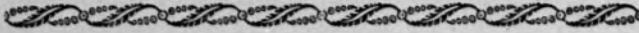




MAGAZINE

No. 90.

JULY, 1954.



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Dynevor Secondary School Magazine

No. 90 (No. 17 New Series)

JULY, 1954.

Editorial Committee.

Editor : W. D. WAGSTAFF.

Sub-Editors : R. BRYANT, G. MACPHERSON.

EDITORIAL.

Time marches on and so with the advent of the Summer term we become more and more concerned, and often anxious, about the issuing of this Magazine. However, after surmounting the two difficult obstacles of W.J.E.C. and what was even worse, the apathy of school in general and the lower school in particular, we finally present to you the results of our struggle. We hope the Magazine pleases everyone, although we make no apologies to those who have adverse comment to make, but no contribution !

With the publication of this issue, we shall be taking leave of Dynevor and entering (presumably) the portals of the University. We would like to take this opportunity of wishing the school well, and of expressing the hope that our successors in office will be so overwhelmed with contributions that they will have to exercise a sound discernment in making their selection. *Salve Dynevor atque vale!*

SCHOOL NOTES.

Once again we approach the end of a school year and as we begin the compilation of these notes, the usual school and advanced certificate examinations begin too. The old familiar symbol, C.W.B., has given way to the cryptic W.J.E.C. But an examination, no less than a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet, and despite the change of nomenclature, the exam's the same, and the authorities have shown their usual consideration in sending down their natty 8 and 16 page booklets in which we are expected to inscribe neatly the sum of our knowledge. Let us again fervently hope that they will not be too disappointed with what they find written therein.

We are glad to welcome back Mr. Andrewartha after a term's absence on account of illness ; we trust that he will continue to make good progress to a complete recovery of his former health.

As if to show the medical world that his anatomy, too, had its interesting and unusual features. Mr. Myrddin Harris lost no time in following his colleague into hospital. This operation we are told, was carried out completely in Welsh, accompanied by music. And it was no siren voice that whispered " Wakey, wakey " when all was over. We are glad to welcome him back, too, and have no doubt that with the aid of Messrs. Wrigley's superfine confections, his recovery will be speedy.

In addition to the usual French Assistant, Monsieur Garrett, who has been with us this year, we have been glad to welcome a German assistant ; Dr. Harro Voss—at least we have shared his company with our Bishop Gore comrades. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking them for the assistance given, and for the pleasure of knowing them ; we wish them well on their return to their respective countries. Contributions from them both are to be found in the pages of this issue.

We extend a welcome to Mr. Glyn Jones who comes to us from Kent as an assistant crafts master.

It is rumoured that the Head has abandoned his long cherished project of buying a new " Morris " and has now decided on a Helicopter being determined to keep well above his pedestrian colleagues. It is convenient, indeed, that the School has a flat roof which will doubtless provide many happy landings for his Sikorski.

Two groups from abroad, one from Stuttgart, Germany, and the other from Stockholm, Sweden, have been guests of Dynevor boys this term. The visitors showed their pleasure and appreciation of the kindness and hospitality shown them and expressed the wish to return next year. A Dynevor group will visit Stuttgart for three weeks this summer.

PREFECTS.

Back Row—M. GRIFFITHS, B. WAYGOOD, D. HARRIES, J. KNOYLE, R. BRYANT, G. MACPHERSON, R. HYMAN.

Middle Row—R. DAVIES, J. LEWIS, H. DAVIES, N. LEWIS, H. JAMES, B. WALL, I. JOHN, W. WAGSTAFF, P. SAWARD.

Front Row—V. MALPASS, A. MITCHELL, G. EVANS (Head Prefect) THE HEADMASTER, MR. H. J. GRIFFITHS, J. DAVIES, R. CAIE, R. BOWERS.



Michael Davies continues to make progress in the world of tennis, and had the distinction of appearing in the last sixteen in the Men's Finals at Wimbledon this year. He was beaten 5 - 7, 1 - 6, 5 - 7 by Budge Patty who paid tribute to the skill and dour fighting qualities of his youthful opponent.

A welcome innovation in our School-life this term has been the awarding of "colours," in the form of a School tie with a narrow stripe, and "half-colours," in the form of an enamelled badge, to boys who have distinguished themselves in the School First XV or First Cricket XI. It is hoped that these awards will prove an incentive toward greater effort in the realm of sport.

Rugby awards for 1953-54 were :

Full Colours : J. Bennett, G. Davies, I. John, F. Powell, P. Saword, R. Sullivan, D. Timothy and R. Williams.

Half Colours : N. Lewis, D. Lilley, M. Owen, J. Knoyle, P. James, F. Boat and G. Twigg.

Cricket awards for 1953 were :

Full colours : K. Walters, B. Williams. T. Arnold, H. Davies and B. Perrin.

From the commencement of the Summer term, there has been feverish activity in and around the cricket nets. A host of enthusiasts led by the indefatigable Haydn and Johnny Davies were actually at the nets a week before School opened. We have heard it authoritatively stated that it is the quality and not the quantity of these practices that matters, however. While these active sportsmen were thus enjoying themselves, the sager members of the Sixth divided their time between swotting and debating the merits of the Goon Show, the authority on the latter being Goon No. 1, Mac. Minor.

Earlier in the term the doctor honoured us with his presence, and was treated to a close view of our manly forms. Fortunately, we had been apprised of his visit and a liberal application of lifebuoy the night before had effectively reduced B.O. One cynic who suggested that a vet. would have been more appropriate for the Science Sixth was promptly put to silence. Later the upper School paid a visit to Trinity Place for an X-ray test. Certain members of the fifths, alarmed by the recent cancer scare, feared lest the test would reveal an excessive consumption of woodbines. Following the X-ray, there was a Mantoux skin-test. Despite the determined efforts of a certain red-haired member of the Sixth at sabotage the tests were performed satisfactorily, and the next few days were spent in an anxious examination of forearms for the tell-

tale red spots. The Fifth former who discovered a black-spot stoutly disclaimed any relationship with Long John Silver.

Early in the year some white-coated gentlemen equipped with ladders made their appearance in the School yard. What did they want? Who could they be? The mystery was solved when these gentlemen put up their ladders and got busy on the school windows. Yes, January, 1954 will ever be memorable as the momentous occasion when the School had its windows cleaned.

In May, a visit was paid by the whole School to the Plaza to see the film "Julius Caesar," since when the ghost of Caesar has haunted the ruins of the School roof. Whom, we wonder, is he looking for? Angels and ministers of state defend us!

Good Friday evening saw twenty-nine Dynevor boys waiting excitedly at High St. Station. It was the beginning of the annual School visit to Paris, organised and led this year by Mr. R. B. Morgan, who was accompanied by Mr. Abbott and Mr. Lloyd. A most enjoyable time was spent at the Institution Vaysse, a school in the suburb of Le Pre St. Gervais. A Frenchman, in conversation with the party leader, complimented the boys upon their polite behaviour in the Paris tube train—"Toujours la politesse, messieurs!" Words made famous during the visit were: Combien? (How much?) and any French number from 1 to 1000 (francs).

Heartiest congratulations to Einar Day and Clive John of Lower VI Arts. At the Semaine Culturelle held at the Lycée Lahanal, Paris, during the Easter vacation both won prizes in the competition held at the end of the Course. Day was awarded First Prize for the French Essay and Second Prize for French Dictation, and John received Third Prize for Dictation. Both received valuable books which were presented by the Proviseur of the Lycée.

Among the four University Students who have been with us this term was D. C. Evans, an old boy of the School.

We congratulate Paul Rowlands (2D) upon his success in the *Western Mail* St. David's Day Essay Competition. His winning entry is printed in this issue.

A dance organised by Raymond Williams, John Fox and Robt. Scott for members of the Sixth Form was so successful that out of the proceeds a silver cup was purchased and presented to the School for competition.

At the very successful Old Boys Annual Dinner held at the Mackworth on St. David's Day the speakers were Mr. John Nener, Editor of the *Daily Mirror*, Mr. Leslie Davies, late Managing Director of R.T.B.'s Cwmfelin Works, Ald. Percy Morris, Coun. Mainwaring Hughes, Mr. Illtyd Moy Evans and Mr. L. J. Drew.

Allan Mitchell, Rhys Bryant and William Wagstaff were successful in obtaining open scholarships at Swansea University which will be made up to the value of State scholarships. It is most gratifying that three of the eight scholarships offered were won by the School.

Tony Ford, who is now a student of modern languages at Aberdeen University, has been awarded a £150 scholarship to study at Madrid.

Norman Harris who recently completed his studies at Reading has been appointed for 12 months as lecturer at the University of California.

Peter McGlynn played for the Swansea Boys team in their English and Welsh Shield Matches and in the final Welsh trial.

Royston Thomas (4a) was chosen by Mr. P. H. Burton for his radio programme "October Harvest"; Alun Bowen took part in a Children's Hour programme and Geraint Evans (2a) has also been in a broadcast.

We welcome new boys J. F. Pritchard who comes to us from Mundella School, Nottingham, and K. T. Gilbert from Gowerton.

The School Choir and Orchestra have met regularly since the Spring term preparing for the next Concert which will include a performance of Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater," Mozart's "Gloria" from the 12th Mass and the first movement of Bach's piano Concerto in D. minor. It is hoped too,, that there will be some original compositions by members of the School.

We are grateful to Mr. Wilfrid Higgs for his gift of ten guineas for the purchase of books for the School Library.

We extend our congratulation to Mr. Cyril Rogers, an old Dyvorian, on his appointment as Borough Estate Agent.

University success of old boys announced include those of Gerald Talbot (first in Pure Maths.) G. Corney (first in Civil Engineering), Edwin Jones (first in History), James Hambling (second in Physics), Ronald Hawkins (second in History), W. Connick (second in Chemistry), Rowland Jenkins (second in Chemistry), Gwyn Jenkins (second in Chemistry), B. Darby (second in English), Geoffrey Morris (second in English), Ray Bowen (second in Geography), Roland Jenkins (second in Chemistry) Gordon Grainger (second in Engineering) Rowland Griffiths (Commerce), Stanley Hyman (Agriculture).

The Annual Cricket Match between the Old Dyvorians and the School XI took place at St. Helen's on July 6th and resulted in a win for the School by 4 wickets.

The Old Dyvorians batted first scoring 143 for 4 wickets (T. Kiley 61, H. Walters 48) before declaring. The School surpassed the total for the loss of 6 wickets, Hadyn Davies scoring 90 not out and Dickensen 22.

THE CAPTAIN RETIRES.

During one's youth, a person learns to play games, or takes up hobbies, but as he gets older these pursuits are put one side or abandoned completely, and new ones take their places. So I feel, having captained the Staff Cricket team for twenty-four years, that it is time—some may say “about time too”—for me to let my unenviable mantle fall on some new Elisha. You may wonder why I use the term “unenviable.” The reason is that in all these years I have never succeeded in leading a victorious team, thereby fulfilling the staff motto, that it is better to have fought and lost than never to have fought at all.

We are told that members of the School XI do not mind missing any game during the season as long as they are chosen to play against the Masters. Did I say Masters? Masters we might be at school, but when our gowns have been removed, and we are arrayed in “whites” of various shades from very much off-white to dirty grey or brown, then we are anything but masters.

You may like to know how the staff react to this annual match. Then let us return, in our imagination, to the pavilion immediately after any of the defeats to which by now we are so accustomed that a draw would be akin to a miracle. The inquest begins; “We must start practising much earlier next season.” This, by one who **never** practices. “Yes, and play some games with other staff teams, before meeting the boys.” This, by one who invariably withdraws his name on the morning of any match. These and many other statements given in a more emphatic manner, with a blasphemous touch here and there are agreed to, and carried with a fervency which bodes ill for the School XI next season. “I think the umpires might be given a book of rules.” This from a man who was given out l.b.w. **first** ball! Again full agreement except from the umpire. A dirty, dark, malevolent, satanic look from the umpire is sufficient to change the subject.

The following season begins and continues as all previous seasons. Then one day someone says “Look here, you chaps, what about a knock in the nets?” I am assured from the Physics Department that there are degrees of coldness; that the coldest of cold is -273°C , and that this temperature has never been reached. Well, I can assure you that this request for practice is greeted with a chilliness which is the nearest yet to absolute cold. Later on the Test Matches begin, and Glamorgan win and something stirs in the hearts of these valiant men, and eventually a week before the staff match, practice begins. Of the thirty-odd members of staff, about twenty admit that they cannot see the ball, or are too thin or

too fat or too old. These people forget that a pair of hands, a pair of legs, and just sufficient sight to distinguish between night and day are sufficient qualifications to be a member of the Staff XI.

I must not disclose how tactics and strategy are planned but on the day of the match, the field is set with one idea; that is, to place a fielder of least mobility in the slips or mid-off. This might seem strange, but experience points to the fact that the ball reaches these positions before the fielder has time to take evasive action. The result, a run saved, but at what a cost ! The rest of the team disport themselves in various parts of the field. One member on being told to go into the " gully," was found a few minutes later at the back of the pavilion examining the drains. The fielding in the main consists of retrieving balls from over the boundary, or trying to avoid being hit by the ball. At the end of the game, the catchers—if any—compare bruise marks on their chests, where the ball struck before somehow lodging in their hands. Congratulations on such a rare feat as a catch is tempered by the thought that tomorrow's free period may be lost by deputising in the catcher's absence. Such men together with others whose shins have been hit, are then sent to the boundary, there to meditate on Milton, Vergil, or the Calculus. Tactically this is called changing from an attacking to a defensive field.

The stumper is chosen by that well known device of Hobson's choice. In my time I have known only two, viz. Mr. Yates and Mr. Emlyn Evans of the beaming smile. If the ball rises after passing the wicket, there is no need to worry, but if the ball shoots, then the operation involves a risk of a vital trouser seam bursting, so four extras are added to the school total. We have no long-stop. Either you have faith in your stumper or you haven't. In both cases the result is the same.

The opening bowlers are those who can hurl the ball with the greatest possible speed irrespective of direction. In pre-war days, it was Mr. Les. Abraham—of beloved memory—and at present, the lean Mr. Chandler and the rotund 'cello player Mr. Gregory. They are plain men, of no guile, but with a singleness of mind and purpose to destroy the opposition. It is quite true that they suffer from deafness. They are given express instructions to bowl on the off-side of the wicket, but it is the leg side fielders who complain of overwork. The number of maimed batsmen per year remains fairly constant, but it is a credit to the marksmanship of these bowlers that no member of the School XI has had his name entered on the obituary list—yet !

The rest of the bowling would be flattered if it were called mediocre. It is either slow or dead slow, but oh, so full of guile. The only thing one can be certain of, is that the bowler will bowl six times. This is in the true spirit and tradition of cricket, for without a scoring board, a rapidly mounting score makes no visible impression on their cultured faces. One over is usually sufficient, much to the disappointment of the boys and to the relief of the scorer. The captain, on the theory that "it's the bad bowling that gets the wickets," may go on himself, but is very soon convinced that there is a difference between bad bowling and rubbish.

The batting may be politely described as "patchy." Most members contrive to be out before the magical number, ten, is placed opposite their names, and after twenty-five years regular playing, an aggregate of fifty runs is considered an excellent and sufficient condition for not playing in the next staff match. It is true that years of experience have taught each one which end of the bat is the handle, but the trouble with us is two fold; (1) the boys persist in bowling straight and (2) the umpiring, where sense of duty overrides any *joie de vivre*. The short sightedness and deafness of many umpires, particularly when the boys are batting, makes one wonder whether the National Health Service is all that it has been made out to be.

To be serious, I have in all these years met many excellent captains most of whom still delight in the game. Recently I noticed that five players in the Swansea first XI were old Dyvorians. What a thrill it would be for me to meet these ex-captains and members of their teams. Some of those I remember are W. J. Evans, D. M. Knoyle, B. Lloyd, D. T. Richards, W. M. Watkins, Eddie Thomas, Harry Green, H. Billington, Bernard Creber, Tony Clarke, W. Davies, Glyn Dixon, and Ken Walters. Good luck to them all.

One or two incidents over the years stand out clearly. The first is the Immoveable Batsman, Mr. Islwyn Williams, now headmaster of Llandovery. He played forward beautifully, but his girth interfered with a quick return to the vertical, and he remained poised in this position for perhaps ten seconds. It is hardly necessary to add that the ball "missed" the bat, and flicked off a bail in passing the wicket. No one appealed because he was so clearly "out," but Mr. Williams oblivious of events behind his broad back, waited for someone to assist him recover his position, and resume his innings. Perhaps this is an exaggeration, for two balls later his wicket looked as if it had been hit by a hurricane.

Another incident concerns a former French assistant—M. de Vallez, who had been very enthusiastic throughout the summer and was very keen to play in the Staff match. He batted at No. 11, bare to his mid-riff, wearing only navy blue trousers and brown shoes (I repeat, brown shoes !) and padded and gloved. He took guard, and the first ball was a slow one with which he failed to make contact. His wicket was wrecked and, on being told that he was “out,” pleaded in a never-to-be-forgotten phrase, “But I did not heet ze ball ! ”

Well that is my story in brief—one which will not stimulate in many people any change in blood pressure, but to me and my kind, in the wettest of winters and the darkest years of the war, there was always cricket to look forward to—a new hope—a prospect of seeing again that wonderful picture of men in “whites” against a back ground of green. There is nothing that can compare with this.

I trust that my successor, and those I have been privileged to play against, will keep alive that unique spirit of cricket which, I hope, I fostered to some extent during my years as captain of the Staff Team.

W. S. EVANS.

THE REALITY.

S. N. WINKS, Form 3D.

Recently, our class read an essay by Robert Lynd entitled “The Idea,” in which he describes his disappointment on tasting some mandarin oranges, or tangerines as we call them. For weeks he had been intrigued by the sight of these golden globules nestling entrancingly amid the green leaves, in an orange grove in the South of France. But when his desire was fulfilled, and he tasted some of this alluring fruit, he suffered the keenest disappointment, for instead of the exquisite nectar that he anticipated, the juice proved insipid, and even bitter. Alas, the reality fell far short of the idea !

We all at some or other have experienced a thrill at the thought of some future event, to which we have been looking forward for a long time. However, when the time arrives, we have been very disappointed on realising that it was not at all up to our expectations.

This type of thing has happened to me many times. One instance which stands out in my memory was when I was looking through a catalogue from a well known London shop, which specialised in novelties and tricks, and I decided to send for an item. I waited anxiously for three days, but on the receipt of the parcel came disillusionment, as on operating the invisible plate lifter, I only succeeded in overturning a cup of tea, so incurring maternal wrath.

What sounds nicer than a Loch Fynne Kipper, with its pleasant aroma when cooking ? But what an ordeal to eat one! With its innumerable bones, it sticks into your mouth until it feels like a pincushion, and drives you to distraction.

What a choice aroma have roasting coffee beans ! It brings into one's mind pictures of a cup of delicious, rich-brown beverage, which makes one's mouth water. However, the taste of coffee is not at all to my liking, and whenever I am forced to drink it, there comes to my mind, the words of a Frenchman, who said that English coffee was a concoction of hot water and river mud. After sampling coffee in many places, I am inclined to agree with him.

I must confess, however, that there are things which I have looked forward to, and which have exceeded my expectations. Perhaps it is a coach tour, and we sit daydreaming in school, contemplating the happy hours to come. Will it be a new coach ? One of the very latest type, with a wireless and a microphone ? Alas, you are brought back to earth by a sharp word from the master. The night before the joyous day, sleep is difficult, and when the morning at last arrives, you eat a hurried breakfast, and race to the spot where the bus awaits. To your joy, you find it to be one of the very latest models, with a wireless, and a microphone, and you are permitted to sit in the courier's seat next to the driver. Such was our experience, when our form recently visited Stratford-on-Avon. The theatre itself was not very spectacular, but the play, "Romeo and Juliet," was an excellent production. To finish off this wonderful tour, we spent a day looking at some of the colleges of the ancient town of Oxford, and also at historic Blenheim Palace, in Woodstock.

I recently visited the city of Paris, with the school, and it definitely surpassed all my dreams. L'Arc de Triomphe, La Tour d' Eiffel, with its wonderful panorama of the City, the colourful boulevards, with the cafes and tables with multi-coloured umbrellas over them ; and at night, the illuminations —all were thrilling.

The festival of Christmas always comes up to my expectations—the carol services of School and Chapel, the shopping, the exciting odours of cooking, all leading up to a family reunion. Visitors are received, and return visits given, and the season of goodwill passes all too quickly.

And what of this effusion of mind ? I set out with the idea of contributing a sparkling article to the School Magazine ! And the reality ? If you have read thus far, you will undoubtedly agree with Lynd. Like Mother Rigby's scarecrow the reality, alas, is but a pale simulacrum of the idea that agitated my fevered brain.

PATRONISE THE GROTTO, PLEASE!

The knowledge that the Mumbles Railway is celebrating its 150th Anniversary this year leads me to reflect back upon its operations in the early years of the present century, when it took me on many a happy excursion to homely Bracelet and Limeslade. The advent of bus and motor-car, opening up to the crowds the then less accessible Oxwich, Rhosilly and Porteynon, has led to these two bays, so dear to our childhood, being largely by-passed, but many are the happy hours we spent on their pebbled beaches ; with their rows of mobile wooden bathing tents dragged up and down as the tide flooded in or receded, and their very homely tea-rooms, with sooty chimney stack and cracked tea-cups, where hot water for the family party could be obtained at 3d. per person.

It was the dear old Mumbles train that opened up this part of the peninsula to us and made these delights possible, and the journey down from Rutland Street to the Pier was an integral part of the day's pleasure. We always travelled on the top of the two-decked carriages, unless it was raining (perish the thought) for the top-deck had no cover, but the view of the bay was uninterrupted. There were three hazards to be faced by travellers on the old train : the first was common to all, whether they travelled up or down, and that was that the engine might break down. This usually occurred on the last journey home when the train was frequently packed from floor to ceiling (except, of course, that there was literally no ceiling). The other two risks were run by travellers on the top deck mainly, namely, being soaked by a sudden change in the weather and being assailed by a battery of smuts from the engine which frequently emitted volumes of black smoke for extra measure.

But these were hazards that were made light of, especially by the younger generation who were naturally grubby by the end of the day in any case.

Two things were eagerly anticipated on the journey down to the Pier if the month was August when the schools were on holidays. The first was encountered after leaving the slip, namely the youthful acrobats who performed on the promenade and solicited pennies from the passengers on the top deck by turning somersaults, or standing on their heads or hands. Usually their efforts resulted in a shower of pennies descending about their inverted bodies, and as the train drew away from the prom., how amusing it was to catch a last glance of their frantic search for the elusive pennies that had rolled into the grass.

The second eagerly awaited sight was provided by the grotto-builders at Southend. There on the top of the sea-wall school children would have been busy with sea-shells, particularly oyster-shells, for Southend was noted for its oyster-beds in those days. With these they would have built shell houses, castles or grottos, and their plaintive cry was "Patronise the grotto, please!" Again, pennies were thrown down from the top deck, an especially good grotto evoking cries of admiration and a veritable cascade of pennies. How the years roll back as the scene lives again in one's memory! One's hand almost searches involuntarily for the rewarding penny as the appealing invocation rings in memory's ear "Patronise the grotto, please! Patronise the grotto!"

OLD HIGHER GRADIAN.

NIUAFOO. (TIN CAN ISLAND.)

Niuafou is a tiny island lying half way between Samoa and Fiji and part of the Tonga group of Polynesian Islands. It was formed when an eruption blew the top off a volcanic peak, leaving the base protruding above the Pacific Ocean. Around the outside, a lava platform, partly covered with tropical foliage, slopes towards the sea. From the air, it appears like a giant floating hat, the lava shelf being the brim, the crater its crown and the lake in the middle like a hole in the top. The Islanders build their houses by tying together posts and beams with wattle and coconut fibre cords. The pattern is highly distinctive in the different Polynesian Islands and they are given thatched roofs.

Niuafou (Tin Can Island) became famous amongst Stamp Collectors throughout the World, through its special Postal Dispatch system. As it was a Coral Island, it had no harbours and it was quite isolated. Mails could not be landed in the normal way. Instead, the monthly Mail steamer stopped about a mile off the coast. Natives swam out to the ship regardless of the sharks, holding above the water, brown paper-wrapped packages of outgoing letters, tied to the top of a stick. The sailors lowered a bucket and collected these mails and, in exchange, they dropped into the water the more bulky mail for Tin Can Island, soldered up in large biscuit tins. The natives then towed these tins ashore and so completed delivery of the Mail. An unfortunate encounter between a swimmer and a shark ended the delivery of the Swimming Mail service and they started collecting the Mail by canoe.

The letters of the the Mail were all stamped " TIN CAN ISLAND MAIL," " NIUAFOO ISLAND, TONGA." and these envelopes are greatly prized among stamp collectors, as to-day the Mail is flown to and from the Island and the " Tin Can Mail " is no more.

I possess a letter posted through the " Tin Can Mail " and it was on show at our Hobbies Exhibition in December, 1953.

CLIVE CROCKER (2D).

A OES GWERTH MEWN DYSGU CYMRAEG ?

(*" Western Mail " St. David's Day Prize Essay.*)

Credaf fod gwerth mewn dysgu pob iaith, yn enwedig iaith y wlad lle'ch ganwyd ac y'ch magwyd ynnddi. Gallwn, fel Cymry ymffrostio bod gennym iaith sydd yn hen, yn bur ac yn swynol.

Heb wybod Cymraeg ni allwn fwynhau pethau gorau ein cenedl. Y mae i ni hanes, llenyddiaeth, a barddoniaeth cyfoethog iawn. Y mae'n werth darllen am arwyr fel Owain Glyndwr a Llywelyn ein Llyw Olaf, gweithiau beirdd fel Ceiriog, Hiraethog a Chrwys, a nofelau Daniel Owen, T. Rowland Hughes ac eraill.

Cenedl grefyddol a fu'r Cymru erioed, a hoffwn ymffrostio yn ein Nawdd Sant Dewi, ein merthyrion, ein pregethwyr a'n hemwynwyr. Bu John Penry farw yn ferthyr ifanc wrth geisio rhyddid i ni addoli yn ein iaith ein hunain. Gweithiodd Thomas Charles yn galed i gael Beiblau i blant Cymru, ac Ysgolion Sul iddynt i ddysgu darllen. Mae'n werth dysgu Cymraeg nid yn unig i fedru mwynhau hyn i gyd, ond o barch i'r dewrion hyn.

Beth am ein H-eisteddfod Genedlaethol? Onid yw'n werth dysgu Cymraeg er mwyn medru mwynhau'r wyl hon? Pan euthum iddi ddwy flynedd yn ol a gweld ysblander Seremoni'r Coronï a'r Cadeirio, a chlywed yr Arch-Dderwydd a'r Beirdd, teimlwn yn falch iawn fy mod yn Gymro Cymraeg.

Dywed rhai fod treulio amser i ddysgu Cymraeg yn yr Ysgol Gynradd yn anfantais i blant pan ânt i'r Ysgol Ramadeg. Fel un a dreuliodd chwe mlynedd mewn ysgolion Cymraeg yn sir Gaernarfon ac Abertawe, gallaf ddweud bod dysgu'r iaith hon wedi profi o werth imi i ddysgu ieithoedd newydd fel Lladin a Ffrangeg. Gallaf hefyd ddal fy nhir gyda'r bechgyn eraill mewn Saesneg.

Yr wyf yn sicr fy meddwl bod hi'n werth dysgu Cymraeg er mwyn medru mwynhau yr holl fanteision hyn. Fy nymuniad yw " O Bydded i'r Hen Iaith Barhau."

PAUL ROWLANDS (2D).

THE NATIONAL YOUTH ORCHESTRA OF GREAT BRITAIN.

My great day came early in 1952, when Miss Ruth Railton, the founder and director of the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain, visited Swansea for her audition here. I showed and played to her a few of my own compositions, and was both astonished and happy to realise that I was the only person in Swansea to be awarded membership.

The Orchestra, which was founded in 1948, meets three times a year, always in school holidays, and each time at a different town or city in Great Britain. Each session lasts about ten days, and at the end a concert (or perhaps two) is given by the orchestra in a big concert hall in the town. The President is Sir Adrian Boult, and the Vice-Presidents are Sir Malcolm Sargent, Sir John Barbirolli and Dr. Reginald Jaques. Even more than this, her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, was recently pleased to extend her patronage to the orchestra—and now, here I was, with about one hundred and twenty young musicians—and I really did feel important on being Swansea's only contribution to this great national school. (The week at the sessions, of course, is spent rehearsing for the concert.)

The first course I attended was in April, 1952, at Bournemouth. I am actually in the orchestra as a composition student, under Mr. Malcolm Arnold, the composition professor; but, as an instrumentalist, I had to join the percussion department—and I found myself bashing a bass-drum and waving a pair of castinets around, in the performance of a new work by Benjamin Frankel, (from whom I was also privileged to receive tuition) entitled "Mephistopheles' Serenade and Dance," at the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth. Sir Adrian Boult, whom I was honoured to meet and pleased to discover to be one of the finest and most upstanding gentlemen I have ever met, conducted the concert.

But this was in no way to compare with the following course, in August, 1952, at Abington, Scotland, (where we rehearsed for our Edinburgh Festival and Glasgow concerts), where the work in which the extra percussion were to participate was that brilliant piece of orchestral tomfoolery, "The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra," by Benjamin Britten. My instruments this time were slightly more significant—I was now entrusted with the xylophone, tambourine and gong. When the section of the work assigned to the percussion department came, I enjoyed myself thoroughly. The Glasgow concert was broadcast, as the Bournemouth one had been. Walter Susleind conducted.

At Christmas, 1952, we visited Sheffield ; for me, this was a comparatively uneventful course, but that was more than made up for by the following course in April, 1953. After rehearsing at Berkhamsted, Herts., we gave our Coronation Concert at the Royal Festival Hall, London, where, under M. Susskind, we gave the first performance of a new "Coronation Overture," by Alan Ramsthorne, in which I found myself tinkling away on the glockenspiel. But it was at this course that I first became acquainted with what has ever since been my favourite symphony—the glorious one by Cesar Franck ; and, after our London Concert, we set out for a week in Brussels, where we gave six concerts in the Palais de Beaux-Arts, under Hugo Rignold. That week was the happiest period of my lifetime—not only because of the grand impressions I received of Belgium's delightful capital, but also for that lovely symphony we played.

Then came another Scotland course, where we were filmed by Pathe (as we had been on the previous course there, only this time not on the news, but as part of a new film entitled " Tonight in Britain " which was recently released). There I played the celeste (of " Dance of the Sugar-Plum Fairy " fame) in Malcolm Arnold's " English Dances," under Sir Adrian Boult.

Birmingham was our next port of call, under Susskind ; and the most recent, that in April at Sunderland, saw me playing the glockenspiel and xylophone in the second " Wand of Youth " suite by Elgar, under Hugo Rignold.

I may conclude by saying that the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain has helped me unimaginably ; it has introduced me to great music, great people, and great cities ; I now write music which I would never have dreamed of writing before ; and it has benefited many others equally. It is undoubtedly a national school of which Britain is justified in being proud.

PHILIP CROOT, 4B.

LA SEMAINE CULTURELLE 1954.

Yes, that is the title given to the ten days which sixth form pupils spent on a French course in Paris during the Easter holidays. It is organised by the Anglo-French Society of Birmingham, and Dynevior is the only school outside the Black Country to participate.

This year four Dyvorians took the course, enjoyed themselves and benefited tremendously, and thoroughly recommend it to any boy who intends taking French in the sixth form.

One Saturday we travelled to London where we were to meet the Birmingham party. Having arrived in the early afternoon, we went to see Chelsea play Bolton, and to hear the cockney crowd telling the referee what they thought of him ; anyone would have thought we had already reached a foreign country.

We left Willesden Junction, where we joined our Birmingham friends, and travelled to Newhaven from where we sailed to Dieppe on the French boat "Lisieux." We departed at midnight on a calm sea whose waters glittered brilliantly beneath a beautifully bright moon. Bodies, overcome with fatigue, were strewn all over the deck, but many seemed too excited to sleep and, well-muffled up, walked around the sides for hours admiring the scenery—an inky wilderness interrupted by one argentine streak. I think sailing in darkness is far more awe-inspiring than sailing under the sun.

On the train journey from Dieppe to Paris nearly everyone fell asleep. From Gare St. Lazare we journeyed to Lycée Lakanal, a school situated just south of Paris. Transport was provided by Parisian 'buses, the type with the open platform at the rear. On our 'bus, this platform was crammed tight with cases, obviously in great danger of falling off when the vehicle clattered over the bone-jarring cobble-stoned street of Paris. To prevent this clamity, two of us were given the job of standing on two square feet of platform to hold back the cases. The cases were safe enough, but no thought was given to the peril of the drowsy guardians.

Our stay at the Lycée, which is attended by two thousand two hundred French boys and girls, was a combination of a holiday and an educational course, with perhaps the emphasis on holiday. We would have French lessons for three hours every morning for six days of the week, but we were free for the rest of the day. Some outings had been arranged for us, but for the most part we could go wherever well pleased.

The food was very good, but not enough. As you probably know, the French breakfast consists merely of coffee, bread rolls and butter. To add some spice to this meal, two bottles of jam were purchased by a member of the Upper Sixth Arts. We went out one fine day and while we were walking the boulevards one of these bottles of jam was bought. In imitation of our French "copains" we hitched up our trousers to above the ankles. Dressed like this and carrying the pot of jam we visited the Panthéon. The guide, with his smart uniform and neat pill-box hat, laughed at us and asked if the "confiture" was for Victor Hugo's tea (the illustrious poet lies buried in the vaults).

Our close association with the French boys improved our French beyond measure, although it ruined any ambitions we might have had of becoming basket-ball players. There were three or four pitches in the vast school grounds, and we were challenged to a game,—Britain v. France. It's a good job the newspapers did not hear of the match. With the score 40-nil in favour of the Froggies we hurried off to a lecture on French painting.

I must say how very friendly everyone was, and I know that on this visit life-long friends were made,—both English and French.

On the return journey we sailed from Le Havre to Southampton, where we were lucky enough to see the "Queen Mary." The crossing took nearly twice as long,—over six hours. The distance is said to be twice as long, but it can not be ignored that the boat, S.S. "Normannia," belongs to the famous British Railways.

SO THIS IS WALES !

Saturday, the 5th of September, 1953 ! I shall remember that day all my life because it was my first day in Wales. Before coming, I had no idea about Wales. Pardon me, my Welsh friends, but in France we know England, and perhaps some of us have heard of Scotland ; but to most of us, Wales is but a part of England, where people are believed to be primitive. I knew that Swansea was a big port, and industrial town, and I thought at once "Well, I am going to a black, smoky city ! Better take a supply of soap!"

And I must confess that my first impression was confirmed on the journey between Newport and Swansea. Luckily, I changed my mind as soon as I went along the Gower Coast. It was so new to me who live about 600 miles from the sea among the mountains. I enjoyed this new scenery amongst which I was to live for a year.

I knew, too, that Swansea was damaged by the blitz which did not spare the School, and I remembered that Sunday in September when I first saw Dynevyr. What a strange school ! Where was the roof ? How do they manage when it is raining ? And rain is not an exception in Wales. Luckily, the inside was better than the outside, and the great atmosphere of the Staff-room made me quickly forget that bad first impression.

After ten months in Wales, I think I can judge fairly this country and its people. As soon as I was in Swansea, I knew I was in Wales, for in the beginning I used to talk about the English and England, but everybody told me "We are not English, but Welsh and you are living in Wales, bach !" So I was warned.

I was told in France that the British in general are rather distant and reserved. I noticed at once that the Welsh were quite different ; in fact they are gay, friendly and talkative as we are in French.

What I admired most in this country was the comfort of the houses and I understand now what "my home" means to a Briton. I remember the wintry nights sitting in a great armchair reading a book before a cosy fire. What is typically British, too, is the bungalows and the semi-detacheds surrounded by lawns and privet-hedges. You may see people at any time now cutting the grass or the privet with the utmost care. What would happen to Britain if she were deprived of her lawns, I wonder ?

To give a complete idea of Britain, we must not forget the weather which plays an important part in the life of everybody. I know, now, why English is so varied to express the weather. I hear a little conversation between two women in the street : "Good morning ! Nice day, today." "Yes, it's lovely ; it's really gorgeous." "Yes, it is beautiful." "Yes, it is delightful. It is better than yesterday." "What a miserable day it was" "Yes, indeed, it was awful."

Before leaving you I have to say a word about Sunday in Wales. In France, Sunday is a day of relaxation ; that means we go to the "pubs," to the ball, to the cinema, to the soccer or rugger matches. Here relaxation has another meaning. On Sunday, you stay at home, you read thick newspapers like the *News of the World* or the *Sunday Pictorial*, you yawn in your arm-chairs, and I understand perfectly now what an Englishman said in a French newspaper one day : "Britain has not been invaded since William the Conqueror because the potential invaders fear to spend a Sunday in Britain." Don't blame me for these criticisms ! You know how the French are.

In conclusion, I must say that I am very glad to have spent a year with you in your country, which is very nice. I got rid of all the prejudices I had against you before coming, and I think it would be grand, too, if some of you could get rid of your prejudices against France. We are the two bastions of Europe, our fate is the same, and we must remain united if we are to keep our independence.

PIERRE GARRET.

38, DILLWYN ROAD,

SWANSEA,

June 14th, 1954.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

In previous issues of your Magazine, it has been customary to include several letters from Old Boys. I have not been fortunate enough to learn of the existence of your school until one year ago. For the past months I have spent some of my time with you. So why shouldn't I try to tell you what strikes me when I look at life in your school? I labour, however, under one disadvantage in as much as I am seeing your school-life from "the other side of the fence," through the eyes of a teacher and, what is more, a foreign one.

You know that foreigners are peculiar people with all kinds of preconceived opinions, don't you? The Continentals, for instance, always think that Englishmen, when abroad, cannot clearly and easily express themselves in the language of the country they are visiting. (If you argue that you are not "English," let me assure you that almost all Continentals think that all the inhabitants of the British Isles are English; stupid, isn't it?)

One of the first things I, therefore, wanted to find out was whether you were so diffident in expressing yourselves. A little test in one of your upper forms was easily arranged.

We supposed that we were tourists in a German town. We saw a camera in a shop window and made up our minds to find out what it cost with a view to purchasing it. We needed three volunteers to play the parts of the shopkeeper and the two customers. Believe me, it was really difficult to find even three volunteers in a class of twenty boys. (Rather disappointing for the preconceived idea that all British boys are daring and adventurous!) Finally the following scene was enacted:

TOURIST A : "Eine Kamera!"

TOURIST B : "Ja, eine Kamera!"

Silence. A grin on the Actors' faces.

TOURIST A : "Wieviel kostet die Kamera?"

TOURIST B : "Ich weiss nicht."

Another silence and more grins.

TOURIST A : "Wir wollen fragen."

TOURIST B : "Ja, wir wollen fragen."

They enter the shop.

THE SHOPKEEPER : "Guten Tag."

TOURIST A (*apparently the more enterprising*) : Guten Tag."

Still more silence, grins, and a longish pause.

TOURIST B : "Do you speak English?"

Roaring laughter from the rest of the form. Isn't it silly that some people think that the English tourists don't know how to come round the language difficulties on the Continent?

Not only the foreigners, however, have peculiar ideas about the British, it is also vice versa. One of your boys saw my bicycle and discovered the small triangular tool-bag. He, probably keeping in mind how dangerous the Germans are, could not help asking: "Sir, sir, have you got your gun in there, sir?"

Do you want to know whether there is a difference in the school-lives in Britain and Germany? Indeed, there are several. Look, for instance, at the school hours. You have periods in the morning and afternoons. That was a new experience for me because the German boys go to school in the mornings only and are completely free in the afternoons—except for the homework, of course. On the other hand they have school six days a week, from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. Furthermore, the male atmosphere in your school struck me, coming from a coeducation school it was strange to see no girls in the forms (a fact much regretted by some boys of the Vth and VIth) and no ladies on the Staff. This may be the explanation for the, let me say, less strict discipline of some of your boys. Whether you believe it or not, the girls, in those German schools where girls and boys are in the same forms, have a kind of quietening influence on the boys. (What boy wants to appear rude and uneducated in front of girls?)

Right from the beginning until the very end of my year with you at Dynevior School, the feeling of being in a school with a long and fiercely upheld tradition and a spirit of co-operation between headmaster, staff, and boys, who at once accepted a "foreigner" in their community, made me enjoy, and be thankful for, the time spent with you DYVORIANS.

Thanks for everything and "Auf Wiederschen."

Yours sincerely,

HARRO VOSS.

THE ANNUAL STRATFORD TRIP.

Strange to relate, but on this year's trip to Stratford, Oxford and Woodstock the bus left Dynevior at exactly 7.15 a.m., the prearranged time.

We picked up Mr. Morris and a few boys on our journey through Morriston and arrived in Brecon, where we were to have breakfast, ten minutes early. Having consumed our meal, we continued our journey on to Worcester where we had an excellent lunch at the Cadena Restaurant. It was on this part of the journey that a little band at the back of the bus began to disturb the peace by giving their versions of the latest song hits.



On the Terrace at Blenheim Palace.

At length, we arrived at the ancient town of Stratford-on Avon, and, complete with cameras, we disembarked to see the sights.

First we visited the beautiful church where we looked beyond the altar rail upon Shakespeare's tomb and at the entries of his birth and death in the parish register. Thence we moved on to the house of Dr. John Hall, who married Shakespeare's daughter, Suzanna, and, after visiting the New Place Museum, Shakespeare's birthplace, and seeing the foundations of the house in which Shakespeare died (the actual house was pulled down by a clergyman who was not an admirer of Shakespeare or his works), we moved on, by coach, to Anne Hathaway's cottage, which was a very picturesque little place. The last visit of the afternoon was to Mary Arden's cottage, and the guide at this establishment was very entertaining.

Thankfully, for it was very hot, we boarded the coach and drove to Alverston Youth Hostel where we partook of a good meal. After performing our respective chores, we departed for the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre to see a performance of "Romeo and Juliet." Incidentally, many of the lads were delighted to discover that a girl's school from Scunthorpe was residing at the hostel at the same time as we ourselves.

The performance was very good, but we were thankful to get out on the balconies overlooking the Avon at each of the two intervals because of the excessive heat. The play finished rather late and we were very glad to arrive back at the hostel and retire to our beds.

The next morning, after breakfast, we hurriedly performed our duties, handed in our sleeping bags and assembled in the bus. Regretfully, we said goodbye to the Scunthorpe girls and moved off in the direction of Oxford.

Arriving at this grand city, we were met by our guide who was to show us around; he was very friendly and obviously very much in love with the city of Oxford. First, he took us to St. John's College and we were very much impressed by the magnificence of the gardens of this establishment. We then visited Jesus College, where our worthy Mr. Gregory once resided, and were shown the grand dining-hall and also the church where the students worshipped every morning.

By this time it was very hot and we all felt very much like a rest, so, after visiting the building where the students go to receive their degrees, built by Christopher Wren just after he had decided on dropping astronomy and taking up architecture, we were very thankful to sit down when we visited part of the great Bodleian Library. The library, as a whole, contains over 10,000 books, and we were shown, by the guide, many old written relics, one of which was a letter from an Egyptian boy to his father, this was written on papyrus and was very well preserved.

Our last visit was to Christchurch University where we saw the church which is the Cathedral of Oxford. After this, we had a rest on the banks of the river and watched some of the students guiding punts up and down-stream. Taking leave of our guide, we had lunch and then made our respective ways back to the coach. We could not start at once however, because some of the boys, under the impression that they had plenty of time, had taken a stroll to the city centre.

Eventually, having rounded them up, we set off for Woodstock and Blenheim Palace, the birthplace of Sir Winston Churchill.

Arriving at this spacious building, which is still the home of the Marlboroughs, we were shown around by various guides and one of the first things we saw was the room in which Churchill was born. Apart from the actual bed he was born in there were one or two locks of his golden curls, cut off when he was six and, also, the vest that was put on him after birth; it was a great surprise not to find the stub of the first cigar he had ever smoked on display in this room.

Blenheim Palace, itself, is a truly wonderful example of architecture and, throughout the building, the paintings, tapestries, furniture and carpets, not forgetting the mouldings and carvings on the walls and ceilings, are marvellous and show that the architects of that time really knew their job.

After going right through the building, we went out into the water gardens where we queued up for mineral waters. Our thirst quenched, we resumed our journey and arrived in Gloucester, where we were to have dinner at the Shire Hall Restaurant. After exploring Gloucester for ten minutes or so we ate a hearty meal, purchased bottles of Schweppes Ginger Beer and started on the last lap of the journey home. Because of the fact that many boys moved from the front of the bus to the back to help in the singing, Mr. Cox, after a short stop in Cardiff, was forced to place the chief miscreants down the front. Thus we arrived back in Swansea, half an hour earlier than was expected, in comparative peace and quiet.

I can safely say that we all enjoyed the trip immensely and hope to revisit some of these places in the future, some of us, perhaps, as students at Oxford.

ALAN LEWIS 3D.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The activities of the Literary and Debating Society were confined this year to the autumn term ; in previous years it has prolonged its meetings to the end of the spring term, but it is becoming more difficult in the face of increased sporting activities and the pressure of examinations for the Society, which demands considerable preparation and personal initiative, to find the support it needs. Nevertheless a varied programme of debates, topics and a Brains Trust, was arranged, which attracted a small but keen audience.

Among the most successful meetings was the Brains Trust. It was intriguing and, at times, uproarious to hear Mr. G. Gregory, Mr. C. Grove, and Mr. C. Evans discoursing on the advisability of lipstick for girls, or answering such questions as "Should boys pay for their girl friends' outings ?" or commenting on " Better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all." It was stimulating, too, to hear the boy members of the team, J. E. Davies (UVI Arts), W. D. Wagstaff (UVI Arts) and Rhys Bryant (UVI Science) vigorously criticizing their master's views and stoutly defending their own.

It was paradoxical, too, to find an ostensibly humorous debate like that on the theme " That there should be a Schoolboys Union " suddenly taking a serious turn when it was pointed out that Unions aimed primarily at increased pay (which was not possible for the schoolboy) and shorter working hours and that this latter aim could only harm the boys' own chances. The result was the rejection of the motion by a majority of ten votes in an atmosphere of great seriousness ? Is there a lesson here for others ?

The divided opinion in the country on the question of autonomy for Wales was clearly mirrored in the debate on the motion " That the cry of ' Wales for the Welsh ' cannot be justified," which was defeated by the Chairman's casting vote.

Although it would be interesting to comment on many other features of the debates, we are compelled by limitations of space merely to append the term's programme.

1. " That this House believes that modern holiday-making as exemplified by Butlin's Holiday Camp is detrimental to modern society."

Speakers : *Proposing* : R. L. Hyman, UVI Science.

Opposing : J. E. Davies, UVI Arts.

The motion was defeated by 5 votes.

2. " That too much money is being spent on University Education."

Speakers : *Proposing* : G. R. Macpherson ,UVI Arts.

Opposing : R. Bryant, UVI Science.

The motion was defeated by 12 votes.

3. "That the cry of 'Wales for the Welsh' cannot be justified."

Speakers : *Proposing* : N. Lewis, UVI Science.

Opposing : A. Mitchell, UVI Science.

The Motion was defeated by one vote.

4. "That the Church of today does not meet the needs of the 20th Century."

Speakers : *Proposing* : A. Mitchell, UVI Science.

Opposing : W. D. Wagstaff, UVI Arts.

The motion was rejected by 10 votes.

5. "A Brains Trust."

There were three members of staff and three boys :

Staff— *Boys*—

Mr. C. Evans R. Bryant, UVI Science.

Mr. C. Grove G. R. Macpherson, UVI Arts.

Mr. G. Gregory W. G. Wagstaff, UVI Arts.

A. Mitchell UVI Science was the question-master.

6. "A 'Topics' Evening."

Three topics were presented by three boys for discussion

1. Road Safety N. Lewis, UVI Science.

2. Housing R. Bryant, UVI Science.

3. Recent Sport E. Day, LVI Arts.

7. "That there should be a schoolboys' Union."

Speakers : *Proposing* : J. B. de Lile Morgan, UVI Arts

Opposing : E. Day, LVI Arts.

The motion was defeated by 10 votes.

The sincerest thanks of the Society are offered to the Committee Members, who helped to organize the programme, to those boys who heroically took the chair at these meetings ; to the speakers, whose first steps to eloquence excited our admiration ; to the audience whose participation in the discussions was eager if not always pertinent, and to Mr. T. H. Chandler to whose interest and encouragement the Society owes much.

A. MITCHELL UVI Science.

(*Honorary Secretary.*)

THE RECORD SOCIETY.

The Record Society was inaugurated at the beginning of the Summer Term, 1953. Since then, it has been meeting on a Tuesday afternoon at 4.0 p.m., and has enjoyed considerable popularity.

It was formed for the purpose of letting any boys in the school listen to as much classical music as they wished, and has, I think, fulfilled its purpose. The music ranges from purely orchestral and instrumental, to opera and oratorios.

At one meeting the whole of Beethoven's "Choral" symphony was given. At another, excerpts from the "Magic Flute," and another Dvorak's "New World" Symphony.

The Society hopes to restart in the new term in September, and, in the meantime, one or two programmes will be arranged. There is room for many more members, and we should like to stress that everybody is welcome.

THE SCHOOL FIRST XV.

P.	W.	D.	L.
17	3	5	9.

Contrary to what the above record might suggest the 1st XV experienced a comparatively successful season. The standard of rugby was much higher than the previous three seasons and the team endeavoured to play rugby as it should be played.



1ST RUGBY XV.

J. KNOYLE, G. DAVIES, J. BENNETT, C. JOHN.

Mr. C. JONES, F. POWELL, I. JOHN, F. BOAT, R. SULLIVAN, M. OWEN, B. WALL
Mr. G. GREGORY.

D. TIMOTHY, Mr. H. J. GRIFFITHS, G. EVANS (Captain), HEADMASTER, P
SAWARD (Vice-Captain), R. WILLIAMS,

T. JAMES, D. LILLEY.

The season opened with draws 0-0 and 3-3 against Llandilo and Pontardawe respectively. The school defeated the Bible College 17-0 whilst the visit of Ogmore resulted in another win by 11-0. Probably the most enjoyable trip and game was the visit to Llandovery. The home team, spurred on by a large crowd of spectators, sprang into an early lead with a penalty. Then, quite against the run of play, they increased their lead to 6-0 by a try. From that point on the school pounded their line to fight back 6-3 pts. 6-6pt, and finally victory by 9-6 pts.

But what of our defeats . . . ? The biggest defeats suffered were by Ammanford 3-16 pts. where we lost the services of N. Lewis through injury; Ystalyfera 3-25 pts., and worst of all Neath 0-39 pts. The pluckiest performance by the School was at Maesteg where, having lost scrum-half F. Powell in the opening minutes, they held Maesteg to a 0-6 pts. defeat.

The annual battles (literally ! !) against Bishop Gore ended in a 0-0 draw and a 3-8 pts. defeat. In the latter match tempers rose and J. Boat, J. Bennett, R. Sullivan and M. Owen had an enjoyable time in the melées.

As usual the annual match with the Old Boys was played at the end of the season, where the Old Boys, under the leadership of D. Abraham had a much harder game than was anticipated. Our forwards played superbly and the backs eventually settled down to play devastating rugby, and the Old Boys' lead of 8 pts. was gradually narrowed to 8-6 by a penalty by C. John and a try by P. Saword. Indeed, there were visions of the Old Boys being defeated when they managed to score again to win the game 13-6 pts.

In the Seven-a-side tournament at Neath the School were drawn against Pontardawe. They took the lead through a drop-goal but eventually the School hit back to lead 5-3 pts. by a try by D. Lilley and a conversion by G. Evans. Excitement and tension grew as the minutes trickled by like hours then—disaster, Pontardawe scored and won 6-5 pts. Thanks must be offered to Mr. Grove for his keen interest in training the team.

The team was well served by a committee consisting of G. Evans (Captain), P. Saword (Vice-Captain), I. John UVI Science), R. Williams (LVI Arts) and D. Timothy (Vd.). The Secretary was J. Knoyle (UVI Science) who must be congratulated on his outstanding work throughout the season.

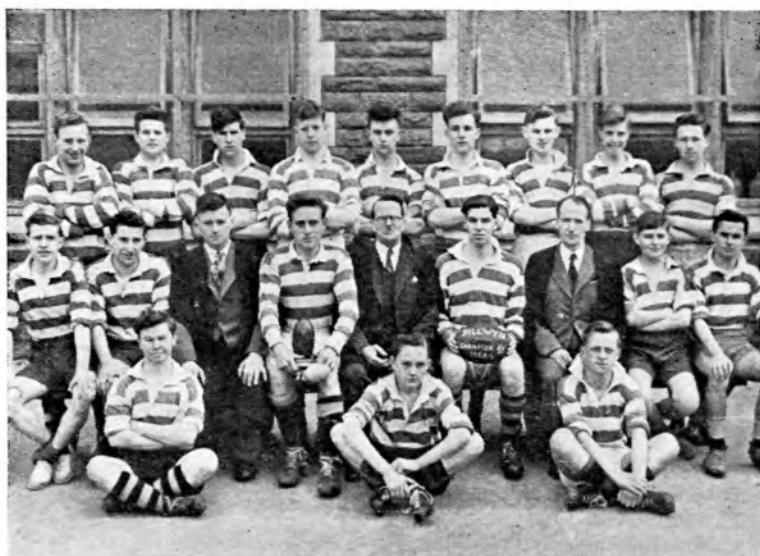
This season colours were awarded in the form of a colours tie to the following players :—G. Evans, P. Saword, D. Davies, F. Powell, J. Bennett, D. Timothy, I. John, R. Sullivan and R. Williams.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking on behalf of the team, Mr. Gregory, who has for many years now kindly devoted much time and patience to training the 1st XV. I am quite certain that next season will bring him the success that he deserves.

R. J. WILLIAMS (L.VI Arts).

THE SCHOOL SECOND XV.

In an effort to bridge the gap between Junior Rugby and the First XV, a second fifteen was started in the 1952-53 season. Only two matches were played, one being won and the other drawn.



At the beginning of last season a selection committee was formed, consisting of Clive John (Capt.) Dd. Dickinsen (Vice), Brian Wall (Sec.,) Neville Pugh and Dewi Williams. Eight matches were played with fair success, our opponents including Neath, Dumbarton, Bishop Gore, Swansea Schoolboys and Ystradgynlais. A disappointing feature was the number of last-minute withdrawals from the team chosen which caused many difficulties as there was no great number of boys to choose from.

It is hoped that members retiring from Junior rugby will be enthusiastic and interested enough to join the second school fifteen in the coming season.

CLIVE JOHN.

JUNIOR RUGBY.

Five junior fifteenes were run during the past season. Most successful was the "A" team which lost but one match, that against Bishop Gore. Though bad weather marred many matches, those that were played were thoroughly enjoyed. Several members of the team, L. Walters, B. George, P. Vaughan, H. Vaughan, D. James and D. MacCreadie played for the Swansea Team. We are grateful to Mr. Grove for his work in training the team and have only one regret—that we did not have a return match with Bishop Gore.

The "B" team did not have a very successful season winning only four out of twelve games played. Many of the teams opposed were made up of boys who although under the specified age were too big for the B's to handle.

Everyone who represented the school played well especially Reeves, Worts and Coade, the latter proving himself a great full-back.

The "C" team had a good season, winning seven of the ten matches played and scoring 119 points against 19. They came very near retaining the Championship Shield for their section. The best game was against Bishop Gore against whom they lost by 2 points after leading by 6 points at half-time.

The "D" team had a very unsuccessful season perhaps because many boys were unable to turn out regularly. The team tried hard and did not lack determination or encouragement, the latter being well supplied by the coach, Mr. Lloyd. Let us hope that next season's team will have better support and greater success.

There was keen competition to secure a place in the first year team which went through the season without defeat. This indicates that prospects for next year's C & D fifteenes are bright.

SCHOOL SOCCER.

The season just concluded will go down in history as the year when Dynevor failed to win a single championship in the realm of soccer.

The Intermediate A team had a fairly good season, although they did not enter for the cup which they won the previous year. Their record was :

P.	W.	L.	D.	For	Against.
11	6	3	2	32	16

Leading scorers were Sidney Greeney and C. Clement. The team was ably led by A. Grimshaw and received much encouragement and sound advice from Mr. Emlyn Evans.

The Senior "A" Team, captained by Peter McGlyn, played good football throughout the season. The standard of their play may be judged by their performance in the last game when they lost 1-0 away to Danygraig, this year's Martin Shield winners. Their record was :

P.	W.	L.	D.	For	Against
13	6	4	3	31	17

The "B" Team included many boys who are available next season, and we look forward to the 1954-55 season for with average luck we should do well.

The Senior "A" cup team had a very good run in the Cup Competition, reaching the final when they were beaten by Pentrepoeth. Brian Allen was top scorer ; in fact, he scored in every round except the Final.

The Senior Boys would like to thank Mr. James for his encouragement and support throughout the season ; and they are grateful, too, to the half dozen supporters who cheered them in the Final. It should be noted that for this game special buses were required to bring all the Pentrepoeth supporters who lined the touchline on either side of the field. If enthusiasm counts for anything, then Pentrepoeth deserved to win.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Richard Evans, J. Bennett and L. Evans who looked after us in our games. Despite the fact that we won no trophies, we finished the season nor far behind the leaders in all sections. What is more important we enjoyed all our games and were frequently complimented on our standard of play and behaviour.

THE LIFE-SAVING SOCIETY.

As was mentioned in the last issue of the Mag., a class was formed this session in charge of Mr. Burgess to practice life-saving and with the intention of entering candidates for the Bronze Medallion of the Royal Life-saving Society.

Throughout the year this class has had constant practice both on land and in the water. Although in the first flush of enthusiasm well over half a dozen boys were eager to be in the class, the number gradually reduced to four, and these tried the examination and test for the Bronze Medallion at the end of May. All succeeded in obtaining the award, the successful candidates being Ralph Hyman, Ivor John, Brian Wall and Rhys Bryant.

It will be noted that all these are members of the Science side. What is the matter with the Arts side ? Are there no embryo life-savers among them ?

Next year it is to be hoped a new class will be formed, and that soon the Life-saving Society will cease to be a novelty and will become one of the permanent and popular societies of the School.

IFOR HÆL'S COURT.

(*Adapted from the Welsh of an eighteenth century poet.*)

Ifor's hall, how sad to see
A cairn it lies in alders ;
Briars and barren thistles own it,
Thorns where once was splendour.

Thither no more the minstrel goes,
No bards, no joys of banquet ;
No gold within its turret walls,
No mail, no kind bestower.

Chill grief to Dafydd, skilled in song,
To see his lord's day over ;
Paths where once was singing sound
Are now the haunts of screech-owls.

Spite the glory of brief-lusted lords
And grandeur, walls must perish ;
Strange a place for pride to be
Is ruin in the gravel.

T. K. HUGHES (LVI Science.)

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