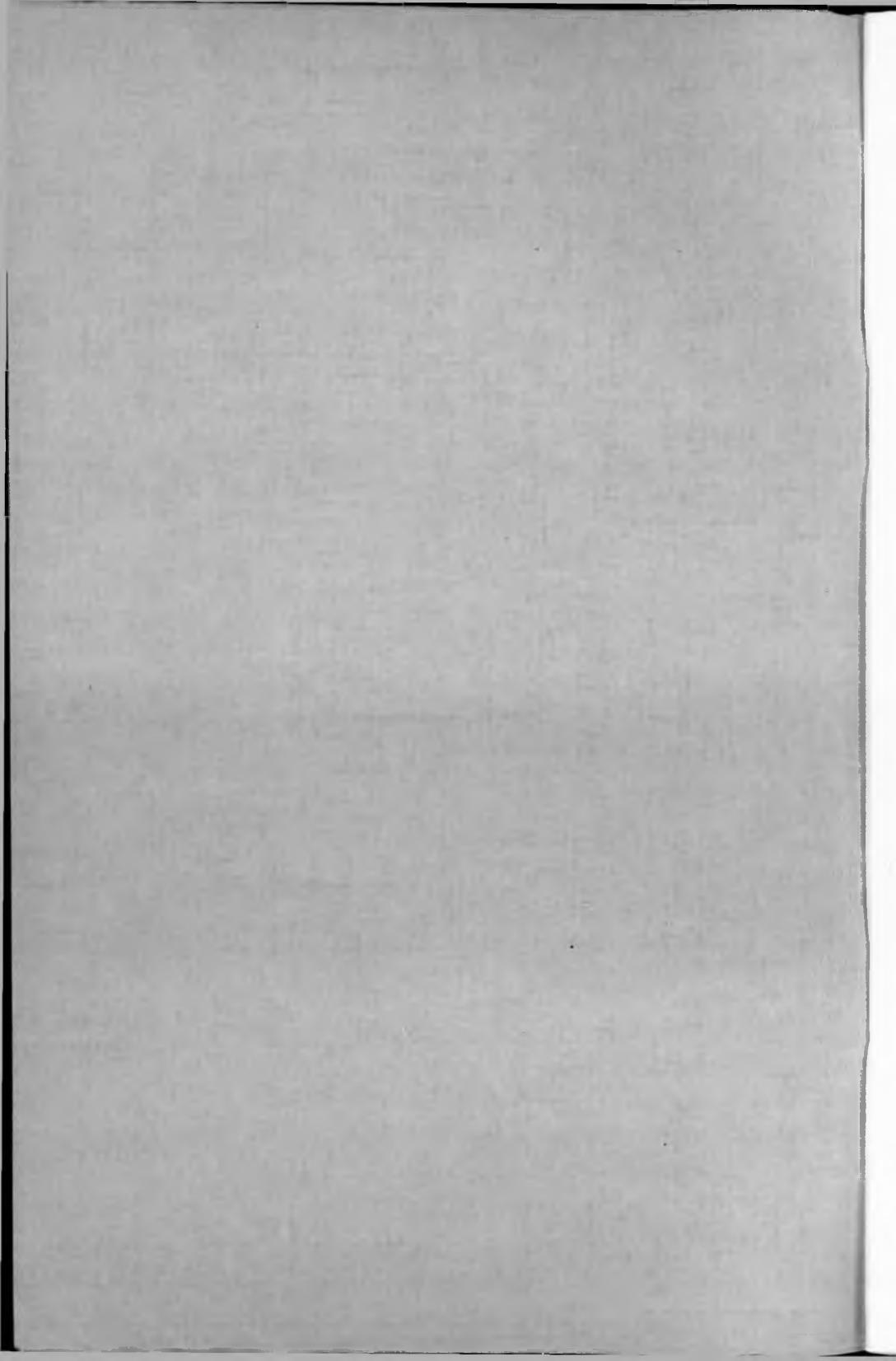


MAGAZINE

No. 62.

DECEMBER, 1935.



GOREU ARF,

ARF DYSG.



Dynevor Secondary School Magazine.

No. 62.

DECEMBER, 1935.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

Editors L. R. FROST, F. T. SECOMBE.
Sub-Editors ... R. F. LUCAS, G. B. THOMAS.

EDITORIAL.

The response to our continued appeals for contributions has not been very encouraging. However, an occasional reminder addressed personally, has had the desired effect and we are confident that this Term's Magazine is quite up to the standard of previous ones.

A novel feature of this Term's issue is the printing of a page of cartoons, but we view with dismay the absence of poetry suitable for publication.

We note with pleasure that the results of the Senior and Higher Certificate Examinations of the C.W.B. have come up to the standard of previous years.

Students of a number of South Wales Secondary and Grammar Schools were present at the production of "Le Barbier de Seville," Beaumarchais' popular comedy, at the Empire Theatre, on November 27th. In the evening also, "Docteur Knock" was presented in the School Hall. Apart from the value of these plays to "Higher" candidates, the humour in them was appreciated by all.

The various activities continue to make good progress, as the reports indicate, and so we come to the end of a very enjoyable Term with progress recorded in both academic and sporting activities.

The Editorial Board wishes to thank Mr. Llewelyn John and Mr. D. D. Phillips for their continued assistance and interest in the Magazine. We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

SCHOOL NOTES.

HOUSE OFFICIALS.

Dillwyn House : Head—K. M. Jones.
Secretary—Hubert Davies. Sports Captain—D. Hacche.

Grove House : Head—J. Walters.
Secretary—J. Magoon. Sports Captain—C. S. Jones.

Roberts House : Head—E. Thomas.
Secretary—F. T. Secombe. Sports Captain—L. Morgan.

Llewellyn House : Head—P. J. Dooley.
Secretary—H. W. Morgan. Sports Captain—J. D. Matthews.

The Prefects appointed at the beginning of the Term were :—E. E. Hillman (Head), J. D. Matthews (Deputy Head), T. P. Barry, P. J. Dooley, G. A. Evans, L. R. Frost, K. M. Jones, J. Magoon, H. W. G. Morgan, B. J. O'Connell, F. T. Secombe, N. S. Webber and J. H. Williams.

M. Raymond Naigeon, our 'Assistant Français,' has left us after a year in which he enjoyed great popularity, especially amongst the Senior Forms. We extend a hearty welcome to his successor, M. Wauquier, of Nancy.

Students doing teaching practice this Term are Messrs. J. Beale, E. G. Jewel, and G. H. Jones.

The discontinuation of the morning interludes on the radiogram is regretted by many of the Senior boys. However, the School Orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. Beynon, is doing a great deal to make the Morning Service more impressive.

The results of the Higher and School Certificate Examinations of the Central Welsh Board this year have attained the usual high standard, and we heartily congratulate the successful candidates.

The Senior and Junior Rugby Teams have all enjoyed a fairly successful season up to the present. We congratulate E. Thomas, T. J. Lewis and E. E. Hillman (reserve), on

their selection to play in the Welsh Secondary Schools' Trial at Neath.

This Term has seen the conversion of the old "Typing Room" into a study for Sixth Formers. Apart from such inconveniences as the noise of the traffic from without and of the metal-workers from below, the room is admirably suited for the cultivation of the arts.

In connection with the centenary of the passing of the Municipal Reform Act, the whole School paid a visit to the Brangwyn Hall when Mr. Ivor Saunders, the Borough Estate Agent, gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on "The Swansea of 1835." The School was also well represented in the Pageant that was held in connection with the above celebrations, and attention must be drawn to the way in which Mr. Beynon, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Yates have worked to bring the boys to a state of perfection.

The School was well represented in the Mayor's Procession on November 10th by Mr. John, Masters, Scholars, and Old Boys.

As Armistice Day fell this year on a Monday, the usual service was held in the School Hall. Two well-known hymns were sung, and we listened to a part of the Cenotaph Service that was relayed from London. The wreath of poppies was then laid on the School Memorial by E. E. Hillman, the Head Prefect, and the Two Minutes' Silence was observed with due respect and reverence. The short but impressive service ended with the Lord's Prayer.

On November 19th we received a very welcome visit from the celebrated Dorian Trio. The whole School assembled in the Hall at 2.10, and for an hour we listened to a selection from the works of Bach, Handel, and Haydn. It was a most enjoyable afternoon's entertainment, and we are looking forward with pleasure to another visit from these accomplished musicians.

On Sunday, December 8th, the School Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Beynon, took part in a concert which was held at the Elysium Cinema in connection with the Central Branch of the Swansea Trades Union Unemployment Association.

We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. G. G. Gregory, our new Science Master, and trust that his period of service amongst us will be both long and happy.

We acknowledge the receipt of "Adastra," "Avonian," and the Swansea Grammar School Magazines

C.W.B. EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Higher Certificate Stage—M. H. Cohen, D. J. Isaac, I. J. James, E. T. Jones, W. R. A. Jones, D. J. Lloyd, R. Morris, L. Stratton. T. J. Wells.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

- I. J. James—Morris Lewis (£35).
 E. T. Jones—L.E.A. (£36).
 D. F. Lloyd—William William (£25).
 R. Morris—L.E.A. (£36).
 L. Stratton—L.E.A. (£36).

CENTRAL WELSH BOARD (SENIOR CERT.).

A. Banfield (M), L. G. Blyth (M), I. J. Bromham, D. C. Collins (M), R. A. T. Collins (M), C. C. Cooper, G. A. Cullener, D. F. S. Davey, C. F. Davies, D. S. Davies, W. G. Davies (M), J. D. Drew (M), G. Edmiston (G), T. H. Edwards (M), W. G. Edwards, D. M. Ellis, J. L. Evans (M), R. S. Evans, S. R. Evans, A. C. Francis, L. M. Goddard (M), E. H. Goldstone (M), H. J. Harding (M), T. J. Hawes, G. Hewett (M), R. Hodges, T. E. Hopkins, E. G. James, D. H. R. Jones (M), D. K. Jones, E. W. Jones (M), J. E. Jones (M), J. K. Jones (M), L. J. Jones, K. J. Lewis (W), G. Lloyd, R. F. Lucas (M), N. McLeod (M), A. Morgan (M), L. S. Morgan (M), A. Morris, D. J. O'Brien, E. B. Pope (M), A. G. Popjoy, W. A. Rees (W), R. Roberts, D. A. Robertson, S. J. Saunders (M), G. E. Smith, W. H. Standish (M), W. P. Stapleton, R. W. Tanner (M), E. Thomas, G. B. Thomas (M), J. E. Thomas, J. R. Thoumine, L. P. Turner, L. C. Vanderpump, R. Vernon (M), T. F. Walshe, B. B. Walters, E. T. West, F. T. Williams (M), F. Williams, I. Williams, T. C. Wimmers. (M) signifies Matriculation Equivalent.

SUPPLEMENTARY CERTIFICATE—H. Davies.

OLD BOYS' SUCCESSES.

H. E. Morgan—Entrance Scholarship to Lampeter College (Annual Value—£16).

We extend our heartiest congratulations to the Rev. J. Lloyd Gammon, of Ilston, Parkmill, on his appointment to the pastorate of the St. Helen's Road Congregational Church.

At the time of going to Press, we learn that I. J. Clement and L. R. Frost have passed into the Civil Service, being successful out of 1,500 other successful candidates.

Owing to the late publication of the results, we have not been able to ascertain whether C. N. Macleod and N. W. Jenkins, the other two candidates from the School, have been successful or not.

GETTING TO A FRENCH LECTURE.

It was at twenty minutes to seven that the famous train which plies between Morryston and Swansea deposited me in High Street Station. The lecture was being held at the University College, was in French and was free—excellent reasons for attending. For everyone knows that no member of the Sixth would fail to take advantage of a free entertainment.

I met my fellow lecture enthusiast outside the station, and, as the night was yet young, we decided to save money and improve our health by walking to the college. After an uneventful journey we arrived at Singleton Park about five past seven, and, as the gate was open, we decided to add to the charms of our walk by traversing the park.

So, like knights of old who feared no foe, we boldly plunged into the park and turned our backs on civilisation. We proceeded down the main road, enjoying the novel situation of seeing the place deserted, and noting, perhaps with sadness, that the benches which were placed at such discreet intervals along the paths, were not now fulfilling the functions for which they had been placed there. Not that we wanted to linger on the seats! We were too anxious to arrive at that seat of learning, so that we might pick up the pearls of wisdom that were to be cast before us.

So we plodded merrily along. And unfortunately we kept on plodding. By a superhuman effort of deduction, no common thing even in the Sixth, we decided that we must have taken the wrong road, and we were now lost in that wilderness, Singleton Park. But the spirit of the Bxldxxnx, backed up by that of the Stxxtxus, refused to be deprived of the joys of a French lecture with lantern slides. We would go on, and ultimately we must reach our goal. We forsook the main road and turned to the right, in which direction our mariner-like instinct told us the college lay. We walked, and like a certain member of the feline race, we kept on walking. Soon, out of the darkness loomed a large board with something written on it. Surely this would tell us which way to reach our destination. We struck one of the matches with which we happened to be liberally supplied, and learned from the said board that dogs were not allowed in the park unless on a lead. We counted ten, and said nothing. On we went, somehow not fully appreciating the beauties of the scene,

which Nature was placing at our disposal. We drew near to a lake on which some ducks were swimming around, as if nothing untoward was happening so close to them. To see them, one would never have thought that two members of the Sixth were being deprived of their rights as citizens of a free country, and were locked in a public park. We reached a gate; this must lead somewhere; we hurried towards it; it was locked! I am sure those ducks quacked sardonically at our plight. Well, what's a gate to two young men, enthusiastic in their desire to be present at the French lecture? Our frequent attendance at the School Gym. stood us in good stead and we easily vaulted the gate, and found ourselves still deeper in the maze. But "*Nihil sine Labore*," so we staggered on. Our progress was next retarded by a particularly thorny hedge, but we were not beaten yet. We scrambled through it, leaving behind pieces of our person and clothes. Once more we reached the high-road. At last we saw a glimmer through the trees, and our hopes rose. Alas it was only a tramp cooking his supper over an open fire.

Sadly we left our fellow wanderer behind and resolutely kept our faces towards a dark mass which loomed somewhere ahead. But once again the Park Authorities had thwarted us by placing another locked gate in our path. Fate, however, endowed us with a piece of railing, placed against the gate to form a step. We clambered on it, stepped over, and it unkindly collapsed. We were thereupon directed with more velocity than direction into the lap of Mother Earth, and owing to my allegiance to the lecture, I scraped my shins rather severely.

Anyway, by this time we had reached the main road to the college, only one gate remaining to be negotiated. We sprang over this and eagerly raced up the lane leading to the college, with the happy thought that once we had reached our goal, great would be our reward. Boldly we marched up to the front door and—found it locked. Alas! our painful peregrinations had brought us to the Science Department, and we peered in at retorts and test-tubes, which in turn leered back at us. Once again we climbed the gate and made for the other end of the building, finally finding ourselves on familiar ground in the square in front of the hall.

We crept through the hall, and insinuated ourselves in the darkened hall after having successfully manœvered the creaking door. Here we were met by the maledictions of our more fortunate fellow-students. Now we were to receive our reward—we were handed—one chair between two of us.

"Two O.B's."

Y GYMDEITHAS GYMRAEG.

Ar ddechrau'r tymor galwyd cyfarfod o aelodau'r Gymdeithas ynghyd, ac etholwyd y canlynol fel swyddogion am y flwyddyn : Cadeirydd, Dillwyn Mathews ; Is-Gadeirydd, D. G. Jenkins ; Trysorydd, Eddie Thomas ; Ysgrifennydd, E. Glan. James.

Gyda'i gare digrwydd arferol caniatadd Mr. Llewelyn John fod yn Llywydd.

Oherwydd llawer o atyniadau ereill yr oedd yn ddiweddar yn y tymor cyn i'r pwyllgor benderfynu rhoddi gwahoddiad i Mr. Stephen J. Williams, M.A., o'r Brifysgol ddod i ddarlithio inni.

Felly cynhaliwyd y cyfarfod cyntaf nos Fercher, 4ydd o Ragfyr pan roddwyd inni araith gan Mr. S. J. Williams, M.A. Daeth cynulliad ardderchog ynghyd, pan gymerir i ystyriaeth yr amryw atyniadau pwysig oedd yn yr ysgol ar y pryd.

Cawsom araith gampus iawn ar foesgarwch yn yr iaith Gymraeg, a chawsom gyngor ar sut y medrwn fod yn foneddigaidd yn yr heniaith. Dechreuodd Mr. Williams ei araith gyda stori fer am " Bwyll Pendefig Dyfed," a dilynodd ei destun yn ei ddull digymar ei hun. Aeth ymlaen i sôn am ansyberwyd ac anfoesgarwch mewn iaith, a daliodd ein sylw ymhellach pan ddywedodd fod bechgyn Cymraeg yn fwy anfoesgar nag yn y Saesneg—a da y dywedodd. Ond hoffwn ddweud ein bod ni fechgyn yn teimlo yn llawer mwy cartrefol yn yr "heniaith" wrth ymgomio a'n meistri, ac a'n gilydd.

Cynigiwyd pleidlais o ddiolchgarwch i Mr. Williams am ei garedigrwydd, gan J. H. Williams, VI (Gwyddoniath) ac eiliwyd gan F. T. Williams, (Celfyddydau) ac ychwanegwyd at hyn gan Mr. J. T. Jones.

Y mae'n amlwg i'r araith gael ei heffaith, oherwydd drannoeth, clywsom amryw o fechgyn yn cael ffaeleddau yng Nghymraeg ei gilydd, ac hyd yn oed a digon o wroldeb ganddynt i gywiro'r meistri. Arwydd ardderchog onide ?

Ni chynhaliwyd cyfarfod wedi hynny, ond yr ydym yn prysur baratoi ar gyfer y cyngerdd y bwriedir ei gynnal nos ir Fercher 18fed o Ragfyr, ac y mae'n amlwg y cawn glywed llawer o dalent annisgwyladwy y noson honno.

Carem ddiolch i Mr. Llewelyn John a Mr. J. T. Jones am roddi inni bob cynhorthwy, ac hefyd i bawb, yn swyddogion, ac yn aelodau a gydweithredodd dros y Gymdeithas, a chyda'r un cydweithrediad edrychwn ymlaen at dymor tra llwyddiannus y flwyddyn nesaf.

E. GLAN JAMES, Ysgrifennydd.

ROUMANIE—JUILLET AOUT. 1935.

Il me faut bien vous avouer un gros défaut : je n'ai pas cette belle curiosité, ce don de voyager et amasser en un mois, en deux mois des richesses que l'on comptera tout au long de sa vie.

Voyager à ce compte là, c'est une succession de conquêtes aussitôt étrangères qu'accomplies : On reforme à chaque heure l'impression fugitive de ses paysages.

Moi je n'aime voyager que retrouver des amis, ou de hasard venir à m'en former d'autres, je suis de ceux là qui sont un peu hurons partout où ils vont, et sans goût, que nonchalant et endormi. La Roumanie c'était pour moi un ami que je n'avais pas vu depuis quatre ans, notre communauté d'intérêts, de volontés, et l'accueil merveilleux de sa famille, auquel je ne savais répondre comme j'aurais voulu. J'étais si près de toutes mes choses familières, parfois aussi si bien disposé à la paresse, au creux de cette maison simple où nous vivions tous deux, un peu en dehors de la ville, que je n'ai pas compris lorsqu'un ami français m'a dépêché une longue lettre, me priant de lui envoyer un objet de ce pays là, porte de l'orient.

J'en sais qui font le tour du monde et auraient tout de suite trouvé le "souvenir" évidemment exotique dont leur ami aurait été fier : ces gens, qui comptent leurs voyages par milles, peuvent montrer naïvement un album d'images chargé de dates ; ces photos leur rendent tout de suite des impressions qu'ils avaient devinées d'avance et que pour cette raison ils pourront communiquer avec zèle à leurs amis.

C'est vrai, je ne rapporte de Roumanie, de mon court séjour à Budapest, et d'Autriche que treize surprises venues sans que j'y prenne garde, et qui se sont vite atténuées en couleurs, en bruits familiers.

Je suis arrivé en juillet dans cette ville de Moldavie où demeure mon ami ; l'on m'attendait à la gare, mais j'ai manqué de trouver dans la foule les ambassadeurs qui devaient m'accueillir, Il pleuvait ; je ne me disposais pour me faire comprendre que de tout mon français et des seuls cent mots d'allemand qui vivent pour moi et peuvent me venir en aide.

Quelqu'un qui parlait allemand et roumain m'a trouvé un voiturier pas trop fripon qui me parla en vain au long des rues, puis des boulevards boueux, parcourus par des attelages de grands boeufs gris que nous dépassions en cahotant dans les ornières. Une fois arrivé j'ai donné au voiturier une

somme que l'on fut d'accord, partout en Roumaie, à trouver extravagante : à peu près un shilling et sixpence ; j'ai empoigné ma lourde valise et suis entré dans le petit jardin, dans la maison basse aux doubles fenêtres.

Quelques jours après cette manière de débarquement, mon arrivée, le long des pistes qui rayonnent autour de la ville, presque indistinctes des champs où elles se perdent, arrivèrent des milliers de paysans, de forains qui campèrent au hasard dans la ville, près de la ville, dans les fosses, souvent dans leurs chariots attelés des boeufs ; ç'allait être la foire annuelle, le "Yarmaroc."

Sur une grande place s'édifia une ville de bois, de papier, de tôle, de toile et de lanternes, emplie de cris, de musiques, d'images peinturlurées (ces images où voisinent des scènes de la Bible et Napoléon, le monstre de baraque forain et la diseuse de bonne aventure), emplie d'étalages de quatre sous, garnis de poteries grossières, de pâtisseries étonnantes de bonnes odeurs.

Ajoutez à cela une foule immense, un entassement de paysans vêtus d'une sorte de caleçon de toile blanche et d'une blouse blanche, (parfois ornée de parements brodés) de gamins, de filles venues de la ville proche, et de mendiants. Imaginez cela comme vous pourrez, avec tous vos souvenirs disparates et l'idée que vous aviez de ces villes dressées en huit hours par des chercheurs d'or, dans un coin des deux Amériques— et vous saurez à peu près ce qu'est cette foire.

Les mendiants sont tous monstrueux ; tel dont je me souviendrai toujours avait une superbe couronne de barbe ; une tête forte, violente de prophète, de malheureux génial, et il se traînait par terre en montrant je ne sais quelle plaie énorme. Avant l'aumône il prenait les passants à témoin de la misère que Dieu lui avait envoyée et sa plainte était comme une imprécation ; puis il marmonnait une sorte de prière, en remerciement d'une aumône qu'on ne pouvait pas ne pas lui donner. Pendant deux semaines, tous les matins, très tôt j'ai entendu au bout de la rue cette invocaion terrible, sonnée pendant des heures.

Tous les mendiants roumains ont leur cri, leur prière à eux, comme ils ont leurs misères, leurs vies usées par le malheur, leurs plaies.....

Et les paysans ! La plupart de ceux que je voyais apportaient à la foire tout ce qu'ils avaient accumulé pendant l'année, le travail de la femme, le travail de l'homme, des tonneaux, des cuves, des poteries, des objets grossièrement

forgés, des étoffes tissées à la main, des vêtements simples, ou parfois ces pièces presque carrées de tissus brodés que l'on vend quinze shillings et dont les femmes presque riches font une jupe en l'enroulant autour des hanches.

Je ne suis pas resté longtemps étranger à cette vie grouillante. J'achetais un cornet de ces graines que l'on mange partout en orient, dit-on, toute la journée, pour passer le temps, ou bien un de ces cônes de maïs, où les graines sont serties dans des alvéoles, comme pour une architecture sage et vivante.

Parmi les roumains, les hongro-roumains de la foule, l'on reconnaît souvent quelques bohémiens ; ils sont plus sales que les autres, et même dans cette activité de foire, cette bousculade énorme, ils ont l'air d'être plus habiles, de savoir mieux être paresseux à l'occasion.

La foire est depuis longtemps dispersée, les paysans sont retournés à leur labeur séculaire, obstinés et souvent ignorants ; les grands champs que j'ai vu couverts du maïs des étés, sont probablement nus, durcis de froid, ou bien encore, couverts de neige.

Comme je ne saurai pas, pour finir, vous montrer une image de Bucarest, je vous dirai mon geste le plus familier : dans les rues et surtout dans les boulevards de cette ville où j'étais, des poulains trottaient, souvent loin de la jument qui, attachée, suivait un chariot. Parfois les poulains s'arrêtaient, Je ne sais pourquoi. (Je n'ai guère que mes étroites idées d'homme là-dessus ; eux, peut-être continuaient-ils ce rêve éternel, ce rêve animal où l'on voit toujours les chevaux, arrêtés ou libres...)

Aussi souvent que je pouvais, je les surprénais, leur tapotais le front, leur caressais le col et les laissais ensuite après un bond de côté, rejoindre leur mère au petit trot.

R. M. WAUQUIER.

OBITUARY.

It is with profound regret that we have to record the death of Mr. WILLIAM JOHN, better known to some perhaps as "Brython," American Correspondent of the "Herald of Wales," and also one of the pioneers of the Welsh drama movement. The heartfelt sympathy of all, including his scholars, is tendered to Mr. Llewelyn John, his brother, in this his sad bereavement.

A PLEASANT VIEW.

An exhilarating and pleasant walk is that along the top of Kilvey Hill. Early on a Sunday morning, it is one of the most delightful experiences which Nature can offer ; for the very silent atmosphere which prevails over all places, adds that necessary amount of reverence to overawe one with the beauty of the hilly surroundings.

With the frost of December silvering its sparse grass, and whitening its scattered rocks of all shapes, the hill itself presents an animated picture. But the view from the hill is far more wonderful. The sun, which has risen over the extreme east of the bay, casts its brilliant rays upon the waters near Neath and Port Talbot, dyeing the surface with a rich golden colour. Neath and the forbidding mountains, looming up behind the town, are shrouded in a grey-white mist, which stretches out into the bay in a semi-circle, and reaches the centre of our own town. The mist in the middle of the bay seems to merge into the pastel shades of the morning sky by various stages of grey-blue, light-blue and then into that beautiful azure which one associates only with the summer skies. Over the town the mist is rather thin, but it heavily veils the Civic Centre, giving it the appearance of a distant, ghostly minaret. The shore on the east side is hidden completely, from Neath to Porthcawl, and in the west is invisible, from the west-end of the town, right out to Mumbles.

The view can be said to represent three sections—the sea, the town, and the hill itself. The sea is represented by that fine bay—one of the most beautiful in the world—which is unfortunately hidden by that thick blanket of mist. But, here and there, flashing patches of gold are distinctly seen. The town is given a picturesque air—seeming to fit into this vivid picture. Its harbour is a pretty sight, with the sun gilding its placid waters, and the ships, messengers of the sea, lying safely berthed. The hundreds of houses around the foot of the hill present an unusual sight. The sun shines on the roofs, forming peculiar little patterns ; and thin, curling wisps of smoke lazily emerge from a multitude of chimneys. Church spires, the huge, tall stacks belonging to the various works, and cranes on the docks, appear out of the mist. With the complete absence of noise and bustle, this centre of industry becomes a haven of rest—an attractive, homely scene, and not the ugly picture which Cobbett and Dickens painted of the town. The third section is the view

of the hill itself, which conveys the essentially countryside atmosphere of Mother Nature. The quaint, old, broken-down mill ; the rippling stream near by ; the crowing of a cock ; and the barking of a dog, which echoes in one of the little valleys on the hill, all contribute towards the attractiveness of this picture.

Yet the calmness and beauty of these surroundings representing Nature in one of her best moods, seem inseparable from the quiet placid air of the town—Man's handiwork. It is curious how the Maker and Man can co-operate in imbuing into one, that feeling which caused Browning to exclaim, "God's in his heaven—all's right with the world."

"Montanus," U VI Arts.

WHEN WILLIE SWOTS.

When Willie swots—oh, what a bore !
 The fits come once a term, or more.
 Each one it lasts about a week,
 And when he gets one he doth seek
 For Wisdom, 'till his eyes are sore.

He rises prompt, and "stews" from four ;
 The teachers wonder what's in store.
 His bearing to them is so meek,
 You scarce can get the chap to speak,
 Unless of Latin, Maths., or Greek.

Football and cricket get the door.
 He vows he's given all pastimes o'er.
 Oh, how I thirst to have his gore
 When Willie swots.

W. M. John. 3c.

PHILATELISTS.

The Stamp Club still prospers and attracts new members to this fascinating and instructive hobby.

The quality of stamps we receive from the Queen's Hospital keeps up to its usual high standard, and 'Stamp Collection' Cot, which we help to support by our purchases, has benefitted by over £6 this year.

We have sent up a large quantity of used British postage stamps. These are sold to dealers who supply foreign collectors.

T.E.B.

WHAT WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.

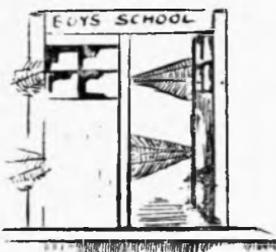
SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

WEARING CAPS



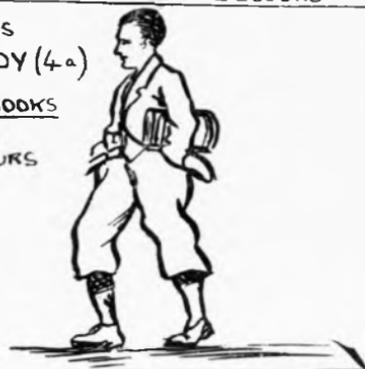
40 - BETWEEN LESSONS

THE LATE DOOR
[A FAMILIAR SCENE]



SCHOOL'S
DANDY (4a)

PLUS BOOKS
AND
FOURS



THE 2ND. YEAR DISPOSING
OF HIS RUBBISH.



2a WITH BABIES' BOTTLES.



"SHOP-TALK."

I was sauntering down our main street yodelling a cheerful little song about the days when knights were bold and income tax was only 6d. in the pound, when all of a sudden I noticed a huge sign bidding all and sundry to join someone's Christmas club, which, it was alleged, was run on the "have what you like, pay when you like" basis.

At the mention of Christmas, I immediately thought of plum-pudding full of currants, candied peel, 3d.-bits, and peace and goodwill towards men, and my mouth watered accordingly. "Wouldn't be a bad idea to join that club" I mused as my imagination, working overtime, registered impressions of unlimited supplies of chocolates, monkey-nuts, castor-oil, ghost stories, and other adjuncts of the festive season. At least I had 2d. as the first instalment. But when I entered the shop I changed my tune; it was a drapery store. Furthermore, I soon found that retreat was impossible, for on my entry, a dark young man with a memo-book and a gum-boil crawled out on all fours from somewhere underneath the counter. "Good morning" he said cheerfully, re-adjusting his moustache, "What can I do for you?" As far as I could see, there was nothing he could do, except perhaps to show me out, but I was too nonplussed to utter a monosyllable or any other kind of syllable. The only thing I could do was to stare at him sheepishly as he opened his notebook and expectantly sucked the end of a small copying-pencil until his mouth looked like a large helping of blackberry tart. "I'm not going to waste my tuppence on an ordinary draper's club anyway" I thought, and feeling it was up to me, as a Sixth-former and a member of the Debating Society, to put up some sort of a show, I ventured a remark about the weather. But it was a hopelessly flat shot; he gave as good as he received, and it was quite evident that he knew heaps "about the weather." "Evening classes probably" I moaned dismally.

Once again silence descended upon us like a pall as I vainly racked my brains for an excuse to go out and disappear round the nearest corner. In the meantime, a large hat-box fell off a small shelf and registered 11/1½ at the cash desk, while the patient young man finished eating one pencil and started on another. Then suddenly out of the blue came an inspiration. "Do you keep Dynevor School ties?" I enquired innocently, knowing quite well that it was about a 100 to 1 that they

didn't. "Dynevov! D-Y-N-E-V-O-R" he muttered to himself, spelling out each letter carefully as if to make sure that there were none missing. "Let me see," he continued, "that's the school with a good rugby team isn't it?" Of course I wasn't sure of this, but out of politeness I nodded my head vigorously.

Now I don't know what there was about this man that attracted me, but one thing led to another, and soon I was telling him all about our School. How each year the "1st Years" became cheekier, the prefects smaller, the matutinal gramophone records in the hall more "highbrow," the library noisier, the C.W.B. harder, the Sixth more Communistic, and heaps of other details too numerous to be mentioned here. "Yes" he commented, when I paused for want of breath, "We are living in bad times. Now when I was in school—" "Yes, I know," I interrupted rudely, "No-one ever spoke during the morning assembly, or came without his hymn-book. There was no such thing as detention or "interviews" with the "head." Boys never loitered around the notice board during the interval, and the rugby team won an away game occasionally. Yes those were the days" I giggled sarcastically. This unexpected outburst seemed to embarrass my friend of the purple mouth for he immediately dropped the subject of schools and school-ties and tried to sell me a shirt; you probably know the kind; all pink and green and yellow stripes like the kind of pyjamas popularly supposed to be worn by millionaire war-profiteers or half-pay colonels. After I had spent a hectic few minutes persuading him that I didn't need one, he tried me with some new novels, "special line" he insisted, "Offer can't be repeated; 12/6 the dozen." I picked up one and read the title; "Love at Second Sight on a wet Shrove Tuesday in Tanganyika." That finished me. "Goodbye" I yelled, "Good luck and a Merry Christmas." But just as I reached the door I heard him shouting—"What about the tie?" "Oh! I'll call again next Christmas" I replied, "You'll probably have some in then."

So I'm safe until then; the next time I go there however I'll jolly well take care to have a good supply of "filthy lucre" with me. But then I forgot; I've got something else up my sleeve for next Christmas—I'll probably need an "Old Boy's" tie then.

L.R.F., U.VI.

SENIOR RUGBY 1st XV.

The officers for the season are : Capt., E. Thomas ; Vice-Capt., D. C. Hacche, Secretary, H. J. M. Davies ; Additional Members of the Committee: K. C. Jenkins and T. J. Lewis.

The prospects for the season were not exceedingly bright, to say the least.

Actually, only five old "colours" were available—D. C. Hacche and B. Harris of the backs, and E. Thomas, T. J. Lewis and K. C. Jenkins of the forwards, and both B. Harris and K. C. Jenkins soon left. Of the rest of the present team only K. M. Jones had previously represented the School on more than one occasion. Thus we have a very young side, but we have maintained a creditable record :—

P.	W.	D.	L.	Pts. For.	Pts. Agst.
10	4	2	4	72	56

We have built up a team spirit which enables us to maintain the satisfactory records of the more matured sides of previous years.

The season opened with a game against Glanmor S.S. at Townhill which ended in a pointless draw, although we were the superior side on the day's form. Our initial victory was gained at the expense of Port Talbot C.S., whom we defeated by 2 goals and 2 tries (16 pts.) to nil. At Drefach we suffered our usual reverse at the hands of Gwendraeth Valley S.S. this time by 1 goal and 4 tries (17 pts.) to 2 tries (6 pts.). Our next game was a memorable one, Port Talbot S.S. visited us with a 100% record, but, although they were much bigger and heavier than us, and used these advantages to the full, we succeeded in holding them to a draw at a try apiece. Carmarthen G.S. were our next hosts ; and with a disorganised back division had our first home defeat inflicted on us by 1 goal 1 try (8 pts.) to nil. Then followed our second home defeat by Mountain Ash C.S.—always formidable opposition. This was an exciting game, the result being in the balance to the end, but eventually our visitors triumphed by 1 goal, 1 penalty goal, and 1 try (11 pts.) to 2 goals (10 pts.). We atoned for this however by a brilliant victory at Merthyr. Our first game with Cyfarthfa Castle S.S. found

the whole team at the top of its form, and an unexpected, but nevertheless well-deserved victory, followed by 2 goals and a try (13 pts.) to 2 tries (6 pts.). At Llanelly under atrocious weather conditions we did well to hold Llanelly C.S. to a victory of 1 goal and 2 tries (11 pts.) to nil, a vast improvement on last season's débâcle. A mid-week game with the Technical College proved very fast and exciting, and resulted in a School victory by 1 penalty goal and two tries (9 pts.) to nil. We now entertained Llandilo C.S. and in spite of the handicap of a disorganised back division, we won by 1 converted goal (5 pts.) to nil.

Congratulations to T. J. Lewis and E. Thomas on playing in the Mid-Glamorgan Trial at Neath; also to J. P. Lewis, a member of the School pack three seasons ago, on obtaining his place in the Cardiff 1st XV.

We wish to thank Mr. Llewelyn John and Mr. L. L. Abraham for their interest; also Mr. Glyn Thomas for refereeing on several occasions. Again we have to deplore the lack of support on the touch-line at Townhill, and hope that next term's attractive fixtures will be well supported.

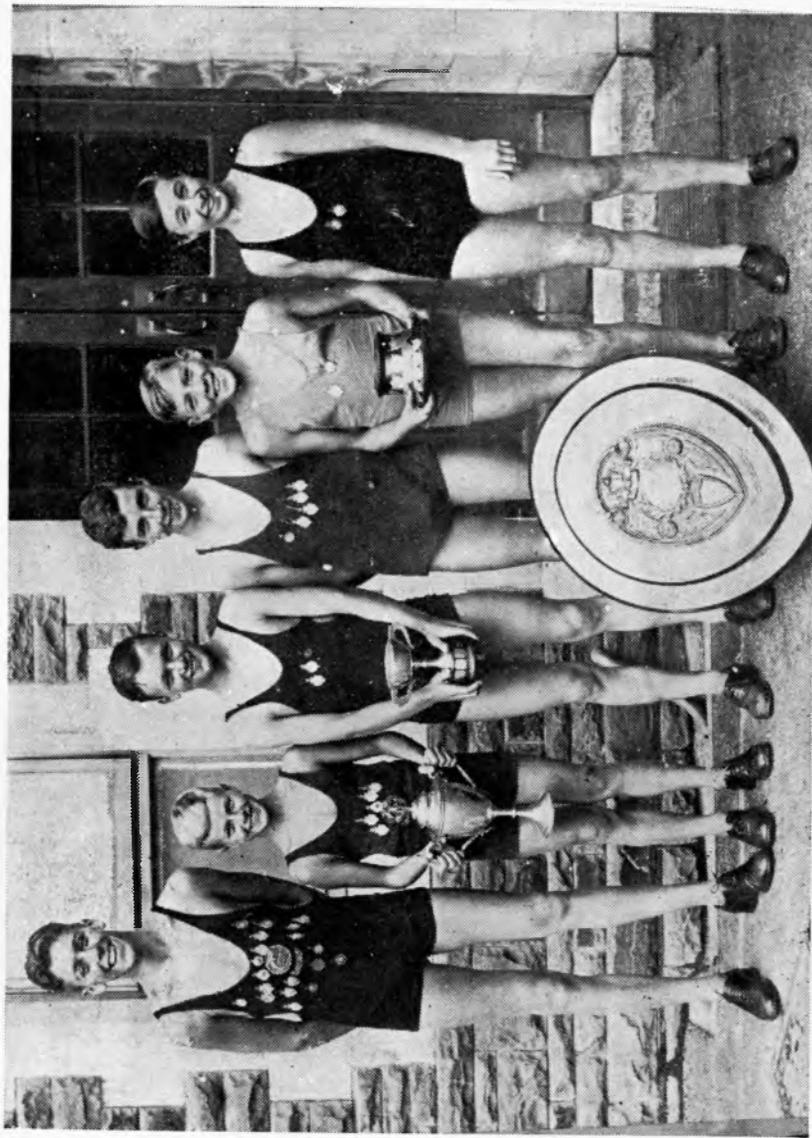
H. J. M. DAVIES, Sec.



SWIMMING CLUB.

At the end of the last Term the School Junior Squadron won the Championship of Wales, and the Sladen Trophy. These four boys (A. Taylor (Capt.), C. Davies, S. Nelmes, T. Francis) have thus won the Welsh and Swansea Junior Squadron Championships. The School sent a squadron to Merthyr to swim for the Secondary School Championship of Wales. The boys (T. Lewis (Capt.), S. Nelmes, C. Davies, W. Price) swam well and were second in the race. This year the School had only one entrant for the Swansea S.C. Mile, T. Lewis, who came seventh. He was also second in the 150 yards Junior Championship of Swansea. We should like to thank Mr. Yates and Mr. Tyssul Jones for taking the Squadron to Merthyr by motor car.

T. LEWIS.



JUNIOR AND SENIOR SWIMMING SQUADRONS.

(Left to Right) T. Lewis. A. Taylor. S. Nelms. C. Davies. T. Francis. W. Price.

JUNIOR SOCCER.



At the end of the first half of this season, it can well be said that the School team has been fairly successful, since they have won three matches out of a possible six. The first match against Oystermouth was drawn, the score being 2—2. Then came a defeat by Brynmill when we were beaten 2—0. We brought off a surprise victory in our next game by defeating Cwm, 2—1. After this match the School showed an improvement and we surprisingly defeated Danygraig, who were then top of the League, and had an unbeaten record. We then beat St. David's 3—0. In our next match, we suffered a set-back in being defeated 3—1 by Llansamlet. The top scorer is H. Ridd, Centre Forward, who scored five goals.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Agst.
6	3	2	1	10	9

Congratulations to Graham Davies IVB, on being elected Captain, and also on gaining a regular place as Goal-keeper in the Town Team.

G. DAVIES, Sec.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

At this Term's first meeting of the Scientific Society, the following officials were elected for the forthcoming year :— J. H. Williams—Chairman, K. M. Jones—Secretary, and W. Standish and Drew—members of the Committee. It was also agreed that one of the Science Masters should be asked to deliver a lecture at the next meeting, which was subsequently held on November 27th, Mr. D. I. Williams giving a very interesting and instructive talk on "The World of Sound." At the end of the session, the Chairman, J. H. Williams, called upon W. K. Jenkins to propose a vote of thanks, which was seconded by T. B. Barry.

K. M. JONES, Sec.

THE SCHOOL IN SONG AND DANCE.

- P. J. Dxxlxly—"A little dash of Dublin."
 J. Mxgoxn—"South American Joe."
 C. Mxtchxll—"You're the top."
 L. R. Frxst—"Say it with music."
 E. E. Hxllmxn—"He's the Drummer-man, in the band."
 From the cloakroom windows—"How love was born."
 G. A. Evxns—"Singing a happy song"
 D. Jxnkxns—"Little tiny finger-prints."
 A. G. Thxmxs—"Mamma! I long for a sweetheart."
 Trigonometry—"A thick thick fog in the 4th Year."
 C. Vxndxrpxmp—"Lovely to look at."
 K. C. Jxnkxns—"Curly Head."
 Homework—"All through the night."
 History Tests—"Without a word of warning."
 Swotting—"Night and Day."
 Canteen—"In a little gypsy tea-room."
 History Homework—"Haunting Me."
 Between Lessons—"Whispering."
 C.W.B.—"Soon, maybe not to-morrow, but soon."
 C.W.B. Results—"I was lucky."
 To Monitor in Canteen—"Dinner for one, please, George."
 French Oral—"The words are in my heart."
 School Orchestra—"What a perfect combination."
 Boys "kept down"—"Everything's been done before."
 Homework in the Library—"You can't do that there 'ere."

LIFE-SAVING.

Once again all the entrants for the awards of the Royal Life Saving Society successfully passed their tests in the rescue and resuscitation of the apparently drowned.

We offer our congratulations to the following: Bronze Medallion—T. Barry, C. Davies, K. Fox, R. Hodges, J. Jones, S. Nelmes, W. Price, A. C. Taylor, K. Way. Intermediate Certificate—T. Francis.

The examination was conducted this year by Miss D. Chapman and Prof. D. Coates.

T.E.B.

THIS ELECTION BUSINESS!!

Simpson had always made a point of cultivating the amenities and not the asperities of life and had therefore never displayed more than a passing interest in the eternal war of party politics. It must not however be assumed that he was absolutely uninformed in such matters. His pride or his conscience—he was not quite certain which—would never have allowed such a thing, for if there is one thing more than another that an Englishman hates, it is to be thought a fool. Thus, while Simpson could not have exactly filled a book with what he knew about politicians and their ways, yet on the other hand, neither could the full extent of his knowledge have been conveniently displayed on the back of the proverbial postage stamp. He was just the type of nondescript voter who gives his vote to the man who makes the biggest promises and whose appearance reveals the greatest possibility of them being fulfilled.

Such was the state of affairs, when in the year of grace 19—, the Government thinking that it had done enough mischief for the time being, dissolved itself and decided to appeal to the electorate for a new lease of life. This announcement gave our hero much food for thought, but before he had had time to digest or even swallow it, the first match was set to the election fireworks display by the publication of the Government's proposed election programme. It was an extremely drastic one, which promised among other things, to "sack" the navy, to impose a tax of a shilling per head on imported Fascists, and to make the skies safe for little children. That fairly started the ball rolling, and before long the whole country was being subjected to a heavy bombardment in the way of gaudy hand-bills pasted up any and everywhere, violent speeches on the wireless, "mudslinging" in the local press, and heated and acrimonious discussions with the man in the bus who knew all about the war in Honolulu. Simpson was getting the thrill of his lifetime out of it, and his cup of joy was full when one bright morning he met the Rt. Hon. ———, one of the hopeful candidates for the division of ———. "He ought to look fine in the House of Commons," thought Simpson absent-mindedly as in a daze he shook hands with the great man, and he was quite right, for even if the man in question didn't happen to possess any of the subtle qualities of the politician, he at least looked the part. "Can I give you a lift anywhere?" enquired the potential M.P., in a patronising manner.

"Thanks awfully," gurgled Simpson (whose basin was also pretty full by this time) "If you're going anywhere near Park Terrace ———."

The glistening limousine glided away, and presently arrived at the Simpson home-stead, bringing home the master in a fashion that made the neighbours sit up and stare. Moreover, the wonderful incident did not end there, for our worthy politician (whom Simpson began to suspect was a philanthropist in disguise), even condescended to "go inside" kiss the children all round, and — would you believe it?— to regale himself with a cup of tea and biscuits. Never had such an honour been conferred upon the Simpson family, and after the great man had gone, for a long while father Simpson stood with his back to the fire, intermittently chuckling to himself and saying to his wife, "Yes mother, that's the man we want to vote for."

A week later, Simpson's hero was returned at the head of the poll, but his (i.e. Simpson's) joy at the happy event was shortlived, for on the following day he met the Rt. Hon. ———, now M.P. for ———, again. This time however, there were no courteous handshakes, or charming smiles, for the great man, his object now achieved, passed on without even a cursory glance, with his head erect and his eyes gazing stonily in front of him. Alas! poor Simpson, half in anger, half in mortification, tramped home with a heavy heart, ruminating on the "cussedness" of things in general and politicians in particular. "And to think" he muttered to himself, "That I helped to send that fellow to Westminster. Bah! what a life !!!"

"Nix." U VI

LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.

The officials elected at the end of last Term were:—Chairman—Mr. S. C. Hopkins, Secretary—J. D. Matthews, Committee—F. T. Secombe, H. G. Davies, R. Snipper.

A meeting was held at the beginning of the Term, when a discussion took place on "Whether we should be better off without the League." The Secretary of our Branch read a paper to an appreciative audience.

For next Term we hope to have an imposing programme of well-known speakers.

J. DILLWYN MATTHEWS.

THE METAL-WORKING CLUB.

At the Annual meeting held at the beginning of the term. officers were elected for the year. These were, J. George, Secretary ; R. Morgan, Treasurer ; and D. Vagg, Librarian.

A number of changes have been made, the most important of which is the introduction of popular lectures into the clubs curriculum. Three of our members have given lectures on various subjects. D. Vagg read a paper on "The G.W.R. Centenary," and J. George one on "Electricity." N. Hemmings, later in the term, lectured on "Aeroplanes." These three lectures were extremely interesting and instructive.

The practical work has not been neglected, although our practical meetings have not been many, owing to lectures and holidays. All models are now being made with a competition in view, at the end of next term.

The subscription remains the same and the Club is open to all who take metalwork as a school subject from the third forms upward.

J. George, Sec.

DO YOU KNOW ?

That the C.W.B. has "a name to all succeeding ages curst."

That there is a strong Communist party in the VIth.

Who trains the Senior boys to sing hymns.

Why the Prefects are not wearing badges this Term.

That this year's 2c has a fine collection of budding poets.

That the VIth ARE capable of appreciating "straight" music.

Whom the conductor of the School Orchestra was winking at during the playing of "Mazurka" at the "Elysium" concert.

Who is responsible for the festive appearance of Upper VIth's study.

Why the 2nd Rugby XV have only lost one match this Term.

Who keeps on breaking the clock in the gym.

Which of the 'Late-door Prefects' is the hardest to diddle.

Who has ever come to School on two successive mornings without his History Homework.

Who wants to know all these things,

"CURIOUS."

PREFECTS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

- E. X. Hxllmxn—" He, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour." *Byron.*
- H. W. Mxrgxn—" Great wits are sure to madness near allied
And thin partitions do their bounds divide." *Dryden.*
- P. J. Dxxlxy—" Why so pale and wan fond lover?
Prythee, why so pale." *Suckling.*
- J. D. Mxtxhxws—" Oh England is a pleasant place for them
that's rich and high
But England is a cruel place for such poor folk as I."
Kingsley.
- T. Bxrry—" A voys he hadde as small as hath a goot;
No berd hadde he, ne never sholdē have." *Chaucer.*
- B. X'CXnnxll—"A fellow of plain uncoined constancy."
Shakespeare.
- K. Jxnxs—" I sit me down a pensive hour to spend."
Goldsmith.
- J. Mxgxxn—" With hues of genius on his cheek
In finest tones the Youth could speak." *Wordsworth.*
- G. X. Evxns—" Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind." *Tennyson.*
- L. R. Frxst—" Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face." *Wordsworth.*
- F. T. Sxcxmbx—" Frank nature, rather curious than in haste
hath well composed thee." *Shakespeare.*
- N. S. Wxbbxr—" He seem'd a gracious lad,
In grief submissive, and with patience sad." *Crabbe.*
- J. H. Wxllxxms—" Immeasurable strength they might behold
In me; of wisdom nothing more than mean." *Milton.*
- Detention Prefect—" Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to
redress, Swift of despatch and easy of access." *Dryden.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

BRICKS! BRICKS!! BRICKS!!!

Dear Sirs,

As a regular reader of your Magazine for the last five years, I think it now my privilege to make a few pointed remarks about the same. The chief fault I have to find is that all the articles are pretty hopeless, some being quite unreadable. I would like to know how much longer we have to put up with the idiotic fatuousness of "Nix" and the sanctimonious blurb (where have we heard one before?—Eds.), of "Montanus." I would as soon start reading Gibbons' "Decline and Fall" as tackling the School Notes, while the results of the C.W.B. and the reports of the Societies and Clubs are equally as boring. Something will have to be done about this in the near future, or soon the Editorial will be becoming one of the "High Spots" of your decidedly prosaic publication.

"Critical."

(There ARE answers to all these "wise-cracks," but at present we are too busy to think them out. In the meantime, we would politely advise our correspondent to go and suck eggs.—Eds.).

THE "FIRST YEAR'S."

Dear Sirs,

I should be glad if you would please devote a little of your space to the consideration of those egregiously kickable young gentlemen, namely the unspeakable "first years."

I remember I once had an appointment with an unknown specimen at High Street Station. His mother described him as being shy and retiring; his father was not so complimentary. "You'll know him by his chipped knees" he said. "He'll probably be trying to uncouple an engine or coaxing chocolate out of a slot-machine with a jack-knife. Perhaps it would be wiser if you stunned him first, and brought him along in a barrow."

That both these descriptions were slightly libellous is beside the point, but I urgently appeal to you to do something to curb the "wild-headedness" of these youngsters. Otherwise no-one can be responsible for any revolutions or explosions that may occur in the future.

"Anxious."

(We would remind "Anxious" that we have no pretensions to being wild-animal trainers.—Eds.).

To "Anti-Slavery."—Attacks on Masters cannot be published unless the full name of the writer is affixed.

THE METAL-WORK SHOP.

Dear Sirs,

I would like to relate an amusing experience that I had last week.

Hearing rather more noise than usual emanating from the precincts of the Metal-work Shop, I decided to investigate. On opening the door, a strange sight met my eyes. On the floor lay the shards of a kettle, and all around were cog-wheels and cranks and spindles, and gallons and gallons of grease.

"Is it munitions or a jigsaw puzzle?" I asked of the figure standing in the midst of the debris. For answer, the unfortunate wretch pointed to the corner of the room, where stood the dishevelled skeleton of an electric drill. "She wasn't running very well" he explained, "so I thought I'd take her to bits to give her a clean up, but somehow I've got the wheels sort of mixed." Being always ready to help a lame dog, I soon got busy with a spanner, tightening and loosening things, and getting well plastered with grease and spare-parts. After about a quarter of an hour's herculean toil, everything seemed all right, but still the thing wouldn't work. I had just decided to take it to pieces again and prod it with a hairpin, when there were big footsteps in the corridor outside. That was the end of me; I discreetly disappeared.

"Amused."

A DAY'S LISTENING-IN.

Switching on at 10.30 we hear the Weather Forecast for Farmers and Shipping. What flabbergasting weather to dangle in front of poor farmers and unsuspecting shipping! Ah! back to National—gramophone records. From the enormous library to choose from we get seven movements of Scmaltz's Typhonic Symphony. We switch off after the first four hundred discords but come back only to hear Harry Fox playing "Red Sails in the Sunset." After dinner we hear the schools revelling in the "Demetallizing of Peruvian Stalactites" by Professor O. U. Nastiman, R.S.V.P., C.O.D. We then take a walk returning in time to hear Harry Corridor directing the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra playing "Red Sails in the Sunset."

Afterwards—something good—a splendid performance of the Time Signal followed by the News and the good old Foundations of Music. Now for a harpsichord recital at 7.30. Variety at 8.30 is rather late starting owing to it not being considered good taste to interfere with a harpsichordist. He overruns his time but is not faded out. I sit back—a

lady without any material of her own gives an impression of a lady mimicking another lady singing "Red Sails—." This song is also touched upon by three ladies singing in close harmony. Eventually there sounds the cheery voice of the comedian. But right in the middle of a subtle joke he begins to sound as if he is swooning at the mike. Anyway he's gone and there is nothing to be done but wait until the "Daily —" comes tomorrow and read the B.B.C's apology. We settle down to the S.O.S's and Second News, and listen to an unrehearsed debate by two silk-worm breeders on "The Effect of Socialism on Destitute School Teachers." Then at ten o'clock some festive Chamber Music followed by a gramophone record of Nat Goneoutertune playing "Red Sails in the Sunset," and finally Dance Music till midnight by John Johnson and his Cold Four, who moan and shriek for the remainder of the night. Thus ends a delightful day spent at "listening-in."

RADIO-CRITIC, L.VI.

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.

Friday, 13th, 1985.

"Calling all forms! Calling all forms!" The sepulchral voice of the headmaster of "Le Collège Dynevor de Luxe," boomed forth from the stream-lined loudspeakers installed in each room. Some of the Sixth Form men in their recreation room, put down their billiard cues and idly made themselves comfortable in their Berkelies, whilst others taking part in an impromptu dance with members of fair sex, kindly borrowed from next door, with the music supplied by Hotcha Harry and his Eight Hot Ha'pennies, also resumed their divans. Each stifled a yawn and adjusted his old school tie, muttering, "What's the jolly old botha now, I wonda?" The reverberating voice of Dr. Tannem re-echoed in the room "I am sorry to disturb you boys, but I have a slight complaint to make. Some misguided youth has backed his limousine through my study window and I am unable to continue my work for to-day. Will the boy, owning car No. XYZ 9999 kindly come and drive his property to the proper parking-place. Whilst I am speaking to you, I should like to point out that no boy is allowed to land his aeroplane in the school quadrangle without giving a warning toot on his siren, and boys who persist in flying to Spain in the dinner-hour, to "make dates" for the same evening, will be severely dealt with.

The trip to Mars by aerial torpedo, which was supposed to take place next Saturday, has been cancelled owing to weather

conditions. The Ice Hockey First Team will play at home on Saturday in the Dynevor Stadium, and I must again point out that the American Bar is accessible only to Seniors. Old timers in the Upper Vth will be admitted half-price on production of birth certificates dated before 1900. The debate upon the subject "That the Modern Schoolboy is Pampered" will take place in the tuck-shop this evening from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. Refreshments will be served from 4 p.m. until 5.55 p.m. Boys carrying "gats" or broken bottles will not be admitted. Any boy voting for the motion will be publicly expelled, so a good debate is promised. This afternoon, the School will be entertained by a recital of modern music by Larry Loy and his Band, and "My Vest" will croon. That's all for the present, dear pupils. Au Revoir!"

"And how!" exclaimed Algernon de Montmorency, the school captain to his fellow prefects. Then, lifting up the speaking-tube connected to the restaurant on the ground floor, he drawled into it "Four whiskies and sodas, please."

E. E. H. UPPER VIth ARTS.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Society early in the Term, the following Committee was elected :—E. E. Hillman, J. D. Matthews, F. T. Secombe, L. R. Frost, J. Magoon, and H. J. Davies. D. M. Vagg was chosen as Secretary and Mr. Rees as Chairman.

The first meeting took the form of a Mock Election, when an audience of more than 200 listened, with mixed opinions, to the speakers. The various parties were represented by F. T. Secombe, Cynfyn Jones, J. Magoon, Glan James, and D. M. Vagg. All the candidates spoke well, and Cynfyn Jones gained the highest vote, with a vigorous speech. D. M. Vagg was second and Glan James third.

At the second meeting, E. E. Hillman proposed that "The Modern Schoolboy is Pampered." H. J. Davies opposed with a speech that was well received. Gerallt Evans seconded the motion, whilst the opposition was seconded by C. L. Vanderpump. A witty and humorous debate was won by the opposition.

Arrangements have been made for a debate with Gowerton County School at the end of this Term. The subject is "Industrial Competition Retards Human Progress."

It is hoped that next Term the Society will prove as popular as it has been in the past and will continue to appeal to the majority of the School.

D. M. VAGG, Secretary.

