

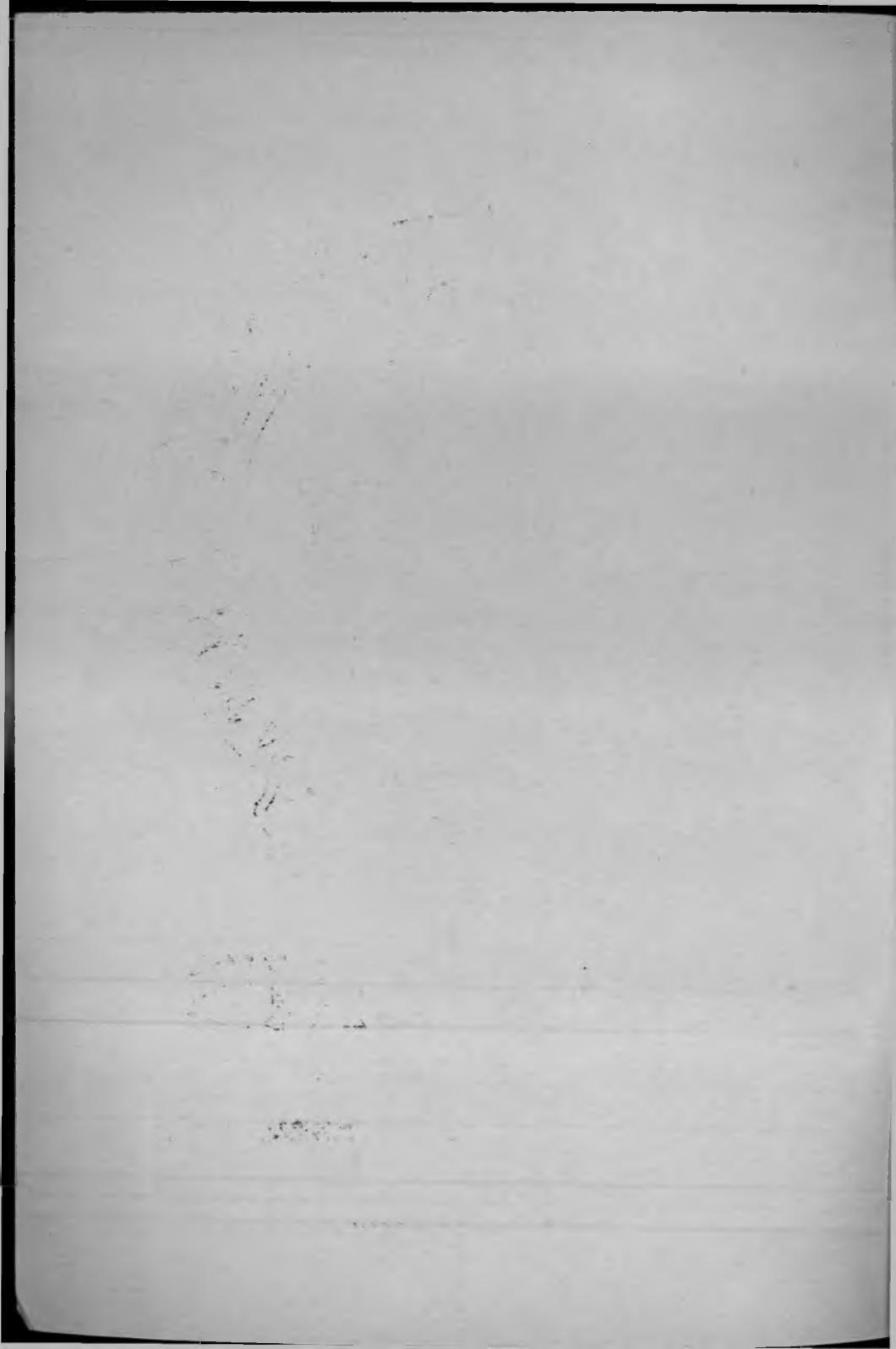


MAGAZINE

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Dynevor Secondary School Magazine.

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Editor : Peter Macpherson.

Sub-Editor : R. T. Llewellyn.

EDITORIAL.

Once again, we have triumphed over the numerous difficulties to be encountered in the publication of the Magazine. We had hoped to have published this edition at the end of last term, but, for various considerations, not the least of which was the belated rush of contributions after the examination fever had dissipated somewhat, this was found to be impossible. It will be noted that we include, for the first time in our pages an advertisement. This is to help out the financial position, but the Editors sincerely hope that any depletion in the School Fund will not be noticed until they are well out of the way.

Here, then, is the latest edition of your School Magazine. If you have any adverse criticism to level at the heads of the Editors, we will gladly accept it, on condition that it is constructive and that it is accompanied by your contribution for the next Magazine.

SCHOOL NOTES

At the end of the Easter Term, the School lost the services of Mr. Islwyn Williams, the Senior Physics master, who went to take up his post as Headmaster of Llandovery Grammar School. On behalf of the School, we extend to him our congratulations on securing this post, and wish him all good fortune for the future. In his place, we welcomed Mr. Derek John at the beginning of the Summer Term.

The Annual School Trip to Stratford, which now seems to have become a permanent feature of Dynevor's outside activities, was undertaken in May of this year. The play seen at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre on this occasion was "Richard II," and the boys witnessed the usual polished performance which is such a feature of the Theatre. The party also paid a visit to Guy's Motor Works at Wolverhampton.

Once again, we had a visit from Squadron-Leader Gregory, R.A.F., who gave an interesting lecture to the Sixths on the Air Force as a career. In April also, a Swansea Police Sergeant gave a series of lectures to various forms on Road Safety. Towards the end of the year, Mr. Cutler from the Youth Employment Bureau kindly came along and delivered some very sound advice to the Fifth and Sixth Forms on the choosing of a career.

Towards the end of the Easter Term, the School took on a rather international complexion. In connection with the World Forum of Youth held in Swansea on March 21st, we welcomed two of the Forum Members, Franco Dupré of Italy and Ian Cruickshank, from Australia, who spent a very pleasant fortnight with us. The Forum took the form of a speech by Principal J. S. Fulton of Swansea University on "Our Way to Peace," followed by a Brains Trust, in which six representatives of various countries took part. The latter part of the Forum was by far the most interesting, and, incidentally the most lively part, especially in regard to the last question. This sought the opinion of the Trust as to whether the World should be subjected to a Federal type of government, and here the audience witnessed a great battle of words between the Canadian and Australian representatives. In the last few weeks of term, also, the School was "occupied" by a number of German boys, members of a party which stayed in Swansea for six weeks.

On March 1st, the School Eisteddfod was held after a lapse of some years. Competitions, which were held on a "house" basis, were keen and varied, and a high standard was reached by competitors. Vocalists, instrumentalists and elocutionists vied with each other to win points for their houses, and in the end there was very little between each house. Competitions in the various languages brought forward many good pupils, and the House Quiz provided a most interesting competition. We are grateful to Mr. J. W. Barlow, Mr. Steele Thomas and M. Le Tallec, who acted as visiting adjudicators, and offer our congratulations to Dillwyn on being champion house.

The whole school was deeply shocked near the end of the Summer Term by the tragic death in a cycling accident of one of its most promising pupils, Michael James, of 4a. The event was made all the more sorrowful by the fact that Michael had been with us but two terms, having come to Swansea from Australia last December. The Headmaster had predicted a brilliant future for Michael. At the funeral, the School was represented by the School Captain, R. J. B. Bowen, and five Prefects, W. G. Davies, B. Darby, G. Richards, P. Macpherson and R. T. Llewellyn, who acted as bearers.

On behalf of the School, we should like to express our deep sorrow to Mr. and Mrs. James in their sad bereavement.

We must here tender our heartiest congratulations to Edwin Jones, U.VI. Arts, and Gwyn Jenkins, U.VI. Sc., who have been awarded State Scholarships on the results of examinations for which they entered earlier this year.

The former boy was awarded a Lloyds Bank Scholarship, tenable at Swansea University, while Jenkins gained a Swansea University Scholarship.

We also offer our congratulations to Gerald Macpherson, of R.B., on his selection as a 'cellist to play in the National Youth Orchestra of Wales this year at Bangor.

On July 18th, in scorching heat, the Annual School Sports was held at St. Helen's Ground. Once again, Roberts carried off all the honours and ran out worthy winners over Grove. A. Roberts, 5a, ran well for the winning house, winning the Senior Mile and Half-Mile, as well as several other events, in fine style. The final placings were as follows: Roberts: 118 points, Grove: 102, Llewellyn: 70, Dillwyn: 50.

At the end of last term, a cricket Match was played against the Old Boys at the School Field.

This was the first time such a fixture had been played since the war ended, but such was its success that the feeling was

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unanimous that it should be continued. The School batted first, and after a shaky start, an excellent stand of 48 between K. Walters (14) and K. Edwards (50 not out) retrieved the position. Protheroe also contributed a useful 14, enabling the School to score 95 for 7 wickets, before their time was exhausted. For the Old Boys, Farmer took 2-12, and R. H. Longhurst, the Swansea 1st XI player, 2-19.

When the Old Boys batted, however, they lost wickets steadily except for a stand of 21 between Walsh and Lockett, as a result of the fine bowling of Corney (3-7) and K. Davies (3-19). Gwynn batted well for his 18, but the Old Dy'vorians' innings closed with the score at 75, when they still needed 21 runs to win.

For several weeks during the latter part of the Summer Term, the equanimity of the School was disturbed by "knots" of boys running round dressed up as traffic-lights, Keep Left signs, together with "Roman" soldiers operating pneumatic drills, and various other surprising creations. Readers will have guessed by now that all this was in preparation for Dynevor's part in the "Chronicle of Swansea" Pageant held at the Brangwyn Hall in July as part of the Festival of Britain Celebrations. Our boys were given the task of representing the modern end of the Pageant, which was entitled "From Roman Road to Roundabout," and that they carried out that task extremely well was mentioned in the local press.

A visit was paid from July 9th-13th, by a party of pupils, accompanied by Mr. Griffiths and Monsieur Le Tallec, to the Festival of Britain. The party spent an enjoyable, as well as extremely busy, week in the capital city, as will be seen from the account of the venture which is to be found elsewhere in this publication. Finally, we must thank Mr. J. M. Davies for his sterling work in connection with the numerous trips to local factories and organisations which were paid by various members of the Fifth and Sixth Forms in the last few weeks of last term. Two visits were paid to the Swansea Vale Spelter Works, four to the Amalgamated Dental Engineering Company's premises on the Fforestfach Trading Estate, and two to the Duffryn Steel and Tinsplate Works, at the last of which ice-cream was provided all-round for the perspiring pupils. A visit was also paid to the National Folk Museum at St. Fagan's, and to the National Museum of Wales at Cardiff, where the party was conducted round by Miss Alice Williams. Members of the school also went on tours of the Docks and to the Royal Institution.

In conclusion, in a lighter vein, we have been asked to publish the following questions by a certain disillusioned French Master, whose desire to remain in blissful anonymity we almost hesitate to comply with. Who was the august member of the Upper Sixth Arts who suggested that a "chef d'œuvre" was a foreman, "hors d'œuvre" meant "out of work," and that a "trait d'union" was a body formed for protecting the workers' interests? We will be glad to publish any bright (?) answers in the next edition.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Editors would like to acknowledge receipt of the following Magazines: Swansea Grammar School, The High School, Glanmor, "Dawn," "Wayfarer," Stratford Grammar School and the Magazine of the Ystradgynlais Grammar School. We should also like to acknowledge the loan of the photograph of the Cricket XI by R. Hyman, 5a.

CAN YR ALLTUD.

(Cyfaddasiad o 'Ma Normandie')

Pan ddeffry aniam obaith ynom,
 Y gaeaf du a'n gedy ni;
 Dan wybren las fy Ngwalia annwyl,
 Yr haul a ddaw i wenu fry:
 Pan ddaw yn ôl gwyrdd-lesni'r ddôl
 A'r wennol hoff i'w dewis fro,
 Mi garaf weld fy Ngwalia annwyl
 Cans ynddi gyntaf gwelais olau dydd.
 A dolydd gwyrdd y Swisdir welais
 A'i hannedd coed a'i llif o iâ,
 Mi welais wybren las yr Eidal
 A gondolwr ei Fenis braf,
 Pob gwlad wrth gyfarch yn ei thro
 Mi ddwedais wrthyf f'hun a'm bro;
 'Does un wlad well na'm hannwyl Walia
 Cans ynddi gyntaf gwelais olau dydd.
 Rhyw awr a ddaw i gwrdd â phob dyn
 Pan ddél ei freuddwyd bêr i ben,
 Ei enaid tawel ddaw i orffwys
 I alw nôl atgothion hen,
 Mae'r awen weithian wedi oeri,
 Ni cheir fyth mwy ei cherddi rhin;
 Mi af yn ôl i Walia annwyl
 Cans ynddi gyntaf gwelais olau dydd.

DECHRAU'R DYDD.

Cwrs yw hi yn y bore, fel rheol, i gyrraedd yr iard mewn pryd. Ac wrth fyned trwy'r glwyd fawr gwelir tri neu bedwar prefect yn dal y pilar i fyny ac yn barod i groesawu a derbyn enw rhyw grwt bach a ddigwydd bod yn hwyr. A dyna lle'r ydym yn yr iard fel haid fawr o ddefaid yn brefu ac yn gwau trwy' i gilydd, yn aros i fugail i'n gyrru yn drefnus oddiyno.

Ac oddiyno i'r capel. Ond rhaid croesi strip bach o dir noeth, fel rhyw "no man's land" cyn cyrraedd yno. Rhyw gonia bach yw hwn heb na gwal, na pherth, na rheilins rhyng-ddo a'r byd mawr tuallan. Weithiau, wrth groesi'r ffin hwn rhwng trwst byddarol yr iard a thawelwch mwyn y capel, bydd fforddolion yn aros i syllu arnom. Dyna un a golwg lled drist arno. Tybed a ydyw'n teimlo'n ffin amdanom yn gaeth fel hyn rhwng muriau uchel ddydd ar ôl dydd? Efallai na chafodd fawr hwyl ar y bywyd hwn yn ei ddydd. Pwy wyr?

Un arall wedyn â golwg hiraethus arno. Tybed a fynnai ef ei amser yn ôl, ymuno â ni. Ond does gennyf fawr olwg ar yr un sy'n edrych mor feirniadol arnom. Ofnaf hwn, Ai ef syn gofidio mai ni yw'r plant gwaethaf a fu mewn byd erioed? Ond gadawn hwynt, ac i mewn â ni i'r capel yn union i'n seddau, gan adael swm y byd i groesawu swm arall. Yn ddistaw bach i ddechrau, daw rhyw gryndod dros y lle i gyd swm yr organ fawr yn dechrau arllwys eu nodau dwfn. Mor hyfryd yw ei olwg o gefn y capel gyda'i rhesi o bibau lliwgar mawr a bach. A'r swm a ddaw ohono! Mor amrywiol ydyw Weithiau fel cyffro dail gan awel ysgafu ar noson o haf, bryd arall, fel tonnau môr cynddeiriog yn torri ar y lan.

Beth fydd yr emyn y bore yma, tybed? Pa wahaniaeth? Dim o gwbl-ond i mi. Os caf dôn gyfarwydd canaf hi gyda hwyl a blas rhyfeddol gan foddi bechgyn cyfagos. Ac wedi cael rhyddhad fel hyn dyna deimlad hyfryd yw eistedd i lawr.

Eistedd i ddilyn y gwasanaeth neu i adael i'r meddwl grwydro. Troi fy llygaid o amgylch a hir syllu, weithiau, ar bethau digon dibwys-fffenestri hirgul y capel yn ymestyn o'r llawr i'r tŷ bron, neu'r galeri wag enfawr uwchben. Llygadu, efallai, un o'r staff a sylwi fel mae ei wallt yn gwynnu, neu mor foel yw pen un arall. Ond gwell rhoi taw arni gan fod y pethau a ddaw i feddwl dyn fel hyn mor niferus ac amrywiol â'r mathau o swm a ddaw i'r glust bob ciliad o'r dydd.

Ac fel hyn mae'r munudau'n llithro, llithro'n llawer rhy gyflym a chaf fy hunan yn ôl yn dditeddwl yn yr ystafell i ail-ddechrau'r dydd.

HIRAETH

(From the Welsh of R. Williams Parry).

There's hiraeth in the sea and distant hill,
 There's hiraeth in tranquility and song,
 In murmuring waters with their ceaseless flow,
 In hours of sunset, and in flames of fire ;
 But sweetest in the wind it makes its plaint,
 And saddest in the sedge it softly pines,
 Gathering echoing chants in swaying reeds,
 And in the heart memories of olden things,
 As, when one hears in twilight dim and long
 The chanticleer's voice by yonder gate
 Stirring song after song in accents clear
 From gardens nigh, till from a dewy hill
 There echoes one, the last, in faint, far tone
 With poignancy of distance in his note.

D. R. J. (VI).

THE STRATFORD TRIP

You may not believe it, dear reader, but when we went on our two day visit to Stratford and Wolverhampton, everyone was in his seat in the coach at the prearranged time, and taking into consideration the fact that the time was seven o'clock in the morning, I think it is a credit to the masters and pupils of Dynevor.

With all the party assembled, the coach started and we began our journey to Stratford.

The first phase of our journey took us over the Brecon Beacons to Brecon where we had breakfast. Having finished our meal, we clambered back into the coach and proceeded on the second stage of the journey, out of the mountains of Wales and through the beautiful countryside of England to Stratford.

Throughout the journey it was an extraordinary thing to note that immediately someone asked for the radio to be put on, the little "choir" of Fifth Formers at the back of the bus would burst forth into song. Incidentally, as our coach drove through the outskirts of Stratford, the "choir"

gave the inhabitants of the ancient town a skilful rendering of the latest song tunes, a selection of Welsh hymns and "Sospan Fach," just to let them know that Dynevor had come.

When we disembarked from the coach at Stratford, we were shepherded through the town by Mr. Cox and Mr. Morris, closely followed by Monsieur Le Tallec, to see the "sights."

One of the places of interest we visited was the house where Shakespeare once lived. This building was demolished by a gentleman who did not admire Shakespeare or his works. (How many boys in school wish they could do something on the same lines?). The only evidence left of the building was its foundations which protruded from the middle of the lawn at the rear of the present building. Incidentally, there was a deep well in the garden which was partly filled with water. At the bottom of it, there glittered various coins thrown in for luck by visitors to the house.

The Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, which is the governing body of the places of interest in Stratford, had opened recently another house. It was the home of Shakespeare's daughter Susanna and her husband Dr. John Hall. This house was very interesting. One upstairs room was devoted to a display of charts and manuscripts, tracing the development of the appreciation shown by the public to Shakespeare and his works.

When these two houses had been visited, we once more boarded our coach and visited Anne Hathaway's Cottage and the home of the Ardens. Both of these cottages are typical of the kind of building erected during the sixteenth century, having thatched roofs, whitewashed stone walls, large fire-places and small latticed windows.

Having finished our tour of the "sights," we set out for the Youth Hostel at Alveston. This was a large converted manor house in which hikers, cyclists and many foreign visitors stayed. The food and accommodation were excellent. Before we left to go to the theatre, each person was given a card on which was written the task he had to perform the following morning.



PREFECTS, 1950-1951.

Back: R. Jenkins, G. Richards, G. Grainger, E. S. Jones,
Centre: B. W. Darby, R. T. Llewellyn, W. G. Davies, G. D. L. Morris, V. H. M. Matthews, W. Connick,
 Mr. G. Powell.

Front: P. H. Macpherson, R. J. B. Bowen Mr. W. R. Thomas G. Dixon G. Jenkins.
 (Head Prefect) (Headmaster) (Vice-Capt.)

It was a strange thing that, while we stayed at the hostel, Mr. Morris insisted that everyone should call him Mr. Bennett; I wonder why? Had he been there before and failed to do his washing-up the next morning? I wonder.

The play we had booked to see at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre was Richard II, and it commenced at 7.30, so we set out from the hostel at about 7.0.

The play was a masterpiece of production and acting. Michael Redgrave, who took the lead as King Richard, gave a scintillating performance, and I believe everyone enjoyed the play in spite of the excessive heat. This very heat gave us a good excuse to go out on the balcony during the interval. Here, the cool evening air blew across the river, which reflected the numerous lights of the town. From the balcony one could see the fairy-lights which were draped around the trees on either side of the avenue below. The play over, we returned to the hostel, eager for supper and bed after a tiring day.

The next morning we hurriedly ate our breakfast and performed our various tasks. Our objective that day was Guy's Motor Works at Wolverhampton. On the way there we stopped to visit Kenilworth Castle and Stoneleigh Abbey. The latter was an old abbey with various pieces added on during different architectural periods. The interior was very fine, the ceilings and walls moulded in plaster and the delicate carving on the wooden panels were very beautiful. Our guide told us that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert had stayed there once.

Continuing our journey, we passed through Birmingham and arrived at Wolverhampton a trifle later than arranged. Although Birmingham and Wolverhampton are many miles apart, one cannot distinguish where one ends and the other begins, because of the number of houses strung along the sides of the road.

At Guy's we split up into three parties and were shown around the factory. We saw the making of a lorry from the first bolt to the finished article. The overwhelming noise which prevailed throughout the workshops, especially the engine-testing shed, was so bad that our guide had to shout to us even though we stood beside him. After making our tour of the various workshops, we went to the factory canteen, where we fortified ourselves for the ordeal of the

long trip home by drinking tea and eating some biscuits. Unlike last year's trip, when a visit was paid to Cadbury's Chocolate Factory, we were not allowed to bring home any samples of the product. After thanking our guides and the staff of the canteen we left the premises and boarded our coach.

As we travelled home stopping for a meal at Gloucester, we were well entertained by the "choir." The whole journey was uneventful, except perhaps for one occasion when Mr. Cox had to hunt the streets of Cardiff for some of the boys who had gone in search of "a chipped potato establishment."

Michael Williams, VC.

THE SHOT IN THE NIGHT

(Translated and abridged from the German of
Ludwig Ganghofer)

My father's house, the forester's lodge, was only a stone's throw from the edge of the forest. I have often torn my clothes on these jagged trees and for this I have received many sound thrashings. When I returned from the forest, tightly clutching a young crow or cuckoo, my mother's eyes used to scrutinise the elbow of my jacket and the knees and seat of my "unmentionables." I was in a sorry plight if the pointed branches of the pine trees had torn my clothes, for my father's whip was always near at hand.

I have never been afraid of those trees and I think of them now with grateful remembrance. When the spring breeze rustled in the tree-tops over the reedy ponds, when the cooing of the wood-pigeons sounded from the beech trees at eventime, when the slender brown fawn crept down to the stream for water at twilight, then the blossoms of my youthful imagination flowed profusely, just as mushrooms appear in the wood after a rainy night.

What a merry, noisy hunting-life surrounded me in the lodge. Hunting implements lay everywhere and there were dogs galore. In the evening, the hunters sat in the living room, their glasses of beer in front of them, smoking their pipes contentedly, and told hunting yarns, both true and exaggerated. No wonder I became so fond of hunting in this environment. It was with great delight that I went,

as a beater, on the fox hunt. At the age of sixteen I received a hunting licence and a rifle. I could now go out with the hunters, but my infertile imagination found itself hard pressed to produce any thrilling hunting yarns.

The following summer a strange adventure happened to me. It was in the middle of August. A heavy shower had soaked the forest, but at ten o'clock, the sun was beginning to shine again. Conditions for hunting were ideal, so I set out after having a light meal. My feet sank noiselessly into the mossy ground as I entered the forest. Water dripped incessantly from the trees; gnats flew around in a mad frenzy; ants crawled slowly across the wet clay and the birds came out of hiding to sing again. I crept silently along the path, from which vapour was eerily rising when, suddenly, at twenty paces I saw a buck. I raised my rifle, took aim and fired. The buck sprang into a thicket unharmed. Intensely annoyed, I took up the pursuit, but my luck had completely deserted me and at about four o'clock I reached the edge of the forest. In the valley beneath me I saw an inn, from which came the sound of laughter and of falling skittles. I had often bought a jug of beer at this inn, so I decided to visit it now. Perhaps my luck would change and I might shoot something on the return journey home.

At the inn I met two parsons, a forester, a doctor and the village schoolteacher, the last three being ardent hunting men. While we were playing skittles, our conversation naturally turned to hunting, so that I became engrossed in the tales and forgot the time. It was nine o'clock when the two parsons departed and I was just leaving when the forester persuaded me to wait until the moon had risen above the black trees.

Now we hunters were on our own, and one tale followed another. "Poacher Jim" was talked about; he was a weird fellow from a neighbouring village, who had done much damage in the game-preserve with his poaching. One of his nocturnal excursions had proved disastrous for he had returned home one night with a bullet in his arm as his sole reward. My friends enlarged on this frightening topic and my hair almost stood on end at these ghastly tales.

At eleven o'clock the moon had risen high above the trees and this cheered me somewhat as I made my way home. As I stepped along the narrow path between the trees, I thought about these terrible tales in which a quick

shot meant life or death, and involuntarily tightened my finger on the trigger of my rifle. My footsteps were muffled because of the sponge-like moss and not a breath of wind stirred the branches. I was ashamed of myself, but no amount of shame could relieve my uneasiness. Soon I thought I heard a footstep behind me; then the echo of a distant shot; then I thought I saw the glint of a rifle-barrel in the moonlight. What should I do if I met a poacher . . . ? I went on, holding my rifle tightly and felt relieved as the path became wider and lighter. Alongside the last fifty yards of the path there was a deep dry ditch. As I came under the shadow of the last tree in the forest, I suddenly saw a long lean fellow with a soot-blackened face, and his rifle was levelled against my chest.

I raised my rifle to my shoulder, fired, heard the dull report and leapt into the ditch at the side of the path. I ran along the ditch rapidly and reached my house in a few minutes.

My father was disturbed by my startled appearance, but I could not answer him for several minutes because I was entirely out of breath. When I told him that I had shot someone, he said, in an appeasing tone, that we would go early in the morning to look for the body. As I lay in bed, a voice in my conscience cried "Murder! Murder!" I heard the groans of parents lamenting the death of their only son. I heard children weeping for their dead father.

About five o'clock in the morning my father and I passed through the deserted village to the forest. I could not bring myself to take my rifle so I carried a stick in its place. I found my hat in the ditch along which I had escaped the previous evening. My father said it would be better to reconstruct the scene of the shooting and he proposed that I should come along the same path as last night. I did this and looked up the path exactly as I had done the night before. A cry, not of horror, but of embarrassment escaped from my lips. There he stood, the long, lean poacher of last night, but now in broad daylight, he revealed himself as a black, half-rotten trunk of a pine which had been struck by lightning. At about the height of a man's shoulder, there protruded a half-broken branch like a rifle.

I blushed violently but my father laughed as he approached the tree-trunk. Just above the protruding branch we found the rotten wood shattered by a bullet.

R. T. Llewellyn, U.VI Arts.

THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN

The Festival trip promised to be most enjoyable, so we looked forward expectantly to the proposed start at 8.15 a.m.: about ten minutes to nine the omnibus left the precincts of the school. Passing through Brecon, Gloucester and High Wycombe Gap we swept down upon London.

From Alderbrook restaurant, where we had sat down to a supper of anaemic-looking hake and chips, we moved with renewed vigour to Clapham Common where we entombed ourselves in the deep shelter sleeping quarters, a veritable warren of subterranean passages. Having deposited our luggage on the appointed bunks we emerged to the surface for a nine-to-eleven p.m. stroll around London in the drizzle, with the object of viewing the celebrated illuminations of the city. The underground railway passing immediately overhead (!) prevented much sleep that night—or was it morning: explorers, talkers and jokers used this as an excuse for their astonishing animation.

Big Ben booming ten o'clock the next morning saw the party meeting Mr. Percy Morris outside the Norman Porch of the Palace of Westminster. After following the royal route through the various lobbies and the two parliamentary chambers we proceeded to the uncompleted but impressive Westminster Cathedral. Here the expedition was divided owing to the premature departure of half our members. A reunion was accomplished at Marble Arch but broken again at Trafalgar Square. Nevertheless, lunch saw us altogether once more at St. Martin's Street restaurant near St. Paul's. This wonderful illustration of Wren's style in architecture, with its whispering gallery, the four impressive porches and the immense dome, whose stark magnificence was rendered even more imposing that afternoon by the brilliant sunshine slanting in from the outside world, and which, somehow, evoked memories of the glorious music of Haydn's "Creation," came thoroughly up to our expectations, as did the afternoon coach tour of the outstanding landmarks of London.

Harringay Arena was particularly suited to the glittering spectacle of "Rose Marie on Ice." The faultless skating of the world famous Barbara Ann Scott charmed everyone

in the audience. while the singing in the operetta was especially appealing to certain members of the U.V.I Arts. Their attempts at rendering the "Indian Love Call" at 6 a.m. the following morning were not fully appreciated by the rest of the party.

Wednesday was devoted to the South Bank Exhibition. For obvious reasons it was decided that the party should divide into small groups. Impressions received from the exhibition, judging from conversation afterwards, were varied and contrasting. Some stoutly declared that it was magnificent and completely captivating, while others upheld that it was confused, badly planned, too technical and that it failed to achieve its object, which was to trace the development of the Land and the People of Britain — an interwoven story which begins with the past, continues with the present and ends with pointers into the continuing future. Though such a tale is difficult to portray solely by means of visual impression, the exhibition certainly showed the origin of the British Isles, its fauna, its flora, and the ancestry of its people, as well as contrasting the old and new as regards agriculture, mining, industry, transport, exploration, oceanography, health, medicine and science. The exhibition was neatly divided into two clear sections by the Hungerford railway bridge: the Upstream Section devoted to the land, and the Downstream Section concerned with the people. If the plan indicated in the guide book was strictly adhered to, the Upstream Section certainly traced a story. The geological origin of Britain is first explained, then the physiography and the mineral wealth of the land, followed by agriculture, which was certainly the earliest industry of our ancestors. Through mining, industry and modern science, the tale continues to future astronomical exploration, obviously, in this way, tracing a story. The Downstream Section should be visited last, since it is concerned with the culture and sociology of Britain, which are directly dependant on the physical and geographical background explained in the Upstream Section. Our ancestry from Stone Age times is explained, and then the visitor sees the homes, the literature and all that is the society unique, and proudly so, to Britain. At the later stages of the exhibition come the final episodes of the story — recent social aspects in our history — education, health, science, sport and television. Most certainly there is a story — a tale, moreover, logically developed. Technicality and immensity are true

impressions, but if confusion was suggested, this was possibly due not to the fact that the exhibition itself was "confusion personified," but to the regrettable fact that our party had so little time to spend on the South Bank.

Battersea Park came as the crowning glory of a wonderful day. In its picturesque setting on the banks of the Thames, it brought not only amusement but also colour to a drab city. Its gaily festooned avenues, walks and flower gardens set in a seemingly haphazard fashion gave an impression of tranquillity disturbed only by the shrieks proceeding from the Octopus, Hurricane, Whirl and, of course, the Big Dipper.

The unofficial maze of Hampton Court grounds proved, on Thursday morning, even more confusing than the official one. The ex-colonel, acting as our guide, was most efficient and witty, and stimulated some criticism of Wren's ornate, eighteenth century additions to the fine brickwork of the Tudor palace.

The coach spirited us away to Windsor and Eton, where the extreme example of tradition evoked both favourable and adverse comment. Contemplation and (mis-) quotation of Grey's *Elegy* competely anticipated the serenity of the countryside of Stoke Poges, which was the final visit of the coach tour that afternoon.

Thursday evening was "free." Visits were made by various groups to the cinema and the theatre. After a two hour wait in the pouring rain the majority sought entertainment at the Adelphi Theatre where Dick Bentley, Joy Nicholls and Jimmy Edwards, starring in "Take It From Us," were in "Top Form."

Unlike previous evenings the last night was devoted to sleeping, though even now it was a demand of the body rather than a wish of the mind. The journey home proved uneventful (if one forgets the violent differences of opinion occasioned during games of "Twenty Questions") and the coach arrived at Dynevor at seven p.m. — as promised. One fact at this moment became painfully apparent — a perfect holiday was to exist now in mere flashes of memory.

R. W. Bowen, U.VI Arts.

E. M. Wastell, U.VI Arts.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

It is with much pleasure that I take the opportunity offered to me to deal with a topic which, never fear, has nothing to do with French grammar and its numerous difficulties. I would like merely to tell you some of the impressions I formed during the first month of my stay in Wales.

As soon as I knew that I was appointed to a school in Swansea. I rushed into the College library to get some information about that part of Britain, hitherto unknown to me. My excitement prevented me reading carefully line by line, but from what I could gather from my first glance at the book, Swansea was not a paradise. Read for yourself: "Industrial town"—which implied a black and dirty district, with its atmosphere polluted with steam and smoke; "wet and unhealthy climate," went on the learned commentator, "people speaking an incoherent blending of English and Welsh" (here, I cannot refrain from giving my answer straight away: I do not know about North Wales, but, as far as South Wales is concerned, I have found that the English spoken is clear and distinct, insofar as the fact that a foreigner can follow a conversation between two youngsters, a thing which one would not expect, for example, from lads and lasses living in Yorkshire, Lancashire, or some parts of London).

Anyway, at my early stage of British life, I felt that the Minister of Education, in sending me to Swansea, could not have found a more severe punishment to inflict on a guilty civil servant! So much for what I expected to see in Wales. What did I see actually?

When the train arrived at Newport, it seemed to me that my first information was going to be confirmed by the facts. From Newport to Swansea, there was nothing but an endless succession of factories, blackened and ugly buildings, a forest of stacks under a low, grey sky—Where was my picturesque Brittany with its farms scattered over the peaceful countryside, and its granite church-steeple around which the houses of the villages nestled?

Happily, that first, and rather drab, impression did not resist the onset of a second, and more careful, study. Some-

one having praised in my presence the beauties of the Gower Peninsula, I soon made up my mind to go and see for myself. Let me tell you I did not regret my decision! I immediately felt at home along that rugged coast with its sheltered and deserted coves which reminded me so much of Brittany, with the exception that the rocks of our coasts are often pink, as one finds in Cornwall.

During the first weeks, I did my best to follow the advice given to us by our English professor in Rennes: "Before starting to criticise in a foreign country the customs and ways of life or of thought, try to discover a reason which will explain the differences you find from those of your own country. Two examples will illustrate those words: If the British people attach such importance to good lodgings, is it not because of the cold and wet weather? Again, as wine is the national drink of France, it is quite natural that the laws concerning grapes are essential to the French people. What about social life and entertainment? Plays and films deal with the same aspirations in our two countries: they show us the same problems and suggest the same solutions. One notices in particular the same bias for psychological studies.

The big difference between the two countries is, maybe, to be found in summer sport: while cricket reigns supreme here, the French devote themselves to athletics and cycle races, and the climax of the season is reached with "Le Tour de France," the big event in which local, national and foreign teams compete for three weeks along the Northern and Western plains, and up the summits of the Pyrenees and the Alps, passing in two hours from the baking heat of the valley of the South of France to the icy cold of the snow-capped Alpine peaks.

However, I still think that, instead of contrasting Great Britain and France, we should bring out their common points. After all our two countries are the heirs of the same civilization. They are still the two main bastions of the "Old Europe," even though we may regret that, to-day, our influence does not carry the weight which it did in world relations. Anyway, a better understanding cannot but result in greater sympathy, and it is the only means left to every nation to make the spectre of war vanish for ever from the earth.

Michel Le Tallec.

THE EASTER PARIS TRIP, 1951

The day was Saturday, March 24th, 1951. High Street Station was crowded with schoolboys, girls and anxious but well-meaning parents. It was the day of the annual Paris Trip for Dyvorians and this year the group was made up of 26 boys, two Glanmorians and two masters, Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Glan Powell.

At 9.25 a.m., the time of departure, the train had not arrived, but ten minutes later in it steamed and everyone clambered into the reserved compartments anxious to obtain comfortable seats, as the journey was to last all night. Minutes passed and still the train waited. What for? To this question no answer was received. Over twenty minutes late the train moved off as still anxious parents proffered little bits of advice to their beloved offspring. Repose was nigh on impossible that night; even the seniors failed to succumb to it. Arriving at Paddington station about 5 a.m., every member of the group left the train alive, but slightly the worse for wear! The station restaurant did brisk business in tea and coffee while we stood in the cold on that station waiting for the small cafeteria, where we were to have breakfast, to open.

Eventually we were permitted to sample this so long awaited nourishment, and did it taste good! Immediately after we were transported quickly, but expertly across London by coach to Victoria station to join the boat train for Newhaven. After a short wait there, put to good use by many by buying magazines and "twopenny horrors." the group set off for the platform and the train. In comparative luxury, we journeyed to Newhaven, and went straight aboard the boat for Dieppe. After a moderately rough passage on the s.s. Brighton, during which two or three boys had their first experience of the dreaded "mal de mer," we docked at Dieppe and quickly, but in orderly fashion, disembarked. Although it was the general opinion that French trains were inferior to our own, the train journey to Paris was quite enjoyable. Passing through agricultural but fairly pretty country, our destination was reached about 6.30 p.m., and we were met there by our guide, Jean Pierre. Having been transported quickly, but much too erratically for many boys' liking, across Paris, we reached our lodgings, namely the Lycée Michelet, in Vanves, on the

outskirts of Paris. Our first meal was not very good but after primary disappointment the quality increased considerably and later meals were very much appreciated. On our first morning, after a breakfast of coffee and bread, we were taken on a tour of Paris to see such famous places as Notre-Dame, Eiffel Tower, the Champs-Elysees, the Arc de Triomphe and Les Invalides, where Napoleon's tomb is displayed. In the afternoon a visit was paid to the Sacré-Coeur via the Paris Métro, in which there was a strike and consequently the train was terribly crowded.

On Tuesday morning we made the much awaited ascent of the Eiffel Tower. We had one moment of utter agony arising from the fear that the lift cable would break, and then—complete relaxation! At the reception in the Hotel de Ville de Paris, French was the prominent language, which hardly anyone except the masters understood. The architecture of the building, however, caught the eye of many of the boys. The visit to the Chateau at Versailles on Wednesday afternoon was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, the magnificence of this French Palace and its gardens being beyond praise. On the return journey many people looked in surprise as a bus load of singing boys and girls sailed past—well, perhaps singing is not the word! The visit to the cinema was quite enjoyable, for, except for French speaking this show was little different from English cinemas.

At the Louvre on Thursday afternoon, cameras had to be effectively concealed from the hawk eyes of the attendants. Nevertheless the afternoon was very enjoyable, and the Mona Lisa and the statue of the Venus de Milo still remained in the boys' memories as they journeyed back to the Lycée. The Theatre Mogador was very gaily lit when that evening the group attended the musical comedy "Les danseuses aux étoiles," then being shown there. On the last day in Paris, Friday, the group visited the Palais de Justice and the Conciergerie where the blade that cut off Marie Antoinette's head could be seen. The animals at the zoo that afternoon seemed to be on their best behaviour, and many delightful poses were displayed.

On Friday evening, our last in Paris, boys were feverishly packing, and preparing customs lists. Many of these were exceedingly lengthy, which says much for our

knowledge of French. At 9 a.m. on Saturday morning, the group waited patiently in the train at the Gare St.-Lazare for the return journey. The return crossing was rougher but the boat, s.s. Worthing, was not so apt to roll as the previous one. Eventually came the last phase of the journey in the Swansea-bound train. Refreshments having been served in the form of boxes of food, the group settled down for the long journey to Swansea. As the train pulled into the station, delighted parents greeted their "bons enfants." It would not have at all surprised me to have been told, that the same anxious parents had brought their beds and slept on the station for the whole week, such was the look of intense relief on their faces at this home-coming.

B. Wall, RC.

THE SNOWDROP

Waving in the breeze and bowing its head,
Spotless as a white sheet,
The snowdrop hangs on its thin, green thread,
Its head drooping o'er its feet ;
The fragile bud nearly touching the grass.
With gleaming dew upon it,
As if a thousand white diamonds, tied in a mass,
Were, by the sun, forever lit.

Rigid as a scarecrow in the cold winter night,
With frost shining over its form,
Its small figure throwing a brilliant light,
From even till the peep of dawn.
The owl which is hovering overhead
Is silent as a mouse,
The birds are in their own bed —
— Made in a feathered house.

Terry Palmer, IC.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

There were no meetings of the society during the Summer Term, on account of the approach of the examinations of the W.J.E.C. However, an eventful year was brought to a successful conclusion at the end of the Easter Term, when K. D. James, an old pupil of the school, now a student at Balliol College, Oxford, addressed the society on his "Impressions as an Undergraduate at Oxford." Certain members of the society were seen to be particularly interested in his description of a "sconce" and its implications. This year, meetings have had a more varied atmosphere about them, and some attempt has been made to cater for all tastes. The society took part in the Annual Inter-School Debate between the four secondary schools of the town. P. Macpherson, the Dynevor representative, proposed the motion, "That, in the opinion of this house, it is detrimental to mankind that "utility" be the world's watchword." The speeches of the principal speakers reached a high standard, but when the debate was thrown open for general discussion, the response was disappointing. An interesting feature of the society's activities was two talks given by boys with first-hand knowledge of their subjects, the first being on "Australia," by Michael James, IVA, and the latter on "Canada and America," by Lawrence Owen, IVA. The two talks were followed by a short film, depicting suburban life in the U.S.A. It is with regret that we record here the tragic death of the former speaker, whom we feel sure would have been an asset to the society in years to come.

The following meetings have been held:

1. November 24th: "That professionalism has been the ruin of British sport."

Speakers: Supporting: P. Spiller (VB).

Opposing: E. S. Jones (U.VI Arts).

The motion was rejected by 5 votes.

2. December 8th, Inter-School Debate: "That it is detrimental to mankind that 'utility' be the world's watchword."

Speakers: Supporting: P. Macpherson (Dynevor) and

Hilary Bevan (Glanmor).

Opposing: Patricia Lynne-Davies (High School) and R. Dale (Grammar School).

The motion was rejected by 17 votes.

3. December 18th: A musical evening on Gramophone Records was provided by R. W. Bowen and A. D. Ford of U.VI Arts.

4. January 19th: "That it would be detrimental to present-day society if the Public School System were abolished."

Speakers: Supporting: G. Whyatt (U.VI Arts).

Opposing: G. Meager (U.VI Arts).

The motion was carried by 5 votes.

5. January 26th: A paper was read on "Korea" by K. G. Jones (U.VI Arts).

6. February 2nd: Brains Trust: Staff v. Boys. Teams.—Staff: Mr. J. E. L. Bennett; Mr. C. Evans; Mr. J. M. Davies. Boys: R. J. B. Bowen (U.VI Arts); G. Grainger (U.VI Sc.); J. T. Wright (L.VI Arts). Question Master: P. Macpherson (U.VI Arts).

7. February 9th: "Out of the Hat"—Spontaneous speeches on varied subjects.

8. March 20th: "Impressions as an Undergraduate," by K. D. James.

The society was utilised during the period of the Eisteddfod for the purpose of the Inter-House Quiz. D. G. Meager (U.VI Arts) acted as Question Master throughout the series.

Attendance at the society's meetings has been satisfactory, but there is still room for improvement next year, especially from the Sixths.

I should like to take this opportunity of tendering the Society's thanks to Mr. Chandler for the great interest he has taken in its activities throughout the year.

Peter Macpherson, Hon. Secretary, U.VI Arts.

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THE LILY

Have you seen the Lily nodding,
Nodding on her stem,
With all her gracious subjects round her,
All of them?
The Rose and yellow Daffodil,
Nodding to agree,
For the Lily is their queen,
The fairest, prettiest ever seen,
With all her gracious subjects round her,
All of them.

Malcolm Hemming, IC.

NEPTUNE

Ho there! friend Octopus, fetch me my coach
Of shining pearls and ivory shells;
Fetch me my horses, gallant and brave,
Who jump and leap upon the wave,
And go in and out with the tide.

We will ride to the towers of gloomy grey coral,
To the place where the old wreck lies,
To the crystal palace of the fish
Where the playful old porpoise plays.

We will ride yet further to the lair of the shark,
We will call on my friend, the merman,
Then return to our country by way of the deep,
Through the land of the great lagoon.

Brian Holder, IC.

ILLUSIONS

The glittering webs of street lights
Beneath my gaze were stretched,
They seemed like lanterned elfin lights
From mystic lands far-fetched;
Bright strings of penduled fireflies,
Against a deep-blue setting
Of cool, pacific, dusky skies,
With wisps of cloud-spun netting.
Oh! hearts' ambitions vainly sought,
With shallow glitt'rings thus endowed,
Your gleams fast fixed my wand'ring thought,
As soon to win you I avowed.
Yet, near, you seemed to lose your power,
So poignant in my distant hour.

D. Crook, LVI Arts.

THE LIFEBOAT

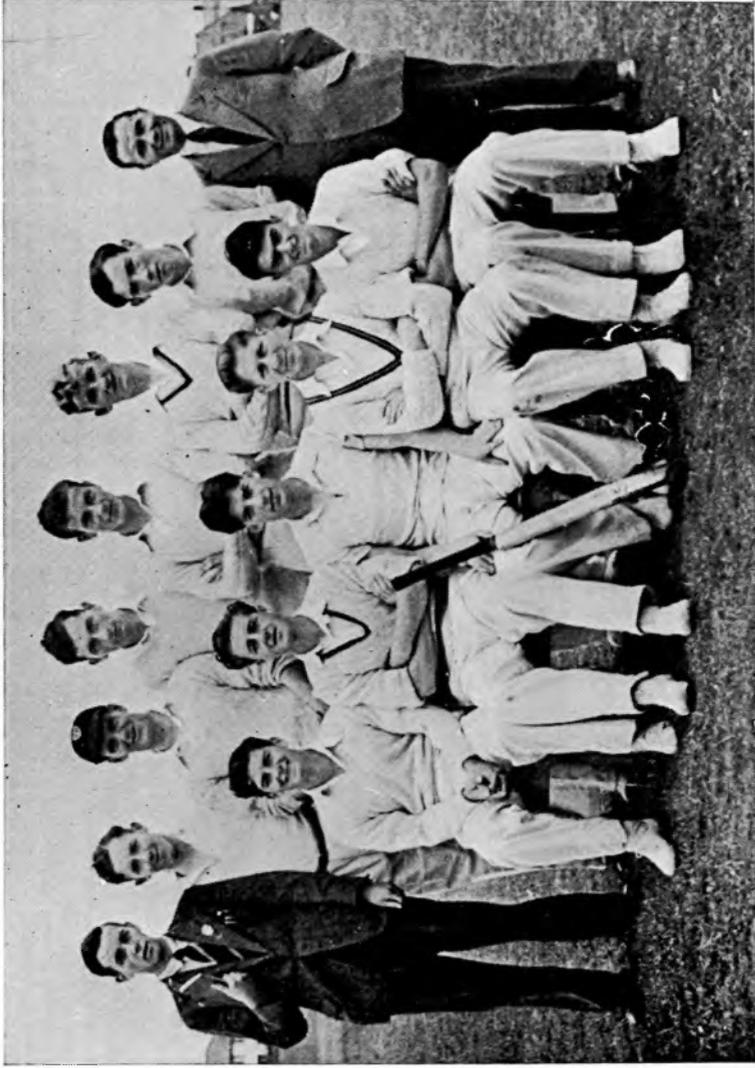
Pop! the noise is faintly, but distinctly heard. "The lifeboat gun" is the thought that crowds into the hearer's mind. All over Mumbles, young and old men lean forward in their chairs, or sit up in bed, listening intently for the sound they expect to hear. Sometimes, nothing further is heard, and they relax, sit back, or lie down once more, as the sudden tension is eased. Oftentimes, however—BANG!!—the sound seems to shake the very foundations of every house as it echoes, and dies away.

Young men leap from their chairs, or beds, leave any work they happen to be engaged in, and dash off down the road, stopping the first car that is making for the pier. In many homes, tempers become frayed and curses are heard as boots cannot be found, or a coat is missing from its usual hook. Often, the last thing a wife hears of her husband for many anxious hours is the sound of the door slamming behind him, and the sound of rapidly receding footsteps.

Meanwhile, another Bang! is heard as the second maroon is fired. Even for people who are not regular members of the lifeboat crew, the next few moments are equally hectic. Coats are torn from hooks, and people hurry to vantage points from which they can view the lifeboat house. Many others, myself included, dash to their bicycles, and pedalling furiously, make all speed to the pier.

Speed is essential at this juncture, for the lifeboat is away as a rule in six or eight minutes, which leaves no time for "dilly-dallying on the way." This accent on speed may be judged by the fact that many cyclists fail to reach the pier, which is only a mile away, before the lifeboat has left the slipway. Then it only remains for them to find out why the lifeboat has been called out, and to cycle disconsolately home. For each hopes that one day he will arrive at the lifeboat house before the crew has been made up. Then, if the sea is calm, and the call is not serious, it is quite possible that a scratch crew will be formed, in which he may get a trip. If he does not, there is always the laconic phrase to remember: "Perhaps next time."

T. Jenkins, L.VI Arts.



CRICKET XI, 1951.

P. Macpherson (Scorer)

J. Protheroe, B. W. Darby, K. Davies, G. Corney, W. G. Davies, B. Voysey,

K. Edwards, D. Walker, G. Dixon (Captain), K. Walters, T. Jenkins.

Mr. E. Evans.

SPORTS.

CRICKET XI, 1951

P. W. D. L.

12 9 1 1

(The match with Llanelly was abandoned owing to rain).

Last season was the most outstanding season the Cricket XI has enjoyed for some years. Once again, Glyn Dixon was the captain, with Ronald Bowen an able deputy. This was Glyn's fifth season as a playing member of the team, his third as captain, and, though not figuring prominently in the averages, he made his influence felt both on and off the field. But for the misfortune of being defeated by Neath County, he would have realised his ambition of going through the season undefeated.

It was a season of grand team performances coupled with some excellent individual efforts, notable among which were Darby's 48 not out against the Grammar School, and Edwards's 50 not out against the Old Boys, and his 6-19 against Ystradgynlais. K. Walters was always to be relied upon as the solid opening batsman. His shining hour came in the match against Ystradgynlais, when, after a minor collapse on the part of the early batsmen, he scored a patient, but polished 32, supported by Hughes, a very promising young batsman, who scored 40, in a stand of 78, which completely changed the complexion of the game.

R. J. B. Bowen was our stock bowler, and gained a fair degree of success with his leg-breaks, as may be seen from his figures: 87.4 overs, 19 maidens, 229 runs, 19 wickets—an average of 7.38. However, his luck was completely out with the bat, for after several encouraging starts, he fell again and again to the leg trap. Kilbey Edwards was a fine all-rounder, finishing up the season on top of both the batting and bowling averages. He was always liable to bring out that little something extra when the school was most in need of success.

W. G. Davies was always the polished batsman, and had some particularly fine innings, including 27 against the Grammar School, and 21 against Port Talbot. He also distinguished himself behind the stumps, where, although unaccustomed to this berth, he showed himself **exceptionally quick on the ball.**

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John Protheroe was a reliable batsman at all times, and together with that "gay vagabond," Desmond Walker, completed the strongest list of batsmen the school has possessed for a long time.

The fielding throughout the season was of an exceptionally high standard, both on the ground and in the air, with Dixon and Walters distinguishing themselves.

The highlight of the season was undoubtedly the game with the Grammar School. It was with great rejoicing indeed that we were able to avenge the defeats of the Rugby Team. The school compiled their highest total of the season in this match, scoring 154-9 wickets. The game was a personal triumph for Brian Darby, who, after some indifferent displays previously, flashed back into form with a shining 48 not out, in which was included a six and nine fours. The Grammar School were soon dismissed for 46 runs, in reply to this marathon total.

Another exciting game was that against Port Talbot County School. Dynevor batted first, and scored 100-7 wickets, before time was called. In reply, Port Talbot started off steadily, and fought hard to get the runs, but their batsmen had no answer for the concentrated efforts of Glyn Dixon (3-32) and Ron Bowen (6-26), and they were dismissed for 81 runs.

Time is an important factor in these school cricket games. It is not solely a battle of who can score most runs, but also of which team can amass the greatest total in the limited time. "Go-slow" tactics are of no avail, as was exemplified in the match against Pontardawe at Townhill. The school scored 109 in their innings, but, in reply, Pontardawe could only reach 89-5 wickets. The fact that they still had five wickets in hand at the end showed that they would have been in very little danger of losing, if only their batsmen had been inclined to take risks.

In conclusion, I should like to thank, on behalf of the team, the various members of the staff who have given us their support throughout the season, with a special word for Mr. Emlyn Evans, who acted as our umpire at all the home games.

Peter Macpherson, Official Scorer, U.V.I Arts.



FORM CRICKET

Only one wet Saturday morning interrupted the Form Cricket matches last season. This was a pleasant change from the numerous rain swept wickets of previous seasons. It was possible to introduce the Remove Forms into the series last year, and this meant that still more boys were able to play on Saturday mornings. In this section, RB proved supreme, winning all but one of their games.

The Second Year Tournament was somewhat disjointed, owing to the fact that 2A did not complete their games. As a result, no champion form match could be played in this section.

1B carried all before them in the games throughout the season, but when they matched their skill against the combined onslaught of 1A, C, and D, proved unequal to the task. Forms 4B and RB, in their respected champion form matches, were privileged to play their games on the "square" on a Monday afternoon before the whole school. The games were keenly fought out but neither form was successful against the combinations of the other forms. The final tables were as follows:

Remove Forms:

	P.	W.	L.
RB	4	3	1
RA	4	2	2
RC	4	1	3

3rd Year Forms:

	P.	W.	L.
4B	6	5	1
4D	6	4	2
4A	6	2	4
4C	6	1	5

2nd Year Forms:

	P.	W.	L.
2B	6	6	0
2D	4	2	2
2A	4	1	3
2C	6	1	5

1st Year Forms:

	P.	W.	L.
1B	6	5	1
1C	6	4	2
1A	6	2	4
1D	6	1	5

FIVES

This year, there was a record entry for the Fives Tournament, there being 210 contestants. Despite this and the usual examination demands, the tournament was completed without undue crowding of games into the last two weeks of term. As usual, pressure of time would not allow inter-sectional or inter-school games. The weather was reasonable, and so was the standard of play. Entries in the four sections numbered: Seniors, 45; Removes, 31; Middle School, 92; First Years, 42. The only form not represented was 2B.

Some excellent games were played with the Seniors, but it must be confessed that, in this section, there was a slight air of inevitability, due to the outstanding play of the winner, John Protheroe, L.VI Sc. Protheroe excelled above all in anticipation of his opponents' shots coupled with deadly volleying. The semi-finals were: G. Jordan, 5B v. C. Jones, 5A and J. Protheroe, L.VI Sc. v. H. Davies, 5A. In the final, Jordan persisted in attack, a plan which produced repeated long and exciting rallies.

In the Remove Section, RB proved the strong form. The standard, particularly in the later games, was very good. The semi-finals were: R. Morgan, RB v. J. White, RA and W. Lewis, RB v. P. Brown. In the final, Morgan had to retire with a bruised hand after Lewis had won the first game.

In the Middle School Section, the large entry made it a protracted affair. The standard of play in the early rounds varied, some was good, some incredibly poor. With the elimination of the "blind," however, the standard improved and the later games were very good, F. Bowen, 4C, the winner, playing very steadily throughout. The semi-finals were: A. Jones, 4B v. E. Day, 4B and D. Lilley, 4B v. F. Bowen, 4C. In the final, Jones put up an excellent fight, but Bowen proved too hard a hitter.

The First Year Tournament was the best held so far. The entry was good and, considering the limited opportunities for play in the courts, the standard was excellent. The semi-finalists wish to deny rumours that they stay in the courts all night, but are strongly of the opinion that dusk is the best light for fives. The semi-finals were: Rusling, 1A v. B. Thomas, 1A and Spencer, 1D v. Peters, 1C. Spencer, in the final, proved too consistent for Rusling, much to the dismay of 1A.

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Several form tournaments were held, but the results of these are not known. Some astonishing brands of tennis-fives are now being evolved in various parts of the school yard, the most complicated, perhaps, being conducted by the ex-fives players of RC. The demands on the two fives courts are so great that this year it is hoped to revert to the pre-war system of "booking." This makes it all the more necessary to see that all games in the courts are properly played. Possibly, the worst feature of the tournament was the poor throwing-up, a result of slackness in practice games. Finally, it must be stressed again that it is contrary to the spirit of the game to commence the rally by hitting the ball without first letting it bounce.

SCHOOL SOCCER, 1950-51

SENIOR A TEAM: From the standpoint of winning championships, we have not enjoyed such a successful season as previously. However, the standard of play was good and team spirit excellent; all our teams concluded their series of matches with very good records.

P. W. L. D. Pts.

Senior A: 18 11 3 4 26

The **SENIOR B TEAM**, which consisted mainly of boys eligible to play next year, lost half their matches, but it must be remembered that many of their games were played against the first teams of some schools. However, they finished the season on a high note by defeating the champions of their section, Pentrepoeth B, by two goals to one.

As usual the school was represented in the Swansea Schoolboys XI and we wish to congratulate Graham Chislett, who played for the Town team in every match, Murray Crook, who played in one Welsh Shield game for the Swansea Boys as goalkeeper and was reserve throughout the season, and Arthur Hughes, who was also reserve for the Town XI. In addition, Graham Chislett did exceptionally well in the early Welsh trials but was unable to gain a place in the team. Murray Crook also played for Wales against Ireland in the Junior International (under 14).

On behalf of the team I would like to thank the masters concerned who, although not too pleased at our defeats, were always ready to encourage us and to teach us to play football.

J. Pickard (Capt.), RB.

The School INTERMEDIATE A TEAM enjoyed a very successful season. Their final record was:

Goals

P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
16	12	2	2	68	15	26

The team finished the season at the top of the Southern Section of the Intermediate League, and thus qualified to meet St. Joseph's, the Northern Champions, in the final at the Vetch Field. This game resulted in a draw, with one goal each, after a dour struggle. In the replay, also at the Vetch Field, the School lost by the narrow margin of two goals to one, after an exceptionally keen game. On behalf of the team, I should like to congratulate St. Joseph's on a well deserved win, and on their fine sportsmanship.

Our leading goal-scorers last season were Troy, with 22 goals to his credit, and McGlynn, with 18 goals. Three members of the team are eligible to play again this season.

It is interesting to note at this point that four years ago the Swans' Supporters Club presented a new shield for competition among teams of boys under 13 years of age and that during the last four seasons, Dynevor has been at the top of its section and finished the season either as champions or runners-up. Unfortunately, this year, owing to our defeat in the final, the School was not awarded its customary half-holiday in celebration, which has become something of a tradition. This fact was lamented by various members of the School, but we hope that next year, the Intermediate Shield will return to Dynevor, and its place alongside Mr. James's favourite bottles of acid in the Chem. Lab. — did I hear a "retort" to that remark?

In conclusion, we offer our thanks to Messrs. Emllyn Evans, L. Evans, R. Evans, Tom James and J. E. L. Bennett for their hard work and encouragement of the team, and for their support at our matches throughout the season.

M. Lewis (Capt.), 2A.

1st RUGBY XV, 1950-51

The School Fifteen did not have a good season this year: indeed it was quite the reverse. Out of the fifteen games played, only one was won, the remaining fourteen being lost, although I hasten to add that six of these games were only lost by the margin of six points to three. This record does not necessarily mean that our standard of rugby football was low, for we were, comparatively speaking, quite strong in the forwards, whom we congratulate for having saved us from heavier defeats in many games, but unfortunately we were not able to bring forth that extra something which means all the difference between defeat and conquest. Our backs were not as sound as we would have liked but whatever else may be said, we can truly say they went down fighting (perhaps sometimes too literally!).

The one bright spot of the season besides our five points to three victory over Pontardawe was that Glyn Dixon, who was again captain, ably assisted by R. Bennett vice-captain and later R. Cray, when unfortunately R. Bennett, our best forward, had to leave, had the honour to take part in the final Welsh Schoolboys trial, playing for Wales against the Anglo-Welsh. Later he gained the further honour of being reserve for Wales against England at Cardiff. We offer him both the School's and our own congratulations.

To close, we would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. C. Jones, and Mr. S. L. Bassett for training and encouraging us in our endeavours to uphold the honour of Dynevor upon the rugby field.

G. Dixon (Capt.).

B. Darlington (Sec.).

R. Cray (Vice-Capt.).

JUNIOR RUGBY

The "A" team had a successful season, losing only one match. Two exciting matches against the Grammar School "A" team were played at the end of the season, one being won and the other lost.

Four of the team played for the Swansea Schoolboys. They were W. Clements, B. Phillips, R. Williams and M.

Gibbs and the School were unfortunate to lose two good forwards when the first two boys left school fairly early in the season. R. Sullivan and G. Davies also played for the Schoolboys in one match.

As several of the boys are available for next season, it is hoped once more, to field a strong "A" team.

M. Gibbs (Capt.), RC.

The "B" team had a terrible season: they did not win or draw a single match. This was due to very poor tackling, made very evident when they lost by 48 pts. to the Grammar "A" team. It is some consolation that a number of the players were new recruits, playing in their first season and next year they should benefit by their experience.

M. Shadrach (Capt.), RC.

The "C" team started the season weakly but finished quite strongly. Some good wins were registered and both forward and back play improved immensely during the season. It is hoped that several of the players will find places in the "A" team next season.

E. Jackson (Capt.), 4D.

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