

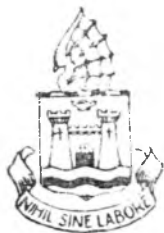
# MAGAZINE

No. 101

December, 1960



GORAU ARF.



ARF DYSG

# Dynevor Secondary School Magazine

---

No. 101 (No. 28 New Series)

DECEMBER, 1960

---

*Editors:*

R. V. BARNES, U.VI ARTS., A. C. HICKS, U.VI Sc.

*Sub-Editors:*

D. J. JASPER, L.VI ARTS, E. DAVID, L.VI ARTS  
J. ISAAC, L.VI ARTS.

## EDITORIAL.

It has been said that the School Magazine has 101 uses, ranging from firemaking to the manufacture of paper darts. As this is the 101st edition of the Magazine, perhaps this is particularly apt, and some future genius may suggest additional uses for the Magazine so that the bewildered and frustrated editor of the future can find something to communicate in the editorial column.

This issue is the first produced by the new editors, and it is hoped that it will supply articles of interest to boys at all stages in the School. It is with some difficulty that this issue has been completed in time for publication this term, and the editors wish sincerely to thank all those whose efforts and contributions have made its compilation possible. It is hoped that the example of the few will inspire more to submit articles to the Magazine.

Finally, with Christmas rapidly approaching, may we take this opportunity of wishing all our readers, the present and past pupils of the School, together with members of staff, a very Merry Christmas.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

As the School enters once more into a new academic year, it is perhaps fitting to describe briefly the chief changes which have taken place. The School buildings have again been considerably enlarged, and by the time of publication it is hoped that both the new School hall and library will have come into full operation. On the top floor of the Dynevor block, as well as the new library, a new Art room, Geography room and form-room have been provided, whilst the gap between the two blocks formerly a stark reminder of the blitz, is now occupied by the new hall.

As well as an increase in buildings, this term has also seen a tremendous increase in the number of boys attending the School. With the arrival of two forms from the Swansea Secondary Technical School and the larger number of new entrants, the total population of the School has risen to nearly 900 boys. Nevertheless despite this increase in the rank and file the number of prefects has not increased! This year's School Captain is R. B. Beynon who was Vice-Captain last year; Vice-Captains are J. M. Willis, U.VI Sc., and D. Mendus, U.VI. Sc.

The Prefects are: UVI Arts—R. V. Barnes, R. A. Cockle, V. A. Davies, E. M. Hughes, P. C. Mitchell, G. Turner; UVI Sc.: V. H. Davies, M. Dunne, T. H. Evans, R. Fuge, E. Fuller, A. F. Harrison, A. C. Hicks, R. C. Holland, R. J. Hukku, J. D. McGivan, A. Matthews, J. S. Thomas; 3rd Year Sixth: R. H. Bowen, R. C. H. Davies, D. L. Vaughan.

We also have great pleasure in welcoming many new members of staff to the School. From the Swansea Junior Technical School we wish to welcome Mr. B. H. Davies, Mr. O. J. Hughes, and Mr. R. Passmore. Because of the increased number in the School Mr. D. B. Phillips has come to assist in the Mathematics Department and Mr. E. G. Brimfield in the Science department. To both we wish to extend a warm welcome.

Three other new members, Mr. D. T. Howells, who joins the Geography department as a result of Mr. Richard Evans' retirement; Mr. A. Balch, who replaces Mr. Leslie Evans in the German department; and Mrs. F. Maunder-Foster, who is assisting temporarily in the Music department, also joined us this term.

On behalf of the School we wish to extend a welcome also to Mrs. M. M. James, who has come to assist in the Art department during the unfortunate absence of Mr. Tom Morgan.

We also welcome Herr Rieckmann, the new German Assistant, whose services we share with Bishop Gore. Herr Rieckmann has very generously contributed an article to this Magazine based largely upon a talk which he recently gave to members of the Literary and Debating Society.

Advance notices have been distributed to all forms regarding the three open days to be held at the end of the Summer term. Mr. Bennett has kindly contributed an article which gives details of this event. It is hoped that the co-operation of all boys may be obtained in making this experiment successful.

S.C.M. activities this term began with a Conference at Bishop Gore. There were two sessions, one on Friday afternoon and the other on Saturday morning. One guest speaker was the Rev. W. T. Pennar Davies, principal of the Brecon Memorial College which recently took up its quarters in new premises at Ffynone, Swansea. His theme was "The Christian Faith" and there were some interesting discussions in the various groups. The Vicar of Swansea, Rev. Harry Williams, presided at the afternoon session and the Rev. Dewi Phillips, minister of Fabian's Bay on Saturday morning.

At our second meeting Mr. and Mrs. John James gave a talk on Oberammergau and showed some beautiful transparencies of the village and of the Passion Play. At our third meeting the Rev. Erastus Jones spoke on the Ecumenical Movement and has promised to come again to speak about his work at the ecumenical centre at Blaendulais.

An interesting experience was provided for 30 Dynevor boys on November 4th, when they attended a talk given by Sir John Hunt, of Everest fame, at Mynyddbach School. The talk was to boys concerned with the Duke of Edinburgh's award scheme in South Wales, and the honour fell to David Hitchens of Lower VIth Science to propose the vote of thanks to Sir John. It was the original intention to hold the meeting in our New Hall, but unfortunately, it had not been completed in time.

Because of the departure of Mr. J. E. Richards as music master, there was no Dynevor concert held at the Brangwyn Hall this year. However, those who have heard the strain of "Lucia Silla" booming out of the new Hall on a Tuesday evening will know that the School orchestra is still flourishing if nothing else, under the baton of Mr. Passmore. The School Choir has also been re-formed (or reformed) under Mr. Myrddin Harries, and they joined with the orchestra to give two concerts in the new Hall in the last week of term.

The joy of starting a new term was somewhat marred this year by some sad news about Mr. Tom Morgan, who had been involved in a serious car accident just two days before term started. The accident occurred on the evening of Saturday, September 3rd, on the Great North Road near Wetherby, in Yorkshire, when Mr. Morgan was returning from his nephew's wedding, only five hours before. The seriousness of the collision may be judged from the fact that two people died instantly, one of them was Mr. Morgan's sister-in-law. He was admitted to Harrogate General Hospital, and at the beginning of November transferred to Swansea General, where he is, we are very glad to say, making a slow but steady recovery.

We hear that our Rugby First Fifteen has been doing extremely well this term, having to date, only lost one of their matches, although the second Fifteen has not, shall we say, been doing quite so well. Full reports on both team's progress (or otherwise) will appear in the next issue of the Magazine.

Those less energetic members of the Sixth Form who prefer to stay at School on Wednesday afternoons, have been given interesting talks during the term by two foreign visitors, one from the Philippines and the other from Japan. Both spoke upon aspects of life in their respective countries, the former giving a talk to the Lower Sixth on education in the Philippines, and the other skillfully answering the questions of the Sixth generally on all kinds of topics concerning Japan, where the conflict between the Western way of life and the traditions of the East is still very marked.

The Fifth-form, under the direction of Mr. Emlyn Evans, have received a series of talks upon various careers. The term commenced with a talk by Mr. Evans on the importance of the G.C.E. as a governing factor in careers. This was followed by a general talk given by Mr. Weaver, the Youth Employment Officer, on "Careers suitable to Grammar School Boys." Another visitor, Mr. Padmore, from the Steel Company of Wales, gave a talk upon Careers in Steel. The Headmaster then spoke on "The Sixth form in relation to Careers," and the term has been concluded by a series of talks given by Mr. Emlyn Evans, on Banking, the Civil Service, and Local Government. We understand from Mr. Emlyn Evans that a variety of interesting talks given by visitors to the School have been planned for next term.

One of the things which we shall greatly appreciate as our new Hall comes increasingly into use is the opportunity it will provide for talks to be given by outside speakers. Three such meetings have already been held in the latter part of this

term. The first was a lecture to the Science Sixth given by Mr. B. Wilshire of the Department of Metallurgy of the University College of Swansea on the subject "Science—Pure and Applied." Then an Old Boy of the School, Mr. Pitchford, who has recently returned from Ghana where he was Principal of Accra Training College, gave an illustrated talk to the Fourth Forms on the subject "Emergent Africa."

The third of our speakers was yet another Old Boy, Councillor Percy Morris, J.P., who was the Guest Speaker at a Sixth Form Conference on "Government—Local and National." The Chair was taken by the School Captain, and after the speaker's opening address the conference split up into groups for discussion purposes and then reassembled for questions to the speakers and further discussion in full session. This was an experimental arrangement and will probably be repeated on suitable occasions in the future.

Finally on the last day of term yet another Old Boy of the School, Mr. D. C. Mills Davies, Education Officer of the Steel Company of Wales, will be visiting the School to show films in our new Hall to the Senior Science forms. It will thus be seen that the School is losing no time in making full use of the Hall, and we are most grateful to our Old Boys for their willingness to come back to give us the advantage of their advice and experience.

### **LONDON LETTER.**

LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE,

*November, 1960.*

DEAR SIR,

In view of the fact that six weeks of the present term have already passed, I should like to take this opportunity of writing a letter to the School Magazine, giving my impressions of a student's life at L.S.E.

One familiar feature is the background of noise against which life constantly goes on—the banging of hammers, the scraping of shovels and the indescribable din of pneumatic drills—which are by no means strange and irritating, for after seven years at Dynevor one has become immune to such a babel!

The reason for this building and repairing is that L.S.E. is situated in the centre of London and buildings in the immediate vicinity must be bought and renovated in order to

provide additional space for students. Although these buildings are not comparable with those of provincial universities, nevertheless their central position offers a very real advantage, for only a few minutes walk away are the Public Record Office, University Library, British Museum, House of Commons, and many other buildings of importance.

My immediate impression of the School itself was one of overcrowding, whether in the Refectory, the Library, or in the various Common Rooms. On reflection this is not really surprising as L.S.E. is one of the largest colleges in the University of London, with over 4,000 students. Equally as noticeable was that many of the students were far older and more experienced in life than one would expect to meet—indeed, the average age of students here is twenty-six.

The Director of the School stated in his opening address to freshers, "The first job of students is to study"; nevertheless students cannot be expected to study all the time and life as a student offers many other interesting, exciting and profitable activities. In order to provide these, there are over seventy different societies at L.S.E., which cater for cultural, religious, intellectual and social tastes and range from the "War on Want" Society to the "Wine and Food Tasting" Society. In addition to the various societies of the School there are over a hundred still more varied societies in the University of London Union, some, such as the Swimming Club, offering far greater facilities than any individual college could possibly provide. Because approximately one-third of our students are from abroad, in all the organised activities of the Union there is the opportunity of meeting a great variety of people who often represent extremely varied views. This is one of the outstanding advantages of University education in London.

Perhaps one activity, conspicuous by its absence so far, and one that is inseparably linked with L.S.E., is politics. It has been said that you can evade your lectures, your classes, your tutor, your essays and your papers, if you know the ropes, but one thing that you cannot get away from at L.S.E. is politics. Not only are there daily meetings of the various political societies, but the speakers invited are very prominent—last Thursday, for example, Tony Wedgewood-Benn spoke in the lunch-hour, Richard Crossman at 4.15, R. A. Butler at 6.00 p.m., and Sir de Villiers Graaff at 7.30 p.m. Contrary to my expectations L.S.E. is by no means a hot-bed of Communism, though I must confess the first L.S.E. student I ever met as I walked into the School on the first day of term was a very enthusiastic Fellow Traveller handing out leaflets for a meeting of the Marxist Society!



However different and varied these social activities are from those of Dynevor, the greatest change between school and University is in the method of tuition. Not only is there a vast amount of free time each week—only six lectures are given—but much more emphasis is placed on general reading, open discussion, and teaching one to think critically. This is a change that it would have been all the more difficult to make had it not been for a certain Historian's guiding hand in the Sixth form. For this, as for all that Dynevor gave me, I am continually grateful. It has provided a basis from which vistas of new thought and ideas are opening out.

Yours with good wishes,

BRIAN GRIFFITHS.

### SEPTEMBER IN SWITZERLAND.

The golden shafts of dawn broke over the silhouetted horizon and illuminated the French countryside in a warm glow of rose-pink. The overcast sky was shot with streaks of mimosa yellow which gradually gave way to white as the sun rose higher.

Although we had slept pleasantly, it was an exciting experience to awaken in the roaring French train, speeding across the relatively flat countryside of France. We were destined for Switzerland, and as we approached the Swiss frontier town of Basle, the flat lands gave way to a different type of scenery, rich in pine forests, meandering rivers, quaint window-shuttered farmhouses, and even in mid-September, flower-blanketed meadows.

After breakfast in the typical Continental manner (an enjoyable experience on every occasion), we prepared to change our train at Basle, and within a short time we set foot in "The Playground of Europe," Switzerland.

The four hour journey from Basle to our destination, Vevey, a resort situated on the Northern coast of Lake Geneva, took us through some of the world's most beautiful scenery. The train rushed through great valleys enclosed on either side by vertical rocks over which crystal torrents cascaded in magnificent splendour. We traversed deep ravines, while beneath us rushing rivers precipitated themselves through pine wood forests. Amazing sea-like lakes bordered with

miles of vineyards and the magnificent villas of the "idle rich" swept past our window like some gigantic picture from a fairy-tale. Against the brilliant blue sky the huge snow-covered Alps stood like sentinels gleaming in the warm sunlight. It was all so inexpressibly wonderful that we were spellbound from beginning to end.

Eventually we reached the fashionable city of Lausanne and continued the remaining eighteen miles overlooking, on one side, the sparkling expanse of Lake Geneva and, on the other, terraces of vineyards. At times, the train passed so closely that it was almost possible to pluck enormous bunches of black grapes, basking in the warm sunshine. Wine making is the major industry of this region, and, I believe, over fifty different varieties are produced.



Castle of Chillon (Switzerland)

When we arrived at Vevey, there was a heatwave and profusions of flowers bordered the squares and roads. Along the lakeside, the trees lining the boulevards reflected on the sparkling water in an exquisite emerald green. On the other side of the lake, one could just make out the huge range of snow-capped peaks through the heat haze, and to the left were the famous "Dents du Midi."

Vevey is ideally situated on the northern coast of Lake Geneva with the large cities of Lausanne and Geneva to the West, the famous resort of Montreux to the East and France on the opposite shore.

We were able to make several excursions, but most of our time was spent in Montreux and Vevey, where one could relax, away from the bustle of town life.

However, two trips which I particularly enjoyed remain outstanding in my memory. One day, we took a mountain train to Gstaad, the famous Winter Sports and Health resort, frequented by film-stars and other celebrities. The train moved slowly out of the station and soon began to ascend the steep slope. The track hugged the pine clad Mount Peerin and en route we saw the magnificent white chateau of Charlie Chaplin, commanding an exquisite view of the sprawling towns beneath. We journeyed for an hour through Alpine forests and villages where the air was so incredibly pure, and we eventually arrived at Gstaad. The place consisted mainly of large chalets, richly adorned with flowers and meticulously painted with religious tableaux.

We were directed to a Chair-Lift Station by signs indicating the times taken to walk there and having covered what seemed many miles we reached the Station situated at the foot of a mountain, the summit of which was enveloped in cloud.

It was a truly magnificent experience as we were swept out of the Station in our little chairs, crossing deep ravines and rising high above the pastoral slopes of the Alps. Beneath us lay the undulating valleys, with chalets dotted on the green slopes and continually one could hear the delightful ringing of bells which were hung around the cow's necks. Suddenly we were surrounded by a mist and realised that we had actually become enveloped in the clouds. The most surprising thing of all was that when we emerged from that strange world of white obscurity, the ground and the pine trees were covered with thick snow.

We had endless fun playing snowballs while below us the valley was basking in glorious sunshine. We discovered a large chalet where refreshments were served, and hot coffee was most certainly welcome in that icy clime.

Another highlight of our holiday was our visit to Geneva, situated about thirty miles from Vevey. In order to see as much as was possible in one day, we booked for a two hour coach tour of the city.

Geneva is a beautiful city with many wide boulevards, fashionable shops, large parks and promenades, yet I was very surprised to learn that there are only 205,000 inhabitants, a seemingly small number for a city of its immensity. The courier informed us that three hundred of these were multimillionaires and chiefly comprised banking families. The excursion was very interesting, and among the places of cultural and historic significance that we visited was the old League of Nations Headquarters just outside the city. Unfortunately we spent little time at the Palais de Nations, but we had ample opportunity to drive around the outside while the courier explained the fascinating architectural features to us. On our way to visit the only Russian church in Switzerland, the courier pointed out the residence of the Soviet ambassador and the numerous Americans who were travelling in our bus voiced their disapproval by booing.

After visiting the Wall of the Reformation, commemorating those responsible for the religious movement in Europe during the sixteenth century, we drove along the lakeside in order to see the highest fountain in the world. However, the "Jet d'Eau de la Rade" as it is called, was switched off because the high wind was blowing it all over the city centre, thus causing a torrential downpour!

On other excursions that we made, we visited the ancient Castle of Chillon, built on a rocky promontory on Lake Geneva, and immortalised by Lord Byron's poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon."

Also we paid a very enjoyable visit to the beautiful valley of Gruyere, where the world renowned cheese is produced, either in outlying farms or little fromageries. The quaint, fortified village was of singular beauty and interest and was situated on a hill in the middle of the wide fertile valley. At one end of the village was a magnificent chateau and, in the cobbled streets, the cafes attracted tourists with fresh Gruyere cream, butter and, of course, the cheese.

During our fortnight's stay in Switzerland, our pleasure was not merely due to the splendid scenery and the warm climate, but also to our experiences of the different modes of life which one finds throughout the Continent. Amidst all these lovely memories, I shall remember particularly our acquaintance with the wife of a world famous pianist, the late Frederic Lamond. Madame Lamond was herself one of the greatest actresses of her time and was particularly famous for her Shakespearian interpretations.

Thus our holiday drew to a close and it was with much regret that we said goodbye to our friends, to Vevey and to Switzerland.

JOHN ISAAC, L.VI Arts.

### **"LIFE IN THE INNER SANCTUM OF THE LOWER SIXTH ARTS."**

Despite the normal gaiety which surrounds the School, believe it or not, when the term begins, the atmosphere was strained when the present Lower Sixth returned to school at the beginning of this fateful term. The reason was obvious. The two opposing camps were now openly ranged against each other and the debate of "Arts v. Science" which previously had raged only in the minds of the antagonists was now obvious and was being waged violently. Those of us who were taking Arts subjects in the Sixth now hurled insults at former friends who had deserted the "paths of true learning" to live their meagre existence amidst the deathless odours and the perennial mystery of Science. Our mixed collection of talent which was to be, we hoped, the future L.VI.A., was consequently received with hostility by the scientists and we stood, rather forlornly, in the corridor, waiting to enter the sinisterly secluded L.VI A. form-room. As we waited, I thought of the days I myself had spent, or rather wasted, studying Science, and of the future happiness which, I felt sure, would come with diligent work and industry in those subjects I liked.

Alas, these noble but so very mistaken ideas were soon to be dispelled, for it became obvious that the fictional idea of the Sixth-former that prevails in Dynevor, is indeed partly true. Within a fortnight, we new inmates of the Dynevor hierarchy realised that although a Sixth-former does NOT trudge into School at 8.59 a.m., cigarette in hand, and still suffering from a typical evening's debauchery, it is not entirely a matter of scholarship that decides if one becomes a member of the oligarchy, and we were introduced to the extensive range of less studious activities which life in the Sixth offers.

Naturally, such diversions as the Student Christian Movement (attended largely because of the fact that usually S.C.M. takes place in Llwyn-y-Bryn), badminton (only a few, under the enthusiastic direction of a certain Chemistry master who, it is said, dared to associate us with the "Lower Order" of the Lower Sixth Science), and the Debating Society (only two of our illustrations band of four having as yet spoken), soon took toll of our homework. Herein lay another

feature of the Sixth form which had previously been only rumoured, for we were quickly brought to our senses by a curt warning that, however much we wasted our time, no-one was going to force us or indeed even reprimand us, and it was we who were going to pass or fail by our own efforts,—it was entirely up to us. And here, at last, realisation dawned that life in the Sixth was not merely a continuation of the previous five years but the start of a new School existence in which it was obvious that we were still very much “the new boys.” No longer were we to regard the masters as the “enemy” but now they were to become, overnight, it seemed, our friends and benefactors. Surprising as it seems, they have, and it is often quite touching to see the apprehension which shows in the eyes of many when our form-master is seen making his way towards his new automobile and, even more perilously, drive precisely up Walter Road, alone, regardless of the “L” plates which are still attached to the vehicle.

It is from the same gentleman, I might add, that many of our form have acquired a taste for the “Daily Telegraph” and this newspaper is also prominent in the unofficial “uniform” which two of our number affect. The number of students of the L.VIA. who make their way around the School, carrying a rolled umbrella and a copy of the aforesaid paper (or better still the “Times”) is gradually increasing, and as it appears that this will become part of the future tradition of the L.VIA, I would urge all those present members of the Fifth who hope to enter the Lower Sixth Arts next year to enrol immediately in the extensive course in “The Art of Carrying or Rolling Your Umbrella in the Most Graceful and Elegant Manner” which is now being given by Messrs. P.J.K. and W.J.I. of the L.VIA.

It will thus be fully appreciated that with these many more external activities our homework has been severely curtailed. Nevertheless, we are justifiably proud of the record attendances in the Gym periods this term, which have been carefully maintained despite the unfortunate results which the continual strain of overwork has had on the health of several of our number. (It has even been calculated that the record figure of 52 per cent. of the form doing gym has been attained.) In this connection, it is in fact rumoured that a special team from the L.VIA is now preparing to thwart the ambitions of a certain “Luigi” of the L.VISc., in the “mile” in the School Sports next year. This team has been specially selected and will consist of the following Dillwyn House membets : N.R.B. E.I.D. and perhaps, though his amateur status is suspect, D. J. Mc.J. A new world record is confidently anticipated,

as it is hoped that his Christmas present at the end of term will overcome the House loyalties of the School sports timekeeper and make loyalty in his form supreme.

This then is a "history" of life in the Lower Sixth Arts this term (almost, "The Diary of a Sixth Form Mouse.") but soon much of the lighter side of our life will disappear, for ahead lies the hurdle of "'A' level," and for once, I fear, the Inner Sanctum will have to start working.

E.D., L.VI.A.

### **NIOBE, TURNED TO STONE, FOR BOASTING OF HER CHILDREN.**

Thy lissome daughters lowly lie,  
Thy fleetfoot sons no more shall fly  
Along cool sands their speed to try,  
Niobe.

Weep not this thy loss alone,  
For thy tears can not atone,  
They and silent Death are one,  
Niobe.

These silent sands and sounding seas,  
Those shadowed hills and dewlapped leas,  
Think not they feel such pangs as these,  
Niobe.

Thou thyself no more shalt move,  
—A standing rock, thy streams shall prove  
How timeless is a mother's love,  
Niobe.

OLD DY'VORIAN.

W.J.E.C. EXAMINATION (Z LEVEL) JULY, 1961.

HISTORY

(Or : A Glimpse into the troubled world of Scholarship Candidates)

N.B.

- (a) Boys should **not** attempt to bribe the examiner, BUT, Credit will be given (for those without ready cash).
- (b) Boys should not write the answers on the spur of the moment, but on the paper provided.

SECTION A.

MEDI-EVIL AND MODERN HISTORY.

- (i) Who was Magnus the Great?  
(Anyone that can answer this question should contact the British Museum, Wigan Borough Council, or any other reliable institute.)
- (ii) *Either:*
  - (a) Compare and contrast **any four** of the following:
    - (i) Alfred the Great
    - (ii) Manfred the Small.
    - (iii) Eggfred the Tall.
    - (iv) Fred.

Or

- (b) Don't bother.
- (iii) Explain and illustrate William the Conqueror.
- (iv) Was the Holy Roman Empire:
  - (a) Perforated?
  - (b) Governed entirely by Romans?
- (v) In 1381 the peasants were revolting. Were they any better in 1382?
- (vi) "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Discuss with reference to the fact that Henry V (Henry the Eighth) had six wives.
- (vii) (a) Who played bowls while Rome burned?
- (b) Which was discovered first:—
  - (i) America?
  - (ii) Elvis Presley?
- (viii) Did the Roundheads win the Civil War:—
  - (i) Because Charles I lost his head?
  - (ii) Because the Cavaliers were laughing too much?
- (ix) Compare Sir Robert Pitt, with Peel the Younger. (*Do not confuse these statesmen with Walpole, who founded the R.S.P.C.A.—"Let sleeping dogs lie."*)



- (x) What were the real names of the following?
- (a) The Great Pretender.
  - (b) The Swedish Meat-Eater.
  - (c) The Laughing Cavalier.
  - (d) The Iron Man.
  - (e) Edmund Burke.
- (xii) (a) How long did the Seven Years War last? (*Think carefully*).
- (b) Was the loss of the American Colonies due to:
- (i) Carelessness? (ii) Elvis Presley?
- (xii) Account for the importance of the following to the French Revolution
- (a) France.
  - (b) The Jacobins.
  - (c) Rob's Spear. (an old Scottish weapon).
  - (d) Baroness Orczy.
- (xiii) (a) When did Napoleon say, "I have dismissed them with a whiff of grapefruit"?
- (b) What did he say during the retreat from Moscow? (*No four-letter words, please!*)
- (xiv) (a) "Rotten potatoes have done it" (WELLINGTON, 1846). Is this an adequate excuse for school dinners?
- (b) Trace the connexion between Peel and the House of Orange.
- (xv) Assess the contribution of the following to Nineteenth century politics:—
- (i) "Disney" (ii) Gladstone, (iii) Palmerstone.
  - (iv) Ribston (v) J. S. Mills-tone, (vi) Lord Brisbane, (vii) Chatham.
- (xvi) "Into the mouth of Hell rode the six hundred." What were the causes of the Indian Mutiny?

## SECTION B.

### GENERAL QUESTIONS.

1. What happened to question 11?
2. What books have you read by Lawrence (i.e. of Arabia)?
3. Are there too many dustbins in Britain?
4. Discuss the influence of:—
  - (a) Coca-Cola and
  - (b) Elvis Presley
 on the American Presidential election.

(Any person who fails this paper will be awarded a State Scholarship)

"MACAULAY," U.VI. Arts.

## THE URDD CAMP AT LLANGRANNOG.

Swansea High Street Station has rarely been the scene of so much excitement as on a day during the last August holidays when boys and girls from all over Swansea crowded the platform in readiness for their trip to the Urdd Camp at Llangrannog. Among them was a party of boys from Dynevor who were awaiting the arrival of the train as eagerly as the others. When, eventually, the train arrived we all piled aboard, dragging our bags with us. "At last we are off!" was the thought uppermost in our minds.

At Carmarthen we piled out of the train and into the waiting buses which were to take us on the last lap of the journey to Llangrannog along a twisting country road that passed through some very beautiful countryside. About a mile from the pleasant little village of Llangrannog we left the buses and, taking our belongings with us, we hurried along a narrow country lane to a field overlooking the sea. And there, at last, was the Camp.

The Camp consisted of a number of permanent wooden buildings which included a Chapel, a table-tennis hall named "Tregaron"; a gymnasium; the "Caban Bwyta," our dining hall; a hospital; a drying room and a large hut which housed the library, the bank, and a number of rooms for the Swyddogion—the camp officials. These buildings were spread out along the right hand side of the field facing the sea.

At the top end of the field were the wooden huts in which the girls slept. There was also a row of tents for the hardier girls among them. At the bottom of the field were the four rows of tents in which the boys slept.

Our tent was at the end of the row nearest to the sea. In it there were five beds. This was one more than there were in the other tents. They were large roomy tents which could easily accommodate four or five boys, their baggage, and a bed for each boy. The beds were not quite what most boys are used to sleeping in at home, but after the first night, when we talked more than we slept, they felt quite comfortable.

We were all encouraged to keep our tents neat as every morning there was an inspection by the Swyddogion and points were awarded for neatness. These points were awarded to the Houses to which the tents belonged and there were four Houses—Powys, Gwynedd, Gwent and Dyfed. House points were also awarded in the many competitions and inter-House sports held throughout the week, and at the end of the week the House which had scored the highest number of points was awarded a shield.

The Camp was well organised and the programme included games, athletics, swimming and many evening activities.

In the morning of the day after our arrival we were divided into our various Houses and the week's programme began. First, we played an inter-house game of cricket in which one of our Dynevor boys took twelve wickets for three runs, and another took six wickets for four runs. In the afternoon we all walked down to the village to go bathing in the sea, and afterwards we were allowed to walk back to camp in twos and threes to arrive in time for tea. That evening we had an enjoyable sing-song and were told the rules of the Camp.

On Sunday morning we went to the Camp chapel. This is the only completely wooden and unpainted chapel in Wales. In the afternoon we were split up into groups and listened to a brief talk about the Urdd badge and what it stands for. Afterwards, as the weather was fine, we went for a walk in the district surrounding the camp. In the evening the Church of England boys went to a church in the village, and the others held a "Cymanfa Ganu" in a nearby chapel.

Because of the bad weather the inter-House matches had to be cancelled and the rain also washed out the athletic competitions which should have taken place on another day. Instead, we had folk dancing and indoor sports in the gym., and on other occasions we were given free time. There were fortunately, many ways to use this free time. We could play table tennis and other indoor games such as chess and draughts, or we could stay in our tents and read books borrowed from the camp library. Or we could write letters, or . . . just talk. We could also, if we wished, organise games in the gym.

Each afternoon we would leave the camp and walk down to the village to go bathing and afterwards we would wander back to camp in little groups to arrive in time for tea. The free time between tea and supper we could spend on our own pursuits.

After supper there were always many activities. One night the Swyddogion—the camp officials—entertained us with a very good comedy show which was enjoyed by all. On another evening there was a competition between the rival Houses. Each House had to put on a variety show for which House marks were awarded. On yet another evening we had folk dancing, and these dances were easily learned, joined in by everybody, and very much enjoyed.

One morning we had a treasure hunt. Each House was given a list of twenty things which they had to collect or find in a given time to win points for the House.

A hike which was supposed to have been held on Thursday with a choice of four places to visit, had to be cancelled because of the weather, so we had more folk dancing in the morning and bathing in the afternoon. Between tea and supper a carnival was held. There were may competitions, including one to choose the boy who looked best dressed in girl's clothes.

A barbecue had been planned to be held on the mountain, but the weather was bad again so it was held in the gym. by lamplight instead of firelight. We had leek soup, freshly baked pies, bread rolls, tomatoes, and other good things to eat. Many people sang and recited, and one of the Swyddogion put on a memory act as good as Chan Canasta's.

On Friday we left the camp to travel home after one of the most enjoyable holidays I, for one, have ever had, and I am sure everybody else enjoyed himself as much as I did. Indeed, some of the girls were so sorry to leave that they cried!

WYNNE LEWIS, III<sup>d</sup>.

### THE EMERALD ISLE.

My parents and I caught the train to Fishguard from High Street Station at 4.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 2nd August. We arrived at Fishguard Harbour at about 7 o'clock and we made our way straight to the "S.S. Innisfallen." We had dinner on board the ship, and after a good meal we went to bed. At 12 o'clock we began to sail and through the portholes we could see the dim lights of Fishguard receding further and further away. The journey across was quite calm and at 7.45 a.m. a stewardess came to wake us with a cup of tea. We were due to land at Cork at 9 o'clock, but as we were late sailing we did not dock until 10 o'clock.

Cork is a large city with a population of about 80,000. It is the third largest city in Ireland and the second largest in Eire. In early times Cork was just marshy land at the head of the River Lee and was known as "The Great Marsh of Munster" or Corcach. The first city sprang up around the monastic settlement of St. Finbarr. Later a walled town was built on the marshes and as the centuries passed the marshland was reclaimed. In 1690, the army of William III, under Marlborough, laid siege to the city and compelled the garrison to surrender after five day's fighting. Soon afterwards the walls and fortifications of Cork were destroyed.

After arriving at Cork at 10 o'clock we took a taxi to the hotel where we were to stay for the next fortnight. We then went into town and had a look at some of the shops. To see the town you have to cross St. Patrick's Bridge which spans the River Lee. The main street is Patrick Street.

Next day we went to see Blarney Castle which is about ten miles out of Cork. The castle consists of a square tower with an embattled parapet 83 feet above the ground. The castle was built in two parts; the first, a tall and narrow tower, is the earliest; the second is a Keep which overlaps the tower. Set in the walls of the Keep is the famous Blarney Stone. To kiss it one has to descend head first grasping an iron railing from the parapet walk of the settlement. To-day there is an iron grate below in case you should let go of the iron railing but some time ago there was no railing. The reason for putting it up was that a long time ago a man while kissing the Blarney Stone let go of the railing and fell 80 feet. Luckily he fell straight into a tree which saved him. After kissing the Blarney Stone you are endowed with the gift of eloquence and if desired a certificate proving that you have kissed the Blarney Stone can be obtained.

In the afternoon we went on a coach tour to Mount Melleray and Youghal. When we arrived at Mount Mellery the monks took the men on a conducted tour of the Monastery. The monks did everything themselves; they make everything for the dairy and even have a saw mill of their own. As we had arrived rather late they did not have much time to show us around and after seeing the Monastery and buying a few souvenirs, we were back in the coach and on our way to Youghal. This is a small town at the foot of the Blackwater River. In Youghal there is the Church of St. Mary which contains the tomb of Margaret, Countess of Desmond, who danced with Henry VII after the Battle of Bosworth Field. Among very many famous people who have visited Youghal is Sir Walter Raleigh, who was Mayor of Youghal for a year. After visiting some places in Youghal, we got back into the coach and arrived back at Cork at 9.30 p.m.

My father had already booked seats for a coach tour to Killarney, Glengarrif and Gougane Barra. Killarney is situated south west of Cork and we really went on this tour to see the Lake District for which Killarney is famous. There are three main lakes which make up the Lake District. There is the large lower lake or Lough Leane which is separated from the middle lake by a wooded peninsula. A narrow strait called the Long Range, shrouded in woods, connects with the Upper Lake. At Killarney you can ride on a jaunting car

which makes a tour of the lakes. A jaunting car is a horse-drawn wagon on which you have to sit sideways. Having spent an hour and a half at Killarney we then moved on to Glengariff. Glengariff has a semi-tropical climate and all the big liners dock there on the way to America and other countries. About a mile out of Glengariff there is an island which is called Garnish Island. On this island tropical plants are grown and there is an Italian Villa built on it. The climate is so mild that there is no need for artificial hot houses in order to grow these plants. We then moved on to Gougane Barra, which is just a little piece of land on which there are the ruins of a monastery. After spending a quarter of an hour studying the ruins we climbed into the coach and made our way home arriving back in Cork at about 9.30 p.m.

We remained in and about Cork for five days before leaving for Dublin. We left Cork on the train and arrived in Dublin at 10.30 a.m. We went to a Church where the remains of some Crusaders are reported to rest. I shook hands with one of the crusaders, for this is supposed to bring good luck. We then went to Trinity College to see the Book of Kells. One page of the Book of Kells is turned every day of the year. After looking around a few shops we caught the train back to Cork.

After visiting very many other places it was time to return to Swansea. We boarded the "S.S. Innisfallen" at 5.30 p.m. and it sailed at 6 o'clock. We had a rougher crossing than we had experienced on the outward voyage and we docked at Fishguard Harbour at 3 o'clock in the morning. We enjoyed ourselves so much in the Emerald Isle that we are returning there next year.

R. HURST, III<sup>D</sup>.

### Y DDRAIG GOCH.

We have read recently in the papers about someone who tried to pull down a Red Dragon flag, saying that it was a symbol of evil. This is a mistaken view of the dragon symbol, and our Welsh Dragon is really an engaging fellow. He has one big brother—the Chinese Dragon—and they both come from a very ancient family.

There were wonderful stories about dragons in ancient Babylonia, Persia, and India, as well as in China. The dragon plays its part in the folk-lore of Africa, while one of the great symbols in the thought and religion of the American Indian is the plumed serpent.

The dragon is a serpent with wings and limbs, symbolising the life of the earth and heavens—life that swims and struggles and soars up to the sky. All the powers of the creation are embodied in it. The Chinese knew of an azure dragon of the sky and the rain. The golden dragon of Welsh legend represented the sun and the mystery of fire; while the red dragon is akin to it, and suggests also the warmth and vigour of the blood. Among the ancient Egyptians the dragon with its tail in its mouth was a greatly revered symbol, and suggested to them, no doubt, the sun's disc.

It is, therefore, wrong to suppose that the dragon is a symbol of evil only. It is true that in the Genesis account of the fall of man in the Garden of Eden, the serpent is the tempter, while in the book of Revelations, the enemy of mankind is represented by the dragon. There are some Welsh hymns that speak of overcoming the "draig" or dragon. But in the Bible itself the serpent symbol is used in another way. In the stories about Moses the serpent became the symbol of power and wisdom, and, in the incident of the lifting up of serpent in the wilderness, it represents healing and deliverance. In the sublime story of the call of Isaiah we hear of the Seraphim, supernatural servants of the most High, and the same word is used elsewhere in the Old Testament for fiery flying serpents. The dragon is really the symbol of life and power, which may indeed be misdirected by a sinful will, but which nevertheless belongs to the Creator.

There is no need to suppose that the dragon myths were suggested by racial memories of some pre-hisotirc flying reptile: the human imagination is always ready to provide us with strange beasts and flying saucers. There are people today who believe in the Loch Ness monster, not to mention the Abominable Snowman!

The Welsh word "draig," and the English word "dragon" are derived from Greek, via Latin. The Greek word "drakon" means "he who sees far" or "sharp-sighted," and indicates therefore that the dragon symbolises wisdom, light, and truth. Strength, passion, and vitality were associated with the colour red—the colour of blood—in which life was thought to dwell.

However, in some legends we find the dragon standing for a power hostile to man. This aspect of the dragon is apparent in the numerous "dragon-slayer" legends found in Medieval myth all over Christian Europe. Here sin is portrayed as a dragon. The goodly aspects of the dragon were more lasting than the evil ones, for the dragon was retained in national flags well after the coming of Christianity to Europe.

Druid tradition is thought to have evolved the idea of worshipping the serpent or dragon. The purple dragon of the Romans was similar in colour to our Welsh one, and perhaps the Welsh derived their flag from this source. This is, however, doubtful, for the Romans used their golden eagles as battle standards in time of war.

There is a Welsh legend which says that Uthr Pendragon, on the death of his brother, had a vision, in which he saw a star, seeming to give forth a fiery likeness of a dragon. Merlin, the Magician, interpreted the dream to mean that Uthr could be king of Britain (over the Celts). Two dragons of gold were made for him, and he took one of them with him, while fighting his battles, as a kind of mascot. His son, the Arthur of legend, inherited this, and the tradition has endured through the ages, for the dragon later became the emblem of many Welsh leaders.

The Saxons as well as the Welsh had dragon standards—the Wessex golden, or white dragon. There is more than one form of an old Welsh legend, telling of a Red Dragon which recovered from defeat, and overcame the White Dragon. In the struggle of the Welsh for survival the dragon became the symbol of deliverance.

Owain Glyndwr, the Welsh hero, used the golden dragon on a white background for his battle standard. This dragon is the fiery dragon of Arthur. Henry VII used the dragon standard in the battle of Bosworth Field. In modern Wales, the Red Dragon has become associated with the national revival. One of our mottos is “Y Ddraig Goch a ddry cychwyn” (The Red Dragon will give a start).

A. MEIRION PENNAR-DAVIES, L.VI Arts.

### A VISIT TO LONDON AIRPORT.

During the summer holidays, I was invited to spend a week-end in London with a relative. On the Saturday afternoon a visit to London Airport was planned. I had seen many photographs and films of this airport, but had never really been there, and so I looked forward eagerly to the event.

The first and hardest thing to do, was to get there. We took a tube from Earls Court out to Hounslow West on the Piccadilly line, and from there a number 90A bus. The bus enters the airport through a magnificent tunnel, on top of which planes of the Trans-Atlantic Airline take off, and land.



The bus continues on, until it reaches the reception centre called London Airport Central; here the London Transport, B.O.A.C. and B.E.A. buses terminate. Opposite the bus terminal there are two buildings; one caters for tourists whilst the other is European and Oriental travellers.

At the Airport there are buses which take trippers for a tour of the aerodrome. On this tour, one is taken back out through the tunnel, to the buildings which are now used entirely for Trans-Atlantic flights. The bus then continues along its route, passing the famous Dakotas (which have since been scrapped) and many other planes which are used mainly by the smaller charter companies. As the weather on this particular day was particularly pleasant (something totally unusual in this clime) we were able to obtain a very clear view of Windsor Castle from the aerodrome. In the heat the runways looked like large lakes.

The bus stopped at various vantage points in order that the passengers might photograph the planes. The journey continued past many aircraft, some of which had the new radar equipment fitted to them. This comprises a black sheet of metal which is fitted to the nose of the aircraft.

The next place of interest en route is the hangar of B.E.A. where innumerable "Viscounts" and "Comet IVB's" are kept. This building is not as large as the B.O.A.C. hangar, which houses "Bristol Britannias," known as the "Whispering Giants." Also found in this hangar are "Comet IVB's" and "Douglas D.C.7's."

Further on is the giant structure of the experimental wall, which has been designed to prevent the noise of the great jet airliners disturbing the neighbouring district. Having completed this tour we alighted from the bus and entered the Queen's building. The top floors of this building are given over completely to a souvenir shop, a restaurant and a roof-garden. From the latter a wonderful panoramic view of the airport is obtained.

The arrival of every plane is heralded by an announcement in which it is described in every detail—its name, owners, and where it has come from. This announcement is relayed throughout the building by a loud-speaker system. Immediately below the building are planes which are about to take off or are refuelling, or have just landed. These planes are concerned with European flights, whilst across the airport are large Trans-Atlantic airliners.

Watching a plane landing is much more spectacular than watching it take off. As it comes in to land the wheels steadily near the ground, and then with a cloud of smoke which is caused by the friction of the wheels on the runway, it lands, and taxis up to the reserved position on the runway. This happens about every two or three minutes; sometimes two planes land simultaneously on different runways. The most frequent arrivals are Vickers Viscounts on the European runway. These belong to Luftwaffe, B.E.A., and Air France in the main. On the Trans-Atlantic runway, however, are seen Comet IVB and Douglas DC7.

To watch a plane take off, although not as spectacular as watching it land, is far more majestic. A good example of this is the Bristol Britannia. It taxis from the tarmac to the runway, and gathering speed, rises like a huge bird, climbing steeply until it ultimately levels out, disappearing from sight in a matter of minutes.

Planes from behind the Iron-curtain also visit the airport, and those from the satellite countries arrive very frequently. However, those from Moscow arrive only twice a week, and I was fortunate enough to witness the arrival of one of these planes during my visit. This was a Turplov T.U. 104, which was arriving from Moscow.

As I have already mentioned, on the top floor of the Queen's Building is the restaurant. We retired to this after our tour, and discovered that the food served there, although rather expensive, was nonetheless very good. The souvenir shop, our next destination, sells nothing except picture-postcards of the airport and airplane construction kits.

Unfortunately all good things come to an end, and so, after what had seemed to be a very brief visit, my tour was ended. It was, however, very enjoyable, and extremely interesting, and I would, if given the opportunity, willingly repeat the experience.

WILLIAM HOLT, III<sup>d</sup>.

### EDITING A FORM NEWSPAPER.

In producing a form newspaper you must be willing to do three things: firstly, you must work hard; secondly you must be really interested; and thirdly, you must be prepared to spend some money.

Firstly, you must work really hard but if you love it, you will enjoy it. I am the editor of the new "3c Journal" and I should know. Our paper came about by accident. We had written a little news-sheet out by hand and placed it on the

Form Notice Board. When this was seen by a member of the Staff, he said that as it would improve our English he would try to get it printed on the School duplicating machine.

Of course, I had had some previous experience of Form Newspapers. When I first came to the School I heard of the School Magazine; so I said to myself that if the School could have a magazine, why couldn't our form have a little news-sheet. For two years, therefore, I have been writing out the News-sheet by hand and pinning it to the notice boards—"The 1B Mag.", the "2B Journal," and now the "3C Journal and Record Mail."

We type our present "Journal" on Gestetner Wax, and these stencils cost a shilling each. We need at least four of them, which costs four shillings; the paper to print on costs about ten shillings, and so we have to sell at least 84 copies to cover our expenses. I am glad to say that we had no trouble in doing this with the first number.

Before the paper can even be set out we have to have "Copy," that is, news, articles, stories, letters, and reports. I asked various boys to act as "reporters." They found out what was the biggest school grumble at the moment, and it turned out to be "School Lighting" (or the lack of it) so we concentrated upon that, and dealt with it in Page 1.

As there is such an interest in "discs" and "Pop Music" these days, we thought that Page 2 should be a "Record Mail," on which School views about different records could be given. Ian Michael and Michael James helped here, and we ran a competition, which is quite popular.

Page 3 was given over to small advertisements, and to a short episode in a serial story which is being written by Mark Inman. (He sounds like an author, doesn't he?)

Then, the last page was given up to reports of School Rugger and Soccer matches, and so the paper was complete.

But it still had to be printed and then the copies had to be pinned together with a stapling machine. This called for quite a lot of hard physical labour, but at last the thing was done, and the various boys, acting as agents, took bundles around to each form and quickly sold them.

My work alone was not all that was required. For instance, Roderick Wiggins and David Jones had to devise a poster for display on the School notice Board, and D. B. Jones had to draw up a balance sheet to show how we stood financially. We found in the end that we had made a profit of 17/1d. on the first number.

It has all been good fun, and we are looking forward to the Second and Third Editions, for we intend to have one at least once a month. If you have any grumbles to air, then send them to me, the Editor, in 3c Form Room.

PHILIP ATKIN, IIIc.

### THE RELIEF OF LADY C.

There is a book (notorious latterly)  
About a certain Lady Chatterley,  
About her trials and tribulations.  
It had been published in most nations,  
And now, at last, in our own Britain,  
And umpteen letters have been written  
To "The Times" and other papers  
All about our Connie's capers.  
Lately she was brought to court:  
To prevent her book from being bought  
The Prosecution did their best,  
Attacking it with utmost zest:  
"The book good people would appal  
(Such goings on at Wragby Hall!)  
Was it not the depth of shame  
To be a common 'keeper's dame?  
Did not she offend the Church,  
Leaving Sir Clifford in the lurch?"  
But they failed to make a Dean  
Admit her case was quite obscene.  
Next we turn to the Defence.  
They (with utmost confidence)  
B(r)ought in witnesses galore,  
(If not enough, them many more),  
These all declared, "Our Con's no tart—  
The book?—It is a work of Art!"  
They all affirmed it quite absurd  
To blush at each four-letter word.  
After all, young girls of ten  
Had all the words within their ken.  
Just what objection could there be?  
The words are all in O.E.D.  
The judge them summed up for the jury,  
"Take due note of counsel's fury,  
But read the book, speak as you find it,  
Be ye narrow or broad-minded."  
It seems that he would have forbade it  
And we all thought our Con had had it—  
We reckoned (folly so to do)

Without those " Twelve good men and true."  
 The jury (to their shame or glory)  
 Apparently lapped up the story.  
 " Not guilty " was their verdict clear  
 At which the whole court gave a cheer.  
 " To all parts of Britain speed it,  
 So that everyone may read it."  
 At once declared Sir Allan Lane  
 And off they sped by truck and train  
 Ten score thousand orange copies  
 Like so many blooming poppies,  
 And each upon its cover flashes  
 The Phoenix rising from the ashes.  
 The book did many try to gag,  
 Including our great local " rag "  
 Which many pious thoughts did utter  
 Concerning language of the gutter—  
 The result, of course, was just a host  
 Of " Letters to the 'Evening Post'."  
 Nevertheless, the book will sell  
 And rightly so, for D.H.L.  
 Was, as the " experts " all did say,  
 The greatest writer of his day.  
 Those who seem to think he's wrong  
 Are more at home with Patience Strong.  
 Although I've said more than I ought,  
 I'll leave you with this final thought:  
 The moral is quite plainly seen,  
 Words are what you make them mean.

### **GERMAN YOUTH TODAY.**

The public behaviour of young people of both sexes has been passionately discussed in Germany for years. A frequent opinion among the older generation is that, when they were young, boys and girls were much better educated than they are nowadays. They point out that the morals of the teenagers have been declining alarmingly during the last decade, for which they blame the tremendous amount of immorality in films and books, and, above all, the increasing popularity of jazz among German youth. The numerous meeting places where teenagers perform frantic gymnastic exercises accompanied by hectic rhythms are often considered as places of vice. In lots of articles and letters to the editors of German newspapers there is one opinion that can be found again and again: our teenagers are premature, naughty and cynical. Whose fault is it? It is the adults' fault; they fail to give the teenager ideals to which he can look up.

This is, of course, an over-simplification. There is, however, one thing which certainly is a source of much trouble; the splitting up of the family. Before the war the German family was ruled by the absolute authority of the father. Since 1945, however, the father, and often the mother too, had to work hard to earn money in order to replace what they had lost during the war. As a result, the children were left to themselves and so, early on (often too early on) they gained a feeling of independence, losing interest in the "old-fashioned" former family life.

What are German teenagers interested in apart from their usual love of jazz and "pop" music? Among the boys a keen interest is taken in technical matters, of course. You can come across tiny kids knowing all about cars, the advantages and disadvantages of the different engines, the maximum speed of the latest Mercedes and the price of the new Volkswagon model, and a very high percentage of the boys in the natural science section of the high schools want to become engineers. Next to technology, sport is naturally popular among them. The favourite sport in West Germany is football. Though German soccer players are not professionals they are idolised by the boys and their fanaticism sometimes goes to silly extremes. Unlike in this country, rugby and cricket are practically unknown. Besides soccer, athletics, swimming, boxing, handball and basketball are among the most popular sports, and in winter, skating and skiing.

More than any other European boy, the German youngster is fond of travelling. During the summer holidays, a real exodus takes place, but only a minority of the travellers remain in their own country. The overwhelming majority try to get out of Germany as quickly as possible. They do not need much money, since they prefer hitch-hiking, and you can be sure that during the summer holidays the majority of youth hostel inhabitants in the European capitals are German.

Let me make a jump now and say a few words about a special problem schools have to face in present-day Germany. As you know, the Federal Republic is still a very young democracy, and what people have to learn is democratic behaviour, all those things which are quite common among British people. What do we actually understand by democratic behaviour? The most vital thing in a democracy is tolerance and respect for minorities, and the average German tends to be a little impatient with people on what he and the majority believe to be right. The grammar schools have, however,

made several attempts towards an improvement of that situation. The first step has been the recent establishment of the so-called "pupils' co-administration." Each form elects one or two classmates to be members of the "pupils' parliament." The parliament elects a president who represents the pupils and brings their complaints and suggestions to the teachers and the headmaster.

Up to the present time one of the outstanding aims of the German high school has been to provide the pupils with a broad basis of general knowledge. Seventeen subjects are taught of which every pupil has to take fifteen. They are: Scripture, German, Greek, Latin, English, French, history, geography, civics, physical education, mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, music, art and philosophy. It is a fact, however, that general knowledge has been rapidly decreasing among the pupils during the last few years, and the trend towards specialisation is strongly felt. For example, a boy who wants to become a technician is often inclined to regard such subjects as poetry, Latin or history as quite useless for him. On the other hand, a strong belief in the values of literary studies and in the necessity of a good general knowledge is still widespread among the older generation, and it happens quite often that, for instance, at the university, a law student in his examination is questioned about historical and geographical facts which apparently have no connection with his future profession.

Let me say a few words about the most outstanding events in German high school life now. Day of certificates! It is the very sound of this word that makes some pupils sick. Others look forward to this day with confidence, and a small number feign to be indifferent. The Easter certificate at the end of the school year decides whether or not a pupil is to be promoted to a higher form. When the Easter holidays are approaching the teachers sum up his achievements for the whole year in the different subjects. If they find out that the pupil is "not sufficient" in more than one of the fifteen subjects they send a very unwelcome note to his parents, which is called the "blue letter," announcing that his achievements are very unsatisfactory indeed, and that if he should not greatly improve in the few weeks till Easter he cannot be promoted to a higher form.

Another very important but more pleasant event is the School Festival that takes place once a year. Besides the sport competitions its most outstanding event is the ball in the evening. This ball usually begins with a play or a kind of sketch, where the pupils ridicule some aspects of school life or imitate teachers, and it lasts until 1 or 2 a.m., but is often continued in bars by the older pupils till 5 a.m.

Besides this rather pleasant interruption of the ordinary school life there are others too. There is the so-called trip day, a day on which there are no periods, but each form master takes his form out, the younger pupils to the closer surroundings of the town, the others to places of interest or beauty-spots further away. There they pass the day by wandering, playing games or visiting a town. The purpose of such a trip day is that the pupils get to know their country, their classmates and their master in an environment that is quite different from the ordinary. I remember that on such occasions a master whom, till then, we had only regarded as a more or less severe and serious teacher, often turned out to be quite a "nice chap."

In the last but one year before the final examinations there is another very pleasant interruption of the ordinary school life: the "school trip." The form goes together with its master to some distant beautiful place on the Rhine, to Bavaria, or even to Paris. There they may stay for a fortnight, sightseeing and wandering.

But the most exciting event of the whole of school life is, of course, the final examination, the "Abitut." It consists of a written part and an oral part. If the result of the written part is satisfactory, the candidate is admitted to the oral part. Here he is usually examined in two or three subjects, but as he does not know beforehand in which, he is mostly quite excited. In black suits the candidates are nervously walking up and down the corridors waiting for the "executions," and sometimes even the non-smokers among them light a cigarette in the school premises, which is allowed on this special occasion. In the examination room the whole staff is assembled and often also a representative of the Government is present. Surrounded by such an illustrious audience there stands a chair, on which the candidate sits down when summoned. He is then given every opportunity of showing his wisdom or ignorance for about twenty minutes in one subject.

The relief after such a procedure is enormous, as you can imagine. Those who pass their test (the rate is about 80%) can often be seen performing Red Indian dances in the school yard. The habits on this occasion are different in the various parts of Germany. Often the former pupils burn their exercise books in the school yard or in the market-place; they may drive through the town in open horse wagons, wearing top hats and fancy suits. There are dancing festivities, of course. But in the evening of the examination day they usually go to a restaurant, often with their former teachers, and I remember that in my form most of us got frightfully drunk.

HANS-HEINRICH RIECKMANN.



## OBERAMMERGAU 1960.

After many months of waiting and saving, the great day came. Twenty-nine members of York Place Baptist Chapel were standing on Platform One of Liverpool Street Station, at 8.00 a.m. There we met our courier, who took us to the train bound for Harwich. Thence we embarked on a ship bound for the Hook of Holland. On arriving here, we were shown to our couchettes on the famous "Britannia" express, which took us through Holland into Germany. After passing through many important towns, such as Rotterdam, Cologne (where we could just see the twin spires of the Cathedral), Bonn and Munich, we arrived at Ruhpolding, which is a little village in the Bavarian Alps. We stayed here for a few days, before going to Oberammergau, having visited such places as Chiemsee, Koning-see lake, Salzburg and Berchtesgarden. Also we had a trip on the cable car up to the top of Rauschberg, which is 6,000 feet high.

At 7.20 a.m. on Thursday, August 18th, we set out for Oberammergau. On our journey we passed through such places as Wallgau, Bernau Kochel Amsee, and Bad Wiessee. We arrived in Oberammergau at 5.10 p.m. From here we went to our lodgings at Judagasse 3. This was a farm-house in the middle of the village. At 8.0 a.m. the next morning, we went to see the Passion Play. This was performed in a theatre with an open-air stage, and a covered auditorium which held 5,500 people. This play is performed every ten years, to shew that the people of Oberammergau maintain the vow which was sworn by their forefathers in the war and plague stricken days of 1633, when the village was divinely relieved of the scourge of the Black Death.

There were 300 people taking part in the play, and it was very strange to see the long-haired men and boys, who had not had a hair-cut, since September, 1959. Only unmarried women are allowed to act in the play beside the men and boys. The play lasts for seven hours, but although the script is in German, one can easily follow the drama and the action, because the story is so well-known. The whole play consists of three sections, with twenty tableaux vivants. My impressions of the play were that the people of Oberammergau must be truly dedicated to their work, to put on 80-90 performances without any payment. All profits go to the betterment and welfare of the village. I felt that the acting of Judas Iscariot, and Caiaphas the High Priest, together with the gentle dignity of Christ, were outstanding. They will always remain clearly in my mind.

Having only a short stay in Oberammergau, we did manage to take a trip on the local cable-car up to Laberjoch. We also visited the famous Ettal monastery, where the monks make the famous Ettal liqueurs. We were able to see the famous "Hansel and Gretel" orphanage, which had delightfully painted walls depicting the story of Hansel and Gretel.

Many buildings of Oberammergau had their walls painted in this delightful manner. Another point of interest was the local wood-carvers' shops. Inside these shops there were carvings of all shapes and sizes, mostly consisting of Biblical characters.

My general impression was that Oberammergau is a most picturesque village to visit, and I shall always cherish happy memories of my 1960 visit to this beautiful region.

BRIAN JANES, III<sup>D</sup>.

### FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS.

Into the building the mob come,  
When the bell-ringer's watch shows five-to-nine;  
Whilst in the sanctum the staff recline  
Loath to leave this room so fine;  
Reluctant to change this smoke-filled den  
For a blue coloured booklet, a ruler and pen;  
Each form-master knowing that he must go  
Into the form-room to meet the foe.  
The Rump still remains—few young, many old.  
And General Science, sagacious and bold  
Foremost remains;  
While Physical Torcher is there if it rains.  
Blest Physical Torcher whose chief exploit lay  
In counting the number of boys he could weigh:  
On steed of cast-iron he daily is seen,  
With pneumatic tyres, and frame painted green.

The next among these in that sanctum of rest,  
From the History department is the man we like best.  
Our careers he fixes with no thought of reward,  
Maths also he teaches, though first years are bored.  
Yet despite all his feelings, despite all of that,  
There's none to surpass that great Desert Rat;  
No man quite as loyal, sincere or fine,  
Has come from Kilvey or maybe Bonymaen.

His colleague in History with him next appears,  
A man blessed with glory, with golf shields, and years.  
This poor unfortunate all money lacks,  
And is sadly reduced to a half-pair of specs.  
He crossing the yard may often be seen,  
His pace is the same, in sunshine or rain.  
Such a contrast indeed to the Venerable One.  
So earnest in work, so cynical in fun.  
His forthright opinions are valued no less  
Although swift to chide and so slow to bless.  
A first-class Historian, man, teacher too.  
So very many facts that wrinkled brow knew.  
So super-efficient and swift of dispatch,  
Has now learnt to drive, no bus now does catch.  
A Classical scholar, in method scientific;  
HIS students must be exact and specific.

Next there is English, close allied to the last,  
Yet displaying such talents so far unsurpassed;  
For in this department first appears he  
Whom coach-trippers declare, drank gin with great glee  
In company with rats from that infamous store,  
Whose slack Quartermaster will live evermore.  
On Fridays he like a miser is found,  
Counting each penny, each shilling and pound.  
But nevertheless, I must give him credit,  
For he this magazine does finally edit.  
His colleague is one of the Stock-room repute,  
Equipping the library's his present pursuit.  
With hand so strong, voice meek as a lamb,  
So striking a contrast is the 4d. man.  
Ne'er would he drink from a cracked cup;  
His favourite words were "Now then, shut up!"  
But the greatest mystery still remains,  
What he received for the "Kensitas" coupons  
He saved with such pains.  
Often he's seen with hair-cut renowned,  
Like a policeman, plodding the ground.

Senior Maths, with ear-splitting voice,  
Sings tenor in the choir with the boys;  
While Fred, ferocious, fearless brave,  
Is keen on foreign stamps to save:  
But equal C.J. no one can,  
To make chalk squeak, and glass-doors slam.  
Most popular amongst the boys,  
Famous for his love of noise;

A contrast to his relative,  
Who is I mean, conservative;  
Whilst his co-patriot with pipe of oak,  
Well fits his initials, the Welsh for smoke.  
From this department one has gone,  
One closely allied to good St. John,  
He was a friend, this man from Glais.  
Another man whose diction fine  
Inspired many a school-boy mind,  
Is he, who now his skill employs  
At metal-work; he told the boys  
To speak proper, their manners to display,  
That they were not rude, as many may say;  
Nor dragged up under a bucket crude  
Like rhubarb is before it's stewed.

Now from ridiculous to sublime,  
We pass on to the Welsh Divine;  
A Romantic of the first degree,  
And somewhat of a mystic, too, is he.  
To Arthur's magician allied in name,  
And skilful at the magician's game;  
Can unwrap a sweet with such little noise,  
'Tis undiscerned by many boys;  
Having gone this far successfully,  
He rubs his hands to display his glee.  
Yet as a poet, unseeking of fame,  
I fear that he may discover my name,  
For of all I have mentioned, I deem it was he  
Who was the first to so christen me.

To mention more I did intend,  
But upon this note I fear I must end  
My wit is short, my space is shorter,  
Some things I've said which I didn't "orter,"  
But to those to whom these words are addressed,  
I hope to them 'twill appear a jest.  
They were not meant maliciously,  
To be taken, I hope, facetiously.  
If this be the case, then my task is over,  
If not, then left is my name to discover,  
So now without all further delay  
My pen I lay down, what more can I say?

"YSGUBORIAU."

## MARIA MARTEN

### or Murder in the Red Barn.

It is just a hundred and thirty three years since Maria Marten was made immortal in a barn. The woeful tale tells of the heroine, poor, innocent Maria, and the wicked, villain, sinister William Corder, son of the Squire of Polestead. Alas, Maria falls victim to his foul desires and he, tired of his toy, murders her in the Red Barn.

It seems probable that there were different versions performed of this play, but in actual fact William Corder did murder Maria Marten on May 18th, 1827. A pamphlet describing the trial sold over a million copies. "The Times" gave six columns, or a quarter of its entire space to the trial. The public interest aroused by the trial was almost unparalleled.

The story of Maria was spread by a group of actors and actresses called "The Barnstormers" who worked in portable theatres. This really means that they acted in any really suitable place. Their standard of acting was very low but in those days it was considered quite good. The people in the audience got really 'worked-up,' so to speak. They would weep when Maria was murdered and everybody hissed the villain. One incident when Maria Marten was performed is this: At the turn of the century my friend's grandfather was watching Maria Marten in a theatre. The play had reached a climax and William Corder, the villain, was whipping Maria, in spite of her screams of excruciating agony. Immediately a man from the audience, jumped onto the stage and started to whip William. In fact, he whipped him off the stage. That is but one incident in a performance which happened many years ago.

An interesting fact is that the script of Maria Marten was found in the old Star Theatre in Swansea's Wind Street. Actually it was found by a young actor who had left his script in the theatre and had returned to take it home with him. But instead, he found the script of Maria Marten which was written by the gentleman writer who was always kept on the premises of the theatre in Maria's days. When it was performed and the villain did not get hisses and boos, then his performance would be heavily criticised by the manager. The same treatment was meted out to Maria and the rest of the cast.

But to get back to my story. The play was performed this year by the Swansea Little Theatre, of which I am an enthusiastic member. I can distinctly remember the first

night I went to join, back in the warmer days of August. I was cordially welcomed by the cast and introduced to that wonderful personality, Mrs. Ruby Graham, who was producing the play. She immediately made me feel quite at home and for many more evenings to come I was to see her patiently walk up and down the aisle correcting the actors and showing them how to assume their respective roles.

The first few weeks I joined I was a sort of errand-boy. My work entailed rescuing various male members of the cast from the Theatre bar, in order to carry on with rehearsals. I vividly remember the fun we all had, but I also remember that we all worked pretty hard in order to make the play the success that it, fortunately, was. In the course of the weeks ahead, I read parts for people who could not attend rehearsals and at last Mrs. Graham informed me of her intention to try to fit me in, somewhere!

Well, eventually, one night she showed me the part that she had kindly written for me. It was the part of announcer. It was just a small part to fill in the time between scenes but I was immensely pleased and grateful to Mrs. Graham for writing the part for me. The big day drew nearer and nearer, and a few weeks before the production was to come off our costumes arrived. Then followed the big dress rehearsal, complete with make-up. It was only then that I realised we had to make ourselves up. It was terrific fun and, believe me, I learnt a lot. At last, the big night came and we were all terribly excited. It should be noted that the whole point of the play was that the audience should participate. For example, whenever William Corder came on stage there was to be plenty of booing and hissing and whenever Maria came on there was to be a spate of oohs, ahs, and such like sympathetic ejaculations. Each night, too, we hoped to inspire some witty member of the audience to produce the appropriate comment. Nor were we disappointed in this. For instance, at one time in the play, Maria, holding her dead infant in her arms, exclaims "Alas, what shall I do?" which brought from the audience the prompt advice to "dial 999."

The play was an undoubted success, Maria was adequately avenged, her murderer executed and what is perhaps of more importance—all previous box office records were broken—a success that was mainly due to the inspiration of our producer, Mrs. Graham.

PHILIP SAYER

## CWYN Y CWRCYN.

(*Gydag ymddiheurad i ysbryd y bardd enwog  
Syr John Morris-Jones*)

Cwsg ni ddaw i'm hamrant heno,  
Rholbren gyntaf dda'th.  
Wrth fy ffenestr yn gwynfannus  
Clywaf oergi'r gath.

Codi ei lais yn awr ac wylo,—  
Ni bu serch heb ffrae,  
Mae'r hen gwrcyn megis crythor  
Yn ei wylltaf wae.

Pam y deui, gath, i wylo  
Ger fy ffenestr i?  
Dywed im, 'briodaist tithau  
Un a'th gurodd di?  
A. M. PENNAR DAVIES, L.VIA.

## “DYFALU PWY?”

1. “Chefais i mo' 'ngeni yng Nghymru, ond yn bŵr agos i Glawdd Offa. 'Dwy'i ddim yn gallu siarad Cymraeg, ond yn hoff iawn o Gymru, yn enwedig y gogledd. Yr wyf wedi crwydro'r byd, ac yr wyf hoffi antur a gwneud pethau annodd. Pan oeddwn yn Greenland, rhoddais enwau cestyll Cymru—Harlech, Biwmaris, Conwy, Caernarfon, ar ddarnau o'r wlad yno.
2. “'Rwyf ar staff y B.B.C., a thrwy hynny yn cael cyfle da i weld y byd. 'Rwy'n hoff o chwaraeon, ac wedi gweld y rhan fwyaf o bencampwyr y byd; wedi cael cyfle i siarad a nhw hefyd—pobl fel Herb Elliott, Gordon Pirie, Don Thomason, Anita Lonsborough. 'Rwyf wedi priodi yn gymharol ddiweddar a bum yn y Swistir ar fy “honey-moon”.”
3. “Cymro yw'r gŵr hwn. Y mae'n hardd ei olwg a gwnaeth lawer o recordiau gramaffôn, yn enwedig recordiau adroddiadau. Yn y Swistir y mae'n byw ar hyn o bryd. Bu mewn llawer o drefi pwysig y byd. A yn aml iawn i'r Amerig. Er hynny, 'does dim a garai'n well na dod yn ol i'w hen fro.”
4. “Cymro eto. Ceir golwg yn aml arno ar y teledu. Daeth i fri fel offerynnwr ym myd cerdd. Gwnaeth ei gartref yn y brifddinas, oherwydd fod ganddo swydd yn un o golegau mwya'r ddinas. A yn aml gyda'i offeryn i ddinasoedd y Cyfandir ac i'r Amerig.”

5. Ganwyd y gŵr hwn yn Sir Feirionydd yn 1858. Bu yn darlithio Hanes yn Rhydychen ond yn 1907 dychwelodd i Gymru i weithio. Hoffai ysgrifennu llyfrau am Gymru, am feirdd a phobl Cymru. Cychwynnodd lawer o gylchgronau. Wedi bywyd o wasanaeth a chariad at ei wlad, bu farw yn y flwyddyn 1920.”  
Atebion yn y cefn.

DEWI LLOYD EVANS.

### THE OPEN DAY AND HOBBIES EXHIBITION, JULY, 1961.

It may come as a surprise to our readers to read an article about an event which will take place two terms away. Nevertheless preparations are already in hand for the biggest and best show that the school has yet had the pleasure of mounting. The whole school will be open to your parents, and every effort will be made to demonstrate both the scope of the work undertaken by the various departments, and the out of school activities of the pupils.

With this end in view, preliminary meetings by the Heads of Departments have already been held, at which it was decided that this Open Day (or more accurately, days) should be held during the last week of the Summer Term. The Physics, Chemistry, Handwork, Biology, Geography, Music, Library and Languages Departments will all be in full use, to show what they normally undertake in the academic life of the school. In addition, there will be a careers room where expert advice may be sought; and possibly the school Museum Service will be asked to help with a display.

As far as the actual Hobbies section is concerned, work has already started. Each room has now been supplied with a list of the various competitions. Furthermore, the following boys have volunteered to under take the organisation and mounting of the Stalls named:—

Aeromodelling—D. G. Price, Upper VIth Sc.  
Collections—D. Sullivan, Lower VIth Sc.  
Coins—P. Quick, Lower VIth Sc.  
Meccano—A. Hitchens, Lower VIth Sc.  
Railways—David Evans, John Sullivan, Lower VIth Sc.  
Ships—Martin David, Lower VIth Sc.  
Scouting—Alan Jones and Hitchings, Lower VIth Sc.  
Cadet Forces—M. B. A. Roberts, Lower VIth Sc.  
Fishing—G. Neave and A. Hurford, Lower VIth Sc.  
Rock Climbing—G. Corbett, Upper VIth Sc.  
Horticulture—David Jasper, Lower VIth Arts.  
Miscellaneous—D. McCarthy, Lower VIth Sc., and J. P. Jones, Lower VIth Sc.



At the time of going to press, we are in need of volunteers for Craftwork, Cacti, Live Pets, and Entertainments. Possibly by the time this magazine appears many more boys will have come forward.

It is obvious, therefore, that there is plenty of spirit in the school. But I would urge upon all who wish to enter, to make their models during the coming winter.

Now for a special word about two Sections which will be new this year. First, the PHOTOGRAPHIC Society will have a large display of its own. You should contact Mr. R. J. Howells. Secondly, Mr. Degwel Owen and Mr. Dennis Jones will be interested to hear from any boys who wish to take part in One Act Plays which will be presented twice a day in the new Hall as a part of the Entertainments Section.

### THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

This term the Photographic Society has again enjoyed a full programme of activities. The meetings have been well attended and we are pleased to see an increase in the number of younger boys interested in photography.



High Sea at Porthcawl (*Photographic Society*)

This term's programme started off with a talk on France given by R. Hillman, V.D. illustrated by colour slides. Mr. Crofts very kindly showed the society his colour slides of

Spain accompanied by a most interesting talk. The Kodak Lecture Service has provided us with a series of lectures on photography illustrated by slides and these have proved to be both interesting and informative. The first talk, given by R. J. Howells, was entitled "Milestones of Photography" and dealt with the history of photography. The second talk, given by R. George, L.VIA., on "Faults in Negatives" gave members some very useful information on what they should not do when using and developing their films. Mr. Howells showed the society a very interesting colour cine film about Steephholm, the bird and flower sanctuary in the Bristol Channel.

On the practical side, demonstrations of enlarging were given and members had an opportunity of developing their own films.

The competition which was to have been held this term has been postponed until the Summer Term so that the photographs may be shown in the exhibition on Open Day. Boys are urged, however, to start preparing for the competition now, so that by the Summer Term they will have a large selection of photographs from which to choose their entries. The subjects for the competition are:—

1. Gower Castles.
2. Gower Churches.
3. Gower Beauty Spots.
4. Speed.
5. Ships and Boats.
6. Trick Photography.
7. Portraits.
8. Nature Study.
9. Unusual Buildings in Swansea.
10. Snow Scenes.

There will be two sections:—Junior (1st to 4th year) and Senior (5th and 6th year). As large a selection of photographs (or negatives) as possible should be submitted for first consideration. Further details of the competition may be obtained from R. George, L.VIA or R. David, U.VISc.

Next term it is hoped to continue with the series of illustrated lectures, the next two lectures being "The Chemistry of Photography" and "Principles of Colour Photography." We hope to give members opportunity to develop, print and enlarge their photographs and we will have an evening's showing of members' colour slides.

I should like to thank Mr. R. J. Howells on behalf of the members of the Society for all the valuable help and encouragement he has given us in all the aspects of our work.

R. DAVID, U.VISc.

## THE LITERARY AND DEABTING SOCIETY.

The Society has had a good term as a whole, but it has been marred by poor attendance at some debates. It is clear that members of the Sixth forms in particular could and should take far more interest in the Society, and it would be very pleasant if some boys from lower down in the School also became regular attenders. Nevertheless, the rather drab surroundings of IVb room have been graced with a few new faces, and we sincerely hope that they will continue their support for the Society.

The term started well with a debate on the action of the "Ban-the-Bomb" marchers, who were roundly condemned by the Society as a whole. Even most of their supporters were far more concerned with "laissez-faire" than with unilateral disarmament.

Feelings ran rather high at the next debate, and after sundry remarks about "wogs" and such like, it was only the casting vote of the Chairman, Michael Dunne, that carried the motion that the present generation of Africans is incapable of democratic self-government.

There was no meeting on September 30th, because of the S.C.M. conference being held at the time.

The debate on religious instruction in schools was perhaps one of the most interesting of the term. The Society was in general agreement with the motion, but the discussion was not rigidly confined to it, and most seemed to agree that discussions about religion (and not only the Christian religion) were far more important and interesting than tape-recorded talks, which tended to be either dry or difficult to follow, or to be narrowly confined to some minor topic.

The United Nations formed the subject of the next debate, which was the most poorly attended of the series. The majority of those present were full of praise (perhaps surprisingly?) for the work which U.N.O. had done, and was still doing.

The attendance was little better at the following meeting, which concerned the Wolfenden Committee's recommendation (on sport, of course). By a narrow margin the Society decided against interference in sport by the State.

Television came under fire at the next meeting, which almost turned (very pleasingly) into a Lower Sixth Science debate, many of whom came along to support their colleagues, Peter Lewis and John Saunders, both of whom were making their maiden speeches. As might be expected, the "goggle-box" won the day.

Another maiden speech occurred the following week when Aled Thomas of Va. bravely (and very ably) opposed the suggestion of that well-known notable, Mr. J. "Christie" Davies, that the school leaving age should be reduced to ten. This was treated as a humorous debate, and many seemed to find it difficult to make up their minds. As a result the number of abstentions almost equalled the number of definite votes.

For many, one supposes, November 11th was Remembrance Day in more than one way, as it was the occasion of the Interschool Debate with Glanmor. The debate, on the teaching of Arts subjects in schools, was perhaps over-dominated by the speeches of the boys, but everyone seemed to enjoy it, at any rate. The Sciences were fairly heftily defeated, the girls, one might almost say, to a man, voting against the motion.

The last debate held this term (but not the last meeting) was on the Monarchy. It may perhaps be said that both speakers were somewhat embittered—the opposer by what he considered to be biased history notes on the British Constitution, and the proposer by a rather uncongenial maths. test delivered by the opposer's father just before the debate. Quite seriously, though, the debate was very interesting and keenly fought, and the motion was only carried by a single vote (although one thwarted demagogue has been spreading the rumour that he voted the wrong, i.e., the right, way).

The Society was honoured in the above debate by the presence of the German assistant, Herr Rieckmann, and it was he who gave a highly interesting and informative talk to the Society at the last meeting this term. I will not say anything about the talk itself, as a synopsis of it, under the title "German Youth Today" appears elsewhere in this magazine. Suffice it to say that a lively discussion followed, and this year's programme was brought to a very satisfactory end.

Because of various activities going on in the school one planned debate has had to be postponed until next term. This, a debate on the intellectual qualities of the Welsh, which should be stimulating, if nothing else.

Yet again Mr. T. Chandler must be thanked for his un-failing interest in the Society, and for the help and suggestions he continues to give. He is one of the chief reasons why the Society continues to exist and flourish.

A. C. HICKS, U.V.I.Sc.

(Secretary).

Details of the voting are as follows:—

September 16th:

“ This House condemns the action of the ‘ Ban-the-Bomb ’  
Marchers.”

*Proposing:* R. B. Beynon, U.VI. Sc.

*Opposing:* R. V. Griffiths, U.VI. Sc.

Carried, 20—6.

September 23rd:

“ This House believes that the present generation of Africans  
is incapable of democratic self-government.”

*Proposing:* D. Mendus, U.VI. Sc.

*Opposing:* D. Jasper, L.VI. Sc.

Carried by the Chairman’s casting vote, the voting being 9—9.

October, 7th:

“ This House believes that religious instruction in schools is  
ineffective in promoting religious principles and practice.”

*Proposing:* E. David, L.VI. Arts.

*Opposing:* B. Roberts, L.VI. Biol.

Carried, 17—5, with 8 abstentions.

October 14:

“ This House believes that the United Nations Organisation  
is completely ineffective in preserving world peace.”

*Proposing:* J. A. Strong, U.VI. Arts.

*Opposing:* P. C. Mitchell, U.VI. Arts.

Defeated, 8—4, with 2 abstentions.

October 21:

“ This House supports the Wolfenden Committee’s recom-  
mendations of more Government aid for sport.”

*Proposing:* J. M. Willis, U.VI.Sc.

*Opposing:* R. B. Beynon, U.VI.Sc.

Defeated, 10—8, with 3 abstentions.

October 28:

“ This House believes that present-day television is de-  
grading and demoralising, and, if unaltered, will help to  
destroy our civilisation.”

*Proposing:* P. Lewis, L.VI. Sc.

*Opposing:* J. Saunders, L.VI.Sc.

Defeated, 14—7, with 4 abstentions.

November 11: (Interschool Debate held at Dynevor)

“ This House believes that the teaching of Arts subjects in  
schools only hinders the progress of Science.”

*Proposing:* D. Mendus, U.VI.Sc.

Jill Kirby (Glanmor).

*Opposing:* Vivien Fowler (Glanmor)

E. David, L.VI.Arts.

Defeated 43—25, with 1 abstention.

November 25:

"This House believes that the Monarchy is an asset to Britain and its continuation is fully justified."

*Proposing:* A. C. Hicks, U.VI.Sc.

*Opposing:* J. D. McGivan, U.VI.Sc.

Carried, 10—9, with 4 abstentions.

December 2:

Talk by Herr Rieckmann on life and education in Western Germany today.

---

The following poem, written in the Vergilian Hexameter, has been edited by Mr. Chandler. English blank verse translations are invited, the best of which will be published in the next edition of the School Magazine.

#### 'DE ORTU SOLIS.'

Omnem per terram primum tranquilla silet nox.  
Ex oriente rubescit pallida lux et amoenum  
Nunc paulatim incendit caelum omnisque quieto  
Somno discedit natura. Canunt simul altis  
In silvis volucres. Pastores seduli er apta  
Incipiunt opera, atque occasum iter facere tandem  
Phoebus ac in vastum caelum sol surgere coepit.  
Umbris dispersis redeunt iam lumina campis.

CUSTOS FORTISQUE, U.VI.A.

#### ATEBION I "DYFALU PWY"—Page 37

1. Sir John Hunt.
2. Peter Dimmock.
3. Richard Burton.
4. Osian Ellis.
5. Sir Owen Morgan Edwards.



