A. Loosemore.  
 80 yds. (under 13)—1st John Thomas, 2nd Lionel John.  
 100 yds. (Middle)—1st D. Hillman, 2nd G. B. Davies.  
 Long Jump (Senior)—1st K. Williams, 15ft. 9ins., and  
     2nd A. G. Loosemore.  
 Long Jump (Middle)—1st D. Hillman, 2nd D. F. Penry.  
 Sack Race (Junior)—1st C. Lindell, 2nd Shorrock.  
 880 yds. (Middle)—1st T. Williams, 2nd G. Williams.  
 House Relay—1st Llewellyn, 2nd Roberts, 3rd Dillwyn,  
     4th Grove.  
 Hop, Skip & Jump—1st G. G. Phillips, 2nd D. Hillman and  
     R. G. Williams.  
 Long Jump (Junior)—1st D. Williams, 2nd B. Creber.

#### FINAL HOUSE TOTALS.—

Roberts	167 Pts.	Llewellyn	74 Pts.
Dillwyn	53 Pts.	Grove	37 Pts.



## OLD BOY'S LETTER.

We are very glad to insert the following letter from Wing Commander E. G. Davies, an old Dyvorian, who writes to us from Dayton, Ohio. We congratulate him upon his fine career in the R.A.F. and send him the School's best greetings and thanks.

## HOW IS SWANSEA ?

New York, Milwaukee, Chicago and Cleveland. "How is Swansea?" they ask me. And they are concerned.

It was early March, the day was cold—much colder than we ever experience at home. And we were about to start a soccer match. The ground was on the outskirts of Cleveland, quite high up. A dry wind blew, so that the day was not comfortable for football, and less comfortable for the spectators.

He was a big man past middle age. His face was heavily jowled and though he wore a trilby hat, somehow I knew that he was growing bald. Diffidently, he waited at the edge of a number of people who were talking to me. After a while he came up to me and spoke; "Commander Davies?" he asked. The Welsh accent was still strong. He smiled. "Yes, that's right" I said. "Do you know Swansea?" "Yes," I said "I lived there for about twenty-five years." "Well, well" he said "did you really? I've been waiting to talk to someone from Swansea ever since the war began. I've been worried about the town. Thomas is my name, John Thomas. I lived at Cockett. Came out here in 1924." He held out his hand.

"Well, tell me" he said "how is the old town?" I've read and heard so much about the bombing raids, but I don't know what's true and what isn't." I told him about the raids, about the ruined churches and chapels, and stores and houses, and people killed and injured. And all the while he was silent and he grew sad. Sometimes he shook his head in dismay. When I was finished all he could say was "well, well!"

After a while he broke his silence. "You know," he said, "I'm the soloist in my chapel. Four hundred dollars a year they pay me for it. It's not far away from here. Every Sunday we get a full congregation. It's not a very big chapel but it's a nice old place. And though the congregation can't sing like a Welsh congregation, they love to try. Also, they love to hear me sing a solo."

The wind was biting and I wrapped my greatcoat tighter around me, and dug my hands into the pockets.

"Well," he went on "in the summer of 1941 we read the reports of those terrible raids on Wales and England and Scotland. On one of the Sundays during this time the minister and choirmaster asked me to sing a solo. But my heart was too downcast. I had heard that Swansea was being bombed and bruised and bleeding. So I told them I couldn't sing ; that I was too sorrowful. Did you ever hear of a Welshman not wanting to sing ?" he said with a wry smile.

"One night I was thinking about the singing and thinking about Swansea as well and I was inspired. I walked down to the minister's house and knocked at the door. The minister was home and he let me in.

"Good evening, Mr. Thomas " he said. And a little later added "What's on your mind ?"

"Well, Reverend Parkyns," I said, "it's about the hymn you want me to sing on Sunday. I'll do it on one condition : if you and the congregation will say a special prayer for Swansea and the people who suffer there."

He was far away from me now, wrapped in this Sunday at the chapel.

"You know," he continued "on the Sunday the chapel was packed. Somehow the news of the special prayer had got round. There was no room left in the chapel when Mr. Parkyns entered."

His eyes brightened so that some of the sadness left his face. "That Sunday I sang better than I had sang for years. It was a piece from the 'Messiah.' A tenor I am. I could feel the notes soothing out like clear bells. The congregation sat enraptured. Then when we prayed it was for a solid half hour, which was one of the longest known prayers in the chapel. The feeling that Mr. Parkyns put into that prayer was tremendous."

My new friend paused and I glanced at him to see him blink his eyes and gulp. He blew his nose. I looked away.

"There " he said "the whole chapel prayed for you devoutly and wished they could help more. But there, we're three thousand miles between."

Out on the soccer pitch the referee blew his whistle for the game to start.

"When you go back home " he said "tell them that we were always thinking about Swansea. Tell them we prayed for the old place. Tell Swansea to keep its chin up." Then as I edged away "P'raps one day before I'm too old, I'll see it again."



