

MAGAZINE

No. 57.

JULY, 1933.

GOREU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

Dynevor Secondary School Magazine.

No. 57.

JULY, 1933.

Editors ... W. LES. DAVIES, R. ALAN EVANS.

Sub-Editors ... L. G. MORGAN, C. J. L. PRICE.

EDITORIAL.

Once more this year we have experienced difficulty in obtaining sufficient contributions. Fortunately, however, our appeal for cartoonists was successful, so that in this issue we have published two cartoons—both originating in the Fifth Form. We have also included three photographs, one of the Rugby Team, and two of scenes from the play "Julius Cæsar." We wish to apologise to our readers for the fact that several articles, including the Head Prefect's Letter, have been omitted from this issue owing to a misunderstanding with the printer concerning the space at our disposal after most of the Magazine had been set up in type.

There is so much to say and so little space in which to say it that we can do no more than bid goodbye to the Magazine after two years' association with it (we can no longer use the classic phrase about "laying down our pen for the last time," for, out of consideration for the printer, we now use typewriters.). Two years, which are so short to a grown-up, are, after all, a third of one's school life, and our experiences during those years will not be easily forgotten. We hope that our successors will have as pleasant a term of office as we have had.

In conclusion, may we wish all success to those who have been candidates in the recent C.W.B. Examinations.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Last February the School Dramatic Society gave three performances of "Julius Cæsar," and the praise accorded in the local press was thoroughly deserved.

The School Branch of the Urdd attended their Annual Eisteddfod which was held this year at Caerphilly, on May 27th. We congratulate J. Cynfyn Jones on winning the Boys' Solo under 14. A number of Urdd members from the School also took part in the Mabolgampau which were held at the Vetch Field.

The Sixth Form (Arts) have greatly appreciated the Science Talks given to them by Mr. John.

This term we noticed a change in the attitude of the school towards the giving of prizes to the successful competitors at the sports. An attempt is being made to inculcate a love of honour for its own sake, and we are reminded that the Greeks were contented with a garland of leaves. We anticipate that there will be no prizes given next year.

We congratulate Gwyn Davies upon his success in the Welsh Matriculation Examination, January, 1933.

We also congratulate A. G. Packer on winning the Chamber of Commerce Scholarship, value £50, tenable for three years at the Swansea University.

The early stages of the C.W.B. Examinations were very trying to candidates, as the heat was so intense. We hope, however, that the results will be as gratifying as usual.

The Cardiff Trio paid us a visit again this term, but only the Junior School was able to listen to them.

M. Guillaume has now left the school and returned to France. During the year he spent with us he became very popular with the boys. We understand that his successor will be M. Pecque, from St. Quentin.

Several hundred tickets for the Air Pageant, held on Whitsun Monday, were received by the school. Consequently many boys spent the day at Parc le Breos.

K. X. Jxnkxns—"A lovyer and a lusty batcheler, with lokkes crulle as they were leyde in presse." *Chaucer.*

R. Dxwnxng—"Full of strange oaths and bearded like a pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel."
Shakespeare.

OLD BOYS' SUCCESSES.

- Mr. T. R. Williams—Cambridge Law Tripos.
 Rev. William Bromham—Curate of Street, Somerset.
 Rev. Leslie Norman—Curate of St. Jude's Church, Swansea.
 Rev. H. C. Williams—Curate of St. Mary's Church, Swansea.
 Rev. W. B. T. Martin—Pastor of Hounslow Congregational Church.
 Mr. Myrddyn Williams—Final Examination of Chartered Surveyors Institute.
 Messrs. D. Osman and H. R. Penhale—Inter. Society of Incorporated Accountants.
 Mr. G. A. Thomas—Extra Mariner's Certificate.
 Mr. Ronald Ross—Shared History Prize of University of New Brunswick.
 Mr. L. G. Taylor—"J. S. H. Roberts" Prize in History at the Swansea University.
 Mr. Sidney Dunn—"Ramsey" Prize in Latin at the Swansea University.
 Mr. R. G. David—"Jane Williams" Prize in French at the Swansea University.
 Mr. E. H. Prater—Welsh Universities Running Colours.
 Mr. Kenneth Hancock—A.R.C.A. (Lond.).
 Mr. W. I. Mort—R.I.B.A. (Intermediate).

THE SCHOOL IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

- The Deputy Prefects—"A small but faithful band
 Of worthies in the breach who dared to stand." *Dryden*.
 An Unnamed Young Lady—
 "In felaweship wel coude she laugh and carpe
 Of remedies of love she knew perchance
 For she coude of that art the olde daunce." *Chaucer*.
 The Sixth Form—"Ambulant cum prudentia."
Horace (perhaps).
 G. X. Jxhn—"Speak sweetly man, although thy looks be
 sour." *Shakespeare*.
 A. X. Pxckxr—"He keeps at school and report speaks
 goldenly of his profit." *Shakespeare*.
 T. X. Wxlls—"His giant limbs in state unwieldly spread."
Pope.
 G. X. Wxbstxr—"Man delights not me; no, nor woman
 neither." *Shakespeare*.

“BWS.”

Creadur rhyfedd yw bws, onide? Wrth feddwl am fws ni all fy meddyliau lai na throi at wyddoniaeth. Yn y wers ddaear, dysgais am anifeiliaid sydd bellach wedi marw o'r tir a oedd yn drigolion o'r wlad hon. Pan fuont farw, fe ffurfiodd craig am eu sgerbydau mewn amser maith, a heddiw, fe'u darganfyddir mewn creigiau yn ffurf ffosiliau, a phan ddigwydd hynny, fe ddeuir i wybod oedran y graig drwy adnabod yr anifail. Ac felly gyda'r bws, gyda'r gwahaniaeth na ddarganfyddir byth ei sgerbwd mewn craig am y ffaith na chleddir mohono wedi iddo farw. Ond y mae'n un o gynrychiolwyr yr ugeinfed ganrif.

Yn fy meddwl i, cysylltaf ef a chamel, am y rheswm hwn—a siarad yn gyffredinol, dau fath o gamel sydd—camel un-crwmach, a chamel dau-grwmach. Felly, a siarad yn gyffredinol am fws, dau fath o fws sydd, bws un llawr, neu un dec, a bws dau-lawr. Gelwir y camel gan y Sais yn “llong y diffeithwch,” ac y mae'r bysiau diweddaraf ar yr heol fel llongau am eu bod yn rhedeg mor dawel. Ond o un peth 'rwy'n sicr—ni alwai neb y bysiau cyntaf oedd ar yr heol yn “llongau”—oni chafodd yr argraff ar ei feddwl ei bod hi'n dywydd garw iawn ar y môr.

Ymddangosodd y bws ar y ddaear hon oddeutu'r un amser a'r modur, neu efallai ychydig amser cyn hynny, ac y mae wedi newid yn ddirlawr er yr amser hwnnw. Credaf mai “bysiau ceffylau” oedd y bysiau cyntaf, hynny yw bysiau a dynnid gan geffylau, ond o dipyn i beth, gyda datblygiad y modur, cafodd “du mewn” iddo'i hunan fel y gallai symud ei hunan, a bod yn annibynnol—ond pan fyddai wedi “torri i lawr,” digwyddiad pur aml yn yr oesoedd bore hynny. Yr oedd ganddo bedair troed hefyd y pryd hwnnw, ond yn awr y mae rhai o'i hil wedi tyfu dwy arall wrth ddatblygu. Y rhywogaethau newydd sydd wedi cyrraedd Abertawe hyd yn hyn yw'r bws “un-crwmach,” chwe-throed a'r bws “dau-grwmach pedair-troed.” Gwelaf rai o'r rhywogaeth gyntaf bob dydd yn dringo i fyny'r tyle gyferbyn a'm hysgol, a phechod yw eu gweld yn ymdrechu mor galed. Yn wir, meddyliaf weithiau y dylai fod rhyw “R.S.P.C.B.” heddiw yu ogystal ag “R.S.P.C.A.” ag “N.S.P.C.C.” Ond dichon bod rheswm am hyn, fel y ceir gweld.

Y mae bywyd wrth deithio mewn trê'n yn dra gwahanol, yn llawer mwy undonog na phan y byddis yn teithio mewn bws, yn eistedd ar y sedd flaen, wrth y ffenestr. O bydd trê'n wedi rhedeg dros ryw anifail, ni wyr neb am y ddamwain, ag eithrio hwyrach y gyrrwr a'r taniwr, ond yn y bws fe rêd ias oerllyd i lawr asgwrn eich cefn pan welir cath neu gi yn carlamu o flaen trwyn y bws gan adael blew neu hanner cynffon yn glynu wrth yr ôlwyn. 'Wn i ddim a oes perthynas rhwng yr "N.S.P.C.C." a'r "R.S.P.C.A.", ond 'rwy'n eithaf sicr pe ffurfid "R.S.P.C.B.", na chytunent, petai'n unig am y dygwyddiadau y soniais i amdanynt, ac a welais a'm llygaid fy hunan.

Ond, druan o'r bws, nid oes iddo oes hir—rhwng pum a deng mlynedd yn unig. Megis y lladd llyffant ieuanc ei rieni, felly y collfernir "hen" fws ymhen saith mlynedd i farwolaeth gan y trefnwr trafndiaeth, y "traffic commissioner"—i wneud lle i'w ddilynwyr, a hefyd, gyda llaw, i ddiogelu teithwyr bysiau. Y rheswm am hyn yw bod y bws yn heneiddio cryn dipyn mewn ysbaid o saith mlynedd a felly y mae ei gorff y tu allan, ac weithiau ei gyfansoddiad y tu mewn yn mynd ar eu gwaeth, canys

"Henaint ni ddaw ei hunan—daw ag och
Gydag ef a chwynfan."

Clywsoch ddywedyd yn namcaniaeth Pythagoras, am "Drawsfudiad Encidiol" bod enaid dyn wedi iddo farw yn ymadael a'r corff a mynd nid i'r nef ond i gorff anifail. Felly hefyd gyda'r bws. Ym mhen pum mlynedd, neu pan welo'r dirprwywr trafndiaeth hi'n gyfleus, dadansoddir y bws, ac yn union fel y trawsfuda enaid dyn ar ol marwolaeth i anifail yn ol Pythagoras—felly, yn aml, y trawsfuda "enaid" neu "du mewn" y bws i anifail o isel radd, sef lorri, neu rywbeth cyffelyb.

Ond er cymaint y bri ar fws heddiw, amheuaf yn fawr yng nglŷn a'i ddyfodol ar y ddaear hon, canys yn awr y mae'r anghenfil hwn mewn perygl o gael ei ddiddymu neu ei ddisodli, y mae rhywbeth arall wedi codi oddiar y gorwel pell ac yn ehedeg yn gyflym tuag atom—gwasanaethwr newydd dyn, sy'n cyflym ddisodli'r hen, y tro hwn aderyn-yydw—yr aeroplên.

T.R.E. VI (Uchaf).

MEMOIRS OF AN URDD TRUANT.

The word "Caerphilly" always used to bring to my mind thoughts of delicious cheese. The events of the Urdd Eisteddfod Day, however, have given it a new significance in my mind. I shall always remember it as Caerffili, for to me it will always be associated with the Urdd.

Rain greeted us as we stepped from the railway station into the main street. We were told that we had some time at our disposal before the march past. Accordingly, undaunted by the weather I walked down to see the famous castle. This colossal ruin was built by Gilbert de Clare, and has been called "the most ingeniously designed example of a mediaeval castle of the concentric type in Europe." I wandered past the first line of defence, the massive Grand Facade, which is 15 feet thick in some parts. Entering the inner castle by the magnificent Eastern Gatehouse, which is now being restored, I came to the well in the centre of the Inner Ward. I crossed the ward and entered a tower at the north eastern end of the castle and climbed its tortuous staircase, to the battlements. From here I had an excellent view of the horn work of the castle, and of the Caerphilly district. Quitting the castle, I then hastened to the Boys' Secondary School, where we lined up preparatory to marching around to the Eisteddfod Hall. It was an inspiring sight, even in the rain, to see the thousands of children of all ages and all sizes who marched with gaily decorated banners past the platform where Mr. Ifan ab Owen Edwards took the salute.

I left my companions when we reached the Eisteddfod Hall, because my scanty knowledge of Welsh would never permit me to survive such an ordeal. I knew I was missing some wonderful singing, but the "wanderlust" was upon me, and so I journeyed alone along the Nantgarw road. When I had gone about half a mile, I came to the Senghennydd and Nantgarw cross-roads, where, my guide-book informed me, the gallows used to stand. Not being entertained by the sight of any dead bodies swinging in the wind, I began to trudge uphill. A little further on I met a young man who pointed out Nantgarw Pottery to me. Two conical stacks were all that remained of its departed glories. He informed me that the potter had died and taken his secrets with him to the grave. He said that Lord Llangadock possessed a set of china which was made in Nantgarw, and painted in Swansea. I was now anxious to see Castell Coch, which my map informed me was in the immediate neighbourhood. So

my friend and I parted with mutual expressions of goodwill, for we found ourselves in complete agreement in the laudation of Swansea and condemnation of Cardiff.

My map gave the distance to Castell Coch as two miles, and I soon "hiked" through Taffs Well to the path leading there. Undeterred by the grim notice "Trespassers will be prosecuted," I followed the path through the wood. I had hoped to see something as good as Weobley Castle, but was not prepared for the beauty of the sight before me—it literally took my breath away! Small in comparison with Caerphilly Castle, it presented a beautiful picture against the green beauty of the wooded hillside. I wandered around a dry moat until I reached the drawbridge. Though it was obviously restored, I was surprised that it was inhabited. To my relief, I found that visitors were admitted, and upon requesting admittance I was informed by the caretaker that a party from the Cardiff Pembrokeshire Society would be visiting the castle, and I would be at liberty to join them. I gratefully accepted his offer, and when the party arrived attached myself to it.

Upon admittance—over the drawbridge and through heavy doors—we were informed that it was a Norman castle originally used for guarding the pass into the mountains. I was impressed by the high towers and the massive bases. The castle is circular built, and has a patch of greensward in the centre.

We were conducted through several rooms, and saw several pieces of the original furniture. Our guide then led the way to the Banqueting Hall, undoubtedly the finest room I have ever seen. It was designed by the second Earl of Bute, who had restored all the castle. The room was decorated so as to represent the earth—the lower panels contained beautifully painted flowers, the upper part of the wall was decorated with various birds and beasts represented in "Aesop's Fables." The dome of the room was painted to resemble the early night's sky—birds on the wing, butterflies and moths. The door decorations were carved in stone, and even the grate was decorated with the signs of the Zodiac. Over the grate were three statues—Clotho, Sachsus and Atropos—three Greek gods representing the three ages of life—Youth beginning to hold the cord of life, Middle Age weaving it, and Old Age finally shearing the thin strands. A minstrels' gallery ran above the room where, we were informed, the orchestra played on the occasion of the royal visit of 1919. Much of the decoration was in gold

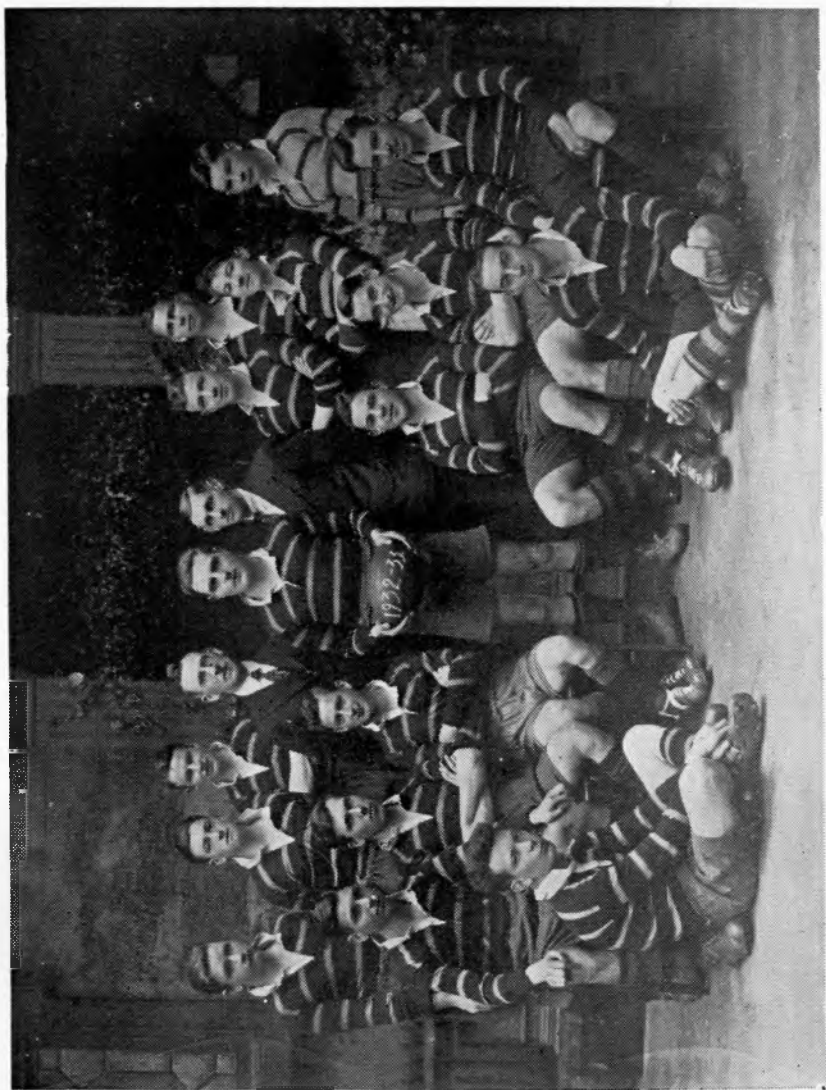
leaf, so that the visitor is stunned by the splendour and magnificence of this and many of the other rooms. We paid a visit to the "Sentry Box," which, high up among the towers, overlooked the drawbridge. From there, with the garth in the foreground, I caught a glimpse of the "distant spires" of Cardiff. We also paid a visit to the machinery for working the drawbridge, and then descended many steps into the dungeon. Here, electric light has been installed, but when our guide turned it off and our only illumination was a faint glimmer of light through a shaft, and when he related that it was once a torture chamber, where poor captives, chained to the wall, were tantalised to death by placing food in the aperture just out of reach, I am sure many of those present felt a shiver steal down their spine. We were not sorry to leave the relic of a barbaric age. The party went to tea, I pursued my way to Watford. The path led me along a beautiful avenue of trees, and later along a picturesque country lane bordered on each side by tall firs. Far away in the woods I heard the cuckoo call, and saw many a carpet of bluebells. But I had no time "to stand and stare," and so I pursued my lonely way.

Everything was now still. No sound came from the cottages I passed, save that of a noisy cockerel or a plaintive sheep. I suppose most of the cottagers had gone to Caerphilly to see the procession.

At last I arrived at Watford. Here I saw the Congregational Chapel (organised 1662, erected 1739), which is just over five miles from Cardiff in accordance with the Five Mile Act of 1665. I then found my destination—Watford Fawr Farm. I was told by a lady that it was now called "Plas Watford," and that they would be glad to show me around. I wanted to see this big farmhouse, because it was here Welsh Methodism was founded. Here the famous Watford Conference took place, at which George Whitfield and William Williams, Pantycelyn, were present. Summoning up my courage I knocked, but in vain, they also had gone to Caerphilly.

I then enquired the way to Ruperra Castle, but, finding that it was near Newport, I decided my "wanderlust" must now be satisfied, so I returned to Caerphilly to join my Urdd companions in their revels. Two castles and a mansion is not a bad day's work, you know. It takes an American "hustler" to beat that.

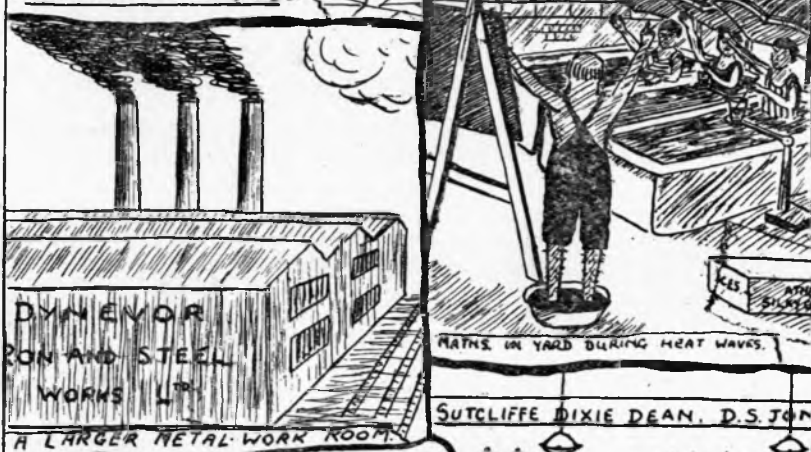
CECIL PRICE, L. 6th Arts.



SCHOOL RUGBY XV. 1932-33.

A. Mendus, G. Davies, E. Chapman, Mr. John, D. S. Jones, Mr. Abraham, T. Wells, D. Mason, F. Smith, D. Edmunds,
 K. Beynon, R. A. Evans, W. Smilham (Capt.)
 R. Downing, W. L. Davies, W. P. Morgan.
 L. G. Morgan. J. Osman.

— JUST IMAGINE —



THE OLD DY'VORIANS.

The annual meeting of the Association was held at the School on January 13. Presided over by Mr. Llewellyn John, in the unavoidable absence of the President, Councillor Percy Morris, it was the scene of a very enjoyable re-union, for there were present old members of Trinity Place, Higher Grade, Municipal Secondary, and Dynevor Secondary Schools. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the President for his valued support since the inception of the Association, and Mr. J. D. Williams, J.P., editor of the "Evening Post," was elected as his successor. In returning thanks for the honour, Mr. Williams spoke of his studentship at the Trinity Place School, and his recollections of the members of the old staff, and expressed his delight at the excellent advance that had been made in education since his day. The vice-presidents were re-elected with the addition of Mr. J. Alex. Matthews, joint manager of the Midland Bank, Swansea, Messrs. E. H. Evans and W. A. Thomas were added to the general committee. An enjoyable whist drive followed, under the direction of Mr. T. E. Rees, which resulted in prizes for Messrs. Alan Ross and Alan Evans. The Annual Dance was held on the 2nd of February, at the Hotel Central. The influenza epidemic was responsible for the absence of several of our faithful supporters, including our indefatigable secretary, Mr. Arthur Jones, who was sorely disappointed at his only break in the long sequence of events connected with the Society. However, an exceedingly pleasant evening was spent. We beg to express our thanks to Old Dy'vorians J. Alex. Matthews and the Rev. Leslie Norman for supplying the whist prizes, one of which was won by Mrs. Mainwaring Hughes. The success of the evening reflects great credit on Mr. Ron Evans and his energetic committee. The last meeting of the year took place on April 1st at the School. We were pleased to meet Old Trinitarians I. Davies and B. Howells; the Rev. Mr. Francis, Vicar of Llansamlet, and three ministerial students, Messrs. W. Martin, now called to a London pastorate, T. Beer and Hubert Thomas. A very pleasant musical item was given by present Dy'vorians Lisle Hopkins and A. D. Thomas. We wish to thank the numerous Old Boys for their continued support of the various activities of the school. Their presence was particularly appreciated at the Annual Sports and Gaia. Interesting letters have been received from Messrs. Cliff. Lewis, and R. P. John, now in China.

THE SCHOOL SWIMMING GALA.

The hopes expressed last year that our second gala would be as successful as the first were amply fulfilled by the performance of the School Swimming Club at the Swansea Baths on June 1st, 1933. At the outset let us express our appreciation to Messrs. T. Burgess, E. Yates and Arthur Jones for all that they did to make the Gala a success. We must also express our gratitude to Mr. W. G. Cooper, Messrs. Peacock (Wales) Ltd. and to the Swansea Swimming Club for their assistance.

Among those present were Major H. M. Davies, M.A., M.C., H.M.I., Mr. J. D. Williams, J.P. (President of the Old Dyvorians Association), Mr. W. A. Beanland, Councillor Mainwaring Hughes, Scoutmaster Goldsworthy, Messrs. Ivor (Doc) Morgan, D. Bryn Jones, R. S. Palmer and S. C. Jenkins.

We were entertained before the Gala by the martial strains from the radiogram. Then, at seven o'clock prompt the gala commenced with the presentation of Trevor Lewis, the unopposed Junior Champion. This was followed by the Open Senior Championship, which Harold Paton won in fine style, and the Open Breast-Stroke Championship, won by R. Crook. Much excitement was caused by the Senior and Junior House Championships, which were won by Roberts and Llewelyn respectively. Messrs. I. Morgan and C. Carpenter presented the cups. The next event was the Long Plunge which Arthur Evans won easily. The Form Squadron races were won by Lower VI, 4c and 2b, and the cups were presented by Major Davies, Messrs. D. Bryn Jones (O.D.) and S. C. Jenkins (O.D.).

The biggest thrill of the evening was given us during the Old Boys' race. This was won by Harry Williams, our first swimming captain, while Alwyn Jones and Ben Davies swam another race to decide second place. Everyone applauded the last-named swimmers for their excellent exhibition. Chinese dives, mad dives, cart wheels, tandems, waltzing, and under-water swimming, were demonstrated in rapid succession.

During the course of the evening we were treated to many miscellaneous items. The display of life-saving by Mr. Burgess's Class was effectively carried out, though the antics of one of the drowned in the artificial respiration demonstration reminded us of the song "He's dead but he won't lie down."

The collecting of the House letters was won by A. Mendus, of Grove, and the Threading the Needle race by H. Moore,

of Va. The "dog and bone" game provided us with much amusement, while the surprise item treated us to the spectacle of two ferocious Ancient Britons in their bearskins (bare skins) complete with woad and tattoo. There was one fishy incident for, unfortunately, the silver perch evaded their hooks and they returned home supperless and disconsolate amidst the groans of the assembled multitude.

In conclusion let us thank all those who by their presence helped to make the gala a success—parents, Old Boys, boys and "sisters."
C.J.L.P.

AT AN UNKNOWN SHRINE.

The sun is slowly sinking in the west,
As on thy leaf-clad walls I cast mine eyes.
The song birds speeding onward to their rest
Around thy precincts utter parting cries.
Then in the quiet calm of evening still,
The organ's peal resounds within thy walls,
Dim, twinkling lights thy solemn darkness fill,
And on my ear the drone of anthem falls.
Hush! 'tis the vesper hymn as sung of yore.
Once more to heaven are chanted psalms of praise.
The song of thanks to God is raised once more,
For all His bounteous gifts and joyful days.
The muffled, low-toned murmurings fall and swell,
Stillness and peace the darkening eve pervade,
And thanks within my heart begin to dwell,
Blest be whoe'er this sanctuary made.
With reverent steps I to thy door draw nigh,
Moved by the voices of a holy throng,
My heartfelt thanks I come to waft on high
To praise my God with monks in reverent song.
Alas! as to the latch I raise my hand,
The hoot of owl breaks on the still, calm night,
The music fades and leaves a silent land,
I feel the air is moved by wings in flight.
My drowsy, leaden eyes I open wide,
Unchanged thy ivy-mantled bound'ries seem,
No monks within thy confines do abide,
'Twas but a soul-inspiring heavenly dream.

DAVID DOBBIE, L.VI.A.

INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALLER.

We cannot let this occasion pass without extending our heartiest congratulations to Matthew Arnold, 4b.

Although only 17 years old, he has achieved remarkable success in the world of sport, and has brought honour and glory to the name of the School.

Junior Soccer Captain 1929-30, Junior Sports' Champion 1929, and Schoolboy Soccer International 1930, he showed marked promise in his early years at School. He represented his country on two occasions—in the match against Scotland at Edinburgh, and in the match against Ireland at Belfast.

Since 1930 he has played in local football for Ynystawe, and this year was chosen to play for the Gwalia League XI, afterwards playing regularly for the Swansea Town Reserves.

Then came his crowning achievement! In April last, although only 16 years old, he was selected to play for Wales against Scotland at Bangor in the Senior Amateur Association Football Match, and conducted himself worthily.

The feat of obtaining both Schoolboy and Senior International "caps" before attaining the age of 17 has no parallel in the history of Amateur Association Football. Matthew Arnold has truly brought distinction to the School.

Congratulations!

ST. DAVID'S DAY.

We were honoured on St. David's Day by the presence of Miss Mary Hughes, B.A., of the Training College, who gave us a very interesting address on the significance of St. David's Day, and related some little known legends connected with it. Arwyn Jones gave us a pianoforte recital, which was followed by a Welsh reading by Raymond Edwards, VI. Much pleasure was derived from the singing of Price Jones Ic., and the reciting of Webber Ic. We were then entertained by members of 3c and 2c, and also by Kenneth Jones and Howell Thomas. Thanks were accorded to Miss Hughes by Emlyn James, on behalf of the School, and by Aneurin Hughes, on behalf of the Urdd. Those who could not understand Welsh must have wondered what connection pills and printers had with St. David's Day, but the Welsh boys appreciated the cleverness of Aneurin Hughes's address, and prided themselves upon having in their midst a member of so worthy a clan.

OXFORD LETTER.

KEBLE COLLEGE,

OXFORD,

JUNE, 1933.

O tempore, O mores.....We are desolated. Even though now in our second year, we have grown to feel how much Oxford is part of us. The O.U.O.D.S. is spending its time in mourning the fact that there has been no increase in its membership. The Society is at the moment in a very strange state. I alone represent the School in the "city of dreaming spires".....that "home of lost causes." What compensation is there in being the President of a most exclusive club if there are no members to sit at the feet of so worthy an official? I feel like a general with no army to command. It is thus very difficult to compose this Oxford letter. To give an account of the activities of the Society would entail too much use of the first person singular.

I am therefore thrown back, after having started my letter with something in the nature of a wail, on sheer propaganda to attract the attention of the members of the Sixth Form to the pleasures of this life, with a view to getting companions up here. Despite announcements in the Press to the contrary, we are not going to the dogs as rapidly as they say. In fact it is much livelier now than it was last term, as we have the American invasion in full flood. "Our cousins from across the water," as they say, appear with guide books in their hands and enquire the way to Keble College. They address the porter as "Say, Usher....."; they enquire when being shown the Chapel, "Where do the women students sit?" Now they have sent us their sons to remind us of them. These gentlemen kindly consent to play what they call "field-hockey," informing the college secretary that only girls play it way back in Ohio. They then play one game and go home convinced that Englishmen are not as effete as the Mayor of Chicago says they are. Very soon they become the most pleasant and delightful companions one could wish for.

We are having, of course, our little storms in the Press. We are termed degenerate, just because a few embryo politicians passed a motion at the Union, not to fight for King and Country, which deeply upset everybody except the members of the University. Tit-bits sometimes appear in the newspapers. For example:—"The Union, you must know, is the great club of the University." I have heard the

Union called many things—and most of them were justified—but never have I heard it called the great club of the University. I may be wrong.

Otherwise life flows on quietly enough. Each new year sees the disappearance of the Great Men by whom one was impressed in one's first year, and the appearance of Freshers who do the most amazingly wild and daring things in their first fortnight. Each year the lecturers become more and more inaudible. Each year the women students come earlier and earlier to the lecture, thereby getting the few seats from which it may perhaps be possible to catch the pearls of wisdom which fall from the professorial lips. Each year the halls get colder and draughtier; each year the pens get worse. Each year you are disappointed to find that your tutor has not lost his bad habit of reading all his correspondence while you are reading him your essay. On the other hand, it is still safe to write the essays straight out of his latest book, in the firm hope that he will commend you for your excellent treatment of a difficult subject.

The question of work set aside, life is distinctly looking up. Although the town's best restaurant is under the eye of the vigilant Proctor, there is another tea shop....There are already more tea shops and bicycles in this city in proportion to the population than in any other city in the kingdom.

Finally, let me beg any members of the Sixth Form, who are contemplating residence in this University, not to be put off by the Vice-Chancellor's recent announcement that life was better in his day. After all, we need not all be young bucks, for we don't all intend to be Vice-Chancellors of the University.

OXONIENSIS.

OBITUARY.

It is with deepest regret that we have to record the death of SELWYN MORT, of last year's 4c. His untimely death has occasioned a great loss to the School since he was a most brilliant pupil, having been at the top of his form since his entrance into the School. He also distinguished himself in the world of sport. We wish to extend our most sincere sympathy to his bereaved relatives.

SENIOR CRICKET.

The following officers were elected at the beginning of the season : Captain—Leslie Williams, Upper VI, Vice-Captain—Emlyn James, Upper VI; Secretary—W. P. Morgan, Lower VI; additional members of the Committee—D. S. Jones, Va, and T. V. Williams, Va. The Master in charge of Senior Cricket this year is Mr. W. S. Evans, ably supported by Messrs. L. Abraham, E. Yates and other members of the Staff.

RESULTS UP-TO-DATE.

School XI—65 (T. Wells 17) v. Carmarthen—29 for 2, abandoned.

School XI—75 (T. W. Williams 20) v. Glanmor—31 (D. Knogle 5 for 11, I. Williams 4 for 7).

Gowerton—155 for 5 (dec.) v. School XI—137 (D. Knogle 44, I. Williams 23).

Carmarthen—37 (D. Knogle 4 for 3) v. School XI—119 (T. Grey 46).

School XI—32 v. Glanmor—49 for 4 (dec).

School XI—19 v. Gowerton—23 for no wickets.

W. P. MORGAN, Hon. Sec.

SWIMMING CLUB NOTES.

Officers:--Captain, J. B. Davies (L. VI.); Vice-Captain, D. H. Mason (U. VI.); Junior Captain, T. J. Lewis (4c); Hon. Secretary, T. P. Johnson (L. VI.). It is regretted that the name of Cyril Earry was omitted from the School Team which won the 8 and 16 lengths Championships of Swansea, and gained second place in the Welsh Championship last season. We congratulate Harold Paton (4b), who followed up his Dynevor Championship by gaining 3rd place in the Welsh Boys' Free Style Championship at Merthyr. Paton is a candidate for next season's honours, while Arthur H. Evans (4c), is in training for the Boys' Backstroke Championship of Wales. J. H. Nener (1b) deserves praise for gaining 2nd place in the Swansea Boys' Junior Championship.

We send our hearty congratulations to Archie Davies (Glanmor), who won two Welsh Championships and a local one in two nights.

The Club is now very strong in the Senior Classes, but there is room for a great improvement on the Junior side. Young members are asked to devote more time to serious

training. The subscription is sixpence per annum, which includes Free Tuition, and admission to the First Class Bath at the reduced rate of threepence. Finally pass your tests, and wear the Club Badge. Mr. Burgess is always pleased to meet those who desire to prepare for the examination of the R.L.S.S.

ON A TRAM CAR PASSING A FORM ROOM WINDOW.

Grey wall'd

Study

We three,

In thee

Enthrall'd

But silence is short,

An inturgescence

Breaks the quiescence,

A growing cadence

We have to support.

Hear the murmur growing nearer,

Heads uplifted, hands are idle,

Floorboards quiver, curtains rustle,

Doors burst open, windows rattle,

Noise gets louder, louder, louder!

Rattling window panes, strive against rigid frames,

Rasping red hot rails, reverberating swell,

The scream of tortured steel, a burning, scorching smell,

The bawling blatant racket-like Beelzebub in hell,

The raucous rending clamour his cursed name acclaims.

Lips are muttering, "Pray, Oh, Pray,"

Doors stop banging, brows get cooler,

Rustling quieter, pictures stiller,

Eyes grow brighter, cheeks less paler,

The rattling sound draws far away.

And now it has pass'd,

Wires stop humming,

An occasional rumbling,

A dying mumbling,

And silence at last.

Sounds cease,

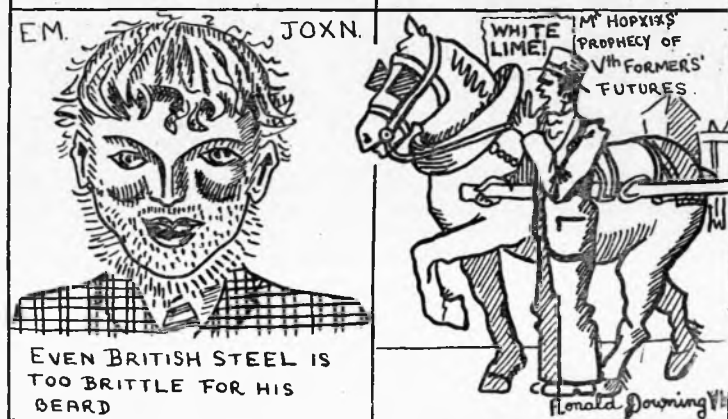
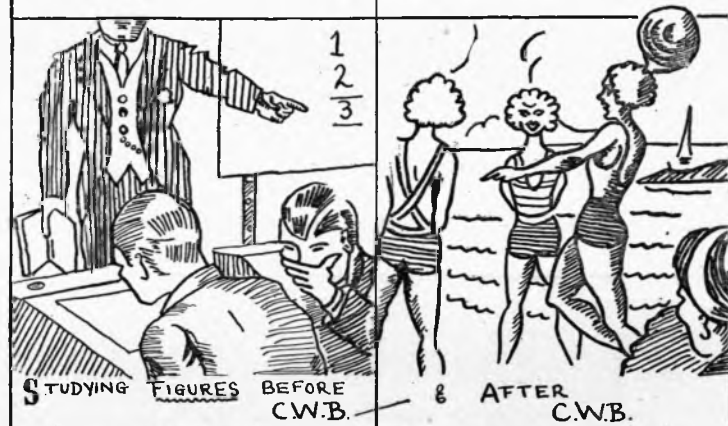
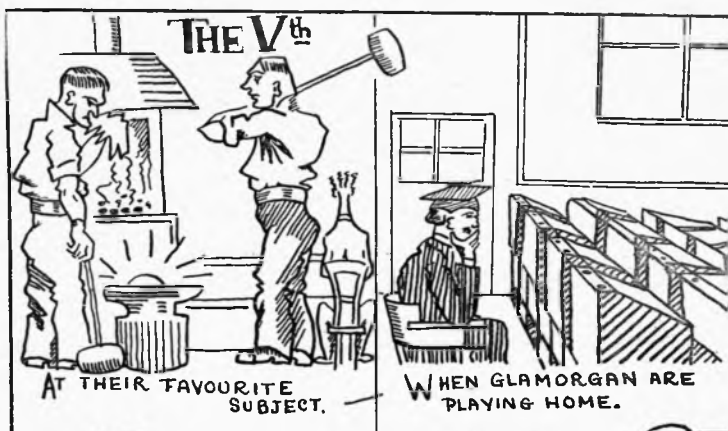
Still desks,

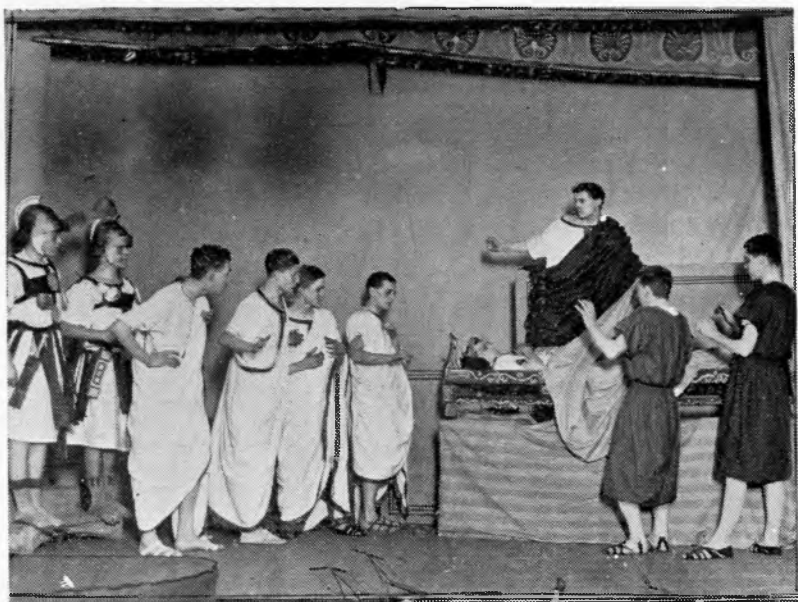
Brown books,

Fixed looks

And peace.

L. G. MORGAN,
Lr. VI Arts.





"JULIUS CAESAR." School Dramatic Production, 1933.



SENIOR RUGBY.

As predicted in the last issue of the Magazine, the School XV enjoyed a fairly successful season. Indeed, it is, perhaps, the most successful that the team has ever had, for ten matches out of sixteen were won, most of them by comfortable margins.

Before we finished school for Christmas, we played Pontardawe away on Dec. 10th, and after a very fast game, played in a high wind, on a ground which was as hard as iron, we defeated them by 6 points to 3 points. After the holidays we played the Technical College at Townhill, on Jan. 21st, and beat them by 8 points to 3 points. On Feb. 4th we played Carmarthen at Townhill, and after a game which was not particularly thrilling, beat them by 9 points to nil. On the following Saturday, Feb. 11th, we played Gowerton away, and were beaten by 8 points to 6 points. This defeat brought us bitter pangs, for, after leading by a try up to the last few minutes, we allowed one of their men to slip through and score, and were then beaten by the kick so near the final whistle that we were unable to score again. On Feb. 18th we entertained Llandilo, and defeated them by 21 points to 3 points. In the next match, that against Gwendraeth Valley at Townhill, on March 4th, we suffered our only home defeat, losing by 16 points to 3 points. The following Saturday, March 11th, we played Port Talbot away, and, to our surprise, lost by 6 points to nil. On March 25th we played Mountain Ash at Townhill. This was the most thrilling game of the season, and the boys who turned up to support us were treated to a most exciting display of fast Rugby. Our heavy defeat by them at the beginning of the season still rankled in our minds, and we were determined to do our utmost to make things equal. In this we were successful, for we defeated them by 8 points to 5 points. To finish up the season, we played the Technical College at Townhill, on April 1st, and beat them by 27 points to 5 points.

Unfortunately, several of our matches were cancelled by the other schools, owing to the 'flu epidemic and other reasons. Llanelly cancelled both matches, while Pontardawe and Glanmor cancelled the return matches. This was unfortunate for us, for we had beaten both the latter in the first half of the season, and were looking forward to repeat our successes. We were most disappointed by the cancellation of the match with the Grammar School, for, after arranging a match at last, we were informed that it would

have to be cancelled, and our hopes of beating them for the first time for several seasons were dashed to the ground.

On the whole, however, we enjoyed a pleasant and successful season. A pleasing feature was the fact that no member of the team received more serious injury than concussion, and that all those who were injured have now recovered completely, so that we have none but pleasant memories of the games.

I have already thanked Mr. John, Mr. Abraham, Mr. Hopkins, and Mr. W. T. Davies for all that they have done for the team, and can do no more than repeat these thanks.

RECORD FOR SEASON.

P.	W.	D.	L.	Pts. For.	Pts. Agst.
16	10	1	5	152	94

SCORERS:—Downing, 2 con. goals, 7 tries; Mason, 4 tries, converted 4 tries; Chapman, 5 tries; J. Lewis, 2 con. goals, 1 try; W. P. Morgan, 4 tries; W. L. Davies, 3 tries; D. S. Jones, 3 tries; K. Beynon, 1 dropped goal, 1 try; G. Davies, 2 tries; R. A. Evans, 2 tries; L. G. Morgan, 2 tries; Smith, 1 penalty goal, converted 1 try; Edmunds, 1 try; Emanuel, 1 try; Mendus, 1 try; Smitham, 1 try.

COLOURS WERE AWARDED TO THE FOLLOWING:—
D. S. Jones, J. Osman, R. A. Evans, W. L. Davies, Smith,
Edmunds, Gwyn Davies, L. G. Morgan, Mason, Wells,
Mendus, Chapman, Downing, Smitham, W. P. Morgan,
K. Beynon. R. A. EVANS, Hon. Sec.

A WINTER'S TALE.

It is a cold winter's night. The moon, high in the heavens, is gazing coldly down on a sleeping world, and the stars "twinkle in the milky way." A night when only ghosts and cats are seen abroad. Silhouetted in sharp relief against "le char vapoureux de la reine des ombres," are tall poplars which surround a country house. All is still and silent. A flickering at one of the windows of the house catches the eye. The eeriness of the situation is intensified by a groan from a long gaunt figure, seated at an overladen table. The room is illuminated by a thin candle, the feeble rays of which throw mysterious images on the dark walls. Suddenly the silence is shattered by twelve thunderous clangs. The figure at the table raises slowly its dishevelled head, heaves a deep sigh and groans mournfully. His task is incomplete, so his head bends once more towards the accursed objects which litter the

table. A slight noise breaks the silence. The figure starts, picks up one of the instruments of torture which is near at hand, and hurls it in the direction of the sound. Silence again! The clock ticks on—one o'clock—two o'clock. The labourer moves, yawns and stretches. A smile curls round his ashen lips, but disappears suddenly. He is too tired to laugh, but his heart is merry. The Sixth Former has finished his homework. He rises slowly, places "Ritchie and Moore" on the bookshelf and retrieves the Gasc's French Dictionary which had so effectually silenced "the faithful guardian of the domestic hearth." He wearily ascends the stairs, his mind full of confused images, and falls asleep to dream of Lamartine and Gautier, Chaucer and Scott, Napoleon and Gladstone—all dancing arm-in-arm, to the strains of an Hawaiian guitar.

I.I. L.VI. Arts.

THE WOOD.

A rising breeze!
 Oh! hear the trees
 Whispering soft!
 Whilst far aloft
 The hawk floats by
 Across blue sky
 A mere speck to human eye!
 Gossiping boughs and waving leaves;
 Twittering sparrows in nearby eaves.
 A path of buttercup, nettles tall,
 A whistling thrush, cuckoo call!
 Then the last shafts of sunlight fling
 A golden gleam on every wing.
 The chestnut takes a darker hue
 The dome of heaven a leaden blue.
 The grumbling owl from gathering gloom
 Foretells an awful nearing doom,
 Till night's black pall
 Doth slowly fall
 O'er copse and flower and fir-tree tall.

CECIL PRICE, L. VI A.

The Lower Sixth Arts Form-room—

"This is where you come to play
 Heedless of the time of day.
 Here there are no clocks and so
 Time can neither come nor go."

Newbolt.

A DAY IN GOWER.

A Day in Gower ! What visions of sun-bathing youths and maidens, picnics, wasps, and ice-cream, does this phrase conjure up ! The day of which I have to tell was, however, of quite a different character.

My friend and I hiked all the way to Llanrhidian from Killay, taking the roundabout route through Parkmill. At Llanrhidian we were offered a lift by a retired colonel, and gladly accepting, we clambered into his saloon. The ride proved a delightful experience for our new found friend knew everything there is to be known about the archæology and history of the peninsular. As we proceeded towards Llangennith, he pointed out to us sites of ancient camps, and many other features of great interest, and also gave us his views on many of the mysteries of Gower, including Culver Hole and King Arthur's Stone. In addition to this, he amused us by his habit of jumping to a conclusion. I was wearing a battered old slouch hat, so he asked us if we were unemployed. We respectfully replied that we were still at school, whereupon he enquired whether we were going to Oxford, where he himself had been a student about forty years ago. The talk then turned to sport, and probably because my companion was wearing plus fours, he asked us if we played golf. Not being initiates of this game (or is it a religion ?), we had to reply that we only played cricket and football, and other schoolboy games. This evidently disappointed him, for he was obviously a golfer himself, and he no doubt wished to tell us about his latest exploits with the little white ball.

He dropped us at Llangennith, and after thanking him profusely for his kindness, we set out for Burry Holmes, which we had made our objective.

As we trudged down a long narrow lane, the first hint of "danger" was manifested. A clammy, grey drizzle began to fall, rolling in from the sea in dark clouds. Undaunted by this, we kept on, and struggled across the sandhills. The monotony of this walk was relieved by the sight of scores of rabbits scuttling to their holes at our approach, and of birds of species which were totally unknown to us. At last we emerged on to the sands, near the great rock or island which we meant to inspect. It was now raining heavily, and Worm's Head was but the suggestion of a dim form in the mist to the south. However, we hastened to the island, and had no difficulty in reaching it, for the tide was out. We climbed to the top of the island, and inspected the automatic light-house. We were sorely tempted to cover

the apparatus containing the selenium cell, in order to see if the lamp would light up, but on second thoughts we decided that the attempt would not be worth while, owing to the difficulty of reaching the apparatus, and the possible consequences. The view which we had expected to see was of course, hidden by the rain, though we could see the waves dashing furiously against the cliffs to the north, so we had to be content with the island as a source of interest. It was not lacking in this, for the various kinds of sea-gulls, the huge dead bird which we found, but could not recognize, and above all, the ruins of the small church kept us engaged for a long time. At last, our inner selves requiring attention, we decided to return to civilization.

Unfortunately, we had spent much longer than we thought on the island, and when we descended we realised the truth of the saying that time and tide wait for no man. We had forgotten the warnings given us by our friend the colonel, and now we found ourselves cut off by the tide. Imagine our predicament. We were wet through to the skin, for our mackintoshes had not proved impervious to the penetrating drizzle, and we could not for a moment entertain the thought of spending six hours without shelter on the bleak, rainswept island. We reasoned that the water could not be very deep in the sound, for the tide had not had enough time to come in very far, so taking off boots and stockings, we risked everything in an attempt to wade across. We could not simply paddle over sand through shallow water, but had to pick our way with infinite care over the seaweed-covered rocks, which were covered by varying depths of water, and at the same time we frequently had to retrieve our boots and stockings, which fell into the water when we stumbled. Fortunately we were successful in crossing, but not without suffering innumerable small cuts and bruises on our feet. Even when we reached the sands, our troubles were not at an end, for we were in a sorry state. Our wading had hardly improved our condition, and we had to draw on our footgear over our bruised feet, which were now covered with wet sand. The long walk across the sandhills, and up the muddy lane, did not help us, and by the time we reached the village, we were as weary and bedraggled as any mortals could be.

Betaking ourselves to the "King's Head," we wrung out as much rain from our clothes as possible, and ordered food and drink—plenty of it. We were the only customers in the inn, so we had a room to ourselves, and passed the time

looking at the Visitors' Book, in which we saw signatures of people from all over the world. After consuming the food and lemonade (it *was* lemonade), we set out once more with new courage, intending to catch the 'bus to Swansea. At this point, fate dealt us a cruel blow. Up till then I had been paying for everything, and now it was my companion's turn. He groped for his money, but, with a look of absolute despair, he informed me that he had lost it—probably in the scramble over the rocks. Once more we found ourselves in a predicament. Refreshment bills and tips had used up almost all the money I had brought, and I had only a few pence left. We who had so gladly accepted the offer of a lift, now found ourselves faced with a walk of many miles, which had been made much longer by the motor car ride. There was nothing to do but to walk as far as we could, trusting to providence to get us out of our difficulties. We trudged on over the long miles which had seemed all too short when we were in the car. It was, to say the least, discouraging to see a signpost with the inscription "Swansea 15 miles," and then, after walking for half-an-hour, to come to another sign which repeated the information "Swansea 15 miles." The authorities should bring the signs up-to-date, if only out of consideration for hikers' feelings.

At last we reached Llanrhidian, where the 'bus overtook us. We could not resist the temptation to jump on board, intending to ride as far as my few pence would take us. Now, for the first time in the day Fortune smiled on us. In the 'bus was a friend of mine, who was returning from a camp near Llangennith, and he was sufficiently well supplied with filthy lucre to see that we both arrived home safely—tired, wet, but happy at last.

TRAJEW, VI.

THE SCHOOL SPORTS.

A large attendance and a glorious day combined to make the School Sports an outstanding success. The grandstand held quite a large number of spectators, amongst whom there were the Mayor (Mr. Dan Evans) and the Mayoress, Mrs. Rosser, Dr. Arbour Stephens, Messrs. J. D. Williams, J. A. Matthews, W. A. Beanland, Bert. Palmer and T. J. Rees.

The most interesting event of the afternoon was the Senior High Jump, keenly contested between T. L. Williams of Roberts House and J. P. Lewis of Llewelyn. Eventually, the former won after a long series of jumps. Another event full of interest was the Senior 440 Yards, in which R. Downing took the first place from D. S. Jones with a fine burst of speed in the last 20 yards. The Hurdles race was notable for the

easy way in which J. P. Lewis took the obstacles in his stride. Mr. Yates received a warm ovation as he won the Old Boys and Masters race with a fine spurt.

A noteworthy feature of the event was the improved organisation, due to the efforts of Messrs. D. I. Williams and T. Burgess. Every race was carried out quickly without a hitch, so that we enjoyed an uninterrupted afternoon's sport and were in plenty of time for tea afterwards. However, there was one feature of the Sports which was open to criticism—the surfeit of obstacle and sack races.

Everyone sympathized with Leslie Webb of the Upper VI, last season's champion, who, after training hard for some months, was unfortunate enough to strain his ankle in winning the long jump some days before the Sports proper.

This year's Senior Champion was Charles McCarthy, who gained 13 points for Grove House, while the Junior Champion was C. S. Price of Form 1c, who gained 16 points, also for Grove House. It is therefore hardly surprising that Grove won the House Championship.

The results were as follows:—

100 yds. (over 16)—1 D. S. Jones (5) 11 1-5 secs., 2 D. Hocknell (3), 3 C. McCarthy (2), 4 R. Downing (1).

100 yds. (14 to 16) 5ft. 2ins. and over—1 L. Kettle (5) 11 2-5 secs., 2 D. Hacche (3), 3 A. H. Evans (2), 4 G. Griffiths (1).

100 yds. (14 to 16) 5ft. 2ins. and under—1 T. Sullivan (5), 12 1-5 secs., 2 K. Edwards (3), 3 T. West (2), 4 T. Morgan (1).

100 yds. (13½ to 14)—1 H. Mort (5) 12 2-5 secs., 2 R. Meyrick (3), 3 K. Summers (2), 4 I. Williams (1).

100 yds. (under 13½)—1 C. S. Jones (5) 12 4-5 secs., 2 F. Maunder (3), 3 J. H. Nener (2), 4 W. Edwards (1).

Throwing Cricket Ball (14½ and over)—1 D. H. Mason (5) 82 yds. 2ft. (Record), 2 A. Cuff (2).

Throwing Cricket Ball (under 14½)—1 T. Sullivan (3) 62 yds., 2 K. Summers (2).

High Jump (14½ and over)—1 T. L. Williams (3) 4ft. 8¾ ins., 2 J. P. Lewis (2).

High Jump (under 14½)—1 J. Gordon (3) 3ft. 9in., 2 J. Walters (2).

440 yds. (15 to 16)—1 A. H. Evans (5) 1 min. 2 1-5 secs., 2 L. Kettle (3), 3 G. Griffiths (2), 4 D. G. Richards (1).

440 yds. (over 16)—1 R. Downing (5) 1 min. 1 sec., 2 D. S. Jones (3), 3 C. McCarthy (2), 4 R. Hopkins (½) & I. James (½).

220 yds. (under 14)—1 C. S. Jones (5) 30 1-5 secs., 2 K. Summers (3), 3 I. Williams (2), 4 D. T. Davies (1).

220 yds. (14 to 15)—1 D. Hacche (5) 28 1-5 secs., 2 L. Ridd (3), 3 R. H. Thomas (2), 4 J. H. Williams (1).

Long Jump (14½ and over)—1 L. Webb (3) 19ft. 0½ins., 2 J. R. Hopkins (1).

Long Jump (under 14½)—1 K. Evans (3), 2 H. Evans (1).

Wheelbarrow (over 15)—1 L. Webb & H. Davies, 2 R. A. Evans & H. J. M. Davies.

Peg Gathering (under 13½)—1 W. Edwards (4), 2 C. S. Jones (2), 3 B. Phillips (1).

100 yds. Hurdles (under 14½)—1 T. Sullivan (5), 2 S. H. Bowen (3), 3 K. Summers (2), 4 J. Gordon (1).

100 yds. Hurdles (14½ upwards)—1 J. P. Lewis (5), 2 C. McCarthy (3), 3 R. Downing (2), 4 R. Hopkins (1).

Three-Legged (13½ to 15)—1 K. Evans & D. M. Thomas, 2 S. Thomas & E. Griffin.

Obstacle Race (under 13¼)—1 J. H. Nener (3), 2 G. Pitchford (2), 3 F. Maunder (1).

Obstacle Race (13¼ to 14)—1 D. T. Davies (3), 2 G. Smith (2), 3 R. Meyrick (1).

Obstacle Race (14 to 15)—1 R. West (3), 2 R. Malloy (2), 3 E. G. James (1).

Obstacle Race (over 15)—1 C. McCarthy (3), 2 H. M. Davies (2), 3 J. Chriswick (1).

Sack Race (under 13¼)—1 C. S. Jones (3), 2 B. Sambrook (2), 3 A. Jones (1).

Sack Race (13¼ to 14)—1 J. Jones (3), 2 D. T. Davies (2) 3 R. Meyrick (1)

Sack Race (14 to 15)—1 E. Griffin (3), 2 L. Ridd (2), 3 S. Thomas (1).

Sack Race (over 15)—1 G. Richards (3), 2 H. John (2) 3 R. Hopkins (1).

80 yds. (special)—1 R. Matthews, 2 K. Way.

Old Boys' & Staff Race—1 Mr. E. Yates, 2 S. Meredith, 3 J. Solomon, 4 A. V. Jones.

Tug of War—1 Llewelyn, 2 Roberts.

Boat Race—1 N. Bevan (Cox), 2 D. Hacche (Cox).

Despatch Race—1 A. Emanuel (Sen.), 2 D. S. Jones (Sen.).

Chariot Race—1 D. Davies (Rider), 2 D. Davey (Rider).

Cross Country (over 15)—1 D. Hocknell (5), 2 C. McCarthy (3).

Cross Country (under 15)—1 R. H. Thomas (5), 2 D. T. Davies (3), 3 J. Nener (2).

PLACINGS FOR HOUSE SHIELD—Grove 78½ pts., Llewelyn 67 pts., Dillwyn 64 pts., Roberts 20½ pts.

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP—C. McCarthy 3b, (Grove) 13 pts.

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP—C. S. Jones 1c, (Grove) 16 pts.
Runner-Up—T. Sullivan 1b (Grove) 13 pts.

