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Dynevor Secondary School Magazine.

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EDITORIAL COMMITTEE :

Editor : G. V. Phillips.

Sub-Editors : M. Perris, D. Lloyd and J. V. Dayies.

EDITORIAL

In spite of the difficulties caused by the long duration and late finish of the W.J.E.C. Examinations, and the consequent preoccupation of many who would like to have contributed, the Editors are able to present another issue of the School Magazine.

We note with satisfaction that a greater variety of articles has been submitted for publication, and we are particularly gratified to observe an increase in the writing of short stories, and in both issues this year, the presentation of the works of the great Masters of Literature in translation.

The Editorial Committee, having completed their function, now retire and pass on their duties to a new panel. Their only hope is that their experiences will be of some benefit to their successors.

SCHOOL NOTES

Last term saw the arrival of a new music master, Mr. J. Richards, who replaces Mr. R. F. Webber, now musical director at Harrogate Grammar School. We should also like to take this opportunity of welcoming Mr. J. H. J. Lloyd, who replaces Mrs. K. Williams in the Biology department, and Mr. Curtis-Grove, who comes to the School as Geography master from Bishop Gore School.

We regret to record the death of Mr. S. C. Jones who for the past eight years had been art master at Dynevor. We extend to his wife and mother our sympathy in their sudden bereavement.

Two boys who were recently with us have had the unusual experience of a visit to Australia. Peter Jones went out as a Queen's Scout to take part in the Jamboree but illness prevented his attending. Nevertheless he was able to see much of the country and has returned the richer for his experiences.

Michael Davies went out to take part in tennis tournaments, and won at Newcastle. Since his return he has appeared at Wimbledon, and took eight games in his match with Ken Rosewall who is seeded No. 1.

During the Easter holidays, two parties from Dynevor went to Paris. Three members of the U.V.I Arts attended there a "Semaine de Culture" at the Lycée Lakanal. As in previous years, the party under the supervision of Mr. Chandler and Mr. R. B. Morgan spent a happy and eventful week in "Gay Paree."

As usual this term the school made its annual pilgrimage to Stratford under the supervision of Mr. Cox and Mr. Morris. Among the many interesting places visited was the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre where a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" was enjoyed by all.

The School Orchestra has been heard in action fairly regularly this term under the guidance of Mr. J. E. Richards, who has also devoted much energy to the formation of a School Choir.

We would like to offer our congratulations to J. V. Davies, Lynn James, Michael Griffiths and G. Macpherson on their inclusion in the National Youth Orchestra of Wales. They will first attend a course at Wrexham Training College from 24th July to 4th August and then a week at the Swansea Training College.

Mr. T. Hubert Martin, who was a pupil of the school in 1925-31 has been appointed headmaster of St. Julian's School, Newport. Mr. Martin is at present at Annandale Grammar School, Belfast, and takes up his new appoint-

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ment next January. During the war he was twice mentioned in dispatches and was awarded the D.S.C. for his work in torpedo-boats.

The School was recently honoured to receive a visit from a distinguished old boy, Mr. Harry Secombe. He addressed the School in the assembly hall and very magnanimously presented us with a silver cup, to be competed for annually at the Sports. Several of us are still trying to decide whether certain of his remarks were really meant to be serious.

The cricket team has been coached this season by such prominent players as G. Parkhouse, P. Clift and G. Lavis. On several successive Friday evenings those interested in cricket availed themselves of this opportunity of improving their play.

The Old Boys' Association this season presented the School with a new cricket bat. Dr. Elwyn James as president of the Association made the presentation and addressed the School in the Assembly.

We congratulate the Intermediate Rugby XV on winning the Intermediate Shield which was presented to the victorious team by the chairman of Swansea Schools Rugby Union, Mr. Edmund Davies, of Oxford Street Secondary Modern School.

A special matinée performance for schools was given towards the end of last term by the "New English Orchestra." The performance was made more interesting, particularly for the less musical members of the audience, by short talks by the conductor concerning the various instruments and the individual pieces of music.

We would like to congratulate Alan Mitchell and Glyn Jordan who went to London early this term to attend the ceremony of dedicating Queen's Scouts.

We were gratified to learn that Ken Walters was selected to play for Glamorgan Secondary Schools XI against Brecon Secondary Schools XI at Neath on May 20.

Similarly we congratulate Tom Arnold who was selected captain of the Welsh Schoolboys' XI against Eire at Dublin, and Alan Beale who also played there.

A certain member of the Upper VI Sc. has discovered that Browning, and also Tennyson, give greater pleasure than his text-book on Advanced Calculus. The arts student with whom the exchange took place unfortunately derived no similar enlightenment from new studies.

The most insolent, but most effective excuse for lateness offered this term was—"The Prefect on the same 'bus as me didn't seem in much of a hurry." As a fine piece of poetical justice he escaped punishment.

A member of the Upper VI Arts has been smitten by cruel Cupid, following the daily exchange of glances with a young secretary in an office on the other side of De-la-beche Street. He assures us, however, it was due entirely to the sudden advent of Spring, the season when every young man's fancy gently turns to thoughts of love.

We should like to point out to the juniors that prefects are not despatched to their form-rooms during break in order to play "touch" with them all over the building. Nor is it in the least humorous to finish clearing the School just in time to be greeted by the jubilant cry of the returning horde—"Whistle is gone!"

The School has now a "Sunshine Corner," membership of which is restricted to sixth forms. A welcome change to the Library in off-periods, its whereabouts must for obvious reasons be kept secret.

The old bell has now been substituted for the cracked relic used at the beginning of term owing to the mysterious disappearance of the other. For sheer joy at the return of a true-sounding bell, an over zealous prefect rang it ten minutes early one Wednesday afternoon!

This term being examination term, we would wish all candidates the best of luck—including ourselves.

University College of Wales,
Aberystwyth.

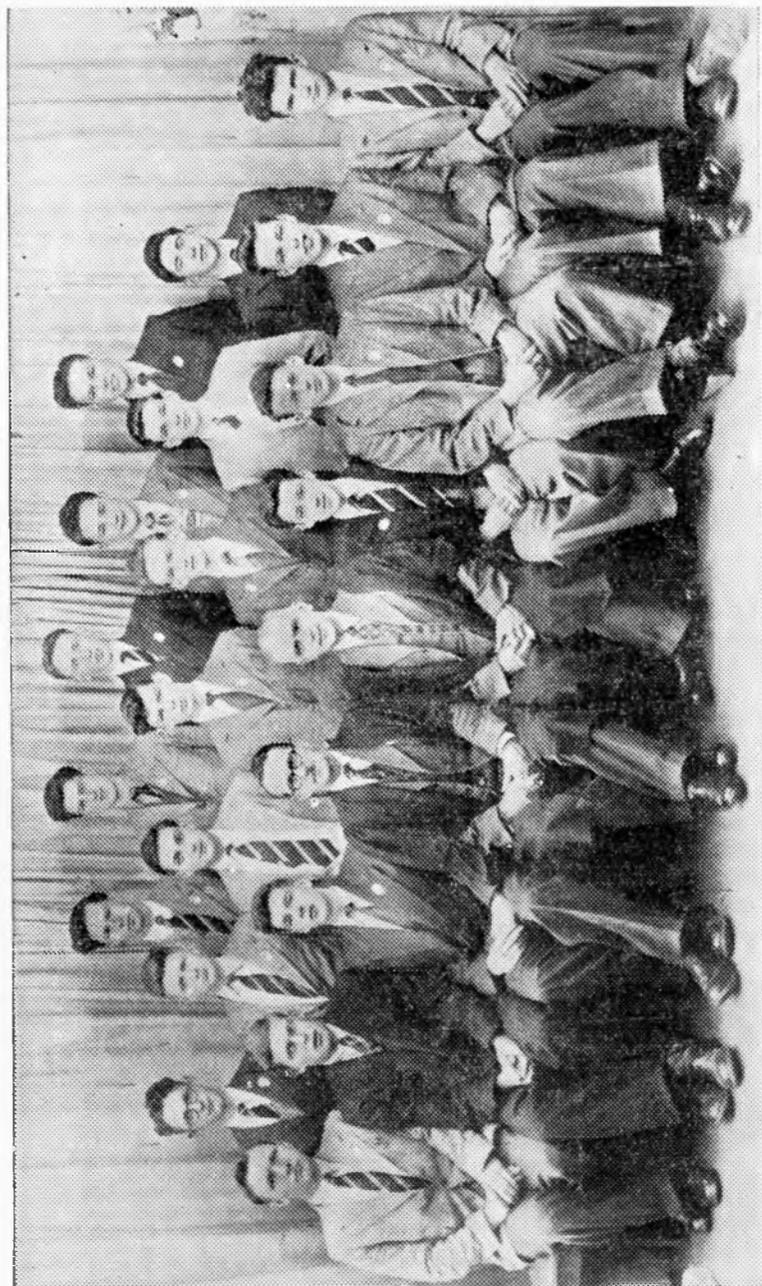
26 6 1953.

Dear Sir,

It is with much pleasure that I accept this opportunity of contributing the Aberystwyth letter to the School Magazine, for there has not been a letter from this, the oldest of the Welsh Colleges, for some years. There are in fact only three Old Dyvorians at present at Aber., Malcolm Miles in his second year studying Agriculture, and Raymond H. Davies and myself both hoping to study Geography at higher level. Prior to this, the school was represented here by Ivan Williams, a school prefect in 1946, and Stan Griffiths and Derek Maimone, prefects (the former Head Prefect) of 1945.

The history of the College, although not comparable in length with some of the British Colleges, has nevertheless been interesting enough to form the subject matter of many articles, and I would not set my pen to regurgitate a potted prospectus of our "College by the sea."

Suffice it to say that activities in the college are running efficiently and enthusiastically, and, backed by the unique



Top : B. Harvard, P. Maimone, H. Davies, B. Williams, W. Thomas.

Second Row : D. Lloyd, S. Hodge, R. Hyman, D. Abraham, L. James, G. Phillips, G. Jordan.

Front : D. T. Williams, A. Mitchell, M. Parris, Mr. G. Powell, Mr. H. Griffiths, J. V. Davies, M. Williams, G. Evans, L. Holbrook.

spirit found in this college our sports teams and cultural societies have held their own against the other Welsh colleges in particular, as the Aberystwyth victories in the Inter-College Eisteddfod and Inter-College Athletic meeting witness.

Coming to Aberystwyth I had expected to see an old and venerable building whose walls would fill those in their noviciate with awe. My expectations were fulfilled in this respect, yet my introduction to student life was novel in such surroundings, for, with no option on our part and gentle 'persuasion' by seasoned students, we "freshmen," on our first day, were invited to sit the 'Social Studies Examination.' The character of the questions to be answered was not in keeping with the studious surroundings of the examination room. One question for example asked us to judge the sanity of seaweed gatherers, while a second bid us enumerate the uses of a dingle.

On the occasion of the Introductory Address by the Principal of University College, Bangor, an uninitiated visitor would have been startled to hear, in the middle of his serious and learned discourse, a select assortment of alarm clock bells, whistles, bangs and a trumpet burst forth in Herculean competition with each other. The dignitaries filed out of the hall at the end of the address to the chant of the student anthem "Why were they born so beautiful, Why were they born at all?" rendered very beautifully and very touchingly.

Our college society is compact because the town is compact: the town comes under the influence of the college in many things. Larger colleges in the great cities tend to lose the intimate enthusiasm which living together and seeing one another regularly must bring to our student affairs. Yet there is danger of our becoming insular. It is important to consider different viewpoints and in the very different life of college, compared with school, these views begin to resolve themselves into a more permanent pattern than ever before.

The change to college life has been described time and time again, yet the change to the freedom with which the student now finds himself is of vital importance. He has more unsupervised time, not to sit on the cliffs, but to widen his intellectual knowledge and, through this, attempt to gain wisdom and a more balanced idea of life. Nevertheless it must not appear that a collegian is in a race apart, he has merely been given the opportunity to further his education and can recreate himself on the sports field.

We three Dyvorians would be very pleased to welcome reinforcements of present Sixth formers here, where we are sure that they would gain new honours. Communications are a little difficult it is true, but British Railways (Strata Florida region) are rumoured to be providing sleeping cars.

In conclusion, I would like to wish the staff and pupils every success in the future and remind them that we former pupils retain a deep interest in Dynevor's activities.

Yours sincerely,
G. K. WHYATT.

PUELLA APUD PUEROS

May I begin, by assuring all those who may imagine the answer to a maiden's prayer to be a boys' Grammar School, that they are very, very wrong. Many boys, if asked would probably jump at the idea of working at a girls' school, but they would soon discover that it was not nearly as much fun as they had so fondly imagined.

Having been engaged as the first ever lab-girl in Dynevor, I entered upon my duties with some trepidation. The arrival of a female of the species at a boys grammar school aroused a great deal of curiosity; while the majority of the boys seemed to hold the opinion that there must be something mentally peculiar with such a person. I felt like a prize specimen on show from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. with a short break for feeding at 12.30. It was amazing to see the number of boys who peered cautiously around the laboratory doors at me, while walking across the School yard was a severe, nervous ordeal. At last, however, I was accepted as just another dreary part of the school's equipment.

I had never before realized that there were so many types of boys, all the same, and yet somehow different. They were long and thin short and fat, quiet, noisy, or just cheeky. I have often heard it said that girls are responsible for all talking, and yet I am now convinced that three or four boys make more noise than a whole room full of girls. Boys, on the other hand seem to find it necessary to howl to someone at the other end of the room, and only take enough interest in their neighbours to fight with them. I have also become convinced that desks and ink bottles are less inanimate than generally considered, judging by the way desks can bang shut at all hours of the day, and ink bottles seem to delight in depositing their contents on every part of their owner's person. The Chemistry department is continually taking on the

appearance of dry cleaning department, while ammonia fumes fill the air.

How many times each day I see the dreary expressions on some small boy's face, while, appearing to follow his master's every word, he is actually transformed in mind to some great scientist solving all the problem of the world. The expression of dismay and bewilderment which enters his face when asked suddenly, what happens when water is raised to a 100 degrees centigrade, has to be seen to be believed.

A boy seems to live mostly in a world of his own, being in turn a Dan Dare who fights inhuman, grotesque monsters with ray guns, and then a western sheriff ruthlessly tracking down a gangster who has blown off the hind legs of his donkey.

Without doubt I have learnt a great deal about boys. At first they frightened me, and yet, now I almost regard them as normal human beings.

EGAD.

A PAKISTANI WEDDING

It takes weeks to celebrate a really grand, orthodox Pakistani wedding. There are innumerable customs and rituals to be performed in connection with the marriage—each one of them extremely pretty and having some significance or the other.

The bride's trousseau is prepared by both sides of the family. Strangely enough to Western people the bride's dress is provided by the groom's family, while the groom's attire is prepared by the bride. The traditional colour is red and the bride's dress is always of bright vermilion. The rest consists of a fine gold brocade skirt, with a silk veil heavily adorned with gold lace. The bridegroom wears a long coat of gold brocade buttoned down to the waist, gold shoes, white silk breeches and a turban. Both bride and groom wear a "Sehra"—a gold thread and lace-like crown of flowers. The bridegroom provides dresses for the bride's sisters and cousins. The bride's mother provides dresses for groom's mother, sisters and near relations. Even servants and old friends receive dresses for the occasion.

The ceremonies begin three days before the actual marriage, when yellow robes and perfumed oils are taken to the bride's house in gay procession. The bride is seated in the centre of the room and anointed by her mother and sisters with perfumed oils and "Ubtana" (this a preparation made of various kinds of scented herbs and is considered to be very good for the complexion). The bride is taken to her room and the young guests proceed to enjoy themselves—soaking each other in perfumed coloured water.

On the third day the wedding begins. Just before this, the bride's presents arrive at the house. All her dresses, perfumed oils and brushes are laid on silver trays which number anything up to twenty-one. Large quantities of dried fruit are sent to the bride's house wrapped in a gaily bedecked car in a procession accompanied by a band and lights. The bride's house is lighted up with innumerable fairy lights, and flowers decorate the gateways. Rockets shoot into the air. Everything is calculated to make the atmosphere as festive and the scene as decorative as possible.

The actual wedding ceremony of the Muslims is almost colourless in its simplicity. After the bridegroom arrives a relation of the bride with two witnesses goes to the bride's part of the house to get the bride's permission or her consent. This is recorded in front of the priest who is present here. Thereafter the marriage is performed in less than five minutes—the bride being represented by her proxy and is not present at the actual union. A dower must be settled on the bride, for without this no marriage is legal. Then the great marriage feast begins, after which the male guests depart and the wedding is now in the hands of the women. The bride is decorated and placed in the middle of the biggest room on a gold embroidered carpet. The bridegroom is sent for: but before he can get entrance into the room, the bride's brother bars the way, and, unless tipped generously, will not let the bridegroom proceed. Then his sisters throw a veil over his head and lead him up to his bride. A red veil is thrown over both and for the first time in his life he sees his wife's face. After the bridegroom has seen the bride's face he has to pass a ring on to her finger and touch her forehead with gold powder and also take sweetmeats and put it to the bride's lips—that sweetness and fragrance may be theirs in years to come.

Then the bride's father gives his daughter away to the groom and the couple leave for their new home where the groom has to pay the young sisters in order to gain entrance. The bridegroom's sisters then wash the bride's feet in a silver bowl and sprinkle the water in all corners of the house—an act signifying the hope that she may live in the house for many years.

All-told it takes about seven days: but they are certainly the most exhausting days imaginable, though chock-full of interest. One heaves a sigh of relief when it is over. There are a hundred and one little ceremonies in between, and each has a charm of its own. They add gaiety to the occasion and make the entire ceremony a sort of

drama in which each person has to perform a certain part in a certain manner. There is actually more than an element of the theatre in an orthodox Muslim wedding.

Sh. Tarig Abdullah, L.VI Arts.

ONE-EYED ISMAEL

(From the French by Alexandre Arnoux.)

Ismael was born in Bagdad's filthiest suburb in the time of the great Califs. He and his family were beggars as were his ancestors before them. Ismael assumed the nickname "One-Eyed" though in fact he suffered from no infirmity that impaired his sight. It had been the practice of his vagabond ancestors to pretend some such infirmity to obtain the sympathy and coppers of passers-by.

Ismael was steeped in filth and roguery and soon tired of this life of begging. He wished to lead a more exciting life. He decided to become a thief, and began by stealing on a small scale, but soon he performed more daring robberies and gathered a band of cut-throats about him to waylay caravans. Ismael soon became contemptuous of petty crimes, and his pride made him crave for a reputation for daring exploits.

Accordingly he thought he would like to steal the treasure of the Calif himself, but after a close study of the fortifications and the guard, he realised that a direct assault on the place would be impossible. The treasure was at the end of a tunnel caged in by three bronze doors, and under a keep which in turn was surrounded by seven walls. Ismael would not accept defeat and so evolved a plan.

First of all he went away so that his face might be forgotten, and managed to thrive on small robberies. Then he returned under the name of Abdul the Clear-sighted, and, feigning to be an honest citizen, obtained a post as guard of the treasure. As years rolled on he was promoted higher in rank until he became porter at the first door, then at the second. So at last only one old man was above him and held the keys of the last door. Ismael, alias Abdul, patiently waited another ten years for the old porter to die, and made no attempt to hasten his death. At last, after the customary ceremony and taking of the ancient oath, he obtained the five keys of the last door. Trembling with enthusiasm, he closed his eyes and repeated the ritual oath, the words of which, being in an ancient dialect, he did not understand.

He entered the treasure chamber, with small bags sewn on the inside of his cloak to carry away the fruit of his patience. As he stood there gazing at the vast wealth for which he had given the youth and prime of his life, for now he was an old man, a deep sadness settled on his soul. His mind went back to the early vagabond days, and the many years of false honesty, and as his oil lamp was reflected by the gold, rubies, and pearls of the treasure, he tried to recall the zest and spirit of his youth. He tried in vain, for the character he had assumed had replaced the original one. The moment he had waited for all those years was not the moment of triumph he had expected, but was one of miserable failure, for he could not bring himself to steal the treasure after all.

He left the chamber and the great building and went into the streets. He bought a length of rope, for he could not steal anything now, and leaving the town, hanged himself from a tree

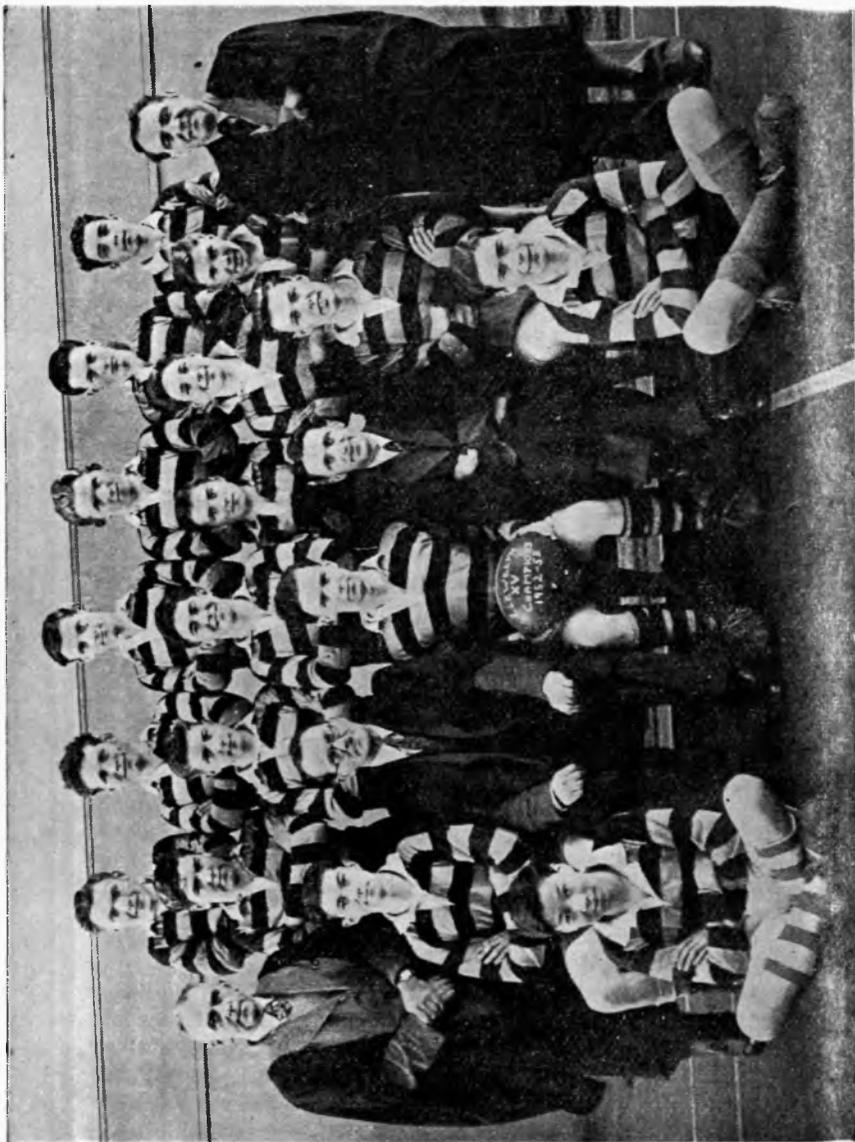
ROGER DAVIES, L VIA

SWANSEA PLACE NAMES

The names of the various districts of Swansea form an important part of the vocabulary of every one of us living in Swansea, for they persistently enter into our everyday conversation. How many of us, however, have paused for a little to consider the meaning of some of these place names, and how the districts they denote came to be so named?

Most of the names are quite naturally of Welsh origin, and it is with these that I wish to deal. I realise that in doing this, I am treading on very dangerous ground, and that my attempt to explain the origin and meaning of certain place names will probably be greeted with a storm of protest and disgust by certain eminent people who know far more about this subject than myself. To these I would say that this article is not intended to be an authoritative thesis, but merely an attempt to show the interest to be found in a closer examination of our town's place names.

I do not for a moment believe that any person living in Swansea is completely ignorant of the meaning of all the Welsh place names in the town. The majority could probably tell us that Tycoch means "red house," and that Abertawe signifies a town at the mouth of the River Tawe. I will therefore, pass over these lightly and come to names which are more obscure in meaning and origin.



LLEWELYN HOUSE XV.

I will begin to the west of Swansea with Duvant, and tell you briefly that this is a corruption of "dyfn nant" meaning deep stream or brook. Oystermouth was centuries ago, known as "Ystum Llwynarth," Llwynarth being the original name of the stream which came to be known later as "Oster" or "Oyster," and "Ystum" denoting a turn or meander in the stream.

The "ynys" in such names as Ynystawe and Ynysforan is the Welsh word for "island." The names of these two places, therefore, mean respectively Tawe Island and Morgan's Isle. It is interesting to note also that Sketty is believed to be a corruption of Ynys Getti or Getti Isle. It can be seen from the location of these places that "island" is not used in these names in the strict geographical sense of the word.

Perhaps the hardest Swansea place to explain is Cockett, and the theories about the origin of this name have been many and varied. The most popular belief is that it is a corruption of Coed-y-Cae (literally: the trees of the field), which was the name of the field which once occupied the site on which Cockett Station now stands. Others would have it, however, that Cockett was known as Cocid as far back as 1750. Easier to explain is Penlan a shortened form of Pen-y-lan, meaning the summit of the bank.

Cadle means "Place of battle," and was so named because of a notable battle which took place at this spot several centuries ago. Fforestfach is easily explained, meaning, as it suggests, a small forest. Probably it was called Fforestfach because there was already a place called Forest near Pontardulais.

Turning for a moment to the Eastern side of town, the most notable example we find is Bonymaen, meaning "the seam (or core) of the stone, and suggesting the presence of large stones, or possibly a stone quarry in that area at some time.

Strangely enough the literal meaning of Hafod is "summer dwelling place." This appears to suggest that before the Industrial Revolution, Hafod was one of the most picturesque parts of Swansea. "Hafod" was also the term used by farmers for the place where cattle and sheep were taken to graze during the Summer.

Brynhyfryd must also have been one of the beauty spots of Swansea at one time, for its meaning is fair or pleasant mount.

Brynhyfryd, therefore, has exactly the same meaning as another part of the town, namely, Mount Pleasant.

Perhaps the most interesting and colourful place name in the Swansea area is Cwmrhydyceirw. Literally it means "the valley of the ford of the deer." Obviously in days gone by Cwmrhydyceirw was a peaceful valley dissected by a river in which the deer would wade and drink at the ford, where the river was not so deep. A pleasant scene indeed.

From the few examples given here, it can be seen that the names of our Welsh towns and villages are not long Welsh words chosen deliberately because they are hard to pronounce, but words containing charm and dignity chosen after much care and thought. If many of the names do not appear to be fitting today, as in the case of Hafod, it must be remembered that these names were given before the advent of the Industrial Revolution when Wales was still almost entirely a land of fields and pastures. These names, therefore, should be treasured as a priceless link with the glories of the past.

DENNIS R. LLOYD, U VI Arts.

HE WHO HESITATES

From afar, the intricate mesh of steel scaffolding looked like some terrible cage, while the men that swarmed over it appeared as so many spiders guarding their huge web. The massive structure looked as unlike a modern, white-fronted, twenty storeyed block of flats as one could imagine, even to the H. G. Wells type of imagination, and yet that is what it was to become within the next year, and the tragedy which occurred there was to be long since forgotten in the mad rush for something new in this modern age of speed.

Nearby, one hundred feet above the rain-washed streets, a man in torn, mud-splattered overalls, sat astride a massive steel girder, directing the fixing and placing of beams. He was a man of advanced years, and but for his joy and pride in his work, would have retired long since. In his heavily lined face could be read a weariness that tells of a broken but dogged spirit. Soon he would be forced to retire, and would fade away into seemingly aimless existence. He was still trying to postpone that dreadful day.

Then above the clanging of steel upon steel, came the piercing hoot of the work's siren, and as if compelled by a master switch, all work ceased, and there was a general exodus towards ground level. One of the last to leave was the old man. Warily he swung his legs on to the girder, and began to cross it, as he had done so many times.

But this time it was different. No sooner had he taken his first step along the nine inch wide path that lay before him, than a feeling of sheer terror gripped and numbed him. For forty long years he had been a steeplejack, a long time in that profession, and now, suddenly and terribly, he had lost his nerve. With an effort he went forward a few more paces, and then could go no further. He sat down, straddling the beam, and began to edge his way forward.

Half way across, he made the fatal error of looking down. He was gripped by a fear of falling that gave birth to a new terror, of disaster and quick death. Death at his age was near enough to him.

He could not go back, and dared not go on. Perspiration poured down his back and face, and dripped from his chin as seconds of time beating persistently, over an infinity of space. The more he looked, the tighter he clung to the beam, until the knuckles showed white under his skin.

At last, two men far below, glancing upwards and seeing his frozen state, realised his peril. Climbing aloft, they approached him from either side, eased his terror frozen fingers from the girder, and half-carried, half-dragged him by the shoulders and feet to the end of the girder, and thus by ladder to the ground.

Once on the ground, his terror quickly disappeared, and he laughingly apologised for making such a fool of himself. Falteringly he stammered his thanks which they waved aside and took the first opportunity to leave.

Left alone once more beneath the steel forest, the old man now fought a new battle. Fear and loss of face fought out their conflict inside him. But he was a dogged man, and loss of face at last overcame his fear, and fortified by a strong drink he soon returned to the site of his former fears.

Slowly he swung himself aloft, until he was once more at the end of the nine inch wide girder, the doorway to his fate. He began to cross.

"Not too fast now," he thought. "Must take it easy. Slowly now. Watch that patch of oil. Nearly across now. Only a few more steps, now, three, two. careful; nearly slipped then; one, made it." A surge of exhilaration flowed through him. He'd show these young fellows there was life in the old dog yet. Somewhere down in the depths of his soul a spark gleamed and burst into flame. He felt the weight of years lift from his shoulders, and he straightened his bent frame as he had done in his youth.

With a new spring in his step, he turned and walked confidently and unhesitatingly back across the beam which now held no terrors for him.

It may have been the patch of oil that brought about his downfall, or perhaps the alcohol had a sudden and devastating effect. They never could decide. With a scream, he spun off the girder and fell headlong to the concrete far below. Yet another life had been snuffed out like a candle flame, and although some of those present had thought that the man's yell as he fell sounded more like one of cheated rage than of terror, no-one realised the true tragedy behind his death.

The coroner gave his verdict of accidental death, death certificates were signed; wills carried out; the burial service was conducted; four or five lines of print were put in the local press under the heading of Deaths; and within a few days all was forgotten. Humans have very short memories, especially for the dead; and the great work must go on.

BRUNO

WYTHNOS Y CORONI

Wythnos ryfedd oedd hi rhwng popeth, a phawb yng ngafael y dwymyn. Da o beth oedd cael dathlu'r amgylchiad ddydd Gwener yn ein ffordd ein hunain i gloi'r wythnos yn anrhydeddus.

Fe fu paratoi dyfal drwy'r ysgol a gwelais arwyddion cynnar yn y bore wrth ddod i mewn. Gweld ymhen draw'r corridor gwal gadarn o focus pop yn ymestyn o ddrws yr 'Head' i fan arall. Poteli tiws, lliwgar yr olwg, a digon o ddiodydd ynddynt i dorri syched pawb ar gae St. Helen's ar y poethaf dydd Llun cyntaf o Awst. Ac yn ddisymwyth trwy ddrws y cefn, dyna ddau lanc trwsiadus yn cario'n ofalus ryw focus hirgul â'i wyneb dan orchudd papur glan. Yn sydyn, awel fach ysgafn yn codi'r papur a dwyn i'r olwg resi trefnus o'r 'pastries' hyfrytaf a welodd undyn eriod. A dyna fel y bu tryw'r bore stwff yn llofi i mewn o bob siop yn y dre, am a wn i, a'r ysgol wedi'i thro'i'n debycach i'r Mackworth nag i un o blasau sidet Miss Horsbrugh. Wel' os am wledd' gwledd amdani.

Gyda phob parch i Bwyllgor Addysg y Dre am ei roddion hael, beth, wedi'r cwbl yw dwy neu dair bynen a dwy boteliad fach o bop i fechgyn Oes aur Elisabeth yr Ail?

Meddyliwch am un o deulu'r Tuduriaid gynt, Harri VIII, er engraifft, yn eistedd wrth y ford a chymaint a hynny o fwyd o'i flaen. Bolgi fel Harri o flaen bwyd i ganeri! Yn wir, petai wedi gorfod byw ar hynyna o fwyd ni fuasai ganddo'r nerth i wrthsefyll un o'i wragedd.

A dyna paham y gwnaethom wledd ogoneddus ohonni yn y traddodiad Tuduraidd. Ni fethodd un ohonom arddel perthynas â'r hen deulu brenbinol hwnnw wrth y ford, o leiaf.

A chwarae teg i'r hen adeilad daeth bywyd newydd iddo am unwaith y prynhawn hwnnw. Fe glywais y Deon mewn apel i'r gronfa ar y radio yn dweud bod Westminster yn bell o fod yn lan. Gallwn ninnau ddweud yr un peth am Dynevor. Ond fe wariwyd ffortiwn gennym i guddio pob twll a chornel â baneri, lluniau a phapurau amryliw. Ond hyn sy'n rhyfedd ni ddaeth i feddwl neb i roi carped ar y llawr yn unman. Dyna'r unig fai.

Ac nid bwyta ac yfed yn unig oedd yn mynd ymlaen. Dyna i chi ddrws un ystafell, er engraifft, yu cael ei agor yn ddifeddwl gan rywun a seiniau moethus Band Billy Cotton yn dylifo i'r corridor. Record o lais merchetaidd ryw denor o fan arall yn bloeddio nerth ei geg rinweddau'r un o garai. A dyna fel y bu. Agor drysau'r ysgol am unwaith a dod â'r byd tuallan i mewn yn ei holl amryfal odidowgrwydd.

A dyna fel yr oeddem ni, pawb ar delerau da â'r Goron am brynhawn cyfan. Ni bu teyrngarwch un ohonom dan am heuaeth am ciliad yn ystod yr amser.

Hir oes i'r Frenhines Newydd.

I. BEVAN, VB

FLOREAT BEDFORDIA

Several past contributions to our Magazine have given Old Boys' impressions of University life in general, and their own college in particular, and so this article being a broad outline of life in a different type of School from our own, is a salutary break in the trend.

I write of the School I attended for the first three years of my secondary school life—Bedford Modern School—a prominent Public School, which is aptly described as one of the finest day schools in the country (although it has a number of boarders, estimated by the writer at 700-1000 boys).

A background story of the School is really essential, and there lies a wealth of detail, stretching back to 1552, but obviously such a long story cannot be told here. Where most secondary schools have histories stretching back only to the late nineteenth century, it is well known that most Public Schools are now 400 and more years old. Suffice it here to say that the School has a truly historic tradition, jealously guarded and zealously maintained.

The unique feature of the School is the very close control it exerts over its pupils outside school hours. One result is that the School is able to maintain discipline conduct and activities usually associated with a boarding school. The School rules of conduct cover the EXACT dress a boy shall wear, prohibit a boy being out after "lock-up" (6.00 p.m. in the winter) and specify such places as cinemas and chain-stores as out of bounds. It must be emphasised that these many and various rules are carried out to the letter, and are mainly enforced by a monitorial body endowed with powers (under the Headmaster's directions) virtually equal to those of masters. To illustrate these powers, Dyvorians will scarcely believe that an obstreperous lower form, left unattended for a short while, will shrink to the most serene of silences at the mere knowledge that one of these monitors is near. It is an unbreakable rule that when the Head of School together with his colleagues appears *at the doorway* at morning assembly in the School Hall, there will be absolute silence at once. His walk to the front of the Hall is accompanied by scarcely the creak of a chair.

As one who has had the honour and privilege of keeping that silence, I am the first to recommend its capacity (and that of the system it belongs to) as an agent for instructing the boys with the truth "Manners maketh man."

The boys thus think of their School as the pervading influence of their whole day, term and year. The result is a striking *esprit de corps*, stimulating the finest team spirit. The somewhat rigid discipline becomes part of each boy, and the result is salutary. The House system of inter-school activity is followed, but the enthusiasm and loyalty resulting runs to every function undertaken—the House Championships is a really vital matter.

The sports indulged in are many and varied, tending to extend beyond the scope of a Grammar School. They include shooting, fencing, boxing, rugby, fives, swimming and rowing, as well as the more usual gymnastics, cricket, rugby, hockey, athletics, and so on, and all are competed in with

other "public schools." In particular it must be mentioned that B.M.S. is one of the leading swimming Schools in the country, frequently turning out virtually unbeatable VI's and water polo teams, and is always prominent in the Bath Club Cup, and is a traditional entrant at Marlow and Henley Royal Regattas.

The School has had its own Officers Training Corps., since the middle of the last century, which regularly attends the Public Schools Summer Camps in a Regulars' Barracks.

To run briefly through the Social Calendar one calls to mind the School and inter-house Dramatic performances, Choral Society and Orchestral Concerts, and a wealth of other Societies which are always active including Chess, Gramophone, Philately, Natural and other Sciences, Geographical, Debating. The School has a terminal magazine which usually runs to about a 100 pages, which has to the writers' knowledge regularly appeared since the late 1880s. Finally there must be mentioned the Association connected with the School to whom is owed a large part of all that has gone before, The Parents Association (the first of its kind in the country) and the Old Boys' Club. The latter with about 1300 members is very active (and generous) in its assistance, and the former's energy appears to know now no bounds.

This passing reference to them really does violence to their loyalty.

The foregoing is a review of the School's activities, in so many ways more multifarious than our own, and as such runs the risk of leaving much unsaid, and what is said, incomplete. It does however do what it is intended to, merely to outline the life in an entirely different school from our own.

R. C. WHEATON, LVI Sc.

PARIS FOR EASTER

Everyone was excited as we assembled at the station on the day of our departure for France, for which we had waited so long. Most of us were mildly surprised when a member of the staff arrived with a distinguished looking beret. At last the time came for us to take our seats and store our luggage. At 9.15, the train left the station and rushed into the night, which passed peacefully, apart from a minor disturbance at Cardiff.

At the unearthly hour of 4.30 Saturday morning, we reached Paddington and there caught a tube to Victoria, where we were to have breakfast. We arrived at the

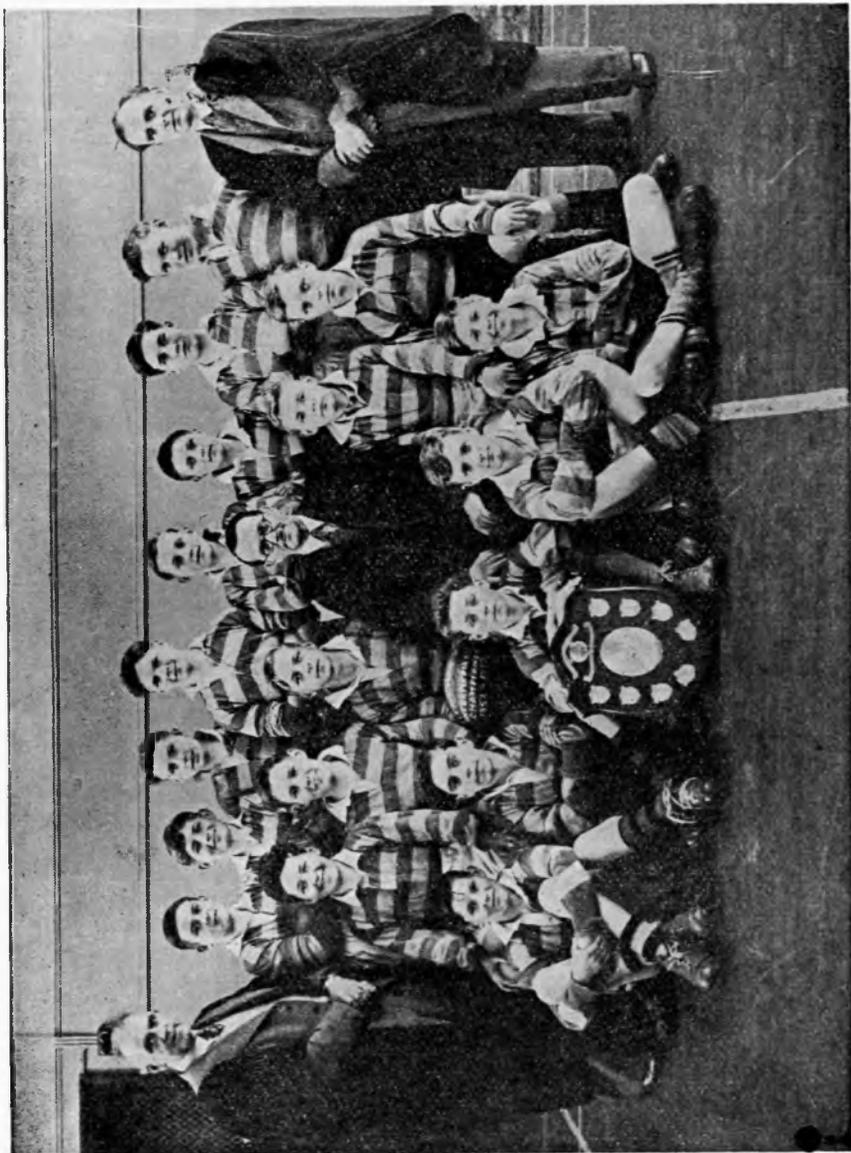
restaurant an hour before time, but fortunately the proprietress took pity on us and let us in. After a delicious breakfast we caught the train to Newhaven. When we arrived there we were immediately hurried through the customs, and aboard the "S.S. Worthing." The crossing was something rougher than we had expected, and standing on the bow we could feel the spray on our faces. We watched the white cliffs of Dover slowly disappear, and then the French coast slowly rising above the horizon. Disembarking it was a thrill to think we were entering a new country.

From Dieppe, we caught a train to Paris, and then a bus to the school where we were to stay. The school was nothing to boast about; in fact, I thought it was quite unsatisfactory. The wash basins, if one could call them that, were atrocious. They were, "one long zinc trough, with a few cold water taps above it," and that was all. There was no hot water. The beds, too, were rather uncomfortable, but we slept well because we were so tired after the day's journey. The food we had there was quite wholesome, but our party was a little unused to it and the way in which it was served.

We visited many churches in France, one of which was the Madeleine, which in my opinion was the best we visited. It probably has the most beautiful altar in the world. When we were there, a communion service was in progress. The solemnity and delicacy of the service impressed us, as we watched it from the gallery.

Towards the middle of our stay we visited the Sacré-Coeur, one of the most magnificent sights we had ever seen; a great white building standing like a sentinel on top of a great hill. On the day of our visit the weather was moderately fine, and in the sunlight its great dome and spires shone like crystals, its beauty excelling everything else around it. Many people were climbing its steps, which was a strenuous thing to do. Standing on the ground on which it was built one could see for miles, and looking from the utmost peak of its dome, practically all France can be seen.

Contrasted with this is the Notre Dame Cathedral, which we visited. The Notre Dame does not shine like the Sacré-Coeur, but the building itself, and the craftsmanship in it are remarkable. One could see that great pains had been taken to build this Cathedral. The interior of the Notre Dame is very impressive, with its stained glass windows, which are so beautiful that one can stand and gaze at them for hours and still find something new and exciting in them.



THE "C" RUGBY TEAM.

A stately building was the Palace of Luxembourg, set in a large park in which there is a huge ornamental pond. We were fortunate to be shown around the interior of this great Palace. It is here that the French Parliament sit, and we entered the French "House of Commons," and saw how a French Parliament meets. In the seats around, little brass plates could be seen, indicating the place where famous politicians and orators had sat in days gone by, among them being a plate with the name of Victor Hugo on it. In the chapel of the Palace, the present cabinet ministers hold their debates, but it is the ceiling that attracts one's attention, as it is covered with the most beautiful and masterly paintings that one has ever seen. There also we saw the Prime Minister's retiring room and office.

In the middle of the week, we paid a visit to the Louvre to see the paintings, among them the most brilliant and awe-inspiring in the world, I think. There was, of course, the celebrated "Mona Lisa," prints of which we had often seen, but to see the original is to be convinced that no print can be the same as the actual painting. We also visited the Palace of Versailles. Here also there are some beautiful paintings and murals. The paintings, and some beautiful gold decorations were supervised by Le Brun. The Palace itself was constructed as a chateaux by Louis XIII, but in 1670 it was augmented to its present size by Louis XIV.

Among other places visited was Napoleon's tomb at Les Invalides, and next door the "Musée de l'arms." Later we visited the Eiffel Tower. This is a wonderful experience for anybody. From the top the traffic and people appear to be unbelievably small. At the top of the Tower, there is a little shop, where the prices, alas, exceed those of the shops at ground level. Coming down is a trying experience for your stomach. The descent is a little quicker than the ascent, and to see the ground coming to meet you is rather terrifying. We reached the bottom safely, but were rather disappointed that we could not stay longer there, as we had to go back to the "lycée," for lunch.

Too quickly the time came for us to leave. The journey home was uneventful apart from a last minute dash for refreshments before the train left Paddington. At about half-past ten we arrived in Swansea weary, but having thoroughly enjoyed a completely successful trip. All members of the party would like to express their thanks to those concerned in the organisation.

D. T. Parry, L.VI Arts.

LA PALAIS DE LA DECOUVERTE

Although visits were made during the Paris trip at Easter to the Eiffel Tower, Notre-Dame and the Sacré-Coeur, the most interesting to me was that made to the Palais de la Découverte. The whole party trooped in expectantly. What would we find? We were hustled along by a guide to a circular room decorated from top to bottom with numbers. Scratching our heads we wondered what they represented. The distance to the moon measured in inches? If we had looked at the beginning we would have seen what it was without asking, for it began 3,142 and continued as it seemed for ever. It was the value of pi. Reflecting upon the young mathematicians in our school who have to find the areas of circles for homework, I think the numbers are best left in Paris.

We were next led through a darkened room which gave quite a wonderful impression of outer space. We gazed at working models of the solar system and one model in particular which nearly made us think we were actually standing on the moon.

Our attention was next drawn by an old gentleman, who performed with a colourless liquid some amazing feats. Gasps were uttered when he poured some of it on to the floor, for we heard it hitting the hard surface, then disappearing immediately. A piece of metal was easily broken after being dipped into this liquid, which was, of course, liquid air.

A few members of the party ventured to sit in a "chair," have an instrument placed near their heart, and see as well as hear their heart beats recorded on a cardiograph. Those people now have the satisfaction of knowing that their hearts are quite in order.

After this wonderful tour, we entered a circular room with a domed roof. We seated ourselves in delightful comfortably arranged seats, and settled down for what was to follow. The lights dimmed gradually and we saw silhouetted around the walls the buildings of Paris. Somewhere in the centre of this huge room, we heard start, a motor which drove a most complicated looking apparatus. A wonderful impression of the night sky as seen in Paris was then cast above us. So this was the Planetarium and it provided an admirable climax to a most interesting afternoon.

There was not time to see everything in the museum, but an indelible impression was left on one's mind of the vastness of the universe and the mighty forces therein. It was certainly a visit which we enjoyed and which we shall long remember.

D. F. Perkins, L.VI Sc.

THE STRATFORD TRIP, 1953

The long awaited morning of Tuesday, 5th of May, the day of our trip to Stratford, came at last. The bus left Swansea at 7.25 picking up some passengers at Morriston. We travelled over the Brecon Beacons in glorious sunshine and arrived in Brecon at 9 o'clock. After fortifying ourselves with some light refreshments, we proceeded to Stratford via Leominster and Worcester. On arrival in Stratford we proceeded to the Riverside Hotel for lunch, after which we were allowed a little time to purchase anything we wished

At 2 o'clock we proceeded to Holy Trinity Church where we saw the entry of Shakespeare's birth and death in an old Parish Register. We also saw Shakespeare's tomb in the chancel of the church.

From Holy Trinity Church we went to Hall Croft—the house of Shakespeare's son-in-law, Doctor John Hall, where we saw some of the gruesome remedies of Shakespeare's day. We also saw one of the first folios of Shakespeare's plays. From Hall Croft we passed quickly on to the ruins of Shakespeare's house at New Place. The actual house had been demolished by a clergyman who was annoyed with so many people coming to see it. From New Place we proceeded to Shakespeare's birthplace where we saw a window pane bearing the signatures of many famous people, scratched with diamond rings.

From there the bus took us to Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery. It was a typical cottage of the 16th century, with a thatched roof and latticed windows. This cottage contained nothing of interest so we returned through Stratford to Mary Arden's cottage at Wilmcote. This was very much the same as Ane Hathaway's cottage except for the fact that it was built earlier. The house itself presented little of interest. The barns, however, were very interesting. They contained a cider press and a dove cote. The last barn we visited was the most interesting. It contained two horse drawn fire-engines, a stage-coach, early bicycles, one of the original Hansom cabs and a special coach which had been built for Tom Thumb and his wife.

The bus took us back through Stratford to Hemingsford House, the youth hostel where we were going to spend the night. There Mr. Morris issued us with sleeping bags and duty cards, which told us what duties we had to perform.

At 7.0 we left for the Memorial Theatre where we had booked to see a performance of "The Merchant of Venice." The theatre was built from funds subscribed by English-

speaking people all over the world and was opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on April 23, 1932. Needless to say the performance was excellent and Michael Redgrave and Peggy Ashcroft played Shylock and Portia respectively, with brilliance. We left the theatre at 10.30 and arrived back at Hemingford House at 11.0.

Next morning we rose early and carried out our duties under Mr. Morris's eagle eye. We left the hostel at 9.10 a.m. and after inquiring the way several times arrived at Bournville at 10.30.

There we were received by a guide who took us to a refreshment room where we were offered cocoa, Bournvita or coffee and biscuits. Then we were organised into parties of six, each under the leadership of a female guide, who had her name on a badge in her lapel. Our guide, a Miss Jean Guy, showed us over the factory and at every department we visited, we received a sample of the article made. There were also recreation rooms and swimming baths for the use of the employees. When we had completed our tour we were shown a film about the growing of the cocoa bean. As we were leaving we were given a booklet describing the factory.

After lunch at the Olde Farm Inne we left for Dudley Zoo where we were to spend the afternoon. The zoo turned out to be a very large one, and we spent a very enjoyable afternoon touring it. We had tea in the Gardens and afterwards returned to the bus which was waiting to take us home.

The homeward journey was uneventful and our only stop was at Brecon where we enjoyed a supper of fish and chips at the New Lion Hotel. We left Brecon at 8.45 and proceeded home amid a chorus of song.

Thanks are due to Mr. Cox and Mr. Morris who once again gave much of their time to arranging this year's Stratford Trip which was again so much enjoyed.

Paul Sidey and Colin Clifford, IID.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The most distinguishing feature of this year's activities has been the variety of subjects debated in a programme designed to suit as many tastes as possible. We have had topical, political, religious, musical, and even humorous debates and discussions. With the assistance of the Science members a tortuous system of electric bells was set up, and the Society indulged in the Radio Parlour Game—"One Minute Please." It was noticeable that the chairman, who

was an arts student, distrusting the new-fangled inventions of Science preferred a mallet to an electric bell. One of the most successful experiments was a musical session which catered for a wide variety of tastes. The records for the programme were presented by individual members, who first gave a brief description of any interesting features of the music. The Inter-School Debate, held in Bishop Gore School quite appropriately concerned the Coronation festivities. Robert McCloy (L.VI Arts) proposed the motion that "too much money is being spent on the Coronation" and must be commended for his authoritative speech. The only regret was that the lively comments from the floor had to be curtailed. Unfortunately the attendances at the Society's meeting have in general been alarmingly poor, and particularly so when a debate of a serious nature was discussed. Though this state of affairs is lamentable, it can be rectified by a more active interest on the part of senior members.

The following subjects have been discussed: ...

September 26th—"That Television is a menace to family and social life."

Proposing: M. Williams, U.VI Arts.

Opposing: B. L. Williams, U.VI Arts.

The motion was rejected by 3 votes.

October 3rd—"That the monarchy is defunct and should be abolished."

Proposing: P. Maimone, U.VI Arts.

Opposing: G. Phillips, U.VI Arts.

The motion was rejected by 13 votes.

October 23rd—"That Scientific progress causes more harm than good."

Proposing: D. Lloyd, U.VI Arts.

Opposing: N. Lewis, L.VI Sc.

The motion was rejected by 5 votes.

October 31st—(a) Talk by Cass-Beggs on the difference between certain aspects of the British and Canadian way of life.

(b) Talk by Tarig Abdullah (L.VI Arts) on the political status of Pakistan.

November 7th—Two Humorous Debates: (a) "That this house deplores the propagation of the "Dandy" as detrimental to society and recommends that of the "Beano" as beneficial."

Proposing: A. Mitchell, U.VI Sc.

Opposing: R. Hyman, U.VI Sc.

The motion was rejected by 2 votes.

(b) "That this house recommends the use of electric fires in igloos."

Proposing: L. Holbrook, U. VI Sc.

Opposing: J. V. Davies, U.VI Arts.

Total abstention.

November 14th—A programme of records devised and presented by D. Lloyd, M. Williams, G. V. Phillips and P. Maimone.

November 21st—"That this house cannot accept the theory of evolution."

Proposing: K. Walters, U. VI Sc.

Opposing: G. P. Phillips, U.VI Arts.

The motion was rejected by 7 votes.

November 28th—Radio Parlour Game—"One Minute Please."

Teams:

M. Williams, G. Macpherson, G. Phillips, U.VI Arts:

A. Mitchell, M. Perris, R. Hyman, U.VI Sc.

January 23rd—"That this house would welcome the re-introduction of flogging for crimes of violence."

Proposing: G. A. Evans, U.VI Arts.

Opposing: W. A. Thomas, U.VI Arts.

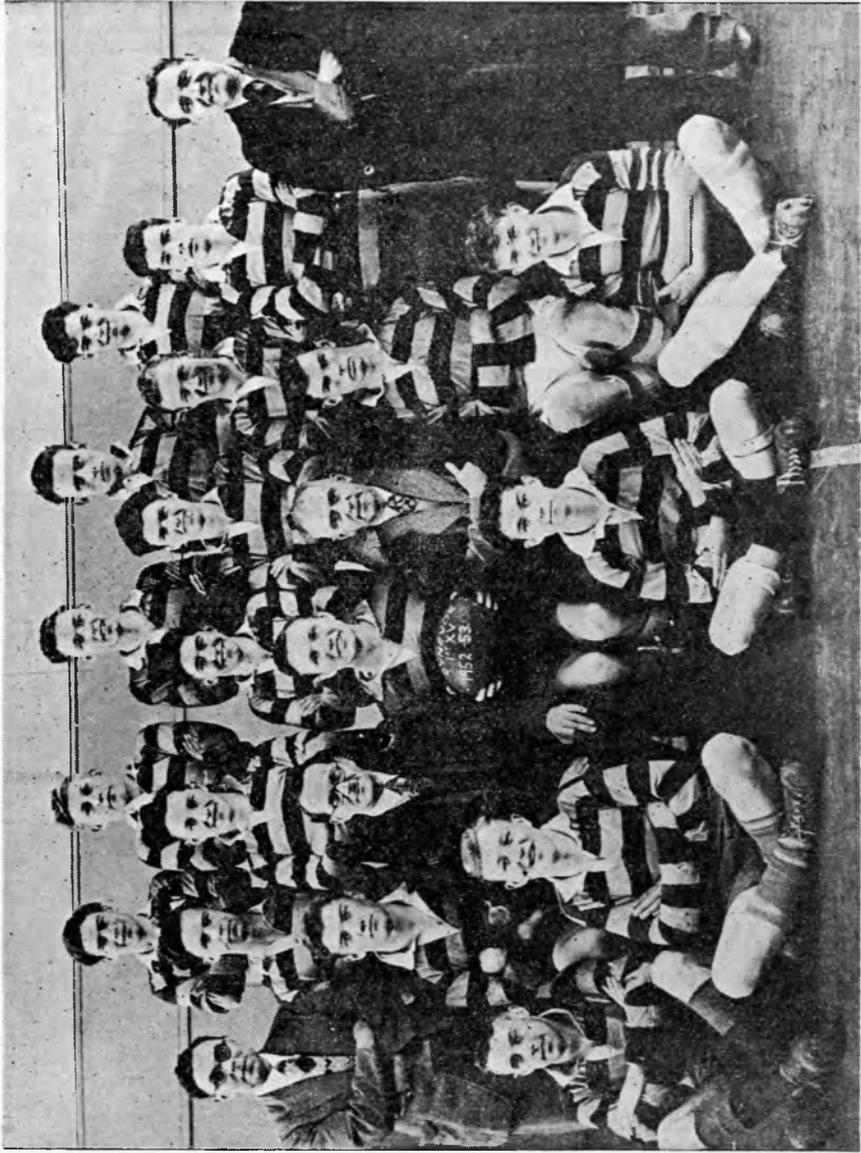
The motion was carried by a majority of 6 votes.

February 6th—Programme of Records presented by M. Perris, U.VI Sc.

SENIOR RUGBY

With the memory of last season's disastrous games still emblazoned on our minds, (the season in which the school was unable to gain a single victory, and indeed, great difficulty was experienced in even picking fifteen boys who could or would play,) there was much controversy as to whether it wouldn't be more sensible to disband the school senior XV rugby team altogether this year. After much discussion, it was finally decided to try one more season, and we are glad to be able to report that the experiment has met with marked success, and there is every indication that in the near future, the school will once more be represented by a team worthy of the teams of the past, such as those giant-killers who went through the season with unbeaten records, and had as many as seven of the team selected for Welsh trials.

This revolutionary surge of success, has been due mainly to the untiring efforts of those stalwarts of the game, who hated to see the team in such a position, Mr. Gregory, Mr. C. Jones, and an old boy of the school Mr. H. Phillips, the well known international player. Great work was also



THE SCHOOL FIRST XV.

done by the selection committee: D. T. Williams (captain) D. Abraham (vice-captain), P. Saword, I. Bevan, and R. Williams.

Special note must be made of the magnificent work of D. T. Williams, who, throughout the season has been unflagging in his efforts, arranging practices etc., which, I am sorry to say were often rewarded with poor attendances.

With most of the team newcomers to senior rugby, many not having played the game before, it was only natural that the season should begin with some heavy defeats, but before the season was half way through, patience and hard work began to have their reward, and though some of our easier fixtures were cancelled, the season ended with a far greater measure of success than the team's record on paper would seem to indicate.

The first win of the season was achieved by 11 pts. 8, at the expense of the Bible College, whom we also beat by 8 pts. 6 in the return match. Another notable victory was that over our old rivals Llandovery College, whom we beat 6 pts. 0. The largest score of the season was that against St. Mary's College by 32 pts. 0, which would have been a lot more with an efficient "kicker" in the team. The game against Ogmores Vale School was played in a snowstorm, and ended in a draw, neither side scoring. It is rumoured that one member of the team spent most of the game under Mr. C. Jones's umbrella. The team also managed to give the Bishop Gore School a hard struggle, losing eventually by 17 pts. 0. Other close games were played against Neath Technical School, and Masteg, both were lost by 3 pts. 0.

It remains only to thank all those masters who gave their spare time to accompany the team on their away fixtures, to thank our hard working Secretary, J. Knoyle, for doing all the team's literary work, and finally to plead with all those people in the fourth and fifth forms who delight in using their brawn to impede and annoy the prefects in their duties, to turn it to some use in supporting the school team next year on the rugby field.

WHO'S WHO IN THE 1st XV

P. Maimone (Full-back).—Our last line of defence, saving many tries with robust tackling. Rumoured that he never omits to pay his life insurance on Friday night.

M. Ferris (Wing).—The team's flyer ; will stop his opponent by hook or by crook, mostly by crook.

G. Davies (Wing).—Ready to seize every opportunity but, alas, is not adequately supplied by his centres.

D. Timothy (Centre).—Our heavyweight ; uses his "avoir du pois" with good effect.

R. Williams (Centre).—Fast runner and a fearless tackler. Would play better if he stopped thinking about his after-match date.

P. Evans (Ouside-half).—Tackles well and is rumoured to be destined for International honours.

F. Powell (Scrum-half).—Gives loyal service when his partner is to found, which is not often.

I. Bevan (Front-rank).—The Welshman of the team, often heard muttering to himself in Welsh, probably in praise of the "ref".

B. Havard (Hooker).—Has hooked extremely well though impeded by his curls and sometimes his beard.

J. Bennett (Front-rank).—Uses his weight with good effect both in loose and lineout, especially when "ref" isn't looking.

G. Evans (2nd rank).—Is a steady and very reliable player. Works hard on and off the field.

R. Sullivan (2nd rank).—Works efficiently in the loose and line out ; rumoured that he is going to be presented with a pair of boots in a glass case by Mr. C. Jones.

D. T. Williams (Captain).—Has proved his worth this season as a captain. Gives of his best, leads the team in time of difficulty, his duties having been executed with distinction. His password is "Practice in the gym tonight."

D. T. Abraham (Lock).—As good as his leader. A storming player and a pillar of strength in the line out. But since the rugby boys played the High School, hockey is his game.

P. Saward (Wing-forward).—Grand forward who bursts through the line out with comparative ease.

Mention should also be made of the following : M. Gibbs, who played exceptionally well but left early in the season.

I. John, a versatile player, giving good service in every position. Still eats the biggest dinner.

Mention should also be made of N. Lewis. G. Jordan, and A. Mitchell for their unflagging keenness as the team's reserves.

J. Knoyle (Hon. Sec.)

HOUSE MATCHES

The reintroduction of inter-house rugby matches, was one of the most successful enterprises which have been tried by the school for some time. Each house managed by varying means, to put forward a fairly strong team, including much, as yet unknown, talent. The enthusiasm with which the school attended these matches, bursting with advice, was an unexpected pleasure. After some highly entertaining, though rather unskillful rugby, Llewellyn house emerged champions, having defeated Roberts in the first round, and Dillwyn in the final. Congratulations Llewellyn! We are happy to print your photograph in this issue.

JUNIOR RUGBY

This year the School was represented by five teams : A, B, C, D, and 1st year.

Neither the "A" nor the "B" team had a successful season. Both teams started well, but, unfortunately, lack of enthusiasm marred the performance of these teams towards the end of the season.

The "D" and "1st year" teams played well throughout the year, and the "C" team proved to be an outstanding success.

With the exception of one drawn game, the "C" team won all their matches and gained the Swansea Schoolboys Intermediate Challenge Shield. The Shield was presented to the team by Mr. E. Davies and Mr. R. Gammon of the Swansea Schools Rugby Union.

The members of the "C" team were :—L. Walters (capt.), J. Brooks (vice-capt.), D. A. Thomas, P. Arthur, D. Worts, M. Gorman, R. Evans, H. Carroll, D. Charles, R. Thomas, J. Davies, H. Vaughan, P. Vaughan, P. Francis, M. Jenkins, P. Offerd, A. Robinson, G. Johns, C. Picton, C. Russling,

SOCCER

Our four soccer teams (Senior A and B, Intermediate A and B) have all enjoyed a fairly successful season.

	P	W	L	D	F	A
Intermediate "A"	16	12	2	2	65	14
Senior "A"	15	12	2	1	62	14

The Intermediate A team under the captaincy of John Boat, headed their division, while the Senior A team finished the season as runners up in the Martin Shield Competition.

It was generally agreed that during the first half of the season when matches were played almost every Saturday morning, our teams attained a very high standard of play.

Unfortunately during the Easter term many weeks passed without a game, and the standard of play deteriorated to some extent.

The Intermediate B and Senior B teams played good football throughout the season and won most of their matches. Judging by the talent available in these teams our prospects for the coming season are bright.

It should be noted that three of our Senior A team, viz. T. Arnold, R. White, and A. Beale, played for the successful Swansea Schoolboys XI during the season, while two others J. Harries, and M. Fry, acted as reserves.

For Tom Arnold, the Senior A captain, this has been a memorable season. He captained the Swansea Schoolboys XI which won the English Trophy, and also represented his country in all their international matches. In the last two matches of the season, he captained Wales against Scotland and Eire.

Our congratulations to Tom Arnold, and also to Peter McGlynn who was selected as a reserve for the Junior International match, Wales v Ireland (under 14.)

FROM TOWNHILL ON A FAIR EVENING

Glade-green the breastland dips,
And the leaves chat in the lea,
Perfect resection.

The sky at the sea-line sips,
And the headland serpents free,
Stone-cloud perfection.

Lie soft the nestling ships,
Teased into the grey-wool sea,
Without reflection.

And Death licks thin lips,
And tends his atom tree,
Without detection.

Old Dy'vorian.



