

Llanelly Boys' Grammar School Magazine



BERNARD T. HUGHES

Vol. LVI. No. 1.

CONTENTS.

PRICE 1/-

Editorial	3	Music Notes	18
Nodiadau Golygyddol	4	Literary and Debating Society	19
De Omnibus Rebus	5	Biology Laboratory Notes	20
Quaint Quotations	6	Y Gymdeithas Gymraeg a'r Urdd	21
Head Prefect's Message	7	School Societies	22-25
Cystadleuaeth Stori Fer	12	School Magazine 50 Years Ago	28
The School Election	15	Rugby, Tennis, Harriers	29-31
Top of the Form	16	Old Boys Union	32

Christmas, 1951.

Llanelly Boys' Grammar School

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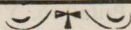
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LLANELLY

Boys' Grammar School Magazine



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CHRISTMAS 1951.

* * * *

EDITORIAL.

Once again the time has come round for the Editors to put away their blue pencils and take up the pen to introduce the School Magazine. We realise with a shock that the day of publication has caught up with us at last and that we must bring to an end our frantic rushings from one end of the School to the other and our desperate pleas and threats for articles to be re-written. So, with a reluctant refusal here, and a hesitant suggestion there, with a smile and a frown, we have managed to hammer into shape another miscellany of news, views, topics, tales, articles and the resultant bric a brac left over from fourteen weeks of school life.

We have tried not to increase the quantity but the quality of the articles. By sparing a little less space to reports and a little more of original material we have tried to make the issue a little more like a magazine and less like a record. This, we find, has proved to be an onerous task. If the reader can imagine the Editorial Board swept by a sea of envelopes, newspapers, pages ripped from exercise books, letters, excuses and anonymous threats then he will appreciate a little of the difficulties that lay before us. To impress upon the noblest and humblest that true writing comes from art, not chance, has been our unenviable task. Consequently, it is to the Muses that we dedicate this little issue.

Now that all is complete, we can sit back happily and put our feet on the mantelpiece, satisfied that the School Magazine is once more ready "to go to bed." We have prepared a varied dish; we have tried to amuse without offending, instruct without boring, to entertain with good taste and to show novelty without ostentation. Perhaps we have not altogether succeeded in our task, but if something of this mixed-grill will prove acceptable to the reader's palate, then we shall feel that our time has not been mis-spent.

We prepare with relish, therefore, to partake of the good things that the coming festive season has to offer. We hope that all associated with "Yr Ysgol ar y Bryn," masters, fellow-pupils, old boys and friends, wherever they may be, when they pick up this little book at Christmas will look upon it as a greeting. It only remains for us to convey our own sincere good wishes for a happy Yuletide and a fruitful New Year and to submit this offering to your favour.

JAMES HENDERSON
E. NOEL EDWARDS
D. HARDING REES

NODIADAU GOLYGYDDOL.

A thymor y Nadolig wrth y drws, dyma gyfle unwaith eto i gyfarch y Cymry (o iaith) yn yr heniaith.

Wrth fwrw golwg yn ôl dros fywyd Cymreig yr ysgol am y tymor, diolchwn am y lle amlwg sydd i'r iaith Gymraeg a'r bywyd Cymreig ynddi. Y mae'n diolch yn ddyledus i'r Prifathro, Y Meistri sy'n dysgu Cymraeg yn yr ysgol, a'r meistri a gymer gymaïnt o ddiddordeb yn y pethau Cymreig ym mywyd yr ysgol.

Ond y prif sefydliad yn yr ysgol am hyrwyddo'r iaith a'r diwylliant ydyw'r Gymdeithas Gymraeg. Wrth edrych yn ôl, gwelwn fod iddi orffennol teg, a'i llwyddiant yn rhyfeddol. Y mae i'r Gymdeithas draddodiad, a diolchwn am hynny. Ond peth peryglus ydyw traddodiad. Os ydym am fyw ar draddodiad, gan bwyso ar ein rhwyfau, yna hollol ddi-rym a di-werth ydyw. Rhywbeth i'w gario ymlaen ydyw traddodiad, a'i ogoniant ydyw ei dros-glwyddo. Ni all y Gymdeithas Gymraeg, yn fwy na'r un sefydliad arall (boed blwyfol neu genedlaethol), fyw ar ei thraddodiad, er mor wych y bo. Felly, gofynnwn yn ddiymhongar, am well cefnogaeth i'r Gymdeithas yn y dyfodol, fel y gallwn ni, bawb ohonon, dros-glwyddo'r traddodiad, a'r etifeddiaeth deg a roddwyd i ni, i'r rhai sy'n dyfod ar ein hôl.

Dengys y tudalennau a ganlyn fod bywyd yr ysgol yn para yr un mor eang ag erioed. Ymfalchiwn yn y llwyddiant a gafodd y tîm o'r ysgol ar y rhaglen radio "Top of the Form," ac fe'i llongyfarchwn hwynt yn wresog ar ddyfod yn bencampwyr Cymru. Dymunwn bob llwyddiant iddynt yn yr ymgiprys terfynol.

Aros a mynd ydyw hi yn hanes yr ysgol fel ym mhopeth arall. Eisoes gwelwyd "bugeiliaid newydd ar yr hen fynyddoedd hyn." Aeth y bechgyn hynaf "i wneuthur eu rhan ym mywyd ehangach y byd," ac yn eu lle daeth mintai gref o fechgyn ieuanc i ddechrau eu taith drwy'r ysgol.

Aeth Mr. Huw Roberts o'r ysgol erbyn hyn, a diolchwn iddo am ei wasanaeth yn yr adran Gymraeg, tra fu Mr. J. R. Williams yn cymryd mantell Mr. W. Rees yn ei afiechyd. Croesawn Mr. Rees yn ôl i'r ysgol gan obeithio iddo gael llwyr iachâd. Croesawn Mr. Williams yn ôl i'r "aelwyd" Gymraeg hefyd; chwithig oedd cael gwersi Cymraeg hebddo, a'i glywed yn sôn am Shakespeare a Wordsworth, a ninnau wedi cynefino â'i glywed yn sôn am Ellis Wynne a W. J. Gruffydd!

Ond boed pethau fel y bônt, dyma'r amser yn y flwyddyn pan fydd dynoliaeth yn anghofio treialon a gofidiau ac yn atsain "Ar y ddaear tangnefedd i ddynion ewyllys da." Ac yn swn y geiriau yna dymunaf Nadolig Llawn a Dymuniadau Gorau'r Flwyddyn Newydd i bawb.

D. HARDING REES (VI).

JAMES HENDERSON
F. NOEL EDWARDS
D. HARDING REES

DE OMNIBUS REBUS.

It is with pleasure that we report that, following his serious illness, Mr. Shaw has recovered sufficiently to resume once more his place at the helm of the scholastic ship.

We welcome also Mr. William Rees, who has returned to resume his duties as English master, and Mr. Neville Thomas, who joined us in September to teach Mathematics.

We extend our deepest sympathies to Mr. M. Thomas on the death of his mother, and to Mr. H. Gwynne Jones, on the death of his father.

To Mr. Jones we wish the best of luck in his new post as lecturer in Psychology in the University of London Institute of Psychiatry.

During the term we have, as usual, been visited by students from Aberystwyth and Swansea.

We take this opportunity of congratulating the School team in "Top of the Form." The team consists of the captain, Roger Buckland, Michael Russell, Brian Davies and Brian Evans. After becoming Welsh champions, they play against a Scottish team.

We congratulate John George, Wynford Evans, Keri Thomas and David Hughes on gaining State Scholarships.

We were proud to note that J. B. Thomas was "runner-up" in the award of the Bryn Isaac Memorial Prize as best Llanelly athlete of the year.

Gifts of books to the School have been made by John D. Thomas Henry Gwyn Davies and Raymond Jones. These are much appreciated.

In conclusion, the editors would like to express their gratitude to those who have been sufficiently public-spirited to contribute to the Magazine.

JAMES HENDERSON (VI)

E. NOEL EDWARDS (VI)

QUAINT QUOTATIONS.

Heard on Gate Duty:—

"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape
That dost, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder Gates?"

—Milton, "Paradise Lost."

Form Six Arts:—

"O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!"

Coleridge, "The Ancient Mariner."

Physics Laboratory:—

"The undiscovered country, from whose town
No traveller returns . . ."

Shakespeare, "Hamlet."

Prefects:—

"Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger, which they fear,
And honour, which they do not undersand."

Wordsworth.

School Dinner:—

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare."

Grey, "The Bard."

Six Form Club:—

"Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet."

Shakespeare, "Twelfth Night."

Form Two:—

"Let him grow awhile,
His Fate is not yet ripe."

B. Jonson, "Sejanus."

Top of the Form:—

"Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise."

Tennyson, "In Memoriam."

Higher Mathematics:—

"They found no end in wandering mazes lost."

Milton.

Examiner:—

"Cased in unfeeling armour."

Wordsworth.

Morning of the Examination:—

"Now I can go no further; well or ill 'tis done
I must desist and take my chance."

Browning.

After the Examination:—

"Where is now the glory and the dream?"

Wordsworth.

Form Five:—

"They went about their gravest deeds
As noble boys at play."

Scott.

Suitable Titles:—

Detention—or "Of Human Bondage"—W. S. Maughan.
Rugby XV—or "The Heroes"—Kingsley.
Higher Boys—or "Little Men"—L. Alcott.
Economics Boys—or "Ends and Means"—A. Huxley.

Wordsworth.

HEAD PREFECT'S MESSAGE.

For many a young boy this is the end of his first term in the Senior School. He has, perhaps, noted many minor details of school life that a senior boy takes for granted, and has found them rather strange. To one coming from the junior school, our building must have seemed gaunt and depressing, particularly the dark corridors and concrete flooring in many of the classrooms. With a few minor upheavals, however, these floors have been transformed into polished block flooring, giving a very pleasing effect.

Within a week or so from the beginning of term, the sudden and unfortunate absence of Mr Shaw may have unsettled a younger lad more than a senior whose survival depends so much on his chancellor—like adaptability to his surroundings. Although he was absent, Mr Shaw's good influence still prevailed over the School and work was carried on as usual.

Although well acquainted with the existence of school societies, a boy from the lower school finds new and fascinating groups being renewed for another session in the senior school; with the exception of the Sixth Form Club, he may attend any of their meetings.

A new, and perhaps rather frightening aspect of life in the upper school is the presence of Prefects who, at first, seem to possess unlimited powers for terrorising younger boys! Soon, however, they resume more normal proportions and he realises that they act only in the interests of discipline.

As the term progressed, School seemed to catch the "Election Fever", partly due to the mock election held by the Literary and Debating Society. The highlight of the unusual activities has been the inclusion of School in the "Top of the Form" series by the B.B.C. Amid great enthusiasm, the first round, played in the new school at Pwll, was won by our resolute team. Having reached the semi-finals we have high hopes for our future matches; there has been much interest shown in both the method and the equipment used in recording these programmes.

So the end of term comes round again and terminal examinations have gone by, for better or worse; the festive season is getting into full swing and the spirit of Christmas prevails, bringing relaxation to some, but to others the proximity of the G.C.E. examinations and more hard work. To these boys we wish the best of luck.

BRYNLEY KNOTT, Head Prefect.

EUROPE'S DISAPPEARING WILD ANIMALS

While human being multiply rapidly and steadily, some wild animals in Europe, and in fact, all over the world, are gradually disappearing. Disappearing on account of many reasons, the two chief ones being hardship and lack of food, and because man, with his weapons, is killing them, sometimes from necessity, and sometimes just for the wanton joy of hunting and killing.

Europe was once very rich and abounding in wild animals, but now they are becoming increasingly rare.

Before the war there were 97 bison in Europe, protected in semi-captivity. There were also a few wild oxen. But animals were not intended to live in captivity and they are almost extinct.

The elk, a great deer with great antlers of many feet in length, has not been seen in France since Christianity began. The Germans created great reserves for this noble animal in Prussia. Despite this, there are only a few thousand left today, although, beyond doubt, this has helped greatly in their preservation.

A very interesting animal, or rather bird, is the black stork. There are evidences of just two nests of these birds being in existence in Europe. The black stork is a handsome bird with head, neck and upper parts of a brownish black colour, glossed with a metallic purple, copper or green lustre with white under parts. Its legs and beak are red. It is a very shy bird and is never found near habitation. It makes its home in a swamp or a very high tree in a secluded place. Its nest is usually about four feet in diameter and very well built.

A very cunning animal, the lynx, is still found on the Spanish slopes of the Pyrenees. These animals make swoops in large packs on nearby towns and villages and carry off anything that they can. Their victims are usually small lambs or chickens or any other animals which are smaller than themselves. They are very greedy animals and are usually cowardly, except when cornered, in which position they fight with the ferocity of a wolf.

With this disappearance of wild beasts, scientists and governments have found need to protect these animals in National Reserves. The most notable of these is Yellowstone Park, U.S.A., which covers 33,750 square miles. Here hot springs and geysers abound. Animal life really thrives and some of the best of America's scenic beauty is to be found here.

In the Commonwealth, the greatest National Reserve is the Kruger National Park in Africa. This is a game reserve covering some 1,200 square miles.

In the same manner bears are being protected in the Pyrenees. But in 1950 many of them had to be shot, for in winter, when plant food was exceptionally scarce, they became carnivorous and attacked sheep.

In 813, wolves were so abundant in Europe, that Charlemagne appointed two "Masters of Wolf Hunts," whose sole task it was to destroy wolves. Now they are almost extinct and it is only due to the Germans that they exist at all. For when the war ended, they let their police patrol dogs run wild all along the Spanish frontiers. They mated with the last true wolves and so revived them.

These wolves have now become a menace and despite large scale hunts, the Spaniards have not succeeded in exterminating them, since the animals, having lived among men, become very cunning and evade all attempts at capture.

There still exists a "Master of Wolf Hunts" who is now reduced to Master of Boar Hunts," but perhaps he will, one day, be able to live up to his name again and go hunting the wolf as did his predecessors during those days of long ago!

W. B. DAVIES, IIIA2.

VARIETY AND ETERNITY.

Mountain and river, railway, road and town
 Pattern this land, shaped in the centuries' mould.
 Steep of her northern hills and steel crags' frown
 And Tyneside's silhouette derricks outlined, bold.
 And the essence of the Midland plain
 And weathered farms and cities in the rain,
 Smoke blanketed potteries and an angry train
 In the Black Country.
 And London's rampart, the Chilterns bear
 Their beech woods, close cropped as dark hair.
 On the rounded heads of the hills.
 And Berkshire slopes echo horses' feet,
 And Cotswold country sees many a meet
 Of huntsmen and hounds: and a skylark trills
 Above the Downs, humping, bracing to meet the sea
 With the southern cliffs staring haughtily
 On a foreign land. And the West Country
 Has red earth, apples and wandering coasts
 And granite uplands and perennial hosts
 On the 'Riviera'.
 So, in such rhapsodies of scene the land has caught
 The echoes of time and each succeeding age
 And mellow lingering of a deep eternal note,
 And house and farm and factory have wrought
 Variety is an infinite heritage.

R. BUCKLAND (VIA)

SNOW.

It is ten o'clock and has just begun to snow. It is dark outside, for the sky is quite overcast and there is no moon. Up there on the mountain it must be blowing hard. Mark has just come in and is squatting by the fire listening to the wind, cleaning his climbing boots. The hut is warm inside but very lonely. We have been in here all day, Mark and I, waiting for the blizzard to come, and as we wait, every hour grows longer. All through the day the wind has been growing stronger, howling over the ridge and down to the glacier, flicking the snow off the col in little flurries and leaving a plume-like smoke trailing behind the peak. Great storm clouds have been piling up in tumbled brown masses over the skyline. Now the wind is a gale and the clouds are breaking up into snow. This storm is going to be a bad one.

Mark has been very quiet and it is worrying me. I do not like this silence of his, the way that he sits there in the firelight, all hunched up, staring and staring as he busies himself with the job of oiling his boots; it is as if he knows something of which he is afraid to speak and is brooding over it. The look in his eyes is one of fear and apprehension, like that of a child which is lost, yet somehow it is evil, too. I am afraid of Mark tonight, especially because of the gathering storm . . .

We are fifteen kilometres from the nearest chalet and are perched almost under the precipice. Above that, there is a snow slope stretching right up to the ridge forming a shoulder to the peak. On a clear day we can see the Matterhorn and all the crests sticking out like islands in the clouds. Sometimes, when it is warm, we can hear the snow shifting above us on top of the cliff; then the hut trembles and the whole mountain seems to shiver. There have been avalanches here, but Mark says that we are protected by a buttress; if that were in some way to break, then at a fresh fall the whole snow slope would slide over the precipice on to us. Mark says there is a million tons of it up there, stretching up to the ridge, fifteen feet deep and packed tight and everything poised on that one tiny spur of rock.

It was yesterday that I noticed the change in Mark; before he went out he was just the same as usual. When he had gone up on the ridge, so he said, there was an awful noise all of a sudden, like the report of a cannon or a peal of thunder. And when the echoes had died away there was silence again—a dead silence, a calm like nothing I have felt before here in the mountains—you notice these things here, you understand me. When he came in again, he had a strained look in his eyes. He was quite grey and dazed as if he had received a shock and he didn't smile or speak. He wouldn't tell me what was the matter. All day long he has sat there and said nothing—nothing, and staring without seeing. At lunch he spilled boiling coffee over his hands but he hardly seemed to feel it. And now, he is sitting by the fire, greasing those black climbing boots of his and I can see that he is trembling.

The snow is becoming thicker now. It is piling up in the corners of the window frame and then melting and sliding down the glass; it is coming in under the door and falling down the chimney, hissing in the fire. Now and again a gust of wind slaps the smoke down into the room. The curtains are swinging slowly in the draughts as if there is somewhere an invisible hand pushing them backwards and forwards. The papers rustle on the table and I can hear the rafters creak under the heavy weight of the snow on the roof. I am cold.

Suddenly, there is a lull in the gale. Out of the corner of my eye I can see Mark looking up and staring at me. The firelight plays upon his face. He wipes his brow which is beaded with sweat and turns to put his boots away. It is strange that there should be this lull in the rage of the gale—I have never noticed it happen before. It is almost quite calm again. And Mark's chair grates on the floor as he turns back to the fire. The wind is sighing and moaning a little and the snow is pattering against the window and Mark is breathing hard as he picks up a log and my pen scratches against the paper as I write.

Mark has dropped the log with a clatter and I jump with fright. He does not bend to pick it up. What has disturbed him? I can see him looking up big-eyed, staring out of the window past the whirling snowflakes into the night, his head tilted to one side and craning forward like a frightened hare, listening, watching. Something is the matter with him, he is waiting for something to happen. He is like a child afraid in the dark.

I am afraid. Something is happening here tonight. The whole hut is beginning to tremble. The cups are rattling on the table and I can feel the floor throbbing. Mark has jumped to his feet. A sheet of snow slithers off the roof past the window with a clump. I can see the paraffin splashing in the lamp. Something dreadful is happening. I wish I were away from this place—I am so scared. Mark has made a jump for the door. There is a wild roaring in the wind again. It is a crashing snarl like the rolling of drums or an express train. It comes from high up there in the gale and the night, on the ridge. Mark has opened the door and the snow whips past him in a wailing gust into the room, deafening, blinding. He is shouting something and waving his hands, pointing up the precipice, hanging on to the door with one hand. The whole hut is swaying. Mark is shouting something into the wind—"The buttress . . . this morning . . . split . . . avalanche . . . snow." The wind tears the words from him. He is laughing because the buttress has broken. We could have escaped in time but he said nothing and now we are trapped here, alone. The lamp is overturned now and I can't see to write anymore. God help us, we are going to die. I can hear the snow slope moving. Through the window I can see a great white sheet curling over the precipice above us.

J. HENDERSON (VI).

CART A DONCI.

O na bawn yn lle Twmi
Yn berchen cart a donci,
Mi awn a'r merched ieuainc ffraeth
I mofyn gwydd i Fali.
Pe cawn i gart a donci
Fel sydd gan Twmi Twmi,
Mi awn a'r merched ieuainc ffraeth
I weled traeth y Barri.
Pan gaf i gart a donci
Fel sydd gan Twmi Twmi
Ni fydd yn drafferth unrhyw bryd
I grwydro'r byd a'i firi.
Pan ddaw y cart a'r donci
Yn eiddo im fel Twmi,
Fe blyga pawb i'm lleiaf arch
A chaf bob parch pryd hynny.

KENNETH RICHARDS (3B2)

CYSTADLEUAETH STORI FER.

Gorweddai'r llyn fel mantell arian yng ngolau'r lloer, a sw'n cusanau'r gwynt a'r dail wrth ddywedyd rhin yn farwnad berffaith i dranc y dydd. Atgof oedd yr haul a'i dës ysblennydd; coedwigoedd petal bob blodyn; diflannodd yr aderyn olaf gyda diflaniad beunyddiol y haul; sgrêch arswydus y dylluan hurt yn unig a oresgynai ar dangnefedd yr hwyrnos.

Distawrwydd.

Ond adwaith meidrol i'r tangnefedd yma oedd llid, a'r gŵr a safai wrth ymyl y llyn oedd canolbwynt hwnnw.

Edrychai Ifan Ifans yn synfyfyriol i'r llyn, a gwelai ei hun yn y dwr grisial, clir. Trôdd ei lygaid am ennyd i edrych ar yr ellydd a amgylch-ynnai'r llyn gan daflu eu du wawr ar ymylon y llyn arian. Yn ogystal a'r ilid oedd yn ei galon, daeth ton a ddialedd drosto—dialedd ar fywyd. Beth a wnaeth ef, Ifan Ifans, y blaenor ffyddlon, i haeddu hyn? Un brwydr a fu ei fywyd ar ei hyd, and brwydr bron gorffen ydoedd. Castelloedd yn yr awyr a fu ei gestyll ef ers blynyddoedd, ac er iddo dreio adeiladu ar sylfaen, deuai rhywbeth o hyd i'w lesteirio. Addunedau yn unig fu ei fywyd.

Ond daeth gwaredigaeth.

Meddyliasai Ifan Ifans mai gweld ei fywyd helbulus yn ail ymagor a wna'r foment fel hon. Na, Pethau a ddigwyddai mewn llyfrau straeon yn unig oedd y rheiny. Cofiai ddarllen am wr yn sefyll yr un fath ag yntau gyda'r un pwrpas mewn golwg, a chyn iddo daflu ei hunan i mewn i'r dŵr, ei fywyd yn ail-ymagor—a gwaredigaeth. Ond eto, nid gwaredigaeth meddyliai Ifan Ifans, ond rhwystr.

A dyma yntau, nid yn ail-fyw hen brofiadau ond yn meddwl am y llythyr a gafodd y bore hwnnw—a ffordd gwaredigaeth. Ar ôl marwolaeth Elin, ei wraig, nid oedd ganddo yntau ddim i fyw iddo ond rhoi ei fywyd i Alun, ei unig blentyn. Dyna pryd y dechreuodd gilio o'r capel, meddyliodd, a throi yn afradlon. Ond nid oedd yn ddrwg ganddo heddiw. Gwasanaeth i Alun fu ei fywyd ef ar ei hyd, yn wir, hyd y bore yma. Ond yn awr, beth oedd ganddo i fyw iddo? Aeth ei unig gysur.

Clywodd ers misoedd am erchylltra rhyfel, ond 'nawr y daeth tipyn o'r erchylltra hwnnw i Ifan Ifans. Beth oedd o bwys iddo ef os oedd miloedd yn cael eu lladd bob dydd dros iawnderau? Yr un bywyd bu rhaid iddo yntau fyw. Gweithio yn y lofa, adref i ymolchi a gwisgo, darllen papur ac i'r gwely. Dydd o gyflog dydd Gwener. Dyna ei fywyd ef ers blynyddoedd bellach. Ond tra yr oedd Alun ganddo yr oedd popeth yn iawn.

Ond nid rhyfel dros iawnderau dyn ydoedd. Ni fu ef erioed mor ffôl â chredu rhyw ffiloreg felly. Na, rhyfel a aeth â bywyd ei unig blentyn ydoedd; dyna ei erchylltra. Beth a faliai ef am wareiddiad mewn perygl, a phethau tebyg. Pethau i wladweinyddion a gwleidyddwyr oedd pethau felly; rhywbeth iddynt hwy siarad yn eu cych. Yr oeddynt hwy yn eithaf diogel! Byrlymai Ifan Ifans o ddygasedd; yn wir dygasedd wedi ei bersonoli ydoedd.

Gofidiasai ers misoedd bellach am Alun. Beth fyddai ei dynged? Ni wyddai Ifan Ifans y pryd hynny; gwyddai yn eithaf da 'nawr. Ond oedd y llythyr dieflig yn profi hynny. "Captain Alun D. Evans killed in action—August 1944."

Beth oedd ei M.A. werth iddo erbyn hyn? meddyliai Ifan Ifans. Beth oedd addysg ym Mhrifysgol Rhydychen werth iddo heddiw? Beth oedd ei addysg werth iddo? A dyma yntau Ifan Ifans, wedi gweithio "overtime" bron bob nos i'w gadw yn Rhydychen. Beth oedd hynny werth heddiw? Edrychodd ar y llyn, a'r dŵr croesawgar. Byddai well iddo fod wedi taflu ei arian i mewn i'r llyn, na'u gwastraffu ar addysg Alun. Ond 'nawr dyma yntau ar fin taflu ei hunan i mewn i'r llyn. Rhyfel neu beidio, ganddo ef oedd y gair olaf. Ef oedd llywodraethwr bywyd.

Tarodd llaw rhywun Ifan Ifans yn dyner ar ei ysgwydd. Trôdd yn sydyn. Adnabu'r wyneb yn ngolau'r lleuad fel eiddo Hugh Davies—potsier mwyaf yr ardal. Siaradodd ag Ifan gan gydymdeimlo ag ef am golli ei fab. Clywodd Ifan Ifans ond ni wrandawodd. Trôdd y ddau tuag adref, a Hugh yn siarad heb stop.

Cododd Ifan Ifans yn gynnar trannoeth a throï at y lofa. Os rhwys-trodd Hugh Davies ef 'neithiwr y mae yn sicr heno. Cyrhaeddodd y chwarel, ac aeth at ei waith yn syth.

Tuag un ar ddeg yr hwyr honno gwelwyd pedwar gŵr yn cario arch i dŷ Ifan Ifans. Dyna'r pedwerydd arch i'w gario i'r pentref o'r dref yn ystod y dydd, i ddal cyrff y rhai a laddwyd yn ystod y cwmp ofnadwy yn y lofa yn gynnar y bore hwnnw.

Distawrwydd a nodweddaï'r llyn y noson honno hefyd. Yr un oedd lliw arian y llyn; yr un swm y gwynt wrth gusanu'r dail; yr un oedd sgrech arswydus y dylluan huc. Ond yr oedd llywodraethwr bywyd a'i waredig-aeth, yn rhy brysur, ac yn rhy gyfforddus yn arch Rogers y Saer i edrych ar beth mor afraid â hyfrydwch natur, ac i sylwi ar y tangnefedd a'i nodweddaï fin nos.

D. HARDING REES (VI).

HANNER TERM—Y NADOLIG 1951.

Daeth unwaith eto wyliau hanner term.

Dydd cymylog ac ambell gawad o law oedd y dydd cyntaf. Treuliais y rhan fwyaf o'm hamser yn darllen llyfrau. Heblaw hyn chwarae chwaraeon gyda fy mrawd a rhoi help i Mam weithiau. Aeth y dydd yn gyflym a daeth y nos a chyn hir aethom i'r gwely.

Roedd dydd Sadwrn yn ddydd garw a glawiog. Oherwydd hyn fe aeth yn fy erbyn i fynd allan i chwarae pêl droed. Gwneud fy ngwaith cartref a wneuthum. Treuliais y prynhawn yn darllen llyfrau a gwrandao ar y radio. Daeth y nos cyn hir a dyna ddiwedd ar ddydd arall.

Roedd dydd Sul bron yr un peth o ran tywydd â'r dyddiau eraill. Yn y bore gwrandewais ar y radio; yn y prynhawn darllenais y papur yn lle mynd i'r Ysgol Sul am ei bod yn bwrw gwlaw. Ar ol te aethom i wrando ar y radio unwaith eto. Fe aeth mantell olau y dydd yn fantell dywyll y nos.

Dydd Llun oedd y dydd gorau o'r cwbl. Yn y bore tywynnai'r haul a'r awyr las i'w gwked uwch ben. Aethom i'r dre. Fe aethom i chwarae pêl droed yn y prynhawn. Yn y nos dodais y llyfrau yn fy mag erbyn dydd Mawrth. Daeth y nos unwaith eto a dyna ddiwedd ar y gwyliau.

JOHN MEURIG JOHN (1B)

THE CATAPULTS.

"We're sunk!" groaned Jack Hardy, as he stood with his back to the fire. "Oh, I don't know," replied his more optimistic chum, Dick Merlin, "there must be a way." "But they're in the Head's study," pointed out Jack. "We'll never get them from there." The chums had bought two brand new catapults, but had been unfortunate enough to lose them, and now they reposed in the desk of the headmaster, Dr. Erasmus K. Rodd, who did not allow the boys to use them. So it was that the chums of Study Five at St. Jim's School were racking their brains for a plan to get them back.

Suddenly, Jack let out an excited gasp. "I've got it, Dick!" he exclaimed, "we'll get them tonight while everyone's sleeping and nobody'll be any the wiser." An exciting plan like this appealed to the boys and so it was agreed upon.

* * * *

The school clock was striking midnight when Jack sat up in bed. He whispered across to Dick who was snoring lustily, "Come on, Dick, it's time we went." No answer, however, came from Dick, as he went on snoring. By now, Jack was getting impatient, so he got out of bed and going over to Dick's bed, he shook him. At this Dick woke with a start, and got out of bed.

They opened the door cautiously and glanced up and down the corridor. The coast was clear so they made their way to the Head's study. Jack was about to open the door when Dick caught him by the arm and pulled him back. "There's somebody in there," he whispered to Jack. "It must be a burglar." There was no light in the study so the two boys presumed that it was some person on unlawful business. Dick peeped in through the keyhole but all he could see was a dim figure flashing a torch about the room. He turned to Jack and said, "Hey, you'd better fetch the Head, while I stay here and keep watch." So off went Jack and in a few minutes he was back with the Headmaster and two other masters. They all rushed into the study and so surprised was the crook that they overwhelmed him without a struggle. Meanwhile, another master had telephoned the police who took the crook into custody. Then they all went back to bed.

Next morning, however, Jack and Dick were summoned to Dr. Rodd's study. They stood there being lectured by the Headmaster, but he did not punish them. Instead, he gave them their catapults back, and with a muttered "Thank you, sir," they withdrew from the study. Never would they lose their catapults again.

THE SCHOOL ELECTION.

Result:— C. B. ANDREWS (Socialist). Elected 21 majority

W. JONES (Welsh Nationalist).
J. HENDERSON (Independent).
K. JONES (Conservative).
G. P. THOMAS (Liberal)
A. S. THOMAS (Communist).

On October 8th the peaceful demeanour of the school was rudely shattered. Boys—usually quiet and angelic—left assembly on that Monday morning with wicked gleams in their eyes. Young revolutionaries rubbed their hands in delight while budding anarchists pushed off to the labs. The uninitiated might ask: "Why all the fuss?" Scornfully a member of the Sixth would answer, "Just the School Election a week on Friday."

In the staff room, learned gentlemen discussed the news agitatedly. Gallantly, though with much trepidation, one feels, Messrs. M. Rees and M. Thomas volunteered to keep order. The stage was set and the election had begun.

Soon, the notice board was covered with election potsers. Prominent was a large study of Mr. Churchill, not so prominent were the snaps of the two candidates—vain creatures! Dinner-hour meetings were held and candidates were busy spreading propaganda in order to woo voters to their cause. With the shrewdness of a seasoned parliamentarian, however, the Socialist candidate declined to make a pre-election address.

At last, the great day arrived and the final meeting commenced. All sections of the school were well represented in a crowded meeting, and several boys from the Pwll building were present. The chairman, Noel Edwards, opened the meeting in his characteristically cheerful manner.

The first speech, by the Communist candidate, was well sprinkled with witticisms and naturally he praised the Russian system of Communism. The electorate, however, did not seem very impressed and, perhaps, the general feeling of the meeting was voiced by a small boy from Form I, who, turning to his friend, asked with a tremor in his voice: "Is that the real Russian Communist?"

And so it went on. The Welsh Nationalist spoke with pathos and fervour; the Liberal drank a large quantity of water and spoke between gulps; the Independent, in a clear English accent, addressed the meeting as "Fellow Welshmen"; the Conservative, well armed with pamphlets, talked incessantly on "Gambia eggs"; the Socialist spoke with the practised clarity of the Economics department giving the meeting the facts.

No speaker had everything his own way and the repartee from the floor was both biting and witty; many of the elder members of the school, who were at the back of the hall, displayed great promise as hecklers to be feared in years to come.

Amid great excitement the votes were counted and eventually the result—a victory for the Socialist candidate by 21 votes—was announced. And so the election was over and once more it was the turn of a small boy from the lower school to voice the opinion of all present when he asked naïvely, "Is there another election next week?" He meant, of course, in school; in actual fact, it was with comparative calm that the nation went to the polls a week later. Next time we'll get a copyright for our School Election!

C. BERNARD ANDREWS, VIA.

TOP OF THE FORM.

This year the School was selected by the B.B.C. to take part in its well known feature—"Top of the Form." This is, of course, a quiz competition between schools in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland.

The School team chosen for this series was Brian Evans (II), Brian Davies (III), Michael Russell (IV) and the captain, Roger Buckland (VI).

In the first round we played Neath Grammar School for Girls. The recording took place, from our end, in the hall of the new school at Pwll. About five hundred boys were present to hear the team win by thirty-two points to twenty-eight, after a very exciting contest, the issue of which hung in the balance until the last round. The question master for the round was Mr John Ellison, of the B.B.C., who had with him the producer, Miss Joan Clark. Mr. Thomas, the senior French master, assisted with the scoring, as he did in the next round against Saint Julien's High School for Girls, Newport.

This programme was the Welsh final and we had with us Mr. Robert MacDermot, and Mr. Alun Williams, of the Welsh Region. School won by twenty-six points to twenty-two. This time, it is of interest to note, we were linked by landline not only to Newport, but to a studio in Cardiff, where gramophone records were played as part of the contest, and also to Broadcasting House, London, where the whole programme was recorded. Engineers brought into the School building a considerable amount of mysterious equipment including turntables, earphones, loud-speakers and lip-microphones. Post Office technicians were busy, all morning, laying cables and connecting them to the trunk lines which were to be used.

The fact that "Top of the Form" has caused considerable excitement in School was proved by the enthusiasm of the boys and the willingness of masters to prepare the team for the ordeals! The questions in the first rounds covered a wide range of subjects from holidays to Biblical knowledge, literature to music, sport to radio personalities.

In the future we have to face the semi-final against Scotland and perhaps—with a certain amount of luck—the final. Whatever happens "Top of the Form" has provided a very interesting experience for the team and the School as a whole and has added something to the already extensive range of School activities.

ROGER BUCKLAND (VIA)

And great excitement the votes were counted and eventually the result—a victory for the Socialist candidate by 51 votes—was announced. And so the election was over and once more it was the turn of a small boy from the lower school to voice the opinion of all present when he asked nervously "Is there another election next week?" He meant, of course, in school; in actual fact it was with comparative calm that the election went to the polls a week later. Next time we'll get a copyright for our School Election!

C. BERNARD ANDREWS, VIA

THIS RADIO BUSINESS.

We always thought that producing a radio show was rather an elementary process, calling for no great skill and preparation. Take for instance this "Top of the Form" programme. We had never really given much thought to the matter but we had some sort of vague notion about the procedure. Our idea conjured up a vision of a gentleman from Broadcasting House, in top hat and morning coat wandering around the countryside in search of a likely looking school. Having found one, he would connect his microphone (which he always wore around his neck like an Hawaiian dancer) to the nearest power point, and collect a few seemingly intelligent lads. These having been chosen more or less at random he would begin to ask them any odd questions he could manage to think up on the spur of the moment. After carrying on this sort of thing for about half an hour he would disconnect his microphone and return to Broadcasting House for tea and toasted crumpets.

That was our admittedly vague idea of what the presentation of a radio programme entailed. A child might do it—and judging from some results, probably did.

Now our romantic illusions about the Elysian Fields of Portland Place have been shattered. For it appears that there is quite a lot more to it than we thought; in fact altogether it is rather a complex business.

It begins weeks—even months—before the actual transmission, with the choosing of the team. A hand picked bunch of reputedly intelligent lads are locked in a dark room and are let out in groups of four to be asked questions of which the masters present pretended to know the answers. And as the Inquisition proceeds so the bitterness and disillusion grow; giants of intellect lie grovelling in the dust while obscure figures ascend to new found glory. The cynical Sixth mutter among themselves "How are the mighty fallen!"

At last the official choice is declared and the Four Elected take up their robes of office ready to uphold the honour of the School and their own self-respect. Heavy is the responsibility that rests on those young shoulders—the strain cannot but tell on their eager features. Where now are the care-free youths of a few weeks ago? Young Brian Evans, who might be romping blissfully through the pleasures of Form Two life, is instead confined to his book-strewn room; Brian Davies, who can debate on Anstelle with the best of us, and debonair Michael Russell, both doomed to months of relentless study; and the noble leader, Roger Buckland, even he is doomed to the same fate. The responsibility is heavy upon him for his curly locks are greying rapidly. All the summer vacation, while their companions were gaily disporting themselves in childish play, these martyrs to the cause of school prestige could be seen, on the rare occasions when they emerged into daylight, bearing mighty tomes from the local temple of learning at the Athenumæum. They are now authorities on subjects as varied as Electro-Physiology, elementary Cartesianism and the mechanics of baby-sitting. Such are the penalties of a high I.Q.

Then, after all the weeks of intensive preparation and eager expectancy comes the day of the Supreme-Test. The B.B.C. arrives, sets up its microphones, trips everyone up with its cables, and covers the hall windows with heavy curtains through which, in some mysterious way, the question master is able to see and describe the autumn-tinted woods, a feat which others present find singularly difficult.

At last, they get down to business and the programme begins. Our spirits droop as the dreaded questions stump the team; but the skipper, Buckland, with typical gallantry, rallies his men and after allowing the ladies' team to lead for the first few rounds, with strategical mastery they take the lead and emerge the victors by a large margin—four. Mr. Buckland closes the meeting with a few well-chosen and well-rehearsed words of condolence to the losing team and the first round is over.

The second round was also won without mishap. At the time of writing (as they say in the popular press), we do not know how the gallant band will fare. Since Fate will have declared its choice by the time these words are read, it seems rather futile to wish them luck. Still, we hope they do have it—for their own sakes.

WYNNE JONES (VIA Arts).

MUSIC NOTES.

On Thursday, 20th September, a party of about 20 boys accompanied by Mr Haydn Jones, attended the afternoon concert of the Swansea Festival of Music. The concert was given by the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Jean Martinson. The programme was as follows:

Symphony No. 35 in D (Haffner—Mozart.

Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra—Franck.

Bacchus et Ariane—Roussel.

Nights in the Gardens of Spain—Fallá.

La Valse—Ravel.

This concert evoked all the colour and sun of the South, and it was truly an afternoon in Provence, the Riviera, Southern Spain, and the islands of Greece. The playing of Gonzalo Soriano and the London Philharmonic Orchestra in the Ravel piano concerto will long be remembered. The rendering of "La Valse" and the air of the caurts in the Mozart No. 35 Symphony made it an afternoon of sensations.

Another interesting event was the visit to the Empire Theatre, Swansea, on Thursday, November 8th, to see the Welsh National Opera Company perform "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Mascagni) and "I Pagliacci" (Leoncavallo). For many of the boys present this was the first opera they had seen and it was quite evident that everyone present had thoroughly enjoyed himself. Our thanks are due to Mr Haydn Jones for arranging both these functions.

It is with much delight that we learned this term that the orchestra had been re-formed by Mr. Phillips. We eagerly look forward to hearing the School orchestra as of yore, and hope that its conductor will continue to enjoy good health.

DAVID HUGH JONES (VIA).

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

President E. NOEL EDWARDS
 Vice-President WYNNE JONES
 Joint Secretaries J. EDMUND AUBREY, MALCOLM B. JAMES
 Committee: WYNFORD EVANS (VI), BRIAN MORGAN (VI),
 RUSSELL THOMAS (VI), SPENCER THOMAS (V),
 GARETH MORRIS (IV), BRIAN DAVIES (III).

The first meeting of the present session was held on October 12th, when polling for the mock election took place. Previously many of the candidates had addressed crowded dinner-hour meetings. The first candidate, Alun Saunders Thomas (Communist), attacked re-armament, saying that Russia had nothing to gain from war. Graham P. Thomas (Liberal), in his usual abrupt and impressive style, attacked the reckless expenditure of the Labour Government and maintained, amid a certain amount of heckling, that a Liberal administration would help the working class in every way possible.

Keith Jones (Conservative) attacked the mis-management of the Socialist Government and spoke at length on the Conservative housing policy. Wynne Jones (Welsh Nationalist) demanded a Welsh Government because, he said, Welsh affairs did not receive the attention they deserved. James Henderson (Independent) stated that his policy was a positive one containing the good points of all parties and was the only plan which could truly represent the School. Bernard Andrews (Labour) spoke of the five years of full employment since the war and explained the principles underlying Nationalisation. The vote was taken and it was announced that Labour had been elected for the School Constituency.

The next meeting, held on October 26th, consisted of two impromptu debates. Appropriately enough, the first subject for discussion was "that this House regrets the results of the 'General Election' and it produced lively debating despite the rather low attendance. John Leyshon, David Bowen, Spencer Thomas, Gareth Morris, Antony David and Malcolm James supported the motion, while Wynford Evans, Gethin Williams, Gerald Paster, Brian Morgan and Bryan Jones opposed it. The motion was carried by one vote.

The subject for the second debate was "That in the opinion of this House, the end of term play is a superior form of entertainment to the old Finalè." All present opposed the motion, with the exception of Aubrey David, who apparently preferred a half-holiday to either!

On the 9th November an inter-school debate was held with Gowerton Grammar School as the visiting side. The motion for debate was "That in the opinion of this House, the liberty afforded to women in the present Century is to be regretted." School proposed the motion, and Wynne Jones, opening, spoke of the impetuosity of the female sex; he attacked women's taste in culture and pointed out that they had made very little contribution to the arts.

Leonard Davies opened for the negative by saying that the emancipation of women had enabled them to better their condition and pointed out that they cannot be grudging freedom since now they make far better mates. Wynford Evans, seconding the motion, spoke of women's deterioration during the Century, revealing an attitude towards the opposite sex in which cynicism struggled with infatuation. Gareth Jones, seconding for the negative, accused the proposers of wishing to enslave women and remarked upon the great contribution of women during the war.

When the debate was opened to the floor, Harrold Rees, David Bowen, Gerald Paster, Edmund Aubrey and Spencer Thomas supported the motion, and Jason Thomas, James Henderson, Reginald Morgan, Brinley Knott, John Thomas, Malcolm Woodsman, Huw Jones, Antony David and Morris Paster spoke against it. When the vote was taken, it resulted in a win for the negative.

The latest meeting was held on November 23rd, when the Society was privileged to hear Mr. William Rees lecture on "Travels in Wales." Mr. Rees described some of the places he had visited in North and Mid-Wales during his work in the emergency training of teachers. The lecture was of great instructional value and the lecturer's reminiscences gave a personal touch to his talk. After Howard Rees had proposed a vote of thanks which was seconded by David Bowen, the President called the meeting to a close.

The meetings this term have been of the usual high standards although there have been some disappointing attendances. The committee hope sincerely, however, that the numbers present will increase next term.

MALCOLM B. JAMES

J. EDMUND AUBREY

Joint Secretaries.

BIOLOGY LABORATORY NOTES.

On any normal school day, anyone peeping through the fragment of clear glass in the door of the Biology Laboratory would see the second years pouring over their books and microscopes, indulging in those obscure experiments for which it is universally and rightly famed.

The Lab. has always been renowned for its peculiar sweet smells. This year, however, it is also known for its humming, or should it be called singing. We have in our midst one Terry who is Madame Butterfly and Figaro rolled into one, and whether our tiny hands are frozen or not, he insists on plaguing us with tender roses.

Arthur Snicker, the Diogenes of the Lab., is continually heard postulating his theory of non-existence and constantly baffling us with the profundity of his wisdom. The cry of "Honestly I didn't cook it!" is often sounded in our ears from the lips of Graham P. Thomas; standing for Free Trade in the School elections, his party stood firm to its policy and he himself gained honour.

The Lab. is deserted on Thursday afternoons when both the Rugby teams and the harriers have their practice, but is it still guarded from any intruders by its delicate sweet odours.

In conclusion, the members of the Biology Laboratory join in wishing Mr. H. G. Jones every success in his new appointment.

ROBERT LEWIS (VIA Science)

Y GYMDEITHAS GYMRAEG A'R URDD.

Llywydd D. HARDING REES
 Is-Lywydd ROY T. DAVIES
 Ysgrifenyddion GLYN WALKER, ALUN BOWEN

Bach yw nifer aelodau'r Gymdeithas eleni, ond serch hynny, y mae wedi bod yn dra llwyddianus hyd yn hyn. Agorwyd y tymor, fel y mae'n arferiad bellach, gan Mr. Huw Roberts. Testun ei araieth oedd, "Pwrpas y Gymdeithas Gymraeg."

Nododd y pethau Cymraeg sy'n codi yn yr ysgol. Ar y dechrau, nid oedd gair o'r "Magazine" yn Gymraeg. Yn awr y mae rhan mawr ohonno yng Gymraeg. Llonyfarchodd Wynne Jones (VI) am ei lwyddiant fel ymgeisydd Plaid Cymru yn Elecsiwn yr ysgol—daeth yn ail i neb ond y Sosialwyr. Cyfeiriodd hefyd at y bwrdd coedwigoedd yn dwyn tir Cymru ac yn gosod Saeson yn rhannau mwyaf Cymreig y wlad, ac felly yn Seisnigo'r ardaloedd. Yna nododd un ffordd o gadw'r iaith yn fyw—ei siarad bob dydd, a darllen fwy o'i llenyddiaeth, yn enwedig y papurau newyddion.

Cynigiwyd pleidlais o ddiolchgarwch i Mr. Roberts gan Roy Davies, ac eliwyd y cynigiad gan Peter Williams. Cafwyd gair hefyd gan Mr. Wynne a Mr. Williams.

Ar nos Lun, Hydref 29, cynhaliwyd Noson Lawen. Cafwyd noson llwyddiannus iawn. Cymerwyd rhan gan y canlynol: Gethin Hughes (V), yn chwarae'r "piano"; Harding Rees a Huw Jones (VI), yn canu penillion, a Heward Rees (V), yn chwarae'r piano; Alun Saunders Thomas (VI) a Keri Goulstone (V) yn canu'r hen ddeuawd, "Unwaith eto'n Nghymru Annwyl." Yna cafwyd gêm newydd gan Mr. Hughes. Yr oedd Roy Davies yn meddwl am ryw berson arbennig ac yna fe fyddai rhai o'r gofynwyr yn ceisio canfod pwy oedd y person. Cafwyd pedwar gofynwr, Alun Bowen (VI), Peter Williams (V), Wynne Jones (VI) a Keri Rosser (VI); llwyddodd pob un. Yna cafwyd Mr. Williams a Mr. Roberts yn ofynwyr. Methu fu rhan Mr. Williams ond fe llwyddodd Mr. Roberts. Cyn gorffen, rhaid oedd cael yr hen ffafryn, "B'le mae Daniel" o dan arweiniad Mr. Williams. Gorffenyd y cyfarfod drwy ganu "Hen wlad fy nhadau" gyda Gethin Hughes wrth y piano.

Dadl oedd ffurf y cyfarfod a gynhaliwyd ar nos Lun, Tachwedd 12ed. Testun y ddadl oedd "Bydd Senedd i Gymru yn diogelu iaith a diwylliant Cymru." Y prif siaradwyr dros y cadarnhaol oedd Emlyn Jones (VI) a Keri Rosser (VI). Y siaradwyr dros y negyddol oedd Mydrim John (VI) a Howard Richards (VI). Yna agorwyd y ddadl i'r llawr gan y llywydd, Harding Rees. Y siaradwyr oedd Alun Bowen (VI), Gethin Williams (Va), Roy Davies (VI), Heward Rees (VI), Gethin Hughes (V) a Peter Williams (V). Tynwyd dadl y cadarnhaol i'w ben gan Mydrim John, a dadl y negyddol gan Emlyn Jones. Yn y pleidleisio cariwyd y mudiad drwy un ar ddeg pleidlais i bedwar.

Diolchodd Mr. Hughes a Mr. Williams i'r prifsiaradwyr gan nodi nad oedd ond un ohonynt yn cymryd Cymraeg yn y chweched.

Dau gyfarfod sydd ar ôl o raglen y tymor yma, sef darllen Drama gan Mr. Williams, a Seiat Holi'r Staff.

ALUN BOWEN (VI).

GLYNDWR WALKER (VI).

THE CHESS SOCIETY.

Chairman	MORRIS L. PASTER
Secretary	HUW B. RODGE
Captain	SIDNEY BERMAN
Form Representatives:	MALCOLM JAMES, GORDON THOMAS ROGER THOMAS.		

Great interest has again been maintained in this Society, showing its great popularity. The form matches have begun and at the moment Form VIA have a clear lead.

The annual open Chess Championship has been organised and a large number of boys have entered. At present two rounds have been played and it promises to be an exciting event.

An inter-school match was arranged with Port Talbot but had to be postponed and will probably be played off next term. It is hoped to arrange matches with Carmarthen Grammar School, Trinity College, Swansea Grammar School and Swansea University in the near future.

The School has been invited to send a team to play in a junior chess championship with schools in West Wales, amongst them Neath, Swansea and Llandyssul Grammar Schools. Inquiries are being made as to the number of boys able to travel.

HUW B. RODGE, Secretary.

THE FRENCH SOCIETY.

President	WYNNE JONES, VI
Vice-President	JAMES HENDERSON, VI
Secretary	DAVID C. THOMAS, VI
Committee:	A. SAUNDERS THOMAS, VI; G. PATON THOMAS, VI; IEUAN JONES, V; JOHN LEYSHON, IV; IAN BASSETT, III.			

The opening of the Christmas term heralded the formation of the new French Society. This event, which has been long overdue, filled a large gap in the social life of the School.

The inaugural meeting of the Society, which was attended by a large number of boys from all parts of the School, was presided over by Mr. M. Thomas and Mr. I. Evans, the School's French masters. They stressed that the main object of the Society would be that of entertainment and that the interest aroused in French would be of secondary importance.

The first meeting held this term consisted of a musical programme in which Mr. Bowen very kindly and ably performed, followed by a version of "Twenty Questions" in which four boys took part.

The second meeting took the form of a lecture by Mr. I. Evans on his travels in France and his extremely interesting lecture was illustrated by some of his collection of photographs.

Both these meetings drew good attendances and it is sincerely hoped that the Society will flourish in the future after such an encouraging start.

W. D. C. THOMAS, Secretary.

MUSIC SOCIETY.

President	THE HEADMASTER.
Chairman	HEWARD REES.
Vice-Chairman	MYRDDIN JOHN
Secretary	D. HUGH JONES.
Committee: EMLYN JONES (VI), GETHIN WILLIAMS (V),				
ROWLAND MORRIS (IV), LYN FRANCIS (VI),				
IEUAN JOHN (III), ROGER THOMAS (III).				

After a lapse of two or three years music lovers were glad to hear that the Music Society was to be re-formed. It was a general feeling amongst senior music students that it was high time a Music Society should be formed, and on Friday, 14th September, a general meeting was held. It was decided unanimously that the Society should be re-started, and great was the anticipation.

The first meeting of the Society was held on Wednesday, 3rd October, when a miscellaneous record programme was arranged. To this meeting boys were invited to bring their own records and everyone spent a most enjoyable evening. The records catered for all classes of music lovers, and the programme ranged from a brilliant overture such as the Oberon by Weber to Danny Kaye singing "Bango, Bango, Bango, I don't want to leave the Congo."

The next meeting was held on November 7th, when the subject under discussion was "Are we in Wales a musical nation." The speakers for the affirmative were Mydrim John and Rowland Morris, for the negative Emlyn Jones and Peter Chin. Both the principal speakers and the seconders put forward excellent cases and a very interesting debate resulted. Speakers from the floor were Wynford Evans, Hugh Jones, Gethin Williams, Wynne Jones and Harding Rees. The debate ended in a win for the affirmative.

On Thursday, 22nd November, Miss Yvonne Watkin-Rees gave a lecture on "Music and Movement in the Theatre." Miss Rees commenced the lecture by saying that the trouble with people was that they were rather inclined to shut the arts into various compartments. She then took us on a musical journey in the theatre which included music for ballet, opera, plays and film music. A most varied selection of gramophone records were played and Miss Rees demonstrated various movements in mime. The programme was further enhanced by these demonstrations and the evening will long be remembered by the boys present. Alun Saunders Thomas proposed the vote of thanks and Wynford Evans seconded.

D. HUGH JONES (VIA), Secretary.

SCIENCE SOCIETY.

President THE HEADMASTER.
 Vice-Presidents: Mr. HUMPHRIES, Mr. MORRIS, Mr. THORNE.
 Chairman EUROF THOMAS.
 Secretary JOHN D. THOMAS.
 Form Representatives:— VI: G. GRIFFITHS; V: A. THOMAS;
 IV: J. WHEELER; III: A. JONES.

The society has had a very active term, and nine meetings have been help up to date, three of which were film shows.

Mr. Russell Williams, last year's chairman, gave a lecture on the work of a steelworks' chemist, and demonstrated the analysis of samples of steel.

Under the supervision of Mr. Keith Walters, four practical meetings on the "Walki-Talkie" were held. The members present were allowed to go out themselves, meanwhile keeping in touch with one another by means of the sets. We wish to thank Mr. Walters for the loan of the sets and for his kind help.

Graham Davies, IVA, gave a lecture on photography. He explained the working of a camera, and went on to give a practical demonstration of enlarging, using his own home-made enlarger.

The following two meetings took the form of film shows; the films shown were, "The Discovery of Oxygen," a film which dealt with combustion and the constituents of the atmosphere. "Tranference of Heat" a film which dealt with the various ways in which heat is transferred from one body to another. "The Story of Penicillin" and "It Comes from Coal."

In the second meeting the films shown were "Long Long Ago and Now Today" and "Colonel Crompton."

There are three more meetings to be held this term. The first is a lecture by Dudley Palmer on "Radio Activity," and on the 5th of December, there will be a meeting in which David Hywel will talk on "Oil," and Aubrey Jones on "Television."

At the end of term, the society intends to hold a feature film show, in which a film "Academician Pavlov," dealing with the famous Russian scientist, will be shown.

JOHN D. THOMAS, VB, Secretary.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS.

Président WYNNE JONES.
 Vice-Président JAMES HENDERSON.
 Secrétaire W. DAVID C. THOMAS.
 Comité: ALUN SAUNDERS THOMAS, GRAHAM P. THOMAS,
 IEUAN JONES, JOHN LEYSHON, et IAN BASSETT.

Le commencement de l'année scolaire a annoncé la formation du "Cercle Français." Cet événement, attendu depuis longtemps, comble maintenant une grande lacune dans la vie sociale de l'école. Un grand nombre de garçons ont assisté à la réunion inaugurale du Cercle. Mm. M. R. Thomas et G. I. Evans y ont prêté leur concours. Ils ont dit que la société a pour but principal de distraire et ils ont rélégué à un rang tout secondaire l'intérêt dans la grammaire française qu'éveillerait la formation d'une telle société.

La première réunion du Cercle a consisté en un programme de musique française contemporaine, présenté par le Président, Wynne Jones, M. Bowen a charmé l'assistance par son interprétation excellente du "Plaisir d'amour" de Martini, et ensuite on a fait une partie de "Twenty Questions."

La deuxième reunion a pris la forme d'un discours présenté par M. G. I. Evans sur ses voyages en France. Son discours très intéressant a été illustré par des photographies du paysage et des montagnes françaises.

L'assistance aux deux réunions était nombreuse, et l'on espère que le cercle jouira d'une longue vie dans l'avenir.

W. D. C. THOMAS.

AUTUMN.

Cold Autumn; yet since we are young
 The dying leaves we do not see.
 Dismal rains from black skies falling
 Wraith-like figures mid ruins calling,
 From these realities we flee
 To dreams and fancies lyric sung.

Cold Autumn; and approaching death
 In swirling mists around the hills.
 Complete destruction. All await
 Helpless, despairing an inevitable fate
 This is an atmosphere that kills
 All our youth and crushes breath.

Cold Autumn: season of decay.
 Like falling leaves, so must all beings die
 Wasting away in worlds of social strife,
 Spheres of class warfare devoid of life.
 An unknown winter darkens in the sky
 And black-red sky attacks retreating day.

E. NOEL EDWARDS, VI.

"HEDDICATION."

"Education," the psychologists are always saying, "is not a putting in but a drawing out." Now when I was a schoolboy I always took umbrage at this remark, for I strongly resented being regarded as a species of village pump. But I was not only insulted; I was worried. In the Private Study periods I used to repair to the Ink Room and brood upon the dangers besetting schoolboys yet unborn. "Do these educational psychologists," I mused bitterly—for even at that tender age I had brought to perfection the art of musing bitterly—"do these educational psychologists know what they are doing? Constant repetition of this remark about 'drawing out' will condition schoolboys not only to feel like pumps but to **look** like them." Even I myself, though aware of the danger, was falling a victim to it; my nose was proving peculiarly responsive to the pump theory, and was growing longer every day. Only the strongest mental resistance prevented by right ear from curling inwards into the shape of a handle. My imagination boggled (and few of you, I suppose, know the agony of a boggling imagination)—my imagination boggled at the thought of what awaited the unthinking, weaker-willed boys. The prospect was undeniably gloomy; even westward, look, the land was not bright. I envisaged a time when a casual phrase like "All hands to the pumps," would acquire a profound educational significance.

And so, when I recently returned to the school after an absence of over ten years, I was vaguely apprehensive. How were the pupils? How, indeed, were the teachers? For I regarded the teachers as the only means of thwarting the pernicious influence of the psychologists; they were the sole bulwark that stood between childhood and pumphood. In my schooldays, I remembered clearly, they had stuck with admirable ferocity to that sound doctrine under which the child was regarded as an empty cistern rather than a pump—a being who lacked inborn solutions to quadratic equations, who came into the world pitifully ignorant of the names of the Kings of Israel and Judah, and whose dreams, even on midsummer night, contained nothing so vast and magnificently rounded as Shakespeare's Bottom. These things, the teachers rightly felt, must be introduced into the child's mind through a smoothly flowing educational system; and an instinctive understanding of hydraulics made them realise that knowledge must first flow in before it can be pumped out. To these men, therefore, I had pinned my hopes. Had they succumbed? Were they even now trying to draw water—intellectual water—from the children? Or had they braved the anger of the theorists, and, swaying rhythmically from side to side, had chanted in academic unison:—

I shall not pump,
You shall not pump,
He shall not pump.

We shall not pump,
You shall not pump,
They shall not pump.

An intriguing question, you will agree; and when I caught my first glimpse of the generation of boys now passing through the school, I found the answer. Not a pump in sight. Plenty of spouting, mind you, but no pump. The school had been saved. You schoolboys who are reading this have reason to be grateful to your tutors; they have saved you from a ruinous infection by which even I was slightly touched. I have already referred to the physical effect of the disease upon me; the mental effect remains to be told. Constant musing upon pumps has made my mind most watery, so that now it expresses itself most naturally in wet poetry. Poems flow from me—and the wetter the better. Take his one, which I composed while standing one day on the Menai Bridge:—

LOVE AMONG THE FISHES.

I gazed upon the Menai Straits
 And saw the fish embrace their mates;
 For even fish, you know, have found
 The thing that makes the world go round.
 But very strange it was to see
 A trout sit on a salmon's knee;
 And as I watched, I oft did wonder
 How they didn't slip asunder.
 And really, it was very odd
 To see a demure little cod
 Look archly at a sole, and wink,
 As if to say, "Your move, I think."
 And then methought I saw an eel
 Entwine himself with gentle zeal
 Around a smooth and sleek sardine;
 But finding one a trifle lean,
 He promptly got himself another,
 And then embraced them both together:
 So there they lay, a tender heap,
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
 The sight was moving, so I moved away
 To catch the earliest train to Colwyn Bay.
 Why Colwyn Bay? Well there, they say,
 The fish behave themselves all day.

In my saner moments, my mind shakes itself free of water, and turns to flames (old and new) for inspiration. The following fragment was a product of such a moment:—

THE DANGERS OF SMOKING.

John looked at her, with great desire
 To ask her if she had a match;
 She misconstrued his matchless fire,
 And made a really excellent catch.
 They're married now, with children seven,
 And all (except the fifth) quite bright.
 John's hoping to find rest in Heaven—
 And in the meantime wants a light.

But such moments as these are rare; I express myself more naturally in water. From this state of mind, and from the possibility of composing acres of damp poetry, I pronounce the whole school mercifully free.

And now to use a phrase of Jane Austen's—"Mr. Bennett, I daresay I have delighted you long enough." It is always dangerous to outstay one's welcome, even in the pages of a magazine. It only remains for me to offer my sincere gratitude to the staff and the pupils for their many kindnesses to a sometimes befogged student teacher; and lastly, to express my astonishment that the editor should have accepted this article for publication.

D. MARCEL WILLIAMS.

THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The School Magazine of fifty years ago, differed very little from the Magazine of today. In fact, the only differences were the design of the cover, and the price, which was then 3d.

The Magazine was then called "The Llanelly County School Magazine," and the cover depicted a Roman gladiator dressed in full armour. Incidentally, both this cover, and the one now in use, were designed by Bernard T. Hugh, a pupil of the School at that time.

Details printed on the inside cover revealed that the school fees were £4/10/0 per annum, or £1/10/0 per term, and that there was also a Games Fee of three shillings a year. Further details of examinations stated that the holder of a Junior Certificate, was entitled to become a pupil teacher for one year only, and the Senior Certificate enabled the possessor to become an Assistant Master at an Elementary School.

The articles and literary contributions of the magazine differed very little from those of the present "School Mag." There was, for instance, the ever-popular "De Omnibus Rebus," which contained extracts taken, as was stated: "from everywhere and anywhere—classrooms and scrapbooks." These puns, conundrums and witticisms bore a striking similarity to those contributed by the modern boy.

There were poems, short-stories, prize-lists, sporting results and in fact everything, with one exception, that appears in the present edition. The notable absence was that of any article in Welsh; there was no "Nodiadau Golygydol" or a report on the meetings of "Y Gymdeithas Gymraeg."

Quite a considerable amount of space was devoted to the Literary and Debating Society, and the debates held during the term were discussed at length.

In those days, the School buildings also housed the Girls' School, and this was the subject of much controversy. The Correspondence column of the Magazine contained many letters complaining that the proximity of the "fair sex," as this was apt to divert one's attention from his lessons.

The articles on the Rugby team bemoaned the lack of a field, and because of this, the fixtures were limited to one game per term.

An interesting addition to the contents was "Round the Forms," in which each form was discussed in humorous fashion. This is not seen in our magazine of today, but it would be a lively addition.

Judging from the contents of the Magazine, the schoolboy of "Yr Ysgol ar y Bryn" has changed but little in the half-century that has gone by.

MICHAEL S. DAVIES (VA Arts).

RUGBY FOOTBALL NOTES.

President	THE HEADMASTER
Captain	D. ALCWYN JENKINS
Vice-Captain	ISLWYN D. DAVIES
Hon. Secretary	OWEN REES

Although the majority of last year's team are no longer with us, School still field a strong team. Yet the most noteworthy incident during the term was the loss of the ground record to Carmarthen. Though this is to be regretted, it is hoped that in the near future, as a result of this, the football will be of a more open nature.

September 15.—School 38 pts., Dynevor 6.

School opened the season with a comfortable win over Dynevor at Pwll in fine weather and on a dry field. Conditions were favourable for open football and School did not disappoint in their display. Tries were scored by: K. Rosser (2), J. Howells (2), F. Davies (2), A. Jenkins, A. Snicker, A. Jones, D. Corcoran. B. Stephens converted four. Dynevor replied with two tries.

September 29.—School 3 pts., Gwendraeth nil.

For this keenly contested game, School fielded a strong side. The forwards were outstanding, with I. Davies, A. Snicker and G. G. Jones prominent. Gwendraeth were on top for the first half, but after the interval, School kept play continually in their opponents' "25." From a line-out the ball went to H. Jones, who ran hard to score in the corner. Gwendraeth had an opportunity to equalise with an easy penalty but they just failed.

October 6.—School 3 pts., Gowerton 3.

School came very near to losing their ground record on this date, but a late rally by the School pack, ably led by I. Davies and A. Snicker, enabled the game for the whole of the last half-hour to be played in the Gowerton half. A penalty kick by F. B. Stephens equalised the scores and the game ended in a draw, which was a fair result.

October 13.—School 3 pts., Carmarthen 6.

On this date School lost their three-years' ground record in a keen, hard game, which was dominated by forward play. Prominent for School were A. Snicker, I. Davies and A. Jones. A notable absentee was A. Jenkins, who suffered facial injuries in a previous game. The School try was scored by A. Jones, after a fine run by A. Snicker. School were rather unlucky to lose, as a draw would have been a more fitting result.

November 8.—School nil, Ammanford nil.

This game was played in atrocious weather. Play was limited to 20 minutes in each half. Owing to the conditions play was scrappy, School having the better of the game territorially. For School A. Williams, P. Thomas and A. Jones were outstanding.

November 17.—School 3 pts., Pembroke 3 pts.

For this game School fielded an "A" XV, five members of the 2nd XV being included. School attacked for most of the game but the Pembroke defence held out. The School try was scored by A. Williams. Pembroke replied with a penalty.

November 24.—School 9 pts., Swansea nil.

The game was played in bad weather. School took their opportunities well, and tries were scored by K. Rosser (2), and J. Howells.

PEN PORTRAITS.

D. ALCWYN JENKINS, captain and inside-half.—A complete footballer. Has served School faithfully for many years. He played in many positions before finding his true vocation at scrum-half. Possesses any excellent service and is always prominent in defence. Capped by Welsh A.T.C. and has been very unlucky in W.S.S.R.U. trials. Was selected for final trial in season 1950-51.

ISLWYN D. DAVIES, vice-captain and second-row forward.—A regular member of the School team for the past three seasons. A hard tireless worker in the tight and is always up with the play. Capped by Welsh A.T.C. and at the time of writing is still in W.S.S.R.U. trials.

GRAHAM G. JONES, wing-forward.—“G.G.” is a product of junior football. Very fast and quick to seize any opportunity. An excellent dribbler and handles the ball exceedingly well. Has played for Llanelly Schoolboys and at the time of writing is still in W.S.S.R.U. trials.

ARTHUR E. C. SNICKER, second-row forward.—A soccer convert and is now a leading member of the School XV. A line-out specialist who is also excellent in the loose. Has played many storming games for School this season. Was very unfortunate in W.S.S.R.U. trials by being injured. It is hoped that by next term he will again be fit.

DEREK W. J. CORCORAN, centre-threequarter.—A prominent member of the School XV for the second year. A strong running centre with a powerful tackle. Has graduated through the School XV's, and is now first choice for the centre position. Took part in W.S.S.R.U. trials during this season.

ARFON H. JONES, lock-forward. Occupies this position for second season. A good line-out forward and is very prominent in the loose. Many of us in School feel that Arfon has not had the recognition he deserves. Was selected as reserve for W.S.S.R.U. trials this season.

TENNIS CLUB PROSPECTS.

Despite the fact that, like the First Cricket XI, the School Tennis Club has lacked a home ground on which to play, the standard of tennis throughout the School has been surprisingly high. It is certain that in the coming season there will be renewed interest in the team and although many of the experienced players will have left, including our former captain—John G. Phillips—there will be many opportunities for an ambitious player to prove himself.

There is, once again, more than enough talent in the School for us to have a first class team worthy of beating any other Grammar School in the district. Early in the season a general meeting of the Club will be called and it is hoped that a trial will be held. Any boy who considers he has a fair chance may turn out at the trial and if of sufficient merit will either be selected to play in the team or noted as a possible inclusion in future seasons.

Last year we had a fairly good season, beating both Neath and Gower-ton—formidable opposition—away from home. We lost both home and away to Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Carmarthen, by a small margin. In the coming season we are certain to have more fixtures than this and if every player, whether a veteran or a newcomer, practices hard and conscientiously, really pulling his weight, then there is every prospect of a very successful series of matches.

PETER G. LISTER (VA Science).

THE HARRIERS CLUB.

This winter, as is usual, the School's cross-country runners are braving the elements every Tuesday and Thursday, and can be seen careering through the countryside at breakneck speed. Once again the runners are experiencing that wonderful thrill which only those who have done any cross-country running are able to understand. The wierd pitying expressions on the faces of passers by as the runners fly past, scantily clad, in the pouring rain must be seen to be believed.

The Club's new practice course takes the runners past that notable landmark, the South Star, down the hill and up into Penallt. After Half-way has been passed, the course follows the branch railway line past the sewerage beds. It then leads off, encircles Morfa School, and eventually brings the almost exhausted runners to that formidable obstacle, Rocky Path, the encountering of which completes their exhaustion. Having passed through Penyfan Park, the runners are greeted by the familiar, but welcome, figure of Mr. Jones, stop-watch in hand, waiting outside the School. Then follows the long-awaited luxury of a hot shower—followed by a cold one.

So far this term, the team has had two fixtures, and the completion of each has resulted in victory for School.

The first of the two matches was held against Neath Grammar School on the beautiful course at Pwll. The result was a win for School by 24 points to 62. The School "B" team gained 99 points.

School's counting men finished as follows: W. D. C. Thomas, 1st; Handel Rees, 3rd; L. Morris, M. Symons and H. Davies tied for 4th place; Alan Thomas 8th.

The more recent match was at Swansea against the Grammar School, where the runners revelled in the lovely scenery, and mud, of Singleton Park. The result here was a win for School by 20 points to 41. This time, the "B" team obtained a much better result, having only 49 points.

The Llanelly runners finished as follows:—W. D. C. Thomas, 1st; A. V. Davies, 4th; H. Rees, A. Phillips, B. Knott, A. Thomas and L. Morris tied for 5th place.

Other fixtures have been arranged for the season and the most attractive of these is a triangular match versus Neath G.S. and Barry G.S. at Neath. The highlight of the year is, of course, the Welsh Youths Cross-Country Championship, which will be held in January. Two teams from School will take part in this latter event.

W. D. C. THOMAS, Captain.

OLD BOYS UNION.

The Annual Meeting of the O.B.U. was held on Tuesday, September 25th, and the following Officials and Committee were elected:— President, Mr. T. V. Shaw; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. R. M. Thomas; Hon. Secretary, Mr. F. T. Edwards; Committee, Messrs. Wynne Thomas, Hubert Davies, Haydn Davies, Cliff Thomas, Ieuan Davies, J. Watts, Tom Bowen, Denzil Thomas, Mathonwy Jones, D. Alun Thomas and W. J. Williams. Mr. Gareth Hughes was elected Press Liaison Officer.

The number of members on the register at the time of going to press is 447, of whom about 300 have paid the subscriptions for this year. It is hoped that the remainder will send their subscriptions along as the amount is very small and has not been increased since 1937, when the O.B.U. was revived.

The Christmas Dance will be held on Friday, December 28th, and all tickets for this popular event have been sold.

The Easter Ball will be held on Tuesday, April 15th, 1952, Both events are at the Ritz Ballroom.

The Annual Re-Union Dinner will be held at Allegri's Central Cafe on Wednesday, January 2nd, 1952, at 6.45 p.m. The principal guest will be Professor H. Lewis, M.A., Ph.D., professor of Welsh at Swansea University and an ex-member of the School Staff. Mr. J. Afan Jones will propose the toast to Professor Lewis, Mr. A. M. Smith to the School, and Rev. J. Neville Hughes to the Old Boys Union. The artistes will be our old friends Messrs. Tudor Smith and Robert Thomas, with Haydn Henshaw at the piano. The M.C. will be F. T. Edwards. Tickets for this function are priced at 7/6d. each and very few remain.

We are pleased to record that Mr. A. M. Smith, who retired at the end of last term, has accepted office as Vice-President of the Union.

Since our last issue we are pleased to record the following successes and extend our sincere congratulations to all concerned.

Members of Parliament:—

F. Elwyn Jones.
Llywelyn Williams.

Deputy Chairman East Midland National Coal Board:—

Wilfred Miron.

Doctor of Philosophy (Wales):—

George H. Nancollas for a thesis in Chemistry.
David Williamt for a thesis in Physics.

First Class Honours (Wales):—

B.A.: Marcel Williams (English).
Dennis Jones (Welsh).
B.Sc.: Huw Jenkins (Geology).

Second Class Honours (Wales):—

- B.A.: Raymond Williams (Welsh).
 Graham Davies (History).
 Ll.B.: John Weldon Williams.
 B.Sc.: Elfed Evans (Zoology).
 John Stockting (Physics).
 Byron Lewis (Economics).
 Gordon Ebsworth (Geology).
 Arfon Evans (Agricultural Botany).
 Allen H. Charles (Agricultural Botany).
 Eric Trump (Botany).

Kenneth Lewis was taken ill during the degree examinations, but has been allowed to carry on research for the degree of M.Sc. (Botany).

Pass Degrees (Wales):—

- B.A. D. Huw Williams.
 Alan Evans.
 Arthur Stallard.
 Hywel Hughes.
 D. Wynne Lloyd.
 B.Sc.: Ellis W. Griffiths.
 Roderick Thomas.
 Howard Davies.
 Reginald Davies.
 Huw Williams.
 Huw J. Jenkins.
 Bramwell Williams.
 Dennis Bowen.
 Clive Mansel.
 Howell Phillips.

M.R.C.V.S. (London) and B.Sc. (Vet.), London University:—

Howard Guest Rees.

We wish to congratulate Huw John Jenkins on his election as President of the Students' Representative Council, Aberystwyth University College, for the present session.

At its last meeting the Committee decided that one copy of the Magazine should be sent annually only to members who had paid their subscriptions.

And now in conclusion, may we wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

F. T. EDWARDS, Hon. Secretary.