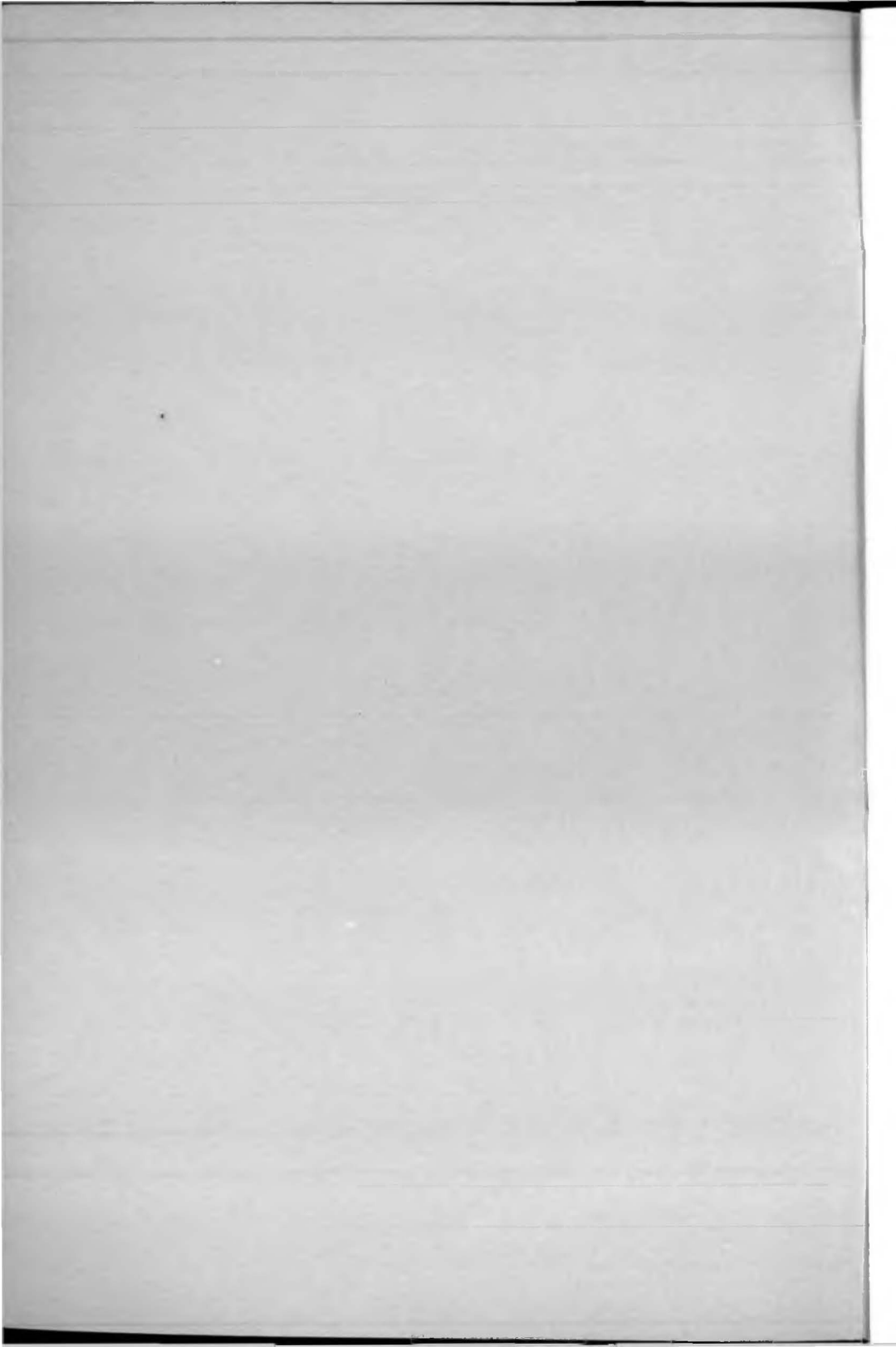


MAGAZINE

No. 104

July, 1962



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Dynevour Secondary School Magazine

No. 104 No. 31 (New Series)

JULY, 1962

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D. J. JASPER, UVith.A.

EDITORIAL.

The Editorial Committee are happy to have again been able to compile a magazine which, we hope, will be of great interest to all boys in the School. As usual, however, both W.J.E.C. and School examinations have cast their sombre shades over many boys who, as a result, have not been able to give as much of their time to the mag. as they would wish. Nevertheless, we hope that we have succeeded in producing an issue which is not unworthy of appreciation by everyone.

We are sorry to note, from the Secretary's report, the considerable apathy towards the Literary and Debating Society. The writers of two of the University letters mention how useful the Society was as a training ground for University debating societies, and all mention the importance of coming into contact with conflicting views and opinions. The lack of interest shown by the Sixth Form is therefore particularly regrettable. We can only hope, for the sake of the School, that the Society will flourish anew next term.

Finally, the Committee (most of whom will not be returning in September—we hope!) would like to take this opportunity of extending our best wishes to all members of the School. We hope they have an enjoyable summer holiday.

SCHOOL NOTES.

As usual, the July Magazine Notes cover the activities of two terms. During this period, we have been pleased to welcome Mrs. Eileen Davies and Mrs. I. Isaac who have been temporarily assisting the maths. and physics departments. We hope their stay with us has been a happy one.

We are very pleased to welcome back Mr. Dennis Jones after a long absence due to illness. He is now, we hear, consuming Mrs. Cornelius' tea with his usual relish. Meanwhile we must add a word of appreciation for Miss M. Trickett who has so ably stood in his place during his absence.

After this term, we are sorry to say, we shall see no more of two of the School's most senior (we almost said oldest) and well-loved members of staff. Mr. T. E. Burgess, who has been physical training instructor at Dynevor since January, 1928, is leaving for a well-earned retirement (although that word could never seem to be really applicable to someone as active as he is). No more will boys be treated to entertaining talks on the functions of the human body, but we deem as worth recording for posterity the famous joke that they would always contain: "I was going to say that your stomachs are about the same size as a clenched fist—but I've seen some of you eat."

Gone, too, will be the choice mathematical puns ('Spiral Springs' is not a town in Australia) of Mr. W. S. Evans, who has been on the staff for thirty years, and who is going to New Zealand to teach. Mr. Evans was, of course, renowned for his keen interest in cricket, and many a Sixth-form lesson on projectiles has been devoted to an enthusiastic discussion on why balls cannot "hasten off the pitch," together with a severe criticism of certain B.B.C. commentators! We must also mention his role in the choir, where his fine tenor voice was always clearly heard, in spite of the vast numbers that sometimes comprised Dynevor choirs. We wish him every success in his new venture.

Once again there have been some outstanding academic achievements of members of the School during recent months. John D. McGivan, UVIth Sc., was awarded an Exhibition at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, as a result of his performance in the December, 1961, Scholarship Examinations. He had already obtained a place there, but this further success means, apart from the honour, that he will receive £40 a year as well. David B. Evans, UVIth.Sc., has obtained a place at Christ's College, Cambridge, to be taken up in October, 1963. This is, in itself, no mean achievement, as competition for places in the ancient universities is extremely keen. We extend our congratulations to these boys, and also to Edward I. David,

UVIth Arts. who was awarded the Swansea Chamber of Commerce Scholarship to the University College of Swansea. This is worth £40 a year and is supplemented as a State Scholarship, being one of the highest awards of the College.

As regards news of Old Boys, the Secretary of the Association mentions in his notes on another page the series of public lectures by Old Boys, the first of which is to be given on October 18th, by Dr. Brian Flowers, F.R.S., Professor of Theoretical Physics at Manchester University, on 'Science, the State and Society.' Reference is also made to the fine gift of a baby-grand piano to the School. Another gift that the School received was from Capt. William Lloyd Ross, who now lives in the U.S.A., but who once was a pupil at the old Municipal Secondary School. It consists of two large and detailed maps of the Moon's visible surface, and a description sheet. In an accompanying letter, Capt. Ross stated that he was sending them in memory of his old headmaster, Mr. W. A. Beanland. A few weeks afterwards Capt. Ross himself, unexpectedly arrived at the School, and gave a talk to the senior assembly.

We congratulate J. C. H. Davies who left School last year and is now at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He obtained a first in the Part I Tripos Examinations in Economics, and has been awarded a Senior Exhibition by his college as a result. This achievement is particularly outstanding as he had only been studying economics for two terms, having entered to study chemistry. An article by him occurs further on in this magazine. An interesting event, from the School's point of view, at Cambridge this year occurred in February, when Davies and another old boy, W. J. Morgan, of Selwyn College were both among the main speakers at one of the Union debates.

Speech Day this year will be on Tuesday, October 2nd. It is hoped to hold it regularly at this time of the year so that boys can receive their certificates as soon as possible after the results come out, and before they go to university. The original intention was to hold it in September, but due to the difficulties of securing the Brangwyn Hall and obtaining the certificates it was found that it could not be held earlier than the above date, so that some boys will have already gone up. This year of course, the results of two years will have to be dealt with. The guest speaker will be Mr. R. B. Southall, who is the General Manager of B.P. Refineries.

This year a number of boys were again selected to go on the Welsh National Youth Orchestra's courses: D. H. Williams, UVIth.A. (Violin); J. D. McGivan, UVIth.Sc. (Viola); E. M. Hughes, UVIth.A. (Violin); M. J. Jones,

UVIth.A. ('Cello); A. C. Hicks, UVIth.Sc. (Trumpet). The last three boys named were, however, unable to go, one reason for this being the inability of Swansea Education Committee to pay all expenses for the course, as is normally the case, because of the recent economy drive.

Under the auspices of the Educational Interchange Council, a boy from Germany stayed at the home of a boy from the School during each of the last two terms and attended lessons here. Jochen Sigloch, from Bavaria lodged with Gerald Neave, LVIth.A., during the spring-term, and took German, French and some maths. with the Lower Sixth. Every student on this scheme has to write a report for the Council, a copy of which is sent to the Headmaster, and Jochen's main criticism of our educational system is the early specialisation, which he thinks is too great. Otherwise, Dynevor receives a very 'favourable notice' a fact that might surprise some people!

This term Tillman Rothemel has come here from Stuttgart and has joined with form IVD. He is staying for part of the time with Dewi Lloyd Evans and the remainder with William Holt, both IVD. Many will remember his brother Eberhard, who was here under a similar scheme in the summer of 1959, and like him, Tillman has contributed an article to the Magazine. We hope he has enjoyed his stay here.

Mr. Richard Evans, who left Dynevor two years ago and went on a world tour, returned to Swansea last Easter. He had always said he would tell the School all about his trip when he came back, and this promise was fulfilled when, at the end of the Summer Term, he gave lectures to the senior and junior assemblies, well illustrated by his own excellent films of the places he visited. Particularly memorable were the pictures of Africa and its wild life, and New Zealand with its many interesting geographical features. The School greatly appreciates this interest still taken in it by one of its best-loved former masters.

One of our juniors, M. D. Gange of ID, had the privilege of taking part in the new T.W.W. Quiz Programme "Live and Learn." He was one of the team of three Swansea pupils who challenged three pupils from Port Talbot Secodnary Schools.

Members of the Lower Sixth attended a conference on the subject of the Commonwealth today at Bishop Gore on April 10th. It was arranged by the Commonwealth Institute and was addressed by three prominent lecturers, Sir James Harford. (the Director of the Institute), the Editor of the *New Commonwealth*, and a speaker from Australia.

The Sixth-Form Conference on "The Problem of East-West Co-existence" which was to be held under the auspices of the Council for Education in World Citizenship at the end of the spring term had to be cancelled at short notice on the advice of the Medical Officer of Health, who was concerned at the possible effects of a large gathering of people from many parts of South Wales during the smallpox epidemic. However, it was fortunately found possible to hold the Conference at the end of the Summer Term at the University College, Swansea. Speakers included Sir Ben Bowen Thomas (Permanent Secretary of the Welsh Department of the Ministry of Education), Mr. Geoffrey Barker (Lecturer in Russian Studies at Birmingham University), Professor J. E. Turner (London School of Economics), Professor John Rees (Department of Politics, University College, Swansea) and Mr. Terence Lawson (Secretary-General, C.E.W.C., London).

ABERYSTWYTH LETTER.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES,
ABERYSTWYTH.

May 25th, 1962.

TO THE EDITOR:

DEAR SIR,

I was very pleased to have been given the opportunity of writing the "Aberystwyth Letter" this year.

Like Oxford and Cambridge, Aberystwyth is essentially a university town, and the close link between "town" and "gown" is one of the reasons for the "Aber. spirit," something which no-one can define but which everyone, even the rawest fresher, is aware of.

From an academic point of view, the transition from school to university can be startling. Whereas in school you are guided (I used to say "driven") through every stage of your work, in university you are left to your own devices. The only supervision is the correction of set work, and in some departments the amount of set work is negligible. It takes some time to become adjusted to this more adult approach, and it is only towards the end of the first term that the fresher realises that although he is no longer supervised he is expected to be working much harder than in school. As far as examinations are concerned, I have already found the advice of a certain history master to be of great value: "Think more and write less." (In school I followed it in reverse!).

Life in College does not, however, consist solely of work. The sporting facilities at Aber. are extensive, and the fresher is inclined to try them all. By the time he has turned up for a work out with the Rowing Club and remembered that he should be at an athletic meeting five miles away, he realises that about two sports are sufficient. Some continue with the sports they played in school—rugger, cricket or tennis—while others like to indulge in less popular sports such as fencing or soccer. I play badminton (“I say, you fellows, wonderfully good for the weight!”) and occasionally venture out in one of the Sailing Club’s dinghies.

Talking of sports leads on naturally to an outline of the social life at the College. Dances range from the formal type to the weekly “hops,” so called because of the malted aroma wafting across the floor after 10.30 p.m.! Debates Union is as much a social occasion as a debating forum and the weekly meetings produce some fine singing, a practice to which I was unused, having come from the more rarified atmosphere of Dynevor debating circles. The climax of social life is, of course Rag Week, when everybody who is not so already, goes mad. The more serious side of Rag Week is indicated by the fact that this year we collected over £5,000 for the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief.

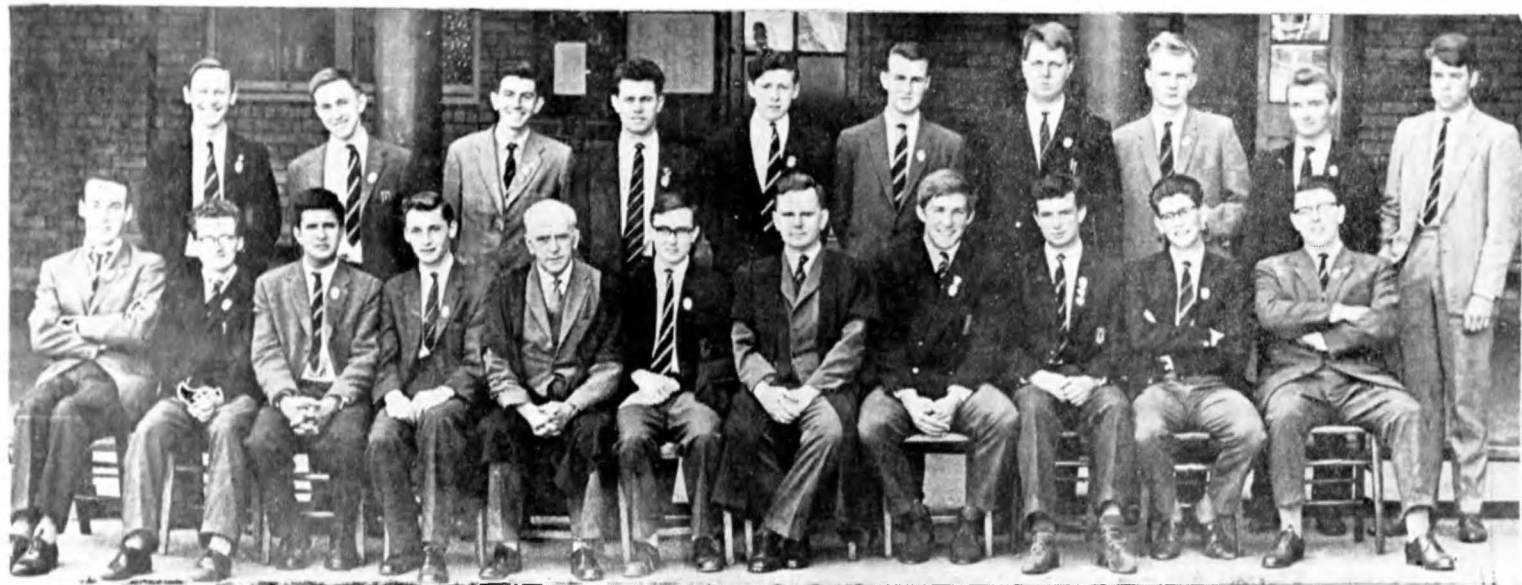
Culture is not neglected at Aberystwyth. The College has long been noted for its music, and the tradition with which Walford Davies and Thomas Parry were associated still lingers on. The Music Department holds weekly concerts and performed Bach’s “Christmas Oratorio” at the appropriate season. I joined Choral Union and was delighted to find several stalwarts from Dynevor choirs of previous years. Aberystwyth won the laurels at the University of Wales Eisteddfod held at Cardiff, while this year an Arts Festival was held at the College for the first time. The music ranged from Mendelssohn to Copland and the drama from Dylan Thomas to Pinter, and although the emphasis was on the moderns, the Festival as a whole was a great success. The College has its own newspaper, “The Courier,” a lively journal which appears fortnightly.

Although Aberystwyth is the oldest of the four Welsh colleges, it is by no means behind the times. Building is in progress on a new University site near the National Library of Wales. In a few years’ time it is hoped to accommodate 5,000 students instead of the present 1,750. I hope that many of the “Old Dyvorians” of the future will follow in the footsteps of T. E. Ellis to the “College of the Sea.”

Yours sincerely,

J. A. STRONG.

PREFECTS, 1961-2.



Back Row: P. M. Lloyd, W. H. M. Rawlins, M. J. Jones, D. C. Williams, R. J. Lewis, C. J. Thomas, I. Simpson, D. J. Jasper, E. M. Hughes, A. R. Sampson.

Seated: P. E. Lewis, J. D. McGivan, R. J. Hukku, J. S. Summerwill (Vice-Capt.), Mr. H. G. Griffiths, A. C. Hicks (Captain), Mr. M. G. Hughes, B. A. Willis (Vice-Capt.), D. B. Evans, E. I. David, P. J. Kostromin.

Not shown: E. G. Thomas, R. A. Stares, G. Jenkins, A. Phillips, C. Holly, L. F. Ball, C. E. Lewis, J. N. Norris, J. G. Thomas, W. J. Isaac.

MANCHESTER LETTER.

THE UNION,
MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY,
MANCHESTER, 13.

June, 1962.

TO THE EDITOR :

DEAR SIR,

Having been a member of Dynevor School for seven years, and not once having contributed to its magazine, I would like to make amends for this lapse by sending you this letter from Manchester. On looking through past letters, I notice they invariably consist of an advertising campaign for the particular university, together with a large section dealing with the "great differences" between school and 'varsity. In order not to be outdone, I will bow to conformity to some extent, but also endeavour to be original.

The greatest change one experiences on going to university is, I think, independence. This is especially so when one goes to a "foreign" country. (No matter what the politicians say, to the average Englishman, Wales *is* a foreign country.) As a result, after the first few lectures one feels a little different to the other students, just like someone who has gone abroad to be educated. After the initial friendships are formed, however, one almost has to fight to keep one's independence. Having to give reasons for one's inability to speak Welsh, for the existence of Eisteddfods, Bards, Druids, etc., for the Welsh attitude to the Licensing Laws, and for T.W.W., has caused many a Welsh student to say, half-laughing, "I come from the West, man."

There are other, more significant, forms of independence, too. For once, one is no longer financially dependent upon one's parents, and this factor alone can make or mar a student, especially as a small sum is given to last a long time. This money has not only got to buy luxuries, but also food, clothes, books, transport and accommodation.

As a result of being two hundred miles from Swansea, the cost and time of travel makes it impossible to run home every weekend, so that, excepting the influence that a letter can convey, one is able to be morally independent as well. There is no rod of iron to see that a reasonable amount of time is given to sleep or work. One of the most fruitful aspects of this independence is the sharing of knowledge through discussions, which sometimes go on into the early hours of the morning.

Being independent, one also learns something very important: appreciation—appreciation of the numerous things done for one at home, and so easily taken for granted. Students, whether they live in a hall of residence, lodgings or flat (as I do) are often heard to complain about things one never normally thinks of, such as the high cost of bed linen and laundry, and the fact that shirts do not clean themselves.

What has Manchester to offer a student who takes the “plunge”? Most important is its teaching, and Manchester boasts a long and impressive list of eminent teachers. One of the best known at present is Sir Bernard Lovell. For social activities, students can use the impressive Union Building, the McDougall Sports centre and three sports fields. The Union has over fifty societies and twenty-five sports clubs. One society which should be of interest to old Dyvorians is the Welsh Society. This coming year its Chairman is fellow Old Dyvorian David Powell. The aim of the society is to keep a link with Wales through cultural and social activities.

The climax of Manchester's social life is Rag Week. It has two points of emphasis—money and publicity, the first being the more essential, but the second naturally proving the more enjoyable for the student. Think of the pleasure of hoaxing a whole village, appearing on television or walking 55 miles in 22 hours through a snow storm in order to gain a fancy tie.

On that bizarre note I should like to finish, but not before thanking a grand school and its staff for all they have done for me. Best wishes to this year's editorial committee. I look forward to seeing any Dyvorian fresher to increase the present half-dozen that form our clan.

Yours sincerely,

ANTHONY W. WITHERS.

CAMBRIDGE.

It was with some dismay that I received the Editor's request to write an article for the School Magazine. Life at Cambridge is so crowded with distracting activities that any further claims on one's time, however important, are a source of mental conflict. I warn the reader in advance that rather than attempting to give a general and conventional picture of University life, I will try to present my own personal reaction to Cambridge and to describe the impact the University has had on me.

The first significant difference between school and university felt by the freshman is the vastly increased pace of the

work and the whirl of extraneous activities. There is an almost frightening difference between the rate at which new and unfamiliar ground is covered in lectures and the old leisurely pace of the sixth form. One of the surprising features of Cambridge is that, in some subjects at any rate, the amount of supervised study is as great as at school. By the time the student has met the demands of lectures, practical work and supervisions, a considerable volume of work has been done. I stress this unattractive facet of life here in order to dispel the view sometimes held that Cambridge is merely an academic answer to Butlin. The student's problems have been well defined as too much and too little grind.

One of the features of the University that has influenced me most has been the meeting with people from a much wider range of social, educational and racial backgrounds. In consequence, I find I have altered my opinions on most important subjects. Although formerly an admirer of Empire and Mosley, I now find myself in the position of the people whom I once described as "wog-loving Liberals," a radical socialist and a pillar of the United Nations. Indeed, all I have left is my rigid and bigoted Welsh teetotalism. I mention these points merely to show how great an influence the contact with all kinds of people of diverse and divergent points of view can have. This interaction of minds is one of the most beneficial contributions that a University has to make. Even one's pre-conceived academic ideas can suffer a complete change as happened in my own case. Having entered the University to study chemistry, I now find my main interest and actual field of study to be sociology.

I have placed emphasis on the break between school and university, but I must qualify this and point out that there is also a significant degree of continuity. Faced with a multiplicity of extra academic activities and a frightening tongue-twisting list of societies known and pronounced by their initials such as C.U.C.A., C.U.C.N.D. and C.U.M.S., to say nothing of the National Trust Society, I found my past experience in school societies valuable in training me for participation. In particular the School's Debating Society provided useful practice for speaking both in College and at the Union. Perhaps I should also mention those activities popularly associated with Cambridge, viz., organised sport and organised religion. However, I find neither of these hearty perversions of any interest and therefore will not discuss them further.

Finally I will try to give some idea of the advantages and drawbacks of a Cambridge education. The advantages come from the combination of a high academic and the enjoyable and valuable social life that the University does provide. The

chief drawback comes from living in a museum. Cambridge has too many absurd anachronisms and archaic regulations. The colleges, fenced in like gaols, the snobbery of perpetual gown wearing, the niggling and unjustifiable restrictions on one's private life are all symptomatic of the out-of-date attitudes held in the University. However, my stay at Dynevor proved a sound preparation for this aspect of Cambridge life. In fairness I should add that it also provided a good education in most other aspects, particularly the academic, the training I received in this sphere having proved invaluable in university.

I have in this article given a personal account of the effect Cambridge had on an eccentric and a typical freshman. I must stress once again that I have not tried to present a complete viewpoint. Probably those Dyvorians whom I know will be coming up to Cambridge in succeeding years will see a different picture. I look forward to hearing their comments.

J. C. H. DAVIES.

THE DREAM.

I dreamt one night of witches three
On broomsticks made from a willow tree,
Flitting about in the heavens so high,
Like great bats wheeling in the sky.

Three black cats the witches had,
Each black cat in rags was clad,
Each black cat 'twas plain to see,
Glared at its mistress balefully.

Like stones they dropped on to the ground,
I dared not make the slightest sound
Lest they should spy me standing there,
And put a spell on me, for e'er.

I crawled in fear behind a tree—
A claw-like hand stretched out at me;
I screamed aloud in utmost dread,
But woke to find myself—in bed.

D. E. PELTA, III.E.

IMPRESSIONS OF DYNEVOR.

The first day of the summer term it was raining heavily and Dynevor School stood grey and dark in front of me. The reddish schoolgate looked like a mouse-trap; once passed it would be difficult to leave it again. Although the building did not look very friendly this first morning, I felt at once that I would be happy here. It all seemed very strange to me—the black school uniforms, the wall in the middle of the yard, the cricket-nets, and the fives-courts. At five minutes to nine a frowning boy could be seen in the entrance, ringing a huge bell, at which the pupils all pushed into the two doors pulling me with them.

Having arrived in the classroom, in which were standing all sorts of desks, small ones, big ones, desks with a bench, and desks with a chair, I managed to find a seat, and asked my friend, which subject we would have next, "Nothing," was his reply. And really nothing happened. The boys were throwing paperballs, when the master did not watch, were talking and laughing, and I was rather surprised; this really seemed to be a clever way of doing schoolwork, but it was nothing like what I had expected. After half an hour this lesson was over (this lesson a later revealed itself as a so-called form-master period) and I was looking forward to the second one, which, I am afraid that I must tell you, was not as amusing as the first one, worse luck. We do not have assembly like you. Once a week we have a 'scholarservice' which is just like a normal service but it is the masters who in turn preach the sermon. Another thing that first seemed strange to me was that nearly every master wore a gown. Do they not look much more serious wearing a gown, than wearing only a normal suit?

There is only one break during morning school in which you drink your free milk. In our school after each lesson there is a break and after the third period a break 20 minutes long, in which we have sandwiches and milk. But we never have free milk and we even have to pay for our school books.

I think your English school system is entirely different from ours in Germany. The main difference is that we do not have a choice of subjects up to our seventh form which is corresponding to your lower sixth. We take about 12 subjects up to our sixth form and in the last three years (we have to go to grammar school for nine years) we take eight subjects. Another difference is that we only have 28 to 30 periods a week and we haven't got every day the same number of lessons. If a master is ill and therefore you have a free period, you may go home or if it is in the morning you come an hour later. We never

have exams like you; in every subject we have regularly tests in which you are asked for the topic of the last month or so. In our report the average mark of these tests is to be seen. If we leave school before the 'Abitur', our A-level exam., then we go without having done one examination except the eleven plus. Most subjects are taught in a similar manner except maths. You already in the second and third year learn how to use logs and all the trigonometrical theorems. We start doing trigonometry in our sixth form and logs in our seventh. I am sure that seems very strange to you and it might be strange, but masters think it is better to calculate with let's say old fashioned methods till you are very used to them before starting doing advanced mathematics.

A last word on behaviour. In our school there was a master coming from a public school in London who used to tell us miracles of English behaviour in schools. When I came here I was very frightened and feared I surely must soon be getting a vexation with my bad German manners. I am sure you can imagine how happy I have been seeing the boys here are as natural as in my country.

TILMAN ROTHERMEL, IVD.

LONDON.

My first impression on reaching London was one of disappointment. The Thames, with its muddy current is not a large river, and much of the city itself is grey and moss-grown compared with the eccentrically built modern cities of America. Buildings famous in history and drama—No. 10 Downing Street, the Temple, The Bank of England—seemed small and plain. So little was visible that was regal or imposing. London is like a dowdy old lady who keeps her best gowns in a family vault, to be shown on rare occasions.

When, however, I reached the city itself, instead of disappointment or disillusion, I was inspired with a sense of awe. Something began to steal in upon me. Perhaps it was the muffled roar of the traffic making a symphony of sounds.

Wishing to get a bird's eye view of the city at my feet, I climbed to the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral to see the city below me. If you do this you must remember that London is not only of the present but of the past. So a point must be chosen that will enable you to cast your eye backward as well as forward.

After you have planned your journey through the city, comes the exciting and sometimes overwhelming fun of exploring it. Firstly I went to see the Houses of Parliament

where British laws are made. They are placed with their east front directly on the Thames, so that the full sweep of their length makes a vision of unbelievable beauty. The actual building covers an area of eight acres.

The next place I visited was Westminster Abbey. I entered here into an atmosphere I had experienced nowhere else before. I felt that here was buried the History of England's soul. I was informed that it had never been a bishop's seat, but it was draped with awe and veneration. From Poet's Corner, where the names read like a book of English Literature, to the Saints' Crypt and the Little Chapel, where many of the monarchs of England are moulded in wax, I found splendour and finery. The tomb of the unknown warrior which commemorated all the men who gave their lives to save their country can also be seen here. At Westminster Abbey, I was told, every King and Queen of England has been crowned since Christmas Day, 1066, when the royal crown was placed on the head of William the Conqueror.

I then made my way to the heart of business London, with the Mint and the Bank of England, the Stock Exchange and Customs House. To the north is the magnificent building of the Port of London Authority; to the East is the poverty of Whitechapel and Old Kent Road. There are many streets famous in finance and history, Lombard Street, Threadneedle Street, Cornhill and Leadenhall Street.

Westward of St. James' Park is the famous Hyde Park which I next visited. It is a vast expanse of three hundred and sixty acres, having once been a royal park. I took a 'bus and rode down Piccadilly from Hyde Park Corner, viewing residences and clubs from the 'bus top—a favourite method of sightseeing. You may be surprised to discover that Piccadilly Circus, from which radiate Regent Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, Coventry Street and others is not a "circus" at all, but only a circular "square." Here I was in the heart of the great theatrical district of London, while to the north is the curious old Italian quarter called Soho, famous for its many restaurants and night clubs. My 'bus then turned down Haymarket and in a few minutes I arrived at Trafalgar Square, with its tall column crowned by the figure of Nelson. This is the centre of British demonstrations against unemployment or nuclear armament. Always in Trafalgar Square you can see the pigeons who must rate as the tamest birds in the world. All you do is just take a seat, hold out your hand with some bread on it and you have a host of them cramming round you pecking at your hand. It makes a remarkable scene. Near here is the National Gallery and the fine church of St. Martin's-in-the-field, where all creeds worship together.

London is a sight-seer's paradise with far-away things and places of interest to visit. I have mentioned some of them but there are many that I haven't. London seems to me a never-ending city which will remain as long as Britain lives.

DAVID ADDISCOTT. IHC.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

To a British citizen Israel is known for the great events of Biblical times and little is known about its present-day situation. The rapidly rising cities, new industries, modern housing, and increasing population, are just a few of the major changes that are being made in the country. At the present moment, it is estimated that the population of Israel is 2,270,000 a tremendous expansion in recent years.

The capital of Israel, Jerusalem, is the most sacred place in the world to the Jewish people. Wherever the Jew stands in prayer he turns to face towards Jerusalem. Standing high above the hills of Judea, Jerusalem is like a sentinel watching the passing of the centuries and all the events that have happened within and outside its walls. Jerusalem has witnessed many sad events. Every great power has attempted to strike a blow at the city: the Assyrians laid a siege but fortunately did not succeed in conquering it, but the Babylonians and the Romans did conquer the city and destroyed the temples. For a while the Romans even forbade Jews to live there. There was the Arab invasion, too, and the domination by the Turks.

The old city of Jerusalem is now in the hands of the forces of Jordan, but there is a new Jerusalem which serves as the capital of the State of Israel. Many years ago it was decided to extend the boundaries of the city, and move out of the old walled enclosure. New suburbs were built, and in these new districts Jewish life thrived. In the days of the British Mandate, the great Jewish national institutions were erected in these new districts. Hospitals, welfare centres, as well as business houses, soon became part of the general scene and today as one walks through the broad streets of the new Jerusalem one sees the new life which has come to the country with the creation of the State. No more narrow and dark alleys, but wide avenues. Houses and blocks of flats are built in local stone which gleams in the bright sunshine.

Jerusalem is the political as well as the religious centre of Israel. The Parliament meets here and all the government offices are naturally in the capital. The National buildings are still being erected. Jerusalem is the heart of a people which has beat firmly and warmly during all these centuries.

Ancient Beersheba was an oasis which the wandering shepherds greatly cherished. It remained no more than this for many centuries and was, in fact, known as the most southernly inhabited part of ancient Palestine. That is why the famous proverb spoke of 'Dan to Beersheba' for it was indeed the last place that a traveller would reach on his journey southwards: beyond it stretched the great deserts of the Negev which reached as far as the borders of Sinai and Egypt.

In 1948 the Israel forces captured Beersheba from the Egyptians who had overrun these parts. Today Beersheba is regarded as the 'capital' of the Negev. It stands on the edge of the desert still, but that desert is flourishing. A great new industry is developing there. The Negev is rich in all kinds of minerals, some of which are being used for the manufacture of glass. Great new housing schemes are developing. With the arrival of so many thousands of new immigrants since the creation of the State of Israel, new homes and occupations are being found for them. The Negev is receiving a water supply which is pumped through vast pipes, and thus brought to new areas which for centuries have never been inhabited. Israeli scientists have discovered new wealth in this great stretch of territory, and the hopes for the future development of the State are centred in this vast desert of the Negev. A scheme, now in progress, is going to irrigate all the Negev by means of a series of pipelines across the land from the Sea of Galilee. Beersheba is indeed the gateway to the south and rightly enjoys the admiration of all those who see its proud development.

Jaffa is Israel's most ancient seaport town. At the end of the last century many Jewish settlers came from Eastern Europe and landed at this port. Some of them took up residence in this old city. The first Jewish high-school was built there, but in the early part of this century Jews began to develop a new city to the north of Jaffa. They called it Tel Aviv—'the Hill of Spring'. It was a city which expressed all the great hopes which they felt for the future. Tel Aviv was founded in 1909 and since that date it has grown with such speed that today it is the largest city of Israel, with a population of about 500,000. It has wide tree-lined avenues, open squares, and a well-built sea-side promenade. It is full of life and activity. Its theatres, publishing houses and concert halls show that it has become a great cultural centre, and its prosperity indicates that it is well administered. It is one of the most modern cities on the whole of the Mediterranean coast and many tourists visit it from all parts of the world. Some of the hotels of Tel Aviv rank as the finest of their kind.

This is important for Israel's trade, for visitors bring business to the country.

Tel Aviv has its own small port which was built hurriedly during the 1930's when the port of Jaffa could not be used. Into this small port came many of the new immigrants who fled from Europe and now feel happy to be in their own country.

The old Haifa lies at the foot of the beautiful Mount Carmel. In olden times it was just a small fishing village and no one ever thought that it would develop and become one of the largest ports on the whole of the Mediterranean coast. Today Haifa is indeed a famous port and is capable of dealing with the largest of liners. In addition to being a port it is a great centre of industry. Nearby lie the great oil refineries which are fed by the pipe lines bringing the oil from distant Arabia. A great cement factory is there, too, and many large business concerns, all of which rely on the port to export their wares to far-off countries.

There is, however, a new Haifa which is as beautiful as the old Haifa is industrious. The new city has extended from the foot of Carmel and has climbed up the mountain side. A steep road winds its way up the mountain and all along the route one sees well-built houses and a thriving city life. The pride of the city is the Technion, the great technical college where hundreds of students learn all branches of engineering. This college has grown with great speed and is now extended with the addition of the section named after Sir Winston Churchill.

Haifa trains its own seamen, too. It is the home of the Israeli Navy and Israel has reason to be proud of its warships and merchant fleet. From Haifa these ships sail to every port of the world, bringing Israel's goods for sale in the world's markets. These ships also bring new immigrants, who are relieved to think that they can travel safely and not be diverted, due to political problems. One can stand on Mount Carmel and see stretching below the great new city, its industries and its harbour. It is a wonderful sight and is a sure indication of the great prosperity of this ancient port.

When one speaks of the Valley of Jezreel, one thinks of that wide area of land which stretches from the foot of the Carmel south-eastwards to the River Jordan. Today it is like a green carpet spread across the whole width of the country. But, at one time, the whole area was one vast swamp. Malaria was rampant and no-one could possibly live there, but those swamps have been drained and the water has been used for irrigation. Many hundreds of settlers sacrificed their lives in

this fight against this dreadful disease. Their work has prospered for today the valley flourishes and is one of the most productive parts of the whole country.

Today, the State of Israel is fourteen years old. During those years, Israel has undergone several changes and tremendous development schemes have been planned, which will greatly affect this young state. People have sacrificed their lives in the fight for freedom, and have almost succeeded in making all the land fertile. This state has great potential and in process of time will doubtless become, in reality, the land of promise, a 'land flowing with milk and honey.' One day, I hope to be one of the thousands that can judge for themselves the beauty of this promised land.

PHILIP ATKIN, IVD.

ARE THE FRENCH AND THE BRITISH ALIKE?

The common points and differences existing between the French and the British have been frequently dealt with. My purpose here will not be to consider this question again but to point out some of the real differences I have noticed during my stay here.

In any human society there are rules to observe. But rules do not govern everything; many aspects of life are left to the free will of people and in this respect the differences between the French and the British temperaments do appear.

First of all let me tell you a personal anecdote. Five years ago I spent three weeks in London, but as I did not live in the centre of the city, I had to catch the train every day to get to my digs. Once I was very late and I was afraid of missing what I thought was the last train. When I reached the station, I rushed to the booking-office. Of course, I saw a huge queue of people patiently waiting to get their ticket. But, as I was late, I believed I had precedence upon them. Therefore I "jumped" the queue, but before I could get to the booking-office, ten hands at least grabbed me and pulled me backwards, quietly but firmly. I understood I had made some mistake and that "there was a queue." It was a good lesson for me, and I never tried to do it again I mean in Britain, because our system is quite different in France.

You will not see there those well-organized, endless queues, which wind around, according to the turnings of the pavement, starting in one street and going on in the next one.

In France when people wait to enter anywhere, cinemas, theatres, or to get on a bus at peak hours, as a rule there is at the beginning an embryo of a queue which will soon disappear

to turn into a jostling crowd. Let us take the example of a bus in a large city, Lyons, where I lived for several years. If the bus is a bit late, people begin to lose patience, everybody becomes excited and you can even spot here and there some signs of open rebellion against the Bus Service, and then, at last, the bus arrives, it is greeted with a kind of uproar announcing the next boarding. People dash forward, but as a rule only a third of them will be able to get on. So a selection must take place on the spot, and the strongest but also the slyest will be the conquerors. Now if you go to France and have to catch a bus let me give you some "hints" which will enable you to be among the successful ones.

Even if you are several yards from the kerb, while waiting, try and go nearer, so as to be in a position to board the bus. With this end in view, move slowly forward, but not straight. A good means to arouse no suspicion is to look up, pretending to be prodigiously interested in the clouds above your head. You must feign a state of utter concern regarding the present situation. Meanwhile, gently elbow your way through the crowd. Now here is the bus! Listen! In the struggle which will at once break out, don't forget that any means will serve you to make for the footboard, which must be your main goal; it is enough for you to get on it. When you have reached this "oasis," have a rest and let the others work for you. You will then feel in your back a formidable and savage push which will sweep you forward. And off the bus will go, leaving two thirds of the cursing mass on the pavement. So every time when people have to gather, order seems to be the common enemy, which one scorns but fights with energy. Most of the time, a spontaneous scrum is formed, so that in the distance it quite often looks like an incipient riot.

This taste for . . . competition can also be found in the French way of driving. Of course, most of the people are aware of being exposed to great dangers, to a degree unknown in any other European country. But they are confident of their lucky stars. Anyway according to many of them, the Saint Christopher medal, patron saint of drivers, which can be seen in a lot of cars, is enough to protect them against danger.

Self-confident, the champions take the wheel and start on the roads. In a very short time, the speedometer marks . . . any speed beyond the limit, and this is for the own good of the car, since it is commonly believed that low speeds are noxious to modern engines.

Many of you maybe feel like going to the famous car race "Les 24 heures du Mans" of world renown. But remember that watching the traffic on main roads, during Easter or Whitsun week-end for instance, is at least as exciting as any

car race . . and more dangerous for those who have decided to join in.

Among the competitors two main classes can be found: first of all those called "The Sunday drivers," meaning that their cars go out of the garage only on Sunday, in order to take the whole family, the dog and the cat included, to the country. You can well imagine how those unskilled, inexperienced, shy and slow drivers are scorned by the others, the strong, the self-confident, the kings of the road, who mostly cannot stand being overtaken by anybody. If this happens they take up at once the challenge of the bold man, step on the gas to show him that they *let* him overtake, but that now it is over. If by chance the other fellow is stubborn, no need for me to tell you what will happen. This peculiar race, which illustrates the bias towards sport of the French, who perhaps too often use their turn of mind for competition, may eventually end for both of them in the nearest hospital.

Exhortations about "Road Safety," the fear of the policeman, nothing has the slightest influence upon this kind of driver. Some of them even aver in themselves a "radar for cops" which enables them to detect at once the spot favourable to a police ambush. But nowadays many drivers complain of the unfairness of the policemen, who sometimes do not stop the car in fault but merely take a snap of it, showing the registration number; then they send the photo to the driver . . . with the amount of the bill.

Driving in France is supposed to be so dangerous that many people do not buy a car although they could afford it. But, as pedestrians, they are none the safer for it.

Zebra crossings do exist in France, but they must not be considered as the "reserved places" which in Britain, welcome the pedestrians among any stream of cars. In France, you have to dodge through the traffic; you can stand for hours on the kerb, but no driver will give way to you. As for me, I remember I was very surprised, during my first visit to Britain, to see cars stopping at pedestrian crossings, near which I was standing, although I did not intend to cross. And many times I was more or less compelled to cross in order to please these obliging drivers.

In France, drivers have no time to waste in stopping at each zebra crossing. They can always be seen rushing somewhere. The shortest delay makes them furious and starts a flood of railing against the culprit, who usually thinks himself offended and replies.

To be considered a good driver in France, you must not only be able to drive well and fast but have in addition a rich vocabulary which will allow you to face any opponent.

Without drawing cursory conclusions from this rapid outline of some fundamental differences between the French and the British, I think that this strange behaviour of the French might be explained by an exaggerated although unconscious love for individual competition, which is carried into spheres of social life where so far the British have given proof of their legendary phlegm and courtesy.

JEAN-CLAUDE CUZZI.

“THE TEST”—THE STORY OF A TRAINING RUN.

‘Ready?’ ‘O.K., let’s go!’ You say the words casually, trying to hide the fact that you are nervous. The figure beside you says ‘GO!’, you press the watch and start forward, too fast as usual. Never mind, the hill will slow you, but what if he comes past as you tire? Never mind. Forget it now. Concentrate. You rush the first uphill stretch, reach the crest and start racing downhill. ‘This is dangerous, you fool.’ It’s just too bad. Anyway he’s feeling the pace so go faster. Watch your stride now, don’t slip or take any chances on this slope. Why don’t they get this perishing road widened? if there is a car coming the other way it’s too bad! Relax now, you’re two yards clear. Watch the traffic, then HARD across the road and into the park. Now start running,—you can really move on this surface, so imagine you are running a fast ‘880’ over this earthy part.—But you are not: it’s a three mile run you’re doing. All right, forget it and relax. Don’t veer to the left now, you’ll be in the stream! Well, you’ve been in before haven’t you—not at this time of the year, though.—Get out of the way, Dog! (Under your breath you scream ‘Keep that animal on a lead and get out of the way yourself, woman!’)

Coming out of the park now—tarmac again. Your feet protest. On to the worst part of all, with the shimmering sea on one side, the glaring sun overhead, and the endless green railings by your right shoulder. Now keep going hard, but relax and think about something other than the burning sensation in your feet and your aching arms. Think about the University, last Friday night, tomorrow’s school—but not about your exams, last Saturday night, or the thought of the 80 minutes of subject X you will have to endure tomorrow morning. I wonder what the portly figures in their gleaming cars think about us as we pound past with set expressions,—soaked with sweat. Go on, point at us! make your stupid little comments! Tell your family about ‘the runners’ when you crawl home! toot your horns! . . . But remember to admit that secretly you are envious, because we are doing something

which takes an effort, will make us fitter, healthier, and remember how last Saturday you laughed at the same vested figures as they plugged their way over Langland Hill . . . and 10 minutes later felt rather foolish as we strode past your car, enmeshed in a West Cross traffic jam. So don't laugh, there may be a jam today!

Hullo, that went quickly. At the Lake, already? a mile and a half gone, 'half way round'. Now ignore the 'plebs,' stride and swing hard right up the hill. A quick glance at the 'Coll' track—no-one there! This hill's a swine! . . . Here he comes, always better than you on the hills. All right, let him take the pace, tuck in behind and wait till he weakens. The lesser part of you queries—'If he weakens.' Shut up! you are in a race now, if you like it or not. Remember that Browning you learnt—well run through it, and when you've finished, do the same for Wordsworth—'Tintern Abbey' ought to last until Sketty Green anyway! Come to think of it, I wonder what he thinks about when he's running—can't be Maths surely?—Last Saturday ni—Now stop thinking about that, it's almost a week. A week?—over a year you mean. Forget it, concentrate. Up the last part of this interminable hill now. Get up to his shoulder, frighten him—he knows your finish is faster. You've regained contact. All set for the last half-mile now.

Going past his school, so run: show that you're still strong and not going to be beaten. **STRONG?** Your arms, chest and ankles ache and scream in protest! Your vision isn't so good either, or you would recognise who was playing tennis. That's funny, too; I play enough tennis myself, but it pales in comparison with this running. All right, if you're so keen, open up a gap, break away now, and feel that feeling of panic as you race over the last quarter mile, feeling done, praying that you're not losing that hardwon lead. Half a mile to go now. What's the watch say? It was 5 min. 5secs. for that first (downhill) mile, remember? Now it says 14 minutes exactly, so start moving. Less than half a mile to go so break. **NOW!** Dig your toes into the pavement and sprint! He's falling back, he can't hold this pace, but can you? Another hill to go yet! Don't care if it is uphill now, just drive! At the crest, only 300 yds. to go, but he's catching you, so pull out everything. No time now to think about School, University, poetry, or even girls! Just run! One hundred yards to go. They seem endless. Although you're running as hard and as fast as you will ever go, time, speed, and distance, are meaningless. The road on your left, the barren stone wall on your right seem tunnel-like. Momentarily you grasp at the lines of Owen—'It seemed that out of battle I escaped, down some profound dull tunnel, long

since scooped, Through granites which titanic wars had groined'. And then, at last, you reach the last yard, the last foot and inch, and it's all over!

Just those few yards behind which can mean the difference between exultation and gloom, your rival, now your friend again, runs in. You look at the watch together—16 min. 38.9 secs. No it's no world record, but 30 seconds better than your previous best, and all the effort, pain, and fear of the run are subordinate to the sense of achievement we now feel. It's worth all the jeers and laughter to be able to say, in the company of those people you respect—your fellow athletes—"I did a 'personal best' to-day," and to know that they will recognise, and, you hope, respect you, not as a potential Olympic star or "the Welsh Junior Record Holder," but as a fellow member of the band of triers and runners who form the backbone, not only of athletics, but of LIFE. To attain that mutual respect, you don't have to win a national county, or even a School title, but you must run and, above all, try. Care to join us?

"CERUTTY," UVI Arts.

PUZZLE CORNER.

- (a) If the B mt put:
If the B. putting:
- (b) Pronounce "GHOTI "
- (c) YYUR
YYUB
ICUR
YY 4 me
- (d) Below are two simultaneous anagrams, e.g., "RIPE" and "TAR " become "RIP " and "TEAR."
The result should be two words of similar meaning

1. ROUT GROVE	5. FLAT PUMP
2. CURT CAVE	6. SKILL LAUGHTER
3. SHRED BAN	7. BOAST HIP
4. START OUR	8. BLARE BAD
9. CHEW HOP	
- (e) While standing on a hard floor, how could you drop an egg three feet without breaking it? (Nothing must be used to cushion the fall).
- (f) A little Eskimo and a big Eskimo were walking through the snow. The little Eskimo is the big Eskimo's son, but the big Eskimo is not the little Eskimo's father. Who is the big Eskimo?

- (g) Mr. and Mrs. Smith have seven daughters who each have a brother. How many people are in the Smith family?
- (h) A man was blindfolded and then someone hung up his hat. Revolver in hand, the man walked 100 paces, turned round and shot a bullet through the hat. How was this possible?
- (i) A set of ten books is arranged in an orderly method on a shelf. Each book has 100 pages making a total of 1000 pages. A worm started on page 1 of the first book, eats his way through every book until he reaches page 100 of the last book. How many pages has he eaten?
- (j) A man had a clock that struck the hours and also struck once to mark the half hours. One night he came home late. As he opened the door, he heard the clock strike once. Again after half an hour it struck once and half an hour later it struck once. What time was it when he arrived home?
- (k) You are the pilot of an aeroplane that flies from London to Naples a distance of 1,000 miles. In Rome the plane refuels and collects 3 more passengers there. The aeroplane then flies to Naples at 200 m.p.h. What is the pilot's name?
- (l) How can you throw a ball as hard as you can, make it stop and come straight back to you without hitting a wall or any obstacle and without having anything attached to it?
- (m) Imagine that you have a very large sheet of tissue paper about a thousandth of an inch thick. The exact area and thickness does not matter. Now tear the sheet in half and place one on top of the other. Repeat this until you have done this 50 times. How high will the pile be?
- (n) Two microbes were placed in a quart jar at exactly two o'clock. The number of microbes doubles every second. The jar was full at exactly three o'clock. At what time was the jar half full?
- (o) What fruit has the seeds on the outside?
- (p) Is there a bird that can fly backwards?
- (q) What bird can run faster than a horse, roar like a lion, but can not fly?
- (r) Did the twentieth century begin on January 1st, 1900. or on January 1st, 1901?

Answers on Page 40.

PROVIDING YOUR OWN AMUSEMENTS.

It is a vital necessity for a person to have a hobby. In these days of 'canned' entertainment it is a great temptation to resort to the amusements that are laid on:—Youth Clubs, Theatres, Cinemas and the like. To provide one's own amusements offers a wide scope and choice: Trainspotting, aircraft-recognition, bird-watching and fishing, are but a few pursuits which provide amusement, provided the person is prepared to make the effort. I derive my own amusement from three sources:—Ships, Trains and Photographs.

"Ship-spotting," for want of a better word, is more or less confined to the coast, though there are inland cities where it is possible to 'ship-spot'. To me, the glory of the gigantic. "Queen Elizabeth" is unsurpassed. To see her is entertainment in itself. To see her in detail is an achievement. Britain is proud of her and of the men who created her, and it is a proud 'spotter' indeed who can boast of having seen the 'Q.E.' Beauty can be found in ships, but because of the effect sea-water and smoke have on the external appearance, a new, unblemished ship is an attraction even to the layman. Ardent ship-lovers, having seen many ships of one line, will perhaps travel hundreds of miles to a port where they know a particular ship is berthed. The constant search goes on, for new ships are added and old ones scrapped. Many find amusement in merely watching which ships are added and which scrapped each month. No doubt, the biggest attraction is an arrival. I have witnessed the arrival of the liner 'United States' at Southampton, and it was something I would never have missed. Crowds had gathered at Berth 107 to see her dock, which just goes to prove the immense attraction a big liner has for people. As she neared the quay her immense size (53,000 g.t.) could be really judged. She dwarfed everything.

Trains have a different attraction and provide a different kind of entertainment. Locos like 'King George V,' 'Winston Churchill,' 'Sir William A. Stainer' and 'Flying Scotsman' are considered the great engines. A spotter who has seen these four is a great spotter. He has achieved some prestige out of his hobby. I have seen two of the four engines mentioned, viz., 'King George V' and 'Flying Scotsman.' They are not the only engines of glory, but they are representatives of the kind of locomotive spotters will travel far and wide to see. An example of this would be that I had to go to Kings Cross, London, to see 'Flying Scotsman' to to Taunton to see 'King George V.' The ardent spotter, in general, is 'anti-Diesel,' and a spotter's dislike of Diesels is amazing. A Diesel's arrival is usually heralded by boos, cat-calls and cries of "Scrap it!" with a volley of rubbish in many cases directed at it!

To a spotter, I think there are three places where the best 'entertainment' can be found. These three are the Lickey Incline, any large shed (or works) and any large junction.

As far as photographs are concerned I derive amusement only from ship-photographs. I obtain these from three sources. Those I take myself (which, I am afraid to say are few), those I take from newspapers and magazines and those I obtain from shipping companies. The collecting of photographs in this way is, perhaps, rather lazy, but the thrill from it comes from watching the collection grow. Mine has grown quickly; in one year I have collected 404 photographs (approximately) and it is with great pride that I show them off to visitors. Here, as in most hobbies, certain things bring prestige. The Collector who can boast of a photograph of the 'Titanic' (I cannot) is the equivalent of a philatelist who can boast of having a Blue Mauritius in his collection. As with 'train-spotting,' one is fighting a constant battle to keep up to date. I boasted of a photograph of "The France" four months before she was completed and one of "The Glenlyon" six weeks before she was launched. It is things like that which make photograph collecting really attractive, and it is a hobby in which one can get really ahead. As a final point I have no 1963 ships in my collection, but I hope to have some soon.

There is no doubt about it that to-day a hobby is expensive, but well worth the money to get out of routine and away from the canned entertainments and to be able to boast, "I did this myself."

MARK LEE INMAN, IVC.

A MEMORABLE CIVIC DAY FOR SWANSEA.

Just after three o'clock on the twenty-first day of May, this year, a new Mayor was installed. But this year the town of Swansea has a Mayor with a difference, because "he" is a woman Mayor. Her name, as you have probably read in the local press, is Alderman Mrs. Rose Cross, who is the first woman Mayor for eight hundred years which is as far as records date back.

As Mrs. Cross is my grandmother I had the proud privilege of being invited to the Mayor-making, which took place in the afternoon.

When I went into the Council Chamber, I marvelled at its beauty and excellent workmanship. At one end, where the Mayoral Party sat, there were tall pillars with brown polished panelling in between. There were also large pillars right around the Chamber. The seats for the Mayoral Party and Council were made of the same wood as the panelling. The

cushions and backs were of dark blue material, and the Coat of Arms for Swansea was carefully embroidered on each back.

The Council seats were arranged in an L shape around the Mayoral seats, in two rows. I was sitting in the well, which is the name given to the hollow in the middle. Around the outside of the well, behind the Council seats, there were numerous rows of other seats for other guests. The roof had a large window in it, through which streamed warm sunlight, making the colours in the various tapestries and curtains shine beautifully.

I also noticed a microphone, which was used to record the ceremony. Photographers were busily checking and testing their equipment. The flood lights were tested and the arc lights switched on. Everyone sat waiting.

It was the first time I had ever been in a Council Chamber or to any such ceremony. I was wondering whether it would be boring or not. I found that it was very interesting, and was not bored at all.

When the Mayoral Party entered the Chamber, everyone rose, and did not sit down until Mr. Iorwerth Watkins, the Town Clerk struck the bench with his gavel.

The proposal of Mrs. Cross to be Mayor was by Councillor Chris. Thomas, and it was seconded by Councillor Charles Harris. This was the only boring part for some people, who were there for professional purposes, and they disappeared after the most important part and did not hear the speeches after that. But I, and maybe everyone else, enjoyed it all.

Mrs. Cross, and Councillor Andrew Morgan who was Mayor last year, came down to the desk where the Town Clerk was sitting for the exchanging of robes. There was a sudden rush when both amateur and professional photographers crowded round the two Mayors. The B.B.C. and I.T.A. were there also, each determined to get the best shot for broadcasting.

Mrs. Cross took the Oath of Allegiance to the Queen, and the Oath of Allegiance to the people of the Town. She was now the new Mayor of Swansea.

The official title of the Mayor had not yet been disclosed. A short debate followed and they decided that it should be Mr. Mayor. A very silly decision if I may say so. I don't think the debate was necessary, all the Councillors had already decided what they wanted.

A Chaplain had to be chosen, so Mrs. Cross chose the Rev. R. B. Humble. Perhaps those of you who live in the Townhill area will know him.

Some speeches followed, so rather than tell you word for word what was said, I will just tell you of some amusing parts.

Mrs. Cross jokingly said that she had been asked if she felt excited. Her answer to this was that she did not. Then she said, "The only feeling I have now is whether my hat is on straight, because I have not had a chance to look in a mirror since it was put on."

In reply to this Councillor Morgan said, "I hope Mr. Mayor does not think that I am not capable of putting a hat on straight."

Laughter filled the Chamber after these jokes, which brought more life to the speech giving.

The Mayoress was the second daughter of Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Muriel Jones. The Deputy Mayor was Alderman Steve Parker, and his wife was the Deputy Mayoress.

I mentioned these names because I think that everyone should know the names of the heads of the town and some of the other important people.

I hope that I have not bored you with this short account. If I have made a picture in your mind of what it was like, then this account is successful. It is a great pity that occasions of this nature are not made more public.

E. KARKLINS, IIIE.

Y PAPUR DYDDIOL GORE.

Nid wyf am golli cyfle i sgrifennu gair am ddigwyddiad anarferol yn ein hysgol ddiwedd y tymor hwn. Mae pawb yn gwybod, ers amser bellach, fod un o'r staff yn ymadael â ni i fynd i ben draw'r byd. Cyfeirio wyf, wrth gwrs, at Mr. W. S. Evans. Bu'n athro yn ein hysgol am lawer o flynyddoedd, a dechreuodd ar ei waith yma ymhell pell cyn fy ngeni i. Rhaid ei fod yn weddol hen ond, er hynny, rhyfedd mor ifanc yr olwg yw ef ac mor fyw ei ysbryd.

Ni fum yn un o'i ddisgyblion, ond ni bu hyn yn golled iddo, canys ni fuasai fawr ar ei ennill pe buaswn yn perthyn i ddosbarth ei fathemategwyr disglair.

Er bod gan y staff ystafell breifat iddynt eu hunain, eto, fe ddaw i glyw, ni'r bechgyn, sôn ar brydiau, am bethau sy'n mynd ymlaen yno. Cyn canu'r gloch yn y bore fe welir crwt wrth ddrws yr ystafell hon â bwndel o bapurau dyddiol dan ei fraich at iws yr athrawon. Y papur mwyaf o ran maint a sylwedd yw'r *Times*, a hwn, yn ôl yr hyn a glywaf, yw papur Mr. Evans. Ni wnaiff yr un papur arall mo'r tro a 'does gan neb yr hawl i ffidlan â hwn. Mae iddo le arbennig ar y ford i Mr. Evans fwrw ei olwg dreiddgar ar newyddion pwysfawr y dydd.

Nid y fi'n unig, 'rwyn siwr, sy wedi cael cipolwg ar ystafell y staff pan fo'r drws led y pen ar agor weithiau, a gweld Mr. Evans ymhen draw'r ystafell, ei gefn at y ffenestr, ei sbectol

ar flaen ei drwyn, a'r olwg fwy a' ddifrifol arno uwchben y papur anferth hwn. Yno mae e' wrthi'n mesur a phwyso'n ofalus broblemau'r byd. Ond eto, ni chewch yr argraff i bob golwg ei fod e'n gofidio ryw lawer am y llu o bethe sy'n poeni'r byd ddydd ar ol dydd. Fe all droi ei gefn ar y cwbl a mynd ymlaen a'i waith yn hollol ddidaro a hapus.

'Dyw ei ddim yn syndod i mi ac yntau'n ddarllenwr mor ddyfal a chyson o'r *Times* ei fod am fynd i weld y byd a chael bod yn llygad-dyst o leoedd a digwyddiadau sy'n sicr o'i gyffro weithiau. Fe fydd ei stôr o wybodaeth manwl trwy gyfrwng ei bapur parchus am gwrs y byd yn fantais fawr iddo.

Tybed ai'r olwg eang a gaiff ar y byd fel hyn yn feunyddiol sy wedi rhoi hwb iddo i godi i bac a mynd. Dyna fy nghredo i beth bynnag.

A meddwl fel hyn am ei bapur dyddiol a'i ddefnydd da ohonno, yn wir, hwn fydd fy mhapur innau hefyd pan dyfal yn ddyn. Pwy a ŵyr, efallai, dan ei ddylanwad, fel Mr. Evans, y caf finnau ysgytwad i fynd i Ynys Bermuda neu ryw ynys arall ymhên draw'r byd.

Efallai, ryw ddydd, ac yntau yn hen ŵr ystorigar wedi dod nol i'w hen fro y caf ei glywed yn traethu ar helynt y byd a'i bobl o Zealand Newydd i Zoar-y-mynydd. Byd od yw e' ac onid yw'n rhyfedd beth all gorddi enaid ambell un, beth bynnag y bo!

Diolch am athro, ddweda'i, a fu'n ddylanwad mor dda ar feddwl llanc ysgol fel fi, a hynny tuallan i'w waith ei hun.

Rhwydd hyn iddo ar ei fenter.

M. HUGHES, UVI ARTS.

GLAS Y DORLAN.

Pan oeddwn gynt yn rhodio
Ar lannau Afon Gwy,
Mi welais Las y Dorlan
A chanddi bedwar ŵy.

Pan oeddwn ddoe yn rhodio
Ni chlywais siw na miw,
Ond gwelais Las y Dorlan
A chanddi bedwar cyw.

Ond 'nawr pan af i rodio
Ar lannau Afon Gwy,
Yr unig beth a welaf
Yw plisgen pedwar ŵy.

JOHN WALTERS, IA.

CYNGHANEDD.

At various times I have heard many misuses of the word 'cynganedd,' both inside and outside school. Since there are few books in English which explain 'cynganedd' even incidentally, and even fewer which do not take for granted a knowledge of Welsh pronunciation, I have attempted in this article to explain the outlines of 'cynganedd' for readers who know little or no Welsh. Those who can speak Welsh should know the intricacies of 'cynganedd' far better than I do.

First of all, what is 'cynganedd?' To the Welsh musician the word means "harmony," to the Welsh poet its meaning is what the 'Geiriadur Prifysgol Cymru' defines as 'a system of consonance or alliteration in a line of Welsh poetry in strict metre, and internal rhyming.'

Excluding vers libre, Welsh poetry may be divided into 'free' poetry and 'strict' poetry. When a Welshman speaks of 'free poetry' he means what the Englishman would describe as 'strict'—poetry scanned by accent, and within a set metric form. Welsh 'strict poetry' is also within a set metric form, but is characterized by the use of cynganedd.

To deal with 'cynganedd' fully would need a whole book but these, I hope, are all the essentials. There are four main types of 'cynganedd.'

The simplest form is 'cynganedd lusz' (literally 'trailing' 'cynganedd') which consists simply of internal rhyme. The line is divided into two parts, and the last syllable of the first part rhymes with the accented penultimate. The first rhyming syllable may be accented or unaccented.

Here is an example by T. Gwynn Jones:

'If to the *grove* - she *roveth*

In 'cynganedd groes' ('cross' 'cynganedd') the line is divided into two parts, and the consonants of the first half follow in the same order in the second, except the end consonants, which do not correspond. Semi-vowels do not count as consonants, nor do certain consonants need to be counted in certain places.

This type of 'cynganedd' has been illustrated in English by Robert Graves.

Billet spied, - bolt sped.

Across field - crows fled.

Aloft wounded, - left one dead.

though as he himself points out, the ss in 'across' and the s of 'crows' which has a 'z' sound, do not correspond perfectly.

The third type, 'cynganedd draws' ('traversing' cynganedd), is similar to 'cynganedd groes,' except that a space without 'cynganedd' is left in the middle of the line thus:

' Shadow through (where) she doth rest' or
' When amid (the green) meadow'.

The last type, 'cynganedd sain' ('sonorous' 'cynganedd') combines internal rhyme and alliteration. The line is divided into three parts; the last syllable of the first rhymes with the last syllable of the second, and the second alliterates, either by 'cynganedd draws,' or 'cynganedd groes' with the third.

Here is an example by Gerald Manley Hopkins:

' The down-duged - ground hugged - grey,'

There are elaborate rules relating to accent, and consonant changes in the last three types of 'cynganedd,' but there is no space to deal with them here.

The 'strict' measures line on with 'free,' and 'cynganedd' is combined with accentual metres, and even with vers libre. Cynganedd is not a dry and dusty scholarly pattern on paper, it is something for the ear and not for the eye, as Gerald Manley Hopkins realized when he described it as a 'consonantal chime.' It is natural to the language which is why it has not died out.

'Cynganedd' is a unique facet of the long Welsh literary tradition—as long a tradition as that of any European language and a tradition which will flourish for many years to come.

THE SCHOOL CONCERT, APRIL, 1962.

It was disappointing that support from the School for this year's concert was so lacking that one of the performances arranged had to be cancelled. The School Hall, however, was comfortably filled on the Tuesday evening, and the audience, always sympathetic on these occasions, showed their appreciation of the performance and the performers.

A lost key to the Stage annexe caused a temporary hold-up and the choir had to make their entry, to the embarrassment of some members, through the Hall itself. A little belatedly, therefore, we began with the Choir singing two early Church anthems: "O come ye servants of the Lord," by Christopher Tye, and "O Praise the Lord" by Adrian Batten. A little later they followed this up with another anthem by Batten, "Deliver us, O Lord our God," and Mozart's "Ave Verum Corpus."

Between these numbers the orchestra played movements from the "Fireworks" Suite, by Handel. It is always difficult to play music by Handel, but even so, the orchestra managed to create the right mood. Here, perhaps I should mention that we had a guest oboist from Glanmôr—Janet Roberts, and we are very grateful for her services.

Handel's great contemporary, J. S. Bach, wrote several violin concerti, and one of the best known, and probably best

loved is the Concerto in D Minor for two violins. Mansel Hughes and D. H. Williams of the U.V.I Arts played the 'Largo' from this, the movement being typical of Bach in a peaceful and yet very moving mood. Later in the concert Roger Williams of IVD was the soloist in three short movements from Bach's Suite in B Minor for flute and strings, and this selection was very sharply contrasted with the Concerto movement, in mood and, as a result, interpretation.

The bustle of Handel in his "Fireworks" Music could be compared with the beautifully sung "Where'er you walk" from the opera "Semele." The singer was Wynford Evans of VB, who sang Schubert's "The Fishermiden," and not "The Fisherman's Den," as stated on the programme.

M. Hughes, D. H. Williams, J. D. McGivan and M. J. Jones played the 1st Movement of the String Quartet in G Major by Haydn, and this was surprisingly successful, despite the fact that M. Jones's 'cello slipped on the floor half-way through the performance.

One of the innovations of the concert was the presence of two choral speech groups. The first recited Ceiriog's "Llongau Madog," and the other "Drake's Drum" by Henry Newbolt.

The first half of the concert ended with the second and third movements of Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, which were, once again, confidently and ably played.

Purcell's "Sound the Trumpet" opened the second half, and the choir must be congratulated on singing this technically tricky piece so well. This was followed by the traditional Easter Carol. "This joyful Eastertide."

Every mother's heart must have gone to Carl Johnson of IIB who played the "Allegro" from the Piano Sonata in C Major Opus 2, No. 3, by Beethoven. Despite the difficulties of the piece, Carl's performance was most creditable.

M. Hughes and J. McGivan played the 1st movement from the sonata in G for Violin and Piano by Dvorak. This is a delightful work and was suitably interpreted to provide an enjoyable performance.

The treble section of the choir sang "Full Fathom Five," by John Ireland, and the famous Hebridean Folk Song, "The Road to the Isles." Once again, these pieces were contrasting in style—the first rather mysterious, and the second full of joy and vigour, and this contrast was achieved very successfully.

The last items from the Choir were two madrigals by John Dowland: "Fine knacks for ladies" and "Come again! Sweet love doth now invite." The first was sung by the newly formed Madrigal-group, and the second by the whole Choir.

The Concert ended with an admirable performance of Dvorak's "Slavonic Dance" in F Major. The Orchestra got into the mood of this at once, and cannot be praised too highly for one of the best items of the evening.

We are grateful to Mr. Glyn Hopkins for his efforts, and to Mr. Passmore and Mr. Harries for their co-operation and assistance in making this a most enjoyable concert.

D.H.W.

RUGBY FIRST XV.

P.	W.	D.	L.
21	3	1	17

COLOUR AWARDS:

Full Colours: L. Ball, D. Steele, R. Griffiths.

Half Colours: M. Condon, G. Atherton, P. Wilson, B. Davies, G. Jenkins, J. Vine, O. Hinder, R. Mannings, C. Jones, A. Hayward, J. Fuller.

The first XV, as stated by the Headmaster in the final assembly of last term, underwent a season of rebuilding. The team was captained by L. Ball who did an excellent job of work until an injury prevented him from playing when 'Bronco' Willis took over as captain. Willis, having superb build along with fine stamina, led the pack well and he came very close to collecting a Welsh Secondary Schools cap.

This year's front row consisted of myself as hooker, O. Hinder and Cled Lewis as prop forwards while C. Williams and A. Griffiths deputised showing remarkable efficiency indicating that the first XV will continue next year in the tradition of fine 'rucking' forwards. (A remark made by a reporter early in the season during a game against our old rivals Bishop Gore.)

As second row forwards we had two veterans from last year's team, John Vine and Albert Steele, who proved themselves fine jumpers at lineouts.

At wing forward Kit Jones, who acted as a utility player showing his skill at both prop forward and full back, and John Fuller, who seems to be producing the potential shown by his brother Ernie, in last year's successful team, started their first XV career efficiently.

As halfbacks we had the combination of Alan Hayward and Berwyn Davies. Hayward has gained considerable experience from this his first year in the first XV and showed his capabilities in the House Matches. Berwyn Davies played consistently throughout the year and due to his remarkable

interest and understanding of the game the whole team benefited.

On the wings we had two exceptionally fast runners, Peter Wilson and Alan Tucker both players who are making a name for themselves in Welsh Athletics.

At centre the positions were shared by L. Ball, G. Atherton, Rod Mannings and G. Jenkins. Leighton Ball proved dangerous, seizing every opportunity to make a break through the opposing threequarter line.

At full back Mike Condon gave many a forward a breath-taking moment due to his cool approach, yet his kicking and handling was consistently good throughout the year.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank on behalf of the team Mr. Jones who refereed our home matches and without whose interest there would be no 1st or 2nd XV's. Secondly, I would like to thank Mrs. Baker and her kitchen staff for sacrificing their Saturday morning in preparing a meal for the teams so that Dynevor can join in the true atmosphere of rugby when speeches are exchanged among teams. I would also like to thank Mr. Johns for preparing the field each Saturday that we play home and finally the masters who accompany the team at away games.

I wish next year's team all the success possible and if the game is played in the correct spirit I am sure every member will benefit from a season with Dynevor Rugby first XV.

R. L. GRIFFITHS (*Sec.*).

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

This season the School Team has enjoyed considerable success in all the meetings in which it has competed. There has been a notable improvement in standard among the nucleus of boys who regard athletics as a worthwhile sport—and not as the “poor relation” of cricket and football—but apart from these members of the School team, the overall standard revealed in the School Annual Sports, remains low. Only when athletics is recognised as an important activity in itself will Dynevor become a major force in inter-school competition.

Nevertheless the achievements of the School Team this season are greatly encouraging. It took part in five major championships and two other smaller meetings, and on every occasion achieved a high placing in the team award result. The most notable event in this connection was the “winning” of the “Sir David Llewellyn” Cup, at the Glamorgan Secondary Schools Championships, which unfortunately had to be returned on the following Wednesday after a miscalculation had been detected in the points totals.

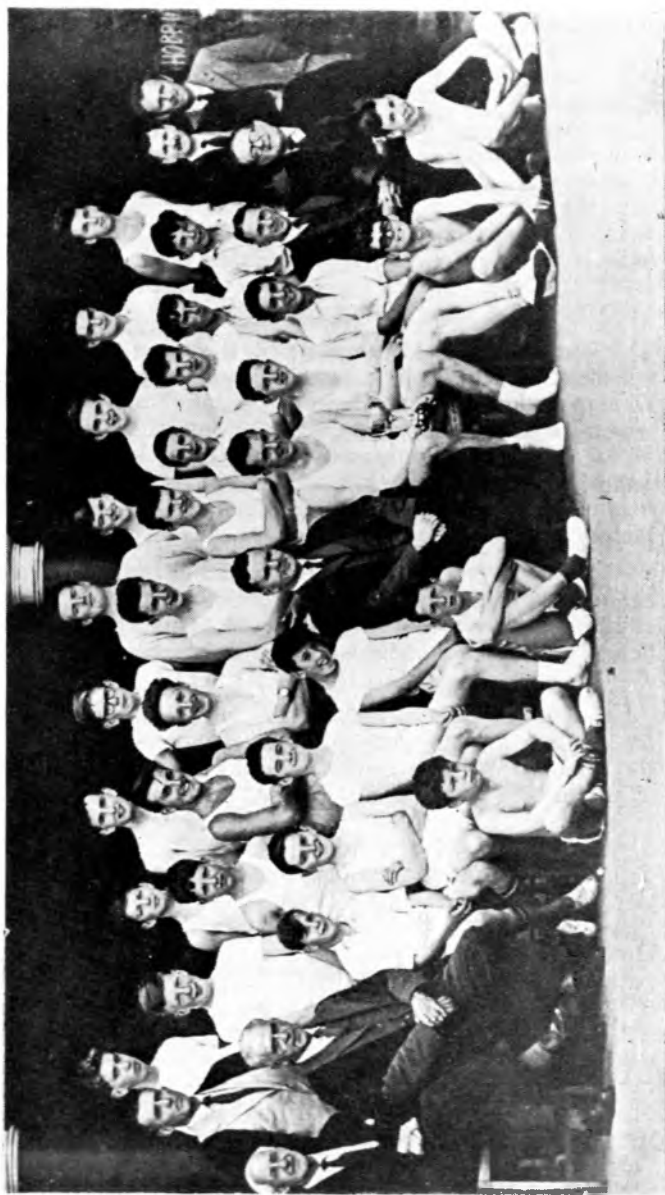
Space does not permit an account of every meeting, but numerous incidents stand out. The School Relay Team of P. Jones, A. Tucker, M. Charles, and P. Wilson was undefeated throughout the season and won the West Glam. and Glamorgan A.A.A.'s Youth, and the West Glam. and Glamorgan Secondary Schools Championships. Peter Wilson and Michael Charles also won twelve titles between them during the season—a consistency of performance that has certainly never been achieved by any other Dynevor athletes. On a less serious note there was the 100 yds. final in the Swansea Harriers Open Meeting when there were three Dynevor runners in the first four; the crisis concerning the shortage of film after Peter Wilson had been photographed winning six races at Maindy; and the alleged colour of the writer of this article after finishing the Mile at the same championships!

The last championships—and the most important—in which school athletes competed, were the Welsh Junior Championships held at Bargoed on July 7th. Peter Wilson won both the 100 yds. and 220yds. Youth titles; P. W. Jones broke the Welsh Youth record in finishing 3rd in the Triple Jump; E. David came 6th in the final of the 880 yds.; and the School Relay team also qualified for the final—a most satisfactory end to a very successful season.

All the boys who represented the School during the season cannot be mentioned, but P. Lee, W. Gibbs and W. Gray, in addition to those above, all achieved Glamorgan Secondary Schools A.A.A.'s Standards in their events.

After travelling to Bridgend, Bargoed and Cardiff, the journey to the School Playing Fields for the School Sports on June 8th was agreeably shorter. Although, as I have said, the standard of performance was poor,—to some extent due to the uneven and sloping “track”—competition was keen. It soon became apparent that Llewellyn were heading towards a well-deserved victory, due in no small measure to those enthuasitic training sessions under the guidance of Mr. Gregory. In case anyone accuses me of prejudice, I am not in Llewellyn, but it is obvious that in future it is going to be the House with the best “House-spirit” and will to train which is going to win these Sports. Individuals, as usual, were popularly acclaimed, but it was noticeable that enthusiasm was greatest when the Relay events were being run. Llewellyn clinched victory by winning three out of five of these events, but owed much of their success to the individual performances of R. Isaacs, W. Gibbs, J. Alban, G. Foligno, and M. Charles, who each won two events. Other competitors who achieved “doubles” were P. Wilson (Grove), and E. David (Dillwyn), in the shortest (100 and 220yds.) and longest (880yds and Mile)

LLEWELYN HOUSE—ATHLETICS CHAMPIONS 1962



events, respectively. However, the latter was given a hard fight by yet another Llewellyn runner, R. Hillman, who could well prove an asset to the School Team—if he can be converted—next summer.

In the Inter-House competition the final result was: 1st, Llewellyn 133½ points; 2nd, Dillwyn 106; 3rd, Grove 101½; and 4th Roberts 68; while the Victor Ludorum was M. Charles, who won the Long Jump and Triple Jump, and was second in both the 100 and 220 yds.

As usual, the organisation by the staff was excellent, but please, Dynevor, next year let us see an improvement in standard, if possible, a reasonably flat track.

E.D.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

Since Christmas the fortunes of the Society have declined, and it is to be hoped that next term will see a revival of support, particularly from the Sixth form, and an improvement in the standard of debates. Apart from the actual discussion, often heated, of controversial subjects, the Society fulfils an important purpose in encouraging boys to express themselves in public, and can be particularly valuable training for those pupils who hope to enter University or take up posts in industry.

To some extent the terminal examinations held halfway through the term were responsible for the limited number of debates which were held, but it was apparent that even with such controversial subjects as Nuclear Disarmament and "The equality of the sexes," there was a lower standard of debating and a surprising lack of support. Both these deficiencies can be remedied if the subjects under discussion are of a more topical nature, and above all, if the Society receives greater support from the entire school.

The general outlook of members seemed to have become more materialistic after the Christmas holidays and some surprising statements were made in the first debate of the term, on the motion, "That advertising is immoral," which gave grounds to the belief that Dynevor was sheltering innumerable future "Charles Clore's" of the business world. The motion was resoundingly defeated, and the same trend was apparent later in the term when the long-awaited "Answer lies in the Soil" debate took place. Even the Wordsworthian tenets of the proposer on this occasion could not prevent the extinction of his hopes for what appeared to some members to be a "Nature Colony" in some undisclosed part of the Gower

peninsula, and the vast majority of the Society appeared satisfied with the present-day delights of civilisation—"Bingo" and television included.

However, on one problem, that of Nuclear disarmament, there was considerable dissatisfaction, and the debate on "unilateralism" was the most heated held during the term. Those members who had previously believed that "CND" was some animal protection society were now enlightened, and further dismayed, by the revelation that there were, in fact TWO "types" of potential Aldermaston marchers—unilateral and multilateral. While this ignorance did not prevent some remarkably extreme criticism of various political regimes, in many cases this debate only served to increase the overall mystery surrounding the activities of the disarmament movement and to make the motives of its supporters even more obscure, the supporters of unilateral nuclear disarmament being eventually defeated.

The last debate which took place was an interschool one with the girls of Llwyn-y-Bryn on the motion, "This House believes that equality of sexes is a myth." It seemed a pity that this debate, so well supported in the past, should have seen so few Dy'vorians present. However, after sundry personal insults and reminiscences, the motion was eventually carried by a large majority, to the undisguised relief of some of the boys present—although it is still not known which sex IS superior!

While this year has consequently not been a very satisfactory one for the Society, we hope that next year will see a revival in the popularity of IVB form-room at 4 p.m. on Friday afternoons, and a new generation of public speakers in Dynevor. As always, we would like to thank Mr. Chandler for his untiring efforts to secure the smooth-running of the Society, and his continual guidance and encouragement.

EDWARD DAVID, UVI. Arts. (*Secretary*).

OLD DY'VORIANS ASSOCIATION.

The great interest which very many Old Dy'vorians take in the affairs of their old school and of the Association was epitomised in the spirit shown at the last annual dinner which was attended by a near record number of Old Boys.

The social success of the evening was largely due to the quality of the after-dinner speeches and the hospitality of the President, Mr. Wilfred Higgs, who referred in his speech to the comradeship that existed among Old Dy'vorians in the town.

The other speakers included Dr. William E. Clarke, a distinguished London heart specialist, and the school's Deputy Headmaster, Mr. Horace Griffiths, who took charge of the School during the absence of the Headmaster in the Christmas Term. Mr. S. T. Isaac, Principal of the Swansea College of Further Education, also made a valuable contribution to the evening's proceedings with an enjoyable and well-received speech.

Among our guests we were pleased to welcome Alderman Mrs. R. Cross, present Mayor of the town, who attended the function as Chairman of the Education Committee, Mr. L. J. Drew, Director of Education, and two retired masters of the School, Mr. C. Meyrick and Mr. B. C. George.

At the dinner reference was made to a new social venture on the part of the Association. It is proposed to hold a Social Evening for members and their ladies after this year's Old Boys' cricket match at St. Helen's and we hope that many Old Dy'vorians will take this further opportunity of getting together.

The annual match against the School last march at St. Helen's provided good and exciting football and ended in a win this year for the Old Boys' team, whose members were again full of praise for the spirit and skill of the School Rugby XV. We are confident of the important part the yearly rugby and cricket matches play in strengthening the ties between the School and its Old Boys' Association and we hope that the School teams derive as much pleasure from these sporting contests as do our own members.

Inspired by the active spirit of their President, the Executive Committee decided last May to make an appeal to Old Dy'vorians for contributions to a fund to enable the Association to make a gift of a baby-grand piano to the School, and it is pleasing to report that the response to this request has been so far satisfactory. We would inform members, however, that the Appeal Fund is still open to anyone who has not yet subscribed, and that the Treasurer would welcome any further contributions, large or small. We are pleased to take this opportunity of assisting our old School in some practical way and hope that the piano will prove an asset to the musical education of present pupils.

In the School Hall next October, under the auspices of the Association, Dr. Brian Flowers, F.R.S., Professor of Physics at Manchester University, will deliver a public lecture on the subject "The Scientist, the State and Society." Dr. Flowers received his early education in Swansea during the war and has the unusual distinction of being a past pupil of

the Swansea Grammar, Glanmor and Dynevor Schools. We are very grateful to him for so readily agreeing to give this lecture which will be the first of a series of annual lectures which the Association proposes to arrange in the future.

Finally, our sincere congratulations and best wishes to those Old Boys who have been successful in recent examinations and a request to those pupils of the School who are leaving this term. Please ask the Hon. Secretary for details of membership of the Association. It is only with the interest and participation of younger members in our affairs that we can continue our attempt to fulfil our duties as an active past pupils' Association.

Both Mr. T. Burgess and Mr. W. S. Evans who will be leaving the staff at Dynevor this term are remembered with true affection by those innumerable past pupils in whose school life these two gentlemen played such an important part.

To these two very popular teachers, Mr. Burgess in his retirement and Mr. Evans in his future life in New Zealand, go our best wishes for their continued happiness and our sincere gratitude for their long and valuable service to many generations of Old Dy'vorians.

PUZZLE CORNER ANSWERS

- (a) If the grate be empty, put the coal on. If the grate be full, stop putting the coal on.
- (b) FISH (GH like rough, O like women and TI like Nation).
- (c) Too wise you are, too wise you be, I see you are too wise for me.
- (d) RUT....GROOVE CUT....CARVE SHED....BARN
TART....SOUR FAT....PLUMP KILL....SLAUGHTER
BOAT....SHIP BARE....BALD HEW....CHOP.
- (e) Drop the egg 3 feet 1 inch.
- (f) The little Eskimo's mother.
- (g) 10. The girls all have the same brother.
- (h) He hung his hat on the end of the gun.
- (i) 802. He does not eat the first 99 pages or the last 99 pages.
- (j) He arrived to hear the last of the twelve strokes of midnight.
- (k) YOU are the pilot.
- (l) You throw it in the air.
- (m) Approximately 17,800,000 miles high.
- (n) At one second to three.
- (o) The strawberry.
- (p) Yes, the hummingbird.
- (p) An ostrich.
- (r) January 1st, 1901.

MICHAEL NYE, IIID.



