



MAGAZINE

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GORAU ARF,



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Dynevor Secondary School Magazine

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Editor:

A. C. HICKS.

Sub-Editors:

E. I. DAVID, W. J. ISAAC, D. J. JASPER

EDITORIAL.

Once again the Editorial Board have pleasure in presenting an issue of the School Magazine for the Christmas Term. It would appear that some of our contemporaries have discontinued the practice of producing two magazines a year, possibly on account of cost, not, we hope on account of lack of interest and contributions. We believe that if a magazine is published but once a year, it will inevitably contain material that is dated and lacking, maybe, in topicality and interest. We think that a magazine should be up-to-date, and to achieve this, the production of two magazines a year, one in the longest and probably the most interesting term, whereon the W.J.E.C. has not yet succeeded in casting too ominous a shadow, and the other at the end of the School Year, is essential.

May we then express the hope that this magazine will be found interesting and enjoyable to all who read it; and may we, too, in the season of good-will, wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Once again it is our pleasureable duty to welcome new members of Staff to the School: Mr. L. G. Morris (Crafts), Mr. Ieuan E. Jones (Chemistry) and Mr. Morlais Williams (Geography). We also extend a special welcome to Mrs. Galvin who has come to assist the Mathematics department (in teaching). All have established themselves as formidable personalities in the School, and Mr. Jones is already guiding an enthusiastic athletic team, to which we wish every success.

We welcome also the three foreign assistants who have come here, M. Cuizzi (from France) and Herren Dährhardt and Haas (from Germany). We sincerely hope their stay here has been thoroughly enjoyable for them.

A few weeks after the beginning of the term the Headmaster, Mr. M. G. Hughes, M.A., left the School to take up a Schoolmaster's Studentship at Balliol College, Oxford, for the Michaelmas term there. We congratulate him on his election to this distinction. Meanwhile his duties have been taken over by the Deputy Head, Mr. H. G. Griffiths, with his usual aplomb and fortitude.

It gives us the greatest of pleasure to see Mr. Tom Morgan back in School again after his long period of recovery from a car accident.

On the other hand, we are sorry to note that Mr. Dennis Jones, who was taken ill last February, is still away from School, although he is now very much better and almost recovered. We hope that next term will see his return to the School.

The following boys have obtained State Scholarships, and are all to be congratulated: John D. McGivan, Allan F. Harrison, David B. Evans, Patrick C. Mitchell and A. C. Hicks (who received one after having been placed on the reserve list). Robert Barnes was also placed on the reserve list. John McGivan has been offered a place at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, on the merit of his excellent result at A level, in which he obtained distinctions in every subject he sat. The School may take pride in itself for having achieved one of the best A level results in Wales this year, and it can only be hoped that such success may be continued.

The number of prefects has this year been increased to thirty. This should not be taken to indicate that delinquency is increasing in the School, but is simply due to the fact that the number of boys in the School has increased greatly over the last couple of years (to about 900 boys). The School Captain for this year is Anthony C. Hicks and the Vice-Captains are Brian A. Willis and John Summerwill. Three

prefects who are remaining for a third year in the Sixth have been re-appointed: namely E. M. Hughes (U.6th.A.), J. D. McGivan (U.6th.Sc.) and R. J. Hukku (U.6th.Sc.). The other prefects are (U.6th.Arts): E. I. David, W. J. Isaac, D. J. M. Jasper, M. J. Jones, P. J. Kostromin, A. R. Sampson, H. G. Thomas; (U.6th.Sc.): L. F. Ball, D. B. Evans, C. Holly, G. Jenkins, C. Kimmings, C. E. Lewis, P. Lewis, R. Lewis, P. Lloyd, J. N. Norris, A. Phillips, W. Rawlins, I. Simpson, A. Stares, C. Thomas, J. G. Thomas, D. C. Williams.

A number of talks has been given during the term to Fifth Formers on careers, some by Mr. Emlyn Evans, careers master, and others by Mr. Weaver, Youth Employment Officer. A special feature of the series, however, has been the talks given on particular possible careers by experts in their own field. These have been given by Mr. Alan Millichip (on Accountancy), Mr. D. C. Mills-Davies (Steel Company of Wales), Inspector Dart (Borough Police), Mr. Jackson (Assistant Personnel Officer of Prestcold Ltd.), Mr. Howell Mendus (well known Swansea Architect and Old Boy of the School), Mr. Bezant (Sub-Manager of Lloyds Bank, Wind Street), Mr. Myrddin Williams (Senior Quantity Surveyor, Swansea Corporation) and Mr. Vernon Davies (South Wales Builders Federation).

Two interesting items of news reach us of Old Dyvorians: Success in the academic field for Donald Perkins, who has obtained a Ph.D. at the University College of Swansea. (His brother, Adrian, is the well-known organist). Success, too, but in the field of sport, for Old Dyvorian Hywel J. Williams who is Chemist-in-charge of a Refinery in the West Indies. He captained the Trinidad Rugby Team in a two week triangular tournament against five teams including Jamaica and British Guiana. Of the six matches played, Trinidad won five, scoring 80 points against 25 and winning all three cups that were awarded.

Although there has been no School concert this term (a respite which many boys will undoubtedly appreciate) the School held a Carol Service at the end of term in St. Mary's Church. This service has pleasingly become a regular feature of the Christmas Term, and we were very glad to be able to hold it in Swansea's Parish Church this year. It should, however, be noted that the School Orchestra is still flourishing (if that is the word) and has its sights on the "Surprise" Symphony. Rehearsals, needless to say, have contained some surprises not thought of even by the jocular Haydn!

The Carol Service contained the important feature of a collection for the Fleming Memorial Fund for Medical Research, and in preparation for this, Mr. C. J. Cellan-Jones,

the eminent Swansea surgeon, gave an interesting talk on Sir Alexander Fleming and the Fund which has been so aptly named after him.

Once again this year on December 20th Glanmôr Girls School and Dynevor joined in a Christmas Party for Sixth Formers, Glanmôr being the hostesses on this occasion. As before, the party was preceded by "dancing lessons" for our Upper Sixth, and if they did not quite achieve all they set out to do, we can only echo the comment of one starry-eyed member of the third-year Sixth: "One doesn't go for the dancing . . ."

The School Library is now available to all boys of the School for borrowing books, and judging by the numbers who have availed themselves of this service it seems clear that the "telly" is not interfering with reading to the extent that some people have stated. The library already contains between five and six thousand books on the widest possible variety of subjects (it is hoped to increase the number to at least ten thousand) and is a very great asset to the School.

S.C.M. has held two meetings, both at Llwyn-y-Bryn, this term. At the first of these we were happy to welcome the Rev. Ungoed Jacobs, Archdeacon of Carmarthen, who is one of the three Welsh delegates to the third Congress of the World Council of Churches. Archdeacon Jacobs spoke to us a week before his departure for New Delhi and is to speak to us on his experiences and impressions on his return. At our second meeting, Canon Harry Williams, Vicar of Swansea, spoke to us on the activities of the Swansea side of the Council of Churches.

A FIRE IN THE NIGHT.

There was nothing but darkness and an island of redness: the glow of a fire in the night.

What! Didn't you see the glow-worm's green light in the blackness?

No, there was just emptiness, nothingness, a black void, except for that red atom of light.

But surely you saw the lightning illuminate the rainbow rain-drops, heard the orchestra thunder and rain on the trees, percussion tin roof?

I saw nothing but a fire dancing motionless, crackling silently, glowing darkly.

Didn't you see the black waves of night rolling in and breaking on the blacker ground, and the grey smoke-foam rising?

Didn't you see the figures round the fire, talking, laughing, singing? Laughter waterfell into the blackness.

I saw a cold, black, wet night.

JEREMY W. DALE, U.VI. Sc.

SINGLETON LETTER.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA,
SINGLETON PARK,
SWANSEA.

DEAR SIR,

Many people may feel that another letter from Swansea University College is unnecessary, but the great changes which have taken place this year at Singleton is sufficient justification. Students from abroad, and even from other parts of the country, have seldom heard of Swansea before they arrive, and in the estimation of many, the town is a very provincial affair, so typical, I was told, of the backward principality itself. Indeed, it cannot be denied that Swansea is a provincial university, and in no sense am I trying to equate it with the older establishments of Oxford and Cambridge. However, if not at the present moment, it is clear that in the very near future, Swansea University will be the premier Welsh Institution, if not one of the foremost provincial universities of the country.

Part of the development programme includes the construction of halls of residence for both men and women in the grounds of the university. The advantage of such a scheme is that the majority of students will live on the premises, and this will result in great saving in time and money. At present two such halls are open—Neuadd Sibly and Neuadd Lewis Jones—and the residents of these places find they possess a great advantage over the residents of Neuadd Gilbertson at Clyne Castle, and Beck Hall, in being so near to the College.

Another important development has been the opening of College House, which as someone aptly put it, replaces the slum on Sketty Road as the centre of student activities. Let me here hasten to add, for the sake of the sceptical, that students are comparatively active, and do not spend all their intellectual time growing beards. College House provides amenities ranging from a self-serve cafeteria, to a coffee lounge on the one hand, and from cloakrooms to common rooms and games rooms on the other. In addition, I have to say that College House also possesses a saloon bar, with a club licence, which will unfortunately mean that it will be open on a Sunday as well as throughout the week.

In the past, writers have given their impressions of life at Singleton, so it seems superfluous for me to repeat these sage-like judgments. There is, however, one thing upon which I might reflect, and that is the advantage, or perhaps disadvantage of living at home, Quite obviously, living at home is of great advantage from the financial point of view, although

I do not receive as substantial a grant as if I lived away from home. This extra received by others does not always cover the additional cost of living in the hall of residence, which costs £50 a term, or of living in lodgings, which costs £3 to £4 a week.

In many other respects, living at home is a great disadvantage. Life merely continues along old lines, with certain adaptations. Instead of walking east, I walk west every morning, and frequently the university becomes just another Dynevor, only on a larger scale. In this respect, one does tend to participate in college life less than one would if one were in a strange area. Nevertheless, although at times resented, home can exercise a stabilising influence, which is particularly necessary in a university, and particularly to those who are susceptible to distracting influences which the new life offers. For many the academic side of university life receives greater attention when one lives at home.

It is important that one should take some part at least in the extra-curricula activities of the college. Those who knew of my exploits last year in the scientific field of the internal combustion engine, may not be surprised to learn that I have joined the motor club. In addition, I was fortunate through contact with Mr. Pepper, to obtain a position on the editorial board of the University magazine "Dawn," which I should hasten to add, is a Welsh word, pronounced like the English word, "down", and now I spend much of my spare time chasing around the local tradesmen in search of the advertisements, which are the life blood of a university magazine, unlike a School one.

In addition to these activities which I have already mentioned, there are the faculty societies, of which the Historical Society is the most important, without doubt, and excellent facilities exist for sport at the playing fields and swimming baths at Sketty Lane.

Without becoming a glossy handbook to the University College of Swansea I should like to add, for the benefit of any people who have read the local press recently, that the college is not the Godless place it is reputed to be. Religion plays no small part in the life of the college; there are societies ranging from the Roman Catholics on the one hand, through the moderate sects of Anglicanism and Methodism, to the Evangelical Inter-Varsity Fellowship. It is the latter of these which I have joined, and in which I take an active part.

On the academic side I have perhaps been less fortunate. All three part one subjects which I have chosen, seem extremely popular, and consequently, all three groups are large, and

competition is keen. Indeed it was quite a contrast to leave the sleepy eight of the Advanced level History group to join the eager one hundred and seventy of the part one course. One of the obvious disadvantages of this is that the personal link which existed between master and pupil at School, has almost disappeared, and the tutorials, which in many ways make up for this, become less frequent because of the greater numbers which have to be catered for. One of my chief regrets is that the cynicism, so much a part of Sixth Form History at Dynevor, is now entirely absent. Nevertheless, to those faithful few in the UVI Arts, who still battle on trying to disprove (or perhaps prove) Henry Ford's maxim that History is bunk, I can say, without in any way seeming obsequious, that the way in which history is taught at Dynevor is far superior to the way in which other schools teach the subject. My Sixth Form approach to history has provided a sound basis upon which to build a university course.

English is perhaps a different case, and probably because we are at the beginning of the course, there is a marked emphasis on Mediaeval, and Elizabethan literature. Whilst in respect of language, this can become rather tedious, it is, in the long run, quite rewarding, and does represent a change from the later literature with which we dealt last year. Names like Sir Thomas Wyatt and Sir Philip Sidney, which last year were encountered only in scattered pieces, now take on greater significance. Nevertheless, to those who battle on valiantly with Wordsworth, I should like to say, that in comparison with his contemporary critic, Coleridge, Wordsworth is simplicity itself. The vast scope of the English course sets in its right perspective the value of the background reading advocated by one English master, and from a purely practical point of view, his teaching method has also proved invaluable.

Note taking can become tedious, and during the first few weeks of the year, one finds oneself taking reams of notes at each lecture. However, after the initial enthusiasm of the first weeks subsides, the faculty of discrimination comes into force, and the quantity of notes gradually diminishes. Nevertheless, to anticipate popular criticism at Dynevor, may I add that my notes still exceed those of anyone else in respect of quantity.

Having rambled on about Swansea at great length, and perhaps in vain for I have a strong suspicion that nobody ever reads the University letter anyway, I will conclude my thesis by emphasising that university is NOT a continuation of School in different surroundings. It is something entirely new; something which takes some time to become adjusted to. It is a complete break from the almost "spoon-feeding" which takes place at School. Nevertheless, it is an institution to

which every one should aspire. May I therefore offer my sincere condolences to the present editors of the magazine, and on behalf of all the Old D'yvorians at Singleton, wish the pupils—I was going to say boys, but I understand there have been some changes—and the staff of Dynevor, a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Yours sincerely,

“Ysguboriau.”

ROBERT BARNES.

OXFORD LETTER.

WADHAM COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

November 23rd, 1961.

TO THE EDITOR :

DEAR SIR,

A poet would require a most vivid imagination to write on the “dreaming spires” of Oxford today, and inside the University, too, changes have come thick and fast. Yet although Oxford is very different from the image of it projected in many books and magazines, old customs still remain, side by side with the latest ideas.

The first change to make its impression on me was the “scout” system. The “Reader’s Digest” had led me to expect a middle-aged man who would quietly attend to my cleaning and washing-up, and help me to keep out of trouble with the Authorities. This illusion was rudely shattered when at quarter past seven on the first morning, after a violent knocking on my door, a red-headed woman burst in and from the midst of a cloud of atrocious perfume (which is known and feared throughout the College, being detectable at a range of three flights of stairs) delivered a monologue of which all I can remember is “I’m your scout”. After having been woken up three times at 7.15 a.m., I protested, and am now undisturbed until 7.30. (After a few weeks at Oxford one learns to sleep through anything, in any case.) My cleaning is done badly, the washing-up atrociously and I have to listen to one story after another on how the “young gentlemen” usually leave their scouts a pound at the end of each term.

The use of Latin, however, is still very common here, the matriculating ceremony being conducted entirely in that language and a voluble Latin grace said before most dinners. Another old custom which remains is “sconcing”. This is the

punishment for a breach of etiquette at dinner. when the offender must drink 2½ pints of beer without taking the tankard from his lips (this is more difficult than it sounds.)

A further great shock to me was the political views of the undergraduates. Anyone here will argue politics, current affairs or religion at the slightest provocation, and although I have never considered myself an extremist, I have been branded as the "Mad Welshman" and have shocked several people with my views. The prevailing view here is a gentle liberalism, very kind to coloureds, criminals, "the workers", Russia, etc. In fact the only thing that popular opinion condemns is "Portuguese atrocities in Angola".

Sport, particularly Rugby, also plays an important part in the life of the University, the match at Twickenham with Cambridge being the most important event of the term for two-thirds of the University. Every sport is well catered for, with the suprising exception of badminton, however, which cannot be played in Oxford because of lack of facilities.

In conclusion I would like to give some advice to all who would be Oxonians, and to their teachers: the most important attribute for a member of my College is the ability to play shove-halfpenny (called "shovvers"), and I cannot stress too much the importance of being able to play this well. I would, therefore, recommend the dropping of all "cultural" periods and the urgent establishment of a strong shove-halfpenny tradition in Dynevor. Success will then be assured.

Yours faithfully,

DAVID MENDUS.

WEOBLEY CASTLE.

TO THE EDITOR:

SIR,

As will undoubtedly be known to all your readers, Weobley Castle is a medieval fortified manor house, assumed to have been built near Llandimor in the late thirteenth century by a member of the De la Bere family, and damaged by the followers of Owain Glyn Dŵr in 1409. I am able to assure you, however, from ancient documents in my possession, and from my study of the history, topography, and philology of the Gower Peninsula, that the majority of this is unsubstantiated bunkum.

The true history is as follows:—At the time of the Conqueror (Julius Caesar), the founder of Weobley Castle—William de la Bere, or as his Roman friends knew him, Beery Bill,

missed the "navis longa, navis longae, feminine, a warship," and was forced to travel from Gallia to Britannia by skiff which lost the way and sank in the Burry Estuary. Because of this, William had to swim for his life, and was thus re-named De la Mare, meaning—"of the sea".

When the day broke he was struggling in the water, and as he neared the coast and the pinpoint of land grew larger and larger, he exclaimed "Land, be more!" with the disregard of aspiration and syntax characteristic of all who come from France. "Landemore" became the name of the spot at which he landed, and by modernising and attempted derivation from the Welsh it became Llandimore, in which corrupt form it remains to this day.

William travelled along the road until he reached the junction of Llangennydd and Llanmadog roads, where he built the first castle, at the spot now known as Old Walls. This explains which walls were the "Old Walls",—a problem long deemed insoluble by most of the experts on Gower's history.

The building of Weobley Castle came about in a peculiar way. Merlin and Taliesin were building a hotel called the Dragon on Salisbury Plain, using stones from the Prescelly Mountains where the stones grew in clusters and had only to be unhinged, conveyed to the building site, then re-hinged together, thus requiring no cement. (When completed, Merlin and Taliesin re-named this building Stone-hinge).

During their stone carrying expeditions Merlin and Taliesin received hospitality from our William who, when they were asleep annexed some of their stones, with which he built his original Castle.

In the course of time the lease for this land expired and William de la Mare was threatened with eviction. In desperation William consulted his nearest neighbours—King Arthur, Bishop Nicholas Hill, Reynold and Nell, who readily came to his aid, King Arthur providing his table for the Round Table Conference. The conference decided that the best thing Beery Bill could do was to do a moonlight flit with his Castle. This he did, dismantling the Castle and re-assembling in on its present site.

King Alfred, in particular, was fascinated by the way in which the Castle was hinged together so he decided to "nick" a stone for his collection of "brick a bracs" that he kept in his own castle at Cefn Bryn. (The disappearance of this castle is the subject of my thesis at Cwmtwrch University.)

Bishop Nicholas Hill, a schizophrenic, followed his temporal Lord's example, surreptitiously removing three

stones—one for each facet of his personality. Reynold and Nell, remembering their trips to Blackpool could not return home without their pieces of rock.

Surveying the result of their night's handiwork there was only one who failed to realise the significance of its wobbly appearance and the true implicity of its name "Wobbly Castle".

For further proof of the truth of my assertions one has only to look at the place names of Gower to ascertain what became of Bishop Nicholas Hill's three stones—Bishopston(e), Nicholaston(e) and (H)illston(e). Again, one has no need to be a philologist to realise the implications of (K)nellston(e) and Reynoldston(e); and of the hundreds who gather on the slopes of Cefn Bryn, how many realise the significance of "King Arthur's Stone"?

The purport of this letter is to announce to your readers the formation of a Society for the rebuilding of Wobbly Castle at Old Walls, its original site, and all donations will be gratefully received by the undersigned.

GARETH AB IFAN,
D.S.O.*

(*—It should be noted that D.S.O. in this case does not stand for Distinguished Service Order but Dynevor School Orchestra.

EDITOR).

"FIFTEEN YEARS, OR CENTURIES IN LAUGHARNE."

An island of time and tranquility, a residue of Georgian follies, stern, elegant, empty, a silent, grey-stone church, and "one Rolls-Royce selling fish and chips" is all that Laugharne has to offer. It stands proudly upon an Italianate hill of fir trees and greenery, above the wild, sandy stretches of Carmarthen Bay, disdainfully regarding the ruins of its ancient castle, level with the "visiting sea". There are few places left where one becomes so very conscious of the peace that the intensity of feeling dissolves into mystery, but such a place is Laugharne. Today, even the quaint cottages and inns of unimportant villages seem to attract and magnetize, with superficial charms, tourists and week-end motorists. Yet Laugharne, immortalized and scandalized by the great Dylan Thomas, and with its seven pubs, preserves its perfect silence; a purity unblemished by commercialization.

Walking along the narrow streets and avenues, I could not fail to notice the palpable indifference to Dylan Thomas's great literary achievements. It seemed as if Laugharne were reflecting the writer's unobtrusiveness during his lifetime, and that

exploitation of the fame he has gathered in later years was too much trouble for it. Perhaps it is more fitting that Laugharne has not erected a Memorial Theatre, or a "Milk Wood" Coffee Bar, for as it is, the town preserves the same picture of itself and atmosphere as recorded in Thomas's works, and no greater tribute than this can be paid to an artist.

After reading a number of his prose works and poetic compositions, one cannot fail to observe both the simplicity of style and of subject-matter. The incidents which he chooses to relate are often trite and humble, and I felt that the true merit of Thomas's work lay in the colouring of the commonplace with his imagination, and interspersing of his sketches with emotional expression, which is particularly striking. His essays, plays, poems, and reminiscences, all share the great simplicity, a quality which one is able to perceive in the pathetic, common and low grave of the writer, one of the very few material memorials to a very great man. I was rather appalled with its condition when I first saw it: no marble filigree or poetic praises had been devised in his honour; but after further consideration, I began to see that Laugharne's seemingly indifferent attitude was appropriate in the wooden cross and wreath of weeds. This was the type of grave Dylan Thomas, himself, might have described; it was, in effect a symbol of all his endeavours, and of all his success, in creating a perfect expression of his feeling in his literature.

Wales has often incurred severe criticism for what is believed to be unappreciative treatment of Dylan Thomas, but surely his world-wide acclamation is far more important than celebrating him in local and inappropriate, material ways. As it is, Laugharne's tranquility, and the neglected grave serve as symbols—possessing a timeless quality, and often moving in their simplicity.

In this way an invaluable homage is paid to Dylan Thomas.

J. ISAAC, UVIA.

HIKING AND HOSTELLING.

If you had happened to be travelling along the main Swansea to Cardiff road at 7.0 a.m. on a fine summer morning at the end of July you would have seen two curiously-clad figures, both heavily laden with ruck-sacks, endeavouring to persuade some kind driver to stop and offer them a lift. One of them, after nearly an hour's fruitless effort, was beginning to wonder whether they would even reach the distant outpost of Bridgend by nightfall when a screeching of brakes showed that one driver, at least, had sympathy for early-morning hitch-hikers. The latter climbed into his car and were soon travelling rapidly towards Cardiff.

The story had begun a few months previously when my friend and I had decided to spend the first fortnight of our summer holiday exploring that part of England visible from South Wales across the Bristol Channel—Somerset and North Devon. We pored over maps and carried out abstruse mathematical calculations to work out the probable cost before eventually agreeing on the probable route after which I wrote to suitable Youth Hostels, which lay on this route, to secure nightly accommodation together with that useful commodity known as food. I should mention here how remarkably low are the charges of the Youth Hostels Association and to those who wish to see as much of Britain (and indeed of Europe) as possible, the most economical way to do it is by staying at these Youth Hostels.

Our plans necessitated reaching Weston-super-Mare by the end of our first day's travel and to achieve this objective we resorted to the well-known method of "thumbing lifts". After our initial difficulty, which I have described, we were extremely lucky—travelling to Newport in the back of a car and from Newport to Gloucester in the cab of a long-distance lorry; such lorries are not, however, made for the convenience of hitch-hikers and my friend and I both had, in turn, to sit on the engine with the result that we were somewhat prone to bump our heads on the windscreen should the driver decide to stop suddenly!

Thanks to several more kind-hearted drivers, by late afternoon we were strolling along an extremely windy sea-front at Weston-super-Mare. We spent the night at Hutton, a pleasantly situated, though sparsely populated hostel a few miles inland from Weston.

Most of the following day was spent with friends in Weston but we managed without difficulty to reach Cheddar Hostel in time for the evening meal at 7.30. The next day, inevitably, found us exploring the famous caves at Cheddar—huge, natural caverns which extend for nearly a mile into the cliff which contain many remarkable sights. Afterwards we wended our way through Cheddar Gorge, with solid rock rising vertically on either side of us, until we were high in the Mendip Hills. We ate our lunch on a somewhat chilly hillside from which, however, we had an excellent view of the country through which we would soon be travelling.

We descended from the Mendips into the city of Wells and spent an enjoyable hour looking around the famous Cathedral.

We spent the night at Croscombe Youth Hostel—perhaps the most interesting of those we visited on account of its

extreme age. The boys' dormitory was in the loft of an old thatched cottage and to encourage me to have a good night's rest was a notice which informed me that, in the event of a fire, all I had to do was to hurl a rope out of the window and slide down it—presumably right into the thickets which lay 20 feet or so below the window. (Anyone who knows my prowess as a P.T. student will understand my trepidation but fortunately no catastrophe occurred!)

At Croscombe, also, I had the pleasure of trying out my (very) Ordinary Level French on a French girl with whom I shared the privilege of washing the hostel's dishes. If you have ever tried explaining in a mixture of English and broken French where Swansea is, in relation to France, you can understand my difficulties!

Our plans were to travel from Croscombe right across Somerset to the western-most parts of that county. Accordingly after leaving Coscombe, we reached Bridgewater, some 30 miles away, a few hours later by means of expert "thumbing of lifts".

We walked from Bridgewater along a winding and gradually ascending road into the Quantock Hills from the highest points of which we could see the green and gold fields of the Vale of Taunton lying serenely beneath the clear blue sky of a hot summer afternoon. Descending the Quantocks on the other side we reached Crowcombe Youth Hostel—a large, very pleasant, country house situated in the heart of the countryside.

From Crowcombe we travelled cross-country to Blue Anchor, an uninteresting village on the coast whose main inhabitants appeared to be Caravans, through Dunster, a picturesque Old World Village to Alcombe, a village to the east of the popular seaside resort of Minehead. Behind Alcombe and splendidly situated half-way up a tree-clad hillside was Minehead Hostel, a magnificent new building with excellent facilities.

We passed two consecutive nights at Minehead, the "rest day" of our holiday being spent in swimming and generally exploring the town.

We left Minehead with some regret to ascend the notorious Porlock Hill, gradient one in four, by, I am ashamed to add, motor vehicle. The view from the top of the hill was outstanding with the sea far below on one side and the heather-clad hills of Exmoor on the other. Rather than stay up in the hills, however, we descended into the valley of the East by a river, and passed through Dare, Malmesbury Farm and

Brendon—all these places being vividly described in Exmoor's most famous novel "Lorna Doone."

In the afternoon we reached the "twin-towns" Lynton and Lynmouth, which, unfortunately, we did not have sufficient time to look over because the following day, due to financial and other reasons, we had to retrace our steps to Minehead where we spent our third and last night.

Our holiday was now nearing its end and we spent an uneventful, unhurried day in re-crossing the Quantoch Hills to reach Holford Hostel, a small house in the middle of the country which we had great difficulty in finding (despite two maps and the directions in the Youth Hostel Handbook!)

From Holford an obliging motorist took us most of the way to Weston, where we spent most of the afternoon relaxing on the beach. We spent the last night of the holiday, as we had spent the first at Hutton Hostel though on this occasion we had a considerably more lively evening than previously.

The following day we said farewell to the West Country, travelled by Pleasure Steamer from Weston to Cardiff, and reached Swansea on a pleasant August evening.

PETER LEWIS, U.VI. Sc.

THE RAINBOW.

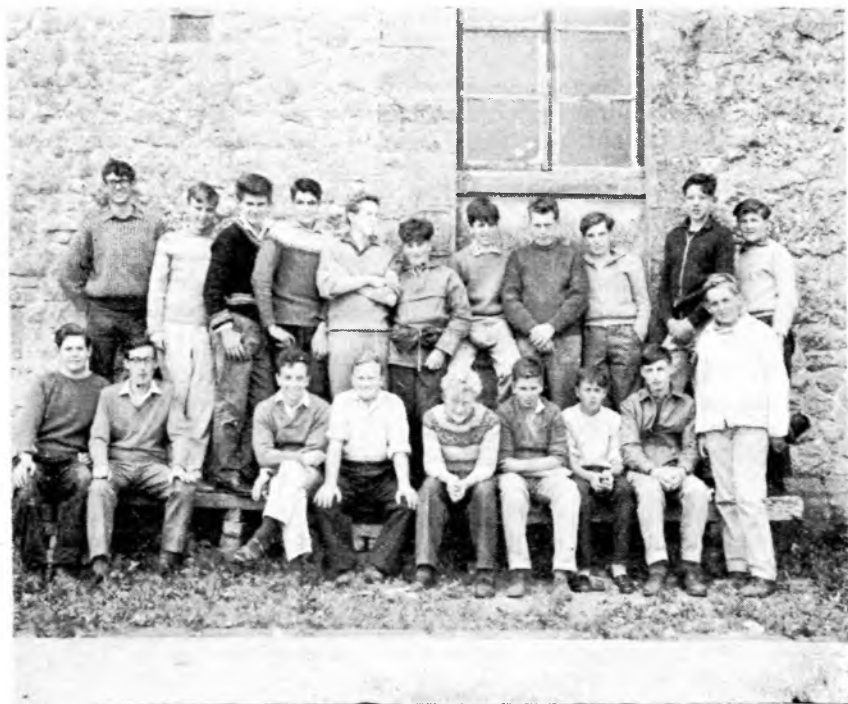
After the storm-clouds comes the herald,
Harbinger of a fairer day,
Slipping through the scattering gloom
Radiant jewelled colour at play.

Clear crystals of lucent light;
An arc of wonder in the blue,
Prismal wonder of the heavens.
A dazzling orb of radiant hue.

An ensign new and richly dight
To Noah's troubled heart unfurled,
When to the heavens his anxious eyes
Looked up from out a troubled world.

And where the rainbow ends, they say,
Those whose foot-steps thither tend
Will find if heart nor foot-fall tire
A pot of gold at journey's end.

M. KENT, IIIc.



STEEPHOLM EXPEDITION 1961.

On the last day of the Summer Term this year twelve Dynevor boys, mainly from the Lower 6th biology group set out by train from Swansea to Cardiff. We were accompanied by Mr. Howells and joined later by Mr. Phillips, who has since left the school. Our destination was Steepholm, one of the small islands in the Bristol Channel. The island lies approximately half way between Cardiff and Weston and in order to reach it one takes the steamer from Cardiff to Weston, and thence by a small open boat to the island. We were joined in Weston by a group of boys accompanied by one Master from Dursley Grammar School, Gloucester.

As we approached the island in the tossing boat, drenched by spray, our first impression was of towering cliffs surmounted by a white cloud of shrieking and wheeling seagulls. Steepholm is a bird sanctuary uninhabited except by the seagulls and other small animals. The principal purpose of our visit was to study the animal and plant life on the island and at the same time to clear paths and assist generally in the upkeep of the

island. During our stay on Steepholm we slept in old army barracks which are about 100 years old, and previously used by the soldiers who manned the numerous gun emplacements on the island which has a commanding view of shipping in the Bristol Channel. We soon settled down in the barracks and prepared for our first meal—being soaked bread, soup, beans and tea. Some mention of “Devil’s Island” and Dartmoor was overheard from some quarters but most of us were too interested in the new surroundings to pay much attention to the limitations of the menu. The usual chores such as cooking and washing up were shared fairly equally, by far the most laborious task being the carrying of water from a well about 200 feet down the cliff. Sleeping arrangements were a little primitive but our stay was short and although only half of us had beds to sleep on and the other half only mattresses, we slept soundly and were only disturbed by the shrieking of the seagulls.

The second day of our stay was spent in brilliant sunshine exploring the island. All boys were asked to refrain from throwing stones at the birds—this request was at once assumed by the younger boys to be a negative command. Steepholm is an interesting place for botanists and geologists as well as for zoologists. The Steepholm peony grows there and is unique to the island, presumably because of some special soil constituent. The two geologists in the party spent most of their time searching for fossils and chipping at rocks for samples of quartz and other minerals. The study of the habits of the seagulls was very interesting and that which I found most fascinating was the method of feeding of the baby gulls by their parents. When a parent bird alights near its young, the baby pecks hard at the orange spot on the white beak of the adult; this seems to set up a reflex action in the parent who regurgitates a pellet of food into the beak of the young one.

On our last day we cleared up the barracks and were allowed to inspect the gull research station. This was a private part of the barracks containing property of the research workers and included such equipment as dyes and numbered rings, for tracking gull migration. As we packed our rucksacks we wondered whether the boat would be able to pick us up because the weather had rapidly become very rough for so small a craft. We made our way down the cliff to the beach and looked with binoculars towards Weston. Two small specks were seen plunging up and down in the swell and showered by spray. Eventually two boats arrived, planks were lowered to the beach up which we scrambled, with difficulty, sharing our numbers equally between the two boats.

From Steepholm our journey was uneventful apart from

the sea's being rough. We are sincerely grateful to Mr. Howells for arranging the expedition so well, and we recommend it to future Sixth Formers as an interesting and worthwhile experience.

ALAN PHILLIPS, U. VI. Sc.II

THE NATIONAL YOUTH ORCHESTRA OF WALES, 1961.

My first reaction on hearing that I had been accepted for N.Y.O.W. was one of joy, but as the time of the Course approached that feeling changed into one of bewilderment, and, finally fright, because I had been studying the scores of some of the works which were to be attempted, and I did not like what I saw. Any musician must surely sympathise when I mention that we played the "Academic Festival" Overture, by Brahms; the 2nd Symphony by Borodin; "Slavonic Rhapsody" No 3 by Dvorak; and four dances from the Ballet "Checkmate" by Sir Arthur Bliss, as well as the accompaniment to the "Salce" (Willow Song) and "Ave Maria" from Act IV of the Opera "Othello" by Verdi. This year the modern work was the tone-poem "The Dong with a Luminous Nose," by Dr. Robert Bruce, which is a translation, into music, from the lyric by Edward Lear. (I should like to say that our conductor, Dr. Clarence Raybould, who rather resembles a certain History Master with respect to his humour, wit and sarcasm, had a habit of eating a confectionery loosely connected with "Bliss" every time we rehearsed the 'Checkmate'.)

The course began on July 28th, and for ten days the orchestra stayed at Llandrindod Wells, undergoing serious rehearsals. It may surprise some people to know that we rehearsed for up to eight hours a day. In case you are shocked I had better add that there are such things as a boating lake, swimming baths and putting greens in Llandrindod. I shall not, however, dwell on these, but will simply say that, to the best of my knowledge, nobody fell into the lake.

Another pastime was cricket. An incident which, although funny at the time was, in fact, rather serious, was the collision of a French-Horn player with the String Tutor, which resulted in the unfortunate boy being both run out and knocked out. Doubtless, most of you have seen the Professional Wrestling on T.V. on Saturday afternoons. This horn-player—called, incidentally, Bronco, because of his mania for jumping over four-foot barbed wire fences—and another of the same sect—Dracula—put on two or three shows for us, their tutor acting as referee. One of these contests was staged near the boating lake in full view of the public—are horn-players sane?

Dr. Raybould joined in one of these contests and as a result of some help from 'Bronco' he managed to win. Before finishing with the pastimes, I might mention that there were indoor games such as table-tennis, billiards and snooker as well—there was something for everybody.

Before leaving Llandrindod we gave a concert there, and one also at Newtown. Up until this time there had been a Concert Orchestra, and a second Orchestra. On August 7th, the 'B' Orchestra dispersed, while some 110 of us—the Concert Orchestra—went to Wrexham to play at the Rhos National Eisteddfod. On August 9th we came to Swansea and gave concerts at Cardiff, Porthcawl, Merthyr Tydfil, and Swansea itself, the last concert being recorded by the B.B.C. On the following day we recorded three of our pieces for B.B.C. Television, and on Wednesday, August 16th, the course ended.

To me those three weeks were something more than playing in an orchestra—they were 'music'. This is something indefinable, which can be experienced only by those who go on such a course.

I should like to end by illustrating the genius of our conductor, Dr. Raybould. In the Finale to "Checkmate", in a Fortissimo Tutti (i.e. all the Orchestra playing loudly) which was really the climax of the whole programme, he suddenly stopped us, and said "Second Clarinet, you're a semi-tone flat. Play your part please." What ears you have, dear Doctor.

D. H. WILLIAMS, U. VI Arts.

NEW HORIZONS.

In the tradition of former lower Sixth boys, I intend to write of my new life in the Sixth. Any person of weak constitution, or any one under the age of 99 should stop reading this—at once!

The traditional picture of a Sixth-former dragging himself into the yard at 8.59 a.m. with nicotine-stained fingers, and a decidedly inebriated outlook on life, is a pure fantasy. Many of the present Sixth are within the school precincts even by 8.45 a.m.!

The other idea of a state of perpetual war between "Arts and Sciences" is again only a myth, the only rivalry being between a certain History and Chemistry master, on the golf course.

A typical day in the life of a Sixth former is as follows, i.e., for those boys who condescend to come.

- 9.00 a.m. Attend registration. This is desirable but not essential.
- 9.30 a.m. Double period, in which one endeavours to (a) keep awake or (b) sober up.
- 10.45 a.m. This is the best part of the day, when there is a mass exodus to Mrs. B - - r's for a bottle of milk and a piece of cake., i.e. if there is any left from the previous day.
- 11.00 a.m. Double period, in which many boys are reputed to work.
- 12.30 p.m. School dinners. No comment!
- 2.00 p.m. Again report for registration.
- 2.05 p.m. Lessons! Attendance is advisable as many master are growing suspicious of the smallness of groups of late.
- 3.00 p.m. Inertia bordering on coma. The wishing that a certain lower Sixth Arts boy would ring the bell becomes more insistent.
- 4.00 p.m. Rush either to St. Winifred's or Glanmor, to meet certain members of the fair sex.

This last act of the School day is in the interests of co-education, I think!

There are of course, interspersed in the timetable, cultural periods, e.g., French, History, English and Chemistry. (N.B. Do the boys in the yard really look like molecules?) There are also library periods, and gym. and games for the more energetic.

One of the greatest advantages of the Sixth form, is that of taking only three main subjects. But the looks on the faces of certain Science boys seem to belie this. There is also homework, and in the Sixth form you are supposed to like it. At least, the modern psychologists contend that you should.

The outcome of a Sixth form course is an A-level exam., which everyone but yourself believes that you can pass. But that is not for another nineteen months, so now as I recline in my chair in the Library I must end, as I have my "Pools" coupon to fill before the end of the period.

TANKY, L. VI Sc. II.

CIP AR Y DYFODOL.

Dyma oes sy'n cael blas mawr ar "ffuglen wyddonol." O'r holl ffurfiau ar y math yma o lenyddiaeth, ffuglen am y dyfodol sy'n apelio fwyaf ataf i—pethau fel *The Time Machine* H. G. Wells. Nid oes lawer o nofelau o'r math yma yn Gymraeg, ond yr wyf newydd ddarllen un gampus, *Wythnos yn Nghymru Fydd* gan Islwyn Ffowc Elis.

Os ydych am ddarllen nofel Gymraeg hollol fodern, dyma un eithaf cyffrous ichwi. Gydag Ifan Powell fe awn ymlaen i'r flwyddyn 2033. Mae'r stori'n llawn digwyddiadau ac y mae pob disgrifiad yn fywiog. A dyna Gymru wahanol yw'r Gymru newydd honno—Cymru sydd yn llawn o ryfeddodau a darganfyddiadau a Chymru rydd! Mae'r darlun yn hyfryd—braidd yn rhy fflasus, yn wir.

Y mae llwydroaeth Cymru Fydd yn cefnogi popeth da—y diwydiannau a'r celfyddydau a bywyd y werin. Mae ymddygiad y bobl yn llawer gwell nag yn y cyfnod presennol, ac y mae'r heddlu mor fwynaid ag ŵyn. Y mae sôn am un mudiad drwg, ond nid oes neb yn poeni llawer amdano. Yn lle carchar y mae ysbyty i wella pobl sydd â thueddiadau gwrthgymdeithasol. Nid oes dim tlodi, ac ni chaiff neb fynd yn rhy oludog; ac y mae'r llywodraeth yn rhwystro popeth a fyddau'n gwneud y wlad yn hyll. Gwasgerir ffatrioedd ar hyd a lled y wlad, a llawer o gwmnïoedd amrywiol sydd yn eu gweithio. Mae'r bobl yn gweithio mewn unedau bychain, a phawb ymhob cymdeithas yn adnabod ei gilydd. Ac, wrth gwrs, y mae'r Gymraeg i'w chlywed a'i gweld ymhobman—o'r ddau Dŷ'r Senedd i lawr at y cae pêl-droed a'r tai bwyta lle y mae'r trigolion hapus yn mwynhau nid yn unig y danteithion hyfryd ond hefyd y canu modernaidd rhyfeddol.

Yn y baradwys hon y mae Ifan yn cwrrd â Mair Llywarch ac yn ymserchu'n llwyr ynddi. Wrth ddychwelyd i'n cyfnod ni y mae Ifan yn ei cholli hi. Ymdrecha fynd yn ôl i Gymru Fydd, ond y tro hwn dygir ef i Gymru hollol wahanol—i ryw hunllef o Gymru lle y mae pob Cymreictod wedi ei ddinistrio bron yn llwyr o dan lywodraeth estron. Ond dangosir mai ar y Cymry eu hunain y mae'r bai am hyn. Arnom ni yn yr oes bresennol y mae'r cyfrifoldeb o benderfynu pa fath o Gymru a fydd yn y dyfodol, y Gymru baradwysaidd rydd neu ynte'r Gymru farwaidd, gaeth. Yr her yma yw rhagoriaeth y nofel.

Nid yw'n anodd gweld ambell fai ar y darn effeithiol hwn o ffuglen ramantus. Mae'r Gymru ddelfrydol braidd yn rhy dda i fod yn wir. Gwelir hyn, er enghraifft, yn y darlun o'i bywyd crefyddol. Un Eglwys dangnefeddus sydd, a honno'n darparu crefydd offeiriadol a chrefydd efengylaidd fel ei gilydd. Y mae tipyn bach o bopeth i bawb ynddi hi. Y mae'r Gymru hunllefaudd yn yr un modd braidd yn rhy ofnadwy. Nid oes gymeriadau diddorol yn y nofel. Ond nid dyna oedd pwrpas yr awdur. Yr unig amcan yw gosod y dewis o'n blaen ni, ac y mae'r awdur yn cyflawni'r amcan yn hynod o ddifyr a chyffrous.

A. M. P. DAVIES.

MY TRAVELS.

When I first saw light of day in Edmonton, Alberta, the oil boom was just beginning. Oil was everywhere. When I was fifteen months old, my mother packed our luggage and we travelled by train across Saskatchewan and Manitoba to Sudbury, Ontario. Sudbury is on the Canadian Shield and mines 75% of the world's nickel. At night the slag piles light up the sky as the hot slag is dumped after the ore is smelted. There are twenty-three different language newspapers available, so you can see Sudbury is a mixed up place.

When I was two years old we moved to Hamilton, Ontario. In the winter it is a pretty foggy place. Everytime we had company we went to see Niagara Falls and at night they had spotlights shining on the falls in different colours. During the four years I lived there I got most of my battle scars. I had a friend who liked biting. I bit back and then we fought. When I was five years old I was run over by a bus. I was in hospital for six weeks and two days, so I did not finish my first year of school. We had a year round supply of fruit at low prices because of the good soil and the location near the Great Lakes. On Sundays we would go out for drives and pick the fruit off trees, or buy it at the stands at the side of the roads.

We moved to Montreal, Quebec, the second largest French speaking city in the world. Here we could get eight T.V. channels. We had lots of fun. We watched French programmes and did not understand a word. I learned how to ice skate and play ice hockey which is the fastest game on earth. Ice skating is fun except for a few bumps and bruises. Montreal is situated at the mouth of the St. Lawrence Seaway.

We spent four months back in Edmonton, two months during summer holidays when I went horseback riding. We also went to the state of Washington, where we had corn roasts and picked cherries for grandma's pies. When we were not visiting, I flew wooden gliders. When we got back to Edmonton I went to the school where my grandfather is a headmaster. I painfully got through two months of school there before we went to Texas, in the United States.

Everything is big in Texas! Every day after school I went swimming with my friend but I also saw the remains of the Alamo. The best thing was the battleship of Texas. The war department was going to scrap it but the children brought money to school and they bought the ship, and it is now sitting there ready to be toured by yourselves. I also saw the San Jacinto monument where the Texans fought the Mexicans for

independence. Wherever we had company here we went to Galveston beach and had picnics. It is on the Gulf of Mexico. Then we went to Louisiana.

In Louisiana I saw Longfellow's "cajun" country, sugar cane, rice fields and even shrimp boats. On our way back to Canada we drove through the Smoky Mountains in Tennessee and toured the Luray Caverns in Virginia.

The best place I have visited was California where I went to Disney-land which had rides everywhere. That was the best. There were ferris wheels, haunted houses, boat rides, car rides (miniature) roller coasters. There we went to Marine-land where Bubbles, the world's famous whale was performing. We also went to Knott's Berry Farm where we panned gold. We flew down there one Christmas from Montreal to spend Christmas with my dad.

A year ago we drove to Edmonton, Alberta, from Montreal. We went through North Bay, around Lake Superior and got to Winnipeg, then Regina. We stopped there and saw the Royal Canadian Mounted Police barracks and museum and finally got to Edmonton. While we were there we rode horseback or swam nearly everyday. We learned to water ski there. Then it was time to pack our luggage into the car and start on the trip back home. We were going to take the Trans-Canada route. We stopped in Medicine Hat and saw some glass blowers blowing all sorts of shapes. We watched them for an hour, then bought a few things like a glass jug and some swans. After that we went to see some pottery works where we saw bowls and plates and cups being made. Then across the ranching country into Saskatchewan and Manitoba, where the crops were being harvested night and day by fleets of combines. We got as far as White River, Ontario, where we had to sleep the night in the car because the new stretch of road was open over the weekend at that time. So we slept the night in the car. At 6 a.m. the gates were opened and we shot off. I was reading the map to dad but I fell asleep. In spite of this we finally made it home. There I peacefully went through a year of school and at the end had 41 hours and 15 seconds to get ready to come to London on the Empress of Canada. I was in London two weeks and then I came to Swansea. I like it here and all the friends I have made, but I must admit I'm homesick for ice hockey and tobogganing. I am also homesick for home.

RICHARD SHAW. 1B.

MALLORCAN HOLIDAY.

At the start of the Easter Holidays, I and a party of boys from Dynevor School set out on a journey to Mallorca, the largest of the three Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean. The first stage of our journey took us by train from Swansea High St. Station to Paddington; we stayed the night in London at the Calvados Hotel. The following morning we left Victoria Station on a Southern Region train for the second part of our journey. This train took us to Newhaven, one of the ports from which Cross Channel Ships leave for France. At this point our community passport was checked and then we embarked on the "Lisieux" a French Cross Channel Packet Ship. By spending a few extra hours at sea, we were able to go by a shorter rail route to Paris. Most of us were in favour of this, but some were obviously not. The ship took us to Dieppe from where we caught a train to Paris.

When we arrived in Paris we were allowed to leave the Station and find a place where we could have a light meal. This repast, consisting of sausage and chips, cost us 5 new Francs, or about 8 shillings sterling. Later, we again boarded an express train, this time for the longest part of our journey, i.e., from Paris to Barcelona.

Our first glimpse of the Mediterranean came after we had traversed the Pyrenees and arrived at Port Bou on the border between France and Spain. This wonderful view of blue sea did much to boost the morale of the travel-weary boys.

When we arrived at Barcelona we went straight to our hotel where we were to stay the night. After a good dinner we were allowed to go out if we wished, and this gave many boys an opportunity of going in search of a replica of Christopher Columbus' ship the "Santa Maria" in the port. I, together with a few others, tried to find our way there, but after many futile attempts in asking the "Natives" how to get there, we gave up.

We arose the following morning after a good night's sleep and commenced the last part of our journey—from Barcelona to Palma de Mallorca. For this stage we travelled in luxury, "by plane", a 'Bristol' passenger-freight of the Iberian Airways. After the usual long wait at the Airport, we finally took off for our destination. As Palma is in the South, we had to fly across the Island to get there, and never before had I seen such a beautiful view as I did from that aeroplane. We landed at "El Aeropuerto de Palma de Mallorca" after being airborne for about eighty minutes, and went straightway by coach to our hotel in the Capital, Palma.

The next six days which we were to spend on the Island were to be taken up with excursions, much swimming, sun-bathing and souvenir hunting.

Our first excursion took us on "a Round the Island tour" calling at the more popular holiday resorts inland and on the coast. We stopped at each place for about an hour so that we could have a look around or go for a swim. After a lapse of a few days, during which time we went to the Beaches and did some shopping, we went on our second excursion to the Monastery at Valldemosa where Frederic Chopin and Georges Sand lived during the Winter of 1838-1839. Chopin composed many of his works here, and his original piano can still be seen at the monastery which is now a museum. Later we were entertained by the "Locals" to a brilliant session of folk-singing and dancing. It was a wonderful sight to see all those happy people in their National Costume.

Our third and last excursion took us to "Las Cuevas Del Drach" "THE CAVES OF THE DRAGON". The lighting in these caves is really magnificent. Here also is what is supposedly the largest underground lake in the world. As we watched across the lake we saw a slowly moving line of illuminated boats coming towards us. Aboard these boats was an orchestra which began to play as the boats approached us. Later we boarded the boats and were taken across to the other side of the lake, from where we once again emerged into the bright sunlight.

A few days later we were once again packing our bags, but this time for the return trip. There was the usual last minute rush to buy cigarettes and wines and spirits, and then, once more, we were off.

The return journey was much the same as the outward journey except that we did not stay overnight in Barcelona. It was a heavily laden complement of boys who returned across the English Channel, and many suspicious glances could be seen coming from the harrassed Customs Officers.

I am sure all the boys concerned will agree with me in saying it was worth it, and our grateful thanks are particularly due to Messrs. Crofts and Griffiths for organizing and supervising such an exhilarating holiday without any mishaps.

V. M. GRIFFITHS, Vb.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

Despite the fears voiced for its future the Society has continued to flourish and ten meetings have been held so far this term. However, the question of poor attendances still arises, and although the number of new speakers has been a redeeming feature, there is no reason why far more boys should not attend.

The term began with a poorly attended (surprisingly) debate on Sunday Opening. The proposer's successful advocacy of public houses on Sunday seemed somewhat clouded by the number of "abstentions"—possibly indicating a rather "drier" result.

An attempt to attract a larger audience with a debate on "pops" in the following week was almost too successful. The sincere pity which the proposer had for his less fortunate brethren and the attempt of one speaker to introduce a "classical" element could not prevent a resounding victory for the "popular vote." Unfortunately the debate (and the opposer's potential majority) was marred by the illmannered exit, during the debate, of a section of the audience which could be described as moronic for reasons other than a liking for "pops".

"From the ridiculous to the sublime" could well have heralded the debate on "better Red than Dead" which followed a week later. As a result of a passionate oration for democracy the Liberal front was seen to be split and the apparently Communist leanings of the proposer were defeated. It is interesting to observe that these same arguments of "freedom of the individual" were used by the same speaker to assist in the attack on the Trade Unions which took place in the next debate. It was clear that the Socialist who opposed the motion (the wording of which appeared rather familiar) was fighting a losing battle in this, his maiden speech, in the Society.

After these rather serious topics the Society descended to the banal in discussing "Boy Scouts and Girl Guides" with the Girls of Glanmor. For various reasons, including possibly the small number of girls who attended, this debate was not so successful as many former "inter-school's" have been. It served, however, to emphasise the general solidarity (in more senses than one) of these organisations when under attack.

After a fortnight's break over half-term the Society resumed with a debate on Capital Punishment. This was not very successful since the wording of the motion enabled neither the "hangers" nor the abolitionists to make use of their normal arguments.

At this point the Society seemed to be going through a morbid phase, for a week later Welsh Home Rule came under discussion. In a very spirited debate, with both main speakers making impressive maiden speeches, there was a considerable amount of "mud-slinging," notably in the direction of Swansea Council, Plaid Cymru, and the Conservative Party, which, although undoubtedly entertaining, lowered the standard of the debate. As was to be expected the potential "Plaid" candidate was defeated.

It was noticeable that in the following week Socialists, Tories, and Liberals were all on their best behaviour, and although the introduction of the colour-bar into the discussion rather clouded the issue the result was extremely one-sided.

Once again the regrettable signs of Socialist decay (in a Liberal too!) were evident when the writer of this article attacked the public schools in the last debate of the term. After sundry remarks about "hypocrisy" the meeting was eventually converted to the view that such schools were a social evil, although if the suggestion of one member—"that all schools are a social evil"—had been adopted the decision would probably have been unanimous.

This concluded the programme of actual debates but a successful experiment took place one week later. A panel of boys with discussion open to the floor, gave their opinions on various topics and the views expressed on such "problems" as smoking, parking in Swansea, and Jimmy Greaves, gave convincing evidence that the Society is indeed flourishing.

That it continues to do so is due very largely to Mr. Chandler, whom we must thank for his advice and unflagging support for the Society.

E. DAVID, U.VI Arts.

Secretary.

Details of the voting are as follows :

SEPTEMBER 15TH:

"This House believes that Sunday Opening will contribute to the moral and physical well-being of the Welsh community."

Proposing: G. Roberts, L.VI Arts.

Opposing: P. Lewis, U.VI Sc.

Carried, 4 - 2, with 9 abstentions.

SEPTEMBER 22ND:

"This House believes that 'Pops' is for morons."

Proposing: D. J. Jasper, U.VI Arts.

Opposing: P. W. Thomas, U.VI Sc.

Defeated 40 - 9, with 5 abstentions.

SEPTEMBER 29TH:

"This House upholds the view 'Better Red than Dead'."

Proposing: E. David, U.VI Arts.

Opposing: B. M. Roberts, U.VI Sc.

Defeated 15 - 8, with 2 abstentions.

OCTOBER 6TH:

"This House believes that the power of the Trade Unions has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished."

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

Opposing: D. H. Williams, U.VI Arts.

Carried 15 - 7, with 2 abstentions.

OCTOBER 13TH (Interschool Debate held at Dynevor):

"This House believes that the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides are NOT prepared."

Proposing: D. Jasper, U.VI Arts.
Ceri Edwards (Glanmor).

Opposing: Kathryn Allen (Glanmor).
B. Roberts, U.VI. Sc.

Defeated 24 - 18.

NOVEMBER 3RD:

"This House believes that Capital Punishment should be reintroduced for all forms of murder."

Proposing: H. Mitchell, VD.

Opposing: J. W. Dale, U.VI Sc.

Defeated 8 - 4, with 9 absentions.

NOVEMBER 10TH:

"This House believes that the present generation of Welsh are incapable of democratic self government."

Proposing: G. A. Bevan, L.VI Arts.

Opposing: A. M. P. Davies, U.VI Arts.

Carried 15 - 11, with 1 abstention.

NOVEMBER 17TH:

"This House believes that immigration from the Commonwealth should be restricted."

Proposing: G. Roberts, L.VI Arts.

Opposing: J. McGivan, U.VI Sc.

Defeated 16 - 6, with 2 abstentions.

NOVEMBER 24TH:

"This House believes that the Public Schools are a social menace."

Proposing: E. David, U.VI Arts.

Opposing: A. C. Hicks, U.VI Sc.

Carried 10 - 5, with 1 abstention.

DECEMBER 1ST:

Discussion by panel of boys:

V. Thomas, IID.

A. Thomas, L.VI Arts.

R. Williams, IVD.

A. C. Hicks, U.VI Sc.

CROSS COUNTRY.

The start made in athletics last year has been maintained by the formation of a School cross country team. This venture has been more successful than the originators thought possible. Under the guidance of Mr. Ieuan Jones a promising junior team has been formed and even a few seniors have been roused from their customary apathy to join in.

The first match, on October 28th, ended in defeat at the hands of Bishop Gore. Although J. Griffin won the 1st year race the team lost by 44 pts. to 17, and in the Middle event was defeated by 7 pts. to 16 although A. Willis finished 3rd.

A fortnight later, however, a reconstituted junior team obtained revenge in a four-cornered match with Penlan, Bishop Gore and Maesteg. Over the wet Penlan course the School Junior Team finished second (82 pts.) behind Penlan (47) with Maesteg (88) and Bishop Gore (147) bringing up the rear.

This was the most encouraging result achieved so far and in view of the enthusiasm of the junior boys it is a pity that it was only possible to arrange two matches this term. This will be remedied next term when a full fixture list will be arranged.

The last race in which the School team participated was the most noteworthy. For the first time the School entered a team for the Glamorgan C.C. Championships, held at Penlan on

November 25th. This Senior Team was forced to make use of the services of two boys who had already played rugby in the morning—a sad reflection on a School of 900 boys when it cannot provide six runners to form a representative team. No outstanding success attended the School runners but neither were they disgraced and the fact that a School team did take part in these championships should be an incentive.

Athletics is just as important a sport as football or cricket and if only this apathy (particularly in the Senior School) can be overcome then a strong athletics team can be established.

E. DAVID. U.VI. Arts.

CRICKET 1ST XI.

RECORD:	<i>P</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>L</i>	<i>D</i>
	9	5	2	2

As the above record suggests the School 1st XI had a reasonably successful season and in fact the two defeats were suffered in the first four games. Undoubtedly the highlight of the season was the 1 wkt win over the Old Boys at St. Helens at the end of term.

Unlike as in previous seasons the School bowling was not so effective but this was compensated for by a better batting side.

H. John again captained the side while D. C. Price was Vice-Captain. H. John and M. J. Jones represented the Glamorgan Secondary Schools, D. C. Williams was the School's top scorer with over 200 runs and M. J. Jones the leading wicket taker (27 wickets). The best batting partnership was between M. J. Jones and D. C. Williams when they put on 79 runs for the first wicket at St. Helen's and H. John and M. J. Jones had the best bowling performance, both with 5 for 10.

The season's find was J. Lewis, IVD., a really competent bat and deputy wicket keeper. D. Price kept wicket outstandingly during the season and mention must be made also of R. Holland, A. Thomas, C. Thomas, D. Evans, A. Davies and D. H. Williams, who played throughout the season.

The majority of the 1st XI have now left School, so anyone who is interested in playing for the School is strongly advised to attend the trials at the beginning of the Summer Term.

D. C. WILLIAMS. U.VI, Sc.
(Secretary).

GOWERLAND BALLAD.

As I went by Port Eynon Point
I met an old man walking,
And, since that I was very young,
We fell with ease a-talking.

Said he, "Down on the Pav'land Flats
Red crabs no longer lie
As still as any sitting lark,
When man goes trampling by.

"When I was but a little lad
I'd quickly fill my sack:
To-day there are not any there,
The skill I do not lack.

"For now the sun is much too cold,
The wind goes whistling by,
The grass is gone from Sedges Mound,
The legs in nettles high.

"God knows I love this Gowerland
With all its rocks and bays,
But 'tis not as it used to be
In my youth's shining days."

I left him there upon the cliff,
And lightly I went down
To where the dry grey millstone rock
Turns wet, and shades to brown.

Beneath the ridges of the rocks
The still red crabs did lie,
As still as any sitting lark
When man goes trampling by.

And when I'd climbed up to my friend
I showed my catch with glee.
"'Tis as I thought," the old man said,
"Not as it used to be!"

"But, Sir," I said, "the sack is full,
'Tis plain as plain can be."
Yet sadly still the old man said,
"Not as it used to be."

So home together thence we went
Over the cliffs so fine,
The old man yearning for his youth,
I unaware of mine.

OLD DY'VORIAN.



