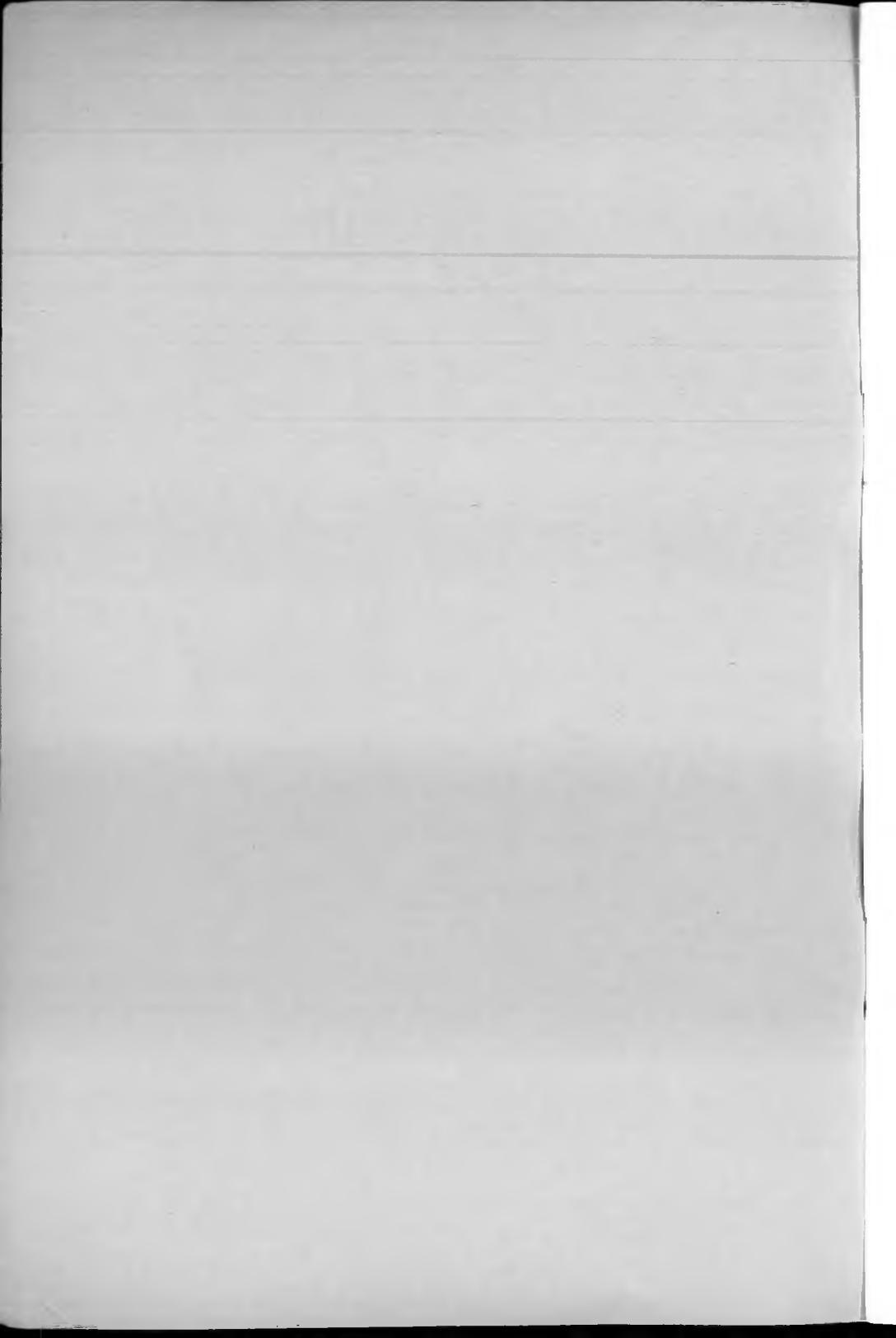




M A G A Z I N E

No. 98

DECEMBER, 1958



GORAU ARF,



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Dynevor Secondary School Magazine

No. 98 (No. 25 New Series)

DECEMBER, 1958

Editorial Committee :

Editor :

ALAN REES

Sub. Editors :

J. PEPPER, J. M. WILLIS

EDITORIAL.

For some years, our predecessors in office have endeavoured to publish the first of our sessional issues at the end of the Christmas Term ; but difficulties, mainly due to lack of contributions, have conspired to frustrate their effort. Where they have failed, it has been our good fortune to succeed and it is our pleasure to present this first issue of the 1958-59 session for your Christmas reading.

We would like to express our gratitude to our many contributors, both present and former pupils, whose combined efforts have enabled us to produce an edition of the School Magazine which we believe to be informative, entertaining and edifying, and in every way worthy of the school and its traditions which have been so present to our minds during the year that is closing.

And now, having succeeded in our aim to publish before the end of the first term, an opportunity is ours which was denied our predecessors, and we gladly avail ourselves of it. We wish you all, both members of Staff and fellow pupils, a very Happy Christmas.

**MESSAGE FROM
HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR OF SWANSEA.**

THE GUILDHALL,

SWANSEA.

20th November, 1958.

Before your 75th Anniversary Year comes to an end, as it will with this issue of your School Magazine, I should like as the Mayor of the County Borough of Swansea, of which you and I are proud to be citizens, to send you a message of greeting, goodwill and encouragement.

It has been my pleasure to be present at several of the functions held in celebration of your anniversary, and I was particularly pleased with all I saw and heard at your School Concert.

I am pleased that much has been done in the renovation of your school premises, and that during my year of office a start has been made in providing you with the new laboratories, assembly hall, library, and classrooms that you have long desired.

My hope is that you will appreciate these improved facilities and will make the very best use of them.

Make the most of the opportunities that are yours in the field of education. Be proud of your school and strive to be worthy of it and of our Town.

WILLIAM EVANS.

Mayor.

(Alderman William Evans, J.P.)

SCHOOL NOTES.

The publication of this issue brings to an end the celebration of our 75th Anniversary and we look back with a considerable measure of pride and pleasure to the many occasions and functions of a commemorative nature that have marked the anniversary year.

The red-letter day was, undoubtedly, May 22nd when we held our Anniversary Service in the morning at Mount Pleasant Church and our Speech Day in the evening at the Brangwyn Hall, occasions that will both live long in the memories of those who were privileged to be present.

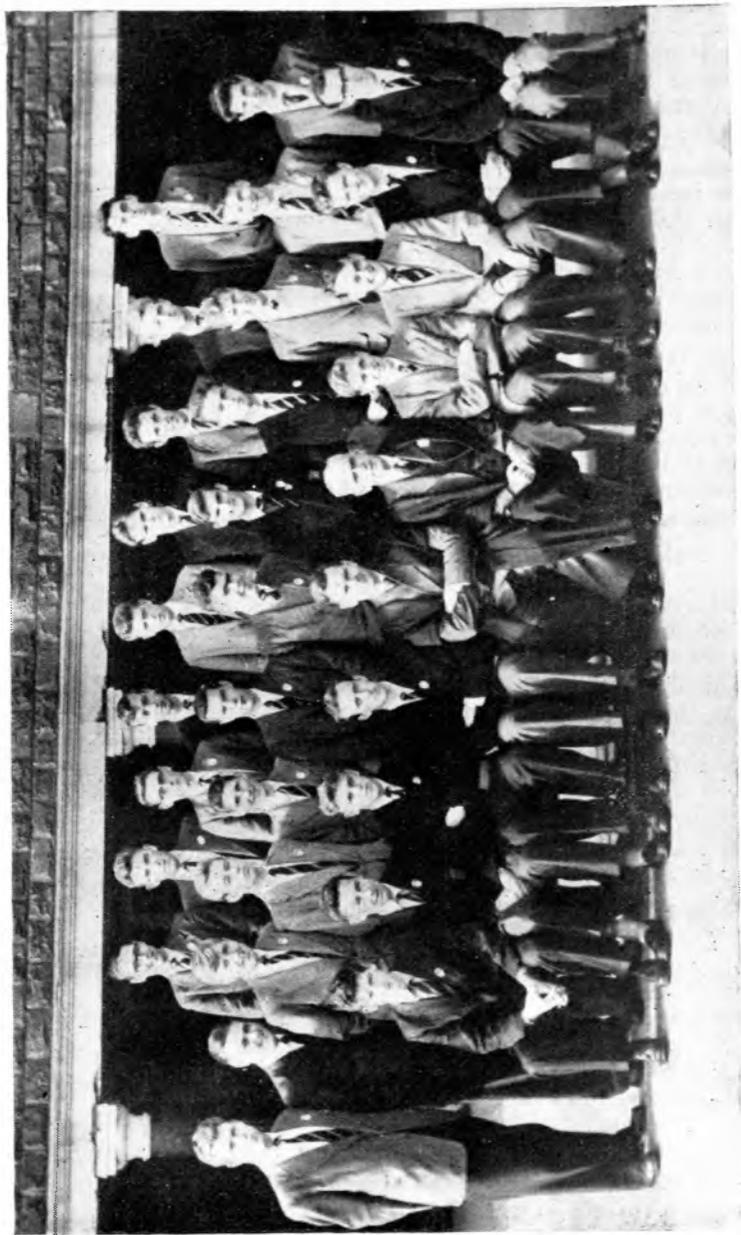
Then there was the Commemorative Sports at Underhill Park in the same week, when the sun shone so unexpectedly warm and bright ; the publication of our special 75th Anniversary number ; the highly successful School Concert in the gracious and dignified setting of the Brangwyn Hall ; and finally, our mammoth Hobbies Exhibition, which during the last week has given so much pleasure to many visitors.

During the term, the distraction and noise of the traffic that unhappily surrounds us, has been reinforced by the efforts of the workmen, engaged in constructing the new science rooms on the second floor of the De-la-beche block ; but we gladly put up with the noise for the benefits which will ensue in the shape of new chemistry, physics and biology laboratories that should be equipped and ready for use in the next session.

We note, too, that tenders are invited in the local press for the new Assembly Hall, Library and Art Room to be constructed on the Dynevor Place side, and look forward to making full use of these amenities in the near future.

And now, may we, on behalf of the School, extend a hearty welcome to Mr. R. J. Howells, who has come to us from Dursley Grammar School, to teach Latin and French ; also to Mr. M. Griffiths, who returns to his former school to teach Geography in the place of Mr. Curtis Grove. We also welcome Mrs. Williams who has come to help in the Arts Department.

This term also marked the arrival of M. Lecavalier and Herr Flass who have come to us as assistants in the French and German departments respectively.



PREFECTS, 1958.

From Left to Right.

Back Row : D. TOVEY, D. JAMES, G. MORGAN, P. JAMES, H. GREY, J. GRIFFITHS, O. THOMAS, F. FIELDING, P. ROWLANDS.
Middle Row : L. QUINN, A. PIERCE, J. DAVIES, D. OWEN, A. GOODWIN, R. AUSTIN, I. JOHN, B. HOPKINS, S. HANCOCK,
C. EDWARDS, M. GIBBS, A. CHICK.
Front Row : B. MAINWARING, D. MORGAN, H. LEWIS (*Vice-Captain*), S. PHILLIPS (*Captain*), Mr. M. G. HUGHES (*Headmaster*),
Mr. H. GRIFFITHS, A. REES (*Vice-Captain*), G. WOOD, A. NORRIS, B. HARDING.

Following the trends of previous years, we have been visited by three students from the University, Messrs. Parker, George and Hancock, and Mr. Freeman from the Swansea College of Art. They will complete their training during the Easter and Summer Terms. We hope their stay with us will be a profitable one.

This year again shows an alarming increase in the number of prefects, but, happily, they are still outnumbered by 30 to 1! The members of this heroic band are :

Seymour Phillips (Captain), Hywel Lewis and Alan Rees (Vice-Captains), R. Austin, A. Chick, J. Davies, C. Edwards, F. Fielding, M. Gibbs, A. Goodwin, H. Grey, A. Griffiths, J. Griffiths, S. Hancock, B. Harding, B. Hopkins, D. James, P. James, I. John, B. Mainwaring, D. Morgan, G. Morgan, D. Norman, H. Norris, D. Owen, A. Pierce, P. Quinn, P. Rowlands, O. Thomas, D. Tovey and C. Wood.

The Biennial Conference of the Student Christian Movement was held, once again, in Bishop Gore School, when members of the Sixth Form heard very enlightening lectures on the Bible and the Faith given by the Revd. Rupert Davies and Mr. Mansel Davies. A subsequent meeting was held at Llwyn-y-Bryn Girls' School, when the Revd. B. Atherton addressed members on missionary work in Malaya.

This year, after a lapse of several years, the School Choir and Orchestra returned to the Brangwyn Hall for the annual School Concert. A full report of this event will be found later in the magazine.

On Friday, 24th October, United Nations Day was observed in Swansea by an afternoon ceremony held at the Brangwyn Hall. Dynevor was represented by a number of VIth formers who acted as stewards, and by form IIID. The good work of the stewards was complimented by the Director of Education in a letter to the Headmaster. The highlight of the meeting came when Mr. Cox rose to second the vote of thanks!

We offer our congratulations to the Revd. Garfield James an Old Dy'vorian, on his appointment as Vicar of Sketty.

During the weeks past, the members of the Sixth Form have been busily preparing for the Hobbies Exhibition. We are fortunate this year in having both Mr. Bennett and, for

the first time, Mr. Howells to assist and advise in the running of this well established event in the life of the School.

The Literary and Debating Society has enjoyed quite a successful term. The highlight of this term's programme was, of course, the Inter-School Debate with Llwyn-y-Bryn girls. A further report appears later in this issue.

A well known figure, as usual equipped with umbrella, and now, not displaying the black, red and amber of Dynevor, but the colours of the University of Wales, was seen in the School precincts during the first few weeks of term. Yes, Stuart Winks, one of last year's Sub-editors of this journal, very kindly returned to help in the secretarial duties of the School. We are sure that his work has been appreciated by everyone.

During the past term, we have been very pleased to receive letters from two Old Dy'vorians. They are Mr. David Abraham and Mr. Layton Gibbs, who are both working in different parts of Rhodesia. Letters from them are included in this issue.

Our new entrants have celebrated the end of their first term at Dynevor with examinations. Now, we eagerly await the results, to see who among them are the budding Einsteins, Dylan Thomases and Johann Sebastians !

Again this year we have published our own Dynevor Christmas Card. Last year the nett proceeds were donated to the Cancer Research Fund and we hope this year to send a similar sum to the local committee who are doing such excellent work for spastic children.

We understand that Mr. David Farraday, of our Science Staff, is working on a project for the commercial utilization of " slurry." At the moment the process is being studied for large scale operation and developments are eagerly awaited.

Out of 45 swimming certificates gained by first and second year forms during the Summer term, Ic (present IIc) is to be congratulated in having twelve of the successful candidates. J. King Vd. passed the R.L.S.S. examination, which now gives him the Bronze Cross to add to the Bronze Medallion he gained last year.

We congratulate Aled Thomas (3B) and David Edwards (2B) on their recent television appearance, when they sang " Mae tri pheth " as in the School Concert.

We are glad to note that provision is being made in the Library for the books purchased during last year's Hobbies Exhibition. Our Library is gradually expanding, and it is our hope that, in the near future, Dynevor will have the finest School Library in the town.

In connection with the building project, we hasten to make it clear that any weird noises that are heard when the School Choir and Orchestra are rehearsing, are the fault of the mechanical hoist situated outside the Music Room.

Finally, there is no truth whatever in the statement that the proprietors of the Kardomah have presented "Hula Hoops" to certain portly members of the Staff and Prefects, who are accustomed to frequent that establishment during the lunch-hour.

MESSAGE FROM THE VICAR OF SWANSEA.
Rev. Canon HARRY C. WILLIAMS.

Our School—yes, I am a former pupil of Dynevor School though in my days it was known as the Municipal Secondary School—is this year celebrating the 75th Anniversary of its foundation, and I am proud to contribute to this edition of the School Magazine. In those seventy-five years it has built up a fine tradition of sound education and there are now surely thousands who look back on the “old School” with pride and gratitude. They have gone into almost every walk of life. I do not know how many have entered the Sacred Ministry, but there is one fact which I think is worth recording—that there are five of us, “old boys” of the school, who are Vicars of parishes within a mile or so of the School where we were educated: The Vicar of Christ Church (the Rev. A. Leslie Norman), the Vicar of Saint Matthews (the Rev. Ivor Bromham), the Vicar of Sketty (the Rev. Garfield James), the Vicar of Saint Thomas (The Rev. Alan Evans) and myself.

Now that I am Vicar of Swansea the school is within my parish and I look forward to being able to welcome you as a School at perhaps a special service in the new Saint Mary's Church, soon after it re-opens in April of next year. The Church was almost completely destroyed in the “blitz” of February, 1941, when the School was also severely damaged. I am glad that, at last, real progress is being made with the restoration of the School. St. Mary's Church has had to be completely rebuilt, but soon it will be ready for Services again; more beautiful than ever, a church worthy of its foundations. For these foundations go back to very early times—the church which was destroyed by an air raid in 1941 was the fourth or possibly the fifth to be built on these same foundations.

You, the present pupils of the School, do not remember the “old St. Mary's.” But soon you will see a “new St. Mary's”—a modern building, enshrining the tradition and enclosing the dwindling relics of a succession of “old St. Mary's”—standing sentinel at the historic centre of the town and bearing its witness to God and the Eternal Truths.

Soon the doors of St. Mary's will be open to all who would worship God and I hope that you, the present pupils, and many of my fellow “old boys” will share with me the joy and the glory of that time.

[We are pleased to have received the following reminiscences from Sir William A. Jenkins, J.P. Sir William is one of Dynevor's most distinguished "old boys," a former Mayor of Swansea and M.P., a Knight of the Order of Danneborg, a Chevalier du Légion d'Honneur, and the holder of the Gold Cross of the Royal Order of George I of Greece.]

I have a vivid recollection of the time and circumstances under which I became a pupil at the Higher Grade School in Trinity Place. I was a pupil at Danygraig Board School where the revered Mr. John Williams, later known as Williams, Brynmill, was head master. Many years later we became close friends and I well remember his pride and my pleasure when at a function following my being made a Freemason he made some very complimentary remarks about me. At Danygraig the school fee was four pence weekly.

There was one teacher of outstanding character who was one of my heroes. He was known as Teacher Hill who left to serve as a missionary in Singapore.

I was in the seventh standard and passed into the Ex-Seventh when a scholarship examination was held in the different Swansea Board Schools. I was eighth in the list of successes and entered the Higher Grade School in Trinity Place, which at that time was an achievement, the Higher Grade being considered to be quite an aristocratic School where the fee was one shilling a week.

The Head Master was Mr. Samuel Roberts—a fine gentleman, and revered by his pupils to whom he was affectionately known as "Sammy," and whose example and influence made a great impression on the School. He was short, bald, and very short-sighted, and to read had to hold his paper close up to his face. He was a keen disciplinarian,—and very kindly but when necessary knew where to find the cane which he brought down gently. He had an excellent staff of teachers amongst whom I remember Mr. James Burn, known to the boys as "Jimmy," also Morgan Jones, and Tom Rees and another Mr. Rees known as "Masher" Rees.

I suppose I was fairly good at Chemistry and Science—at any rate Morgan Jones made me monitor for those subjects and I well remember an incident which removed me from that exalted position. The laboratory was in the School yard at the top of a flight of steps. One day, when carrying a tray of materials for a lesson, I slipped at the top of the landing and the tray went flying with considerable breakage of test tubes, bunsen burner, etc., Morgan Jones was very angry and immediately appointed another boy as monitor. That finished my interest in Chemistry and Science.

Mr. Burns was a tall, dignified and austere Scotsman, who when he was displeased had a knack with his forefinger of clipping a boy sharply behind the ear usually accompanied by the expression "What's amusing you just now?"

I think I was a good average scholar but was proud of one distinction when I won the Mayor's prize for Map Drawing. It was a book which I still have in good condition, the inscription reading as follows :

"Trinity Place Higher Grade School—Mayor's prize given by Sir John T. D. Llewelyn, Bart—awarded to Albert Jenkins for Map Drawing.—signed S. Roberts, B.A., Headmaster."

Although my stay at the school was not of long duration, it was a good foundation and I retain happy memories of it. I made many friends there some of whom achieved distinction in business and the professions.

After leaving school to start work as office boy in a Swansea Docks Colliery office I attended the Higher Grade Night School and afterwards for several years the evening classes for Commercial subjects at the Technical College.

Dynevor School has a fine record and tradition and has also a great responsibility in preparing youth for the path and not in preparing the path for youth. The pupils should remember that it is important to learn how to earn a living, but more important to learn how to live.

I wish the School and all connected with it every success and happiness.

WILLIAM A. JENKINS.

ABERYSTWYTH LETTER.

STUDENTS UNION,
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,
ABERYSTWYTH,
CARDS.
18th November, 1958.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Before commencing our description of College life, we would like to assure a certain eminent historian on the Dynevor Staff that Bernard Shaw was wrong when he described this college as "A little Nonconformist Academy by the sea." On the contrary, Aberystwyth has a more representative student population than any other Welsh University College, drawing its members from every part of Great Britain and the Commonwealth.

The town itself is small, but this serves to enhance the feeling of unity among the students, thus contributing to a very active social life which adds to the attractions of Aber as a University town. The students form practically fifteen per cent. of the total population, and as a result, the relation between "Town and Gown" is very close.

As Freshers, we are favourably surprised by our uproarious welcome, which consisted of an informal sing-song, and a dance at which the official uniform for Freshers was Shorts. This was followed closely by a "Trial" in which one of our number narrowly escaped such a punishment as taking a Bubble Bath in the centre of the stage, and in front of half the college. We would also like to take this opportunity of assuring hopeful readers that, contrary to popular belief, one of our number was **not** thrown into the sea by the senior students.

The various college Societies and Sports Clubs offer a welcome change from Anglo-Saxon verbs and the life of Attila the Hun, ranging from rowing and fencing, to readings of Dylan Thomas over cups of coffee. Unfortunately, time permits us to take part in only a few, namely Choral Union, Debates Union, Rhythm Club, and the English Society.

In our view, Aber offers excellent facilities for academic and social activity. At the present time, there is only one other Old Dy'vorian apart from ourselves, attending this college, and we would urge any prospective University candidates to consider seriously the attractions that "Y Coleg ger y Lli" has to offer.

We would like to close by extending our best wishes to the Staff and pupils of Dynevor, a school which, for us, holds many pleasant memories.

GEOFFREY A. W. CLARKE.
T. HANDEL DAVIES.
STUART N. WINKS.

SWANSEA LETTER.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,
SINGLETON PARK,
SWANSEA.

November, 1958.

DEAR SIR,

May I begin by thanking you for affording me this opportunity to contribute to the School Magazine. I have no intention of boring you with an account of the architectural appearance and state of Swansea College but rather to try and give you some idea of life here.

I am completing my first term at the College and believe that I have just about settled down to the way of life here which I found, at first, quite a contrast to my life in Dynevor. Academically, life in general is harder. The subject is followed by the student taking notes delivered verbally at various paces by the lecturer. These notes are usually of no value as a means of reference as examination time approaches and so it is necessary for the notes to be copied out at home and supplemented with the aid of a text book. Every week a number of problems are to be completed and handed in for marking. The problems are then discussed thoroughly in tutorials which if utilised correctly are most beneficial to the student. The amount of time available for personal study after notes have been copied out and problems attempted is really quite limited. This time is decreased still further by the fact that every 'fresher' is obliged to write four essays during the first year. One of these essays has to be read to the Principal and the remaining three to an assigned Professor. As I have not yet sat any examinations I cannot enlighten you as to their difficulty but possibly you will discover for yourself quite soon just how difficult they are.

The Social life at the College is really vastly different from the social amenities afforded at Dynevor. One aspect of social life is catered for in the guise of a number of societies to which membership is guaranteed upon crossing the society's treasurer's palm with the requisite amount of silver. Every Saturday evening a dance is held at the College and there are numerous mid-week functions available to all interested students. One afternoon of every week is designated to recreation when the student may indulge in his or her favourite sport. The College baths are open every day of the week and the sports field may also be utilised in students' spare time.

During leisure time between lectures, the College Refectory provides the chance of a cup of tea and a friendly chat over a game of pontoon or chess. For the more academically minded, the College library is open all day and offers silence and a large variety of reference books, the ideal combination for the good student.

A short walk to the vicinity of the Uplands takes the student to Union House where male and female may get together watching television or playing piano duets. The more athletic types may play a game of billiards or table tennis although there is often little chance of finding either table unoccupied.

In general it is possible to mix work and play to just that right degree and if this is done College life is really a happy and enjoyable one.

I would like, on behalf of all old-Dyvorians now at Swansea University, to wish the School every success in the coming year, and I look forward to meeting a large number of new University students of Dynevor extract next October.

Yours sincerely,

DAVID CHARLES.

A TEUTON'S VIEW.

Going into a foreign country is always a fascinating experience ; going to Britain is even more fascinating, for Britain is an island, opposite the Continent, and her opposite position makes everything very strange indeed. Several things, e.g., the traffic, go exactly the other way round, and the food and the weather (in any case, this autumn's) too, couldn't possibly be more reverse. In short, you never know exactly what is going to happen ; you may have fried potatoes for breakfast, and you may be invited to dinner by people whom you have not met or even heard of before. Some things are quite misleading ; they may appear to strike a familiar chord in your mind, only to eventually turn out to be something entirely different. I have heard people mention what I took for " Welsh rabbit " and which proved to mean exactly the same snack which we in Cologne call " half a rooster." I was very pleased to come across something that, in my opinion, showed a strange idomatic resemblance, but the other day I found my Welsh rabbit printed on a restaurant menu, shamelessly turned into " Welsh rarebit," which I cannot find rare in the least but rather disappointing.

Disappointing, too, is the approach to Swansea by rail, especially so since I had a letter stating that the coastal scenery around Swansea was among the most beautiful of all Britain. Well, all I could see were factories, chimneys, and ruins, the prevailing colour being black. Of course, I know better now ; the scenery near Swansea is really beautiful and some spots on the Gower coast much surpassed my highest expectations.

Since I am a teacher, I am naturally interested in school life and I might as well add that school and everything connected with it is about as different as can be. To begin with, the whole sytem is different. We also have primary and secondary schools, but in Germany it is rather a question of either—or, that is to say, you can stay in your primary school until you reach the school leaving age which in our country is fourteen. All our secondary schools correspond to your

grammar schools, and our boys enter them at the age of ten after a four year course at the primary school. There are nine forms in our grammar schools (which we call Gymnasium) ; you can leave after the sixth form without having to pass an exam., but many pupils do not get so far. Many of them show such bad results that they have to be sent back to their primary schools. A few only get as far as the end of the ninth year, and if they pass the final exams they can go on to a university. You see from these facts that a German boy's school life is somewhat harder than yours. Or I could also put it this way : you are more at liberty. You can choose a certain number of subjects you are interested in, and the number of subjects after the ordinary level exam is, from the German point of view, very small indeed. Our boys have more than a dozen subjects from their first year to their last and, which I am sure must be a horrifying thought for you, examinations are held in each of them and you must not fail in more than one. All this may remind you of Spartan (or if you like, Prussian) discipline, but to give you credit I should mention that our boys are by no means better disciplined. They have to study a wider range of subjects, and when they leave school they probably know more about the various human achievements ; but it would of course be nonsense to say that we in Germany had better surgeons or lawyers.

The predominating impression is perhaps that our schools appear to be of a more scholastic kind. Our boys really have to work hard, in school as well as at home. One might also say that your schools are more human and certainly more utilitarian, too. This is also true of the British teacher. The staffroom at Dynevor with its cosy untidiness does not create a scholarly atmosphere, but it does create a human atmosphere. There is a surprisingly small amount of reserve ; people sit around an open fire, one master marking, some chatting, and others doing the *Times* crossword puzzle (which in my opinion does demand quite a bit of scholarship, it certainly is beyond my knowledge and wit). You would not very likely see such a sight in a German grammar school. The headmaster would probably be afraid that a room crammed full of books and papers would very soon catch fire. We Germans are, I am afraid, as a rule not so easy-going, at least not in our professional capacities.

I don't think we should have the nerve to tackle such a big affair as your last school concert, which was definitely a great success ; besides we should not have the time. We don't have such an amount of games and other outdoor activities after school hours either ; our boys would be memorising Latin words or doing sums instead, and the

teachers preparing their lessons for the following day. Our boys don't do any wood or metal work ; our authorities would probably consider a thing like this not scholarly or learned enough.

Your school is unfortunately handicapped on account of the air raids during the last war. Those of you who do German with me can experience the consequences almost every day. It means having classes at odd times and in odd places such as canteens and gym dressing rooms. Certainly not very pleasant, but it can not be helped, and the British at least have always succeeded in making the best of things, however awkward they may have seemed to be.

When a German goes to Swansea he expects an English town, English people and customs. The idea that there may be a difference between England and Wales has probably never occurred to him before he has arrived in Wales and settled down to live there. This is another surprise for the foreigner, and I should think quite a pleasant one. I am not saying that the Welsh are better people than the English, but I suppose it is safe to say that they are easier for an alien. Social life in a Welsh town and the general attitude of the people seem to be more like our German way of living than is the case with England. Since my arrival in this country only two months ago, I have met quite a few people and I must say that their open-mindedness, their interest in a foreigner, their hospitality, and their general kindness, have been very pleasant indeed. It is not difficult to settle down here, or even to feel at home.

CORNEL FLASS.

BASE CAMP,
LUAPALA VALLEY,
NORTHERN RHODESIA.
26th October, 1958.

DEAR SIR,

In the past, the custom of old Dy'vorians writing from the Universities has provided many interesting features in the School Magazine, and I hope this letter will interest your readers in a rather different sphere of life.

I expect many will wonder what an old Dy'vorian is doing in the heart of cenrtal Africa, camped two miles away from the Congo, Africa's most fascinating river. After leaving Dynevor in 1953 and subsequently reading Geology at Swansea University for three years, I commenced work on a research project in African geology. Today, I find myself on safari in

the region where that great African explorer and missionary, David Livingstone, died in 1873. It is only eight-five years since the first European explored this territory, but already it is highly industrialized in the Katanga province of the Belgian Congo, and also in the fabulous copperbelt of Northern Rhodesia. Progress has been swift, the malarial swamps and the tsetse ridden forests of the nineteenth century being replaced by large ultra-modern towns clustered around the copper mines. It is this richness in mineral deposits which forms the wealth of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

Rhodesia is a land of startling contrasts, with a highly advanced society of the Bantu. Here the most advanced techniques of modern science and medicine have not replaced completely the superstition of witch doctors and medicine men. The Rhodesians have, however, an advanced outlook on multi-racial society, and the great wealth brought to the country by European settlement is being shared by the far more numerous Africans. This stands out in sharp contrast with the black nationalism of West Africa and the White Racial Supremacy of the Union of South Africa.

Away from the towns and the cities the changes are more gradual and the native population lives a very similar life to that of a hundred years ago. The forests and the veldt still abound with antelope and the rivers are still infested with crocodiles. Elephant, lion, leopard, rhinoceros and hippo are still a common sight, and the various deadly snakes such as the mamba, cobra and puff adder still lurk in the thick bush. In the trees around the camp, the monkeys scream and play all day, while the camper is always armed with a rifle.

Above all, this is the land of opportunity, and adventure too for those who seek it. Here the sun shines every day and for SIX months in the year no rain falls during the cool season. This is a welcome change from the perpetual rains and mists of Swansea.

This country offers a challenge to the younger generation, and it is men of the calibre that Dy'vorians are made who will meet this challenge eventually. When the time comes along to leave school, and you want an adventurous life with good opportunities, remember that Rhodesia has all this and much more to offer you.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I wish your journal a prosperous publication and I am sure it will enjoy all the success of past years with, I hope, none of the editorial problems.

Yours sincerely,

DAVID ABRAHAM,

LUSAKA,

August 23rd, 1958.

DEAR SIR,

I would just like to give a brief account of my trip out to Northern Rhodesia and tell you about Lusaka itself.

We left London Docks on the Durban Castle on January 15th and arrived at Cape Town on February 4th. The voyage was not too bad, although towards the end I was beginning to get a little bored. We called at Rotterdam, Las Palmas, Ascension Island and St. Helena. The fog at the mouth of the Thames made our trip late all the way, and because of this our time was limited at the ports.

I didn't visit any places of interest at Rotterdam, but I made a brief tour of the dockyards and saw the ship building that is carried on there. We arrived at Las Palmas in the middle of the night and left early in the morning, so all I saw were some French warships preparing to leave for Algerian waters. At Ascension Island, although we arrived in the day time, no passengers were allowed to go ashore because of the American research that is carried out on the island. However, although unable to go ashore, I saw my one and only shark on the voyage. It was cruising just below the surface of the water, with its black fin sticking out of the water. At St. Helena, the actual port wasn't deep enough for our ship, so passengers were rowed ashore by the local men at the nominal fee of 3/6d. per head. On this island, I visited Napoleon's house and climbed Jacob's ladder.

In between St. Helena and Cape Town, I was fortunate enough to see two whales, quite near to the boat, spouting water. By now, I was accustomed to sailor life and didn't realise how rough it was as we neared Cape Town, but I think this was the roughest part of our journey.

From about a hundred miles away, I saw the Table Mountain protruding out of the sea. We stayed a few days in Cape Town before setting out for Durban, via the "Garden Route." At Durban, we spent a fortnight with my aunt, basking in the hot sun and then bathing in the warm water.

The bathing areas on the beaches are roped off by steel nets to keep the sharks away. Although there are steel nets, the sharks still get into the enclosed area, and just after we left we heard of some vicious shark attacks.

Whilst I was in Durban, I visited the snake park, and saw snakes which included the Black Mamba, Rattle snakes and Cobras.

After a fortnight of heat and perspiring, we continued our journey to Northern Rhodesia. The only disappointment about this part of the journey was that we didn't see any wild animals except for a few monkeys. Most of the game is well controlled now, and can only be seen in the game reserves, but my father, on a recent trip to Dar-es-Salaam, came across elephant and giraffe. Also a few weeks ago, a pride of lions, not so far away from Lusaka, had been killing some cattle and natives.

Having arrived safely at Lusaka, I am now settling down quite well. Lusaka, although it is the capital of Northern Rhodesia, is very small. It has two main roads which are tarred but the roads on the outskirts are dust. The town is so young that in front of a few shops further out of the town there are still the hitch rails where the cowboys used to tie up their horses.

So, life in Lusaka goes on, and I should advise anyone, seeking adventure, to come to Rhodesia..

Yours sincerely,

LAYTON GIBBS.

IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER (PART II).

HOLLYHOCK : Pawning your wrist watch to buy Christmas decorations.

HOROSCOPE : New cinema technique for projecting films.

HOWDAH : American form of greeting.

IDOLIZE : Looking into the fire.

JUDICIARY : Kosher restaurant.

JUGGERNAUT : Empty tankard.

KINDRED : The way one feels about the wife's relations.

KREMLIN : Mythical fairy who interferes with aeroplanes.

LAITY : Traditional call of the milkman.

LANGUISH : Form of dialect in a given area.

LARGESSE : An outsize lady.

LESSEE : Let's have a dekkko.

LIVERY : Ill-tempered.

MARIGOLD : To marry for money.

MELANCHOLIC : Tummy ache due to too much cantaloupe.

MULTIFARIOUS : Taxi for several people.

NAVIGATOR : Short length of string tied round trousers by workmen.

OAST : Fellow who's paying.

PALLIASSE : Friendly donkey.

SILVA, U.VI Sc.

EXPOSITION de BRUXELLES—1958.

Starting early one morning, my parents and I travelled the 78 miles from Ostend to Brussels. The electric train, which went at approximately 60-70 m.p.h., took 75 minutes to reach Brussels and on arriving, we were met by some friends.

We soon arrived at the "World Fair" after a short bus ride and bought our 30 franc (4/3) entry tickets.

The first thing that strikes all visitors to the "Fair" is the Atomium. This colossal structure represents an atom of iron enlarged 150,000,000,000,000, times. It is 365 feet high and consists of nine spheres, each 53 feet in diameter. It was built by the Germans, and when completed the whole structure balanced on the bottom sphere, but later, supports were added for safety. Inside the Atomium there is much scientific apparatus and complicated machinery, showing how Atomic Energy can be used for peaceful and profitable benefits for mankind.

We then made our way to the British Government Pavilion, passing the gay, colourful displays of other countries so enchantingly set in the grounds of King Baudoin's summer residence.

As we entered the "Hall of Tradition" in the British Pavilion, we saw the inspiring portrait of H.M. the Queen, by Annigoni. On display were replicas of the Royal Regalia and ceremonial robes of Gentry of England. The next section was entirely devoted to inventions such as, the artificial heart, penicillin, radar, and most important, Z.E.T.A. Other discoveries were exhibited, all of which have helped progress in science, medicine and literature. Another feature of the British Pavilion was 28 coloured television sets, portraying everyday life in Britain, e.g., going to Church, afternoon tea, children at school and many other natural and amusing scenes.

After touring the British Industry Pavilion we had lunch and then decided to visit the U.S.A. display.

The American Building, one of the largest circular structures in the World, was approximately the size of the Colosseum at Rome. The richly decorated interior was extremely impressive, and willow trees flanked an artificial lake which was floodlit with natural light, pouring in through the plastic roof. Of particular interest was the coloured television and "Cinerama" which showed a panorama of New York. The rest of the Pavilion was chiefly concerned with America's produce, discoveries, and everyday life.

At last we left the U.S.A. Pavilion and passed on to the picturesque Pavilion of Thailand. The building represented a Buddhist Temple giving an atmosphere of the Orient to the modern western civilization.

After a while we reached the Russian Pavilion which cost £17,000,000 to construct. Inside, the whole Pavilion was dominated by a gigantic, bronze statue of Lenin, Father of Soviet Russia. The 'pièce de résistance' was the replica of Sputnik I. The two other satellites were also exhibited, and of great interest was the compartment into which the dog, Lika, was strapped when she was sent up in Sputnik II. Various cars and machinery made in Russia were displayed, and many models of famous buildings, such as the Kremlin at Moscow, were exhibited. In one section typical Russian life was portrayed by models: the house, the family, the food and various activities that play so great a part in the life of every Russian. After this we left the main hall and had some real Russian tea in the restaurant. As an act of courtesy to our Belgian hosts, we visited the Belgian Pavilion. This was truly a magnificent building and the interior was chiefly concerned with exhibits from the Belgian Congo, Belgium's richest material resource. There was also a reproduction of Brussels in the eighteenth century.

Later in the evening, we relaxed in an open-air cafe and admired the brilliant illuminations and floodlit fountains. Thus ended our well enjoyed day at the 1958 "World Fair," which we shall always remember.

JOHN ISAAC, IVd.

AN EXTRAORDINARY GHOST-STORY.

In the days when Germany was still divided into numerous petty kingdoms, a government official from one of these little estates was travelling, in the company of his trusted servant, to the Royal Court of Denmark. As night approached he arrived at a small village, which lay in the shadow of a castle on top of a nearby hill. He enquired at the inn about lodgings for the night, but was told by the landlord, that owing to an execution due to take place on the morrow, the spare beds were occupied by the itinerant executioners. The gentleman thus decided to ask at the castle on the hill for a night's hospitality, feeling sure a person of his rank would not be turned away. Hearing this suggestion, the landlord informed him that owing to the absence of the owner, he had custody of the keys. There were beds enough, and comfortable but there were also a number of ghosts, who were making merry during the absence of the occupants. The castle staff

had long since fled, and unsuspecting strangers never returned after a visit. Our gentleman was not moved by these reports, and demanded to be given the keys, Then, with his man-servant, he entered the castle, and deciding not to undress, prepared two pistols, a candle and a magazine to pass away the night.

At midnight as the church tower clock clanged its message to the countryside, the castle was enveloped in a dark cloud, and thunder crashed and rain dashed against the window. But above this fearful din were heard three sharp knocks on the door. Slowly the door opened, and into the room came a creature of frightful appearance, its black eyes squinting along a nose at least a foot and half long, and its fangs gnashing and flashing through a goatee beard, which was itself hardly separate from the rest of the hair on this apparition.

"I am the Devil," it boomed, "welcome to my abode. I trust you've said your goodbyes to your loved ones?"

A cold shiver started in our hero's big toe, travelled up his back and fizzled out under his nightcap. The feelings of his man-servant do not bear thinking about. The Devil advanced towards him, but with an admirable presence of mind, he fumbled for a pistol pointed it at the creature and managed to say, "Halt, or I fire!"

Now, genuine ghosts are not frightened by guns; as used in such circumstances they either fail to go off, or blow the marksman himself to smithereens. This particular spectre, however, froze in his tracks, his fingers poised menacingly over his head, then turned deliberately around and pranced out of the room, as nimbly as he had come. The gentleman, reckoning the danger was past, and noticing that his visitor had a healthy respect for guns, picked up a candle and followed the apparition. The poor servant in turn followed his master, and in the open air, made post-haste for the inn, preferring to lodge with executioners than spectres.

Suddenly the strange creature disappeared from the gentleman's view, having apparently sunk into the ground. He ventured cautiously forward a few more paces, and suddenly felt himself falling through the ground. As he fell he saw the glow of fire, and when he landed on a pile of hay, he felt sure he had followed the Devil to his infernal regions. On pulling himself together, he saw that the vault into which he had fallen was a mere ten feet deep, and occupied by six men, the Devil, a mass of wonderful apparatus, and a table heaped with new shining sovereign-pieces, each one sparkling more attractively than the one next to it. These people were very much flesh and bone. They were in, fact, a gang of forgers who, during the absence of the caretaker had installed

their apparatus in one of his subterranean chambers. They spread the ghost scare as a deterrent to any inquisitive person, who after one visit to the castle, was not likely to return, leaving them to forge on in peace.

For the first time, our heroic ghosthunter found cause to regret his bravado, and that he had not heeded the warning of the landlord. He was rudely shoved into another dark chamber and listened as the forgers held a council of war about him.

"The best thing to do is to kill him," said one. "No, we must first interrogate him, find out who he is, what his business is, and where he comes from."

On hearing that their prisoner was a distinguished gentleman on his way to the King in Copenhagen, they gasped, looked at each other in horror, thrust him back into the dark cellar and exclaimed, "That's torn it, When he's missed, they'll hear from the landlord he came to the castle and never returned. Then they'll send a troop of hussars to get us out, and that'll be the end of us; there's been a good hemp crop this year, so rope's cheap enough." So they announced to the prisoner that he had been reprieved, but made him swear to complete secrecy. They took his address in Copenhagen, and advised him that for some time to come, his every movement would be under close observation.

They then poured out a glass of Burgandy for him, and he sat quietly for the rest of the night, watching with interest their forging operations. With the dawn, he thanked them for their hospitality and returned to the village. He was greeted with great relief by the landlord, who had abandoned all hope of ever seeing him again. In spite of many questions, he remembered his oath, and remained silent; he also remembered that he had left his pistols, watch, pipe and tobacco in the haunted castle, but felt little desire to retrieve them.

He had almost forgotten the whole incident, when a parcel arrived at his Copenhagen lodgings. He opened it and found a magnificent pair of silver-inlaid pistols, a watch with a jewel-encrusted face (for which he was later offered thirty pounds by an inebriated cavalry officer), Turkish pipe and a red silk tobacco pouch with gold embroidery. In this he found the following note:

"Accept this as a compensation for the terror you experienced during your visit to us, and as a token of our thanks for your silence, which is no longer necessary."

And that was all he ever heard from the Devil and his friends.

[(Abridged and translated from the original German of J.P. Hebel (19th Century cleric, politician and writer).]

J. B. G. HARDING, U V I A.

RUSSIAN LOGARITHMS.

A Dynevor member of MI5 reports that several eminent Russian mathematicians have invented an entirely new method of addition and subtraction. This method is being increasingly applied to Russian research with amazing results.

The whole system is based on our old friends—logarithms.

To Add.

Take each of the numbers to be added and look up its anti-logarithm—multiply these two together and look up the logarithm of their product.

EXAMPLE.

Add 271 and 392.

Anti-log. of 271 = .1866
 Anti-log. of 392 = .2466.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 .1866 \\
 .2466 \\
 \hline
 11196 \\
 11196 \\
 7464 \\
 3732 \\
 \hline
 4.601556
 \end{array}$$

The logarithm of this taking no account of the decimal point = 662.9 = 663.

Check by decadent capitalist method $271 \times 392 = 663$.

To Subtract.

Again look up the anti-log of the numbers and divide these one by the other. The logarithm of the quotient will give the answer.

EXAMPLE.

Subtract 47.71 from 92.41

Anti-log. of 92.41 = 8397

Anti-log. of 47.71 = 3000.

Dividing 8397 by 3.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 2799 \\
 3 \overline{)8397}
 \end{array}$$

Log. of 2.799 = 44.70.

Check by decadent capitalist method :

$92.41 - 47.71 = 44.70$.

This method when applied to the intricacies of aircraft design is reputed to alter the time of design from four to eight years. It is believed that this four years difference obtained by using Russian logarithms will make all the difference to Russian aviation.

DAVID MENDUSKI, LVI Slave Camp.

CAREERS—1958.

Recently, forms, which contained a number of possible careers were distributed amongst members of the fourth year. Many boys were unable to complete them because of the number of careers omitted. In future years, we suggest that the following should be included in Careers forms (for convenience these have been arranged in alphabetical order) :—

Anarchist.
Bodysnatcher.
Caveman. (It can be arranged!).
Dolebug.
'Ead 'unter.
Frothblower.
Gravedigger.
Hangman (Professional).
I.R.A. Bomb Squad.
Jailbuster.
Ku Klux Klan Member.
Licensee (How many of us would **love** that?)
Mine detecting squad.
Nit Fumigator.
Opium Addict.
Ping-Pong Ball Works Foreman.
Quack Doctor (able to cure Woodbine Fever and heavy hangovers)
Russian Salt Mine guard.
Sewer Rat.
Time-bomb manufacturer.
Undertaker (Somebody's got to do it.)
Vampire (apprentice).
Werewolf.
X (Mister, of course!)
Yak Herder (very lonely, though).
Zombie (Must be firm believer in the supernatural.)

GEMINI IVA.

THE FULFILMENT.

Slowly the door opened. It hit the stone wall with a cold, metallic sound. A man clad in drab prison clothes slowly got off his bunk and eyed the blue-coated warder suspiciously. The prisoner was not old—perhaps thirty-five or forty—but the terrible shadow hanging over him gave him the appearance of a man twice that age. His eyes were sunken and bleary from lack of sleep; his face was pallid and unshaven; his cracked lips twitched nervously. His garments hung on him

as if on a scarecrow, and as he stood there with hunched shoulders he would have awakened pity in even the stoniest heart.

"The governor wants to see you," said the warder. "Come this way." Escorted by two warders, the convict made his way through a maze of corridors with cells on either side and through numerous doors which were raspily unbolted to allow the small party to pass through. Eventually they reached the cobbled courtyard (where the prisoners exercised daily) and, hurrying across the yard to escape the heavy drizzle, entered that part of the prison known as the Administrative Block.

After passing along many whitewashed corridors, the three men halted in front of a door marked "Governor's Office." One of the warders knocked, and after a while the men were admitted. A few words passed between the governor and one of the warders, and presently the prisoner found himself in a comfortable chair facing the governor across his desk, with a blue-coated figure hovering conveniently in the background.

The man that confronted the prisoner was one of about the same size, solidly built, with a bronzed face, sparkling eyes, and a firmly jutting jaw. Pausing only to light his pipe, the governor spoke.

"Well, Denson," he said, "you are one of the luckiest men I have ever met. You have been granted a reprieve and the Queen's pardon. You are free."

FREE! The prisoner's heart leaped. He was no longer considered guilty of the terrible crime he had been accused of committing. He was . . .

John Denson found himself on the floor. He had fallen off his bunk while he was dreaming about . . . Dreaming? Yes, it had all been a dream—the governor, the reprieve. In twenty-four hours John Denson would cease to exist. He would become just another name on a file, just another case successfully conducted by Sir Edward Granthers, Q.C. How he hated that name! He began to laugh in a cracked, high pitched voice as he thought how funny the judge had looked wearing that little black cap as he pronounced the death sentence . . . "and then hanged by the neck until dead."

Suddenly the sheer horror of it struck him. He felt the noose tighten around his neck . . . beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead, and he began to beat his fists against the stone wall in desperation. Then he heard footsteps approaching his cell. Slowly the door opened. It hit the stone wall with a cold, metallic sound. The blue-coated warder spoke.

"The governor wants to see you . . ."

J. A. STRONG, V.D.

SEEING STARS.

The problem which faces anyone with an evening to spare in London is to choose between the many conflicting forms of entertainment available. This problem was solved for me for as I walked down Baker Street I saw in front of me a large circular metal-blue dome, inscribed with the words "The London Planetarium," perched on a larger entrance hall which seemed to consist entirely of windows. The dome which is surmounted by a model of the planet Saturn is indeed a very impressive sight. I immediately decided to go in.

Within the entrance hall were various display stands depicting the workings and wonder of both the planetarium and the stars. Book-stalls where books on astronomy and allied subjects could be bought and of course the inevitable ticket-office, completed the lay-out of the hall. Outside a man was selling "sputnik balloons complete with dog." It seems that he, too, was exploiting the space-age.

Having looked around the hall, I joined the large crowd queuing outside the entrance and we filed into the planetarium proper. The planetarium is extremely popular for I could distinguish no empty seats at all. As in cinemas there is a greater charge for seats at the back than for seats at the front, or since the planetarium is circular, near the centre. This is because you can see more of the great hemispherical ceiling of the planetarium on to which the star-images are projected from the seats at the back than is possible from seats near the projector, unless you are prepared to put up with a stiff neck.

Even before the images of the stars are projected onto the roof, the interior of the planetarium possesses a strange beauty of its own. The roof is lit up with a soft blue light supposed to represent daylight and set around the rim of the roof is the silhouette of London's skyline. Such notable landmarks as St. Paul's Cathedral, the Monument, and Battersea Power Station could easily be distinguished. In the centre of the planetarium stood the complicated looking projector (a marvel of optical engineering) shaped something like a dumb-bell, which was able to project pictures of the stars as they could be seen at any spot on the earth and at any instant in the past or future.

When the seats were all filled the lights were turned off and the dome above became absolutely black except for the spots of light representing the stars and planets, the larger spots of the sun and moon, and the locating grid, all of which were projected by the one machine. The only difference between the stars of the planetarium and the stars one sees each night was that they did not glitter and twinkle. We saw the

stars as they would appear if our view of them were not distorted by the dust of the atmosphere.

To the accompaniment of the commentator, the diurnal, monthly and annual revolutions of the heavenly bodies were portrayed on the roof as they appeared in the Southern hemisphere at various times. Star constellations, such as the Southern Cross, which can not be seen from Britain were indicated by arrows and described by the operator. At one point the stars as seen from the South Pole by Fuchs and Hillary were portrayed. It was assumed that no blizzard was blowing at the time. At times, I must confess, I forgot to listen to the lecturer so fascinating was the picture of the stars moving across the sky with much accelerated velocity. Particular emphasis was placed on the motion of the sun, moon and planets relative to the earth. The motion of the moon was particularly hard to follow for it moved much faster than the others and continually dipped below the horizon.

However, just as day followed day and month followed month on the roof of the planetarium, the time came for me to leave. I had not regretted my decision to spend my only evening in London there for I came out conscious of the beauty and wonder of the universe and of the great engineering skill of the builders of the Planetarium.

J. C. DAVIES, L. VI Sc.

A MISCELLANY FOR THE IDLE.

Pope, on the preparations for school dinners :

“ Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the Nymph intent adores
With head uncovered . . . ”

And two opinions on those same dinners :—

“ On capons fine they daily dine, rich cates and sauces
rare,
And they quaff good store of Bordeaux wine,—so
dainty is their fare.”

(from the “ Ingoldsby Legends.”)

“ Fillet of fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt and the toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing”.

(Shakespeare “ Macbeth.”)

- Gray, on the Fourths, who next year will sit the G.C.E. :
 "Alas ! regardless of their doom
 The little victims play !"
- Byron, describing the effect on a pupil of the fatal " Well!"
 which always precedes the results of a Vith-form history-test
 " He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low."
-
- Pope, on the School's Hobbies Exhibition :
 " Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
 The various offerings of the world appear."
-
- Butler, on the Literary and Debating Society :
 " For still the longer we contend
 We are but further off the end."
-
- Shakespeare, on " break " :
 " What revels are in hand ? Is there no play
 To ease the anguish of a torturing hour ?"
-
- Milton, on the prefect on duty at the bottom of the yard-stairs:
 " . . . that two-handed engine, at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
-
- Cowper, on the feelings of a prefect looking into the detention-
 book :
 " My soul is sick with every day's report
 Of wrong and outrage with which this earth is fill'd."
-
- Byron, on the school-building :
 "A ruin—yet what a ruin ! from its mass
 Walls, palaces, half-cities have been reared
 Yet oft the skeleton ye pass
 And marvel where the spoil could have appeared."
-
- Spenser, on the sweaters of certain pupils :
 " In whose cote-armour richly are displayed
 All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,
 In goodly colours gloriously array'd."
-
- Christina Rossetti, describing the late-comers :
 " One tramped at a rat's pace,
 One crawled like a snail,
 One like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry,
 One like a ratel tumbled hurry-skurry."
- And, finally, Leigh Hunt, on the Xmas holidays, which we
 eagerly anticipate :

“Glorious time of great too much !
Too much heat and too much noise,
Too much babblement of boys,
Too much eating, too much drinking,
Too much everything . . . but thinking.”

“TOM’S BOYS.”

ON RUGBY KIT.

One Saturday morning I shall horrify the Second XV supporters and masters. It will be one of those beautiful slushy muddy days, a fine drizzle falling all the time, when the ball is so slippery it cannot be held securely for two seconds. I shall hear the shout, “Tackle him, for heaven’s sake !” but I shall turn and run the other way. Can you imagine the shouts ? I can ; but I will not care.

No doubt you are curious to know why I shall do this terrible thing. So I will tell you. It will be the next time I wash my own Rugby kit. You can be assured that if this occasion arises, I shall do all in my power not to let that dark brown, or ash-black mud come near me.

Have you ever washed Rugby kit after rolling it about for seventy minutes in good honest mud ? In my home, every week, at least five kits have to be de-mudded and washed. My brothers and I just take the evil smelling objects home, throw them on the kitchen floor, and when one of us says, “I have a game tomorrow,” or “Training for the Schoolboys on Tuesday,” the shorts and jerseys miraculously appear as good as new.

I had never given the subject much thought until a few weeks ago, when one of my brothers came home injured. Blood had dried around his mouth, he was limping badly and had great difficulty in breathing. He swears that he had been lifted up by eight opponents and dropped underneath them. His ribs were injured and he felt that every breath was his last. While my mother took him to Hospital to be X-rayed, I opened his ruck sack to see if there was much blood on his jersey as he had also been kicked in the mouth. Everything was in such a mess that I decided to do my Scout’s good turn and wash the lot.

I had heard my mother say that our muddy kit needed a good boiling to get it clean so I took the lid off the boiler pushed in three pairs of muddy shorts, three jerseys of various patterns and colours, three pairs of boot laces and a few elastic bandages.

I filled the boiler with water, shook in half a large packet of soap powder, turned the gas on, and sat down to listen to a play on the radio. I rummaged around in the larder, ate a few pieces of cake, and an apple, paid the baker when he called, cut the crust off one of the his fresh loaves and enjoyed it plastered with butter. I went out to pump up the tyres of my bicycle and then went into the kitchen again. By that time the kitchen was full of steam, the windows were fogged up and I could hardly see the table. I floundered to the boiler and turned off the gas. I lifted the lid and nearly scalded my face, so I replaced the lid and waited. When at last I could see what was inside the boiler I was horrified—all I could see was a brown goulash. I lifted one pair of shorts out—dyed a lovely brown ; everything was all colours, beautiful blues and browns with a dab of black and white here and there.

How was I to know that rugby kit should be soaked in COLD water for a few hours to float the mud out—then scrubbed with a hard brush and plenty of soap BEFORE boiling with these wonderful detergents ? How was I to know that coloured jerseys should never be put to boil without testign their colourfastness first ?

So when you see me coming off the Rugby field as immaculate as I went on—just think of what has gone before, and Dynevor Second XV, take your caps off and give three cheers for the mothers, who all the season have striven and toiled so hard to keep us clean.

VILIS PRIMUS, L. IV Sc.
(A lover of mud).

WEIGHT TRAINING IN SCHOOLS.

Physical education in the schools of Great Britain plays only a small part in the normal curriculum. This is due partly to the limited facilities available, and partly to the lack of interest displayed by the Ministry of Education in this all important, yet badly neglected field. Until this aspect has received more prominence, the doctor's surgery will continue to be filled, while the cost of the National Health Scheme increases at an alarming rate. An answer to all these problems is more exercise, in the form of weight training.

These words are often greeted with scepticism but they entail nothing more than exercises such as the old "daily dozen" done with a progressive resistance applied, i.e., weights. This practice shows a remarkable improvement in the health and general well-being of the individual.

This health improvement can be vouched for by myself, because, before taking up physical training, I spent nine years in and out of bed with pneumonia and bronchitis ; the result was that I first went to school two years ago, when I had the privilege of entering Dynevor. I am now completely recovered and I should like to spread the "gospel" of weight training among every boy (and, indeed, girl) in the country, as I feel it will help them, as it did me.

We, in Dynevor, try to send boys out into the world, with an education which they should be proud of and thankful for all their lives, but would it not also be desirable to send them out physically hardened and strengthened, to face the rigours of modern life, and bring up children to carry on the country's great reputation and tradition ?

As to the weight training itself, the boys could be graded into groups of approximately the same strength, and then after being shown the exercise by a competent instructor, they could repeat the same exercises, using very light weights in the form of barbells and dumbbells.

As the muscles become accustomed to the movement, more weight could be added ; and as an additional incentive, merit awards could be given for certain standards reached.

All the benefits to be obtained from such a course are too numerous to mention, but there would be a marked improvement in general health, strength and fitness, a respect for the workings of the human body, a more lively and clear intellect, and the cultivation of a good attitude towards work and life itself.

In this school, the Literary and Debating Society, the Choir and the Orchestra stay behind after school time, for meetings and rehearsals. Why not have a weight training class remaining behind two or three nights each week for half an hour, which may add a year to the healthy living of their later life ?

The first expense would be the last, as the equipment, once obtained never wears out ; it can be used almost anywhere and requires little storage space.

If young children in hospitals use resistance exercises to recover the use of limbs and muscles, surely the children in school should be given the same opportunity of using this wonderful health builder in the normal school curriculum ?

GEOFF. SQUIRES, L VIA.

AMATEUR DRAMATICS.

Amateur Dramatics—this is a rather high-sounding title for certain activities that go on in various schoolrooms and church halls up and down the country during the winter season. 'Amateur' they certainly are, and often 'dramatic' too, but whether in the right sense is extremely doubtful. Dramatic situations arise which the author never contemplated; audiences laugh in quite unexpected places and the most 'dramatic' situations turn out to be the most hilarious moments of the drama.

Realising all this and with our eyes wide open, we embarked early last winter on our annual production and a hopeful producer announced the date when our activities would commence. Rehearsals, for our play, which we hoped would result in a comedy, were to take place on the Monday and Friday of each week. The Church Hall was to serve as our "Theatre," and general meeting place. I arrived at the Hall at 6.15 p.m. on the evening of our first rehearsal. Further members of our cast, which consisted of three other boys besides myself, and six girls, arrived at various intervals and at approximately 6.50 p.m. the whole of the cast had arrived with the exception of the leading lady who turned up at 7.15 p.m.

We had decided to begin with the first act and to work through the acts as our rehearsals progressed. Usually, at some time during the rehearsal, a few members of the cast would not be available on stage, when required. The rest of the cast would then shout until they deigned to appear. I struggled through my lines, becoming more proficient, I hope, as rehearsals continued. These were often accompanied by the sound of hammering, as the more industrious senior members of the Church helped to construct our scenery. Practice usually ended at about 9.30 p.m.

About a month before the play was to be performed, posters announcing the performance appeared, posted on numerous vacant hoardings and windows throughout the Parish. They followed the usual pattern, "The Parish Church Dramatic Society present . . ." and ended "Proceeds in aid of Church Funds," which might be spent on the Church roof, and certainly not on a new car for the Vicar.

An inescapable part of Amateur Dramatics is the selling of the tickets. I set out one evening, at the expense of my homework, and proceeded to cover the area allotted to me. I knocked at several doors with this result: after about five minutes the door would open and a face appear:

" Yes ? " from a gruff voice.

"Would you like to buy a ticket for a play to be performed in the Church Hall ? " I would ask in a voice of friendliness and invitation. The ticket was usually removed from my hand and would disappear into the house only to be handed back when the words " Parish Church " were seen, with the fraternal remark.

" Not now sonny, we'd sooner watch T.V. "

I arrived home, exhausted, wondering if I had more tickets than when I had started out.

The Dress Rehearsal at last came, when the majority of the cast, myself included, forgot a number of their lines and various other mishaps occurred. Then the fatal night of the performance came. I arrived at the " dressing room " and was made up. The butterflies were having a glorious time in my stomach and I felt sorry that I had eaten a second helping of school dinners.

The Hall began to fill up and I joined the cast in peering through holes in the curtain. Eventually the Vicar in company with the Chairman and his party, arrived, and we were about to start. The pianist played a loud chord on the piano, two or three keys stuck, and the audience sang " God Save the Queen. " Of course, the cast felt that it was they who should be " saved " and not the Queen.

The Hall lights went out, the curtain went up, the first time, and we had started. I waited in the " wings, " as I was not on for quite a while. Suddenly someone yelled in my ear " You're on " and I stumbled on to the stage, said my lines as quickly as possible and shot off the stage, back to the comparative safety of the wings. At the end of the first act the Chairman remarked on how much he was enjoying the play, as he was expected to do. Once again the lights went out and we ploughed onward until the curtain came down at the end of the last Act. It went up again for us to take our bow and the ordeal was over. We all rushed off to the dressing room for some light refreshment which had not, alas, been brought from " The Plough, " and also to remove our grease paint.

Was it a success ? The audience had laughed, not always in the right places ; there had been voluminous applause at the end, but that was to be expected since half the audience consisted of the relations of the cast. The answer is--I really do not know. But one thing I feel is certain, next year at the beginning of September, I shall be making my way to the Church Hall for another session of rehearsals.

CANONICUS U VI Arts.

GUY FAWKES.

Every year, since I can remember, as soon as the end of the Summer holidays drew near, I worried my parents to buy my fireworks before the shops "sold out of bangers." This year, however, having reached the wonderful age of fourteen years I decided that I was much too old to run around throwing fireworks amongst the girls just to hear them scream, and that I would assist my young brother to set off his "jacky-jumpers," rockets and pin-wheels (which he was quite capable of doing himself). I helped to make his "Guy" but I felt it beneath my dignity to climb to the top of the huge bonfire which is annually built in the field behind my home, and to fix an article of underclothing to the topmost branch.

I had never stopped to think what all these fireworks were for, and I began to wonder what it was all about. Who was Guy Fawkes? Why did he want to blow up Parliament? Would I ever feel the urge to blow up anything bigger than our school? Today, I suppose, Guy Fawkes would be said to be "in need of psychiatric treatment."

So instead of "running wild" (as my father terms it) I sat down quietly and looked up "Guy Fawkes" in my encyclopaedia. Needless to say, my mother thought I was sickening for something and wanted me to go to bed with a drink of hot milk. This I refused, as there was no rum included in the offer.

Nevertheless, my brain is overflowing with unnecessary information about Guy Fawkes, and perhaps I can unload some of it upon you.

Guy Fawkes' correct name was Guido Fawkes and he was an English gentleman born of Protestant parents at York in 1570. At an early age he became a zealous Roman Catholic. He served in the Spanish Army in the Netherlands from 1593 to 1604. Owing to the revival of measures of oppression against the Roman Catholic faith in England, a number of Roman Catholics led by Robert Catesby made plans to blow up James I and Members of Parliament while in session. At the invitation of Catesby, Guy Fawkes came to England and was initiated into the Gunpowder Plot along with Robert Winter, John Wright, Thomas Percy and others.

In May, 1604, these conspirators hired a house adjoining the House of Lords and stored in it thirty-six barrels of gunpowder. Guy Fawkes was entrusted with the actual accomplishment of the task owing to his exceptional courage and coolness. But the plot was discovered through an anonymous letter which was sent to Lord Monteagle on the 26th October.

On November 4th, a thorough search was made and Guy Fawkes was arrested at his post in the cellar.

From that first November 5th the ceremony of searching the vaults of Parliament at its annual opening is a legacy of the Gunpowder Plot, and November 5th has been commemorated as "Guy Fawkes Day" by the lighting of bonfires upon which "guys" are burned, and by firework displays.

Judging by the displays of fireworks near my home it is obvious that they are the occupation of young children and of those in their second childhood. In between these ages we schoolboys just stand and look on, feeling rather superior and wondering whether those who set off the fireworks know why they are doing so.

If you did not know this year, you will be well informed next year, and all because I have taken the trouble to tell you, but I may add that I have written all this for you because I cannot dodge a certain English master any longer. Everywhere I go I hear his voice calling me, "What about that essay on Guy Fawkes? I want it in by Friday."

So thank you for listening.

VILIS SECUNDUS, IVD.

"GLYN EBWY 1958"

Cystal i mi egluro ar unwaith paham y dewisais ysgri-fennu ar Lyn Ebwy. Fe'm dewiswyd i gynrychioli Ysgolion Gramadeg Morgannwg yn yr Eisteddfod Genhedlaethol a gynhaliwyd yno eleni. Braint arbennig oedd hon yn enwedig gan y telid fy nhreuliau i gyd gan Fwrdd Addysg Cymru.

Dwy ffaith arbennig a wyddwn am Lyn Ebwy cyn fy ymweliad, sef, bod yno weithiau dur go fawr a thîm Rygbi lled lwyddiannus. Ond eleni daeth i arbenigrwydd newydd, yno y cynhaliwyd yr Eisteddfod Genedlaethol.

Cofiaf yn dda fel yr edrychwn ymlaen at dreulio wythnos yno. Cofiaf hefyd y siom a brofais wrth agosau at y dref. Gweld tomenni rwbel y gweithiau dur yn ymgodi yma ac acw, y tips glo fel llosgfynyddoedd bach, hwnt ac yma, a'r glaw mân yn disgyn yn gyson ar yr olygfa ddigalon. Yn dawel fach, meddyliais, dyma le am Eisteddfod. Syndod y dylanwad sydd gan yr argraff gyntaf ar berson, onide? Sut bynnag, wedi cyrraedd fy llety, a chael fy nghyflwyno i weddill cynrychiolwyr y Siroedd, buan y diflannodd yr iselder ysbryd. Yn y gymdeithas felys newydd dysgais wers fach go bwysig, sef nad lle sy'n bwysig wedi'r cyfan ond pwy sydd yno. Gweddnewidiwyd Glyn Ebwy i mi gan y cwmni diddan'

Wel, dyma fi yn Nhref bwysicaf Cymru, o leiaf am wythnos yr Eisteddfod. Y llwythau yn tyrru yno o bob cwr

o'r byd bron. Ysgwyd llaw mawr a phawb yn cyfarch eu gilydd yn frwd iawn. Dyna deimlad braf oedd cael cerdded ar hyd y maes fel gwr bonheddig. Arian, mwy nag arfer, yn fy mhoced, a thocynnau i'r seddau blaen yn y pafliwn ac i neuadd y ddrama a'r cyngherddau. Penderfynnais fanteisio ar fy nghyfle, i'r eithaf. Gan na fedrwn fod yn bresennol ymhob cystadleuaeth, a rhoi tro am yr amryw a'r amrywiol pebyll, oedd ar y maes, nodais y rhai a apelient ataf fwyaf, megis, y Cadeirio, Y Coroni, y Corau mawr a'r Dawnsio Gwerin. Rhwng yr eitemau hyn rhown dro heibio i Babell "Yr Urdd," y "Bwrdd Glo," "Bwrdd Ymwelwyr Cymru," etc. Syndod y wybodaeth a gesglais ar y teithiau hyn. Yn wir gellid treulio'r wythnos bron yn mwynhau'r hyn geir ar y maes ar wahan i'r pafliwn. Ond at brif atyniadau'r Eisteddfod i mi. Gwledd i'r llygaid yw Seremoni'r Coroni a'r Cadeirio. Gwyllo'r orymdaith liwgar yn cerdded i mewn i'r neuadd eang ac yna'n cymryd eu lleoedd yn drefnus ar y llwyfan. Dotio at ddawn y merched bach yn "nawns y blodau." Rhyfeddu ar feistrolaeth iaith y beirmiaid. Dyfalu pwy fydd y Bardd buddugol? O ba Sir, a'i pregethwr a fydd hwn eto? Munudau gwefreiddiol yw'r rhain. Yn anffodus eleni, fe'n hamddifadwyd o wefr y dyfalu,—“Pwy yw.” Cysgwn yn yr ystafell wely a bardd buddugol y Goron ac fe wyddem hynny cyn yr awr fawr. Er hynny, cefais deimlo pwysau'r Goron ar fy mhen, a chael breuddwyd odidog y noson honno! Dywedir bod ambell freuddwyd yn dod yn wir, ond ofnaf, nad ail adroddir hon mewn cig a gwaed,—gwaetha'r modd.

Gwledd i'r clustiau oedd y canu Corawl. A ni yn byw yn oes y teithio rhwydd ar teledu cyffredinol, sy'n bygwth ein diwylliant fel Cenedl, calondid oedd gweld bod yna luoedd o Gymry o hyd yn barod i aberthu eu horiau hamdden i baratoi ar gyfer ein Prifwyl, a rhoi cymaint o fwynhad i ni. Bu rhaid treulio rhai oriau, wrth gwrs, yn y Babell Llen. Yno'n gweld a chlywed goreuon byd Awen a Llen, a rhyfeddu at ei hiwmor iach a'u ffraethineb parod. Gwrando ar rownd olaf Ymryson y Beirdd a themllo'n eiddigus at eu meistrolaeth o'r cynganeddion.

Gyda'r nos, mynd am y ddrama neu gyngerdd. Cofiaf yn hir berfformiad o ddrama newydd Saunders Lewis, "Brad." Daw'r teitl hwn a phwyslais geiriau'r Llywyddion i'm cof, sef erfyn arnom fel Cymry ieuainc i beidio â bradychu'r etifeddiaeth deg iawn sydd yn eiddo i ni. Wedi'r cyfan, nid dynion fel yr Arglwydd Raglan a'i debyg a all niweidio ein hetifeddiaeth ond nymi yr etifeddion.

Teimladau cymysg a ddaeth i mi wrth edrych ar y Cymry alltud ar y llwyfan. Wedi'r holl baratoi, yr edrych ymlaen ar deithio pell, byr iawn oedd yr wythnos iddynt, a buan yr elai heibio. Ac eto, caent fwynhad mawr am fisoedd yn ailfwy yr wythnos lawn hon, a phleser wrth gofio'r oriau difyr.

Wrth orffen hyn o ysgrif sut yn y byd yr anghofiais son am y Bandiau Pres? Bu eu clywed yn gyfrwng i fy atgoffa o ddinas Jerico gynt, a'i muriau yn syrthio yn swm yr utgym a bloeddiadu'r bobl. Er y swm i gyd yng Nglyn Ebwy arhosai megis ag a'i gwelais gyntaf. Er nad ffafriol yr olwg honno cofiaf, i mi ddysgu, "Nad y lle sy'n bwysig wedi'r cyfan ond y bobl sydd yno." Roedd hiraeth arnaf yn ffarwelio a Glyn Ebwy, Awst, 1958.

PAUL ROWLANDS, U VI Sc.

SCHOOL CONCERT, 1958.

After a lapse of some eight years, we returned on October 30th to the impressive surroundings of the Brangwyn Hall for our special 75th Anniversary School Concert. Augmented both vocally and instrumentally by old boys and members of staff, the performers rose to great heights, and the event enhanced the school's already excellent musical reputation.

The first half, devoted, entirely to the music of Mozart began appropriately with an overture,—“The Shepherd King” given a clean-cut performance by the augmented orchestra; the strings were later put through their paces with the first movement of “Eine Lleine Nachtmusik.”

Mozart chamber music was represented by the first movement of the famous piano sonata in C, sympathetically played by Anthony Withers (VD) who later joined with clarinettist Michael Rees (L VI Sc.) and violist John McGivan (VD) in the second movement of the Clarinet Trio (K498). A small orchestra accompanied Peter James (U VIA) in the first movement of the D major violin concerto (K218).

The trebles excelled in three arias, and later joined with the lower voices in “O Praise Ye the Lord,” in which the soloist was Wynford Evans (IID), and the thrilling “King of Majesty tremendous.” To conclude the first half, the choir gave a beautifully controlled rendering of the motet “Ave, Venum Corpus” and an exciting “Glorious is Thy Name.”

In the address which followed the Mayor of Swansea, Alderman William Evans, congratulated the school on its musical achievement, and the Headmaster, Mr. Meredydd G. Hughes, thanked former pupils and members of staff who had augmented the choir and orchestra.

The second half opened with three Welsh folk-songs, sung with regard for the idiom of the music. Aled Thomas (IIIB) and David Edwards (IIC) were most pleasing soloists. We also heard Kendal Munslow (IVB) playing the solo part in “Adagio and Allegro” for flute and piano by Peter James (U VIA).

We were pleased this year to be able to include three old boys as soloists, Barry Harries, a pleasing tenor now studying at the Guildhall School of Music, London, included renderings from opera and oratorios, and deserved the warm applause of the audience.

The first instrumental soloist was organist Adrian Perkins who began with a new work, "Exultate" by Sidney Campbell, and later returned to play Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor; this was a fine performance, the fugue being particularly well handled.

At the first hearing, Philip Croot's "Two Escapades" may have seemed to some like Churchill's "riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." But we were all impressed by his fine technique which enabled him to do full justice to what we discovered on closer examination were two extremely clever, amusing and stimulating movements. In complete contrast, he also played Chopin's A major Polonaise.

The choir and orchestra concluded the Concert with the March and opening Chorale from the "Meistersingers" by Wagner—a fitting climax to an event which we may regard with pride.

We proffer thanks to our hard working music master, Mr. John Richards, and our accompanist, Mr. Harries, as well as to guest organist, Mr. Ivor Owen, and the school's orchestra tutor, Mr. Morgan Lloyd, and all those who in any way contributed to the success of our Anniversary Concert.

P. J. U VIA.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

Chairman : J. R. S. PHILLIPS, U VI Arts.

Secretary : A. REES, U VI Arts.

At the time of writing the Society has met on seven occasions during this term with the prospect of at least two further meetings before the end of the term.

We started with a humorous debate on the subject of "Teddy Boys." This is a topic, which has, to put it colloquially, "taken a bashing" during the past but it emerged as fresh as ever on this occasion. Previously someone put forward the thesis that Teddy Boys were caused by atomic radiation, but a rival theory was advanced that they are due to too much wine, women and song. The subject was dealt with in scholarly manner by our two humorists, D. Mendus and J. C. Davies, but we eventually decided against the proposer's argument.

This debate was followed by a more serious discussion on the topic of Commonwealth China. As this was very much

in the news at the time, what could have been a debate of only limited interest was turned into a lively discussion.

Another topical discussion was our debate on the control of immigration into Britain. This subject was seriously debated with a good sense of the issues involved and we decided by a substantial majority against any form of control.

After a lapse of a fortnight due to external causes, we again met but instead of a debate we made an innovation and held a Current Affairs Forum. A panel of four speakers sat at the front and the questions were first of all directed to them, but comments were also allowed from any other members who had some ideas to add. It was in fact a very successful evening and will be worth repeating in the future.

A motion that the Church of England should be dis-established was introduced by our iconoclast, D. Mendus, and was heatedly opposed by A. Rees. Unfortunately many speakers failed to grasp the true significance and there was quite a lot of "waffling" round the subject.

The following week we discussed nationalisation which brought out all the opposition between Conservative and Socialist, J. C. Davies gave a number of reasons to support nationalisation, but when D. Mendus used the same reasons to prove the opposite, the result seemed to be stalemate. However, our other members evidently managed to disentangle the situation because the notion was heavily defeated.

Now we came to the highlight of the term's activities, the last debate at the time of writing. This was our debate with Llwyn-y-Bryn which we arranged after great expense on postage and protracted negotiations. We debated the motion that the world is ruled by the gentler sex and for the occasion we brought up two of our experienced speakers, D. Mendus and L. Thomas, together with about seventy other pupils of Dynevor. The girls showed few signs of being the rulers during the debate and left much of the speaking to the boys. However, everyone thoroughly enjoyed the debate and we all went home after a very pleasant evening.

This year we have had several serious debates and the result has been to get rid of the passengers we carried last year and to reduce our members to those who are genuinely interested in debating. At the same time, however, we are rather disturbed by the lack of support from the Sixth form because we are sure there are many more boys in the Sixth who are capable of adding to our debates and at the same time of benefitting themselves by getting up to speak. We all hope this situation will be remedied during next term.

In closing, I must thank Mr. Chandler for his regular support and look forward to many more enjoyable debates.

J. R. S. PHILLIPS.

Christmas Term Programme.

SEPTEMBER :

- 26—" This House believes that Teddy Boys are the result of too much wine, women and song."

Proposer : D. Mendus, L VI Sc.

Opposer : J. C. Davies, L VI Sc.

Defeated (30—9 ; 4 abstentions).

OCTOBER :

- 3—" This House approves the fact that Communist China has not been admitted into the United Nations."

Proposer : H. Morris, U VI Sc.

Opposer : S. Phillips U VI Arts.

Carried (16—6 ; 5 abstentions).

- 10—" . . that immigration into Britain should be controlled."

Proposer : B. Griffiths, L VI Arts.

Opposer : L. Thomas, L VI Sc.

Defeated (16—6 ; 5 abstentions).

- 24—Current Affairs Forum.

Speakers : H. Norris, U VI Sc.

S. Hancock, U VI Arts.

R. Brown, L VI Arts.

J. C. Davies, L VI Sc.

Chairman : S. Phillips, U VI Arts.

- 31—" . . that the Church of England should be disestablished and the proceeds given to the poor."

Proposer : D. Mendus, L VI Sc.

Opposer : A. Rees, U VI Arts.

Defeated (16—8 ; 2 abstentions.)

NOVEMBER :

- 7—" . . that nationalisation is essential to the well-being of an industrial state."

Proposer : J. C. Davies, L VI Sc.

Opposer : D. Mendus, L VI Sc.

- 17—Inter-School Debate with Llwyn-y-Bryn.

" . . that the world is ruled by the gentler sex."

Proposer : Rosalie Middleditch (Llwyn-y-Bryn)

Seconder : L. Thomas (Dynevov).

Opposer : D. Mendus (Dynevov).

Seconder : Susan Bevan (Llwyn-y-Bryn).

Defeated (91—18 ; 20 abstentions.).

INTER-HOUSE CRICKET.

In 1958 the Inter-Form Cricket system, which had been in existence for at least twelve years, was replaced by Inter-House Cricket matches for the First to Fourth Forms.

This innovation was designed to further the House system in the School. As was to be expected, such a change encountered difficulties and these were increased by the very disappointing weather. Cancelled matches and overcast skies hampered the quick growth of a House Cricket tradition.

The system is initially more difficult because of the scatter of House members through the four forms in each year. The House Cricket Captain therefore, has a more difficult and responsible task of selection than the Form Cricket Captain who had to select only from his own form.

Under these circumstances, the First and Third year Houses showed commendable keenness, but the 1958 Fourth years were generally apathetic and the Second year games were indecisive and disappointing. Grove House team was victorious in the Third Year and the First year Roberts team won all their matches.

In 1959 it will be essential to make a most careful choice of the House Cricket captain in each year. He will be expected to do the hard work involved in selecting and welding together his year's House team. Points awarded on the results of the Inter-house cricket matches will be included in the total for the School Inter-House competition for the Harry Secombe Cup.

1ST CRICKET XI.

The 1st XI faced last season with a very young and inexperienced side, but performed creditably against some strong opposition.

Played 9 : Won 4 : lost 5.

This performance was a great improvement on the previous season. Unfortunately the matches were affected by the adverse weather and more favourable conditions might have ensured a better result. W. Hullin and D. Price both of L VI Sc. topped the batting averages while H. John, L VI Sc. and A. Davies, VB headed the bowling averages. We must express our thanks to Mr. Grove, who unfortunately has now left us, for his encouragement and advice. The team was very ably led by H. Grey L VI Sc. who was well supported by B. Hopkins, U VIA.

With a more experienced team, we are able to look forward to a very successful and interesting season in 1959.

D. M. MORGAN, U VIA Sc. (Sec.)

FIVES.

Summer Term, 1958.

In spite of the poor weather of last summer, the annual Fives tournaments were successfully played out. As usual there were three divisions, viz., First Year, Middle and Senior tournaments.

The earlier rounds of the First Year tournament proved to be mere formalities for the four semi-finalists, and it came as no surprise when M. Condon, IA, A. Jones IA, M. Worts IA and P. Cross IB, attained this position. In the final, M. Condon was unlucky to lose to A. Jones, 14—16, after being well behind for the earlier part of the game, and pulling up to twice hold a game-point.

The outcome of the Middle tournament was almost inevitable owing to the ability of Spencer Jenkins, IIID, who ostentatiously displayed his superiority throughout the tournament. In the final, Jenkins proved to be too good for the hard hitting E. Griffiths, IIC.

Surprisingly enough the standard of play in the earlier rounds of the Senior tournament was not up to what was expected. In the final G. Worts defeated D. B. Evans, IIIC who did remarkably well to reach the final of the Senior tournament while still being eligible for the Middle tournament.

To avoid ambiguity concerning the above-mentioned players, their last year's forms have been used.

Christmas Term, 1958.

Owing to the departure of R. Mahoney, and the present infirmity of J. Linnell, L VI Sc., the usual activity around the Fives Courts has somewhat deteriorated, but it is hoped that more interest in the game will soon develop throughout the school in the coming months.

It is noticeable that the present First Years are not showing the same enthusiasm for the game as did last year's first forms.

It is hoped that 1959 will see a marked improvement in interest, in spite of the obvious lack of facilities, thereby improving the general standard of the game.

GERALD WORTS, U VI Sc.

JOHN LINNELL, L VI Sc.

THE OLD DY'VORIAN'S ASSOCIATION.

Will all Old Dy'vorian readers of the School Magazine please take note that it is hoped that future issues will include a section composed of articles submitted by Old Boys of the School and notes of the various social activities of the Association ?

The success of this section will, of course, depend upon the response by members of the Association to this appeal for contributions, and the editor requests that any person wishing to provide an article should contact the Hon. Secretary concerning details of publication, etc.

Social Functions.

The Association's 75th Anniversary Celebration Dinner, held on 10th September last, was generally considered a success by those who attended. In place of the more formal after-dinner speeches, a musical programme consisting of items by Old Dy'vorians was arranged.

The Commemoration Dance which took place on 10th October, again proved a happy occasion, but an increased attendance at our dances is required if they are to be a financial as well as a social success.

It has recently been agreed that we should resume, after a period of some years, the holding of "Smokers" evening and by the time this issue of the magazine has been published, we shall have held our first one. It is anticipated that these "Smokers" will take place at regular intervals of one or two months and that a well known local personality will give us a brief address on each occasion.

Male Voice Choir.

As the augmenting of the School Choir by an Old Dy'vorian male voice section proved such a success in the School Concert last October, it is hoped that a section, composed of Old Boys and parents of present boys of the School, will become a permanent feature of future concerts.

Notice of rehearsals, due to commence next term, will be circulated early in the New Year.



