



# MAGAZINE

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GORAU ARF



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# Dynevor Secondary School Magazine

No. 107 No. 34 (New Series)

DECEMBER, 1963

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## EDITORIAL

We wish to dedicate this magazine to Mr. B. Cox who, until his recent retirement from the staff, helped in the production of past editions. We also wish to thank Mr. J. E. L. Bennett who has taken Mr. Cox's place and provided invaluable assistance.

The end of another year has come, and with it the prospect of an enjoyable Christmas holiday. As is always the case, this term has been one of hard work, both academic and physical!

With regard to the Magazine, it is hoped that this term's issue will gratify the tastes of all pupils. We have done our best to make it interesting and of some value. It is to this end that we have formed a Magazine Committee, with representatives from each year of the school acting as junior reporters. This we hope will arouse an even greater interest among the lower school towards the Magazine and its content.

Abertawe yw cartref Eisteddfod Genedlaethol Frenhinol Cymru yr haf nesaf. Hoffwn orffen y Nodiadau Golygyddol hyn gan ddweud fod bechgyn Dinefwr yn eiddigar i wneud popeth yn eu gallu i sicrhau y bydd yr Eisteddfod yn llwyddiannus. Nadolig llawen i chwi gyd. A merry Christmas to you all.

## SCHOOL NOTES

We welcome to our midst the following new members of staff, and trust that their stay with us will be long and happy: Mr. M. J. Davies (English) and two former pupils of the school now returned as teachers, Mr. G. Davies (English) and Mr. C. John (Music). Also Mrs. Denning and Mrs. Griffiths who have temporarily joined the Science and French Departments. Our Greetings also to Mr. Miel (French) and Mr. Thompson (German) who are assisting us in languages for this year. It is however with regret that we say goodbye to Mr. Degwel Owen, who is leaving the school to take up a post as lecturer in Swansea Training College. We wish him all happiness in his new work.

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This year's School Captain is Peter G. Wilson, Upper Sixth Arts, who was last year's Vice-Captain. J. S. Adams. (Upper Sixth Arts) and A. Tucker (Upper Sixth Science) are this year's Vice Captains. The prefects are G. A. Bevan, A. J. Godden, W. R. Griffiths, R. F. Mellor, G. Paster. and Aled Thomas of Upper Sixth Arts; J. H. Baker, R. L. Bradley, A. Coughlin, A. J. Davies, R. D. L. Drury, M. C. Evans, R. D. Gwilym, J. Fuller, A. Hayward, Alun Jones, P. W. Jones, R. R. Jones, E. W. Lewis, M. D. Moody, A. D. Peregrine, A. M. Thomas, E. M. Williams, Roger Williams of Upper Sixth Science. M. S. Parkes and D. A. Steele were re-appointed.

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Heartiest congratulations to Robert M. Cooper on gaining the Welsh Gas Board Industrial Scholarship to the value of £480 per annum at King's College, London.

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This year's School Librarian is G. A. Bevan, the Library Committee consists of the School Librarian, the School Captain, together with Roger Williams (Secretary), Aled Thomas (Treasurer), G. Adams, J. Baker, D. Bemmer, A. Coughlin, W. Holt, R. Evans, L. Carver, P. Newton.

On the morning of September, 17th the School once again faced the cameras, the result pleased some but shocked others—the camera never lies.

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The School was well represented at the Old Gowertonians Annual Lecture, held at Gowerton Boys Grammar School. The speaker was John Maddox, Esq. (Scientific Correspondent of the Guardian). His subject was: "Is there too much science?"

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We congratulate the Staff on having their own "Private" library. They richly deserve a change from school text books.

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Members of the Sixth Form were given a most delightful talk, illustrated with a film strip, by Mr. Irwin, on his homeland, Canada. He is staying in Swansea under the "Part Exchange" teaching scheme. We thank him for his kindness.

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We are highly pleased that the Dynevor Marionette Guild has once more raised its curtains, and look forward to much enjoyment from their activities.

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We are thankful to Mr. Cox for having kept out of the hands of the police whilst actually a member of the School Staff, for we understand that recently he has received a "parking caution ticket" for leaving his car outside the school.

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The second in the series of "Old Dyvorian Lectures" was given by Dr. C. J. Price, M.A., Professor of English Language and Literature at Swansea University. The audience consisted of Old Boys, invited members of local grammar schools and the Dynevor Sixth and form representatives. The lecture is being published.

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All will be happy to know that the Societies of the School are progressing from strength to strength. Much arduous work and bright thinking on the part of the Staff has brought about this pleasant result.

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Representatives of the School, this year, again attended the United Nations Ceremony at the Brangwyn Hall. The main address given by Mrs. J. T. Morgan, was on "Freedom from Hunger" and items were given by African dancers and Thailand singers.

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Mr. Oriel Griffiths—an old boy (1926-28)—paid the School a visit. He was on a European tour—the result of a competition

which he had won in his homeland— Canada. He is an Underwriter and Investment Dealer in Belleville, Ontario.

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At the invitation of Mr. Emlyn Evans the following gentlemen spoke to the Fifth Form on Careers. Mr. Proud (Youth Employment Officer); Mr. Mendus (Architect); Mr. Millichip (Accountant); Mr. Myrddyn Williams (Surveyor); Mr. Elliot (National Coal Board); Mr. Mills Davies (Tinplate); and Mr. Wilfrid Higgs (Estate Agent).

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We congratulate Edward Davies, who left the school in 1960, and having taken a degree in Geology at Swansea University is now at Alberta University, Canada, taking his Ph.D.

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All boys of the school, both English and Welsh speaking hope to do their share in making next year's Eisteddfod a success.

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Under the leadership of Mr. Quick, a party of thirty boys visited France and Spain during the summer. We understand that a most exciting and instructive holiday was enjoyed by all.

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The Student Christian Movement has met three times this term at Llwyn-y Bryn School. Pupils from Mynydd Bach, Glanmor, Girls Technical School and Bishop Gore were present—together with boys of Dynevor.

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The rumour that Trading Stamps are being given away with School Dinners is completely unfounded.

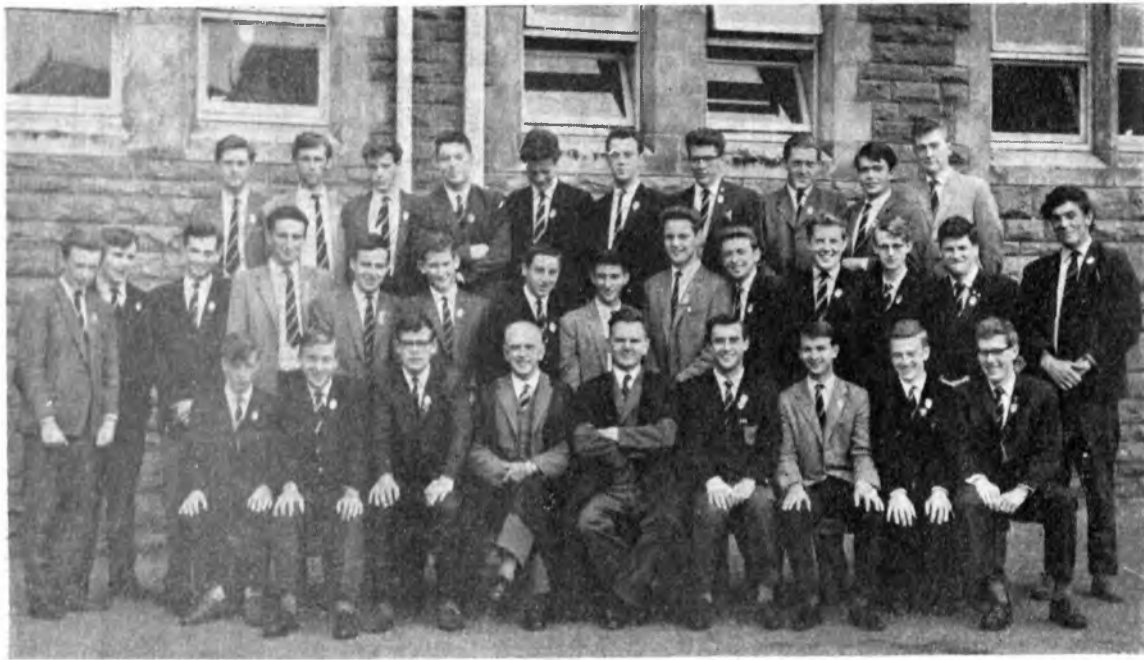
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The School continues to collect every week for "The Freedom from Hunger" Campaign, a cheque for £110 having been sent on July 15th. This term collection (to Dec. 2nd) amounts to £130. 12s. 1d., making an average weekly collection of £10. 10s. 5d.

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Christopher Davies who went up to Emmanuel College, Cambridge in 1961 and has already collected two Firsts and a Senior College Scholarship, brings further reflected glory to his old school by being elected Vice-President of the Cambridge Union by the impressive majority of 150 over his opponent. In writing to tell us of his election Davies mentions that he regards his success as in part due to the advantages he had while at school in participating in a thriving debating society. Well done Christie!

## PREFECTS



*Back Row:* (Left to Right) M. S. Parkes, R. F. Mellor, A. Coughlin, J. H. Baker, M. D. Moody, A. M. Thomas, R. D. Gwilym, G. H. Neave, A. J. Godden.

*Middle Row:* E. W. Lewis, A. D. Peregrine, A. J. Davies, R. R. Jones, J. Fuller, A. Hayward, E. M. Williams, G. Paster, P. W. Jones, R. Leek, W. R. Griffiths, G. A. Bevan, Alun Jones, D. A. Steele.

*Front Row:* R. D. L. Drury, M. C. Evans, A. Tucker (vice-captain), The Deputy Headmaster, The Headmaster, P. G. Wilson (school captain), G. S. Adams (vice-captain), Roger Williams, Aled Thomas.

## LOOK FORWARD IN HOPE

*by*

MERVYN PHILLIPS, 1E

Each time I had passed Dynevor I had wondered what went on behind those big grim walls. I had heard of horrible things that happened to First Years. The bigger boys ducked you, the Masters caned you, and the Prefects put you in detention for no reason at all.

It was a complete surprise to me that nothing happened at all. The Masters were quite normal, and did not go around with canes like Jimmy Edwards, the Prefects were stern, but helpful, and the older boys . . . . .

The School seemed much bigger from the inside. It was so different from my old school, which had but one floor and one corridor; now it was all classrooms, and corridors, and so many masters and prefects. But the first week was fun, with dozens of new books, and lessons in different rooms instead of being in the same old room all day long.

There were so many new subjects that I wondered if I would be able to manage them all. Could I understand French, and Science, and Welsh? Would I get all mixed up? Would I be able to remember all the work? There seemed so much to cope with.

But it was not all work. There were the Social Clubs, and the Stamp Club, Rugby meetings, Choir practices, and the Drama Club. I now began to wonder if I'd have any time for work. There certainly wasn't enough time for me to go home to dinner!

It had always been my wish to come to Dynevor, and, in my opinion, it is the best school in Swansea. I fully agree with the slogan "Dynevor for ever".

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"Black caps, black blazers,—badges;  
School tie, with sock that matches,  
New leather smell,—clean knees as well,  
First term's first day for First Years." (Ed.)



## LOOK BACK IN "ANGER" *or* FIVE YEARS IN DYNEVOR.

*by*

MARK LEE INMAN.

"Mark Lee Inman, for actually passing the 11+ you are sentenced to a Secondary Grammar penitentiary for a term of not less than 3 years 4 months and not exceeding 7 years". In an enlightened moment I chose Dynevor.

It was raining pussies and pups when I and 149 fellow sufferers entered the Dynevor yard for the first time. I was sheltering under the cricket nets when the sun, in the divine form of Miss V. . . . ., the pride of the Science department and the idol of the Upper VIth appeared. Even to see her was an achievement for a first year. A bell rang, and we were shepherded into the Lower Gym, with the Head present and six grim looking masters. The Head bade us welcome and then an aristocratic intellectual in a tattered gown began to sort us out. We noted a mousy haired middle-aged master and a portly one, and a keenblonde, and (like us, a new) young master hovering in the background. Last there was a black haired, bespectacled, gown clad "victim" who had the cream put into his form. Poor chap. If we were the cream, I hate to think of Skimmed milk. But his Fate was not completely harsh, for he did not take us in any lessons. He had to suffer us, in Form Id, only for Form master's periods. He knew and understood all of us, nevertheless, and our little problems; in fact he was a second father to us.

During that never to be forgotten first day we were press-ganged into the Music Master's choir (he really must have been hard up for voices), and introduced to French and Algebra. That year I entered the Hobbies Competition, and made my debut on the B.B.C. as a member of the audience in the Dynevor Glanmor "Thrash it Out."

In 2b we met a second second-father, who kept us in the straight and narrow. The penalty for deviation was a hexagon. But, you second years, don't make my mistake. Don't think you are anybody. You are still some of the lowest vermin on the face of the Earth. You still have a long way to go. My only gain from my mistaken Superiority Complex in that year is that I am now very careful to keep my equal sides underneath each other. I admired Mr. Evan Price's handwriting, truly magnificent, and its like will not be seen in Dynevor again, now that he has retired.

During the Third Year I cleared up the mess I had made in the Second Year, and thanks to the encouragement of my form master, I made progress. I even made my mark in the Hobbies Exhibition, and in a moment of madness a master gave me 80% in Geography.

Some high god in the Dynevor sky went off balance in the Fourth Year, for I actually won an academic prize. I'm sure that there was bribery somewhere, but if anything is owing it is pointless to apply to me in my present impecunious state. I was given to hearing things and once in the Biology Lab. I distinctly heard the bell at 10 to 4 p.m., and the master, who could also hear bells at that time, after taking us for a double period, believed me and dismissed us. I paid next day with the imposition "I must not hear bells when they are not ringing".

I saved hard during the Fifth Year, I denied myself everything but the bare necessities of life, and I was thus able to bribe the G.C.E. examiner, who credited me with 8 passes. I considered it cheap at the price.

What have I achieved here then? What has Dynevor done for me? Or I for it? This is one of the happiest schools in Swansea, if not the happiest. I have been very happy here, and that is a great thing. Secondly, I don't want you small fry in the Lower School to believe what you hear about the Staff. They are very human. I feel that many of them are my friends and I should be honoured to think that they look upon me as not altogether a nasty piece of work. Dynevor is a happy and successful school because, as in any good firm where success is to be seen, the Labour relations are, on the whole good. Floreat Dynevor!

## THE BLACK PANTHER.

by

LINDEN REES, 1E.

Sleek and frightening, swift as lightning,  
Like a shaft out of a bow.  
Black Panther moves so quickly,  
He is gone before you know.  
His curious eyes are glaring, staring,  
Wondering what he shall do;  
Shall he run, or shall he face you?  
Like the night he is upon you,  
Clawing, snarling, scratching, tearing,  
Smells of Death so dank and sickly,  
Bringing death to you.

## ISRAEL '63.

*by*

G. PASTER, Uvi Arts.

Last Summer, out of curiosity, and a desire to broaden my experience. I went to Israel for a working holiday with a group of friends. Half the time was spent touring the country, and half working on a Kibbutz . . . . the Hebrew word for a communal farm. Membership of a Kibbutz is voluntary, members are free to leave at any time they wish, unlike the Soviet Kolkhoz (State owned collective farm) to which it bears a certain resemblance in its economic pattern.

The Kibbutz is a unique experiment in Utopian socialist life, owing as much to Moses as to Marx. It is a society where all are economically and socially equal and free. The land and the means of production are owned and held by the community as a whole. No individual has the opportunity to exploit another.

The instrument of government is the members' weekly meeting. Because most of the Kibbutzim are very small communities of 200 to 1,000 members, most individuals attend these meetings, and since each member has an equal stake in the community, a very pure and democratic form of government is achieved. The authority is vested in the Secretary, whose main task is the allocation of tasks and the marketing of the produce. Crops are marketed on a co-operative basis, usually in conjunction with neighbouring Kibbutzim, and all the profits go to the community as a whole.

Members live in broadly similar bungalows, but meals are rarely taken there. Members eat in a communal dining-hall, which is the focus of the social and communal life of the community, and is often quite luxurious.

In some Kibbutzim, the children do not live with their parents. They are looked after in the day by trained nurses, as both parents usually work, but they are with their parents for two or three hours in the evenings. No child is neglected, and this system is less exacting on mother and child alike.

Welfare services vary from Kibbutz to Kibbutz, but on the whole are more comprehensive than those of this country. One of the more pleasant sights is that of the old parents of many of the members, for whom the problems of loneliness cannot arise in such an environment.

This account is not meant to be exhaustive. The system has evolved gradually over the last 50 years, and is not the result of any ideology. It seems to be a valid and sound way of life, and from conversations with the members it was obvious to me that it was a satisfying one.

## SPEECH DAY 1963.

"I may be long on my legs," quipped our chief speaker, "but I shall not be long on my feet." We knew straight away that he had known boys, and it came as no surprise when he confessed to having once been a school master. Indeed Mr. A. B. Oldfield-Davies spoke of a theme which is close to every schoolboy, if not to his heart... examinations. He thought that there were three things which should be remembered about them; that they were a discipline in themselves, that they increased a pupil's specialised knowledge of the subjects taken, and that the reading they involved widened his outlook out of all proportion to the significance of that reading in the particular paper. He told us not to be over anxious about them, certainly not as anxious as the little tot who asked his mother to remove him from his nursery school, for, said he, "I shall never pass my eleven plus from that place, Mummy,—they put you to bed every afternoon." Finally, our guest urged us not to be so concerned as to what kind of school we went to (we believe he was speaking to the parents here), but to be anxious that the school we did attend was the very best of its kind.

The Chairman, Alderman O. J. Thomas, one of our Governors, had himself been very much to the point in his opening remarks, and had apologised for the absence of the Mayor and Mayoress; they had been involved in a car accident that day and regretted that they could not be present.

Even the musical performance was brief this year. Three Welsh folk songs were rendered with a delicacy of interpretation and a purity of tone which did great credit to Mr. Clive John, the new music master, in view of the very short time he had had to prepare the choir. It was also unusual, and I thought delightful, to hear the disciplined playing of Bevan, Davies, Lock, Pope, and March in the Intradas from Five Part Brass Music by Johann Pezel.

Mrs. Oldfield-Davies graciously and charmingly presented the Certificates and Prizes to a seemingly never ending line of unusually shining Dynevor Boys, while the Staff looked benignly down and reflected what clever people they were to get such material through such exams!

The headmaster's report ranged first over the Academic successes, the results of which had not been published. It was pleasing to note that about 30 pupils had won places in various Universities. 49 pupils had passed A level with at least two subjects, 15 had achieved distinction in the Special Paper. The O level results were better than in the previous year, despite the pressure, and because of the drive and loyalty of the Staff. 80

boys had achieved at least 5 subject passes. It was gratifying to note that 10 boys from Form 5N,—a form which had entered Dynevor via the now closed Swansea Technical School and could therefore be said to have failed to qualify for a Grammar School place at 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ —had actually done better than those who had so qualified.

Not all the boys who came to a Grammar School were really capable of gaining a good G.C.E., however, and therefore the new Certificate of Education, which would come into operation in 1965, would be invaluable, and would be welcomed in Dynevor as an enriching educational force.

After referring to many matters of particular interest to the school itself, the Headmaster asked what contribution the School was making to the life and culture of Wales. This coming year would see the National Eisteddfod back in Swansea, and, in any case, such a question did not really clash with the need for a world outlook to which the Head had previously referred. Welsh was taught to all boys in the first and second forms at Dynevor; but it was also taken at A level,—indeed, one pupil among others had done very well, although he came from an English speaking home. The National Eisteddfod would, he felt, lend impetus this coming year to the task of making the pupils aware of, and appreciative of, the culture of our country.

### **“RESEARCH —IN AN ARTS SUBJECT?”**

The second in the series of Old Dy'vorians lectures was given on October 17th, by Dr. C. J. Price, Professor of English Language and Literature at Swansea University. In contrast to last year's lecture, which was “Science, State, and Society”, this year's subject was “Research—in an Art subject?” and Dr. Price quickly revealed his wealth of knowledge on a subject obviously close to his heart.

The invited audience included many Old Boys of the school, form prize-winners, the entire Sixth-form, and representatives from other local grammar schools.

The Speaker drew a distinction between historical and textual research, and pointed out the various difficulties in each, illustrating his points by the difficulties which he himself had met in his research into the works of Sheridan.

A hearty vote of thanks was given by Mr. Phillips, Dr. Price's former teacher, and he was ably seconded by the school captain, P. G. Wilson. Dr. Price was introduced to the audience by the Chairman, Mr. Wilfred Thomas.

## THE MODERN HORSE

by

PHILIP THOMAS, 3D.

After thousands of years of faithful service to Man, the horse today faces extinction. Its ancestor was a little animal measuring 12" to its head, and it was called EOHTHUS; but the modern horse stands about 5' 6" high, and bears many strange and often silly names.

Horses were at their prime in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Later they were most common in the mines, and some were born underground, worked there, died there, and never saw the light of day. They toiled long hours, pulling drams along rails, and miners have been known to wage fierce fights to stop a willing pony being used for a double shift, while a lazy or troublesome fellow pony loafed in the stalls. All that can be said in favour of the use of these little animals in such a place as the mines is that they were well fed. Nowadays, we do not use horses in mines, but I expect we should not be any kinder than our ancestors if it were not for the fact that we have invented machines which do the work more efficiently.

When you see a foal with her mother mare on Fairwood Common, think twice before you try to pat them. The mare is a good mother and will think that you mean harm to her baby, and will not hesitate to charge you. Even the foal can be dangerous if it gets too friendly, for they are so strong that they can produce a nasty bump and bruise on you even in play. Stupid motorists would also do well not to feed them, for they begin to think that every car is a mobile feeding stall, and this causes accidents. Another thing, never jump on to a young foal's back, even if you do know the animal. No experienced rider would do this. It could cause serious harm to the tender spine of the little horse, and even cause its death.

Horses in the natural state are able to adapt themselves to all conditions. The mountain pony of Wales is world famous for its toughness, and is safe in the hardest winter conditions, yet the horses of Africa have very thin skins so that they remain cool in the heat of the sun. Yet when we raise horses for the great Sport of Kings they have to be pampered and carefully fed. In Manchester one stable alone spends over £6,000 a year on oats, which are only a small part of the diet of a horse.

Therefore I urge you to think long and hard before you buy a horse.

## PONY TREKKING.

*by*

JOHN BIBBY, Ic.

If you have ambitions to jump Beecher's Brook in the Grand National please turn the page. My real object in writing is to describe an exhilarating holiday I spent pony trekking amongst the Brecon Beacons.

I would advise some previous riding with a local riding school. Otherwise you might have a similar experience to that of a friend of mine who used to pad a certain part of his anatomy with a cushion after riding with enthusiasm, but without previous expert advice. As you are aware, there are local Riding Schools, and also Schools devoted to riding in the neighbouring counties of Wales.

Previous to the holidays I had been looking forward to the joys of these treks on the Beacons.

Well, here I am. the youngest member of a house party at "Tregoyd", in the heart of the country surrounded by mountains. In the evening we riders meet, and are given instructions and the route. On the following morning we collect our rucksacks containing our packed lunches, for we shall not return till evening. A minibus outside the house awaits to convey us to a farm on the mountain side. Our journey by means of this horse-power is up steep and winding lanes. On arrival, I see a most impressive spectacle—a line of ponies tethered near the wall patiently waiting for us riders. This is indeed satisfactory organisation. The Riding Master and his assistants have been busy grooming and saddling the ponies, sturdy mounts to take us over the hills and far away. We enter through a gate, and are now amongst the ponies, wondering which are our respective mounts. The manager, who is also the riding-master, is standing beside a pony, and then demonstrates the art of grooming, saddling, mounting and dismounting. Before we start off he says, "Will those who are experienced riders step forward?" I, with the boldness of youth, having done some riding on Swansea Beach, step forward, much to the surprise of my parents, who happen to be onlookers.

As I am the smallest member of the troop of riders my mount is a small pony named "Spitfire". The other ponies are similarly named after planes: I learned later that the riding-master had been an Air Force Officer.

Now we are ready. We mount; all except one elderly teenager who, being too ambitious, overleaps himself, and

lands on the other side of his pony. When he is re-mounted we set off through the other gate of the enclosure.

We are immediately amongst the mountains, the master leading, and his assistants with the riders in the rear, to look after the stragglers. Needless to say, I am not with the latter!

What better impression can one have of our lovely Wales than to be part of the landscape on a trek such as this?

After leaving the farm we follow a mountain track, mostly in single file. While climbing it is necessary to loosen rein in order not to strain on the horse's mouth. On the downward slopes, of course, we tighten rein.

We ride on until we come to a clearing. To my relief, I hear the message, "Those who would like to canter or gallop may do so." I think "Spitfire" is pleased too. The master sets the pace, and I am not too far behind. Beyond the clearing is a mountain forest, where we are to halt for lunch. We tether the ponies, and satisfy our healthy appetites. Just previously, we had seen some mountain ponies. I wonder what their thoughts were on seeing their saddled brethren!

Now we begin to make our descent. And I ask you if you have ever ridden a pony when it is aware of its homeward track?

After this journey through some of "Wild Wales", we welcome the shower bath which awaits us. Being refreshed, we are ready to do justice to the evening meal, the aroma of which floats up to us from the kitchen below.

Come with me on such an expedition if you would like to experience the pleasures of pony trekking.

## THE VALKYRIE.

*by*

ROWAN WILLIAMS, 3E.

Thundering clashes sound in the sky  
As bear they the souls of heroes on high;  
Thundering loud, they trample the clouds,  
Brandish their spears as Vöden commands;  
Warriors,—address them your most fervent prayers;  
Immortal glory,—and death, are theirs.



University College of Wales,  
Aberystwyth

Dear Dynevor,

Although I have been but five weeks in this College, I feel that I am a fully accepted member of it. This full acceptance so early is a particular feature of this particular College, the reason lying in the peculiarly alive phenomenon known as the Aber. spirit. It would indeed be difficult to try to define this spirit, but its force probably arises from the geographical position of Aberystwyth itself. It is a small seaside town, cut off, and quiet in the Winter, and the student is thrown on his own resources, so that the social life is tremendously full here. The various Societies range from the Political and Religious to the Scottish Dancing Society; every sport is fully catered for; from Judo to Tiddleywinks; and there exists a very active Rugby league of Twelve teams, and a Soccer League of Sixteen.

Since facilities for meetings must, in view of the increasing University population be for ever inadequate, the Student Body is forced to make use of the various hotels in the town. Meetings held in such places usually end with an expression of the 'Spirit' through the medium of many well-loved College songs.

I am one of the fortunate three hundred who live in a Hall of Residence, and I say to anyone hoping to come here from Dynevor, that he should make every effort to get into such a Hall. Our Hall accommodates but 65 students, yet they are drawn from all the corners of Britain and the world. No distinction is made between Honours, Post-Graduate, Under-graduate, nor indeed, coloured, students. There are three old Dy'vorians here (Roger Hillman; Roger Tancock; and me!) The discussions upon many topics of vital interest to us go on into the small hours of the morning. But we are not for ever serious—the favourite practice in the Hall is to commandeer the large bay windows, from which vantage point the inmates of the adjoining women's hostels can be admired both mentally and orally! On Sunday afternoons we follow the very old custom of strolling the Prom, clad in gowns. The gentle art of cramming twenty souls into a small van has also been successfully accomplished.

Herein lies the big difference between College and School. Pranks, societies, sport, discussions can be pursued to your heart's content, and you will find no anxious and sympathetic schoolmaster to drive you ever on. If you have difficulties you can see your lecturer, but only at your request. He will not come to see if **you** are working. Your time is your own; what you do with it is your concern only. Thus far too many students

spend far too much time enjoying themselves. They neglect their work. Of course, one realises that it is difficult, but work is the major consideration, and a balance must be struck. Once such a balance has been found, then University life can be very enjoyable indeed. It is a wonderful life.

I therefore urge all those who have the chance to try to come to a University, for they will never regret it.

Yours etc.,

STUART BATCUP.

### MISAPPLIED QUOTATIONS.

*by*

ALED THOMAS

#### U.6th ARTS:

"Marriages, alliances and families,  
And every bride's ambition satisfied."

*W. B. Yeats.*

#### CRY HEARD FROM THE STAFF ROOM:

"Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass."

*R. B. Sheridan.*

#### THIRD YEAR'S EXCUSE FOR RUDENESS TO PREFECT:

"But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse;  
when I say an ill natured thing 'tis out of pure humour, and I  
take it for granted they deal exactly in the same manner."

*R. B. Sheridan.*

#### SCHOOL DINNERS:

"Whoever tasted lost his upright shape  
And downwards fell into a grovelling swine."

*Milton.*

#### HISTORY DEPARTMENT:

"Sing such a history  
Of come and gone,  
Their every drop is as wise  
As Solomon."

*W. de la Mare.*

SMOKERS TAKE HEED:

"These violent delights have violent ends."  
*Romeo and Juliet.*

THE STAFF:

"Where none has reigned that lacked a name and fame  
Or out of folly into folly came."  
*W. B. Yeats.*

AWAY MATCH WITH BISHOP GORE:

"It was not meant for human eyes  
That combat on the shabby patch."  
*Edwin Muir.*

CARPENTER'S SHED:

"And through the silence, from his shed  
The sound of sawing rounded all  
That silence said."  
*Edward Thomas.*

PREFECT:

"I will be true to the wife,  
I'll concentrate more on my work."  
*W. H. Auden.*

CLOAKROOMS:

"And a cellar in which the daylight falls."  
*Robert Frost.*

SCIENCE SIXTH FORMERS COMMENT ON  
FORMER CLASSMATE:

"Ha ! ha! ha! so my old friend is married hey?  
A young wife out of the country. Ha! ha! that he should  
have stood bluff to old bachelor so long and sink into a  
husband at last!"  
*R. B. Sheridan.*

FRUSTRATED MASTER:

"And still talk to yourself; nowhere are you disliked;  
Arching your torso, you dive from a basalt sill,  
Canter across white chalk."  
*W. H. Auden.*

## THE DYNEVOR MARIONETTE GUILD.

by

W. J. TOMKINS and R. J. WILLIAMS, 2A.

So Toad rides again! How many old boys in Swansea will smile at the memories which will surge into their minds? For this guild has a long and honourable history. It was first started in 1937 under the able guidance of Mr. Tom Morgan, who is still with us to direct the new production.

The successful production of a marionette show entails a tremendous amount of hard and frustrating work, especially when all the lighting equipment, figures, and indeed, even the stage have to be literally hewn out of wood, with blood, sweat, and, frequently, tears. The first set was made in 1937, but it was destroyed in the blitz. It is difficult for us to imagine in this affluent society the difficulties which faced the people who made the second set in the days of rationing, and coupons; and how Mrs. Tom Morgan found the materials to dress the figures will forever remain a mystery.

Every marionette made, involves hours of patient work. Every play produced calls for weeks of hard rehearsal, and the better you become, the more the audience is inclined to forget that they are looking at wooden figures, and to criticise as if it were being given by real live actors. Indeed, to get the audience play in a mood of impatience at the shortcomings of the play as a play is in reality a triumph for the Marioneteers themselves. This often happened in the productions of 1947-48, and one well known Director of a famous Swansea Supermarket today will bear witness to this very fact which arose from his uncanny skill in "pulling the strings" for Toad. This particular production was given publicly in 1949. The play by A. A. Milne was adapted by Mr. J. E. L. Bennett, the music was arranged by Mr. Myrddin Harries, the show was dressed by Mrs. Tom Morgan, and produced by Mr. Tom Morgan. All the props, electrical gear (even the stage lights) were made by the pupils during the long evenings of winter in the old cramped and crowded Art Room, with everybody getting in everybody else's way! Previous to this, there had been a Nativity Play, which was on the point of starting a tour of France when the War broke out.

We welcome the news that Toad is to ride his old caravan again, that Badger will be as pompous as ever, that Ratty will still throw a comforting arm around poor little Mole, and that those villains of the dark wood, the weasels, the stoats, and their clan will be lurking in the background to mess everything up if they get the chance. Mr. Tom Morgan will have the help of Mr. Graham Davies, Mr. Clive John and Mr. M. J. Davies, and we have already observed Mr. Len Morris working away at props in the metal work room. We know that the boys will give enthusiastic and unstinted support.

TOAD OF TOAD HALL.



## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,

I am taking this opportunity to express my gratitude to one of the finest schools I know. True, the buildings are old, or should I say ancient, so much so that Mr. Emlyn Evans could undoubtedly write a history of them already. Still, the cover of a book can never tell the story, neither can the spirit of a school be judged by its buildings.

I have settled down to the wild life of a sailor, not without some homesickness, it is true. There are no distractions here. I am now preparing for my G.C.E. in English and Maths, and that I am even able to try is largely due to Messrs. Hopkins, Cox, Bassett, Francis and Brynfield. This College of St. Vincent is far bigger than Dynevor, but it has the same number of pupils. We, like you, have local rivals,—H.M.S. Ganges, another Junior Training Establishment, near Ipswich. What County Ipswich is in I do not know, but Mr. D. T. Howells, will I am sure, gladly inform you on my behalf. Strangely enough, the Ganges representatives were here only yesterday to play us in Soccer, Rugby, Hockey, Cross Country, Basket ball, Sailing and Shooting. Although they have many more boys to choose from, they were humiliated, for we snatched all but two events from them. I play for the Soccer Eleven, and I have been chosen for the Boxing team against H.M.S. Vernon, in a few weeks time.

I have heard that the Dynevor Senior Soccer team are having quite a good run. I wish them every success. The devotion of Mr. James and Mr. Quick is invaluable to the team.

I close by wishing the School every success in the future, and I would like to thank all, the Headmaster and the Staff, for the many things that were done for me while I was there. Nihil Sine Labore, and Floreat Dynevor.

Yours faithfully,

JEFFREY BURNS.

H.M.S. VINCENT  
GOSPORT,  
HANTS.

## CHALECOTTEE MUSEUM.

The President, Robert Williams, 3D, interviewed by  
Aled Thomas.

Thomas: Mr. Williams, as President of this very original venture, can you tell me why you started it?

Williams: Yes, indeed. We were becoming bored with life during the hols, and Vaughan Evans and I decided to do something for ourselves.

Thomas: Excellent. But why did you hit upon the idea of a museum? I mean, most boys plump for football.

Williams: Well, I suppose we had a natural interest in collecting things, but I think that the main thing was that we had a garage at my home which I felt could be commandeered. Then we felt that we might get people to pay to see our exhibits.

Thomas: How did you proceed?

Williams: Oh! We put up shelves and covered them with Geological and Natural Specimens.

Thomas: Was it a success?

Williams: Indeed, yes. During the Summer, friends and neighbours came to see our work.

Thomas: Financially, was it a going concern?

Williams: Rather. Why, by November 5th (when my Father chucked us out, I mean, asked if he could please put his car in out of the rain) we had collected the magnificent sum of thirty-six pence,—or three shillings,—it sounds more the first way doesn't it?

Thomas: Er. Yes. Did you continue your efforts?

Williams: Sure. During the winter we were able to continue our collection in various ways, and when Spring came along we had a new member of Staff, for Edroy Mason of 3E joined us.

Thomas: What was his line?

Williams: He assured us that he was an expert upon old books, in fact upon anything from the past.

Thomas: You expanded therefore?

Williams: Indeed, yes. We now had sections on Coins, Geology, Nature, the Sea, Cigarette Cards, Army Badges, and even a Reference Library.

Thomas: Did you come up against any snags?

Williams: Well, there were one or two things on display whose identity we could not place. We became expert at hurrying visitors quickly past these.

Thomas: What about the money side this time?

Williams: Oh! Much better,—864 pence—as I said, it sounds more that way. We hope to present some of it to some worthy cause.

- Thomas: Minus expenses, of course?
- Williams: Yes, certainly. The labourer is worthy of his hire, surely.
- Thomas: Did anything further come of it? I mean, now that term has started you won't have much time with all the homework that flies around these days, will you?
- Williams: Well, no not really. So we closed the museum, but we started a magazine. We wrote them out by hand One article each. But then a kindly person took pity on us and had thirty copies typed for us. We gather every Friday night and discuss what we shall write about.
- Thomas: Do you intend to go ahead next year?
- Williams: Oh, Yes. Certainly. Next year we hope to have sections on Astronomy, Geology, Weather Research, Mechanics, Army Courses, the Sea, and some interesting displays about the North and South poles.
- Thomas: And they say the modern boy has to have everything done for him by adults! The best of luck, and I hope they turn up in their hundreds.
- Williams: Well, thanks a lot, but think of my father's poor garage.

### GUY FAWKES NIGHT.

*by*

T. G. DANIEL, 3E.

Sparklers, bangers and pinwheels,  
Helicopters, saucers and rockets,  
Cascades, volcanoes all flaring up,  
Making holes in every dad's pockets.

Rockets lit, explode in the sky,  
Bangers blow up in the dark,  
Pinwheels whizz alone in the gloom,  
Sparklers throw off sparks.

The bonfire is bushes and all old boxes,  
Tyres, newspapers and dirty mats,  
Shoes and shirts, and any old clothes,  
With dishcloths and dusters and hats.

The next day, things are found,  
Like the remains of poor old Guy  
Amid the smouldering ashes.  
"It's finished", we say, with a sigh.



## THE DYNEVOR BRANCH OF URDD GOBAITH CYMRU.

*by*

DAVID I. EDWARDS, (UVI Arts).

Once more we have a branch of Urdd Gobaith Cymru in Dynevor. This year, Mr. Degwel Owen and some senior Welsh students have set themselves the task of reforming the branch with renewed vigour and optimism, and hope to establish the Urdd as a permanent and essential part of the life of the School.

It is particularly significant that the branch has been formed in this school year, with the National Eisteddfod coming to Swansea next August. It is hoped that our Urdd members will take an active interest in all aspects of the Eisteddfod.

The first meeting of the Urdd took place during October; the venue was to be one of the first-year formrooms, and when I came across the yard shortly after four, to my disappointment I found the room empty. However, I was surprised to hear from across the corridor, a considerable amount of noise, and on enquiring as to the cause of the disturbance, I was confronted in the canteen by hordes of enthusiastic boys, all eager to join the Urdd.

There were many more than we had expected and it was of further anazememt to us impoverished sixth formers (excepting those who drive to school in their cars), that these younger boys were able to give their shilling subscriptions so readily. The boys, who numbered over fifty, were addressed during the meeting by Mr. M. G. Hughes (Headmaster), Mr. Myrddin Harries and Mr. Degwel Owen; who is, incidentally, leaving at the end of this term for the higher pastures of Swansea Teachers' Training College. We hope to see him back in the school in the near future, as the guest of the Urdd Branch which he initiated.

Our membership, at present, is in the eighties, and we have a varied and interesting programme of meetings for our members during the year. We hope that every member will contribute something towards our meetings, which will be bilingual, and will be held fortnightly during the year.

With so much interest in the school about the Urdd, I feel I must explain further what the movement is. Urdd Gobaith Cymru, or The Welsh League of Youth, was formed in 1921 by Sir Ifan ab Owen Edwards, and during the last forty-two years it has grown considerably in numbers and in scope,

so that it now has branches in almost every village in Wales. The Urdd's activities range from a National Eisteddfod of its own, to Annual Summer Camps both in North and South Wales.

It is hoped that many of our members will take part in the Urdd Eisteddfod, which is in three rounds; a local round, followed by a West Glamorgan round, and finally the Urdd National Eisteddfod, held in 1964 at Portmadog in Caernarvonshire.

There are also soccer and rugby competitions organised by the Urdd, in which the school can take part in future years; and we feel sure that many of our members will wish to attend the camps at Llangrannog and Glanllyn, the former in Cardiganshire for the juniors, and the latter near Bala in Merionethshire, for the seniors: we hope to show films of these during the year.

Finally, you may want to know who are our officials in Dynevor this year. Our President is the Headmaster, Mr. M. G. Hughes, the leader of the branch for this year is D. H. Aled Thomas of Upper Sixth Arts; the other members of the committee are Gareth A. Bevan (Secretary), W. Richard Griffiths (Treasurer), and David I. Edwards, all of Upper Six Arts, and Alwyn T. Richards, Lower Six Arts.

### BORE.

Wele'r wawr yn codi  
Ar fore teg o haf,  
Ac adar bach yn canu  
I gyfarch diwrnod braf.

Mae'r ŵyn yn prancio'n llawen  
Yn ysgafn iawn eu troed,  
A'r nant yn rhedeg yma a thraw  
Drwy gelli dew o goed.

Mae'r ffermwyr wrthi'n fore,  
A'r llaethwr hefyd ddaw,  
A'r postman â o dŷ i dŷ  
A llythyr yn ei law.

Yr adar llon yn trydar,  
A'r ŵyn yn dawnsio'n ffrî,  
A minnau'n drist fy meddwl;—  
Mae ysgol gennyf i.

IEUAN REES, 2B.

## YR URDD.

Da gennym ddweud bod yr Urdd wedi'i hatgyfodi yn ystod y tymor hwn. Fe ddaeth tyrfa dda i'r cyfarfod agoriadol ac ymunodd trigain o fechgyn a rhagor â'r mudiad. Felly mae gobaith an adran gref yn ein Hysgol.

Mewn erthygl ar 'Newid Byd' gan un o fechgyn y dosbarth cyntaf, dywedir "Dyna chwith oedd hi i glywed cymaint o Saesneg." Gobeithio y gall rhywun ddweud yn y rhifyn nesaf y cylchgrawn "Dyna beth da yw clywed cymaint o Gymraeg".

## NEWID BYD.

*gan*

GORONWY RHYS JONES, I.C.

O'r diwedd daeth y bore pwysig—yr ail o Fedi, 1963. Nid oedd eisiau i Mam alw arnaf y bore hwnnw—'roeddwn ar ddihun yn fore iawn. Gwisgais fy nillad ysgol newydd—gallwn weld fy llun yn fy esgidiau, a theimlwn fy hun yn bwysig dros ben. 'Roedd tipyn o gyffro y drws nesa' hefyd, gan fod ein cymdogion yn mynd am eu gwyliau am y tro cynta' i'r Cyfandir, ond 'roeddwn i'n teimlo yr un mor gyffrous â hwy, am mai hwn oedd fy niwrnod cyntaf yn Ysgol Dinefwr yn y dref. 'Roedd dau o'm ffrindiau yma am chwarter i naw i alw amdanaf, er nad oeddem i fod yn yr ysgol hyd ddeg o'r gloch y bore hwnnw. Edrychwn ymlaen at y daith yn y bws i'r ysgol; hyd yn hyn 'roeddwn wedi cerdded i'r ysgol bob bore am chwe blynedd, gan fod Ysgol Gymraeg Lônlas ergyd carreg o'n tŷ ni.

Wedi cyrraedd yr ysgol 'roedd yr iard yn llawn o fechgyn newydd eraill. Dyna chwith oedd hi i glywed cymaint o Saesneg, gan fod pawb yn chwarae yn Gymraeg yn Lônlas! Ar ôl cael cyfarwyddiadau gan yr is-brifathro yn y neuadd daeth amser chwarae. Ond druan ohonom ni bechgyn newydd—'roedd y bechgyn eraill yn awyddus i'n torri i mewn drwy roi trochfa o ddŵr i ni!

Pan ddaeth amser cinio, dyna wahaniaeth mawr arall a welais, neu yn hytrach, a glywais! 'Roeddwn i yn arfer mynd adref i ginio bob dydd cyn hyn, a dim ond pedwar ohonom wrth y bwrdd. Ond 'nawr, dyna i chi sŵn byddarol!—yr oedd dros gant ohonom yn cael bwyd yn y cantin—Sŵn cyllyll a ffyrce phlatiau yngymysg â siarad.

Pan euthum adref ddiwedd y dydd, 'roeddwn yn teimlo fod y bore hwnnw yn bell i ffwrdd, ond 'nawr wedi cyfarwyddo

a'r ysgol mae'n nos Wener cyn i mi sylweddoli hynny, ac mae'r amser yn hedfan.

Ysgol fach o dua chant chwe deg oedd Lônlas, ond mae naw cant o fechgyn yn Ninefwr. Ar ôl bod yn y dosbarth hynaf yn Lônlas, 'roedd hi'n chwith dechrau eto ar waelod yr ysgol yn Ninefwr, a bechgyn anferth o faint o'm cwrpas.

Un peth pleserus, cawn fwy o destunau yn ein hysgol newydd. Mae labordai gwyddoniaeth newydd gwych ac neuadd ymarfer corff yma. Nid oedd dim o'r fath yn Lônlas. Cawn lawer o hwyl yn y 'gym' a hoffaf y wers wyddoniaeth yn lawr iawn. Y mae'r 'labs' yn fodern iawn a'r llyfrgell hefyd. Cawn fenthgyl llyfr i'w ddarllen bob tro yr awn yno.

Yn ein hiard galed yn Lônlas nid oedd yn bosibl i chwarae rygbi, felly 'roedd yn rhaid chwarae pêl-droed. Bob pythefnos awn i faes chwarae Townhill lle chwaraeaf rygbi. Y peth a hoffaf fwyaf yw mynd i'r baddonau; caf lawer o hwyl a mwynhâd yn y dŵr a llawer o sbri.

Cymerais ran yn 'speech-day' flynyddol yr ysgol, gan fy mod yn y côr a ganodd yno. Derbyniodd nifer o fechgyn wobrau, a thystysgrifau am basio arholiadau'r Cyd-bwyllgor Addysg. Yr wyf hefyd yn y côr a fydd yn canu yn opereta 'Hiawatha' yn Eisteddfod Genedlaethol Cymru, Abertawe, y flwyddyn nesaf.

Yr wyf hefyd wedi ymuno ag adran yr Urdd sydd yma' (Yr oedd adran yn Lônlas hefyd.)

Yr wyf wedi gweld tipyn o newid byd yn fy ysgol newydd a thebyg iawn y gwelaf fwy eto cyn i mi orffen fy ngyrfa yno.

## 'DOES DIM BYD NEWYDD DAN HAUL.

*gan*

GARETH A. BEVAN,UVIA.

Nid yw Gwyddoniaeth hyd yn hyn wedi cael sylw dyladwy yn ein cylchgronau a'n newyddiaduron yn Gymraeg. Bellach ymddangosodd cylchgrawn newydd sbon a graenus iawn yr olwg yn dwyn yr enw 'Y Gwyddonydd'. Dyma ymgais i bontio'r gagendor rhwng astudiaethau Gwyddonol a'r diwylliant Cymraeg.

A sôn am wyddoniaeth fel hyn, tueddwn feddwl mai yn ystod y ddeunawfed ganrif, neu, efallai, amser y Dadeni y rhoddwyd sylw iddo fel pwnc. Ond nid cwbl wir mo hynny. Y

llynedd cefais flas ar ddarllen un o lyfrau gosod Lladm o'r enw 'De Rerum Natura.'—Am Natur y Bydysawd.

Cerdd epig o waith Lucretius oedd y gwaith, ac ymgais yw i ddehongli cyfundrefn gwyddoniaeth. Er bod y gerdd yn lled brin o syniadau gwreiddiol, fe erys yn fanifesto pwysig o athroniaeth Epicuraidd parthed ei datblygaid hyd at y ganrif gyntaf cyn Crist. Hoffwn gyfeirio at ddau syniad diddorol lle'r ymddengys Lucretius yn rhagflaenydd i wyddonwyr modern.

A siarad fel lleygwr, un o'r ychydig bethau a wn i am Ffiseg yw'r ddamcaniaeth atomig am fater. A dyma osodiadau pwysicaf Lucretius yn hyn o beth, sef na chreir unrhywbeth o ddim; ni ddifodir dim; mae mater yn bodoli ar ffurf mymrynau anweledig ac anrhanadwy (neu atomau). Dau beth yn unig sydd yng nghyfansoddiad y bydysawd, sef mater a gwagle (vacuum), a dim byd arall. Peth arwyddocaol iawn oblegid dyna yw hanfod damcaniaeth atomig Dalton, a aned dair canrif ar ddeg ar ôl Lucretius.

Yr oedd gan Lucretius hefyd gnewyllyn un o syniadau pwysicaf Bywydeg, sef datblygiad y rhywiogaethau. Ni cheir esboniad cliriach arno nes i Darwin gyhoeddi ei lyfr enwog—'The Origin of Species' yn 1859. Dyma eiriau Lucretius am yr hyn a elwir yn awr yn 'survival of the fittest'—"Mae llawer rhywiogaeth wedi diflannu'n llwyr gyda threigladau amser, trwy fethu ag epilio. Ers dechrau'r byd, mae gweddill y rhywiogaethau wedi parhau, naill ai drwy gyfrwystru'r creadur neu ei gryfder neu ei gyflymdra."

Yn anffodus, nid effeithiodd yr athroniaeth ar athronwyr y canrifoedd canlynol. Cafodd Dalton a Darwin eu syniadau yn annibynnol ar waith Lucretius. Er na fu ei ddylanwad ar wyddoniaeth yn bwysig, mae ei lyfr yn wych fel llenyddiaeth. Sawl llyfr gwyddonol modern, tybed, a ellwch ddweud hynny amdano?

## HWYR AR Y MOSELLE.

(O'r Lladin)

Pa liw sydd arnat 'nawr, Fosela dlos?  
Gyrrodd Hesperws wyll yr hwyr ar ffo,  
A llenwi'r afon oll a'r brychlas fryn;  
Hoyw donna'r cribau yn dy nwyfus li,  
Cryn y rhithiol winwydd, a'i haeddfedrawn  
Yn dy risial clir.

G.A.B.

**USE OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.**  
**I.Q. LEVEL, 1963.**

*by*

**A. T. RICHARDS, LVI Arts.**

*(Credit will be given for correct answers, and in the case of a wrong answer, the student will be given a cabbage.)*

1. (a) Is a Shakespearean actor, one who shakes a spear?  
(b) Is it true that Hamlet was a small ham?  
(c) Do you think that "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was a nightmare?
2. Do you think that a Double-Bass is a big fiddle?
3. From your lack of knowledge, answer the following question:  
Did Chubby Checker have any effect on the Stock-Market with his twisting?
4. If it takes a week to walk a fortnight, how long would it take a long-legged spider, with hobnailed boots and spats, to swim around a barrel of treacle, if gooseberries are sold by the yard?
5. Is the Summit Conference held on top of a mountain? If so, did the mountain collapse under Kruschew's weight?

(If you have to answer these questions, you must have an I.Q. of .007).

**FIVE WEEKS IN EAST GERMANY.**

*by*

**T. EVANS. 3D.**

Last Summer the Swansea branch of the Ex-Service Movement for Peace was asked to send five children to a pioneer camp in Ebenswalde (30 miles from Berlin) by the Anti-Fascist Committee in East Berlin. I was lucky to be one of these children, and it was a wonderful experience. Two other Dynevor boys went with me; they were M. Thomas and S. Markley; I know that they enjoyed it as much as I did.

On July 14th we sailed out from Harwich to the Hook of Holland, accompanied by four London pupils and a young

Swansea teacher in charge. We went from Holland by train to East Berlin where we were met by a member of the Anti-Fascist Committee, who took us by private bus to the camp. There we were greeted by a delegation of German Children, who carried our luggage to our rooms.

After a big meal, they shewed us around the Camp; this used to be Goring's estate. The camp could accommodate 1,500 children, and there would be 24 different nationalities there. There were 13 houses, each with 30 rooms, 3 to 5 sleeping to a room; there was a Pioneer House for hobbies such as Batik (i.e. dyeing patterns on cloth), sculpture, woodwork, and cooking. In fact, one day our group cooked the dinner. There was also a hospital, a (free) barber's shop, a Cosmonaut room, a laundry, two dining halls, shops, a gymnasium, an open air theatre, and a cinema.

A lake had been turned into a swimming pool, complete with diving boards, and a slide. There was also a fine sports stadium where the different nationalities competed in athletics, four football pitches, and four for volley-ball.

At seven we woke to the sound of a gong, followed by records. We made our beds, swept our room and went to breakfast at eight. We won the 'tidiest room' competition twice!

In the mornings we usually entertained the little East and West German children, and some Hungarians, by organising games for them. After dinner we had a rest hour when we wrote our letters home. We often went canoeing, rowing, and fishing in the afternoons, not to mention swimming.

In the evenings we generally went to the theatre where different nationalities gave concerts. Once it was the Red Army who were spending their holiday giving concerts at the Pioneer Camps. Sometimes friendship meetings were organised between different delegations, where we talked through interpreters and exchanged souvenirs such as badges and postcards. We had them with French, Germans, Indians, Russians and so on. Whenever we met another camp member we would say "Freundschaft" to each other. The East Germans who were present had been chosen to come because they had done well at school.

Several expeditions were organised. We visited a crane factory where we noticed as many women as men doing skilled work such as welding. We were told that men and women were paid equally. We were given presents and refreshments.

Another day we went to a small pioneer camp which was under canvas and for German children only. We visited Berlin twice where we saw the wall and the Brandenburg Gate. From a platform we looked over the wall at West German soldiers. We went into a block of flats where you could speak to anyone therein over a circuit through a microphone on the ground floor.

The Berlin shops seemed well stocked; butter and meat were cheaper than in West Germany, but sweets were dear. Everybody had 6/6d. pocket money from the Camp every week. Once I spent it all on a single bar of chocolate! But the transport was cheap. We went 15 miles by train for 10d. We were told that rents were much less than ours.

We visited the site of the Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp where 100,000 Jews and Political prisoners had died. A wall now stands there with crosses on it, dedicated to the dead.

On the last day, we had a final friendship meeting, where we said goodbye to the East Germans, and received presents. Since my return, I have had many letters from them. I shall never forget this experience, and I hope that in the future there will be many more inter-change meetings of this kind.

### LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT.

The following is a summary of a debate held on 9th November. It is typical of the controversial topics discussed by the Society.

"This House believes in Co-education." *Proposer*: R. Mellor. *Opposer*: M. Inman.

The proposer opened his speech by pointing out that we have to live with members of the opposite sex, and that a more natural relationship in school appeared desirable. He stated that the present situation of 'single sexed' schools sometimes leads to pupils holding a distorted view of the other sex. He concluded by saying that, in his view, co-educational schools put sex into perspective for the young.

The opposer felt that, at the present time, the standard of work and morals among secondary school pupils was dropping. He traced the cause of both these trends to the increase in co-educational schools, as they provided a temptation and distraction to the immature emotions of the young. The debate was then opened to the floor, and Abba stated that, in his



experience, 'co-ed' schools were desirable as he felt that pupils felt more natural attending them and that there was little distraction.

In reply Drury cast doubt on Abba's theory and said that in his experience 'co-ed' schools often resulted in a drop in the standard of work. Lewis referred to recent reports which stated that work had improved as a result of pupils being transferred to mixed schools, and concluded, from this, that the presence of the opposite sex constituted a spur to effort. Abba felt that the environment of a 'single sex' school was bad and that lack of concentration in a mixed school was probably the fault of the teacher and not sex.

Although Matthey felt that sexual offences were due to lack of proper sex education, Perman disagreed and said that the temptation present in 'co-ed' schools should be removed.

Other theories put forward included the idea that mixed schools would be less expensive than 'single sex' schools, that 'single sex' schools were conducive to a perverted idea of sex "and gutter" humour and that a drop in morals was not due only to co-education, but also to advertising, lack of Church going and other factors.

Mr. Chandler, when pressed, volunteered two very valid points, that girls mature quicker than boys and this might have a detrimental affect in a mixed class, and also that being in a mixed school would provide an invaluable experience and would condition people to working with the other sex.

The Chairman pointed out that even in 'single sexed' schools some pupils reached maturity before others. He then called upon the two main speakers to sum up.

Mark Inman summed up for the opposition by saying that he felt there was a definite link between co-education and the increasing number of teenage girls becoming pregnant. He pointed out that in the U.S.A. schools were 100% 'co-ed' and that their standard of education was generally accepted as being lower than in Britain. He felt there was a definite link between these two things. Robin Mellor, summed up by saying that illegitimate births were due largely to a 'wrong minded' view of sex created by unmixed schools. Referring to the point about neglected homework he pointed out that this happened in every type of school. He concluded by saying that co-education made people think of the opposite sex as companions and not purely from the sexual angle.

The motion was carried by 8 votes to 3.

Results of other debates:

T.H.B. that the 11 plus exam. should be abolished. Defeated 9 - 5.

T.H.B. that citizens should have the right to vote at 18. Carried 7 - 6: 2 abstained.

T.H.B. that the image of the British sportsman is diminishing. Defeated 14 - 9.

T.H.B. that modern art is just a confidence trick. Defeated 6 - 2: 3 abstained.

T.H.B. that religion is the opium of the masses. (Inter-school debate with Glanmor). Defeated 36 - 10: 4 abstained.

T.H.B. that the first duty of the citizen is not necessarily to the state. Carried 6 - 4.

The Society welcomes new members; please give us your support.

### **CHESS CLUB**

This term brings a new society into the school. Under the guidance of Mr. J. G. Jones future chess champions of the world are whittled into shape. The society is mainly for junior members of the school, they meet at four o'clock every Wednesday when inter form championships are arranged.

### **STAMP CLUB**

The Stamp Club under the guidance of Mr. R. J. Howells continues its good work. They meet twice a week in the Canteen when stamps are sold, the profit going to a well known charity.

### **THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT**

The S.C.M. meets three times every term in Llwynybryn. This term the first meeting was held early in October and there were pupils present from Bishop Gore, Dynevor, Glanmor, Llwynybryn, Mynyddbach and the Girls' Technical School. The Chairman, Mr. Mansel Davies, Bishop Gore, paid tribute to Mr. Brinley Cox, formerly of Dynevor, who was Chairman of the S.C.M. for many years. Congratulations were extended to Mr. Meredydd Hughes, Headmaster of Dynevor, on his election to be a member of the National Council of the S.C.M.

The speaker at this meeting was the Rev. B. Smith, Swansea, who spoke on the work of an Oxford Mission in India.

Mr. Smith, who spent ten years with this Mission, gave us a vivid account of the work of the Church, in a country where there are millions of Hindus, Buddhists and Moslems. In large areas of India there are no Christians at all, and in many areas there may be only one Christian per hundred of the population. Consequently, the denominational frontiers which we know in Britain are almost meaningless in India where Christians realise that they are engaged in a work which unites them.

The speaker reminded us that the Church must be alive to the situation in India to-day. Russia spends five hundred million pounds annually on literature, in one hundred and seventy-five languages, to indoctrinate the peoples of this world. A great deal of this literature circulates in India. To counter this, the Church, with its emphasis on the sacredness of human personality and that man's deepest needs find satisfaction only in a right relationship with God, must spend large sums of money on literature to propagate the Christian Faith.

The second meeting was held in November. The speaker was the Rev. Graham Davies, a former travelling secretary of the S.C.M. and now a minister in Manselton. The subject of his talk was "Secular Christianity", and the theme of his talk was the question of communication in the present time. The "Thee" and "Thou" of public worship are archaic expressions and cannot adequately reveal the relevance of Christianity today. Hymns and Church music were also discussed, and it was questioned whether they always express the experience of people today. This stimulating talk made us aware of the challenge that faces the Church of our time, when men are presented with many different interpretations of the meaning of life.

The third meeting of this term was held on the 18th November, when the Rev. Graham Davies spoke on words uttered by Ghandi, "Give me the Christ, but not Christianity". In an age when many believe that they can separate the Christian Ethic from the Christian Creed, and that it does not need the firm foundation of the Gospel to support it, this talk proved to be interesting.

Invitations have been sent to three lecturers from the University College, Swansea, to address the S.C.M. next term. It is hoped that many of our boys from Form VI will attend these meetings, and discuss freely the questions that will arise from these talks.

J.P.M.

## THE EMERALD ISLE.

by

B.C.

*I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:  
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee.  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.*

I've always wanted to go to Innisfree, and so, gentle reader, have you, I have no doubt. The difficulty is that Yeats never told us how to get there. Could it be that he wanted no one to share his rural retreat? Hardly, for he was not a selfish fellow, and he was a socialist to boot; so his omission could not have been deliberate. I wondered if Cook's knew anything about it? I rang up their "World Travel Agency!" Innisfree? No, that wasn't included in their list of super holiday resorts. Was I sure I didn't mean Interlaken? Or perhaps Istambul? I assured them I did not.

But wait! Yeats was an Irishman! What about the "Irish Tourist Board?" They'd possibly know something about it. I rang them up. Innisfree? Yes, sure, sure, it was in old Ireland. But where? How to get there? Sure, you go by boat, and when you set foot in the broth of a country, go north to Dublin. Dodder about a bit, make a discreet enquiry or two. You never know your luck, me bhoy. Then move across to Galway, by way of Athlone, potter round Connemara, then go south through County Clare and Limerick to Killarney. If you haven't found it by then, you'll surely find it there. Good luck to ye, me bhoy, and a pleasant crossing!

So there was nothing for it. Westward lay my course. I found British Railways, Irish Section, most helpful. Yes, they'd be happy to book me a passage on the P.S. "Saint David," car and all. They could recommend it, all mod. cons., and every comfort including charming stewardesses of true Irish blood. The train bandits had sampled the luxury of their famous ship only the week before and had travelled strictly incognito.

That was enough for me, and on the first Monday of September, having negotiated the suspicious looks of the customs men at Fishguard, I found myself reclining luxuriously in the forward lounge, first class of course, of the P.S. "Saint David," idly beckoning to an obsequious white-coated steward to bring me a cup of strongly-laced Irish coffee.

Never was sea so beatifically calm, a crossing so meticulously smooth. I closed my eyes. Innisfree? Was I there already? There was a rattling of chains, a hawling of ropes. I roused

myself and sauntered to the forward deck. It was Rosslare Harbour; two huge cranes stood on the quay, grappling irons at the ready. A lowering of the gib, a moment of anxiety, a subtle lowering, then raising of the hand, and in a moment my sleek-lined A40 was hoisted out of the murky depths of the hold, and deposited gently on the quay-side. So that was it. I climbed into the driving seat, moved the car on to an antiquated train of waggons with bottoms but no tops, and found myself being noisily propelled off the quay on to the main land in company with a dozen cars filled with fellow-travellers, eyes agleam with expectancy. Were they all going to Innisfree, I wondered? I sincerely hoped not, or that beeloud glade would be more overcrowded than Paradise Park on a fine Sunday afternoon.

Once out of the environs of Rosslare Harbour, I pulled up at the Post Office. After all there were anxious hearts at home and there might conceivably be no Post Office at Innisfree. Better send a card now! I entered the Post Office; selected a card and asked for a stamp. There were no stamps. The sub-postmasters were on strike—for more pay, of course. Just one stamp, I asked? After all, one stamp could hardly be expected to break the strike. No, not one, me bhoy, sorra not one. I crawled out, pocketing my card as I went, and feeling much as a blackleg might be supposed to feel.

Northwards to Bray our road lay through the delightful Vale of Avoca. Unfortunately the weather clerk was unkind—there was rain of sorts, and the beautiful Vale shrouded her charms 'neath a veil of mist. Evening shadows were slowly enveloping Bray as we drove along the front looking for our hotel. Having found it, we were courteously greeted, bags were man-handled upstairs, a meal was laid and eagerly disposed of and in a short time we were strolling along the half deserted Prom, under a harvest moon and with the strains of an Irish air gently assailing our ears.

Bray had evidently had its season—summer holiday-makers had departed and there was elbow-room and more for newcomers and all who had lingered into this first week of September. A dozen miles north lay Dublin, and thither we made our way the morning following, passing through Dun Laoghaire—the port of departure for Holyhead.

Dublin is not an attractive city. It is antiquated, and its buildings are old and decrepit. O'Connell Street is the thoroughfare for old and young, mostly old it would seem, and having traversed this highway, up on the left and down on the right, it was time to go in search of something more interesting. But where? There was Guinness's Brewery where visitors are regaled with a dram of guinness-is-good-for-you—and Trinity College.

We chose to visit the latter and having made our way there we found Ireland's greatest son, in effigy, at the gatehouse. Oliver Goldsmith, friend of Dr. Johnson, David Garrick, Joshua Reynolds—and all of mankind. Poor old Noll! So this is where you lived and toiled and played the fiddle, and pondered in that remote attic-room on Man's inhumanity to man. As I crossed the Quadrangle, a faint but unmistakable laugh echoed from an upstairs recess and Tony Lumpkin's roguish countenance beamed down on me.

The best part of Dublin is Phoenix Park, in one extensive corner of which they have brought together the most interesting collection of animals that any zoo in this country can boast of. An hour spent there is both a recreation and education. They seem to have ingeniously solved the problem of maintaining a sizeable animal population on diminishing public patronage persuading firms with businesses in Ireland to "adopt" one or more animals. Thus, alongside the name plate of the animal you were looking at, hung another which read "This animal has been adopted by Messrs. So and So, Leather-Merchants, County Meath." The animals were in excellent shape and universally had an air of contentment and well-being.

Making our way west from Dublin to Galway, we traversed country that had few interesting features and the towns we passed through were drab and unattractive. Ultimately we threaded our way through the narrow congested streets of Galway Town to the adjacent resort of Salthill. This was quite different. It was new and spacious and the promenade along which we took our after-dinner saunter looked out upon an inlet of Galway Bay, all asparkle in the glinting evening sunset.

The grand tour of Connemara is the ambition of all tourists to this part of Ireland, and early next morning we set out to accomplish this. Fortunately the weather was fair, the roads were free of traffic save for an occasional gipsy-caravan, and the ubiquitous donkey-cart, so our way was leisured and easy. The country is rocky and bare, there was little evidence of cultivation and the main occupation of the scattered peasantry seems to be peat cutting. Stacks of peat frequently lined the roadway we traversed and off the roadway a patient donkey with panier on either flank being loaded with peat provided a frequent and rather forlorn picture.

County Clare, which we traversed the next day on our way South, was even more barren—the only thing they seem to grow in this part of the country is rocks among which a few dejected sheep seek to pick a meagre sustenance in the thin grass that contrived to find a foothold there. A short detour brought us to the Cliffs of Moher which, rising sheer from the sea below, are an awesome but inspiring sight.

Shortly we crossed the Shannon at Limerick, by which time the country had assumed a less barren appearance, the grass a greener tint and the countryside a more cultivated aspect.

Further south lay Killarney, with its lakes and hills, and the prospect was definitely more pleasing. The town itself has little to commend it and one is not tempted to linger, but the lakes are a joy to the beholder and when we looked out of our bedroom window the following morning, the rising sun illuminating the water and hills before us made as arresting a picture as any to be found in these islands.

One mustn't go to Killarney without journeying through the Dunloe Gap which is negotiated on foot or horse-back or by jaunting-car. So the following morning, having made our arrangements, we set out by trap for Kate Kearney's Cottage—the rendez-vous of all who are set on negotiating the celebrated Gap.

Kate Kearney's Cottage has undergone a transformation since the days when the old lady kept and doled out a dram of poteen for the traveller who assayed the hazards of the Gap. It is now a Coffee-bar and gift-shop. Outside, amid a conglomeration of horses and jaunting-cars, travellers were arranging their transport through the gap for few wished to go on foot. Our party of four got into a jaunting-car and we set out with the driver running alongside and urging "Bob" our trusty steed, to get a move on. For some six or seven miles we were jostled, buffeted and generally thrown about as Bob manfully pulled the cart through the unmade mountain pass. Fortunately, the rain held off and before the end of the journey, the sun was shining brilliantly as, with a sigh of relief we clambered down and made our way through a wooded glade.

Then, suddenly, there it was, log-cabin and all—Innisfree. We quickened our step, eager to enter. Alas, the place was full and loud, though not with bees but with fellow travellers who had negotiated the gap ahead of us. Overcoming a temporary disappointment, we entered. Our hotel had thoughtfully sent on a packed lunch and there it was partaken of with many a reminiscence and witticism of our journey through the Gap.

A short distance away, at the head of the chain of three lakes, four sturdy boatmen with long-boat at the ready, were waiting to propel us back to civilization. We climbed aboard 'neath a lowering sky, pushed off and soon four rhythmic oars were propelling us south. The leading oarsman regaled us with a variety of the most weird and wonderful legends associated with the lake; we negotiated the narrows and shot the rapids, but the sky darkened the wind howled and the waves mounted Atlantic high.

I thought of Lord Ullin's daughter and wondered if we were to share her watery fate. Twelve miles of apprehensive voyaging brought us in sight of Killarney and when we finally hove-to and were made secure it was with not a little relief that we set foot on terra firma. Next day we set out to essay the celebrated Ring of Kerry. Unfortunately the weather had not improved and our journey around the peninsula was under a heavy sky. How important sunshine is to see the beauty of natural scenery. A feature of the landscape was hedges of wild fuchsia and the rainy sky was more than once irradiated by a rainbow.

Cork was our next landfall, but we intended to visit Glengariff on route to visit the famous island with its Italian Gardens and when we arrived the next day, the weather had changed and we were rowed across the calm lagoon, under blue skies and a warm sun. The island might well be Innisfree for it was a veritable paradise of flowers, trees and shrubs of endless variety.

Cork is a most attractive city with its busy river and its spacious streets with modern shops and amenities. The visitor to Cork must, of course, visit Blarney Castle and kiss the Blarney Stone. Thither we went and climbed the winding stairways to the topmost parapet. There a guide was ready to assist us while we leaned over backwards to kiss a grimy stone calculated to give one the gift of speech, while the photographer stood at the ready to snap us in our contorted pose.

On to Waterford next day to attend a session of its recently celebrated festival of light opera, but our visit coincided with a celebrity concert which we found less entertaining than might have been expected.

Holidays come to an end like all things here below, and the next day found us at Rosslare Harbour where, having been carried by the train to the quay-side, we were hoisted aboard and settled down to enjoy once again a crossing in a pacific sea.

Innisfree? Well perhaps this earthly paradise had eluded us, but as Stevenson held, to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive and our journey had certainly been hopeful and oft enchanting.

So, gentle reader, if you're tired of the fashionable continental resorts, take the boat to Ireland and experience for yourself the beauty of the Emerald Isle.



## SCHOOL LIFE IN MAURITIUS.

*by*

F. REGIS TADEBOIS, 3E.

Having come all the way from Mauritius to Swansea, I thought that an account of my former home, and of my school would be of some interest to the readers of this magazine.

Mauritius is an island in the Indian Ocean, 500 miles from the East coast of Madagascar. It has an area of 750 square miles, over 600,000 inhabitants, a temperate climate, and grows sugar cane, tea and tobacco. . . . but you can learn all these from a Geography book!

It was first discovered by the Portuguese in the 16th Century. After these came the Dutch, but they were driven out by the rats which they themselves had brought, and in 1715 the French (who apparently did not mind rats!) settled there, complete with a lot of slaves. New towns were built. Yet in 1810 the island passed to the English, and they abolished slavery. . . but again, you could get all this from a History book!

What about my school? Well, it's very much like any other school in any other place. Nearly all the primary schools are run by the government, and at 11 the children sit an exam (known as the 11 plus) as in this country. If they are successful they pass from the mixed Primary schools to the boys' or girls' secondary school. But there is one difference. You cannot even sit your 11 plus exam unless you have a good report from your primary school.

These Secondary Schools are divided into Groups A, B., or C. The first are very good schools, and are aided by the government, and you must have passed the 11 plus Exam. to go to them. Group B schools are also good schools, but not good enough to be aided by the State. To Group C school go all those who cannot get into the other two.

We learned the same subjects in the secondary schools as you do here; English, French, and Mathematics (which are compulsory) and all the other subjects. After 5 years we sit the Cambridge School Certificate, and after 7 years, the Higher School Certificate, even as you do. Two Scholarships were given in my school; one for Modern and the other for Classics. These would take you either to England to study, or to France. Other boys can follow courses in Agriculture for three years, after which they are given a Diploma which qualifies them to work on the Sugar Estates. We even had Technical Schools, where boys could follow a trade course.

Do you know what? I have come to the conclusion that school is school all the world over.

## MY HOME

*by*

DAVID SPENCER, 2E.

My house is brown and warm and bright.  
The big windows let in the light  
The garden's large, so green and gay,  
I like to play there every day.  
The goldfish pond, the roses red,  
The summer house, the garden shed.  
The weeping willow is so tall,  
It makes me feel so very small.  
You'll never guess who made all this.  
It was my father, Oh! what bliss  
To see him in his garden fair,  
He was so happy working there.  
Alas, he's dead, and is no more,  
He never smiles through open door.  
But oh! his memory never fades:  
The lovely garden that he made  
Is there for all the world to see,  
For Mother, Peter, John and me.

## IT IS SO SILENT HERE.

*by*

OLD DY'VORIAN

I never hear the lapwing cry,  
Above the brow of Cefn Bryn,  
But that I sense the loneliness  
Of each of us within.

The sighing winds and weep of rain,  
Ah, there, the loneliness;  
Our narrow cells a lifetime lain:  
The loneliness, the loneliness.

Nor you, nor I can ever know  
Why beauty moves us most to tears.  
All I can say is that it's so:  
The loneliness, the loneliness.

I'd like to get me to a hill  
And cry a cry would shatter through,  
But I do know it would be still  
The loneliness, the loneliness.

## BOMBS AWAY.

*by*

SOME SIXTH FORM CASUALTIES.

On the 6th October, 1963, an atomic bomb fell on Pontardulais! What! you didn't hear it? That's because you weren't roped in for the Civil Defence exercise. The Civil Defence is a Government sponsored organisation which moves into action on these occasions to practice for the real and terrible day should it ever arrive. Let nobody think that they play at war on these practices. We can tell them better than that. We were but thirteen from the upper school, but true to our significant total, how we suffered.

First to Llanelly. (Did someone say that's punishment enough?) where in a local hall we were prescribed injuries, ranging from "the loss of two legs" to "an atomic disease of the hand". Then we began to daub on paint, powder, and, almost, motley until we frightened away the onlookers with the utter horror of our appearance.

We were given a packed lunch ("the prisoner was given a good meal before he was executed"), and we were rushed by ambulance to the place where all real casualties would be taken in a real emergency. Here squads of soldiers, bevies of nurses, and teams of doctors took over, and operation "Fall" really got under way. The "injuries" and "conditions" were diagnosed, and we were rushed to the operating theatre or elsewhere, each according to our needs. We were given blood transfusions, stitches, bandages, sedatives, penicillin, pills, and pep talks until we were glad to be placed in a mock ward in a real state of exhaustion, to await transport to another centre twenty miles away. Mothers, babies, men, and women . . . and us . . . on stretchers, bumping over the bomb torn country to hospitals at . . . Ah, that's a secret.

All in fun you say? Not so. By the end of the day we were feeling the full seriousness of the possibility of the chaos which would ensue if the Bomb ever did go off. Let us be conscious of, and thankful for the rather unromantic Civil Defence Corps.

## COME BUY

*by*

RAYMOND BOLCH, 3E.

The shop window beckons and calls  
To bring all your friends to buy  
Bangers and bombs which crash and blow  
Rockets which shoot in the sky;  
Mountains of flames with their colourful hues  
Dazzle and daze your eye.

## KING ARTHUR—MYTH OR MAN

*by*

R. D. WILLIAMS, 3E.

We have probably all heard of King Arthur at some time. The name conjures up visions of castle turrets, fair damsels (usually in distress) and heavily armoured knights. A popular picture, perhaps, but not a true one. There seems to be little doubt as to the existence of an historical Arthur, but he is very different from the Arthur of Malory or Tennyson.

The earliest mention of him is in the 8th century "History of Britain" by a Welsh monk named Nennius. In this chronicle, he appears simply as a successful military leader of the Britons against the invading Saxons. He is the victor of twelve battles, one at Glein, four at Dubglas, one at Bassas, one in the forest of Celidon, one at the "City of the Legion", one at castle Guinnion, one at Tryvywyd, one at Mount Agned, and the last at Mount Badon. All these names are obsolete, so we do not know the exact sites of the battlefields. However, it is thought that Glein, Dubglas and Bassas were in Lincolnshire, Celidon in Southern Scotland, the next two in South Wales (Caerleon and Caerwent?) Tryvywyd in the south of England (Chichester?) Agned near Edinburgh and Badon somewhere near Swindon. Eleven of the battles are mentioned only by Nennius, but Badon is named in all the early documents.

Unfortunately, Nennius is not always reliable. His "History" is mostly based on legend. We are, however, fortunate enough to possess a contemporary record of the invasion—"De Excidis et Conquestu Britonum." (concerning the downfall and conquest of the Britons) by another Welsh monk named Gildas. He has been called, with good reason, the British Jeremiah for his gloomy prophecies about his countrymen and the inevitable fate in store as punishment for their wickedness. He refers to Arthur by his name of "the Bear" (Bear in Welsh is 'arth') and states that one of the British kings was at one time his charioteer. He looks back to Arthur's days as a golden age "When kings, public magistrates, priests and private people all did their duty". Why he never mentions Arthur by name is a mystery, but one manuscript hints at a personal quarrel between them. He fixes the date of the battle of Mount Badon between 510 and 520, which agrees with the date in the Mediaeval "Annals of Wales" where it is given as 516. Indeed, most evidence points to a British rally about this time.

One more thing we know of Arthur; he was a very devout Christian. Nennius claims that he won the battle of castle Guin-nion because he carried with him the image of our Lady, and the "Annals of Wales" state that on Mount Badon he bore the standard of the Cross.

Thus we can reconstruct a picture of Arthur as the brave leader of a united Christian Britain against the Saxon invader. But his successors were weak, and slowly the Saxons overran almost all of Britain; Arthur became a treasured memory amongst the Britons of North and West, and that memory has never died.

Dates: First Saxon settlement—449 A.D.

Arthur becomes leader of Britons—510 (approx.)

Battle of Mount Badon—516.

Battle of Camlann and death of Arthur—538.

Battle of Deorham (Saxon victory over Western Britain)—577.

## POEM

*by*

ROBIN MELLOR, UV1th ARTS.

Cavern, or else climb upward,  
You come, whose absence is  
Within the whisperings: and  
Wicked dreams plant themselves  
As summons.  
Mistress, close depriver of that  
Which I once thought, gaze on time.  
Country grief rugged looks was  
Never called the moment charged  
With drugs.  
And that which rather thus cried  
Was upon myself.  
But I have none. I speak  
Not being compared. With  
This there grows protest first  
Of manhood.  
Unto a dismal peace your  
Charms are for the air.  
Till destruction tumbles all  
Infection calls, and  
To be just was once thought honest.

## RUGBY REPORT.

*by*

PETER HILEY, 5D.

DYNEVOR 1st XV      versus      GARW 1st XV.

Dynevor kicked off, into the wind, and Garw immediately opened the game up, but their man in possession was forced into touch. This was the pattern of the game for some time. Garw attacked in an attractive manner, and Dynevor were forced to defend hard. JOHN FULLER, DAI STEELE, and LYN RIDGE, at full back, played soundly and effectively during this pressure.

After 20 minutes Garw went ahead through a penalty goal. This had a stimulating effect upon Dynevor, and the forwards, led by DAI STEELE, began to gain control. Their fierce rushes, however, were held by the Garw defence, and the score at the break was still Garw 3—Dynevor 0.

During the interval, Dynevor were sharply spoken to by their captain, ALAN HAYWARD, as well as by the master in charge, Mr. S. MUGFORD, and the result was obvious in the second half. They had more drive, more fire and much more energy. They attacked strongly, and STEELE and P. W. JONES went very near to scoring, each being desperately tackled as they were going all out for the line. A. HAYWARD, seeing a gap stole away from the scrum, and slipping several tackles, crossed for a fine try, near the posts; T. LEWIS had no difficulty with the conversion. Dynevor continued to press and in spite of a last desperate effort by Garw, deservedly held on to their lead.

**Final Score: GARW 3—DYNEVOR 5.**

Dynevor Team: T. Lewis, R. Jones, D. Steele, A. Hayward (Capt.), P. Wilson, A. Thomas, M. Maddock, P. Hiley, W. Gray, A. Tucker, R. Evans, J. Fuller, L. Ridge, P. W. Jones, S. Williams.

## RUGBY REPORT.

DYNEVOR 2nd XV v. GLANAVON 2nd XV.

Report by MARK HANCOCK, 5D.

At the unearthly hour of 9 a.m. on a fine Autumn Saturday, the School Second XV, plus some loyal supporters set out for Port Talbot to play Glanavon G.S. The ground was reasonably firm, but the wind was variable so as to make conditions rather tricky. The opposition was, as usual, much heftier than we were, but "the bigger they are, the harder they fall."

Having lost the toss, Glanavon kicked off into the wind. The ball was gathered by a forward, and immediately returned to touch on the half way line. It became obvious from the pattern of play early on that it was to be a hard forward struggle. Glanavon had a slight advantage in the line-out with two tall second row forwards, but in the loose and set scrums the ball was well heeled by Dynevor. Well served from the base of the scrum by S. HILL, D. BATH-JONES at outside half kicked intelligently in support of the forwards, and on a number of occasions the Glanavon three-quarters were caught in possession so that tries almost resulted.

A loose scrum on the Dynevor 25 yard line led to the first score. L. DOYLE, wing forward, broke loose with the ball and, supported by several other players, he kicked ahead. The Glanavon full back gathered, but was immediately tackled by three-quarter D. JOHN. The ball was then gathered by Dynevor's Captain, G. ADAMS, backing up, and he crossed the line for an excellent try. D. BATH-JONES converted. Glanavon immediately hit back, and only fine kicking and tackling by HILL, BATH-JONES, and MADDICK at full-back saved our line.

Early in the second half, D. BATH-JONES kicked a fine penalty goal to make it 8-0. The forward struggle now became even more intense, and HARRY, supported by GWYLLYM, WALTERS, DOYLE, NOTT, GORVIN and WILLIAMS worked extremely hard, as did PEREGRINE, who foraged ceaselessly for the ball. Despite their efforts, however, Glanavon crossed for an unconverted try. Mainly as the result of fine work by their out-side half. He received the ball from a scrum gathered the ball, and scored.

Final. GLANAVON 3—DYNEVOR 8.

## BADMINTON.

Report by MICHAEL L. PARKES.

This is the first time the Badminton Club has entered a notice in the Magazine. Nevertheless the club has been in existence for many years, throughout which we have always had considerable and enthusiastic support from our Sixth Formers.

The team last year, consisting of D. A. Steele, M. Moody, R. M. Cooper, D. G. Jones, B. James, and P. L. Quick, had an excellent record.

	<i>Fixture.</i>	<i>Home/Away</i>	<i>Result</i>	
			<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>
Neath	.....	Away	6	3
Swansea College of Further Education	.....	Away	8	1
Bishop Gore	.....	Away	7	2
Bishop Gore	.....	Home	2	7

This year we have over 20 members and thus have been able to form, for the first time ever, a Second Team.

The School has been fortunate to have the continued services of M. Moody (captain) and B. James who have been joined by D. James, D. Worts, D. Yorke and M. Parkes, in the first team.

This term we have had mixed success losing away to Bishop Gore by two games to seven and winning at the Teachers Training College by five games to four. The Seconds in their only game so far defeated Bishop Gore at home by seven games to two.

It is hoped that the instigation of a Tournament over the next two terms, will continue the present enthusiasm for the game in the School.

Lastly tribute must be paid to Mr. Gregory, for his continued help and advice to the club over very many enjoyable years. Thanks also to Miss J. Simms for co-operating in the arrangement of fixtures.

## SCHOOL SOCCER FIRST ELEVEN.

Report by J. HUMPHREYS.

The School Team, captained by Peter Wilson, entered the Welsh Grammar School Cup for the second successive year. The first round is in the form of a subsidiary league consisting of Penlan, Swansea Technical and Dynevor. So far, only the two legs against Penlan have been played. In the first, at home the school played some delightful football and won 4-0, goals coming from Anthony, Davies and Pelosi (2.) However, in the away leg, a much too confident school team, played much too lethargically and were beaten 2 - 0.

The highlight of the early season was undoubtedly the visit to St. Donat's to play Atlantic College. The school were soon 3 - 0 up through goals by Westernmark, Neale and Pelosi. Atlantic College surprised the school, however, by drawing back



to 2 - 3 at half-time. In the second half, the school settled down to play some neat football, and increased their lead through Anthony and Davies. The final whistle saw Atlantic College rather fortunate to get off with only a 5 - 2 beating.

The regular team was:

Lewis; Humphreys; Pring; James; Stone; Davies;  
Wilson; Anthony; Westernmark; Pelosi; Richards.

Boys who have also played include:

M. Evans; G. Neale; J. Winters; M. Thomas and  
P. Howells.

The boys would like to thank Messrs. Quick and James for their unfailing support and advice.

### NOTES ON THE SIX-A-SIDE TOURNAMENT.

by D. SINNETT.

To mark the Jubilee of the Swansea Schools Association Football League, or the S.S.A.F.L., competitions for six-a-side teams were held at Ashleigh Road Playing Fields over Half Term. As usual, willing members of staff gave up their holiday to organise it all. Previously, much time had been put in by Mr. Quick and Mr. Graham Davies, on Swansea sands, to explain the new and strange rules and to give us some practice. Our Senior A team did best. They were somewhat unlucky to lose to Penlan in the Semi Final. Actually they were drawing at Full Time, and at Extra Time, but Penlan were given the decision because they were leading on corners.

The Senior B team were also level at Full Time and after extra time in their match with Oystermouth, but they lost on corners 3 - 2. The Senior C team were out in the first round through an own goal.

The final of the Senior Cup was really thrilling. Penlan and Townhill were in extra time, with Townhill leading 3 - 1 on Corners, but with no goals scored. In the 15 seconds before the final whistle, Penlan scored a fine goal, and so took the Cup. The Intermediate Cup was won by Townhill, and Clase took the Junior Cup.

Altogether over 400 boys took part in this tournament. All of us were unanimous that the hard work of the masters was really worth it, if our enjoyment was anything to go by. I hope that more of these competitions will be held in the future.

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL FACTS AND FIGURES.

	<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>For—Against</i>
Senior XI	6	6	0	0	26 0
(under 15)					
Intermediates	5	3	1	1	10 6

### **Congratulations to:—**

Three members of our Senior XI who have played for Swansea Schoolboys in all their matches this season.

CYRIL DAVIES 4E      Outside Left

BARRIE JOSLUN 4C      Left Back

ROBERT HOWELLS 4E      Centre Half

In addition: John Grey and Tony Nancurvis have been chosen as reserves.

## **DYNEVOR SCHOOL SWIMMING CLUB.**

1963 saw the revival of the Dynevor Swimming Club Gala. A new feature however, was that the competition was to be on an inter-house basis.

From the start, it was obvious that Dillwyn House were to be strong contenders for championship honours. They had a fine team-spirit, strength in depth, and an inspiring leader in P. Quick.

In the First Year Group it was Dillwyn House all the way, with Kevin Howells in the Back-stroke and R. Presley in the Breast-stroke winning in fine style for them.

In the Second and Third Year Groups Dillwyn faced much stronger opposition. Grove House took the Second Year Championship, with B. Truby, proving to be a fine all-round performer for them.

Roberts House were exceedingly strong at Third Year Level, and in B. Fishwick in the Back-stroke and J. Harrison in the Breast-stroke, they had two excellent competitors who gained convincing individual victories for them.

At Fourth Year and Senior Level, Dillwyn once more came into their own. W. Gray in the Breast-stroke and R. Hill in the Back-stroke gained valuable points for them in the Fourth Year, while in the Senior Age Group, only P. Quick in the Back-stroke was an individual winner for them but their strength in depth enabled them to win both Relay races in thrilling fashion, and these victories clinched for them the House Swimming Championship.

### **Final House Placings.**

- |                         |                         |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Dillwyn - 107 points | 3. Grove - 70 points    |
| 2. Roberts - 92 points  | 4. Llewelyn - 64 points |



