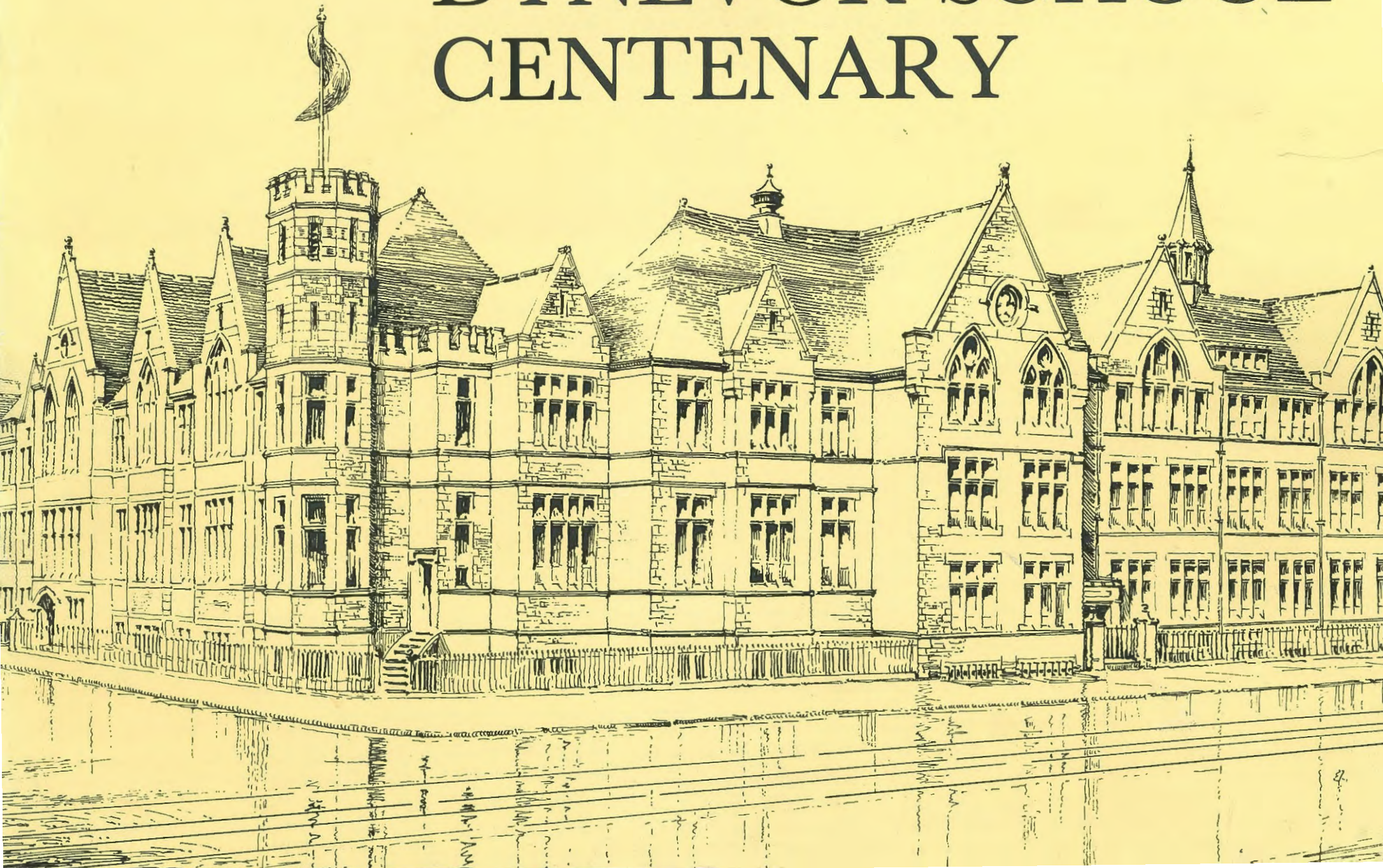
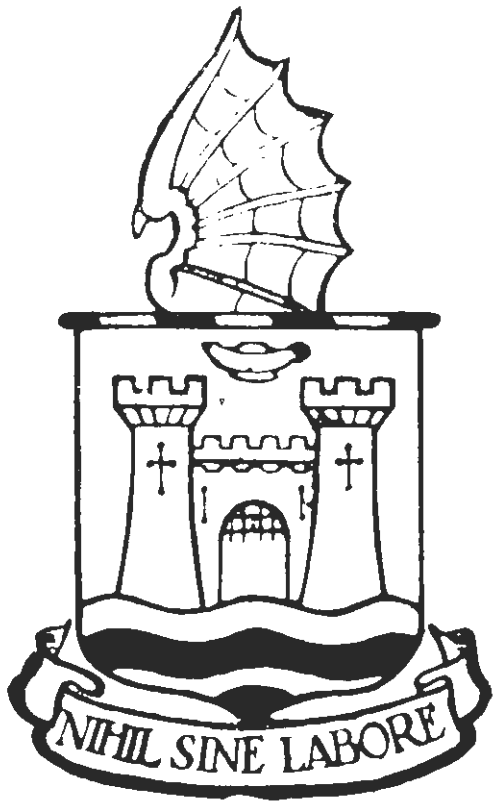
DYNEVOR SCHOOL CENTENARY



DYNEVOR SCHOOL



CENTENARY MAGAZINE

Foreword

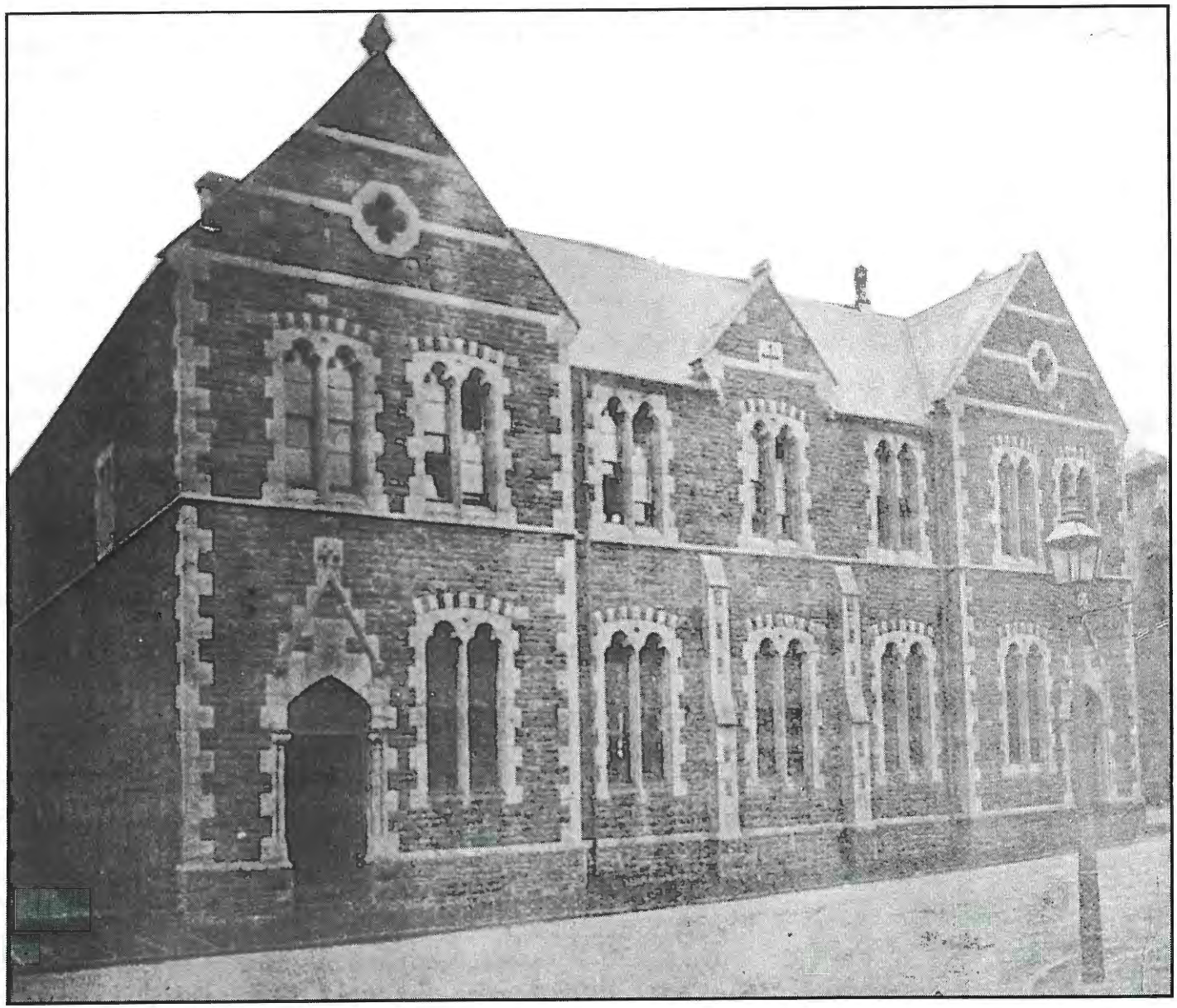
Editorial Committee:
G. Hounsell, D. J. Taylor
J. H. Devereux

This centenary magazine represents an endeavour to record and pay tribute to the history of Dynevor School. Many people who are proud of their connection with the school, whether as teachers or pupils, have been eager to express their gratitude to Dynevor by taking part in this enterprise; they are equally anxious to wish the present school every success.

We thank all contributors to the magazine; we acknowledge the extent of our debt to the editors and writers of past school magazines, especially of the seventy-fifth anniversary issue. We are grateful for the valuable expertise readily provided by several members of the present school staff.

It is hoped that the reader will accept the obvious reason for not recording the achievements of individual Dy'vorians. The risk of omission from such a long and distinguished list would be extreme. We hope also that our contributors will understand that exigencies of space have demanded a reduction in the length of certain articles.

It should be noted in conclusion that the school and its past pupils' association postponed the publication of this magazine to the end of the centenary academic year so that a record of the several commemorative activities might be included.



HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL, TRINITY PLACE
1883

The Early History

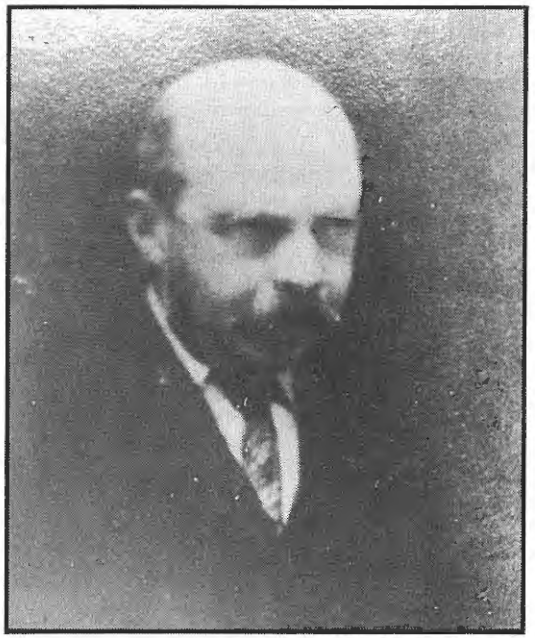
Dynevor received its first pupils in the Autumn Term of 1883, on its former site in Trinity Place. The opening was historic for it was the first publicly-funded school in the town to provide what might now be termed as secondary education. However, recognition as a secondary school was to come later; in its early years, Dynevor was known as a 'Higher Grade School', a description which underlined its links with the Elementary School System. The Higher Grade Schools were significant nationally in the latter part of the nineteenth century as an outgrowth of the Elementary System into the sphere of secondary education. Not surprisingly, the public provision of secondary schools was not viewed with equanimity by all Victorians. The creation of a Higher Grade School in Swansea was attacked by the 'Cambrian' in its editorial of August 17th, 1883, in the following terms:

'Is the Swansea School Board warranted in going beyond the intention of the Elementary School Act, by establishing so-called 'Higher Grade', which will really be 'Higher Caste Schools', because the shopkeeper wishes his children to be educated at the public expense, and yet is too proud to let them mix with the artizan class?'

In its next issue of the following week, the 'Cambrian' reported a 'Burgesses Indignation Meeting' which roundly condemned 'the excessive expenditure of the Swansea School Board'; the view was expressed that Higher Grade Schools 'were not demanded at the hands of the School Board and at the cost of the ratepayers.'

However, notwithstanding the animosity felt by some ratepayers, the efforts of men like Alderman (afterwards Sir) Richard Martin and his colleagues, who served as members of the Swansea School Board, ensured that wiser counsel prevailed. (Sir Richard Martin was to become the first Chairman of the Education Committee at its inception in 1904). As Meredydd Hughes noted in the foreword to the 75th Anniversary issue of the School Magazine, 'it says much for the drive and determination of our founding fathers that within a year and in spite of much local opposition the new and revolutionary Higher Grade School was a living reality.'

In its infancy in Trinity Place, the school was very modestly endowed. The first Headmaster, Mr. Gomer Jones, had only the briefest tenure and left after a term to join the Inspectorate, to be succeeded by Mr. Samuel Roberts, who was appointed in January 1884. The school roll of around one hundred boys was taught by the Headmaster, assisted by a staff of only four. Among the four members of staff was Mr. J. (Jimmy) Burns, who acted as Chemistry Master. Another former Headmaster of the school, Mr. Glan Powell, once a pupil of Mr. Burns, notes in the 75th Anniversary School Magazine how ill-adapted the building in Trinity Place was to function as a Higher Grade School: a shed was



Mr. Samuel Roberts
1883-1910

set up in the corner of the yard as a Chemistry Laboratory with accommodation for 15 pupils only. Obviously the difficult teaching conditions to which this arrangement gave rise took their toll upon the health of Mr. Burns; the school log book makes frequent reference to the illness of the unfortunate Chemistry Master. The school was generally poorly equipped and had neither craft rooms nor gymnasium — drill, as it was known then, took place in the school yard. However, in spite of these humble beginnings, the school flourished under the guidance of Mr. Roberts and in 1894 moved to a larger site in Dynevor Place to occupy buildings with accommodation sufficient for 500 pupils.

By the 1890s the Higher Grade Schools had become successful nationally, particularly in populous areas where there was growing pressure for publicly-provided secondary education. The best of these schools sought the same sort of relationship with the new, civic universities that the grammar schools had with the older universities. However, the growth of the Higher Grade Schools was not looked upon with favour at central government level by the newly-created Board of Education. Its first Chief Civil Servant, Sir Robert Morant, took a poor view of what he regarded as the narrow and illiberal curricula of many of these post-Elementary Schools. In 1896, Morant engineered legal action to curtail the expenditure by School Boards upon most forms of post-Elementary education.

Only a selection of the then existing Higher Grade Schools were recognised by the Board of Education and these were redesignated as 'Higher Elementary Schools'. Dynevor was one such school and for a time became known officially as a 'Higher Elementary', although its former title of 'Higher Grade School' tended to remain with it until it assumed the status of a secondary school in 1908.

Aspirations for a national system of public secondary education were undiminished and led in 1902 to the passing of Balfour's Education Act. As a result, Local Education Authorities were constituted to replace the School Boards and the former had the power to provide 'Municipal Secondary Schools' where there was deemed to be sufficient demand. The new Swansea L.E.A. took office in 1904 in succession to the School Board and was led by Sir Richard Martin. Before moving to Grove Place, the Education Authority met for a number of years on the school premises in rooms at Dynevor Place, an arrangement which was advantageous to the school during the period in which it sought secondary status.

The claims of Dynevor to recognition as a Municipal Secondary School prompted a visit to the school in 1907 by the first Chief Inspector of Education for Wales and one of the most distinguished figures in its recent history, Sir Owen M. Edwards. (Glan Powell recalls in the 75th Anniversary issue of the School Magazine how, on the occasion of that visit, he was one of the pupils to whom Sir Owen chose to speak). After the inspection, it was learned that Dynevor was to be upgraded to the status to which it aspired. On May 17th, 1907, it was no doubt with considerable satisfaction that the Headmaster, Mr. Roberts, recorded the following entry in the school log book:

'An extra half-holiday was granted this year for Whitsuntide to commemorate the recognition of the School by the Board of Education as a Municipal Secondary School, notice of which was received this week.'

Sir Robert Morant's Secondary School Regulations of 1904 ensured that the new L.E.A. secondary schools would provide curricula much more akin to those of the older grammar schools than to those of the Higher Grade Schools. As a result, the school saw changes of personnel and of organisation as Dynevor began to take on the mantle of a grammar school. More university graduates were now required to teach certain specialist subjects; one notable appointment during this period was that of Mr. W. Bryn Thomas, B.A., who was later to become Headmaster during the difficult days of World War II. The age of admission was raised from ten to eleven years of age and new entrants were obliged to follow a course of at least four years' duration. Although a small proportion of pupils were still fee-paying, the majority of the intake were 'Scholarship' boys.

It was also at this time that the school lost the services of a number of valued members of staff. Mr. T. J. Rees, who was the first graduate to be appointed to the school in 1899, became the town's first Director of Education under the new Swansea L.E.A. in 1908. In the same year, the long-serving Mr. Jimmy Burns was also obliged to resign his post on grounds of ill-health. Two years later, there came the end of an era for the school with the death of the Headmaster, Mr. Samuel Roberts. His tenure had encompassed a period of some 26 years, which was probably the most dynamic and at times stressful in its history. By the time of his death, plans were in hand for a major expansion of the school and Mr. Roberts was surely comforted in the knowledge that he had given great service in the creation of a school whose success had done so much to increase educational opportunity for the people of Swansea.

The Nineteenth Century Dy'vorian

Looking at workmen busily demolishing the war-scarred shell of the original Dynevor, after its being burnt out in February, 1941, my mind went back to the old days when I attended the School as a pupil. It was in the session of 1896-7 that I first entered the portals under the arch in Dynevor Place. I was immediately amazed to find that the so-called school yard was only the size of a couple of ordinary house gardens, while we had to climb a flight of about 15 steps to get to what one might call the ground floor of the School. From the yard one could descend a flight of steps under a glass-covered entry to the basement where the gymnasium and woodwork centre were placed. In the School proper we had nothing but classrooms on both floors, but by opening partitions on the ground floor it was possible to obtain a large assembly room which could accommodate the whole school. However, strange as it may seem, I do not recollect one occasion when the whole school was thus assembled; all assemblies of that kind took place around the steps in the yard, while the headmaster spoke to the whole School from the steps.

In my day we worked hard at the School curriculum taking the ordinary subjects such as Mathematics, Science, English, Geography, History, French, Latin, Drawing, Woodwork and Physical Training. You will note the absence of Music — nothing so frivolous in our day, we did not possess a piano, and there were no excursions to playing fields. The School had no football or cricket teams though we played what games we could in our pocket-handkerchief schoolyard. However, during my time at the school, space was acquired by the purchase of a few houses in Pell Street. The site of those houses and their gardens gave us a spacious yard in which two fives courts were erected making the yard much as it is today. Here we played rugby to our hearts' content — for soccer was almost unknown in Swansea in those days, while many of us became 'professional' fives players.

By modern standards the School was small for I feel sure we were under 200 boys on the books. As far as I can remember the staff was as follows:—

Headmaster — Mr. Samuel Roberts.
Assistant Class Masters — Messrs. T. A. Rees (known to the boys as Masher), Gwilym Richards, D. U. Snup, Idris Lewis, R. J. Jones, T. D. Evans, Tom Rees, W. D. Lewis, C. W. Jenkins, D. E. Williams.
Science Master — Mr. Jimmy Burns; Woodwork Master — Mr. D. L. Harris and his assistant, Mr. Davies; Physical Training — Mr. Davies.

Discipline was very strict and a light-hearted atmosphere was unknown. We had little fun but plenty of hard graft. The afternoon sessions were long, 2 - 5 p.m. and throughout the winter we left school practically in the dark. It should be remembered that the only means of transport in those days was by horse-trams and they ran only from High Street to Morriston and Cwmbwrla and from Mount Pleasant Chapel to the Slip. Of course we also had the old steam trains to the Mumbles, but if you lived anywhere else you had to walk and we were brought up to be good walkers.

The provision of school meals was unknown and those of us who lived too far away to go home to lunch congregated in the woodwork drawing-room in the basement to eat our dry lunch. No drink of any kind was provided but in the yard was a tap with a drinking cup on a chain where you washed down the lunch you had eaten below. However, those of us in funds made our way to Isaac Edwards' faggot shop in High Street, where Mrs. Edwards, the schoolboys' friend, in white coat presided over the wants of her hungry customers. I well remember the tariff — a 2d. plate — faggot, green peas, potatoes and gravy; 1d. — green peas, potatoes; ½d. — green peas or potatoes and gravy. How times have changed! I well remember a boy I know coming in with a big hunk of bread wrapped in paper and asking Mrs. Edwards — "What do you charge for the gravy, Mrs. Edwards?" "Oh," she replied, "we give the gravy in for nothing." "Ah," said he, "then — Please for a plate of gravy, Mrs. Edwards." We lads often spent a penny at Isaac Edwards and then walked down High Street to the Waverley Cafe which stood practically on the site of Woolworth's today, with its well-sawdusted floor and marble-topped tables. There we marched boldly up to the counter and putting down a ha'penny said "Ha'perth of rice pudding, please," and it would be served on a plate and eaten sitting at one of the marble-topped tables.

Many times, three or four of us would club together to make 2d. and then make our way to the North Dock (now filled in) down Welcome Lane (alongside Woolworth's). Boarding one of the ships standing under the coal-tips which lined the dock we often succeeded in bribing a member of the crew with the 2d. into loaning us the small boat roped alongside. We then put the oar at the back and sculled up and down the dock for an hour. At other times we would step over to the Prince of Wales or East Dock and there we boarded the big blue-funnelled Holt liners with their Lascar or Chinese crews. It was an education to see a Chinese cook spinning a potato on the top of his fingers and peeling it all in one strip. In those days there were no restrictions on entering or leaving dockland and we really enjoyed our lunch-hour excursions and explorations round the docks.

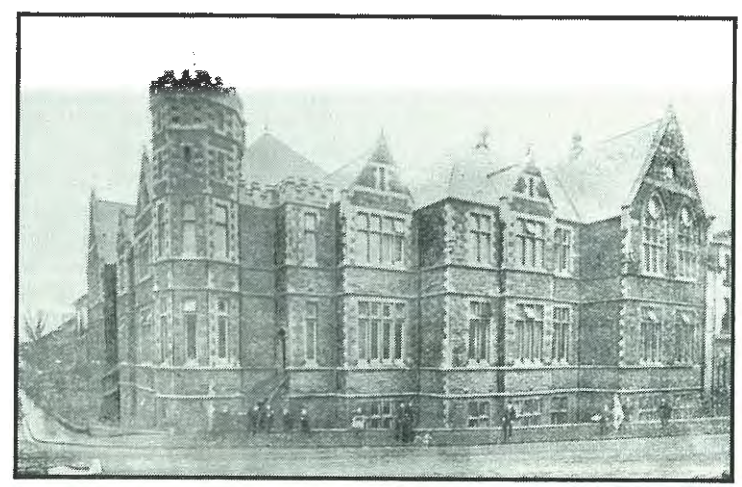
In my day at Dynevor we did not sit any outside examinations but boys who wished to enter Civil Service or teaching sat entrance examinations for those professions. Oxford local and Central Welsh Board examinations came after our time.

We had to pay weekly fees for this 'Higher Grade' type of education. For some reason which I could not understand, boys who lived near the school paid 9d. a week but those who lived in the outside districts paid only 3d. a week. However, if a boy did well during his studies and was in the top three of his form after the second year or so, he was excused the fee for the next session.

The building itself was built with polled stone frontage as we can see today but there was something about the inside construction which created difficulties in ventilation and I well remember the School being closed for a month or so, not in holiday time, so that a forced draught ventilation system could be installed and for years afterwards the big fan could be heard whirring in the basement driving air into the rooms, for not a window could be opened under this system of ventilation. I know this, that we boys were very appreciative of this long extra holiday.

Yes, I believe we were a hardy lot at Dynevor in my day without any frills, and though the average leaving age was around about fifteen years of age, the school turned out a type of man who has been a great credit to the town and other places where he has settled.

C.M.M. (1896-1900)



The School on a new site, 1894.

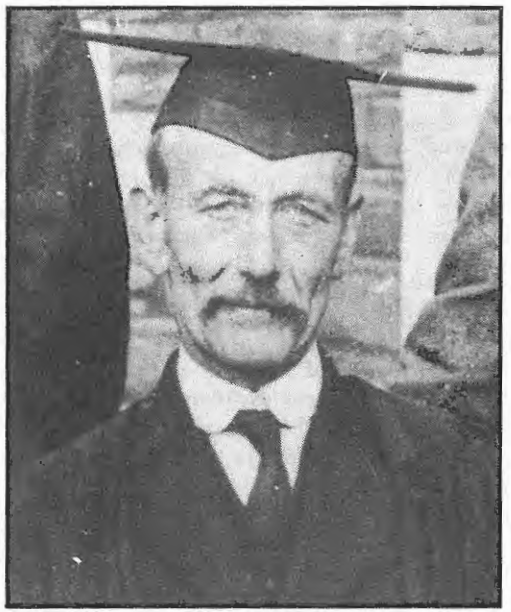
Municipal Secondary School

The new Headmaster, Mr. W. A. Beanland, was appointed in February 1911.

The school, now designated as the Municipal Secondary School, had by this time experienced various changes. Lessons started at 9.00 instead of 9.30 a.m. and the afternoon session was of two hours' duration, starting at 2.15 p.m. Ninety scholarship boys were now admitted and thirty fee-paying pupils selected after a written test; these latter formed a class of their own. Commercial subjects appeared in the curriculum for the first time, several more university-trained subject specialists were appointed and the payment of sports fees was first instituted.

Plans to extend the premises both in Dynevor Place and in De-La-Beche Street for the girls were approved by the Board of Education in 1912, but the first world war brought an embargo on all school buildings. It was not until 1925 that the final decision was passed to enlarge the buildings to accommodate four hundred and sixty boys and the same number of girls.

The inconvenience caused by the turmoil of these structural changes is admirably described by Mr. Glan Powell in a previous commemorative issue of the school magazine: "Then followed three years of din and dust — demolition of the row of three-storey private houses in De-La-Beche Street, the grating of mortar-mixers, the ceaseless sound of chisels trimming poll stones and, what was worse, the complete absence of yard space for recreation. But the day of release came in July 1928 — the happy migration to the new school (the future Girls' School while our premises in Dynevor Place was being rebuilt and extended). This entailed another twelve months' agony of noise — one member of staff did indeed suggest that the name of the school should be spelt 'DINEVOR'. Gone was the old French system of ventilation of the old school with its sealed windows and air starvation — but indeed our minds reverted to it with gratitude for the unexpected holidays granted whenever the fan broke down!"

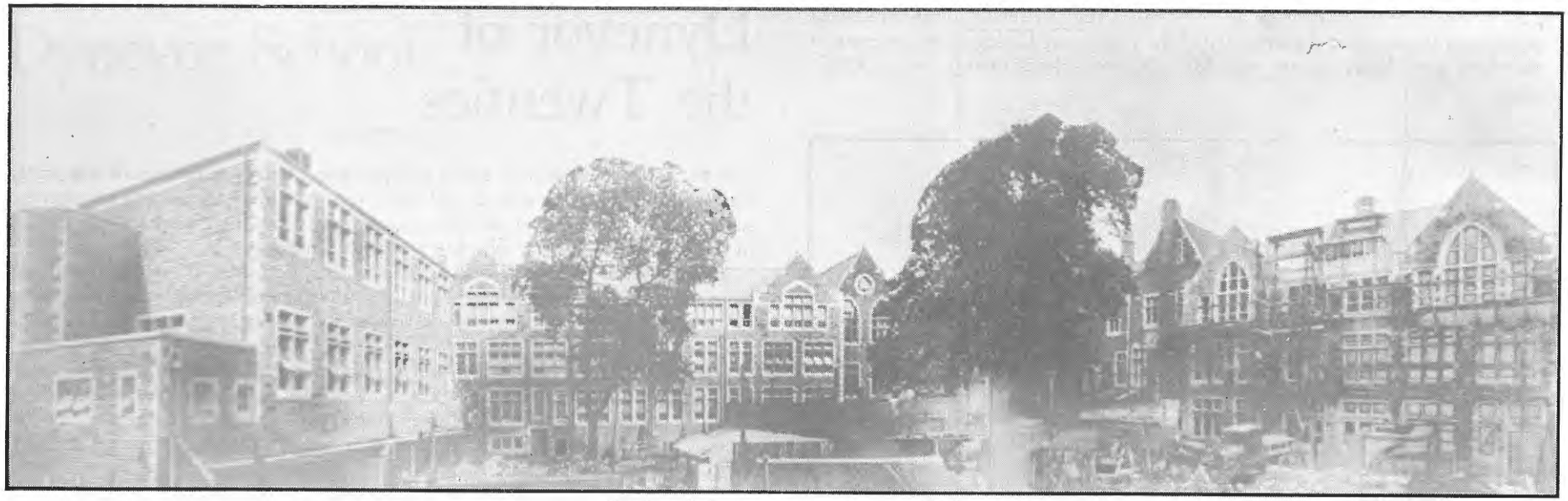


Mr. W. A. Beanland
1911-1929

In September 1929 the school moved back into the rebuilt and extended premises at Dynevor Place. Mr. Llewelyn John who had taught Physics at the Swansea Grammar School, now succeeded Mr. Beanland as Headmaster.

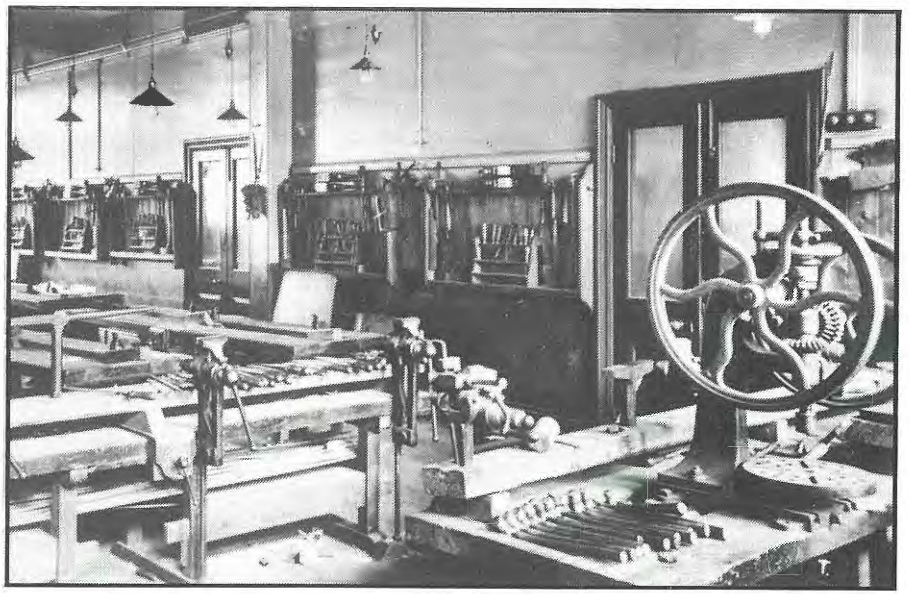
Innovations at this time included the provision of hot lunches for those who needed them and the opportunity for pupils to sit during morning assembly. With the Physical Education teacher joining the staff on a full-time basis, most forms now had a second period of 'gym' each week.

On the afternoon of Monday, 23rd September, the new buildings were officially opened by Mr. Morgan Jones, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the



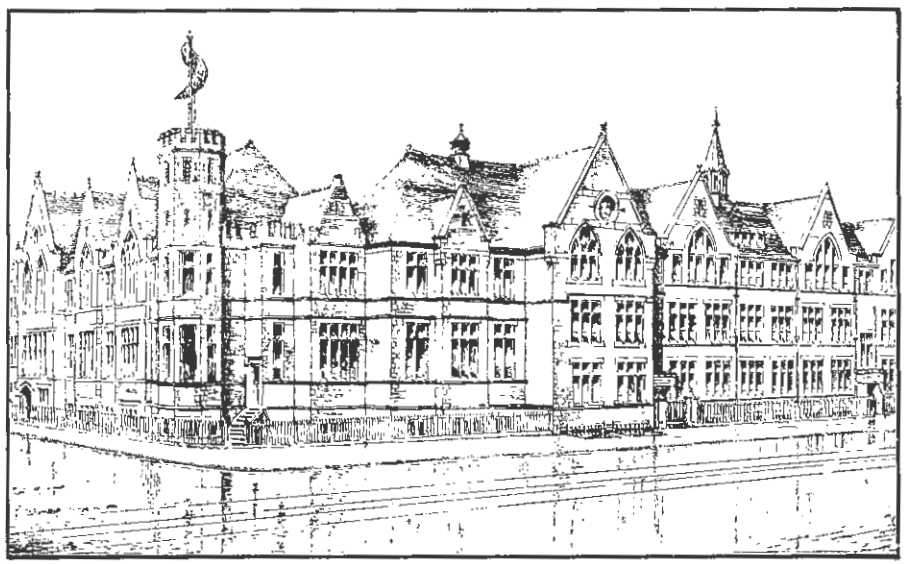
Quadrangle in course of construction, 1928.

Former Laboratory.



Former Workshop.

Board of Education. Others who attended this ceremony included the three local Members of Parliament, the Principal of the University College, the present and immediate past Headmasters and Miss Naylor, Headmistress of the Girls' School.



The extended School, 1929.

Dynevor of the Twenties

The period 1925-30 was an era of considerable change, as the school was partly rebuilt and a new wing added. Old Boys who were there at this time say that the school lost some character through these changes, but there were compensations in the provision of a fine new hall and gymnasium.

Mr. Llewelyn John took over as Headmaster from Mr. W. A. Beanland and gave a memorable demonstration of authority when he kept all teachers and boys in the hall for an hour after school following the first appearance of graffiti in the new toilets.

Opportunities for employment after school were not easy to find. Some boys stayed on, but several left early because of difficult domestic circumstances. The C.W.B. replaced the Oxford Higher and School Certificate examinations and there was a stir in the first year of the new examination when there were nineteen distinctions in Geography.

There was an annual intake of ninety pupils, but only about half a dozen were in the Upper VIth Form. Uniform was optional but school caps had to be worn. The House system continued — Burns, De La Beche, Dillwyn, Grove, Llewelyn and Roberts. Transport to and from school was by tram, Mumbles train, railway, bicycle or Shanks pony. No member of staff came by car, but the appearance of "Burnsey's" motor-bike caused excitement.

One old custom thankfully disappeared — new pupils being belted with knotted handkerchiefs and ties along the slope between the yards.

Pupils having lunch in school provided their own food and had an unlimited supply of tea for 6d. a week. They had a whale of a time in the lunch hour, visiting Breton onion-boats and grain ships in the North Dock, trawlers and the fish-market in the South Dock, and enjoying a cigarette under the West Pier. They would jog the one and a half miles back to school in ten minutes flat.

Swansea Municipal Secondary School changed its name to Dynevor School and the Old Dy'vorians Association was founded in 1930.

W.H. (1925-30)

Dynevor School

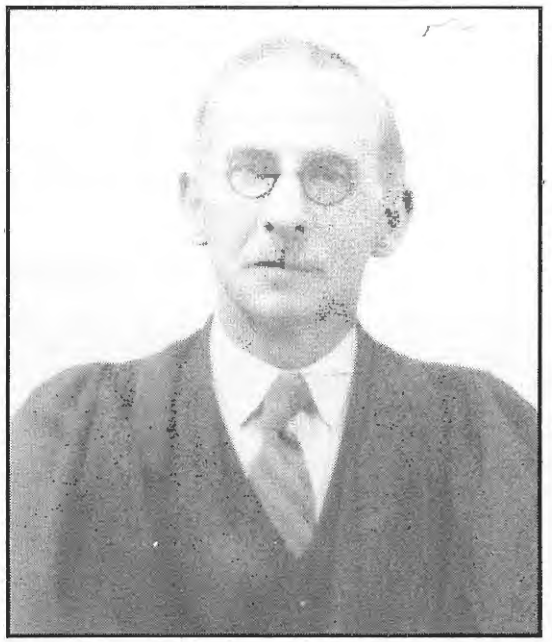
In the ensuing decade Dynevor consolidated its position as one of Swansea's foremost secondary schools, producing an admirable record of academic achievement on the part of staff and pupils. It was during this period also that there was a rapid expansion in the range of extra-curricular activities at the school. Drama productions included 'A Night at an Inn', the Welsh play 'Y Potsier', 'The Merchant of Venice', 'Twelfth Night', and the first production by an amateur dramatic society of 'Murder in the Cathedral'. The success of these performances was equalled by that of the presentation of 'A Nativity Play' by the Dynevor Marionette Guild in 1939.

The school's first choral concert at the Brangwyn Hall, a performance of Stanford's 'Revenge', took place in 1936.

Other school activities flourishing during this period were the Literary and Debating Society, an active branch of the Urdd Gobaith Cymru, Harriers' Club, Stamp Club, Life-Saving Class, Scientific Society and Fives Club. There was even a vigorous Metal-Working and Engineering Club. The records give details of visits abroad by pupils and staff.

The House system was reorganised, Prize Days were abolished and what must have been the school's first item of audio-visual equipment was purchased. — "The School continues to enjoy the morning interludes provided by the Radiogramophone," enthused a contributor to the school magazine in the mid-thirties.

In 1940 the names of the first past pupils to die in the Second World War are recorded in the school annals. The attendance at school of evacuees from other parts of the country is also mentioned and in the following year the school building itself was severely damaged by bombing. The roofs of both buildings were gutted by incendiary bombs, so destroying all the laboratories and obliging the senior boys to go to the Grammar School for lessons in Science.

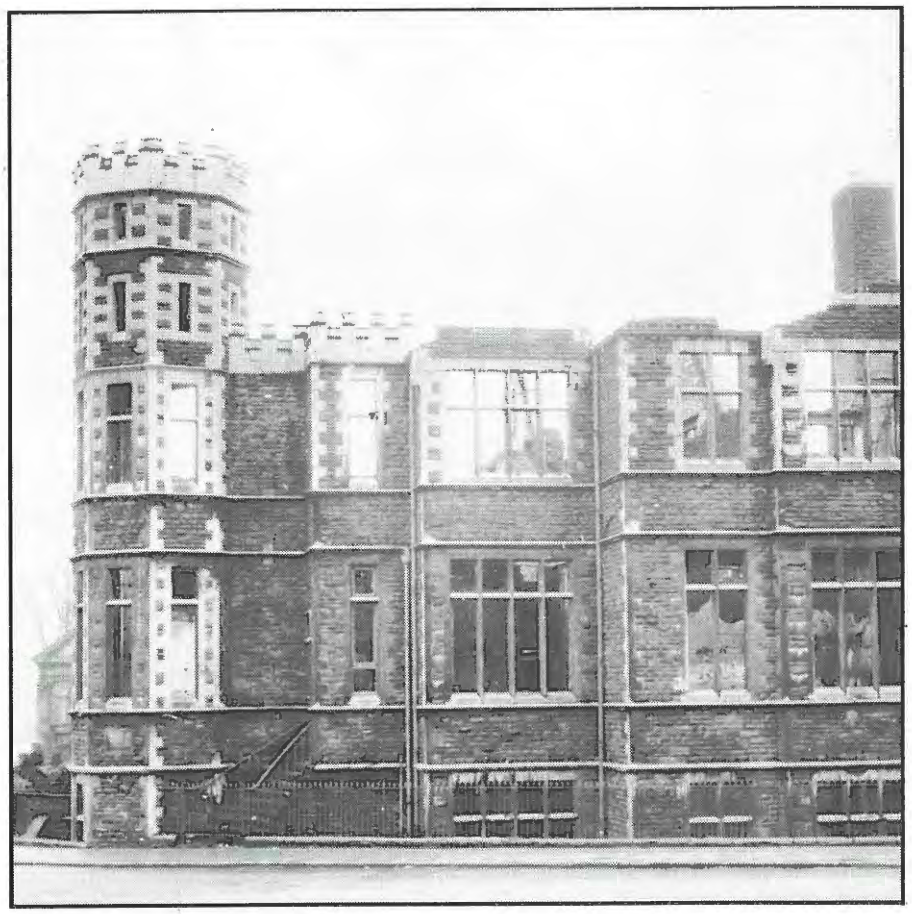


Mr. Llewellyn John
1929-1942

In September 1942 Mr. W. Bryn Thomas, who had been in charge of the evacuated secondary school pupils at Gwendraeth Valley, was appointed Headmaster on the retirement of Mr. Llewelyn John.

As in the case of the Grammar School, the devastation of the buildings in 1941 created for staff and pupils extreme difficulties of accommodation and deprivation of teaching facilities. One emergency measure adopted was the transfer of senior pupils to the Grammar School while the juniors of the latter came to Dynevor. For a period of three years from 1942 Higher Certificate science pupils attended the Grammar School; in return Dynevor was sent its arts pupils. The top of the second floor was rendered waterproof and now effectively became the roof of the building. Several corridors and class-rooms admitted water and many large areas of wall-plaster became unsightly expanses of damp or crumbling dust. De-la-Beche Girls' School was evacuated to Pembrokeshire, releasing what remained of their building for use by Dynevor.

Even after it was found possible to dispense with some of the emergency arrangements, the lack of suitable accommodation still produced difficulties. Adequate laboratory space was at a premium, one of the smallest class-rooms only could be allocated to the Library and the dining-room was so cramped that three sittings were frequently necessary. The loss of the Hall made it impossible



After the Blitz of February 1941.

to hold school assemblies until Mount Pleasant Church agreed to provide the use of its premises for this purpose. This generous act on the part of the church authorities and the school's warm response to such kindness was described by Mr. W. Bryn Thomas in the following manner:

> "Amidst all these awkward situations, there stands out the joy we felt when Mount Pleasant Church most readily answered our request for the use of their premises. Having lost our Hall, we could not meet as a School; combined morning prayers were impossible. I recall sadly the Armistice morning when the School had assembled in the playground for the 2 minutes' silence; rain came down in torrents and a solemn ceremony had to be abandoned. The Church also kindly agreed for a doorway to be made from our playground into their building, thus saving valuable time and avoiding the necessity of going right round to the main entrance. For all these marks of readiness to help, I feel truly thankful."

In the same article also Mr. Bryn Thomas makes mention of other aspects of school life which helped teachers and pupils survive the distress and discomfort of those years. The annual choral concerts at the Brangwyn Hall achieved outstanding success and national recognition, the Marionette Guild gave acclaimed performances at the Patti Pavilion and at other venues and a Hobbies Exhibition was successfully re-introduced.

In spite of the loss of part of the building and of several teachers then serving in the armed forces, the school, called Dynevor Grammar School after 1944, continued to perform successfully during the years of war. There was a considerable increase in the number of pupils entering the professions and higher education. Mr. Bryn Thomas, writing some time later, said, "I would like to pay warm tribute to the staff and hundreds of boys who weathered the storm of those years. In that crucial time Dynevor triumphed over all difficulties by sheer force of character."

Mr. Glan Powell, a past pupil who had been a member of staff for several years, became Headmaster in 1952. His main responsibility was to prepare the way for the new extensions and structural alterations necessary for the school to face the wide-ranging organisational and curriculum changes of the second half of its history. By the mid-fifties the new-look Dynevor was beginning to take form.

New science laboratories and classrooms were built on the top floor of the De-La-Beche building with the facilities and equipment necessary to the rapid expansion of education in the pure sciences. There was also developing at that time a large increase in the number of pupils anxious to complete A Level courses as entrance qualifications to higher education. The new, well-equipped accommodation was opened by Professor Llewelyn Jones, Principal of the University College of Swansea.

At about the same time new woodwork and metalwork rooms were provided and two rooms converted into a new dining-room.

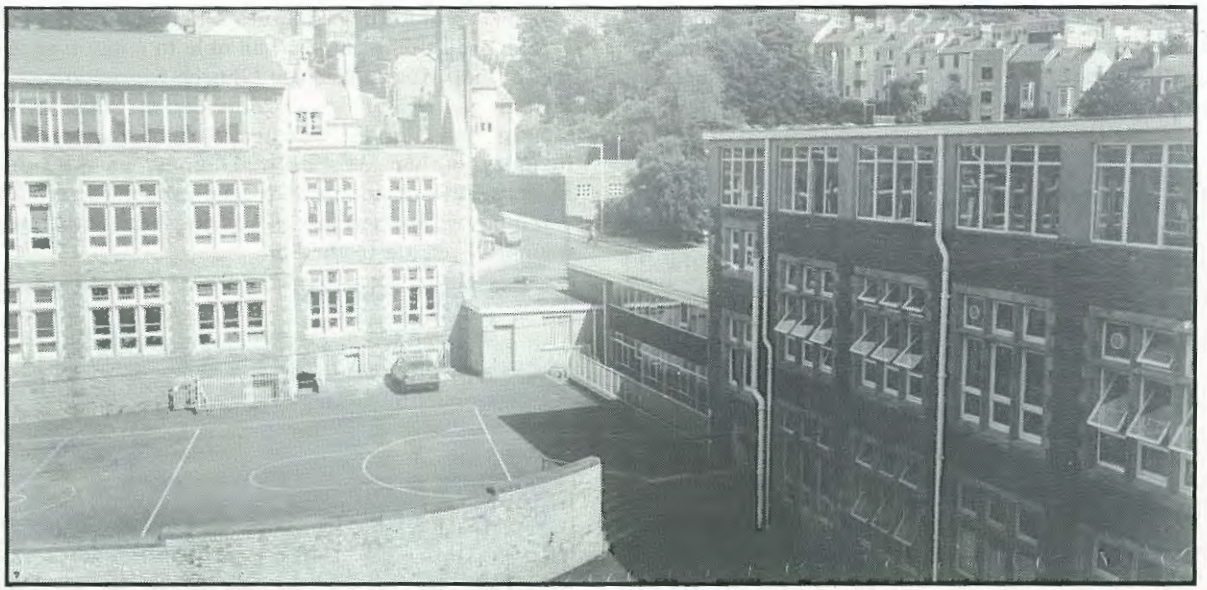
The provision of a new hall able to contain at least half the school population meant that Mount Pleasant Church was no longer needed for school assemblies. Past pupils of the School provided a grand piano for the hall and the Old Glanmorians kindly donated their former school's lectern to Dynevor, in memory of Mr. W. Bryn Thomas, past headmaster of both schools. Old Dyvorians who had lost their lives in the two great wars were commemorated in a ceremony of remembrance during which the mayor of Swansea unveiled a memorial plaque in the hall.

Mr. Glan Powell, Mr. Meredydd G. Hughes, and Mr. W. Bryn Thomas.

An excellent library with adequate funds for furniture, equipment and books was provided on the top floor of the Dynevor building, together with rooms for art and geography. Other classrooms were adapted and equipped as accommodation for the ever-increasing specialist nature of certain subjects.

The new hall and library were opened by the mayor of Swansea, Councillor S. C. Jenkins, himself an Old Dyvorian.

Mr. Meredydd G. Hughes who had become Headmaster in 1957, bad the formidable responsibility of guiding the school through these extensive changes in its physical structure as well as of meeting the challenge of providing the wider curriculum required by pupils of that generation. He himself would be eager to acknowledge the vital part played by the staff during these years. They were very closely involved in designing and furbishing the new accommodation and in the new developments of the academic work of the school.



Reconstructed exterior.

New School Library.

New Laboratory.

The nature of Dynevor's achievement at this time of its history was described in the following manner by Sir Ben Bowen Thomas, then Permanent Secretary of the Welsh Department of the Ministry of Education, at a Speech Day held in the Brangwyn Hall in 1958: "Dynevor School had been born into the tradition of the old Grammar School education but it had also learned to adapt itself in a rapidly changing community which made new demands. In the process of recovery after the blitz, Dynevor, in common with other schools, had to equip pupils for the scientific and technological world of today."

Upon the departure in 1965 of Mr. Meredydd Hughes to University College, Cardiff, Mr. D. Bernard Norris was appointed Headmaster. Educated as a boy at Dynevor, Mr. Norris was to lead the school through a further series of far-reaching changes in its physical and educational nature. In the second half of the nineteen-sixties secondary education in Swansea was making the transition to comprehensive schools and in September 1971 Dynevor became a senior comprehensive school receiving pupils from Hafod, Manselton and Townhill junior comprehensive schools. Pupils at this time numbered over nine hundred and fifty and the staff fifty-six. Inadequate craft provision at Dynevor led to the school taking over its first annexe at the Old Guildhall where the former Swansea Technical School had been accommodated. Excellent facilities for heavy craft work were provided in this annexe and the staff and pupils who attended there quickly adjusted to the novel practice of commuting between buildings. At the same time the school was fortunate enough to obtain the use of the upper floor of a new youth employment building constructed in Dynevor Place. These extra rooms gave Mr. Norris the opportunity to put the school's provision of careers education on a more professional footing.

Two other developments of interest just prior to these changes are recorded. As every past pupil remembers, a journey by 'bus to Pentyla Road, Townhill, has always been necessary for games periods. Boys and staff would travel on the usual public 'bus service and pay their own fares. In 1969 free private 'buses to Townhill were introduced. In December the following year the inaugural meeting of a Parent/Teachers' Association was held, so establishing in a more formal and constructive manner the support and interest which parents of Dynevor pupils had always displayed.

The school continued to maintain its long tradition of academic success and readiness to adapt to change. Pupils were embarking upon higher education in even greater numbers and at one stage there were something like eighty-five boys taking sixth-form science subjects and twenty-five or so following arts courses. The wider range of subjects required in the comprehensive schools was provided by the introduction of such subjects as Commercial Studies and by the developing of 'link' courses in Computer Science, Building Construction and Motor Engineering at the College of Further Education and at the College of Technology.

The second half of the last decade produced two further major changes for Dynevor.

In 1976 the school, now of course under the auspices of West Glamorgan Education Authority, began to admit again boys of eleven years of age. The following year preparations were put in hand for the amalgamation of Dynevor with Llwyn-y-Bryn Girls' School. The decrease in the number of pupils attending both schools was the major reason for combining them as one. In September 1978 the former Dynevor and Llwyn-y-Bryn Schools became the new Dynevor School with the girls in the first three years still being accommodated at Llwyn-y-Bryn. Further structural adaptations were undertaken at Dynevor; cloakrooms and gymnasium changing-rooms were provided for the girls together with accommodation for teaching Home Economics and Needlework. Additional classrooms were also provided when the school acquired the use of the whole premises at the former youth employment offices.

Headmasters: Mr. D. B. Norris, 1965-78; Mr. W. D. H. Davies, 1979-.

This amalgamation of two of Swansea's oldest former grammar schools clearly presented a challenge to the pupils and staff of both schools and it was with a great deal of satisfaction that Mr. Norris, on behalf of the new school, received praise for the successful and professional completion of the exercise, brought about without detriment to pupils' education or welfare.

Mr. Hubert Davies, the present Headmaster, on his appointment in 1979, readily recognised the school's debt to his predecessor as he set about guiding the new Dynevor School towards its centenary and into the eighties.

The annexe at the Old Guildhall premises has been closed, but First Year pupils are accommodated at Llwyn-y-Bryn and it is still necessary for other groups to attend there also at certain times during the week. When provision of further specialist rooms becomes possible, all pupils will be located in the main Dynevor buildings.

The 1914-18 Memorial
Destroyed by enemy action, February 1941

The 1939-45 Memorial
Located in the new School Hall

Elsewhere in this magazine you will read of the school's achievements over the last few years in music, drama and sport. Many past pupils from this period also have gained high academic and professional success; indeed, two of the highest awards ever won by Dynevor pupils have been achieved in the last three years.

Do You Remember ...?

(Old Dy'vorians of the last half-century invite their contemporaries to share their recollections)

The Thirties

How does one start to recall what one knows were five wonderful years? Is it to remember carrying a cricket bag up over Mount Pleasant to the playing fields and saving the penny fare for the delights of one of Pelosi's famous ice cream cornets? Or to recall the misery of seeing your friends go home as you underwent detention? All these memories, and many more, come flooding back, as I attempt to recall just one incident that transcends all others.

Many pupils of the early thirties will remember that soccer was not a game much favoured in the Dynevor of those days, rugby being by far the more popular sport. However, soccer was on the increase, and although I was very much a rugby supporter, along with many of my contemporaries, I was thrilled when one of our circle was selected to represent the famous Swansea School Boys soccer team to play Aston Boys at the Vetch Field. Unfortunately the game was to be played in mid-week, when we had to attend school. Some half dozen of us decided that the thrill of seeing the game was worth the risk of playing truant for the afternoon — (something that was virtually unknown in those days!) So, with our caps (which, with their distinctive pattern, were a dead give-away) tucked well out of sight, we made for the Vetch.

We slunk down lanes and back streets, and finally arrived at the 'Big Bank' of the field. The teams were about to take the field, when to our utter dismay, — or was it fright? — we found in our midst one of the more senior masters. We were promptly ushered from the ground, and marched sharply back to school, where we were effectively dealt with by Mr. Llewelyn John. In addition to our summary punishment, we had also to forfeit a number of games periods for extra French and Maths.

If I have dealt with these brief memories in a light-hearted vein, perhaps I can close on a more serious note, directed especially at present pupils of Dynevor. Please remember that you are privileged to be members of a school with a wonderful tradition in academic, sporting and social achievement. One famous personality who used to visit the school in my days always maintained that the name of the school should have been 'DIE-NEVER'. He was right. You have much to live up to.

Best wishes to you all.

J.W. (1932-36)

The Forties

Most old boys who lived through this special period in School life will now be "Post-Phylosanians". By definition, not only are they over forty, most will be over fifty. As such, to a man, they will have attained an age when their critical faculties about School will have been dimmed by nostalgia/time/selective myopia or any variety or combination of these or other maladies. Not, of course, that they would have it any other way. Time is a great healer both for staff and boys.

Nonetheless, having been given the privilege of recalling something of the halcyon Forties for this journal, I can only hope that the degree of my distortion of memory is not greater than most. After all, there will be those among former staff and pupils who may be affected by my particular quirks of memory. Or to put it more accurately, that their versions of the past may be at odds with mine. In advance I bow my head in acquiescence, the odds are that they may be right. However, please do not tell me; let me live my life out basking in memories of what I now believe to be true.

My first memory of School takes me back to 1944. Along with fellow pupils from Cwmbwrla I came to 'sit the Scholarship'. Like all the others I had filled in my form and against the question 'which school do you favour?' I had written 'Dynevor'. There was never any question; both my brothers had been Dy'vorians and, subject to the 'Scholarship', that was my destiny.

The invigilator was, as I was to learn later, dear old 'Sandy' Morgan. Having seen fair play — not that we were old enough to have thoughts about cribbing — Sandy opened his desk and did some swift business in selling postage stamps. As an embryo entrepreneur I was impressed by that. I was to have a chance to review my assessment before many months had passed.

Next, clad in the required utility cap and blazer plus socks and pullover (knitted by mam), I made my way to School. The great day had arrived. The stories told by my brothers were the basis of the folk-lore which I had inherited, the principal element of which was, "without doubt we were superior to the red hordes from up the hill."

It was 'Sandy' Morgan again in charge of my 'intake'. He gathered his register together alphabetically. Any 'A's', 'B's' and so it went on. "F's?". "Sir." "Farmer, Sir." The pause was pregnant. "Farmer," he enunciated deliberately, "do you have a brother called John?" "Yes, Sir."

I was called out. 'Sandy' beckoned to the leg room beneath his desk and, tapping me on the head with a round ebony ruler, said, "Under you get! I had enough trouble with your brother. Any problems with you and you know what you'll get!"

The rest of the intake regarded me, thereafter, in a new light. Infamy was a revered commodity among boys of that period.

We soon found ourselves enmeshed in school life. That loveable old character

'Loppy' Lewis took my form for English. At the outset he endeared himself to everyone by announcing that he did not believe in homework. I shall always remember his final day at School, when he read the lesson in morning chapel. It was, I remember, the famous Paulian passage, 1st Corinthians 13. From my vantage point of 'Bobby' Roberts' Chapel Choir I could see the tears rolling down his face. Even the most worldly and cynical Fifth Formers appeared to be moved. His text was appropriate, 'The greatest of these is love'. There was no doubt that Mr. Lewis loved the old School.

'Loppy', of course, was one of the pre-war breed which had taught my brothers. Others included 'Dai Will', 'Yato' and Bill Evans, all characters in their own right. Bill it was who had a long-running correspondence with a young John Arlott about the latter's description of a ball delivered by Miller. According to Bill, Arlott's description defied the laws of physics.

Physics, of course, played its part in our period in School. Not, you will understand, the academic variety, rather the war-like application of some of its principles. Hitler's airforce must have been pro-Grammarian, for they had bombed the old school. Given the war-time lack of materials, this resulted in one form room having a sacking partition at the back. Not surprisingly, astute non-academics soon found that certain masters were prone not to notice that the number in their form was diminishing. On one famous occasion a class started in this room with thirty-two boys. By the end only eleven remained. Copies of the notes taken at that lesson were later sold in the underground toilets. So it was that the black market thrived.

In 1946, with the post-war soccer boom in full swing, Derby County, then a major English League side, came to the Vetch to play the Swans. In the morning before the game the Derby captain Jack Nicholas read the lesson in morning assembly. Jack, it was announced, was an old boy of the School. In modern marketing parlance this was an effective piece of P.R. for the game. Since there were no floodlights at the Vetch in those days, it meant that the kick-off was during the afternoon. The decision which faced the massed boys of that era was thus, 'To cut or not to cut?' The cutters won by a mile. Depleted registers for the afternoon were the precursor for retribution on the following morning. As Max Boyce might say "I was there", but somehow I avoided the lines which were dished out by the ton. But no one complained; lines were written on a basis which would have made modern work-study practitioners green with envy. I was part of one 'co-operative' which manufactured them with the aid of three pencils tied together with string.

The memories come flooding back: Miss David, who taught us Maths and who drew perfect circles on the board with the aid of a large white handkerchief; the trip up to Townhill on games afternoons; the School Choir with famous soloists singing the great oratorios in the Brangwyn Hall; the cricket nets which were erected in the yard for the season and 'Budge' Burgess still doing headstands in his sixties as a demonstration for his gym class. But what lingers more than anything, for me, is the feeling of collective innocence and unsophistication. That they were great days there is no doubt; and I speak as one of the middling less-successful breed of the time. Whatever the educational standard of the school, for me it was a place which prepared me for life. It helped to teach me about team spirit, about humour and good will, about pride for the institution. It taught me, too, one of the few pieces of Latin which I know: "Nihil Sine Labore".

A potent formula to take forward into life.

D.H.F. (1944-50)

The Fifties

In presenting this miscellany of reminiscences, one's memory can play tricks after twenty-five years. Our generation was hardened by poor conditions and lack of heat, yet they were unforgettable days. After such a long period it is very much a case of "mens sana in corpore sano" becoming "mens sana in corpore more and more corpulent," but enough of these ramblings and on with the memories!

Was it really in September 1951 that my friends and I, fresh from the safe confines of Brynmill Junior School, first crawled in terror along Pell Street to those wooden gates in the grey stone wall? First impressions — hard asphalt, polished yellow bricks on the edges of the fives courts, the cricket nets, and a smell of drains.

Polished wood block floors, polished desks and polished pates like that of Clifford Evans — "let there be peace, or there'll be pieces"; when those bushy eyebrows were raised, look out for a verbal barrage more effective than a laser beam — many of us still have the scars.

"Psst — hide that cap, it's new and they'll pinch it," muttered Graham Thomas, but it was too late — it was already adorning the pinnacle at the top of the outside lavatories.

Marching in crocodile fashion through the gap where part of the school now stands and into Mount Pleasant Chapel to listen at first to the gentle Bryn Thomas, then Glan Powell, exhort us not to smoke or spit or go down to the docks at lunch time because someone always fell in. Greetings between Glan and Arthur Davies, the church organist, were always a ritual — bets were taken on how many times they would shake hands every morning. When Arthur could not turn up, it was left in the more than capable hands of Myrddin Harries — watching him play was an education in itself.

Registration in 1A with Wedgy in the block overlooking Dynevor Place. Walls in those days were teaching aids in themselves — no need for expensive posters. The glorious fungus could become, at the twitch of the imagination, a relief map, pin-up or rude picture — pornography hadn't been invented in those days — and when it rained you viewed staff through an ever-increasing haze of descending spores.

The dark menace of the science laboratories when strange odours mingled with the sound of Graham Gregory's cello — have you noticed how many chemists are also musically gifted?

The winding, windmill staircase to the gym, domain of the evergreen Tom Burgess, cyclist extraordinaire, and philatelist and entomologist of no mean distinction. (Thanks to Ossie Morris and Bryn Cox for still being able to spell these words!)

The highlight of the term — an afternoon visit to Ganges for games. Home on the 'bus, quick bite to eat and push the bike all the way up from Sketty Road just for the thrill of hurtling back down through the Alpine loops of Cwmgwyn. Spend half an hour getting changed, another ten minutes trying to find Sam Bassett, whose head, being quite a distance from his feet, was always swathed in the inevitable mist which shrouded that patch of green. Glanmor or Llwynybryn would arrive to play at the other end of the field. If you feigned injury, you could crawl through the long grass of the perimeter for a better view of the girls until Mr. John, the groundsman, chugged up in his wonderful little cart with the exposed engine and hauled you back to Sam's ham-like hands.

Our more fortunate cousins in Delabeche Road eventually agreed to allow us to use their shiny new swimming pool. We would march manfully out of the door in Delabeche Street normally reserved for Staff and Sixth Form and climb on to the decrepit 'bus with Budgie acting as conductor. We hurried from the 'bus to the pool, stripped off, splashed about for what seemed like ten minutes and then dashed back to the 'bus with hair and all extremities still soaking and shirt tails flying for a brief respite on the way back to the town centre. It never did much for my swimming, but it did wonders for quick changes in amateur theatricals in later life.

My contribution to extra-curricular activities was confined to assisting Sandy Morgan with the Marionette Guild — I was chief curtain operator for two whole years and can still string a mean cording set! Afternoons off to put on productions of Toad of Toad Hall in Mrs. Heneage Vivian's garage at Clyne Castle for a charity garden party. I well remember the dear lady's self-control when the curtains were opened for rehearsal to find Phoebe and Toad 'in flagrante delecto' centre-stage. Sandy couldn't speak lest he started laughing!

Woodwork lessons were with Eddie Abbott for practical and S. C. Jones for theory, the latter dressed more like a stockbroker in immaculate pinstripes with the white handkerchief dangling from the sleeve. "Draw me a habber, boy!" — look of blank amazement. — "It's used for habbering nails in, boy." Light dawns — he means a hammer!

The transformation of the gymnasia for the annual hobbies exhibition. We even possessed a public address system which enabled us to speak to both gyms simultaneously while using two mikes. The operator was never warned that the system was not earthed and when he accidentally touched the two mikes together he was charged with a considerable amount of electricity and Tir John blew up!

The multi-purpose hall of modern schools is not new. In our day, gyms were sweat-boxes, exhibition and examination halls. Only a man of genius like Horace Griffiths could solve the problem of starting external exams in both halls simultaneously — he would stand on the staircase between the two levels and blow his whistle!

The second year and Ossie Morris a form Tutor in 2A. A man of elegance and good taste, he had our welfare firmly in mind when he insisted on tasting a piece from each of our Coronation boxes of chocolate, so kindly presented by Swansea City Council — just in case there was something noxious present.

The third year and new subjects like Physics and Chemistry in 3D. New company like Rhidian Harries, Seymour Phillips, Jeff Uren, Tommy Morgan, Hywel Lewis, Dai Charles and Dudley Austin. The continuing mysteries of Latin with Harold Richards and his oft-dicky vocal cords. He would teach in an enforced whisper and still be heard clearly. I once answered in a whisper — quite inadvertently of course — and never forgot it! Maps poorly done for Curtis Grove — but only once! He calls me Stuart now, so I suppose he's forgiven me.

Perhaps the most notable event of the year was the eventual arrival of adequate crockery for school dinners. Do you remember when it was cawl for main course — usually on Fridays in blazing summers, and the total stock of dishes was 37? Mrs. Baker and her ladies would whip away the dish as you were swallowing your last mouthful and by the time you went up for your sweet it was scoured and re-issued. No team of Chinese cabaret plate spinners could have bettered the act which her team honed to perfection.

Our 'O' level examinations coincided with the erection of galvanised tin chutes down which the worthies of the Swansea Central Works Department tipped barrowfuls of Hitler's detritus in the middle of geometry exams — beat that as an excuse for a mediocre set of results.

The Lower Sixth and the freedom. Feelings of insecurity and a state of limbo between the Upper Sixth and the lower part of the school. History with Clifford Evans, French with Tom Chandler and R. B. Morgan, English with Bryn Cox and John Bennett. Reading Baudelaire and Chaucer and finding out that there was more to literature than Jane Austen and Thomas Hardy and that they took their clothes off even in those days.

The Literary & Debating Society and visits to Glanmor for debates, where fierce ladies served squash and biscuits afterwards. Lazy cricketing afternoons at Ganges, when the summers seemed to last for ever. The thrill of being a sub-prefect in the summer term and the possession of the coveted master key to open the cloakrooms at the end of the day. It's still in my possession and fits quite a few doors in my present school. The junior school choir off to London to sing at the Royal Albert Hall as guests of the London Welsh. I went as an escort, and what a tremendous experience. September 1957 and the coveted hand-painted Prefect's badge. Blood, sweat and tears, and the strange, euphoric limbo and realisation that it's all over at last. Regrets — perhaps I shouldn't have pushed Batcup's face in a plate of cawl on dinner duty, even if he did deserve it!

September 1958 and off to Aberystwyth with Handel Davies and Geoff Clarke

for, in my own case, but a brief stay. I must be a candidate for the Guinness Book of Records, having matriculated in 1958 and graduated in 1975 — from a different college. If you look closely at the works of Dylan Thomas you will find me mentioned — BA Aber (failed)! Maybe that's the reason why I'm so hard on the sixth formers now in my charge. I know what can go wrong!

Attending the first dinner of the Old Dy'vorians Association as a member at the Mackworth Hotel, I realised how much life and effort has been breathed into this city and many others like it around the world by Dynevor's products.

I well remember Sir Harry Secombe addressing us in Mount Pleasant and telling us the only impression he left on the school were his initials on his desk. I'd like to think my impression goes further than a name on dusty records or a few articles in the school magazine. Certainly the impressions made on my contemporaries and me were deep and lasting. "Nihil Sine Labore" is perhaps one of the most apt mottoes for any school. That of my present place of work is "Bydded Goleuni" — ("Let there be Light"), and I sometimes wonder if it was merely a dig at the school architects who design places of learning having classrooms without windows. Times are changing quickly, and I for one fervently hope that there will be a magazine to commemorate 125 years of the school. To all staff, past and present, who taught me and my contemporaries I say — thanks for things too numerous to mention. If I can look back on my career and find myself having possessed half your professionalism and dedication, then I shall be well pleased.

S.N.W. (1951-58)

The Sixties

One of many small eleven-year-olds in regulation school uniform of black blazer, black, gold and red tie, grey pullover and socks, black shoes and short grey trousers, and carrying the inevitable brand new satchel, I went through the Dynevor induction process in one of the gyms. I did not get off to a very good start: a teacher (remembered, but who shall remain nameless) mispronounced my name. I was one of a small remainder "unplaced" in a class, and was promptly told off for being late (I had been early!) and for not listening (I had listened too closely!).

Mr. Farraday: "Name, boy?"
Boy: "Baker, Sir."
Mr. Farraday: "Father's occupation?"
Boy: "Baker, Sir."
Mr. Farraday: "No, not your name, you silly boy. Father's occupation?"
Boy: "Baker, Sir!"

That was the official induction process. The unofficial induction was by "ducking". One could dodge it for a few days, but eventually some seasoned second-year would pinpoint a first-year victim and thoroughly souse his face and head in the drinking-fountain located under the gyms, or worse, in one of the lavatory bowls in the school toilets.

Back in 1957, Dynevor didn't have a top floor, where the science labs and library are now, neither did it have a school hall. That was the result of enemy bombing in the second world war. Corridors and the tops of staircases ended in walls of corrugated iron sheets. Lacking a school Hall of our own, we used Mount Pleasant Chapel, a rather splendid building, for assemblies. The junior choir would be perched up in the gallery overlooking the pulpit and organ, where Mr. Myrddin Harris played with great gusto. Prefects were placed downstairs in the pews either side of the pulpit. Meanwhile Mr. Ossie Morris would be taking a Catholic service in an annexe of the chapel. Entry and exit from the chapel was always a bit of a crush — through one narrow gate at the back, communicating with the school yard. No other school had assemblies in such grand surroundings, however.

In the school block nearest Mount Pleasant Chapel were housed the makeshift science labs, on the ground floor. I can still recall the General Science lessons in Form 1 with Mr. Graham Gregory. Upstairs were our form-rooms, for first and second years, I believe. Water leaked through ceilings (good practice for my present school), paint flakes and bits of plaster dropped down, too, but we quickly accepted these minor nuisances as part of the "homeliness" of Dynevor: everyone was that little bit closer under adversity.

One of my form-rooms in that block overlooked Grove Place. In those days, tall houses with rather elegant wrought-iron balconies stood on the other side of

the street, where the Magistrates Courts and Dragon Hotel now stand. The number 11 and 12 bus services to Townhill and Mayhill ran from just outside the school, where the entrances still say "Boys". One present-day colleague, not teaching science, of course, recalls passing rubber tubing through the bushes to the wall next to the bus-stop, connecting the tubing to the lab. gas-taps and "gassing" the unsuspecting bus queue.

Eventually they started rebuilding parts of Dynevor. Corrugated iron chutes ran down from the top floor, windows were shrouded by scaffolding, and our lessons were punctuated by noises of pneumatic drills, shovels, cement mixers, hammering, and rubble pouring down the chutes. It was beneficial, probably, in that we had to concentrate on teacher's every word, and teacher had to be fast and to the point! About the same time they demolished the old houses opposite the school, leaving a large razed site of rubble, and then started building the Dragon Hotel. You can imagine the noise.

In the other, main, block we had our school dinners in an upstairs room next to the site of the school hall. Dinners were not very pleasant, having been transported in containers from another school. They were at best tepid by the time they arrived. One day I could stand them no longer, caught a lunchtime bus home and never ate another school dinner.

That "dining room" was soon converted into a woodwork room. Where they obtained the wood I do not know! Rough stuff, full of splits and knots. The old wooden "box" planes were blunt, and once told what to do next we rushed for the planes hoping to get one that actually smoothed wood rather than hacked it. Poor wood, blunt planes and incompetent pupils were a formula for disaster: our efforts were largely disgraceful. A friend produced a "watch stand" so bad that Mr. Jones glued and nailed the joints together, then threw the article over his shoulder into a corner.

What else did we pupils do? When I was older, a classmate hid inside the vaulting horse (it came apart in sections) during P.E., and made strange noises whenever "Budgie" Burgess, the gym master, gave a demonstration on it. The classmate was eventually discovered and severely chastised. "Budgie" also weighed and measured us meticulously each term, something unknown these days. These statistics were recorded in our report books. Perhaps we should revive report books, too.

"Budgie" also took us for swimming lessons to a certain large red-brick school in Sketty. Transport to Sketty and back, changing and swimming instruction all had to be accomplished within one lesson. I remember we had the strictest instructions, on entering and leaving that school in Sketty, to walk silently, virtually on tiptoe, along the path, so that the Headmaster there, a famed stickler for discipline, would not be disturbed.

Games lessons were taken at "Ganges Field" in Townhill. I have never found out why it is called that. This involved another bus journey, on No.11/12, to Graiglwydd Square, and a short walk. Pleasant enough in summer on a warm day with cricket to follow, but on a raw winter's day, less welcome. We changed in a "hut", "changing rooms" would be too grand a description: how long it had stood there was a mystery. The pitch sloped, so that most games were played in one direction — sideways downhill.

Other random "pupil" memories are of the "bin" fires started in the large square bins in the yard by the more irresponsible; a science-master's "gun-barrel" experiment for producing hydrogen by passing steam over red-hot iron filings which went wrong. The apparatus was contaminated with sulphur so that the lab. was flooded with H_2S "rotten eggs" gas! A fire behind a bench in the new physics lab. I won't describe in detail, as it was caused by a combination of mischief and an opportune gas leak! Fortunately the fire-station was not far away. One day, a friend discovered that his back-door key also locked the form-room door, locked out the teacher, effectively preventing a lesson. Order was eventually restored by Mr. Horace Griffiths, the deputy headmaster, but by then the key had been hidden in the boy's shoe, and the culprit was not found out — "the lock must have broken, sir."

What of the staff of those days — sorry, gentlemen, or even of these days? Many I can recall, together with their particular characteristics and eccentricities, but perhaps I had better not name names! There was my first year Algebra teacher, who had trouble with a loose set of dentures. As I sat in the front row, in the middle, the blue and red lines in my exercise book all ran together. Then there is Mr. Graham Gregory, a superb teacher of Chemistry, renowned for his loves of rugby, the cello, the healthful benefits of apples, and also flying balloons from the school yard. Mr. "Ossie" Morris, a family friend of old, taught me English in first and sixth forms, Mr. Sam Bassett with his sense of humour, in other years. The mild manner of Mr. "Davo" Davies, Welsh teacher, was sorely tried when the entire class turned the desks to face the wrong way for one lesson. Mr. E. Leslie Evans, still the perfect gentleman, was my form tutor for one term, and my 'boss' in the future for thirteen years! The late Mr. "Budgie" Burgess, P.E. master, taught swimming wearing galoshes to avoid being splashed, organised "odd files over evens, even files in and out of odds" in exercises in gym, and ran the school stamp club. He bicycled to school every day and, I'm told, in his 80's could still be seen cycling around Sketty. Mr. R. B. Morgan, a mild-mannered master, maintained a "black book" in which he threatened to enter the names of offenders; Mr. Tom Chandler once exclaimed, "Ah! un homme qui se cache!" when he noticed me trying to avoid answering some oral questions; Mr. Tom Morgan, Art teacher, "rewarded" the best painters in his younger classes with the job of doling out paints and brushes to the artistically inept. Mr. W. S. Evans, a cricket fanatic, I recall, taught Maths and then went to New Zealand. One teacher of Latin (no, not Mr. Hounsell) insisted on us working out the date in Latin every lesson. Anyone familiar with the Roman calendar will understand the problem. Mr. "Bud" Abbott, woodwork master, one of the most pleasant persons you could have for a teacher, is nowadays a near neighbour. Long may these, and other staff remain in the memories of the pupils.

There were also the prefects, only two of whom I can recall: one, Head Boy, whose surname was Seymour, was daily subjected to the chants of juniors of "Open your eyes, Seymour!", another, nicknamed "Elvis" because of his appearance, lacked his namesake's suppleness because his leg was in a plastercast.

That's about all I can recall that is printable about life in Dynevor between 1957-64, but I'm sure we all have some memories, for while "Nihil sine labore" is certainly a good motto, Dynevor always tempered it with a sense of fun, too — and that's always a good thing!

D.M.B. (1957-64)

The Seventies

It is a source of continuing relief to me to realise that schooldays are not the happiest of one's life. There is often a grain of truth in these old adages, and frequently, after some particularly numbing session with the equations of motion, I used to worry that there might be one in that old chestnut. But I have since learned that things which are generally believed are also generally wrong.

I say this as someone who does not look back to his schooldays with loathing — far from it; — yet there is a strange quality about them which means that, although they may be recalled with fondness, on no account would I wish them to return. They stand alongside that sort of woeful tale (always recounted with pleasure) about the disastrous holiday in Colwyn Bay and the awful night out when the waiter was drunk and the soup ended up in the flies rather than *vice versa*. They are all things which are good to remember chiefly because they are over.

When we were in school we enjoyed few of the benefits that civilization affords to grown-ups. We were too small to be caught in the safety-net of law and order which — albeit tenuously — protects us now. In our world, we lived in a raw state, relying upon instinct, strength of arm and fleetness of foot. Daily, we faced violence and hatred and intimidation which we counterbalanced with desperate alliances; all beyond the reach of that other, adult world which presumed so falsely to be in control. We had ourselves to rely on, and maybe one or two others, but external authority was powerless.

I have just come back from a region of Arabia where the people still live that way, and I wondered while I was there how they withstood the strain and joy of living as vividly for all their lives as we only manage to do as children. Getting to know them and the way they lived and settled their business, I found myself drawing more and more upon memories of life in the early days at school. That, I think, is when we learn most about human nature.

But we must face the fact that our teachers were not wholly without consequence for us. Henry Adams was right to say that a teacher can never tell where his influence stops, for there is hardly a day when I do not think of one of their number and some significant phrase for which they were responsible. But I feel also that most of these things are remembered for reasons which justify them only to me. They may mean nothing to someone else. Layer upon layer of memory confused me as I fought with this problem, trying to hit upon a subject for this contribution.

Before me was the image of George Hounsell asking me to write something: asking me in a portion of a partitioned form-room which is now his office, but in which, years before, I had once sat grinding out past imperfects for him. And his request reminded me of an occasion when David Taylor pinned me to the wall with a remark which wavered ambiguously between a question and a statement — "Do me a parody by tomorrow?"

"Of what? Of whom?" (He began to walk away).

"Anything. Anybody. So long as it's by tomorrow . . ."

I decided to make a foray into the spidery recesses of the attic to find a file where, in 1974, I had placed every unconsidered material reminder (no matter how trifling) which I had snapped up during seven years of Dynevor. It was all there, from report-book down to those little bits of paper with our GCE examination numbers on, which we used to find pinned to our desks. All I had to do was find the file.

It was easier than I had expected. Half an hour saw me reclining on the insulation with a bursting cardboard wallet which I eventually discovered beneath a bale of much-prized and sought-after back numbers of the *Pigwn & Myddfai Goatkeepers Quarterly*, 1918-39. The file bore the misleading title "Russian 'O' level — Notes" and several words in that language which I have since looked up and found to be unprintable.

Apart from the report-book (which I shall pass over in silence save to note the remarkable consistency with which I managed to score 37 and come 17th in Physics) the first relic I exhumed was the first page of a fifth form mathematics exam script. I saved it not to preserve my own efforts, but those of Mr. Norman Williams, who seems to have expended a good deal more energy over my answers than I have over his questions. The comments which he has written beside my disastrous miscalculations read "Poor Work"; "You throw marks away"; "15 ÷ 3 = 5. Try learning your tables!" "Can't you read?"; "Don't be so stupid!"

I put that poor man through a lot. I lie awake at nights thinking of the time I asked him (in the lesson) why it was that $x^2 + 14x - 3 = 0$ was referred to as the

"expression" when — to my way of thinking — it failed to express anything. He defended the use of the term, explaining that the equation "expressed" the value of x.

"But," I said, "x equals nought". He asked what on earth that had to do with it. I said, "Well, if x equals nought, then the equation expresses nothing, and is therefore not an expression!"

There was scattered clapping. He fixed a tired stare at a point somewhere on the wall above my head and said "Nield, your semantic quibbling cuts very little ice in algebra." I must say, it came as no surprise; nothing I ever did cut very much ice in algebra.

DOBBIN!

A BIGGER, BETTER JOURNAL!

MORE PAGES!
MORE ARTICLES!
(just here, some wag has scrawled "more garbage")
DON'T MISS THIS BUMPER CHRISTMAS ISSUE!

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"Dobbin" was not that noble organ's original title. The first was changed when it was considered unfitting that an obituary for an ex-member of staff should appear in a rag called "Twopenny Trash". When it came out, it was still a rag, but at least it didn't boast about it. A similarly cosmetic job was performed to great effect when the public complained about being able to see poker being played at the table in the prefects' room. We considered the problem and lashed out on some net curtains.

Underneath this notice were some very ill-assorted items; a bus-pass, a label in Graham Gregory's handwriting which read "BENCH DIL. HNO_3 2M" and a typed message I once took around the school warning that if any more writing appeared on the wall, we would all have to remain behind at four o'clock. When J. P. Morgan saw it he asked me "Who sent this, then — Belshazzar?"

Assorted pieces of duplicator paper came next. One bore the words, "*Non nobis, Domine*", as well as a large, symbolic footprint over the verse which begins "O power by whom we live". We started to sing that song of Quilter's in 1969, when it was the set choral piece for "Croeso", the celebrations which were intended to welcome Prince Charles upon his investiture. We won it easily, but the success must have gone to our heads, for I was still croaking it out in 1974. Like that accursed gendarmes' duet, it refused to go away.

Another sheet carried a poem entitled "Death, the Leveller" — a particularly turgid piece of bombastic piffle from James Shirley. No doubt it had been chosen as the senior school choral speaking text for some St. David's Day eisteddfod. Reading it through brought back to me that sensation in the viscera produced by the odour of half-eaten leeks compounded with boredom and Welsh Recitation from which it took the entire half-day holiday to recover.

Next, there came a prefect duty-roster, one I drew up for "Quadragesima to Good Friday", 1974. Strings of names and dates and duties; Late-book/Dinners/Litter/Assembly; Hansel; Langley; Standish; Cudd; Quirk; Batcock; Parkin; Maslen; Liscombe. And underneath it lay the proof-copy of the prefects' photograph. Everyone wears his badge on the left lapel except me. I never noticed that before. And I'm still wearing the shoes and jacket.

I looked through the rows of faces, trying to recall what ever became of that happy breed. Don't know; don't know; selling cameras? barrister; pharmacist; transatlantic chemist; some kind of quack; civil engineer; teacher of German; another horse-doctor; and another; something secret in Cheltenham; timber-importer; swimming-bath attendant; dentist; solicitor; don't know; don't know . . .

There were also several editions of "Workshop", bursting from their rusty staples with the groaning mass of depressing verse (a lot of it mine) which they contained. Most of them are about death, and of course death and acne are the primary concerns of the adolescent mind. But there are no poems about acne. I shall make no further comment, except perhaps to mention that, in the course of my re-reading, I discovered that one of this country's greatest poets seems to have come back from the grave to contribute to our magazine.

Those who are interested in such things (and who still preserve a copy) may care to compare the last stanza of a poem entitled "Reminiscences after World War I" with the "Song for St. Cecilia's Day 1687" by John Dryden. I think they will find the correspondence compelling. The perpetrator of this monstrous fraud (he knows who he is) must realise that his sins have found him out. To ensure my continued silence over the matter of his name, a sum in used fivers can be forwarded to me via the editors.

I found handbills and programmes for several of our plays: "Arms and the Man" (Shaw), "The Fire Raisers" (Frisch), "A Penny for a Song" (Whiting), "Sweeney Todd the Barber" (Pitt), and "Romanoff and Juliet" (Ustinov). I have particular reason for remembering the Whiting, but would like to take this opportunity of redressing an omission in the glowing review it received (and deserved, I might say). The critic, despite apparently enjoying the performance, left half way through it, so missing one of the characters entirely. His portrayer therefore never got any credit. So here it is, Roger, just for you.

"Roger Rees gave a fine boisterous performance as Captain George Selincourt, commander of the Dorset Fencibles, as he continuously ran foul of Bellboys and his schemes, his lunatic brother, the entire eccentric household and all their peculiar guests."

In edition eight of 'Dobbin', among an array of useful facts which every child should know, the angling correspondent tells us that "Lugworm is a very popular bait in Swansea bay, (because) . . . it does not affect the pocket, except for the back." We are also informed that it is a scientific fact that "People begin to

shrink after the age of thirty." I look around at the success written in the waistbands of my fellow Old Dy'vorians' trousers, and come to the conclusion that they must have been the hugest schoolboys in history.

In C. S. Lewis's opinion, life was "Term, holidays, term, holidays till we leave school, and then work, work, work till we die." Well, by remaining an academic, I may be able to avoid the second of these three indignities, but sure as eggs, I won't avoid the last one, and the first I shall remember until it finally catches up with me. I shall remember it in the very smallest things I do: from setting out a letter to making sure that, if in doubt, I use the subjunctive. I'm glad I kept those little mementoes, but they aren't really necessary. All in all, it is likely to be some time before I go back up into the attic; maybe not until I find a buyer for those much sought-after inter-war editions of the *Pigwn & Myddfai Goatkeepers' Quarterly* . . .

E.W.N. (1967-74)

The Eighties

When I was asked to write an article about my University life and school experiences, I realised that the two are inextricably linked, since the fruit of my seven years labour (hard labour?) at Dynevor was the dubious distinction of the right to toil and sweat for yet another three years at university. Indeed, throughout my time in Dynevor I had always intended to make the natural progression to university. Even when I was a young and innocent first year, four feet tall and complete with satchel and blazer (yes, I do remember blazers!), I had aspirations to become a student at one of our illustrious red-brick establishments. However, at this early stage of my formative years, and indeed, for many years after, I did not anticipate setting about my university education in the darkest wilds of East Yorkshire (now North Humberside) at the University of Kingston Upon Hull (never hyphenated). Indeed, I had no idea where this strikingly mundane town was situated until I visited it last year (in case you're interested, turn right at Rotherham and watch out for the oil-slick). Why then, I hear you ask in a flurry of anticipation, did I choose such a distant settlement in the furthest reaches of the Yorkshire moors? The answer is that Hull was the only place that would take me. I collect university rejections like other people collect stamps, and therefore had little choice in the matter.

So off I went, to become a Welshman in a sea of Englishmen (and Yorkshiremen!) and a southerner among midlanders and northerners. As a result, I was something of a mystery to my counterparts, and they approached me with caution.

The first person I met proudly identified my accent as Scottish, and several other people seemed startled, if not repulsed, by my presence at such a distant outpost. Well, they're not used to associating with these curious Welsh chappies, you know! On the subject of accents, a friend of mine, a budding psychology student from Coventry, recently asked me, in all seriousness, "Is Neil Kinnock Welsh?" I could not bring myself to disillusion him, and to this day he still believes that Mr. Kinnock is from Perth.

I digress, so let me tell you something about the city of Hull. Actually, I can't think of much, other than the fact that it smells of fish (or oil, depends on wind direction), gets very cold in winter, and rather reminds me of Cardiff on a wet Monday night! Actually, the town is very pleasant, situated between the beautifully rugged Yorkshire moors, and the vast River Humber, where children play with bucket, spade and dipstick.

Of course, most of my acquaintances are students, many of whom I met through my hall of residence. Actually, my hall is a curious institution, ideal for those keen on rampant destruction, although these are in a minority. Student life has its lighter side. For example, a girl student recently visited the all-male hall, and before leaving she had to retrieve her bicycle from the branches of a tree. Another very amusing moment occurred when a rather flustered female lecturer ran into a lecture theatre ten minutes late, and apologised profusely by saying that she had run past a young girl standing in the road crying her eyes out. She apparently ran back to say, "I'm sorry I can't stop, I've got to give a lecture on T. S. Eliot." Laughter is one thing that students rarely go short of.

Unfortunately, there are occasions when students cannot afford to laugh. Already we are given pitiful grants on which to live, and yet we still see Government cuts chipping away at our courses and our facilities. As the money decreases, entry requirements get higher, fewer university places become available each year, and many potential students are deprived of the opportunity to further their education. Surely, higher education is not the place for callous economies.

Now that I have given you a vague taste of University life, I shall turn my thoughts back to that ancient educational establishment, situated between the bingo hall and the juvenile court. As I cast my mind back, I seem to recall September 1979 when for the first time, we met our counterparts from Llwyn-y-bryn. Having led rather sheltered school lives for three years, it came as something of a shock to meet these rather formidable females who seemed to over-shadow us in intelligence, potential, charm and, indeed, muscle. However, the transition to a mixed school went remarkably well, and I hope that the Old Dy'vorians Association will soon come to terms with this fact.

Here, I'm reminded of one of my most harrowing school experiences, my head boy's speech at the annual dinner. I can vividly recall sitting through several long and witty speeches, and amid my palpitations and cold sweats I noticed that the other speakers were discreetly concealing their speeches inside their programmes while speaking. As I stood up, struggling to hold off a cardiac arrest, I attempted

to follow suit, but unfortunately my speech was written in tasteful orange and purple ink on vast sheets of A4 paper! Discretion was never one of my strong points.

My reminiscences of Dynevor are so numerous that I really do not have the space here to do them justice. What I must say, though, is that during my time there I received a complete education, not only academically, but also in other fields. I enjoyed participating in several sports, and have vivid memories of taking part in several dramatic productions, culminating in the recent 'Godspell' in which I dressed up as a walking bin-liner and told awful jokes; "What did the Egyptians do when it got dark? They turned on the Israelites!" (Remember?)

Most of my memories are happy ones, and as I look back I can confidently say that I am glad that I received my education at an ordinary state comprehensive, and I wouldn't exchange it for the most expensive of educations at any other type of school. Dynevor School has made a lasting impression on me and has given me memories that will always stay with me. As the school now changes its nature and purpose, and the sixth form is phased out, I'm sure that all former pupils will hold on to their memories of Dynevor as a school with great traditions, and as the finest in Swansea.

P.C. (1976-83)

The Journey of High Honour lies not in Smooth Ways

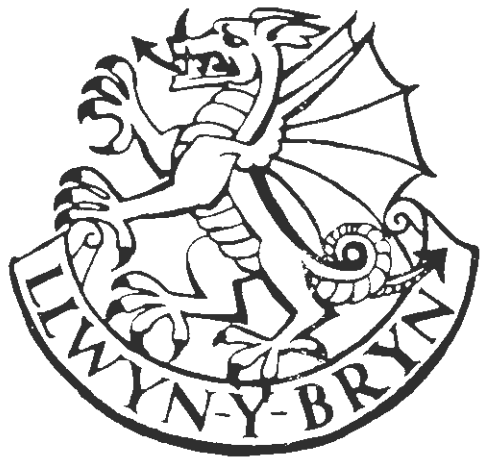
The reflections of a past pupil of Llwyn-y-Bryn Girls' School at the time of its amalgamation with Dynevor School in 1978

When the last crate of text-books is packed up and the last girl, green and silver tie worn jauntily at half-mast, walks off down Walter Road towards the stark grey masculinity of the Dynevor building, then perhaps the friendly spirits of the past ninety years, generations of "the female children of the population" of Swansea for whom the school was established, will return to haunt the old house, with its beautiful garden and its hotchpotch of architectural additions.

Perhaps at twilight the original building will be full of Victorian and Edwardian ghosts. Certainly Miss Vinter, the first headmistress, and her two assistants will glide with dignity down the wide wooden staircase, finding little trouble in controlling their forty-nine middle-class, fee-paying scholars. These first teachers are described as wearing sweeping floor-length black skirts and silver chatelaines and never bending from the waist but always from the knees to pick up a board duster or a piece of chalk. It must have been a pleasant, leisurely school-time for these long-gone girls, for lessons ended at lunch-time and afternoons were devoted to preparation. At break or 'rest time' they could buy hot milk and 'bara plank' made and served by Sarah, wife of the first caretaker. If we do catch a glimpse of the early pupils they will surprise us for, not only are there three little boys — too young to go to the grammar school — but the girls do not wear uniform. Most of them are sensibly dressed in blue serge but if we are lucky we may catch a glimpse of the shade of a budding Mrs. Langtry who electrified the whole school one day in a dress of royal blue transparent voile over an orange satin lining.

If we cheat a little we can follow our young ladies as they walk decorously to the Albert Hall for the Annual Prize Giving of 1895. We will find it difficult to recognise the interior of this building, with its balcony festooned in pale green and salmon pink, set off with Japanese lanterns, flags and fans . . . here is Miss Vinter again and the Mayoress being presented with bouquets tied with ribbons of the school colours, and here are the girls all dressed in white for the occasion, each proudly wearing her green school sash. This prize-giving day is an

important one in the history of the new school. It is the last time that our young ladies will appear as private pupils. An act has been passed which provides for higher education for both girls and boys, and from now on the High School at Llwyn-y-Bryn will become part of the state system of education.



Soon the old house is too small to accommodate the expanding school and our girls now have an assembly hall and a real gymnasium. If we peep around the gym door we may catch a glimpse of them being drilled by ex-army Sergeant Bird, immaculate in white flannels, while the girls wear modest calf-length blue serge dresses with red silk ties and sashes. On a Wednesday afternoon behold some intrepid female scientists and their attendant mistress braving a bastion of male privilege — the old Grammar School on Mount Pleasant Hill, in order to study chemistry in the now-empty laboratories — for Wednesdays are a half-holiday for the boys. In 1902 here is the whole school processing to St. Mary's Church for the memorial service for Queen Victoria.

They are anxious to learn, these girls who are being prepared to meet the growing demand for educated women in an increasing complex, industrialised society, at a time long before the suffragettes had won political equality for women. Again they are fortunate in their teachers, especially their headmistresses: first Miss Vinter, then Miss Benger (who in 1895 visited all the technical schools in London to find out how best to teach technical subjects at the new Intermediate School and who in 1902 begged wealthy citizens of the borough to provide money for grants to send her girls to University), then in 1921 Miss Cameron, a dignified and highly respected headmistress for many years. These dedicated, cultured ladies, products in the early days of the English women's colleges, inspired awe and affection in their girls, who remembered them with gratitude years later.

Do they sound too good to be true, these girls from the distant past? They weren't always angelic. There is on record the fact that the schoolgirls celebrated the Relief of Mafeking by being allowed to make as much noise as they liked, and we know that the early pupils so hated their music master that they refused to sing above a whisper. Certainly they cannot have been plain girls because on one occasion when they held a school concert on a stage with gas-jet footlights, the Grammar School boys were so incensed at being refused entry to the entertainment that they tried to ruin the performance by throwing stones at the galvanised tin roof of the hall. Although they were taught dancing and "the principles of deportment and graceful movements" by a visiting mistress, the girls soon learned that by moving the form library aside in one of the attic rooms of the old house it was possible to scramble along the joists of the roof from one end of the building to the other.

If you stand on the terrace of the old house and listen very carefully you can hear yells and cheers from the direction of Swansea Beach on the area where the Guildhall now stands. These are the places where the Llwyn-y-Bryn girls once played hockey, as for many years they had no permanent games field of their own. Games were not compulsory at first, but it was possible to play basketball, hockey and cricket in the summer. The school still has an area of green called "the cricket pitch", which is strange, as cricket has never been played there. Perhaps it was on the beach that this incident, now become a school legend, took place.

A rather sensitive games mistress, supervising some game, was woken from a day-dream by the raucous cry of "Foul! Foul!" She rushed over, wringing her hands and squeaking "Oh where, girls, where? Don't hurt the dear creature!" One wonders if the cry of a long-dead sea-gull inspired that story.

Most of all the spirits of Llwyn-y-Bryn Past must linger in the garden so beloved by all who have "grown-up from childhood to approaching maturity with a garden around them." The early garden with its vinery full of sour grapes, its thatched-roof summerhouse and its huge cedar tree has been stretched and altered and built upon as the school expanded to meet the changing educational needs of different generations, yet somehow it remains a place of beauty and of peace. The spirits who inhabit the garden are many: sixth-form girls having lessons on the terrace in the summer, groups of various kinds posing for photographs, chatty juniors crunching crisps at break and the school's first dramatic presentation "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in 1920, with a white-dressed, white-gloved audience shaking hands with Miss Benger, and Puck being accused of deliberately aiming a loaded pea-shooter at one particular mistress. Many were the Sixth-Form Garden Parties held on these lawns, one particularly memorable one in 1953 where the staff were invited to work off the frustrations of the academic year at a china smashing stall. In the same year came the Coronation Party, with dancing on the netball courts, the scene of so many hilarious staff versus pupils netball matches.

So they came and went, the staff and the girls of Llwyn-y-Bryn School, in less

than a century reflecting the startling progress of the movement towards equality of opportunity for all. Here are the spirits of older schoolgirls with upswept hair and long skirts, later those with shingled, then 'permed' hair, wearing the High School gym-slip slit to the waist, in long black stockings, then in white ankle-socks. Here are the 60's girls, veiled by their long straight hair, wearing the most miniscule of school skirts. Here, finally, in 1970, is Miss Havill welcoming the School's first comprehensive pupils, as Llwyn-y-Bryn accepts its final challenge in the last part of the twentieth century.

Centenary Commemorative Service

The centenary of the school was celebrated at a service in St. Mary's Church on Sunday, 5th June, 1983, when the Rev. Canon D. E. Lewis, Rural Dean of Swansea, welcomed a large congregation of past and present staff and pupils.

The address was given by the Right Reverend B. N. Y. Vaughan, Bishop of Swansea and Brecon, who described the valuable part played by Dy'vorians in the history and life of the city; indeed, their contribution to society had extended far outside the local community. He also paid tribute to all those members of the teaching staff who over the years had displayed dedication to the life and work of Dynevor.

Bishop Vaughan made a particular mention of the large number of Old Dy'vorians who had assumed responsibilities in the work of the church in England and Wales.

Prayers were offered by the Rev. A. Leslie Norman, Chaplain and Senior Past President of the Old Dy'vorians Association, and the Readings were given by Major R. Pike, President, Mr. W. D. H. Davies, Headmaster, and the Head Boy and Head Girl.

During the service items were performed by the school choir under the direction of Mr. J. F. B. Morris.

The entry of the procession at the Commemorative Service.

Centenary Celebration Dinner

Well over two hundred former pupils attended a celebration dinner at the University College of Swansea on Monday, 30th April, 1984. Many had travelled from various parts of the country to join their school contemporaries at this important function which marked a successful conclusion to the centenary activities. Almost without exception, the members of this large gathering wore the centenary tie with its distinctive, specially designed crest. (It was announced later in the evening that almost five hundred of these ties had been sold during the past year.)

Lord Parry, Chairman of the Wales Tourist Board, in proposing the toast to the Old Dy'vorians Association, described the extremely important role Dynevor had played in the development of Swansea. "It has provided men, and, in recent years, women, to staff it, serve it and inspire it." He congratulated the school on its many achievements and on its successful survival from the destruction it suffered during the bombing of Swansea in the war years.

The President with some of his guests at the Centenary Dinner.

The incoming President of the Association, Mr. James Watkins, Headmaster of Sketty Junior School, replied on behalf of the Old Dy'vorians. He paid tribute to the foresight of the Victorian pioneers of state education. "This led," he declared, "to the creation of a school which was to make a lasting contribution to the city." Mr. Watkins also acknowledged the debt of gratitude owed by many generations of pupils to the successive headmasters of the school. He gave a warm welcome to Mr. Hubert Davies, the present headmaster, and his immediate predecessor, Dr. Bernard Norris. He expressed the regret of countless past pupils for the recent death of Mr. Glan Powell who had for something like eighty years been closely connected with the school and the Association as a pupil, teacher and headmaster.

Mr. Vernon Rees Davies, a close friend of the Old Dy'vorians, offered his congratulations to the school. "Dynevor has been, and continues to be, a vital force in the cultural and commercial life of this city. A school that has survived the ravages of war and the earthquake of 1906 must deserve praise. Past pupils had every right to feel very proud of the school and that they went there."

Mr. John Beale, West Glamorgan Director of Education, and an Old Dy'vorian, accepted these tributes and congratulations on behalf of the school and in his turn expressed his gratitude to the Dynevor staff of his own day. He also remarked with pride upon the notable contribution the school had made to the development of Swansea and encouraged the present Dynevor and its past pupils' association to maintain this tradition of service to the community in the future.

Also present at this celebratory function were Councillor M. Murphy, Deputy Lord Mayor of Swansea, County Councillor T. L. Thomas, Vice-Chairman of West Glamorgan County Council, County Councillor B. Ludlam, Chairman of Governors, and the following Past Presidents of the Association: Rev. A. Leslie Norman, Mr. Wilfred Higgs, Mr. Hubert Joseph, Mr. Cyril Goldstone, Mr. Leonard Matthews, Mr. George Hounsell, Mr. Douglas Smith, Rev. Chancellor Garfield James, Mr. Iorrie Mort, Mr. Edgar Rees, Mr. Alan Hughes, Mr. Geoffrey Hibbert, Ven. Archdeacon Harry Williams, Mr. Peter Macpherson, Mr. Gordon Johns and Major Reg. Pike.

During the evening also, expressions of congratulations from two of the school's best-known past pupils, Sir Harry Secombe and Lord Flowers, Rector of Imperial College, London, were delivered to the assembly.

A Tradition of Music

It is not surprising in view of the fact that our school began at Trinity Place as a Higher Grade Elementary School that singing figured on the time-table (though not so prominently as "drawing") for these two subjects were regular features in those days of the elementary school curriculum along with the three R's, History and Geography. Indeed singing lessons must have proved something of an ordeal for others, besides those immediately concerned in the restricted confines of Trinity Place for there is extant an early reference to the "boisterous singing" of the Lower School which was "receiving attention."

When the School became the "Municipal Secondary", the music was in the charge of Mr. Sidney Gordon whose enthusiasm resulted in the formation of a small school orchestra with Mr. R. J. Jones as one of the two 'cellists and Mr. Bryn Thomas as leader.

The study of Music as a serious school subject may, however, be said to have begun with the appointment of Mr. George Beynon as music-master in 1929. A School Choir was soon in being, and Christmas Carol concerts and a St. David's Day Eisteddfod followed. With the appointment of Mr. Morgan Lloyd as visiting string-tutor, orchestral music again became possible, and choir and orchestra combined gave performances of "Il Trovatore" and "Maritana".

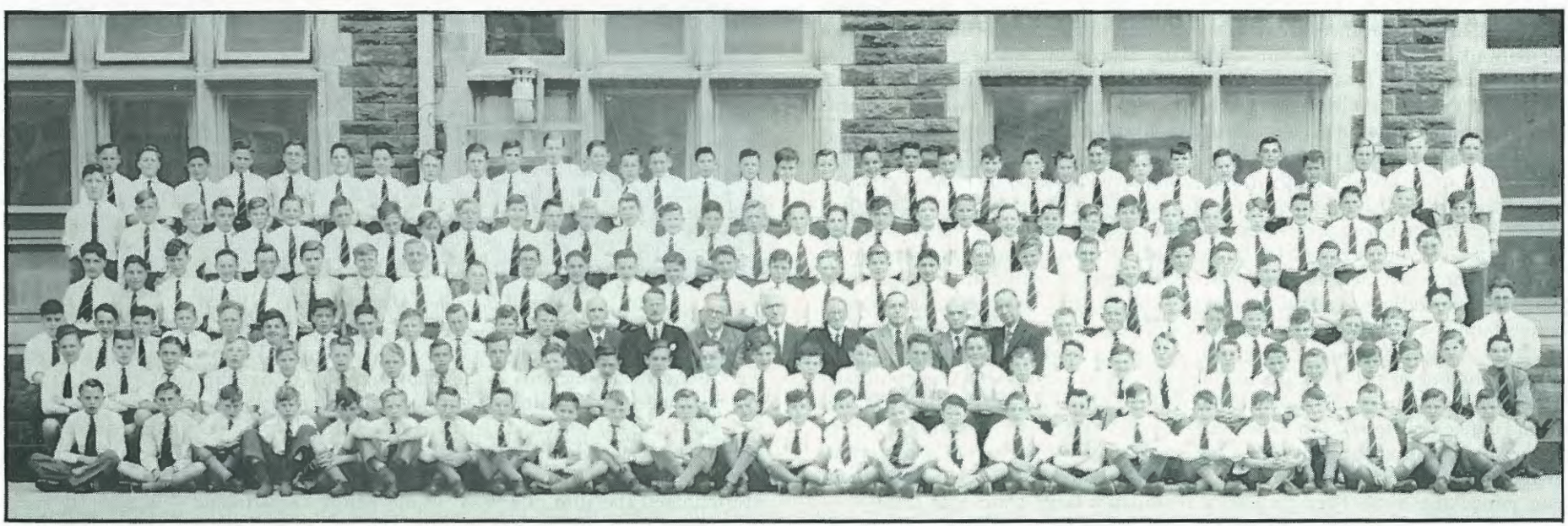
The climax of Mr. Beynon's work was a performance in the Brangwyn Hall of Stanford's "Revenge" with a choir and orchestra of 200 boys.

The three-night blitz put an end to music activities for a while, many valuable instruments being lost as well as a large collection of gramophone records.

With the appointment of Mr. Bryn Thomas as Headmaster, the school entered upon a choral tradition of which any school might be proud. It was born in the blitz period and its origin was purely fortuitous. A chance remark by a first-year boy after hearing a recording of the "Hallelujah" Chorus in the Music Room, "Can we learn that, Sir?" led to a performance of "The Messiah" at the Brangwyn Hall in 1943 by the School Choir augmented by a tenor and bass section of the Swansea Municipal Choir with Mr. Ivor Owen at the organ. There followed in successive years: "Elijah", "Samson", "Creation", "Hiawatha" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater", Verdi's "Requiem" and "Merrie England".

These concerts became not only one of the musical events of the local concert season, but drew patrons regularly from London, the North of England, and North Wales. Two of the performances were broadcast by the B.B.C. Proceeds were given to various charities, nearly £1,000 being raised and distributed by this means.

Mr. Gwilym Roberts' successors, Mr. R. F. Webber, Mr. John Richards and



One of the choirs which performed in the Brangwyn Hall in the early 1940s.

Mr. Clive John continued to enhance the school's musical reputation with some outstanding concert performances. There were some memorable evenings at the Brangwyn Hall, in Ebenezer Chapel and eventually in the new school hall. Music became a very important part of the life of the school and Mr. John Morris, the present Head of Music, describes in the following article how every attempt has been made in recent years to develop and foster these great traditions.

Music in Dynevor School since 1971

As I walked through the doors of the Staff Entrance of Dynevor Boys' Comprehensive School in September 1971, on my first day as Head of the Music Department, I experienced a feeling of excited expectancy — for I was about to follow in the footsteps of some outstanding teachers who, in their turn as Head of Music Department, had contributed a great deal to the musical life and heritage not only of Dynevor School but also of the district of Swansea. Memories of school concerts that I had experienced as a pupil of Dynevor School and as a member of the School Choir and Orchestra under the baton of Mr. J. Richards flashed through my mind in rapid succession and I realised how much effort it would need on my part to preserve the musical traditions of Dynevor School.

After one or two days I realised that, for various reasons, there was no school orchestra, no school choir, no school instruments and that the last school (public) concert had taken place some time previously. A mammoth task was ahead of me if music in Dynevor School was to be restored to its former glory. However, with the active encouragement of Headmaster, members of Staff and, perhaps, most important, the enthusiasm and interest of pupils, a small instrumental ensemble of five pupils was formed — largely by boys who were members of Swansea Salvation Army (therefore having instruments to hand); a few pianists came forward and one or two violinists and also one 'cello player (who was eventually to be accepted into the National Youth Orchestra of Wales). The First and Second Fifteen (Rugby) Teams volunteered their services in forming a School Choir which, during the course of a few weeks, was augmented to about eighty members, thus forming an impressive Sixth Form Boys' Choir. The junior boys soon joined the Sixth Formers and a reasonably large choir was created — meeting for weekly practices on Wednesday mornings after School Assembly. With the help of the School Drama and English Departments who volunteered help with staging and lighting, the school was ready by March 1972, for the first school concert in public for a few years. Pupils volunteered piano solos, piano duets, instrumental solos (including piano accordian); members of the School Choir formed a madrigal group and also a 'Barber-Shop' Sextet.

Mr. D. Taylor (English Department) had already introduced to the school "Evenings of Original Work" — poetry, drama, recitation, written and performed by the pupils themselves (for the benefit of parents and public in general). Music was very quickly added to these "Evenings", so forming an annual event of great variety and humour — all work done by the pupils themselves.

School Band and Madrigal Group, 1978.

With the active involvement of the School Parent/Teachers' Association there were frequent productions in the following years of Evenings of Original Work, charity concerts, school plays and musical performances; we must not forget as well the annual Eisteddfod, when House Choirs would take over not only the Hall and Music Room, but also the School Canteen, Fives-Court, Shelter and sometimes even the Yard itself for rehearsals! The Parent/Teachers' Association also donated the sum of £50.00 to the Music Department — a princely sum indeed in 1975! — to help maintain and advance the Department's collection of tapes, records and film-strips.

The newly-formed West Glamorgan Education Committee had by now appointed a County Music Adviser; instruments began to appear in schools, as did peripatetic instrumental teachers. Dynevor School Band now numbered twenty-five pupils (excluding raw beginners).

The School Choir (First and Second Year pupils) was invited by the Young Vic Theatre (London) to form the chorus section for the Young Vic production of "Joseph and His Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat" which was performed at the Grand Theatre, Swansea. This proved to be a tremendous stimulus for the School Choir in general and so successful was this venture that Dynevor School Choir was invited, for four consecutive years during the month of August, to form the chorus for this production put on at the Grand Theatre under the direction of Mr. J. Chilvers.

In the same year the School Band was invited to give concerts to schools in Leeds, Yorkshire. As usual, the School Parent/Teachers' Association gave active support — financial and otherwise — to the School Band, and so successful were these concerts that the School Band was invited to return to Leeds, with a number of concerts in mind, the following year. (It was unfortunate that this second invitation could not be accepted, as a number of pupils were by now involved in 'O' and 'A' Level Examinations). This was to prove an exciting year for the Music Department — indeed for the School in general — for Dynevor Boys' Comprehensive School and Llwyn-y-Bryn Girls' Comprehensive School were in the throes of being amalgamated. The welcome arrival of girls at Dynevor School served to augment the School Band and Choir and a number of Sixth Form Girls formed a Madrigal Group that excelled itself in its first public performance during the School Concert that year. For the first time, the idea of producing a School Musical was considered. The popular musical "Joseph and His Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat" immediately came to mind (after all, we had obtained first-hand experience of the production) and, very soon, the School Hall was echoing to the savage sounds of electric guitars, drums and . . . dare I say . . . budding 'Elvis Presleys'. Dynevor was the first school in the Swansea area to produce the full-stage (West End version) of this musical with pupils in charge of choreography and lighting. Again, so successful was this venture that the production played to packed audiences for a week and was brought back, by popular demand, for a further three evenings. The following year saw the production of "The Judas Factor" and, in the Christmas Term of 1983, the well-known "Godspell" was produced. This was also staged at St. Judes' Church, Mount Pleasant, Sacred-Heart Church, Morriston, Velindre Community Hall and Tabernacle Chapel, Morriston.

Without the happy and encouraging atmosphere that prevails in Dynevor School, without the continuing interest and loyalty of staff and pupils, past and present, very little could have been achieved during the past twelve years. With the rapid decline in numbers in the Sixth Form and the advent of tertiary education in West Glamorgan, the Music Department will doubtlessly undergo yet more changes.

Principal characters in rehearsal for "Joseph and His Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat", 1979.

As we remember the concerts of the past, the various drama and music productions, the choral and instrumental performances, as we recall the names of many past pupils who have gone on to study music in higher education, let us hope that the future will be as exciting and as stimulating.

Many thanks to the past pupils of Dynevor School, now 'Old Dy'vorians', for their contributions, instrumental and vocal, to the musical life of the School.

J.F.M.
(Head of Music Department)

Drama since 1930

"The school voted the entertainment the best they had ever known and the critics in the audience called it a very fine histrionic display of which we might all well be proud."

With this comment a reviewer of one of Dynevor's earliest drama performances concluded his remarks; many similar examples of such "a very fine histrionic display" were to be produced in the future.

Following the very successful productions in the twenties of "The Rivals" and "She Stoops to Conquer", the opening of the new hall provided the opportunity for the presentation of several outstanding evenings of school drama. The first performance (1930) in the Hall was in two parts — "La Farce de Maitre Pathelin" and "A Night at the Inn", and the following year the Welsh play "Y Potsier" was produced; this latter presentation was later to win second place in the final of the Urdd Eisteddfod.

The following comments are typical of the successful reviews received by the Shakespeare presentations in the ensuing years: "Every member of the cast, including the 'ladies', acted exceedingly well. The magnificence of the costumes and the beauty of the scenery, enhanced by the clever lighting effects, charmed the eye. In recording the success of the representation, we must not forget also the praise due to those boys who did so much work behind the scenes."

The first performance by an amateur group of T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral" was put on in 1938 and the following year saw the first play by the recently formed Dynevor Marionette Guild, whose presentation of Milne's "Toad of Toad Hall" in later years was to win wide popular acclaim.

The incendiary bombs of 1941 which destroyed the School Hall brought a long interruption in the drama activities of Dynevor, but a full-scale production of Shaw's "Devil's Disciple" was put on in the Palace Theatre in 1960. "We were starting with no experienced actors, no mature producers, without props or wardrobe, and with so long a break in dramatic tradition that success seemed a pipe-dream." Such apprehension, as expressed by one of the actors in a later magazine, proved unnecessary. The Palace was filled on three consecutive evenings. A few years later similar success attended the school's production of "Our Town", by Thornton Wilder, performed in the new School Hall.

The work of the Marionette Guild was mentioned with awe for years after the puppets had been laid to rest; the productions of Mr. Graham Davies, particularly "Our Town", gave all who followed a standard which they could attempt to emulate. In more recent years the school was fortunate enough to have two drama teachers, Mr. Gwynn Roberts and Mr. Peter Hurle, whose work brought challenge and pleasure to the lives of many Dy'vorians.

In the last fifteen years a wide variety of plays has been produced in Dynevor. Melodrama, Shaw and Shakespeare, translations of Gogol and Frisch have been performed as well as modern plays by Ustinov and Whiting. More recently the Music department has produced a number of very well received musicals.

It is quite difficult to produce plays on the Dynevor stage. It is more like a corridor than an acting area: it is long and thin, it even tapers considerably. It is amazing that so much of quality has been produced on so unpromising a platform.

The school seems to have gone out of its way to produce plays that stretch all involved to the limit. It is not easy for any school pupil to portray Raina or Sergius, Oberon or Titania. It is not easy to give a realistic account of the miserly Scrooge, of the self delusion of a Timothy Bellboys or a Biedermann, of the villainy of a Sweeney Todd. It is hard, particularly for adolescents, to give a moving expression of love, as certainly happened at the end of "Romanoff and Juliet". It is to the credit of Dy'vorians that they have performed these parts with some distinction.

Scene from an early School Play.

The demands made of the back stage staff have been considerable. Beds that collapse, the mouth of Hell, a full sized tree strong enough for someone to sit in and the dreadful chair of Sweeney Todd have all been demanded and supplied. Hot air balloons have disappeared down wells, dummies have been replaced by actors without the knowledge of the audience and full sized attics have been

erected. The Craft and Art departments have mused for hours trying to solve some particularly knotty stage problem. Indeed it is this co-operation between departments that makes a school production so special. We have planned and planed the sets, we have printed posters and tickets and sold them, we have composed music and made up ghosts and devils, country gentlemen and presidents of republics, rude mechanicals and Russian imposters. The whole school has worked together to create something more than the final performance.

The production of a school play brings exhaustion and elation, despair and resignation but most of all a feeling that the school is working towards a common goal.

I remember drama in Dynevor in the last fifteen years occasionally with horror, often with amusement but most of all with real pleasure and affection.

The cast of "A Midsummer Night's Dream", 1978.

. . . In Corpore Sano

After being invited to produce an article describing the development of Physical Education at Dynevor, I became aware of the enormity of the assignment. Fortunately, however, all the facets of education have developed along similar lines to form an integrated picture. It would suffice, therefore, to note just some of the landmarks which have appeared over the past decades. In order to avoid embarrassing omissions, it would be wiser not to attempt to name those many pupils who have brought sporting honour to the school.

The present school has undergone all manner of changes and is indeed in a period of transition at present. The best method, perhaps, of constructing a picture, spanning a century, is to peruse the school's magazines. The commitment to the school of those mentioned in the various articles is clearly perceived. The earliest forms of physical activity in the school were Spartan and regimented. Indeed in one of the earlier magazines it is recorded that "the dust was well beaten out of the trousers by the Sergeant."

The twenties can be envisaged as the time when the House system came into being (now declined into oblivion). This helped to engender a competitive spirit. It was the time also when Dynevor was considered to have the largest and best equipped gym in Wales.

Because it was a time of reconstruction, lack of space brought out the inventiveness of pupils in the playground game of "headering" (one of the more acceptable of such games). The new school playing field came into being at Townhill, with showers only available on Saturdays at Townhill School (one can assure the reader that little has changed here). Prefects, when they could be so persuaded, would umpire basketball matches. By 1928 matches were played against local schools and in 1929 a full-time gym master was appointed. The one gym lesson a week became two, the one rugby match a month was also doubled. New fives courts were installed and tournaments organised. Skittleball replaced basketball for a while. Soccer matches during Games lessons were for juniors only, senior soccer being played only at inter-house level.

During the thirties, cricket matches between staff and boys were instituted. Swimming appeared as a school club activity — a reduced rate at the baths for members was much appreciated.

It is interesting to note the comment in 1931 that "the introduction of the cricket nets and the achievement of gymnastic success did not diminish academic skill."

The mystery of the gargantuan, galvanised portable toilets found in the recent past under the Gym stairs is solved when one reads details of the Whitsun Camp.

School Cricket Team, 1935.

School Rugby Team, 1968-69.

The Old Boys Rugby match was inaugurated and the school Harriers Club formed in the early thirties. The first Swimming Gala was held in 1932 and by this time also the Urdd with its variety of sporting and other activities was in existence.

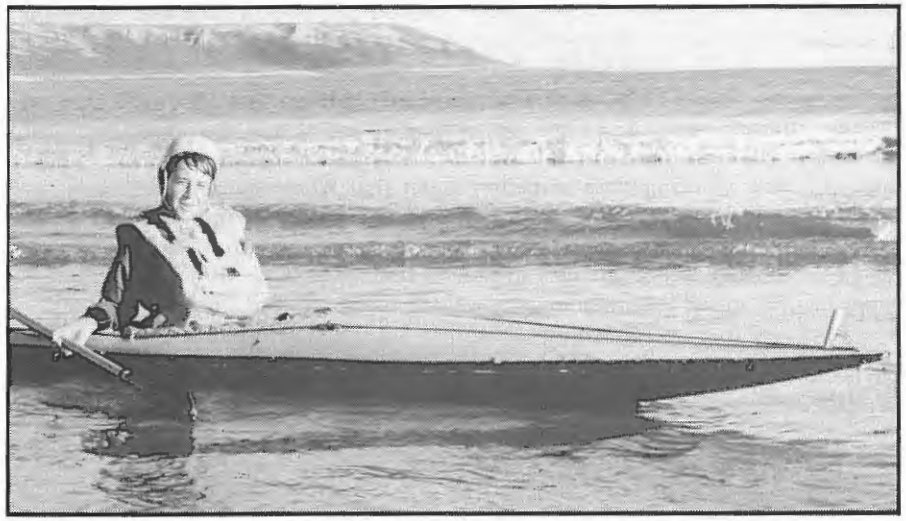
How different our present day courses in Outdoor Pursuits at Margam, Rhossili, and Rhosygwalia must seem when compared to the work-camps of the forties, in particular those at Stratford and Port Skewett, which appear to have been magnificent expeditions with their accompanying entourage of cooks and assistants.

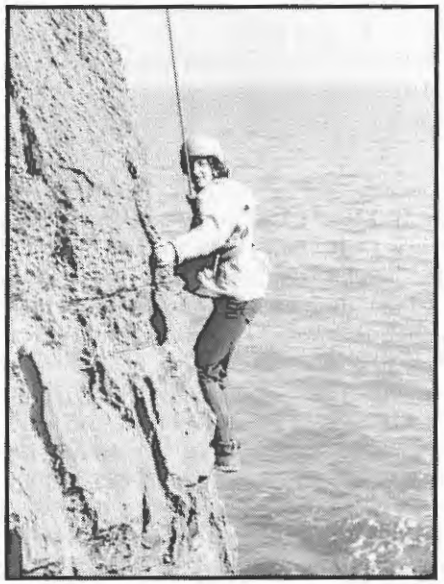
When reading the entertaining account of these 'holidays' which took place during the stresses and restrictions of the war years, it is refreshing to note the good spirit engendered among teachers and pupils.

An upsurge of soccer activity at senior level marked the fifties. At all levels there was participation in external tournaments. It was the time also of the rebirth of the Old Boys' cricket matches.

In the sixties the school for the first time organised courses for pupils in soccer refereeing and the Duke of Edinburgh award scheme.

Junior Soccer Team, 1949-50.





The magazines of the last decade describe the new nature of the school and an ever-increasing variety of outdoor activities. The magnificent gifts of a mini-bus (alas now on its last treads) and a Mirror Sailing Dinghy are recorded as enhancing the life of the school.

Since the amalgamation with Llwyn-y-Bryn the girls have played a full part in a wide range of activities and have made a major contribution to the school's success in these spheres.

Let it not be thought that Dynevor is not "athletic", for many an excellent Victor Ludorum has emerged from the annual school sports day. The school was also one of the founder members of the schools Athletics Championship. Athletics, gymnastics, rugby, soccer, cricket have been traditionally the main activities. Emphasis of course has fluctuated throughout the years and by the present time this list has increased to include netball, hockey, dance, and rounders. There can also be added sailing, canoeing, angling, orienteering, trampolining, rambling and what might be termed as minor games, but all important in their own right.

In all the traditional and new activities the school has been represented at all competitive levels. There is no doubt that Dynevor can hold its head high in the physical sphere and can compare favourably with other schools. But most importantly it is obvious that those who have participated throughout the century, have enjoyed the spirit, well-being, friendship and qualities fostered by their respective interests.

W.B.E.
(Head of P.E. Department)

Oxford — The True Story (?)

Five terms have passed, whose rain, low temperatures and heavy work-load often made them seem like five long winters, since I left Dynevor behind and became an Oxford undergraduate. Long enough, I hope, for me to gain some fairly reliable impressions of the nature of Oxford student life. Few sixth-formers preparing to go up, or wondering whether to apply, know what to expect. Indeed, anyone interested in Oxford is likely to receive his or her only impression of the place by being led along the Waugh-path of Brideshead and Bright Young Things beloved of the Sunday newspapers. Oxford isn't at all like that, and while my account may not be the 'whole truth', it will at least be closer to it than some.

And so to the basic factors. One of the few generalizations I would make about Oxford is that we, the students, seem to be working quite hard. I don't know whether this is the result of a new realism brought about by the country's economic situation, or whether it was always so in the past. Perhaps such a view is distorted, as my College, Merton, enjoys a good academic reputation, but Oxford students certainly work much harder than they admit. After all, protesting too much, along the lines of "I haven't picked up a book all term", tends to make one suspicious.

The Oxford tutorial system, which involves 'pupil' and 'teacher' meeting for just one hour a week for the student to read out and then discuss his essay, may seem appealing to both pupils and teachers in Dynevor, but in reality such an arrangement can cause problems! Some students find it difficult to make the transition from A level 'spoon-feeding' to almost total independence. But once this transition is achieved, the freedom gained (and the opportunity, rarely utilized, to perfect one's self-discipline!) far outweighs the disadvantages; though it would help if all tutors gave adequate reading lists, set useful questions and indicated roughly what they were looking for.

With such independence, the existence of the 'essay-crisis', when one either slaves away all night over a hot cup of coffee, or dashes off an essay in the two hours before a tutorial (or both), may seem surprising. But quite apart from being an extremely good university academically, Oxford has a lot to offer in the way of extra-curricular activities; and these, together with inefficient planning, affect how much time one spends working. The main activities include journalism, the Oxford Union Debating Society, politics, drama, music, and sport; in all of these competition is quite fierce, and back-stabbing intrigues and flattery are not rare, but then much of value is achieved too. This term I was fortunate enough to have a part in what was generally thought to be a fine production of Webster's "The White Devil"; though time-consuming and physically exacting, the whole business proved very worthwhile and enjoyable.

Oxford has much else to offer. The city is very beautiful; there are societies catering for almost every interest; and above all one values the good friends one makes here, people who are often from totally different backgrounds and hold totally different views. The sheer size of the university, and the greater social mix nowadays (though there are still too few students from comprehensive schools, and very few working-class students) mean that whatever one's interests, it is possible to find somewhere to fit in. I would, therefore, recommend that anyone who feels he has a chance of getting into Oxford should try to do so, though as far as I can see, the recent changes in the admissions policy will not and could not significantly adjust the imbalance one finds in the present intake.

I've placed more emphasis on Oxford's good side, even though one could paint a far less attractive picture, because I think I get more fed up with the students here who say, "I hate Oxford, everything and everyone's boring here," than with those who say, "If you don't love Oxford, you don't love life!" It is true that one's activities and various academic and non-academic pressures can be very wearing, that snobbery and pretentiousness are quite common, and that most people are shattered by 'Eighth Week'. But when set against the advantages of Oxford, such discontents seem unimportant. Here one is able to work hard and play hard (rest, to the detriment of one's health, is often ignored!), to broaden one's mind and one's interests. Above all one meets interesting and unusual people (by 'unusual' one often means 'strange'), and with luck discovers that the forces of creativity, idealism and intellectual exploration, if not that common, are alive and well. If one can avoid or ignore the ever-present trivia, much of real and permanent value may be gained from one's time at Oxford.

A.M.R. (1975-82)

Selections from Past School Magazines

A Typical Weekend for a 2R Boy

In most Forms, one looks forward to Saturday as a break in the monotony of the school week; but to the 2R boy, Saturday is looked forward to with abhorrence. The reason for this is the everlasting word "Homework". A boy does not feel like doing any on Friday night after a week in School, therefore he resolves to rise early on Saturday morning and have it finished by ten, in time to see the Schoolboy matches, and to cheer Mun. Sec. to victory. Alas for his hopes! It is the sound of the clock striking ten that awakes him. With the firm resolution that it will never happen again, he goes downstairs. After breakfast, he examines his satchel, well stocked with delightful things such as Heath's French Grammar, Collar & Daniels Latin Grammar, many other text books and innumerable exercise books, and sometimes (as in my own case) the cloth in which was wrapped the previous day's dinner! What a spectacle! Yet it cannot be helped. He pitches into the work and by dinner time (1 p.m.) has completed about a quarter of the work. *i.e.* the French, Latin and Model Drawing. Poor fellow! he felt sure of going to see a Cup-match that afternoon. In despair he returns to his tasks and finds that he has only half his Physics to do when tea time arrives (4.30 p.m.). He finishes this in time for supper at eight (Greenwich time). He makes firm resolutions to do his Homework on Friday night in future; a resolution that is kept for nearly a week!

* * *

Trains

What a painful ordeal it is to try and catch the morning train. First you must rise at the ridiculous hour of seven a.m. Then wash and dress and try to have some breakfast with many an anxious look at the clock. Just as you are lacing your boots in feverish haste your younger brother or sister rushes in with the dread news that the train is coming. Then begins a ghastly struggle for books, then the looking for your cap. It is in these moments that you thoroughly realize what it means to have troublesome brothers and sisters for it is "Willie, where is that book I lent you last night?" "Oh! upstairs under my pillow, I didn't quite finish reading it." When all the truant books are collected and the stubborn packet of sandwiches has been forced into your pocket, then with a piece of cake in your hand you make a dash for the station. At last the fence is reached and you scramble over just in time to see the fiendish grin on the driver's face as the engine goes past, and the looks of sympathy on your pals' faces as the train gathers speed.

* * *

School Concert & Dramatic Entertainment

The doors of Llewelyn Hall opened at 7.00 and before 7.30 the notice "House Full" was posted outside. There was great excitement and much chatter in the Hall until the bell rang and the curtain rose on Trevor Jones and the piano. Other musical items on violin and 'cello followed, and a song, "The Blind Boy" by Roy Jones. Then the star artiste, Garfield Phillips, gave an almost perfect rendering of *Il Trovatore* and was greeted by thunderous applause, during which the curtain rose and fell like a huge sea-gull in search of prey.

A tall, nervous youth now made his appearance before the footlights, and in a

"You would not think one of my age
Could speak in public on a stage"

style, recited with feeling and expression *Le Roi d'Yvetot*. At the end of each verse the School with a will chanted the chorus *Oh, Oh, Ah, Ah, Quel bon petit roi, c'etait la, La, La.* So this item was voted a roaring success.

Then followed a contribution from the Lower School:— The Lamentable Comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe. The Prologue in Elizabethan costume made the action of the play quite clear and introduced the various characters; Wall was a perfect example of the stone-mason's art, Lion proved too large for his skin or the latter was somewhat skimpy and stopped a trifle too soon; Moon entered with his lantern, bundle of sticks and his faithful Bonzo. Pyramus and Thisbe were voted simply sweet by every mother present and caused much laughter with "those yellow cheeks, that cherry nose," "I see a voice," "O night that ever art when day is not." Pyramus stabbed himself in a most realistic manner by plunging his dagger between his arm and side, and made matters quite clear by informing the audience that he was really "dead, dead, dead." He showed too strong a desire, however, to return from beyond the veil by rising again before the curtain quite concealed him from view.

(1924)

Examination Thoughts

Approach with dread those portals drear
Oh, all ye students gathered here,
See where the ag'd attendant sprite
With mind as black as raven night,
Bears ink and papers, pens and books
And o'er the throng casts baleful looks.

See yonder youth hard by the door,
Who sadly o'er his notes doth pore;
The tall one too who vows he'll "pip,"
And he who swears twill be a "snip."
Not one at ease amongst them all.

The youth hath shut his books and now
Says "Lord, I certainly shall plough,"
His neighbour then to cheer his woe
Asks "Have you read up so and so?"
The first who's quite forgot the point,
Begins to quake in every joint.

The sprite the doors now open wide
And thus harangues the crowd outside,
"All candidates who've paid their fee
Hand notes and note books here to me."
Then as he scans each anxious face,
"Your index number — there's your place."

Then as stentorian voice proclaims,
"Candidates must not use their names
But put their number by the side,
And leave a margin one inch wide,"
Then follow penalties all dire
To those who rouse his Jove-like-ire.

The clock goes round, the pens scratch on,
Three hours now are nearly gone,
So then the sprite his vigil o'er,
Yells "Candidates, five minutes more;"
And next, with vile and fiendish grin,
"Time's up, all hand your papers in."

Then each one as he's pass'd the door,
His laboured breath draws free once more.
Some say they found the paper stiff,
Others would have done well — if;
But all as home they wend their way
Are glad tis over for the day.

(1931)

* * *

The Royal Visit

The School was indeed honoured when the Choir was 'commanded' to sing at the Brangwyn Hall on March 30th, before their Majesties the King and Queen and Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth at the end of their industrial tour of South Wales.

After scenes of great rejoicing all along the route, the Royal Party, on arriving at the Guildhall, made its way towards the Brangwyn Hall, where the only occupants were the School Choir of 250 boys under the leadership of Mr. Gwilym Roberts, with Mr. Ivor Owen at the organ and Mrs. Roberts at the piano, the Director of Education (Dr. Elfed Thomas) and the Head Master.

Just as the King and Queen were entering, the Choir, thrilled by the actual presence of their Majesties, sang "God Save the King" most stirringly, and when the Royal Party had taken their places a few yards from the platform, out poured the grand strains of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus", to which their Majesties listened with obviously real attention. Then followed Dewi Rees's exquisite rendering of G. Munro's "My Lovely Celia."

Since the Royal Party had been delayed on the way, there was no time to give the rest of the prepared programme, but we were all immensely proud when the King and Queen called for Mr. Roberts and congratulated him very heartily, the Queen adding that she would have gladly listened to half-an-hour of such singing.

When the ceremony was over, Alderman Percy Morris (to whose inspiration the honour paid the Choir was largely due), on behalf of Sir Gerald Bruce, Senior Regional Commissioner, thanked the School for its contribution towards the success of the Royal Visit. At this moment, large numbers of people entered the Hall and we were called upon to give several choruses.

The School itself most warmly thanks all those who were in any way responsible for this proud and memorable event in the lives of its choir boys and in its own history: the setting of the Brangwyn Hall on a gloriously fine afternoon, the expectation, the realisation, the joy, the Royal presence, the music, the pride, the gratitude, the affection and the loyalty!

(1944)

The Cliffs of Desolation

I wandered dreamily along
Content in the solitude
The air was hot and still
I heard the sea
A sound of breaking waves
The only sound I could hear

I suddenly had a glimpse of the sea
Peering from behind some cliffs
The cliffs were a black silhouette
Outlined against the Autumnal sky
Black jagged pinnacles of rock
Groping to the sky.

The sun began to set
The breakers crashed eternally down.
On the cold, remorseless rocks
Doomed to be a target of nature's furies
To eternally peer out of the sea
As the tides eternally came.

T.H. (1970)

* * *

Humble Offerings

A poem he said,
Write a poem for homework,
Huh, let him try it.

A poem is a beautiful means of communication
He said.
It is a mass of words
Jumbled together.

The other day he read a poem,
"Two Deaths" of Elizabeth someone or other;
It was a mass of words,
Jumbled, cleverly jumbled together.

A poem he said.

M.C. (1970)

Silent Boughs

Silent boughs weep leafy tears —
They stand so still, and ever will they wisely watch
The passing of the years.
On sombre nights they moan and creak,
With silent whispers speak strange thoughts and fears,
Dark passions, not fit for human ears.

Yet waspish winds are soon away,
Replaced by soothing breezes, that, zephyr-light,
Entice the flight of tinted leaf to greying day.
A rising sun feeds warmth to free the bond of night,
Caresses injured spirits that wounded face the day
The trees stretch out their limbs, fulfil their height,
Become once more the watchful.

How many curious travellers have watched a wayside tree
For fleeting moments caught by webs of thought
Come deep from wooden heart never wishing to be free —
And wandered on, wiser men, perhaps disturbed by things they feel but cannot see?
The silent boughs weep no more.

D.H. (1973)

* * *

Winter Desolation

I wander along the snowy flatness, the wind catches me and I shudder and shiver violently. The birds which have not migrated have thickened their plumage for the winter; I wish I had donned thicker 'plumage'. My plastic mackintosh flaps noisily in the gale. I am tired and it is night.

The trees have lost their fresh leaves, only bare branches remain. A crows' nest is perched high up in the elm twigs. Two ancient sentinels of the darkness push their pointed fingers to the black moonless night. The grey, peeling bark is covered on one side by the crisp, adhesive January snow. A lone robin on his life-hunt, pauses to rest on the springy uppermost twig of an antique oak that has seen better days. It offers little shelter for the starving red-breasted bird. A gust of wind blows the fragile twig to and fro until the tiny creature is whisked away from its perch into the timeless oblivion of the white-speckled night.

The moor is a white, flowing sea of frothy snow, moving like hot Sahara sands before the merciless biting gale. There is emptiness around except for a few

stunted trees. I walk and walk. My boots accumulate the snow and footprints go back to the misty horizon. The vast silken moorland undulates gently as far as the eye can see and I lose my sense of direction. The wind whips the snow into a miniature tornado and the howling of the icy winds reverberates across Dartmoor.

Here and there on the otherwise naked moorland, shafts of dead trees stand in contrast to the snow-clad ground. They point their gaunt fingers to the greyness above. I come across a tarred, slushy road. Wheel ruts of mud and brown slush mar the blue-white sheet around. The skeleton of an unfortunate cat who had died, maybe last year, maybe the year before, lies half buried in the gutter snow.

A lone policeman patrols the brightest white with his old, sniffing Alsatian dog. They look out in vain for any convict who dares to attempt escape from the cold wet prison. The policeman's helmet glitters with unmelted snow and his inadequate cape flaps behind him, revealing an old, slightly faded uniform. The poor dog pants and exhales smokey patterns in the freezing air.

On the brow of a gentle hill ahead, an electric lamp, denoting a house, shines out to me, illuminating the swirling snow. I trudge towards it, anticipating a cup of cocoa and glowing warmth from the generous, flickering embers of a Dartmoor log fire.

W.E. (1974)

* * *

Moonscape

Blue-tinged by earthshine,
From velvet-black sky
Sun-baked and pitted,
Airless and dry.
Speckled with footprints
And American flags,
Smooth open plains
And savage sharp crags.
Dusty and rocky,
Frozen by night,
Shining forever
With pale golden light.
Battered and pot-holed
Like a stone gruyere cheese,
The scene will not change
There's not even a breeze.

H.W. (1975)

Two Kinds of Love

All around him he sees such suffering,
Enough to make man turn to
A new materialistic doctrine,
And yet he must refuse it.

For though all the untold suffering that
Satan and his Black Angels
Bring, he sees two bright hopes in Him and Pat
Who with all his heart he loves.

Infinite and finite he loves the two,
And yet he knows distinction
For it is He who tells him what to do
And that leads to contrition.

Two kinds of love form an internal strife
Which he has to remedy —
Should he love Him more than her in this life,
Is this his Purgatory?

Her death has solved his fearful choice
— Suffering 'tis sure there is —
Finite and Godhead now are one
In awful symmetry.

A.G. (1964)

To the Olympian

Breezes reconcile pale seas
  To cool divinity,
The drowning man
  Senses no hangman's wave
Hears only the whispered voices
  Of the dreamless deep,
Herald of oblivious sleep.

Ye gods know not
  The pangs of Time
Man's holy thankless dowry,
  Sensitive, recalling Past
Present and that which has to be,
  A mantled stream of humanity.

A living face, a link
  In a mortal chain,
Yours are but fetters
  Of crippling immortality
Obstructing evening's mirrored glow.
  Numb to death, ye ignore the flow.

H.D. (1973)

The River

The river flows on,
Silently, sluggishly, slowly,
Not a care in the world.
He pays no heed to the swan
Upon his dirty grey waters;
He cares not what the fishermen do,
Or what the boys throw;
He cares not that the boaters
Row upon his dirty grey waters.

He listens not to the ship's foghorn;
He pays no heed to the swimmers;
He does not mind the cold, the mist;
He cares not if it's cold or warm.

Silently, sluggishly, slowly,
The river flows on.

P.T. (1968)

* * *

The Healing Hours

Softly the stretching shadows of the Night
  Persuade the weary Day to rest:
Man's pomp and proud ambitions tear the white
  Fleecy wings of Day, and azure breast,
The sands run on, fresh projects hurt and slay,
And every eve, the blood of battered day
Flows in the sky, and stains each silent bay.

Lulled into sleep by gently whispering trees
  And golden streams, Day's strength returns.
The drifting moon, the stars, a nervous breeze
  Attend his rest 'mongst dreaming ferns.
When darkness fades there comes radiant dawn,
Yet, glistening drops remain on web and lawn —
Tears of the Night, for pain that day has borne.

J.M.P. (1959)

Loneliness

I am all alone.
Nobody else.
I have the whole world to myself.
But there's no-one to share it with.
No human voices just the animals.
And the voice of the wind.

No radio or television.
No music or street lights.
No people to talk to.
Ever again.

I am all alone like one spaceman floating through the universe.
I feel like the very first human.
Sharing the world with the other creatures.
Waiting for the second human.
But I know it will never come.

I lie awake for hours in the darker than usual nights.
Hearing the voices of people I used to know in my mind.
Now they are all gone there is only me.
Just me in the world.
It's all mine but I don't want it.

P.L. (1983)

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