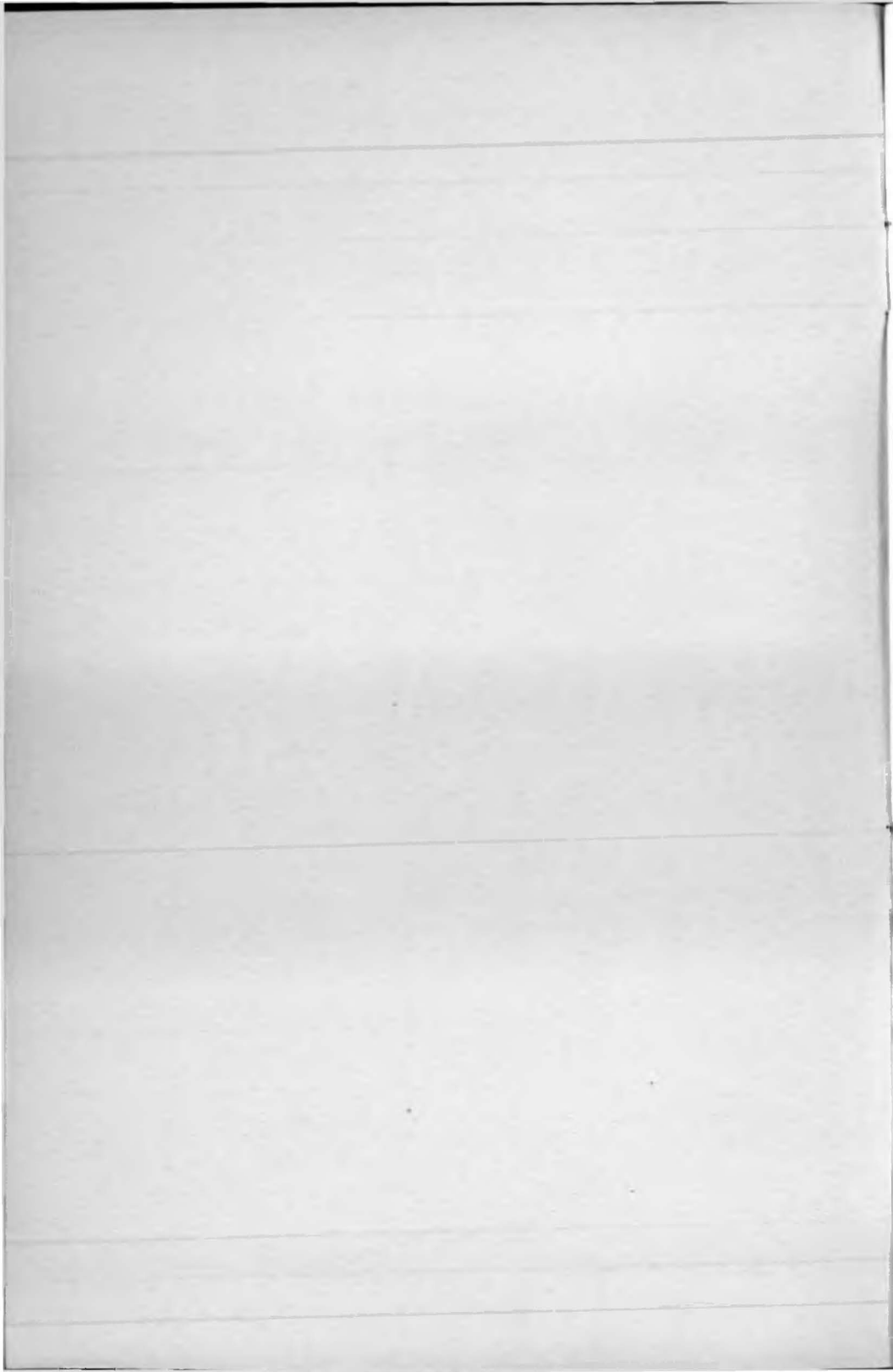


MAGAZINE

No. 108

July, 1964



GORAU ARF



ARF DYSG

Dynevour Secondary School Magazine

No. 108 No. 35 (New Series)

JULY, 1964.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

Editor: D. H. ALED THOMAS.

Welsh

GARETH A. BEVAN

Sport

PETER G. WILSON

Committee

IAN MATLEY

ROBIN MELLOR

MICHAEL JAMES

ANTHONY GODDEN

EDITORIAL.

Some men are born editors, some achieve editorial competency, others have the thing thrust upon them. Although my own claim to fame comes under the last category, one of the greatest difficulties I had was to prevent the School Magazine from becoming an anthology of my own work. However by now the Mag. is lying in your hands, and I hope it will gain your kind approval. Those boys who have a craving for school notes will find themselves well catered for in the opening pages, as for the others, we hope as they struggle through the pages they will find something which will have made the effort worthwhile.

SCHOOL NOTES.

It is with regret that Dynevour says goodbye to two long serving and well liked masters, Mr. Horace Griffiths, the School's deputy headmaster, and Mr. Tom Morgan. While Mr. Griffiths has been like a father to the boys, Mr. Morgan taught many boys' fathers. We feel sure that all boys of the School, past and present, will join us in wishing them a long and happy retirement.

Our thanks and best wishes go to all the other members of staff who leave us this term.

Mr. Michael Griffiths, an old boy of the school, leaves to take a senior post in Welwyn Garden City. Also the lady members of the teaching staff, namely Mrs. Staples, Mrs. Dewberry, Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Lewis-Williams, who have helped us in a temporary capacity.

Mr. A. C. Williams has already left during the summer term for Gowerton Grammar School.

Mr. R. J. Howells, a member of staff, is to be congratulated on having been chosen to attend a one year's course, organised by the Ministry of Education in the teaching of Russian, at London. When Mr. Howells returns to the staff of this School next year, we hope to have an expansion of Russian in the School curriculum. Mr. Kruschev will be pleased!

Christopher Davies, who left Dynevor three years ago, has surely reached the height of any university student's ambition, having gained a first in part II Tripos, and been elected as President of the Cambridge Union.

During the Summer Vacation Christopher is attending Adelaide University where he is lecturing until he flies back to Cambridge to further his education in the fields of research. Needless to say, the School is proud of this not so "Old Boy".

The School has finally (after a long struggle) procured a new sound film projector of its very own. Good use has been made of it during the last week of term. But the rumours that various members of staff, acting as usherettes on these occasions, were only rehearsing for summer jobs in the Plaza, are somewhat far-fetched.

The regular Freedom from Hunger collections in the School throughout the last School year have totalled £480. This sum has been shared between the Unicef Welsh Schools Project in Northern India and the local Swansea Appeal. Our thanks are due to Mr. Balch and Mr. Mort for organising the collection.

On May 1st at a ceremony held in Cardiff, Peter Wilson, on behalf of the School, was presented to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, in connection with the Freedom from Hunger collection.

Dynevor boys have also helped, in another aspect, those less fortunate than themselves. At the request of the W.V.S. many of the pupils of the School gave articles of children's clothing to the local collection of the W.V.S.

Spencer Davies a former Head boy of the School has entered into the disc world of show-biz. His latest record "Dimples", we were told was a cert. for the Top 20—but so far it's a case of "Where will the Dimples be?"

On February 5th, Mr. John Hill visited the School and spoke to the sixth form on the value of newspapers with special reference to *The Times*. During question time Morris of Lower VI Arts, was rather abruptly cut short by the speaker—but everyone is entitled to his own opinion as to who was the victor in the heated but polite argument that followed.

On Friday, 13th March, a School Leavers' Service was held in St. Mary's Church. The School was represented by the boys of the Fifth and Upper Sixth forms, whilst Godfrey Adams, the School's vice-Captain read the Lesson. It is hoped that the somewhat ominous date on which this service was held will be no reflection on the successes in the various careers that the school leavers will adopt.

During the Easter holidays, twenty Sixth Formers attended the Annual C.E.W.C. Conference at Swansea University. The theme of the conference was "Comparative World Religions."

At the same time, two members of the School, namely D. H. Aled Thomas, and Anthony J. Godden, both of Upper Sixth Arts, were chosen to attend the Annual Conference of the "Welsh Association for Education in World Citizenship" at Coleg Harlech.

The subject of the conference was "Contemporary World Problems," and lectures were given by prominent people from all over England and Wales. Of special interest to the School was the concluding lecture of the conference given by our Headmaster, Mr. M. G. Hughes, who spoke on "The Place of Voluntary Associations in World Affairs."

The C.E.W.C. also caters for Fourth Form interests, for once again this year pupils from the appropriate forms attended the Fourth Formers conference on July 10th. The subject this year was "Schools around the world". The chairman was Mr. Terence Lawson.

It is perfectly true that the school's swimming team intended to adopt the new topless swimsuit for the School Swimming Gala on July 17th.

Twenty-five boys and four masters form this year's Dynevor School Party on an educational visit to Paris. The tour, however, is not confined to the French capital, as it includes excursions to Versailles (12 miles away) and Fontainebleau (40 miles). In the capital itself the boys will have an opportunity of ascending the tallest radio and television mast in Europe, constructed by the famous engineer Monsieur

Gustave Eiffel. By the way, it should be seriously noted that pupils are selected for this party, not by the organiser, but as the result of consultation among the masters who know them best. *Verb. sap.*

It is pleasing to note that many Sixth Formers leaving School, have donated various books and sums for use in the School Library.

Once again the sun shone brightly for the School Sports Day on Friday, 15th May. Mr. Tom Burgess—a former master of the School, presented the trophy to Llewellyn House.

At the invitation of Mr. Emlyn Evans the following gentlemen gave Careers Talks to the Fifth Form. Mr. Jenkins (Auctioneer and Estate Management), Mr. David (Pharmacy), Mr. Johnson (R.T.B.), Mr. A. Rees (B.P.), Mr. Barker (Royal Insurance).

In the realms of Sport Dynevor has had a particularly successful season. In rugby, David Steele of Upper VI Science, gained his Welsh Secondary School-boy cap against England at Twickenham. In the other game, both Tudor Lewis and Peter Stone played excellent football for the Welsh Secondary Schools XI, and Cyril Davies played for the Welsh under 15 Team.

Gilbert Jones of Ic, received the Abe Freeman trophy for the best 'Swansea' supporter during the 1963/64 season. Dynevor supplies lookers as well as kickers!

But along with the individuals, the School teams also had an exceedingly successful season. In Rugby, the 1st years won 1st year league and cup championships of the Swansea Schools. The "C" Team also won the Intermediate Cup, whilst in Soccer the under fifteen Soccer XI were league and Cup winners and the Senior Soccer XI excelled themselves in reaching the All Wales, Ivor Tuck Trophy Semi-Finals.

Both the School's Junior Cricket teams reached the finals of the Swansea Cricket League.

The School Staff showed its hidden capabilities and talent when it fielded a victorious cricket XI against Manselton Congregational Church. The "bats" of the School won by one wicket!

Perhaps it is little wonder that the School's XV have not had too successful a season when the team photo consisted of only fourteen members in the *Herald of Wales* earlier this term.

Councillor Mainwaring Hughes and Mr. Arthur Davies presented, on behalf of the Old Boys' Association, a plaque recording the names of the Past Presidents of the Old Dyvorians to replace the one which was destroyed in the Blitz.

Mr. Tom Morgan and his Marionettes have gained further fame, as the B.B.C. are showing a half-hour film of the Puppet Show "Llyffant o Neuadd Llyffaint" on August 10th, at 5.35 p.m. Mr. Myrddin Harries carried out the burden of the work in his splendid achievement of translating the English script into Welsh. In an additional performance of the English version, £33 was raised for the Royal National Eisteddfod.

This year has brought further honours to the School. G. A. Bevan of the Upper Sixth Arts gained the Senior Open Scholarship to Aberystwyth. S. J. McGlashan won the Dr. G. H. Latham Scholarship to Cardiff.

Congratulations are due to Roy Evans, an Old Boy, on gaining his Welsh International Cap in Association Football during the past season.

It is understood that the School's Speech Day, next term, will be held on Thursday, 10th December. The guest speaker is to be Dr. Elwyn Davies, the Permanent Secretary for Wales, Department of Education and Science.

The strange disappearance of large numbers of the lower school at regular intervals throughout the last term, has been tracked down to the Eisteddfod Pavilion, where rehearsals for "Hiawatha", the Tuesday night children's concert, have been in full swing. The School plays an important role in this performance, for besides the junior choir, Mr. Gwilym Roberts, a past master of the School, is the conductor, whilst Mr. Clive John, the School's present music master, is deputy conductor for the performance.

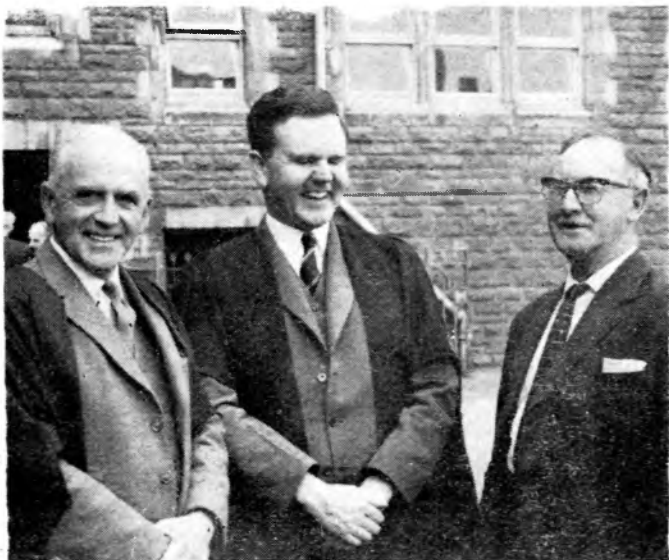
Other faces likely to be seen around the field during the Eisteddfod week are Gareth Bevan, who is acting as flag bearer and is also along with D. H. Aled Thomas administrative assistant to Mr. Tom Scourfield, and a cross section of the School acting as stewards, programme and flag sellers.

The "woodwork boys" have also been busy this term. It is understood that Alwyn Richards' revolving bookcase, and Clive Trott's bow-fronted corner cabinet, have all been entered for the Eisteddfod's Arts and Crafts Section.

MY PONY.

She's strawberry roan in colour	I ride her like a hunter
With mane and tail of black,	Across the open moor
She does not like the tether	And after every canter
Like any normal hack.	I always shout 'Encore'.

KELVIN WILLIAMS, 3c.



A NOTE OF APPRECIATION.

In the retirement of our Deputy Headmaster, Mr. Horace Griffiths, at the end of term our whole community suffers a loss which it would be difficult to over-estimate. For twelve years the intricate organisation, the multifarious activities and the sudden emergencies of our daily life have been his constant concern. The boys of the School and his colleagues on the Staff have reason to be grateful for the wise and steadfast leadership which he has provided and for the unostentatious efficiency with which he has carried out his duties.

I would like to add my own personal tribute to Mr. Griffiths for the outstanding contribution which he has made to the life of the School. Our close and friendly association has extended over seven years while, before that, Mr. Griffiths was also deputy to Mr. Glan Powell for five years. It has been my good fortune to have the benefit of the wise counsel and loyal co-operation of a colleague whom I respected and trusted implicitly and I am very conscious of my debt to Mr. Griffiths on many occasions. I know that the whole School and all his colleagues will join me in sincerely wishing Mr. Griffiths, and Mrs. Griffiths with him, health and happiness in their retirement.

I cannot end without referring also to the retirement of the Head of our Art Department, Mr. Tom Morgan, after nearly forty years service at the School, during which he has both established a great tradition and himself become almost a legend. We have admired the fortitude and determination which he displayed in his recent recovery from the ill-effects of a serious accident and have all appreciated the tremendous success of his unforgettable final flourish, the revival of "Toad of Toad Hall." We offer our best wishes to him and to Mrs. Morgan for a long and happy retirement.

M.G.H.

"TWO KINDS OF LOVE."

All around him he sees such suffering,
Enough to make man turn to
A new materialistic doctrine,
And yet he must refuse it.

For through all the untold suffering that
Satan and his Black Angels
Bring, he sees two bright hopes in Him and Pat
Who with all his heart he loves.

Infinite and finite he loves the two,
And yet he knows distinction
For it is He who tells him what to do
And that leads to contrition.

Two kinds of love form an internal strife
Which he has to remedy—
Should he love Him more than her in this life,
Is this his Purgatory?

Her death has solved his fearful choice
—Suffering 'tis sure there is—
Finite and Godhead now are one
In awful symmetry.

A. J. GODDEN, UVI Arts.

DEATH.

Overcreeping silently
As on the wings of some modern Pegasus,
Death.
Women, children, all,
Die ingloriously.
Appeasement for leaders' vanity
Unfettered by unfailing deterence
Through Man's inability
Death comes forever.

PETER COWLEY, VA.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

SIXTH FORM EDUCATION.

SIR,

As most Sixth Formers know, the sixth form in the majority of schools is simply a continuation of the fifth form with a few more privileges, and, of course, with work that requires a little more thought. The question that I would like to put to all Sixth Formers, everywhere, is—Do you think that this system is a good one? I suggest that it is not.

The type of work that must be tackled in the sixth form is such that a single period of 40 minutes, or even double period, is not sufficient to develop a single aspect in the subject concerned. If a timetable could be designed to allow a whole morning to be devoted to a particular subject, and a whole afternoon to another, there would be enough time to deal with the work to a sufficient depth, and no necessity to break off in the middle of a topic only to find that there is not enough time in the next lesson to continue. It may be argued that spending several hours on one subject would be very boring, but I believe that a pupil taking a subject to 'A' level should have enough interest in that subject to never want to stop working at it.

The sixth form is supposed to be a training ground for university. Then why not make it so? At the moment, the sixth form is, as I have already said, run on the same lines as the lower school, with masters spending most of their time chasing people for homework. These pupils who are used to being continually pushed suddenly find themselves in a university, where no one cares if they work or not, and without someone to push them they flounder and eventually become drowned in a welter of work which they cannot handle. If, however, sixth form lessons were conducted along the lines of university lectures and work set, not on what has been dealt with, but on what is to be dealt with next, pupils would have to think for themselves, and would be trained for university life. Also, those pupils who do not do the work set should be allowed the choice of failing the exam.

Lastly I would like to deal with the matter of sixth form grants. This is, of course, a must. On entering the sixth form a pupil begins his career and should be given some money to exist on, and also to alleviate the burden on his parents, which is quite often a heavy one.

In short I think, not only as a sixth former but also as a prospective teacher, that the method of sixth form education should be completely overhauled and streamlined. I hope you agree.

Yours faithfully,

ROBIN MELLOR, VI.B.

AN EXILE'S DOCUMENTARY. HUGH RICHARDSON.

When starting life at a new school, the average intelligent pupil generally allows a little time to elapse before he begins breaking rules, even if this is only because he does not know any to break. This would no doubt be true of Dynevor, and indeed of any good grammar school. As always, the Great British Public School (backbone of the Empire, sah), is different. I managed to take precisely three steps within the precincts of St. Paul's before I broke a rule. I attempted to walk straight up to the main entrance. This privilege is reserved for the elite, otherwise known as the masters. We low mortals have to walk round an enormous circle of lawn and slip in by the side of the main entrance in a manner reminiscent of a Bishop entering a night club.

This little incident highlights the most outstanding feature of Public School life, and the one I find most irritating: the over-emphasis on discipline. The need for discipline in so large and complex a society as a school is obvious, but Public Schools overdo it. In my form the weakest member has four good "O" levels, and the majority of us have seven or eight. This is surely an indication of the form's capability to work without too many cracks of the whip. I regret to say that in spite of this the form is treated like a third rate third form in Dynevor, with the exception of myself. I am regarded as a strange being from the outer darkness and left very much alone, which is very amusing and satisfying.

Having torn one aspect of life at St. Paul's and other Public Schools to pieces, I must defend them on another topic. The Public Schools have an outstanding record of passes to universities, and many people are inclined to attribute this to the universities giving applicants from them preference. As far as I can see nothing could be further from the truth. The real reasons seem to be these. There are more teaching staff to teach fewer boys, and this means that there can be more individual treatment. The schools have a greater hold over the pupils as they are *permitted* to attend—a far cry from the system where they are *bound by law* to go. Finally I am convinced that they make their pupils work harder than under any other system; they completely ignore holidays in the scheme of things and set very large amounts of holiday work. I have had to do an absolute minimum of four and half hours work a day this Easter, and out of five weeks "holiday" I only took four days off. Two years ago such an idea would have reduced me to hysterics.

A day at School follows a somewhat different pattern from one at Dynevor. At five past nine we have prayers and hymns in the school hall. The prayers are all in Latin and the hymns are sung to the magnificent school organ which many of the

boys play. This is followed by the first two lessons of forty minutes each, usually joined together as a double period. There is then what is best described as an orderly stampede to the tuck shop where juniors gorge themselves for twenty minutes and seniors sit around wearing supercilious smiles and drinking vile tea. After this break the school returns to another two lessons, and then we have a two-hour lunch break from twelve thirty onwards.

Lunch at St. Paul's is an education. First we say grace, and then we sit down and muse over what to have for lunch, a couple of poached eggs on toast, or roast potatoes, peas, carrots, roast beef, gravy and all the usual trimmings. Salt, pepper, mustard, various sauces and, where appropriate, vinegar, are laid on the table, together, of course with jugs and glasses of water. I decide on the roast beef, etc., and serve myself from the various dishes on the table. The meat itself is served by the boy at the head of the table, and as he always happens to be a personal friend of mine (assuming that he isn't me), I get twice as much as anybody else. I finish my first helping, and one of the serving ladies offers me more of this and that, and bustles off to get more of anything that has run out.

The dessert which follows is equally appetising; the most usual choices are fruit salad and custard or ideal milk, jam roly-poly, jam tart, rice, and, strangely enough, buttered rolls with cheese followed by an apple or two. Sometimes as I sit eating lunch I remember Dynevor school meals—but I still manage to go on eating. I should mention that St. Paul's boys complain about their meals as much as any boys at any school. I tell them they haven't lived.

After lunch we go out and play rugby or cricket on the school field, or we can work in our form rooms or in the library, which is excellent. If these activities do not appeal we can stroll round Hammersmith or Kensington, or go and have a look at the current exhibition in Olympia or Earl's Court. Lessons continue after two thirty, and one or two of these may take place in the new Language Laboratory where I am learning German. These lessons are a scream as the masters who run the place haven't quite mastered the art yet, and keep getting their wires and switches mixed up, with hilarious results.

School ends at four thirty and I begin my dreadful two hour journey home on two trains and three buses through the London rush hour crowds. I arrive home, spend an hour recuperating and eating, and on four nights a week I work until midnight, which may help to indicate the amount of prep. we get; although, after two terms, I can honestly say that the old place is not so bad.

HUGH RICHARDSON.

MY LIFE OF LAUGHS.

by

HARRY SECOMBE.

Laugh? Even the prefects had sore sides. I'm talking about one of my practical jokes at school that misfired and convulsed the headmaster.

This is how it happened. Fourth-former Secombe, proudly sporting a uniform of Dynevor Secondary School, Swansea, nipped into a nearby shop during the lunch break. Out I come with a packet of "funny jokes" costing me all my pocket money.

But I thought it would be worth it. The label said: "Guaranteed to make you the life and soul of the party". I could not resist using one of the tricks when the master left us alone in the classroom later in the afternoon.

I dipped my hand in the packet—and out came a small box of sneezing powder. In seconds it was all over the place and the room was in uproar. Then disaster. The headmaster walked in. Sneezing wildly, he retreated quickly back into the corridor.

I waited tensely. The door opened slowly and, face covered by a handkerchief, the Beak yelled those dreaded words: "Secombe, see me in my office."

It pains me to think of that interview!

Yes, I certainly got into lots of scrapes at school; they didn't end when I started work at a steel works. On one occasion I mixed all the wage packets. You ought to have seen the foundry men's faces when they found they had been given money intended for the office boys.

Then there was the "dumb waiter" episode. When the directors had a meal during board meetings, the food was lowered from the top floor kitchen in a small lift worked by ropes commonly called a "dumb waiter."

It seemed as though nothing could go wrong this time—until I got jammed in the shaft. The girls upstairs tried frantically to pull the lift up, but they just hadn't the strength. There was only one thing to do. They ran downstairs and pulled it down into the directors' room.

Out I fell, covered in dust. I couldn't stop laughing. Suddenly I noticed the manager glaring at me. If looks could kill, I would have died on the spot. As it was, I made a hasty departure and kept out of his way for the next few weeks.

Nowadays, I much prefer to walk up stairs than take a lift. Do you blame me?

After work came the Army. I knew what to expect, having already joined the Territorials. Not that I was particularly keen to learn about the military side of life.

It was just that everyone else in the office was in the Territorials, and they frequently went on week-end manoeuvres. Thus Secombe caught for all the work. Still, the experience served me well when I went into the Army proper, for even the Territorials are quick on the dodges.

A lance-bombardier in the Range Finding section attached to 321 Battery, 123rd Regiment Field Artillery, I found myself taking part in the first landing in North Africa, followed by service in Sicily and Italy.

It was in Italy that I decided to confine my interest in boxing to sitting outside the ring. We were stationed behind the line and regimental sports day was arranged. I was detailed to box a giant of a soldier, who looked as though he was capable of taking on five Secombes at the same time.

As if that were not enough, there was the added problem of my eyesight. I had wangled my way into the Army although I was nearly as blind as a bat without my glasses. And I could hardly wear specs, in the ring. At the same time, I could not let on to the sports officer about my eyes.

The chaps turned up in full force for the fight. They knew they would probably never see the like of it in a boxing ring again. Little Harry Secombe trying to box an opponent twice his size he couldn't even see.

I had to work out a special plan of campaign for the contest. There was no question of dodging his blows and throwing an occasional punch because I wasn't able to see the chap in the other corner at all.

So I just kept running. But my opponent was not as dim as all that. He soon got the hang of it, and waited for me to pass him on my way round. Then—wham!—he would hit me with all he had got. I was on the floor most of that fight.

I often put on shows for my mates while I was in the army but that was one that wasn't meant to be funny.

With my demob. leave in 1946 came romance. Full of high spirits, I went to a dance, where I met a girl named Myra. She seemed like the girl I had always dreamed about. I was not quite so sure next morning, however, when I remembered I had dated her for the cinema that night.

"No girl is as perfect as that," I said to myself. The day passed quickly and soon it drew near seven o'clock—the time I was supposed to meet Myra outside the Plaza Cinema, Swansea.

I was afraid that I might be disappointed if I met her; and that I might be losing a girl in a million if I stayed away. An idea came to solve my quandary. It was hardly chivalrous, but it seemed the answer to my problem.

I arrived at the cinema five minutes before the time arranged and immediately hid behind a pillar in the foyer, waiting for her to turn up. If Myra was as wonderful as I hoped,

I would go to her, but if she was not up to expectations I would go home without introducing myself.

Soon it was seven o'clock. The minutes ticked quickly by . . . but still no sign of Myra. At a quarter-past-seven she arrived, though not from the street where I had expected her. She tapped me on the shoulder from behind.

After we were married two years later, I learned why my M.I.5. trick had failed to spot Myra at the Cinema. She had had exactly the same idea—and arrived there five minutes before I did. I'm certainly glad she didn't go home.

There is a moral in that anecdote: never try to deceive a woman. She will always find out what you are up to.

RAFTING THE TYWI (or Towy) ON WATEROTTER.

For some time the Senior Scouts of my Scout Troop, the 6th Swansea (Woodcraft), had been wanting to either spend a few days, or to go for a journey on a raft. Contemplating a journey, a hike was held down the Tywi River from above Llandeilo to two miles below, at which point it was decided to call it off as it was pouring with rain.

We obtained two aircraft drop fuel tanks and three large oil drums. Permission was sought and got from the various land-owners and the Water Board. The raft was planned and built, it seemed all right and we took it to bits ready for transport. Much planning had to be done about where we were to start, what we would take, the menu, etc., etc. etc.

At 9 o'clock on Whit Saturday the parts were loaded into a lorry with all the kit and the boys. As I had only been asked to come on Friday I was picked up by one of the two Scouters at 1 o'clock and then went by car to Llandeilo, where we left his car in the grounds of a big house where Catholic Priests are trained. After walking up river along the road for about a half mile we got permission to walk along the railway track. Not far along here we decided to follow the river more closely in case the raft passed us on the way down, as we were late. My companion then went on while I minded the kit, and in about 1½ hours the raft came sailing around the corner with him on board; they had also been late. By ten in the evening we had got back to Llandeilo, and stopped just before the railway bridge. Some boys told us that the farm was some 3 miles away, a Scouter went to get permission to camp and when he returned we put up the tents and went to bed with hot soup inside us.

Next morning, Sunday, we had breakfast and then went to church in Llandeilo. After a lounge around and tidying up the site we had dinner. We set off again after dinner and just scraped under the railway bridge. We had a blow-up canvas

canoe with us as there was not enough room for all eight of us on the raft. This suddenly disappeared in front of us, it was reconnoitering; when it came back into view its two occupants were shouting "Go back!" as this is impossible, we steered into the bank. We had to unload the kit and man-handle the raft on ropes as there was a two stage drop of about 2 ft. under the road bridge. During the rest of the day's run we went aground numerous times, got brushed against a dead sheep two people fell in (we had bathers on), ran into banks and fallen trees, did a circular movement along the banks, and all the time we kept pushing and punting with big poles to keep going as fast as we could. Not only this but we were going at a measly 1 - 2 miles per hour, and even then we were going around in almost complete circles, as the river meandered very much.

We kept going until late again that night, and just before we settled down by the river, we turned a sharp corner and lost the current. The wind was blowing into us and with just bathers on it was very cold. It was too deep for us to get out and push as usual, the poles were not long enough either, so we freed a rope and tried pulling from the bank but our efforts merely pulled the raft further into the bank. By using our poles to push off at the same time we got some progress but we were really working against each other. Eventually we got ourselves to the other side where it was shallower. Whilst pushing along we suffered the danger of slipping into one of the large deep pools beneath the surface, and also we had to walk in deep mud. The plastic covering on the aircraft drop-fuel tanks was getting scraped off, and we often had to reverse to get out of shallow areas.

That night a bat was flying around us in the dark. Next morning we were off again in the now very cold water (compared to the night before). Around dinner time we came across a perfect place to dismantle the raft. There was a track leading to a farm and a road from there to the main road. With some difficulty we explained to the farmer what we wanted, he was most helpful and said we could leave the main parts of the raft at the farm until the lorry came for them. Having covered 20 odd miles we departed happily, and now look back on it as a wonderful experience.

N.B.—The name of our raft "Waterotter" has a double meaning:

- (1) Water Otter.
- (2) What a rotter.

The log of this journey won the Harry T. Richards Award for 1963. This is a competition for a well written log of the most adventurous and unusual Senior Scout Patrol journey of the year.

A. W. WAKELIN, IVA.

EXTRACTS FROM A CIVIL DEFENCE MANUAL.

1. *In Case of Nuclear War:*

- (a) Wherever the bombs drop will be the danger zone—try not to be there.
- (b) The Fylingdales Early Warning Station can give us *at least* 4 minutes warning. In this 4 minutes it would be best if you could:
 - (i) Fill 200-300 sandbags and place them strategically around your house.
 - (ii) Whitewash all your windows.
 - (iii) Get in supplies of food to last *AT LEAST* 3 months.
 - (iv) Fill your bath, and any other spare receptacles with water.

(This may take a little longer than 4 minutes, but if you practice often you should be able to come close to the time.)

IF YOU CAN'T DO THAT, 'PHONE YOUR LOCAL CIVIL DEFENCE MAN—HE'LL TELL YOU WHERE TO GO.

2. *General Policy:*

- (a) Although many people make fun of Civil Defence, it has a very important job to do:

“Civil Defence must play a large part in helping to allay the fears of the public.”—R. A. Butler.

- (b) Throughout Britain there is a chain of 14 underground bunkers built especially to protect YOU—unfortunately they will only hold 200 people each—and naturally those people must be Civil Servants and Personnel.

- (c) Many of the Ban-the-Bomb fanatics laugh at Civil Defence, using such absurd arguments as:

“If the nuclear ‘deterrent’ deters war, what is the need for Civil Defence?”

There is an easy answer to this argument, and as soon as we think of it we will inform you.

Finally I should just like to say:—Join now, it's a real idiots life in the Civil Defence! P. COWLEY, 5A.

“THE CREAM OF WALES”

During the Easter Holidays we set off on our journey to attend the fourth Annual Residential Sixth Form Conference at Coleg Harlech.

The Conference was attended by 75 pupils from all over Wales, six of whom were from Swansea.

We were told on arrival at Harlech that there were no rules which would be enforced and that we should behave as responsible adults. The behaviour of everyone present was impeccable—perhaps there is a moral somewhere.

We were expected, but not bound, to attend lectures during the morning and evening sessions, each day's affairs being brought to an end by discussion groups or filmshows. The standard of the lectures was extremely high and many discussions and arguments took place as a result of the often controversial views put forward during the sessions. Our own Welsh Nationalist and Liberal views were soon overwhelmed, by the rather surprisingly Left Wing views of the majority of the students present who we were told were the "Cream of Wales."

The social life of the students was well catered for, the afternoons being occupied by organised coach excursions and two social evenings were held.

The week was brought to a fitting close when Mr. Meredydd Hughes delivered the concluding lecture on "The Place of Voluntary Associations in World Affairs," Tony proposing the vote of thanks, Aled having proposed the vote of thanks to an earlier lecturer. We were extremely pleased when our Headmaster received the greatest applause of all the lecturers after delivering his informative and well prepared lecture, this was indeed a compliment to both Mr. Hughes and Dynevor.

Thus we left Harlech on a happy note and our views on the Conference have been heard throughout the School and we feel sure that the competition for a place at next year's Conference will indeed be very keen. We are certain that the Conference was an experience we will remember for many years to come. Many friendships were made and there has already been a reunion of those students who attended the Conference from South and Mid Wales.

ANTHONY J. GODDEN,
D. H. ALED THOMAS.

MY FAVOURITE FURRY FRIEND.

I have kept many rodents but the most interesting of them all are hamsters.

The first hamsters were discovered in 1930 when an adult female with her litter of 12 youngsters was found in a burrow near Aleppo in Syria. No other live hamsters have ever been captured since and therefore all the hamsters in the world are descended from those original 13 hamsters.

A hamster dislikes living in a pen with any other hamsters. It hates company of its own kind and this applies to hamsters of the same or opposite sex or to close relatives. Even living on its own, a hamster is very active during the night and must be housed in a pen with dimensions 200 square inches or more.

One of the great charms of hamsters is that they can become very tame—I had a white hamster, Omo, who had

many adventures. One night he escaped from his pen and climbed into my mother's bed. My mother was asleep but soon woke up, caught him and put him into a linen box until the next morning. Unfortunately Omo climbed out and disappeared. Next morning my mother was cleaning the carpets with a carpet-sweeper, when suddenly out fell Omo, dust in his eyes, ears, fur—he looked more like 'Brand X' than Omo.

On another occasion my dog caught him, but fortunately I was on the scene and forced the dog's mouth open (my dog is an Alsation). Omo rolled out, a little dazed and shocked but he soon recovered.

One other hamster I had escaped when she was in kitten (due to have babies). I never recaptured her, so who knows, I might have a family of hamsters at the bottom of our garden.

Hamsters are omnivorous (feeding on animal or vegetable) but they are still easy to feed, as they eat most cereals. The best food is mixed corn, a mixture of corn, wheat, barley, oats, etc. Hamsters have a 'cheek pouch' and into this they pack their food and store it near the nest.

These 'Toy Bears' are a little difficult to breed, but when mated their gestation period is only 15 - 17 days the shortest for any known mammal, the average number in a litter is about seven, but litters of more than twenty have been recorded. At birth hamsters are blind and furless but after about 14 days they begin to open their eyes and come out of the nest.

The young hamsters must soon be separated for they will begin to fight. Hamsters live for about three years, but some have been recorded to have lived for four years.

DAVID SPENCER, II.E.

"AH THE BRITISH."

"But the English—ah, the English!—they are quite a race apart."

First of all the British are different from all other peoples. The proof is that they are not foreigners when all the others are and expect everyone to speak English when they go abroad. The proof is also that most of the universal laws do not suit them: metric and decimal systems, driving on the right hand side, the way of spelling and pronunciation; indigestion when you bathe after a meal

But even if they live in "a snug little island—a right little, tight little island!" their island is the centre of the world for the British. When they speak about Europe, they don't include their country. Europe means Continent for them and what would we do on the Continent without them? "The continent is cut off" wrote an English newspaper on a day when all the communications by air or by sea were made impossible because of a big gale. But if they think they were lucky to be

born English, they don't have any grievance against foreigners because they are not English; they do recognise that perfection does not exist in this world even if they are very near it. Of course, they are very proud of their country but we must admit that they do not seem to possess the universality (sometimes a bit embarrassing) which makes us consider every human problem in the world as a French one.

Now you must not think I am anti-British, I do like the British and above all I like the Welsh. They are so friendly, always trying to help you when you are in trouble, and when you are not, they feel a bit sorry because they would have liked to help you; how many times did I hear this question "are you sure?" after having stated I was all right. I have learnt everything I know from the Welsh people; I am glad they were not afraid to correct me when I made a mistake and I am glad they tried to explain to me a new expression or a slang word that I had never met with before. The Welsh also wanted me to discover how beautiful their country was, and Wales is really a marvellous country. I have been to North Wales, I have been to West Wales, but above all, I think I prefer South Wales, perhaps it is because I know it better than the other parts of Wales. Anyway I spend most of my spare time walking along the Gower coast and I enjoy sitting for a while doing nothing but watching the waves playing on the rocks. I am so far away from the noisy industrial world. It is so peaceful and I think I understand why Dylan Thomas was such a great lover of the sea.

Now that I have got to leave I have to sum-up what I won't see again, all these lovely bays, these exciting rugby matches, the cockles and the laverbread, and the Welsh singing, and . . . but that is too much to part with. "Au revoir" Wales, I'll come again . . . sometime.

MONSIEUR MIEL.

COVENTRY CATHEDRAL.

All of us, I am sure, have heard of the new Coventry Cathedral, and have also doubtless seen photographs of it; but it is one of those buildings which must be seen, to be fully appreciated. When I visited it last year, I confess, I went fully prepared to criticise, and wholly unprepared for its beauty.

You enter the new cathedral, passing through the ruins of the old, which was bombed during the last war. Holy Communion is still celebrated at the old High Altar on Easter Sunday, and on the Altar is a Cross, made of charred beams found in the ruins. Having viewed the imposing remains of the cathedral, you approach the new. The first thing you see is the "west" wall—a huge glass screen, with incised figures of Angels, Patriarchs, Prophets and Saints. On entering the cathedral,

your attention is immediately drawn to the huge tapestry, the largest in the world, which hangs behind the High Altar and the Lady Chapel. Designed by Graham Sutherland, it shows Christ in Glory. Our Lord is shown seated, with nail-pierced hands upraised in blessing. Between His feet is a life-size figure, representing man. Around Christ are the four living creatures of the fourth chapter of the Book of Revelation, which symbolise the four Evangelists—the man, the lion, the ox, and the eagle. Above the figure of the Lion, St. Michael, the Cathedral's patron, is shown wrestling with Satan. Beneath the main part of the tapestry is another portion, showing the Crucifixion. Just above this is the Serpent of evil drowning in the Communion chalice.

From the High Altar, the side windows can be seen. They are long and narrow and are only visible from the "east" end as they face inwards towards the High Altar. By means of a succession of different colours, they show the stages in Man's life, and how he gradually draws nearer to God.

The design of the Baptistry Window is also symbolic. Amidst a confused and conflicting mass of colours is a large patch of light yellow and white, representing the light of the Holy Ghost shining out in the confusion of the world.

The Font is a huge three-ton boulder, with a basin cut into its upper surface. The boulder arrived, from a valley near Bethlehem, on Christmas Eve, 1960; it provides a font older even than the Christian Faith.

The distorted and twisted Cross of the the High Altar, although its appearance may at first seem strange, is a copy of the High Altar Cross of the old Cathedral as it was found, twisted out of shape, after the bombing.

The statue near the Cathedral's east entrance is of St. Michael triumphing over the Devil. It is 25 feet high and made of bronze. It was one of Sir Jacob Epstein's last works, and was unveiled not long after his death.

Unfortunately, I have no space here to deal with the many remaining features of this great Cathedral; you must see those for yourselves. And I would strongly advise all who have not done so to seize on any opportunity to see this great work of art, made by Man "*ad maiorem Dei gloriam*"—to the greater glory of God.

Note:

I have written "east" and "west", referring to the Cathedral's walls, in inverted commas, as the "east" end really faces north. It is called the "east" end, as, traditionally, the High Altar of a church or cathedral faces east; even when this is not so, the end at which the High Altar stands is still called the "east".

R. D. WILLIAMS, III.E.

FILMING IS FUN (when you know how).

The Volcano roared as the six people, bedraggled, wet, and in rags, ran across the beach to the waiting raft. The beach began to crack and shake. Then one of the girls screamed. A horde of ape-like men, armed with bows and poison-tipped arrows, chased them across the beach. One man fell, an arrow and tell-tale red blotch on his back. He writhed on the beach his fingers digging deeply into the sand before they began to stiffen. The volcano roared again spluttering lava on the beach.

When did this happen? Four thousand years ago in Africa, or perhaps in a book? Actually it happened this May in Gower. The Director called "cut". The cameras stopped rolling and another scene for "Thor Film Productions'" "Island of Terror" was complete.

"Thor Film Productions" was formed two years ago. Originally there were five of us, all in IVB and all interested in Cine photography. Today there are sixteen members and our equipment, formerly one camera, now consists of two cameras, three projectors, five tape-recorders, lighting equipment, and a small studio. Our first two films, "The Lost Valley" and "A Night in a foreign Port" were so successful that we have been persuaded to hire a hall in which to show our latest film "Island of Terror." This film, which tells of six people shipwrecked on an island complete with prehistoric monsters and natives, has been "shot" mostly in Gower—an excellent location for such a story.

Many people think filming is all fun and glamour. This is not so! Many things can go wrong before a film is finished. It has already taken nine months filming for "Island of Terror" originally planned to take only six months. When we arrive at a certain location spot and begin filming an audience of passers by usually accumulates. On the whole this encouragement is welcomed although, during the filming of "Island of Terror," a rather inquisitive dog started licking the face of a girl's "dead" body, upon which the drowned corpse promptly got up and walked away.

We often have trouble with corpses. In "A Night in a Foreign Port" when the gangster had been killed we had another interruption. Filming was taking place on a flat roof in Swansea. The gangster had just shot the heroine, and had, in turn, been shot by the hero. The two bodies were lying immovable, blood running from their mouths, when a man came out from one of the roof flats. He looked at the bodies, politely begged their pardon, stepped over them, and walked on quite unperturbed. This is not the usual reaction, however. While one of the men from "Island of Terror" was lying screaming on the sand, an arrow in his back, a woman passerby was heard to scream. What a compliment!

Filming is also hard work. While filming "The Lost Valley" it took nearly one hour to push a trunk, needed in the film, up a hill. And when we eventually got it to the top it rolled down again! At times it can also be dangerous. Personally I have had six stitches in a finger due to a mishap filming "The Lost Valley". For one sequence I was hanging over a sixty-foot quarry, held only by one hand, and being showered by small stones, in "Island of Terror". But it was worth it. The finished shot was perfect!

Filming then can be hard and dangerous work, but once you know how, it is also great fun. I would not stop filming as it grows on one, the mishaps, the disappointments, the weather, the cost, are all small points when contrasted with the whole.

Filming is fun—and always will be!

G. A. EVANS, L.VIA.

DYNEVOR OMNIBOLOGISTS.

I was quietly strolling up Orchard Street one dinner hour when I beheld a strange sight. A group of Dynevor boys, obviously Lower School, were noting down something.

It was not car numbers, or female vital statistics. So what, I wondered, was it. Suddenly one shouted, "Look, chaps, here comes a 'Renown'." I looked in their direction. A bus en route for Manselton was approaching. They noted the number in their books, No. 1243. It dawned on me that these poor defenceless boys had fallen for a new craze which has the country in its grip—*Omnibology*, or the science of buses and their habits. I was amazed.

I approached these chaps. "Got many numbers?"

No, he had not, but the Renown and a new United Welsh double decker compensated for that.

It seemed that they spent their dinner hour at the Kingsway roundabout and just took numbers. Week-ends, if finances allowed, they went on excursions to the big depots to get more numbers.

To what earthly purpose? Well, I think it satisfies natural masculine psychology. If it is collectable, collect it, be it AA box numbers, yacht pennant markings, or zebra foot prints. (I have heard a rumour that there are idiots who collect Post Offices. I wonder how.)

A lull in the traffic allowed an enthusiast to talk.

"Did you know that buses come in classes like locos?"

I admitted that I suspected as much since there were about four different types in the immediate vicinity.

"There," he cried wildly, "is a Regent V, that's a Reliance, That's an Atlantean."

Why were they called by these silly names?

These names come from the type of chassis used. However, should two different bodies be used on the same chassis type then usually the coach is suffixed as a distinguishing word.

An example appeared; Nos. 512 and 571. The former was, said the omnibologist, a Regent V with a Weyman body while 571 had Willowbrook Coachwork.

Sometimes it was much more complicated. There were, he said, no less than five different types of Regent V in Service with the South Wales Transport Co.

We all made a move towards the school. I had now seen everything.

Omnibology is not a hobby. It is a sanity—destroying vice. What are we coming to? I can already visualise the need for a society to be called Omnibologists Anonymous. Man is progressing backwards. It is not a bit of wonder that they made “It’s a mad, mad, mad, mad, world.” It is!

MARK LEE INMAN, Visc.

FREEDOM.

I walked alone along the shore
My mind aware of solitude;
The waves broke at me in a roar;
‘Release us now to break no more.’

The clouds o’erhead raced to and fro
Guided along by unseen hand;
They circled heaven high and low;
‘Release us now from working band.’

I turned and scanned the view across
The bare and silent countryside,
Yet all I saw was life in chains;
‘Release’ it pined and sadly pined.

So in my path where’er it leads
I’ve yet to find my own ideals,
And though I’ve sought, I’ve yet to hear
The bells of Freedom’s striking peals.

DAVID ADDISCOTT, Vc.

WORMS.

Now boys, I am going to tell you all about worms. You know what a worm is, don't you? It's a line of skin joining up chunks of nothing. If you go out into the garden when father is digging, you will see dozens of worms. You will recognise father by his trousers. Now, a very peculiar thing about worms is that if you chop him up in two he does not die but turns into little income tax rebates. So, when a worm is shaving, he has to be careful or he may suddenly provide himself with a large increase in family.

There are various types of worm, but we need only mention a few—wireworms, tapeworms, electric cable and barbed wire—but all burrow backwards through the ground for two reasons, one of which is to keep the soil out of his eyes and the other is that whereas they don't care twopence where they are going to, they love to see where they have just been.

Tapeworms are similar in their habits, but being rather more tender on their stomachs, their diet consists of tape, strong dishcloths and old bowler hats.

Another species, husbands, will be dealt with in next term's nature talk, under the heading of parasites. In addition, mention should also be made of silkworms, the aristocracy of the worm world, and glow-worms, which provide the lighting service. With regard to the latter, there are two points which have always puzzled investigators. Firstly, how they produce light without heat and, secondly what fun do they find in sitting in a damp ditch wearing themselves out in lighting up nothing in particular?

PETER CLARKE, IVA.

ON SHAKESPEARE.

The Time has witness'd much since his first days:
The bloody battles have been won and lost,
And nations of the world have known the cost,
Yet still we have, and read his verse and plays.
The ages have giv'n him their heartfelt praise,
Only a few have read and thought, and lost:
He knew the pains with which the mind was toss'd,
His mind, a multitude of thoughts, a maze.
He often feared Time, for Time can kill;
The earth, the rocks, he said, are wont to die,
As night is like a death unto the Light.
But still he lives within his wondrous skill,
So long as nations argue and they cry,
Then will his verse in "black ink . . . still shine bright."

BARRIE B. POPE, LVI Arts.

ANNWN.

(Annwn was the other world of ancient Welsh legend. The following piece is paraphrased from the poem of the Dark Ages. in the Book of Taliesin, called "Preiddeu Annwn"—"The Spoils of Annwn".)

Darkness hangs above the swirling waters;
Through the mists looms the fort of Annwn,
Four cornered, eternally revolving,
Strong-doored, shimmering like glass,
Guarded by Hell's dark warriors,
Ruled by Gwyn ap Nudd, lord of Death:
From such a place may none return.

R. D. WILLIAMS, III.

HAT-HUNTING.

Hat-hunting comes second only to bingo as the British woman's favourite sport.

This craze generally starts at about 35 and lasts for ever. As the hat is merely a decoration, and not a protection against bad weather, it must be used to hide grey hairs.

The hat hunter sets off, sometimes alone, sometimes with an expedition. The car is now generally used. The car is parked and the expedition sets off on foot.

Eventually the temples of the evil gods are reached. A popular one in our area is to the evil god CA.

Behind tables in these temples are priests of the god who reward the women with hats for their sacrifices. These tables are filled in, to hide the forked tails of the priests. Sometimes the priests wish to receive more sacrifices for their god. They put up huge notices saying SALE! This seems to hypnotise the women. They sleep outside the temple doors and by the morning huge crowds of hat-hunters have gathered. They rush in and see "fabulous reductions" (e.g. from 419/6 to 20gns.). They are seldom, however, loyal to one god.

Hat-hunters are extremely ruthless as they sometimes keep their colleagues talking while hat "bargains" are taken.

The hats themselves look like flower pots, Christmas Puddings, coal scuttles and frying pans (and probably are).

Hat designers ran out of new ideas years ago as new fashions are needed every few weeks. Clever plans are now used for new fashions. The great CA hires evil people (rag and bone men, old clothes women, etc.) who collect hats (and other things as a cover). These are supplied to the temples which use them as new fashions. This is possible as the hat-hunter never wears a hat when it is out of fashion, i.e., a few weeks old,

By this, one means a hat-hunter can receive the same hat about 20 times in a year. The worst, however, occurs when there is a wedding. All the women invited converge on the hat temples and emerge with the latest from Paris (evil gods equivalent of Olympus) an ordinary beret (15 gns.).

R. WILLIAMS AND G. F. GARB, III^E.

CORS CRYMLYN.

Tua milltir o'm cartref, rhwng Port Tennant a Jersey Marine, y mae Cors Crymlyn, lle anial anniddorol ar yr wyneb, ond dywedir ambell chwedl amdani, sy'n llawn diddordeb i mi, ac a fydd, efallai, o ryw ddiddordeb i chwi.

Yno, yn ôl yr hanes, y safai hen dref Abertawe, ond yn ystod daeargryn fe ddiflannodd hi'n sydyn o dan y gors; ond fel Cantre'r Gwaelod, os gwrandewch chwi â chlust ddigon tenau, fe glywch, meddant hwy, glychau'r hen dref. (Ai gwir hyn a'i peidio, gadawaf i chwi, ond ddechrau'r ganrif hon, fe ddiflannodd rhywbeth llai rhamantus i mewn i'r gors—tip glo anferth ym Mhentredwr).

Yno, hefyd, ar un o'i glannau, wrth i Badrig Sant ddychwelyd i wlad ei enedigaeth ar ôl hir aros yn Iwerddon, dywedwyd y drefn wrtho gan rai o'i gyd-wladwyr am iddo eu gadael. Yr oedd y sant yn fyr ei dymer fel llawer Cymro arall, ac felly fe droes y gwŷr yn bysgod, a'r gwragedd yn dylwyth teg.

Ni thywynna'r haul ar y man ond am un wythnos yn y flwyddyn gron. Byddai hynny'n ddigon i unrhyw le, ond dywedir am Gors Crymlyn hefyd os saif unrhywun a'i wyneb tua'r gors pan chwytho'r gwynt ar ei thraws ac os cyffyrdda hyd yn oed y diferyn lleiaf o'i dwr â'i ddillad, y bydd yn amhosibl bron iddo'i achub ei hun rhag cael ei dynnu i mewn i' ddŵr y gors a boddi.

Boddi yn y gors oedd tynged llawer dyn, anffodus—yn eu mysg Cynan, fab Rhys ap Tewdwr, a nifer o'i filwyr pan oeddynt yn ffoi rhag y Norman ar ôl brwydr fawr Hirwaun Wrgan, ac oherwydd hynny fe adnabyddid ochr ddwyreiniol y Gors fel Pwll Cynan.

Mae Cors Crymlyn heddiw mor ddistaw â'r celanedd sy'n gorwedd yn ei chrombil—ond pe gallai hi siarad . . .

GARETH A. BEVAN, UVIA.

ADNABOD EIN BRO.

'Ble fyddwch chi'n mynd am eich gwyliau eleni? Efallai i chi wneud trefniadau eisoes i fynd i'r Cyfandir. Dyna'r peth ffasiynnol yn awr. A gaf i awgrymu eich bod yn dod i adnabod eich gwlad eich hun yn gyntaf? "Cas gŵr nas caro'r wlad a'i maco" meddai'r hen ddihareb, a faint ohonom sydd yn adnabod ein cynefin, heb sôn am ein gwlad?

Yn Abertawe a'r cylch, 'rydym yn ffodus ein bod yn byw ar drothwy Bro Gŵyr, bro hyfryd mewn ardal ddiwydiannol. I chi sy'n hoffi cerdded, yna mae digon o gyfle yn yr ardal hon, i gerdded gyda glan y môr neu dros fryniau Rhosili. O Gefn Bryn, y man uchaf yn y fro, cewch olygfa ardderchog i bob pwynt o'r cwnpawd. Mae pob lôn a llwybr wedi eu nodi ar fapiau a chyda chaniatad y tîrfeiddiannwyr mae'r ffordd yn rhydd a chroeso i bawb. A ble ar wyneb daear, mae gwell traethau na thraethau aur bro Gŵyr i chwi sy'n hoffi nofio a thorheulo—Rhosili ac Oxwich, i enwi ond dau? Efallai bod gan rai ohonoch ddiddordeb mewn olion hanesyddol. Mae Bro Gŵyr yn gorlifo â chysylltiadau hanesyddol—ogofeydd, cestyll, hen eglwysi a chromlechau o'r Oes Gerring ar Gefn Bryn.

Dylem ddiolch i Gymdeithas Fro Gŵyr am ei gwaith mawr yn cadw'r fro hon yn ei stad naturiol heb ei difetha gan sioceau ac adeiladau modern afreol. Gresyn na fuasai adran ieuenctid gryfach gan y gymdeithas hon. Yn sicr dylem ni roi pob cymorthwy i fudiad felly. Os oes gan rai ohonoch ddiddordeb mewn ymuno â hi, a wnewch chi ysgrifennu ataf i, a gallwn drefnu gwibdaith ryw Sadwrn ni adnabod ein cynefin, ac i adnabod ein gilydd yr un pryd.

D. H. A. THOMAS, UVIA.

HWYRGAN.

Huling aur ar ael yr heli,
Rhodd da'r haul i ni.
Dalla'r golwg balch a'i gwêl
Fel gwên fy eilun cu.

Ar y gorwel wybren ruddliw
O leufer lawen dân
Y duwiau, fel fy nghalon gël
Am fy meinir lân.

Araf daena'r du gysgodion
Aros hebddi wnaf,
Wrth ei bath, b'le fyddai'r rhain?
Gaeaf im yw'r haf.

GARETH BEVAN, UVIA.

HANES PYPEDAU.

Fel yr ydych i gyd yn gwybod yn ddiweddar y mae cwmni pypedau yr ysgol wedi bod yn perfformio "Toad of Toad Hall", gan A. A. Milne, yn Saesneg yn neuadd yr ysgol. Hefyd mae cwmni arall o ddisgyblion yr ysgol yn mynd i'w berfformio ar B.B.C. Cymru ar Awst y ddegfed, yng Nghymraeg.

Oherwydd bod llawer o sôn am bypedau yn yr ysgol a thu allan i'r ysgol fe ofynnodd y golygydd i ni i ysgrifennu erthygl ar hanes pypedau yn gyffredinol.

Mae hanes pypedau yn ymestyn yn ôl cyn amser Crist, e.e., cafwyd hwynt ym meddau'r hen Pharoau yn yr Aifft. Defnyddiwyd hwynt yng ngwlededydd y Dwyrain a thybir iddynt gael eu defnyddio yn Rhufain a Groeg.

Wedi cwmp Ynerodraeth Rhufain bu bron i'r pypedau ddiplannu oddiar lwyfannau Eurob ond, diolch i'r Eidal, mae'r grefft wedi ei chadw'n fyw.

Defnyddiwyd pypedau yn Eglwysi pob gwlad fel cyfrwng addysg grefyddol, e.e., yn yr Eidal i bortreadu'r Enediggaeth, Y Groglith, a'r Pasg. Hefyd drwy Ewrob yn gyfrwng dramâu miragl yn yr Eglwysi, mynachlogydd a'r priordai drwy'r canol oesoedd.

Yma ym Mhrydain fel yng ngwledydd eraill y byd yn yr unfed ganrif ar bymtheg fe'u hysgubwyd allan o'r Eglwysi a'u melltithio oherwydd yr elfen ddewinol a berthyn ai iddynt. Ar ôl i'r Eglwys ymwrthod â hwynt defnyddiwyd hwynt yn unig er mwyn difyrrwch. Daethant yn boblogaidd yn y Dwyrain ond buont yn hir cyn sefydlu yma ym Mhrydain.

Yn yr erthygl yma alle' ni ddim â pheidio dweud gair am y pyped MWYAF poblogaidd, sef, PWNSH. O Ffrainc y daeth atom tua chanol yr ail ganrif ar bymtheg. Y mae'r gair "Pwnsh (Punch) yn dod o'r gair Eidaleg "Pulchino" (iâr). Rhoddwyd yr enw yma iddo am fod ei lais, ei drwyn, a'i gerddediad yn debyg i eiddo'r iâr. Dywedir gan rhai mai o enw'r actor Puccio d'Aniello o Naples gynt y daeth enw'r pyped; ac i bob dramodydd gymryd arno enw d'Aniello yn ogystal â'i nodweddion, ac felly gwneud enw'r pyped yn fythgofiadwy i bawb. Credwyd gan rhai mai goroeswr o'r byd paganaidd oedd Pwnch. Fe ddywedodd y Doctor Johnson ei fod yn ddisgynnydd oddiwrth drwg dramâu y cyfnod, a chyn hynny oddiwrth Satan ei hun. Serch yr holl syniadau 'ry'n ni'n dau yn cytuno fod Pwnsh yn dod o "pulchino" (iâr). Gwnaeth Pwnsh ei hun yn gartrefol yma cyn hir. Yn wir yr oedd Samuel Pepys yn hoff ohono ac ysgrifennodd gryn dipyn amdano, e.e.:

"Staying among poor people there in the alley, did I hear them call their fat child PUNCH; which pleased me mightily, that word being become a word of common use for all that is thick and short."

Erbyn y bedwaredd ganrif ar bymtheg 'roedd pypedau yn sefydlog yma yn sicr. Fe ysgrifennodd Charles Lamb yn ganmoliaethus amdanynt.

Erbyn heddiw mae pypedau yn fwy poblogaidd nag erioed yn enwedig gyda dyfodiad y teledu (rhaglenni'r plant yn enwedig), e.e., "Fireball XLS", "Rubavia", "Supercar". Cofiwch am "Toad of Toad Hall" yng Nghymraeg ar deledu B.B.C. Cymru ar ddydd Llun, y ddegfed o Awst, am bum munud ar hugain i chwech.

G. LL. JEFFREYS } IIIc.
JOHN WALTERS }

URDD SOCIETY.

The Urdd is a Welsh movement which consists of hundreds of children and young people who try to keep our language and the best aspects of Welsh life alive. We call it "Urdd Gobaith Cymru" which when translated means, The League of the hope of Wales. Its motto is "Byddaf ffyddlon i Gymru, i'm cyd-ddyn, i Grist." When someone takes this oath he promises to be loyal to Wales, to his fellow men and to God.

It was founded by Syr Ifan ap Owen Edwards forty-two years ago and it has been growing ever since. It has two holiday camps for children, one in West Wales at Llangrannog for the junior members and one in North Wales for the senior members. I have been in Llangrannog twice, once in 1962 and once in 1963. I stayed there for a week each time. I enjoyed every minute of my stay there. We went down to the beach every day and we had plenty of fun and games. If someone is looking for an enjoyable and happy week in the holidays where there is plenty of fun—I highly recommend one of the Urdd camps.

An Urdd Society was formed in our School last autumn. Thanks to a handful of willing prefects and a few masters the work got under way. I can remember the first meeting to which I was asked to attend by Mr. Owen, the Welsh master, who has now left, when we enlisted new members. Of course I joined up, not only because I had been a member all through my primary school but because I was Welsh speaking. I must admit only a few joined in comparison with the size of the School. As time went on we were joined by a few other boys. Before long we had an outing to the Swansea Museum which proved to be very interesting. I was fascinated by the display of many interesting things but the thing that caught my eye most of all was the old Welsh kitchen. This was truly an excellent copy of the real thing. In fact I think it was the real thing. As a result of this outing about forty boys joined us! The Society was now becoming very successful.

Since then we have had quite a number of meetings and

more and more boys have been joining us. Our meetings are usually held after school. Once, I remember we had a game of criss cross quiz in Welsh with Mr. Owen acting as quiz master. I took part in one round and had a draw with another Welsh speaking boy from my form. At another time we were entertained by some second years performing sketches and singing and other things. We had an interesting time once when Mr. Hughes, one of our masters, gave us a talk about prisons, and prisoners, as he does valuable work with these. We had an amusing half hour or so one evening when we had a juke box jury. We had a panel of three masters and a prefect played the records to us on tape.

As I have previously said, the function of the Urdd is to keep our language and the best aspects of Welsh life alive . . . its ideal is to foster the body, mind and spirit.

GORONWY RHYS JONES. IC.

STAMP CLUB.

In the canteen twice a week there is a meeting of the Stamp Club which is directed by Mr. R. J. Howells. Here stamps are sold and the proceeds go to the R.S.P.C.A. There are about fifteen regular attenders who buy stamps varying in price from a halfpenny up to a shilling. There are stamps for auction from nearly all the countries of the world but mostly British Commonwealth; these stamps are very popular with most of the boys and so there is a rush to secure the best bargain and Mr. Howells has a job to keep order. We would like to thank Mr. Howells for donating so much of his spare time to help us in our hobby.

MERVYN PHILLIPS, IIIE.

A WINTRY TALE.

Ay me! No primrose now there is
That dies 'or ere she can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength',
(Or very few). This bold clinic
Set to mimic love
Leaps from the groove and lays
A blight upon each fresh day's joys.

Bold oxlips are they, then?
Almost like men in their
Know-how carnalwise. Yet with prayers in
Eyes? Not prayers, but sins out-faced;
Clever sweet maids ungraced by
What was holy highly
Won; once stol'n, ever must be rued.

OLD DY'VORIAN.

THIRD FORM THURSDAY DEBATES.

MOTION: *This house believes that corporal punishment is a necessary penalty.*

The meeting was opened by Chris Parfitt of 3E, the Chairman, who then called upon R. Williams of 3E, the proposer, to open the debate.

The proposer rested his argument upon the supposition that physical discomfort was more impressive upon the memory, and the mind, than other forms of punishment, such as jail or heavy fines. This, especially in the case of the Mods and Rockers in Clacton and Margate. He went on to say that he considered the slipper, or the cane from the Head, to be more effective than detention or lines, and that there was less juvenile delinquency in schools with minor corporal punishment.

The opposer, Alan Hughes of 3D, then began his argument by stating that most young offenders come from unsettled homes, and that corporal punishment in these cases would do more harm than good, and, therefore, the proper way to treat these is to send them to detention centres where they could learn a trade. After corporal punishment, A. Hughes said, these people might resort to violence as revenge. The opposer considered that longer jail sentences or heavier fines would affect youths more than a birching.

The seconder to the proposition, A. James of 3D, was the first to consider the use of the birch in jails. He believed that it would be a useful aid to discipline in jails. He also argued that psychological "soft-talk" treatment had been used but had obviously failed, therefore the birch was the logical resort.

The seconder to the opposition, P. Dorell of 3E, stated that corporal punishment being administered to juvenile delinquents would cause more trouble, as it would anger them.

The Debate was now opened to the floor, and the first speaker was K. Simpson of 3E, who pointed out that fines would effect the parents and not the boys.

T. Evans, of 3D, then declared that boys were not deterred from future misdemeanours by corporal punishment, but that the best penalty is to force them to repair the damage done. Another speaker from 3E believed that corporal punishment affected the pride as well as, or even more than, the physical discomfort affecting the body.

After one or two other speakers from the floor had put forward their statements, the proposition was summed up by R. Williams by presenting the fact that corporal punishment makes an impression upon the mind as well as the body and deters the people from future similar offences.

The opposition's argument was summed up by A. Hughes, plainly stating that jail or fines were more suitable for public offenders; and lines or detention in schools, than corporal punishment.

Two votes were carried out by the Chairman, the vote on the motion, and on the better debating team. The motion was carried by 26 votes to 22, with 4 abstentions. The proposers R. Williams and A. James were unanimously voted the better debating team.

Debates are held by forms 3D and 3E once in every three weeks, during the first period on a Thursday morning, and each debate has so far proved enjoyable to both forms and masters.

P. WEBSTER, 3E.

CHESS CLUB.

The Chess Club was founded by Mr. Graham Jones at the beginning of last year. It was originally intended for first and second years only but the attendance began to drop and the third years were invited to attend.

Some of the very staunch supporters are Maynard, Prosser, Jones, Hayward, Mendus, Rees, Stone and Hargreaves.

The competition is normally on an inter-form basis. Occasionally as the time is limited, one match has to be continued the following week.

Mr. Jones was also responsible for helping to organise the first and second form Chess Tournaments last year, and the success of the club is largely dependent on his continued support, for which we are very grateful.

T. ROWLAND JONES.

SCHOOL ANGLING.

The Trout or *Salmo Trutta*.

May is the trout's month, and no other time is better for discussing this beautiful fish. These are its calm days. April and June and September are very good months, but it is in May that the Trout angler can experience all the delights of his art.

To talk of the trout itself, one must not think of it as a single fish; there are many species. Only one is native to Britain,—the brown trout, or *salmo trutta*. To the expert, each trout is clearly marked by its native environment. A trout from a clear stream such as the Teifi has clear markings, whereas one from a North Country beck of of darker water has darker markings, and is much smaller in size. This change in markings can and does occur within the same stream as well

as from stream to stream. Thus one day one may catch a golden coloured fish, and then next, from the same spot, one can take a black one. This protective colouring is affected—so the scientists tell us—by visual impression, so that the pigment cells change their form. Black trout are apparently suffering from blindness in one or both eyes, or from the attacks of internal parasites.

But although its appearance may vary, its nature never does. It has an elegant nature, all of its own, and although it is a fierce fish, as can be seen by its large mouth and sharp teeth, it has nevertheless a fineness.

So it is not surprising that anglers call it an aristocrat.

Through the centuries men have pondered upon the trout, studied its feeding habits, and have cleverly continued to imitate with whisks of fur and feathers, the flies it eats. And these men were not idle men, with minds incapable of more ponderous matters. Even today, nearly five hundred years after the first fishing book published in English, men still debate as strongly and as inconclusively as ever, the habits of the trout. That is the measure of the challenge which the trout presents to all anglers everywhere.

PETER TOYE, LVIA.

OLD DY'VORIANS ASSOCIATION.

Officials of the Association have been very pleased in recent years to see the increased interest taken in our activities by many younger Old Dy'vorians, and it is their earnest hope that all those due to leave school this summer will contact the Hon. Secretary with a view to joining our ranks.

Present pupils of Dynevor were given an example in May of the high regard which many prominent Old Dy'vorians have for their old school, when Councillor W. T. Mainwaring Hughes unveiled a plaque in which were inscribed the names of all Past Presidents of the Association. This plaque which replaced the one destroyed in the last war was presented to the school by Councillor Mainwaring Hughes who suggested to the boys that such a plaque could serve as a reminder to them of the interest which many eminent citizens of Swansea had retained for Dynevor in the past.

The new President of the Association, Mr. Arthur Davies, received his chain of office at the annual dinner last March from his energetic predecessor, Mr. Wilfred Thomas. In addition to Mr. Davies' contribution to the success of the evening, our thanks are also due to the School's Headmaster,

Mr. Meredydd Hughes, Mr. Myrddin Williams, Chief Quantity Surveyor of Swansea Corporation, and Mr. Stanley Rees, Headmaster of Llanelly Grammar School. Their after-dinner speeches were of a high standard and set the seal on a very happy and successful function, held for the first time at Swansea Univefsity College.

Our other annual social activities include two social evenings at the Swansea Sports Club. These functions have proved immensely popular and have brought us several new members.

Another cause of satisfaction to the Committee has been the great demand for an opportunity to play in the Old Boys' rugby and cricket teams against the school at St. Helen's. Indeed, enquiries concerning these matches are made at the school months before they are due to take place.

In addition to rugby and cricket, the Association also has a flourishing Golf Society, whose annual matches against the Old Grammarians, we are informed, are very enjoyable and keenly contested competitions.

We would like to offer sincere congratulations to all those Old Dy'vorians who have gained academic success this year. Particular mention must be made of Christopher Davies, whose election as President of the Cambridge Union and very high academic achievement have reflected great credit upon the School. Our congratulations to him on these high honours.

Finally, on behalf of many generations of past pupils, we wish to offer Mr. Horace Griffiths, Deputy Headmaster, and Mr. Tom Morgan, Art Master, our very best wishes for a long and happy retirement.

Mr. Griffiths' expert teaching of French and the wise and kindly guidance he gave as Deputy Headmaster have played an invaluable part in the education of countless boys, while Mr. Tom Morgan's long years of loyal and expert service to Dynevor have made him one of the most respected and popular masters in the history of the School.

Our sincere thanks and kindest regards go to both of them now at the end of their long and successful careers.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A FOOTBALL FAN.

Monday, 20th.

Took a week's unofficial holiday. Left the wife and kids and boarded the 9.0 a.m. train for Sheffield.

Tuesday, 21st.

Managed to sober up in time to get off at Crewe. Took a train to Liverpool. Was unable to get a ticket for the 'train wreckers special'—sold out. However, did obtain 'The Complete Football Supporters' Outfit.' Consists of

4 Hancock's 'Five-Five' (empty) beer-bottles—chosen for their ability to break up quickly—and 2 soundless darts. (The outfit also has an instruction booklet containing choice expressions for the unimaginative supporter—guaranteed to make the ref.'s hair curl.)

Wednesday, 22nd.

Sobered up in time to get the early-morning train to Sheffield. Booked in at a hotel. During the day met an amateur referee in a pub. Discovered that I knew very little about the laws of the game.

Thursday, 23rd.

Stayed in all day. Read the instruction booklet in my football supporter's outfit. Marvellous little book. It even has a list of excuses which managers give when their teams are not playing well. Opposite an excuse it gives what a manager really means, for example:

EXCUSE NO. 164. "We have no money to buy new players."
What this manager really means is that his directors are too tight to give him any.

Friday, 24th.

Met a few fellow Swans' supporters. Spent the rest of the day making paper daffodils. When my landlady saw me she thought I was mad. Told her I was a football supporter. She seemed quite satisfied after that.

Saturday, 25th.

Big day. Police confiscated my bottles and darts. Repaid them by planting daffodils on the pitch. Nearly caught. Learnt after that others were not so lucky. Thinking of selling my story to the *Evening Post*, entitled 'The One that Got Away'. Swore at Barrie Jones.

Sunday, 26th.

Hic!

Monday, 27th.

Wife and workmates seemed disappointed when I got back home. Thought I had gone for good.

Tuesday, 28th.

The replay. Sang "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!" Embraced Barrie Jones. Great little player. I take back all I said about the 'Swans'—some of the less abusive sayings, anyway.

Wednesday, 29th.

Profound shock. Realised that I did not boo' once yesterday. Shall have to support Cardiff City—they are playing badly at the moment.

IAN MATTEY, LVI, ARTS.



THE SCHOOL STAFF

LEFT TO RIGHT

Back Row—Messrs. I. E. Jones, D. T. Howells, G. Davies, W. Quick, S. L. Bassett, L. G. Morris, Thompson, J. V. Francis.

Third Row—Messrs. S. H. Mugford, I. C. John, D. J. Hopkin, D. Farriday, R. Howells, M. J. Davies, I. Mort, G. Hounsell, M. W. Griffiths, J. H. Davies, D. Jones.

Second Row—Messrs. E. Evans, G. Jones, T. James, C. McGivan, B. H. Davies, O. J. Hughes, G. Andrewartha, G. Gregory, B. Davies, A. Balch, E. Abbott, G. Jones, H. Lloyd.

Front Row—Messrs. R. B. Morgan, M. Harries, Mrs. Dewbury, Messrs. C. Evans, H. J. Griffiths (Deputy Headmaster), M. G. Hughes (Headmaster), T. Morgan, Miss J. Sims, Messrs. O. A. Morris, J. L. Bennett, C. A. Jones, T. H. Chandler.

SPORTS EDITORIAL.

It is pleasing to note that the School has had one of its most successful ever years on the Sports field, and we trust that this has not been to the detriment of the academic work of the boys concerned.

Four boys were capped for Wales: D. A. Steele for rugby, and Tudor Lewis, Philip Stone, and Cyril Davies for football.

Details of the performances of most of the teams appear on the following pages, but we would like to record the relief of the members of the 1st XV at defeating the Old Boys for the first time for many years.

We would like to thank all the masters who have given up their time to supervise the various teams, and we look forward to their continued support.

SENIOR XI FOOTBALL.

The past season was one of the most successful for many years. After winning the League Championship they completed the double by defeating Llansamlet 4-1 in the Cup Final at the Vetch Field, and finished the season undefeated.

Five boys represented the Swansea Schoolboys this year, and of these Cyril Davies gained his Welsh cap, and B. Joslyn was selected as reserve.

INTERMEDIATE XI.

The Intermediate team, captained by Robert Thompson, also had a successful season, reaching the semi-final of the cup competition, and being joint runners-up in the League with Townhill.

The attack did well to average almost two goals a match,— Tony Williams collecting twelve goals. Unfortunately the defence conceded an even greater number of goals, and if it had not been for the rather unbalanced nature of the side, the record may have been even better.

RECORD.

P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Goals		Pts.
					Against		
10	5	1	4	18	20		11

DYNEVOR 1st XI SOCCER. 1963 - 1964.

RESULTS		F.	A.
v. Swansea Schoolboys	..	3 —	5
v. Swansea Technical College		5 —	0
v. Penlan School	4 —	0
v. Penlan School	0 —	2
v. Swansea Schoolboys	5 —	1
v. Atlantic College	5 —	2
v. Milford G.S.	1 —	1
v. Milford G.S.	3 —	2
v. Swansea Town 'A'	1 —	3
v. Quakers Yard, Merthyr		6 —	4
v. St. Asaph G.S.	0 —	1

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
1st XI	11	6	1	4	33	21

PEN PICTURES.

Goal: LEWIS, TUDOR: Aged 18, Ht. 6' 0"; wt. 15st. 3lbs.

Amateur with Swansea Town A.F.C. One of the team's two internationals at the 'Grammar Schools' level. Was outstanding in International against Scotland at Motherwell.

Right-Back: HUMPHREYS, JEFFREY: Aged 17, Ht. 5' 9", Wt. 11st. 2lbs.

Vice-Captain. Sturdy defender. An astute tactician who reads the game well. He is the side's penalty expert.

Left-Back: PRING, MALCOLM: Aged 17, Ht. 5' 8", Wt. 10st. 7lbs. A difficult back to beat. One who always tries to play football and is exceptionally strong in the air.

Right-Half: JAMES, BRIAN: Aged 16, Ht. 5' 8½", Wt. 10st. 6lbs. Solidly built wing half who plays the game hard, but fair. An expert in the 'Dave Mackay' art of the long throw in.

Centre-Half: STONE, PHILIP: Aged 16, Ht. 5' 8" Wt. 11st. 7lbs. The 'baby' of the side, yet is the side's other international along with 'keeper Lewis. Despite his lack of inches he is exceptionally strong in the air, and a tenacious tackler on the ground. Played exceptionally well in International at Motherwell.

Left-Half: DAVIES, ALAN: Aged 17, Ht. 6' 2", Wt. 11st 5lbs.

Tall half back of slim build. His mobile game befits his build. He is particularly strong in the air.

Outside-Right: WILSON, PETER: Aged 19, Ht. 5' 10½", Wt. 11st. 6lbs.

Team Captain and oldest member of the side. He has achieved great success on the athletics track, and puts this speed to effective use on the football field.

Inside-Right: ANTHONY, GEOFFREY: Aged 16: Ht. 5' 5", Wt. 9st 12lbs.

Although the smallest member of the side he is a tireless worker with unbounding energy. Since being converted from the wing he has combined the making and scoring of goals, with great success.

Centre-Forward: WESTERMARK, ERIC: Aged 17: Ht. 5' 11½", Wt. 12st. 6lbs.

This heavily built centre-forward is the side's prolific goalscorer. He is very conscientious in his approach to the game. Many of his goals are scored in the air.

Inside-Left: PELOSI, PETER: Aged 18. Ht. 5' 11½", Wt. 10st. 10lbs. A tall mobile inside forward who gets through a large amount of work quietly, yet efficiently.

Outside-Left: RICHARDS, COLIN: Aged 18, Ht. 5' 8", Wt. 10st. 2lbs.

A slightly built winger of the ball-playing variety. He is very nippy, and is able to beat his man on the proverbial sixpence.

APPEARANCES AND GOALSCORERS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Appearances</i>	<i>Goals</i>
Anthony, G.	I.R.	11	6
Baglow, A.	G.K.	1	—
Davies, A.	L.H.	10	2
Evans, M.	G.K.	2	—
Howells, P.	W.H.	2	—
Humphreys, J.	R.B.	11	2
Janes, B.	R.H.	11	1
Lewis, T.	G.K.	7	—
Neale, G.	R.W.	5	1
North, M.	G.K.	1	—
Pelosi, P.	I.L.	11	5
Pring, M.	L.B.	11	—
Richards, C.	L.W.	10	—
Westermarck, E.	I.L.	10	12
Wilson, P.	R.W.	8	3

D. L. EVANS, LVISc. 2.

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

Interest in athletics seems to have waned slightly in the School this year. Some of the senior boys who have formed the backbone of the team in previous years were either affected by examinations or injury, and did not achieve any great success.

In the Lower School there was an obvious apathy to athletics, and if Dynevor is to become a strong force in athletics it must cease to be a second or third choice behind football or rugby and cricket.

There was, however, some hope for the future in the performances of K. Lancey and R. Isaac, while a few other boys also did well to qualify for the Glamorgan Secondary Schools Sports.

Athletics more than any other sport, requires all the year round preparation, and we look forward to more boys joining us in training next term, and a successful term of cross-country running.

SPORTSDAY, 1964.

This year we were again very fortunate to have a glorious day for our sports, but in contrast to previous years there was a comparatively poor turn out of parents.

After the field events, which had been held during the previous week, Llewellyn had established a fairly substantial lead, and Roberts were trailing a very poor fourth.

After the first few events it was obvious that Llewellyn's conscientious training was paying dividends. They were fortunate also in having the Victor Ludorum in K. Lancey, who won the group facer 880 yds., 440 yds., Triple Jump and the Long Jump. Grove too had a good competitor in P. W. Jones who won three events and was second in another.

The Mile again attracted a large entry many of whom only don a pair of shorts on this one occasion each year. The general standard of this race was not very high, and Westminster soon decided that the pace was too slow, and broke away in the first lap to open up a convincing lead which he had even increased at the tape.

Although many records fell during the afternoon, the standard in some events, particularly the field events, is only average and leaves much room for improvement.

The final result showed an overwhelming win for Llewellyn—a due reward for their hard preparation.

RESULTS:

Dillwyn	..	108 points
Grove	..	102 points
Roberts	..	104 points
Llewellyn	..	157 points

The Cup was presented to D. A. Steele, Captain of the winning House, by Mr. T. Burgess, a retired Physical Education Master at the School.

UNDER 15's CRICKET XI.

<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Points</i>
6	5	1	0	10

The team had a very successful season highlighted in the very exciting final at Ashleigh Road. The School unfortunately lost this match against Llansamlet, with Llansamlet scoring the winning runs off the last ball of the match, after there had been a dispute about the scores.

Three boys have played for the schoolboys this season Sinnet, VE (Captain) Brown, IVD (Vice-Captain); and R. Thomas, IVC. Parfitt 3E was a reserve. Sinnett and Brown also reached the final trial at Newport for the Welsh under 16's team and Sinnett was chosen to represent Wales.

The team wishes to thank Mr. Quick for his enthusiasm and support which contributed so much to the team's success

CRICKET : 1st XI

In a season marred by a large number of cancellations, the 1st XI has to date, been quite successful, although at the time of going to press there still remain to be played the annual end-of-term fixtures against Bishop Gore and the Old Dyvorians, and, of course, the staff match.

The unusually young team, captained by the experienced Tudor Lewis, has won three of its five games drawing and losing in the other two. Considering the fact that very few of the team are leaving this year, we again hope for a successful season next year.

Generally the batting has been more sound than in recent seasons, with most players reaching some respectable scores. The best performance of the season was a fine innings of sixty not out by J. Humphreys, the score being all the more remarkable since it was part of a team total of 77 all out.

The attack, though noticeably lacking in pace, was consistently accurate and with the aid of superb fielding generally succeeded in containing the opposition. Best bowling performance of the season was by R. Williams who took 9 wickets for 13 runs against Penlan School, which, it is believed, constitutes a School record.

Though for us the season has been generally successful, we wish to record our regret that the feature most forcibly impressed on the minds of opposing teams was once again the marked lack of interest shown by members of staff towards the 1st XI matches, and we trust that something will be done to rectify the existing position.

The essential scores and high-lights of the matches played are given below:

v. PONTARDAWE (Away) (Won).

Dynevor: 70 all out. (G. Anthony 26, D. Edwards 23).

Pontardawe: 30 all out. (D. Jenkins 6 for 11, R. Williams 3 for 19).

v. DYFFRYN. (Home) (Won).

Dynevor: 77 all out. (J. Humphreys 60 not out, T. Lewis 14).

Dyffryn: 76 for 8 wks. (R. Williams 4 for 16).

v. YSTALYFERA. (Home) (Lost)

Ystalyfera: 112 for 8 wks (L. Carver 3 for 17).

Dynevor: 45 all out. (J. Humphreys 22).

v. PONTARDAWE (Home) (Drawn)

Dynevor: 109 for 8 wks dec. (L. Carver 21 not out K. Morris 18).

Pontardawe: 79 for 5 wks.

v. PENLAN (Away) (Won).

Dynevor: 93 for 5 wks dec. (G. Anthony 28 not out K. Norris 23).

Penlan: 25 all out. (R. Williams 9 for 13). L. CARVER.

TENNIS TEAM.

The tennis team has enjoyed a season of mixed fortunes, winning half of their six fixtures. The strength of opposition was, however, greater than had been encountered in previous seasons. B. Jones (Captain), G. Adams, R. S. Williams, R. Hurst, M. Hancock, J. Humphreys, P. Jones, R. Brown, and W. Holt played for the team but there were many others besides who showed a keen interest. It is therefore hoped to form a 2nd team next season.

W. E. HOLT *Secretary.*



