

Roger Williams U.V. Sc.



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STATE OF ALABAMA

GORAU ARF



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Dynevor Secondary School Magazine

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Sports: PETER WILSON

EDITORIAL

Once again we are called upon to produce a magazine which at once must inform of the happenings during the term, as well as amusing its readers. Amidst the hectic events of this term, it has been easy enough to present news; it has, however, been quite difficult to produce a section which will inform and amuse, faced, as we were, with a small contribution from the first to the fifth forms. We, therefore, appeal to all aspiring writers and poets in these forms to emulate the grand effort of the sixth-formers, and make the next magazine (which perhaps will be one of the last), an effort worthy of the writing talent of this School.

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Successful New Year.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We wish to express our deep sense of loss in the death of Alderman Mrs. Rose Cross who, as Chairman of our Governing Body, showed great interest in the affairs of the School.

Following the retirement of Mr. Horace Griffiths from the Deputy Headship of the School we should like to offer his successor, Mr. Clifford Evans, our best wishes in carrying out his new duties.

We welcome the following new members of staff: Mr. A. Davies (Welsh), Mr. W. D. Davies (History), Mr. P. J. Fox (French), Mr. T. Moss (Mathematics), Mr. T. W. Stephens (Science), Mr. A. W. Williams (Art), Mr. N. A. Williams (Mathematics), Mr. B. Harding (French, Latin), Mr. J. Rees (Geology and Geography); Assistants: M. Le Gad and Herr Hoffmann.

This year's School Captain is Roger Williams, U.VI. Sc. and the two Vice-Captains are E. Wynne Lewis and W. Brian James, both of U.VI Sc. The following were appointed Prefects: P. W. Davies, G. A. Evans, W. E. Holt, R. A. Hurst, B. J. Morris, I. M. Matthey, D. Spear, S. Walters (U.VI Arts), D. Batchelor, L. Carver, R. Evans, J. Humphries, M. L. Inman, T. G. Lewis, T. Owen, J. Peregrine, L. Ridge, E. Westermarck, R. S. Williams, and D. J. Williams. The following were re-appointed Prefects, Peter Wilson and Michael Williams (U.VI Sc.); Anthony Godden (U.VI A.).

We congratulate Martin Evans, who left Dynevor in July, 1964, on the award of a United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority Production Group Studentship at Manchester University. The School was also proud to hear that both Roger Williams and E. Wynne Lewis have been awarded Meyricke Welsh Foundation Scholarships at Jesus College, Oxford. Six of these Scholarships were awarded for the whole of Wales, which makes it all the more remarkable that two of them have come to Dynevor.

Christopher Davies, this term's President of the Cambridge Union, has sent the School a copy of the Cambridge Union Programme. Latest awards to Christopher include a Batchelor Post-Graduate Studentship at Emmanuel College; the Cambridge University Wrenbury Award for the best result in the Economics Tripos, and a State Studentship.

Another old boy of the School, Adrian Williams, has gained the award of Ph.D.

A Mock Election was held in October just before the General Election and aroused widespread interest in the School. A report appears later in the Magazine.

This term a highly successful Basketball team has been formed by the senior pupils under the direction of Mr. W. Stephens. We hear that a Table-Tennis team is to be formed in the near future with the help and instruction of Mr. B. Harding.

The Annual Speech Day Function took place on the 10th December, at the Brangwyn Hall. Dr. Elwyn Davies, Secretary for Welsh Education, the Department of Education and

Science, was our guest speaker and once again the event was very well supported by the parents of our Boys. A fuller report will be found later in the Magazine.

Once again the School has produced an entertainment consisting of an Opera and a Play. A wonderful spirit has been found throughout the School during all stages of the production. Both staff and pupils have worked well together to help make this venture a success.

A conference of the Student Christian Movement in Schools took place at the School in late October. The School felt honoured to be chosen as host school as the Conference marked the 21st Anniversary of the foundation of the S.C.M. in Schools. At the end of the Conference, whose topic was "The Meaning and Implications of Freedom," a service was held to commemorate the Anniversary in Mount Pleasant Chapel and was attended by the Mayor and Mayoress of Swansea.

At the same time some of our Sixth Formers attended a United Nations Day Demonstration at the Guildhall. The guest speaker was Sir Ben Bowen Thomas, who also acted as Chairman for one session of the S.C.M. Conference.

On the 7th December members of the Gideon Society visited the School and presented New Testaments to the 1st formers during Morning Assembly. The efforts of the Gideons to make a Testament available to every boy in the School is much appreciated.

We have received news that Membership of Urdd Gobaith Cymru has soared within the School this term and several meetings have been held. Support has come not only from the junior forms but from the seniors as well.

The Freedom from Hunger Campaign Collections have continued again this term. It is hoped that the up-to-date news which has become available will lead to a renewal of support for a Cause which Dynevor has already strongly supported.

We should like to congratulate all those who took part, in some way or another, in the National Eisteddfod at Swansea. Wynford Evans, who left Dynevor in 1962, won the Tenor Under 25 Competition and was only one mark short of winning the Students Section also. Boys from the School also played their part in the widely praised performance of "Hiawatha" and we understand that a half-day holiday is being awarded in appreciation of the combined efforts of the schools in this production.

PREFECTS



Back Row (L. to R.)—D. J. Williams, L. Carver, P. Wilson, J. Humphries, L. Ridge, R. S. Williams, T. Owen, W. E. Holt.
Middle Row (L. to R.)—D. Spear, G. A. Evans, J. Peregrine, M. L. Inman, I. M. Matthey, S. Walters, R. Evans, R. A. Hurst,
P. W. Davies, B. Morris.
Front Row (L. to R.)—D. Batchelor, A. J. Godden, M. Williams, B. James (Vice-Capt.), Mr. M. G. Hughes (Headmaster),
Roger Williams (School Capt.), Mr. C. Evans (Deputy Headmaster), E. W. Lewis (Vice-Capt.) and E. Westermarck.

AN IMPRESSION OF SWANSEA.

Although I have not been a resident of Wales for long (it is now just four months since I left the U.S.A.), I've already noticed quite a few things about Swansea that interest me.

Swansea is roughly half the size of Portland (my home town in Oregon), and about 332 miles farther north. However, the most noticeable difference is the general air of the city. Swansea is blessedly free from the neon signs, telephone poles, overhead wires, huge billboards, and used-car lots which seem to afflict many American cities. Portland, on the other hand, is the telephone pole "capitol" of the U.S. (more poles per inhabitant than any other city).

Both cities are plagued by rainy climates, at least Swansea is supposed to be. (This year has so far been enjoyably dry.) Because of the abundance of rainfall, there is much greenery in both cities. Parks, gardens, trees and plants are as numerous in Swansea as in Portland. The beautiful expanse of Singleton Park is exclusively Swansea's. Portland has nothing quite as large or impressive.

An aspect of British life which I find quite enjoyable is the bus service. The novelty of a double-decker bus has still not worn off. Moreover, the buses are frequent, clean, and comfortable. By comparison their American counterpart seem shabby indeed.

Swansea, flattened during the war, in rebuilding has merged the old and the new very well. The downtown shopping area, and new modern buildings like the Dragon Hotel, do not clash with the older parts of the city. Eversley Road, where I am temporarily living, illustrates an interesting architectural style prevalent in Swansea.

I will not dwell upon Dynevor School, with its pointy-toed shoes and picturesque (to say the least!) haircuts. I think there are many aspects of British education which might be profitably altered. I don't think it is my prerogative to point them out, being simply a foreign observer. I should like to say that an American "High School" is quite different from Dynevor. The most striking difference is the fact that my school in America is coeducational. Also, the 2,300 students range in age from 14 to 17, which means that the atmosphere is slightly more conducive to social maturity. I am happy to be gaining an insight into the machinery of British education this year, and I intend to profit by it.

I do miss things here, of course. Certainly I miss my old friends, my school, my home, and the family St. Bernard dog.

(Also a really efficient supermarket in lieu of the many small "hunt and peck" shops, would be welcome). Yet in spite of the things not yet done, Swansea has developed an attractive character of its own. But alas, I am prejudiced. Through force of habit I see Portland as my special "home" city. I am sure that many unbiased observers would prefer Swansea.

JON FUSSNER.

OCTOBER 16, 1964

The golden browns and yellow hues are still with us.
That joy, streaming from our fine Summer's source,
Is manifestly evident. It's in the air.
Time to change?

The multi-coloured leaves hang on complacently,
Ignorant of the long awaited fall
Which is about to transform their varied aspects.
Time will change.

A more Northern land sees Autumn far advanced. Her
Beauty lies drowned in Wintry pools of slush,
Whose liquid penetrates, unmoved, the strongest sole.
Time has changed.

Blackened, formless, the fallen leaves lie defenceless
Against the Winter. What is required Here?
Individuality; the sole weapon 'gainst
Untimely change.

W. E. HOLT, U.VI Arts.

THE BEE.

It flies from place to place
With endless easy grace;

'Tis such a dainty thing
But it has a dreadful sting.

'Tis such a tiny thing
With a dreadful stinging sting.

'Tis related to the hornets,
Yet it sometimes lives in bonnets.

PHILIP TOOTH, 1A.

SOME PLACES I HAVE BEEN TO.

Most of the places I have been are admittedly "dead-holes"; oil jetties sticking out of the desert into an oily, green sea are not the most exotic of places. However, it's another place to say you've been to, and who's to know it isn't full of palm trees, and mysterious veiled Arab girls, and snake charmers. There are scores of gulf ports Ras Tanura, Umm Said, Das Island, Mena Saud, Jaral Ornna; but if you were to come across them you wouldn't be able to say: "Oh this is Ras Tanura!"—where even the shore-blokes live in tents.

Some are more conspicuous than others, such as Bander Mashur, in Iran, which consists of a few mud huts, some tank-farms, a muddy river, and more flies than grains of sand. Even this place is not entirely without interest as when we were there, there was, in front of us, an interesting old Panamanian tanker on charter to B.P., probably American owned and with a crew of numerous nationalities. Also, there was a battered old American car in which we were privileged to ride, at breakneck speed, up a dusty road to what is laughingly called a "Seamen's Club".

Not every "Gulf" port is that bad, Abadan, forty miles westward is a very pleasant place, and has a decent "club", although American influence is strong, and, typically, very evident. When we were there we ran into a large crowd of all-American naval boys—haircut and on best behaviour; most impressive.

The best port I've been to in this region is the remarkable Mena-al-Ahmaoi. Two large piers jutt out from the dunes on which stands the second town of Kuwait, Ahmadi. As many as 16 large ships can be handled at a time and there is no wasting of this valuable commodity, for as soon as one ship finishes loading, another one comes alongside. The "standby" from picking up the pilot, to finishing tying-up is about 20 minutes—extremely fast. As there is a refinery there they give you oil as fast as you can take it and the largest tanker in the world, the "Nishu Maru", 130,000 deadweight tons, is away in under eighteen hours. The canteen and cinema are very modern and although there are men of many nationalities; Japanese, British, Swedish, German, Norwegians, Belgians, S. Americans and Indians to name a few, they are constantly mixing together and there is little trouble. This is probably because there is no alcohol sold. It can be imagined what a catastrophe would occur if some drunk were to strike a match outside with the air perpetually full of highly explosive gas from crude oil and its products. You are not allowed to take lighters or matches off the ship or leave the jetty unless you have relatives ashore or have express permission from the authorities.

In Amuay Bay, Venezuela, where there is a similar lay-out but sale of alcohol, the lads quickly found it necessary to correct some of the faults of the crew of the "Esso Westminster" by forcible persuasion.

On the crude-oil ships there is generally a miserable loading port similar to the ones I have described, and the discharge port may be miles from anywhere, such as at Milford Haven. B.P. have a remarkable genius for sticking their refineries in the most outlandish and aggravating places. Invariably there is an excellent little town just across the water, but which is about 8 miles from where you are by road, and about 25 bob in a taxi, there being no bus service. Other excellent examples are Aden and the Isle of Grain, Kent. Why is it Esso and the others always lay on transport to the town, and site their installations within easy reach thereof?

Food on B.P. is not all that it might be, and we were always anxious to obtain some shore-side food—never within easy reach. It used to be said by the justly cynical B.P. crews that funnel colours, with 3 different bands stood for 2 of fat and 1 of lean—but I say no more.

There are basically two types of oil: "black" oil and "clean" oil, or white spirit. Crude really comes under the "black" variety, but the products of it, such as fuel and heavy diesel oils; and kerosene aviation gas, aviation spirit, A.T.K. benzene, gas oil, and motor spirit are canned in smaller ships (up to 30,000 tons deadweight), and consequently, on such a ship you can go all over the world. On the big ships you will end up on a usually monotonous run between the oil-fields and the refineries. These ships you find at Milford Haven, but the small ships come into Swansea to take out refined products usually to the Continent. Occasionally, a vessel coming home for dry-docking will bring home a cargo of crude-oil, as tankers are expensive to run, spending the outward trip in ballast, and hence having no profitable cargo—unlike merchant ships. However, a 16,000 ton tanker loaded with aviation-spirit can be worth up to £5 million, and so they are still profitable to run.

Even when you get to a good port there is often little time to get ashore. One of the best ports anywhere is Hamburg, and although I didn't get there, we did discharge at Wilhelms-haven, to the west, and this too, is a great town, but I didn't even get ashore there; it was all graft—not "a rrrreal treat."

It was New Year's Eve, and most of the lads, being Irish went ashore, and went through every bar for miles, forcibly expressing their discontent with the German constabulary, before returning on board and staging a boxing promotion in the mess-room. It was rumoured that Jack Solomons was flying out to El Sidar, Libya, our next port of call, in order to

sign up certain of the crew; but all we were met by was a customs officer who promptly confiscated our Jaffa oranges, because they were produce of Israel.

Wilhelmshaven, in fact, was a disappointment—I was on deck until midnight, and did not feel disposed to go ashore then.

It was a miserable night—if ever night deserved that expression: “Duw its bitter”. It was such a bore; the wind cut through denims, jersey, several shirts, vest, and knotted handkerchief like the proverbial knife through butter.

The oil was cold and thick, and the pumps kept “tripping out”; so the pumpman, third mate and myself spent an exhilarating evening running up and down the ship like fools, opening and shutting valves, resetting the ‘lines’. However, I still found time to chat about rugby with the pumpman—a gentleman of Dublin (and also a fan of the “Gaelic football”).

“Letting-go” next morning at the idiotic hour of six a.m. proved to be a farce, as the ropes, wet and frozen, would not bend round the capstans properly, and was finally accomplished with the second mate cursing the German shore-gangs fluently in German.

Sicily, which I visited on another ship docking at Palermo, Termini, and Milazzo, was very interesting, the scenery being magnificent.

A certain person in Lower VI Arts, who for the sake of argument, I shall call “Hancock”, would be very disappointed if I did not write something on Port Said, that pearl of the Orient, that gateway to the East.

I have not been ashore there, but it is an interesting place, although you are continually pestered by little Arabs who come alongside in their boats, and who will flog you anything (or pinch anything for that matter). Such interesting characters as “Jock MacGregor”, who claims he is a Glaswegian, and says that he is saving up “tae gae haem”, and the ever-beaming, red-fez attired George Robey can always provide amusement.

There are many ships in the harbour, and when the north-bound convoy out of Suez passes through, everyone watches to see if there are any mates of theirs on a ship they know.

However, Port Said is always best seen from the stern—enough said?

Possibly the best ports I’ve been to are in the U.K. Belfast is one of the best; at least they use the same currency—“a fool and his money are soon parted” it is said, and I was always one such, especially with foreign money.

No, you can’t beat good old U.K. The best sailing order you can get is an L.E.F.O. (Lands End for Orders), with a nice big pay off at the end enabling you to catch the first train back through England to the Land of Song.

IAN SEATON, L.VI Arts.

A STRANGE CASE.

It was early on a December morning and the loud knock on the door echoed throughout the house. People pick the oddest times to be ill, I thought, as I slipped on my dressing gown before answering the door.

Much to my surprise it was no anxious father, but a young policeman.

"I wonder if you will come with me, Sir . . . to Mrs. Marshall's . . ." his words became inaudible in the biting wind . . . and I could only think of that poor woman, of her suffering . . . the way she clung to me as I made for the door after my daily visits . . . how she implored me not to leave her. I could feel her clawing at my coat even now. Why couldn't families admit when one of them was ill in the mind? Why did they go on pretending? Why was mental illness a shameful thing while physical incapacity brought on by rank foolish living was accepted as a piece of bad luck?

" . . . it must have been her husband," concluded the constable.

"But what's happened?" I asked.

"That's what I've been telling you, doctor," he said, impatiently, "She's dead . . . murdered."

Murdered! Had her husband taken pity on her, and ended it all for her? Had he attacked her in a rage, irritated beyond all bearing by the mad and cruel things she was daily saying to him? Had he . . .

"He's got a bit on a record . . . the inspector's with him now," continued the anxious policeman.

I jumped into the police car and was whisked to the house. The inspector met me at the door.

"Evening, Doc." . . . hardly the greeting one expects at three in the morning. And I wish he wouldn't pretend he was in a T.V. American 'Roaring Twenties' Film. Doc., indeed!

"Nasty piece of work," he continued, "Blood everywhere, and all he's got to say is 'I should never have done it . . . it will be the end of me.' We'll wait for your report before we charge him however. Just a matter of form, Doc."

Indeed, I thought.

Mrs. Marshall lay on the bed. A silk stocking was pulled tightly around her neck. A foot to her left, on the counterpane, was a smear of blood, and on the floor quite a pool, now turning from red to black as it dried into the carpet. I examined her mouth carefully, took the body temperature, and made several other tests. All the time the Inspector looked on, his

hat on the back of his head, a cigarette dangling out of the corner of his mouth. He had an amused smile on his face.

I straightened up.

"Suicide," I said.

"Suicide?" The cigarette fell out of his mouth onto the carpet. "Come off it, Doc. Did she strangle herself? Tell me another one. Then knock herself on the head?" He laughed. "Say, that's a good one, even for you!"

"Have you really looked at the body?" I asked.

"Oh! Sure, Doc. Open and shut case, I guess."

"Tell me," I said, "Did you find a wound?" He hadn't.

"Well, where did the blood come from?"

The smile came right off his face. "As a matter of fact, that puzzles me, too," he said.

"Well, it doesn't puzzle me," I replied, "If you would only look at things, instead of thinking you know all the answers, you would see that this is a haemorrhage brought on by the stocking around the throat." "Have you questioned the husband instead of bullying him?" I asked.

It took me exactly four minutes of gentle questions to get the story from Mr. Marshall. He had slipped down to the local. When he came back, his wife was lying on the floor, dead. He had picked her up and put her on the bed. "I should never have done that, Doctor, I should have left her as she was, poor thing. My concern could put me in the dock."

I turned to the Inspector. "As a matter of real fact Mrs. Marshall died of haemorrhage and shock . . . heart failure . . . not murder. You see, she had tried to kill herself by pulling the stocking tight around her neck; after a while she lost consciousness, but because the stocking was silk it continued clinging to the skin and, thus, brought on the haemorrhage. My temperature tests show she was dead even while her husband was at the local, . . . which you can check . . . and I doubt if any coroner will decide on anything than natural causes, though I admit she did try to strangle herself. Poor dear, she didn't have the strength to kill a sparrow."

I packed my bag, and moved towards the door. The Inspector came with me. "Take the Doctor back home," he ordered. Turning to me he said, very quietly, "Goodnight, Doctor Davies."

As I was being driven home I thought how much more attractive he was as a straightforward English Police Officer than as a pale reflection of a two dimensional image of an American cop.

ANTHONY GODDEN, Upp.VI Arts.

THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

Dynevor School broke new ground this term when an opera and play was presented on the 11th, 14th and 15th of December.

The opera performed was "The Little Sweep" by Benjamin Britten, a brilliant work written in 1949. The cast included seven boys and four adults. The boys were rehearsing enthusiastically throughout this term, and were joined later by the adults. The cast included Mr. Walter Quick, a member of the School staff, and three outstanding local singers, Betsan John, Vera Adams and Ellis Evans. The accompaniment was scored for string quartet, provided by Mr. Morgan Lloyd and, two pianos and percussion.

The boys of the School were thrilled to hear that Benjamin Britten has expressed an interest in the production. In a letter to Mr. Clive John, who produced and conducted the opera, he sent his best wishes to all concerned, and asked to see a photograph of the production.

The curtain-raiser of the evening was a performance of a one-act play "Birds of a Feather," by J. O. Francis. This play ideally suited to boys, was under the direction of Mr. Graham Davies.

A NEW LIGHT UPON "PARADISE LOST."

Discovery of Sinister Foreign Influence upon John Milton.

Recent intensive researches undertaken by that august body, the Upper Sixth English Group, have uncovered a disturbing series of facts relating to what had hitherto always been thought of as a purely British work by a patriotic British poet.

It appears that Milton came under the sinister influence of several characters with distinctly foreign names. In the first place there are the brothers O'Masia. Clearly these are Irish, with a strong foreign streak in the surname. Could this be the first of a long series of Russian spies? Surely not as early as the Seventeenth Century. The recent absence of certain members of the group is accounted for by an expedition to Russian Armenia, where the Masias are a well known family. However that may be, and one cannot entirely rule out the Sinn Fein, on account of the O', a certain Seventeenth Century Anton O'Masia had a diabolical influence upon our poet, persuading him not to mention God if it could possibly be rendered by some such epithet as The Torturer, Our Enemy, or, indeed, The Thunderer. His brother, Proson O'Masia's influence was

less sinister, but Milton certainly spoiled many good lines in his great epic by following Proson's advice and dabbling in homophonous puns. Our researches indicate that it is just possible that these brothers are nothing more sinister than an Irish attempt to hit back at Cromwell for what he did to the Emerald Isles, especially at the siege of Drogheda.

Cromwell may also be to blame for a Celtic Welsh attempt to ruin both the great poem and the Puritan poet. A certain Welsh maiden from the Marches near Ludlow, where, after all Milton had written about a so-called goddess called Sabrina, and whose name appears as *Ana di (Dai)? Plossis*, and who may be Sabrina herself, disguised, used all her influence to persuade the poet to begin many a line with the final word of the previous line. *Ana* was undoubtedly the offspring of a Welsh mother and a Greek father, a sailor with a bicycle, who settled in South Wales in the reign of Charles. *Ana* was brought up in a strict Welsh Chapel atmosphere of waste not, want not, but her influence upon the poet is to be regretted. Another member, possibly of the same Plossis family, but one who, despite all our researches yields only to the name of Auntie Metabole, also played upon the mean streak in the poet, and persuaded him to repeat many of his phrases the other way round, as, for example:

"and feel by turns the bitter change

Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce "

It is quite understandable that Milton, in his veneration of the Ancient Greeks would be all too easy prey for a woman with a name like Metabole

It has been suggested, but not proved, that Auntie Metabole was none other than *Ana Dai Plossis'* father's sister.

Not all Milton's women were mean, however. A certain, Polly Syndeton,—(could this be an ancient forebear of Dylan Thomas's Polly Garter, the surname having slowly changed over the centuries)—encouraged John to spend conjunctions freely, and to crowd them into lines in a most reckless manner which, while not sinister, certainly ruins many an otherwise excellent line in the epic.

Polly had a husband called Alf, and he appears frequently as A. Syndeton. Apparently Polly had done Alf wrong, and the latter strives valiantly to prevent John from making the same mistake as he had. He writes time and time again to the poet urging him not to use any conjunctions at all. His sole object, it appears, was to counteract the free and easy advice of his ertswile wife, Polly.

Much more sinister than the Syndetons was the influence of a truly mysterious character simply known as Ploce.

Obviously this is a pseudonym. Yet it is clearly Italian and we are led to conclude that the influence of the Mafia cannot be entirely ruled out. He insisted, indeed, we feel that he threatened Milton into repeating certain words in a significant manner in many of the lines of the poem. Could this mysterious Ploce have been the Goldfinger of the Seventeenth Century, making the O'Massias, the Syndetons, Ana Dai Plossis and, indeed, the poet himself, dance to his tune, and possibly threatening to paint Auntie Metabole in gold paint all over?

Altogether, after nearly two years of right hard grafting, we cannot but record a feeling of disappointment that our greatest epic writer, and our (hitherto) most patriotic poet, should so clearly have had feet of clay and should so demonstrably have been so faint-hearted as to have been influenced in this way. It might well serve as a warning to the present government to be ever alert. One remembers with horror the very recent Kruger affair, and they were booksellers; and also the recent Russian attempt to steal the formula for putting the lettering through Blackpool Rock is still rocking the corridors of power. Rule Britannia!

Upper VIth ENGLISH GROUP.

THE WEARY MEN.

Thus the weary men wandered
And the live ones among them wondered
What they were doing there
Between earth and fire
Between water and air
Some of them still wondered.

Once they had been free
Or some of them had been free
Before parties and smiles
And chatter and music
Before handshakes and lies
And fun on summer days.

Thus the weary men wandered
And the live ones among them wondered
But they did not know
What to do, where to go,
What to pay, what to owe,
Or that they were weary.

B. J. MORRIS, UVIA.

ANATOMY OF AN ELECTION.

(“ . . . through dirt and dishonour”)

It had been quite obvious, right from the beginning of this term, that the School wanted to hold a “mock” election. When the suggestion was put to Mr. Chandler in a meeting of the Debating Society, he agreed, at the same time pointing out one or two inherent difficulties; but the society was not to be deterred and an election committee was immediately formed, with myself as returning officer. The adoption of candidates representing the Conservative, Labour, Liberal and Plaid Cymru parties immediately followed, and election agents for each candidate were officially appointed. For a short time there was a Communist candidate, but he eventually withdrew.

Later that week, in another meeting of the Debating Society, the election timetable was decided upon, following on the exhaustive researches of a certain ultra-conservative gentleman from UVI arts. In accordance with Mr. Chandler’s suggestion, the election was to be run as far as was possible, on the same lines as the National Election. Several formalities had, therefore, to be dispensed with before the election proper could proceed. A copy of the Royal Proclamation of the dissolution of the old Parliament was drafted, and pinned to the School notice board, which was henceforth to be used as the official election notice board. The Proclamation was followed the next day by the Receipt of the Writ. A few days later the election notice was made public. Polling Day would be Tuesday, 13th October (this was deliberately arranged so that the result could be announced before that of the National Election; thus, it could not be said that national political trends had any influence on the electorate of Dynevor). Nomination papers were distributed to the election agents and consent forms to the candidates. With the formalities disposed of the election campaigns began in earnest.

The final points of the campaigns were the official political meetings, held in the School Hall two or three times a week; each party had two meetings to itself and there were also three meetings in which all candidates participated. Nearly every one was well attended by boys of all ages and all parties, although the regular attendance by large numbers of Glanmor girls may have contributed to the success of these meetings; many thanks are due, therefore to Glanmor! The meetings were sometimes a little rowdy (what else can one do with a ——— party pamphlet other than build a paper aeroplane?— and what else can one then do with it but test its aeronautical capabilities?) but that is true of all political meetings. It was felt however that the chanting of “Lloyd George Knew My

Father" at an appropriate point in one of the Liberal candidate's speeches was not quite the standard of conduct expected from sons of 'L.G.' Interest rarely flagged in such an atmosphere, and although it is questionable whether any arguments introduced by speakers, either from the platform or the floor, had any profound effect on the electorate of Dynevor, the storms of protest and counter-protest and counter-counter-protest engendered by each controversial remark at least proved that audiences were listening and understanding (or misunderstanding, perhaps?)

Each candidate stressed continually one or two fundamental principles in his party's political policy. A. J. Godden (Liberal) emphasised the need for a radical party, and made several references to his party's policy for youth. W. E. Holt (Conservative) stressed the (alleged) satisfaction of people with the last thirteen years of domestic prosperity. E. W. Lewis (Labour) ridiculed the lack of Tory planning for the last decade, and naturally, his party's proposals for land and steel nationalisation figured prominently in his speeches. A. T. Richards (Plaid Cymru) frequently made the point that Wales is a nation and should be treated as such, by the granting of independence from England. It is often said that elections are not won on issues of foreign policy, and certainly it appeared that all the candidates believed that dictum: there was a marked absence of party pronouncements on foreign affairs and a certain timidity on the part of all candidates to speak on defence problems, so much so that a certain naval gentleman from LVI Arts asked in several meetings for clarification on the parties' attitudes to these questions. The same sea-faring gentleman, incidentally, brought the problem of licensing laws to a head, and so provided some light relief. Actually the replies of certain candidates to this question were most illuminating; the Liberal candidate explained how he had been "educated to drink" by his parents some years before; the Welsh Nationalist was of the opinion that since there were six other days in the week when people could consume alcoholic drinks, Sunday should be kept 'dry' (is this official Plaid Cymru policy?); the Labour candidate admitted that his own (liberal) views were slightly at variance with those of his party.

The election campaigns were not of course, confined to party meetings. Throughout the School, political posters confronted the Dyvorian as he went about his day to day business. On the whole, these posters were quite artistic and included some good political slogans, and I feel quite certain that without this pictorial aspect of the election, much of its vigour and liveliness would have been sacrificed. One unfortunate aspect of the advertising campaigns of the parties was the fre-

quency with which posters were torn down. No deterrent to this was discovered. The Liberal candidate, with a somewhat pedantic attachment to official documents, discovered (or invented?) a law forbidding the use of a printed poster unless the printer's name was marked on it; naturally, he also found a poster of this description. Common sense prevailed, however, after much persuasion, and the appropriate law suit was never filed.

Election canvassing proceeded throughout the last fortnight before the election. Persuasion (or should it be bribery?) of juniors by means of sweets, detention threats, etc., etc., was not legally allowed, but was practised nevertheless. Some of the most heated demonstrations of political fervour were elicited by the appearance in the yard at break-times of any of the candidates willing to address the School electorate; amidst a barrage of projectiles (including paper, apple-cores, gym shoes and anthracite coal), the intrepid candidate would attempt to convert the masses to his point of view, but never, let it be noted, with any marked success. Failure, however, was marked—some of the candidates still bear the marks to this day!

The climax of all these activities was Polling Day itself. Voting (for the Juniors in the stage annexe, and for seniors in the medical room) began at the unearthly hour of 8.30 a.m. (but this was not too early for certain candidates to do some last-minute canvassing), and continued during the lunch hour, and for half an hour after afternoon school. By 4.30 p.m. there was an atmosphere of tenseness, and several candidates were seen in corners demolishing finger nails. In view of the large number of counters, the result was soon established, and as everyone now knows was as follows:

A. J. Godden	..	170
W. E. Holt	..	163
E. W. Lewis	..	354
A. T. Richards	..	69

This represented a very substantial Labour majority of 184. One of the most interesting aspects of the result was that the Liberal candidate came second, above the Conservative (in the last election the Liberal candidate was bottom of the poll). A. J. Godden, who was pleasantly surprised by this state of affairs, may be congratulated, together with his efficient election committee. The Plaid Cymru candidate, having failed to poll one-eighth of the votes, lost his (theoretical) deposit. On the whole there was a fairly good poll throughout the School, although it was slightly lower than in the 1959 School election. Only two forms—IVC and IVD—had 100% polls, and on this point they are to be congratulated. It is of interest

to note that even from the exalted intellectual realms of Dynevor, there were eight people who wasted their votes, by ruining their ballot papers, one of them incidentally, expressing his preference for the Dave Clark Five!

The Labour Party candidate was naturally overjoyed at the result especially when his party achieved a similar success in the national election, two days later, even though its success was numerically somewhat less decisive than his. The intensity with which he and the other candidates fought for a (theoretical) seat in the House of Commons is a clear demonstration of the truth of Trollope's assertion that "to be or not to be a member of the British parliament is a question of very considerable moment in a man's mind. Much is often said of the great penalties which the ambitious pay for this honour . . . but the prize is well worth . . . any price that can be paid for it short of wading through dirt and dishonour." It is sincerely hoped that E. W. Lewis will represent the electorate of the constituency of Dynevor to the best of his abilities.

Now that the School election is over, one can look back and consider it rather more objectively than was possible during the days of excitement and turbulence preceding Polling Day. Images of heated political discussions remain, together with the memories of yard meetings, and the corridors of School covered with posters, but the feeling most deeply ingrained in my memory was the overall impression of how worthwhile it all seemed. This was one School activity in which almost all boys took part, to some extent at least, and if the election achieved nothing more than unification of activity, its value will be unquestioned, and, indeed, unquestionable. Its undoubted success may be attributed to energy and the enthusiasm of the party candidates and their hard-working executive committees, to the interest shown by the electorate, to an interested but non-interfering staff, and of course to Mr. Chandler who guided the course of events throughout, and without whose assistance the election would never have been possible.

ROGER WILLIAMS, U.V.I Sc.

AFTER THE ELECTION.

At the invitation of the Chairman of the Youth Branch of a certain political party we have decided to give an account of a recent meeting:

Present at the meeting were 22 girls, 14 boys and 2 don't knows. All those present were members of the Party and they were all having a good time, for if they do not have a good time they may be shot or sent to North Wales.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read, seemingly only the Chairman and Secretary were present.

The Chairman's remarks were cut short upon the arrival of drinks. However, he later reported that, as a result of the last dance held, 12 members deserted and joined the Young Conservatives, whereas one of the two young ladies who joined the Party was still being interrogated by the Vice-Chairman, every Saturday night. So far, the Vice-Chairman has reported that he has made very little progress.

Then the activities of certain members during the Election Campaign were discussed: Comrade Jones was censored for threatening his grand-mother with an axe, the Chairman commented, "We must not give the impression that we are desperate for votes, even though we are." Comrade Richards was thanked for her invaluable assistance to the Chairman during the Campaign; it did seem a pity, however, that she posted 1,000 Election Addresses to voters without postage-stamps, said the Chairman "We learn by our mistakes."

Owing to the disappearance of the Treasurer with all the funds, all those members who had not already done so were asked to pay their annual subscriptions immediately.

It was reported that as a result of a social evening held, 17/6d. was raised on the return of empty bottles.

In response to Kouncil banning the Movement, the Movement passed a motion banning Kouncil.

Various means of raising money were discussed, but the suggestion that the Movement should raise money by running a witch-hunt was not thought to be a good idea. A list of the other suggestions may be obtained from the Editors for the nominal fee of 2/6d.

Comrade Ossipon was asked to refrain from calling Welsh Nationalists illiterate sheep farmers, it was reported that not all of them are sheep farmers.

Before closing the meeting, the Chairman said that at the next meeting there would be a well known guest speaker who was a fan of Marx (Karl not Groucho) and who would speak on "Society in Siberia". At this point the Chairman closed the meeting, and we left thinking to ourselves—Surely nobody will believe us when we tell them—well did you?

ANTHONY GODDEN.
IAN MATTEY
U.VI Arts.

REVIEW OF THE "MODERN ART FROM DNEPROPETROVSK" EXHIBITION.

Never before has such an exhibition been on view to the public. These paintings and sculptures, specially flown over from Russia, more than adequately illustrate the current trends towards cubism, fauvism, expressionism and surrealism. The highlights of the exhibition are four works by Ivan Dolittle, which epitomize all these qualities and are the very quintessence of a mental world without emphasis.

In the first of these works entitled "Untitled", total void has been created. Dolittle has attained nothingness without shape, dimension, or density. This is in fact methodological purity—lyricism in a pure state—and should be recognised as such for it creates no illusions. Many critics might express the view that it is impossible to maintain such an absence for it must of necessity be filled, and that those who have built the void are enclosed in a negative system from which it is impossible to escape the fate of obscurity. However, I would say that such a work of art takes courage, and the cast shadows and reflected lights become the audacity of its unfilled surface. Expressed in simple terms, this is perhaps the culminating expression of the modern artist's neo-morphic attitude to the inherent uniformity of fundamental conceptualism; but it remains to be seen whether, reduced to such economy of method it will retain enough sensitivity to attract fully and to keep that attraction.

The second of Dolittle's contributions, which is called "30th Feb., 1972" is an evanescent and faultless abstraction which has been created without recourse to volumetric or illusionistic compositions. The simple unspoilt dot which constitutes the picture is placed in a condition of unstable equilibrium which serves to underline the search for an element of temporality. It has been painted with confidence and fluency, with subtlety and strength both evident, and an unmistakable suggestive power. Its impact is modest, delicate, and harmonised, indicating a stopping place on the way to a finality which is never reached.

The third work of art, called "Harold Wilson's Pipe Entangled with Macmillan's Golf-Club", is remarkable for the diptychs and triptychs and successive stratifications which give more space to the expansive method as it reaches forward. The surface is animated with atmospheric vibrations and the mystery is gradually interpreted and is made tractable.

The last in this series, entitled "Pyjama-clad convict in a billabong" is mesmerizing in its effect, and can be recommended to anyone seeking a quiet period of contemplation. A funda-

mental abstraction, its effect is enhanced by the bisymmetrical divisions and polychromatic effects.

So much for the masterpieces of Ivan Dolittle. Another work of art worthy of recognition, found here among the Russians for some unknown reason, is Miss Ermintrude Littlechipping's sculpture "Study for homage to a Rhomboid". Miss Littlechipping handles the lapidary material in vegetal form with lozenge penetration that are invigorated Arps. This creative work is a battlefield, a confrontation of convoluted reliefs, in which form, the sensitive, quivering material seems to throb with pulse of life.

Thus, in conclusion, it may be said that this exhibition represent the triumph of negation of mind over plethora of matter.

MARK HANCOCK, L.VI Arts.

' REFLECTION.'

As I sit gazing from my chair,
No not a chair, rather a prison to
Which I am confined in house or garden
Depending on the whim of the weather,
My sad sight falls upon those rough Welsh hills
Whose beauty remains untouched by those
Who have the power I so long for. Oh,
How I long to stroll amongst the bracken
On the hillside with loved one by my side
And look down on my heaven, for a
Prison would it be no more. And I should
Give God thanks that I was free to worship
Him now on bended knee obliged to no
Man for mercy, no woman for pity.

Those green fields, virgin slopes would stay untouched,
If I received a present of new limbs
For I should have little time to wander
Through the heather and on o'er the moor,
My beloved one would rather sit down
And relax after a hard day in the
House with our young family, and I would
Be too worn out after my commuter's
Journey to and from the large City. No
Longer would I go down on bended knee
And thank Him for being so good to me
For then would I long to return to my
Former self, gazing, and writing on my
Simple life, unaware of the 'rat race'.

ANTHONY J. GODDEN.

TRUE WINCHESTER BLUES.

I had partaken of an early morning constitutional through the delectable Hampshire countryside and was returning to my bacon and eggs, having dismissed my troubles, when I discovered a short cut via Winchester Station. Having time to spare I decided to pay a call. I was informed by the ticket collector that the Winchester-Waterloo business man's express was due at any moment. I decided to wait, concealed behind the *Daily Telegraph*.

"Good morning, Ticket Collector," said a refined, educated accent.

"Marning, Sir," replied a ticket collecting Hampshire accent.

I peered out from behind *The Telegraph*. A brief-case, rolled umbrella, old school tie, double chinmed expense account was proceeding to the bookstall, where it purchased *The Times*. It was followed by Masonic Ties, Golf Ties, Regimental Ties, cigar aromas, and rolled umbrellas. The copies of *The Times* filled the air; they disappeared under the subway, and onto the London Platform.

"Morning, O.J. How was the golf? I thought you were in conference?"

"Sliced out of the fourteenth onto the second, damme."

"Deuced bad show. Shall we see you for tiffin, Sunday?"

"Well, no, actually, Old Boy. Lord Fitzmantle has asked us to shoot."

"Oh. I say! Bang on, what! Shall you travel Saturday?"

"Well, actually, I'm in conference on Friday, so . . ."

A local commuter train arrived. *Daily Workers*, with *Daily Mails*, and chattering *Daily Mirrors* flooded onto the platforms.

I was amazed at the general air of efficiency of the Station Staff. Porters bustled hither and thither, and everybody was Sir or Madam, and nothing too much trouble.

A rather undecided character stole up to the bookstall wearing a goodclass umbrella, and smoking a decent cigarette. But he was wearing a cloth cap! He bought a *Daily Mail*.

Telegraphs, *Times*, *Mirrors*, and even the odd *Daily Workers* eyed him with obvious contempt. Unperturbed he crossed the PERMANENT WAY. I waited for the explosion from the Station Staff. But none came. The London train arrived. The Expense Account entered the First Class Cars; the rest filled the rest of the Train. The train went on its way. The air of efficiency disappeared. The Station Staff positively lounged. *Daily Workers* appeared by magic in their hands.

Dr. Beeching had, once more, been seen safely off.

MARK LEE INMAN, U.V.I Sc.

SOCIETY COLUMN.

Rumour has it that Princess Penelope of Doncaster, Lady Amelia Smythe-Worthington's well known Pekinese, has eloped with Charlie, the mongrel of Mr. Wylie Watson, a brewer's drayman. Lady Amelia was shattered when I saw her today. She said: "The Princess was always a flighty young thing. They must have been meeting secretly by the ash-cans at the back of the brewery."

Bad luck, Rodders Twinchingsforth, the 'gay dog' of the Winchingley Fox Hunt. Rodders fell from his horse during last Saturday's meet. 'Jeevers' Gladstone-Bagge, the master, said: "They must have been mad to let a dog ride a horse. Can't understand what things are coming to. I blame it all onto this shake and twist craze. What?"

Obituary; we regret to report the death of Countess Marianne Fitz-Dupr , who did much for the 'Entente Cordiale' when she married Marcel Dupr , a wine taster from Bordeaux. Her family have not seen her for years. Relations became strained when the supply of free samples of vin rouge was ended some years ago, for reasons as yet unknown.

Flashes; Look out for Lady Anne Bloggs-Hewitt the rising star of the Snedderton Heath croquet team. She recently celebrated her ninetieth birthday. Lord Bawling of Bawling Hall has discontinued his yearly pop concerts. When interviewed he is reported to have remarked: "Even the money couldn't compensate for the row. I think it's high time the British Aristocracy got back to the old stiff upper lip, and thinking about higher things. Besides, I shan't have time . . . I'm appearing on ITV . . . supporting Brand X, don't you know'.

Young Lord Stanley, *heir* to the Lord of Mull, has changed his *hairstyle* again. He now sports a snappy mod style, ever since he noticed that one of his seventeenth century ancestors bore a striking resemblance to Rocking Willy White, the local Rocker King.

Top Deb., Lady Cicely Standsforthing-Hope was fined last Friday for parking her landau outside the local. Says Cicely: "They didn't seem to realise that Toodles. my horse, is rather old." The Police Inspector told the Bench that the carriage was there from eleven thirty until three.

Dr. Seamus O'Level, the Educationalist, has complained to the Home Office that his existence is being threatened by an unknown character called C.S.E. Zam. Seamus stated that Zam had publicly threatened to do away with him. Seamus O'Level told me, however, that he had been around a long time, and that no upstart newcomer was going to do for him, if he could help it.

IAN MATTEY. U.VI Arts.

BELLS.

How the harsh tones peal into my ear
And like a crash they pound my
Fine senses with their crudity,
Surely God deserves better than
This crude noise, no work of craftsmen,
God deserves more than we can give,
But no excuse can there be for
Those cracked bells fit for the devil.

Such bells when rung should call us to
Come and listen, and to praise Him,
The Almighty Creator who
Bestows on us wonderous graces,
Such bells should sound the word of God,
And joyous, should their tone be called,
As should everything else be to
The glory of God Almighty.

ANTHONY J. GODDEN.

Cil Onen woods turn autumnwards
In shades of gentle brown,
And leaves that lipped the summer skies
Come whirling softly down.

Old are these woods, but long ago
Their lissome branches freely grew
Fresh as Time in leafy falls
Which changed as every young breeze blew.

And Norman bands bound Pennardwards
Took comfort in Cil Onen's breeze;
And Owain's lads from English lords
Sought shelter in Cil Onen's trees.

If it were right, then pray I should
Within this twisted oak's deep shade
That Time might cease its ravaging
Along this lonely silent glade.

'Lord, lay Thy time-destroying hand
Upon these gnarled and twisted trees;
Nor let them thus in counterpoint
Touch out Time's tune with falling leaves.'

OLD DY'VORIAN.

"THEY MEANS US."

My cousin and I have always objected most sternly to being lumped together by the grown-ups as "They". "Oh, THEY never eat their crusts." "THEY'VE left the bathroom light on again," and "THEY'RE playing those noisy transistors after I told THEM not to." We used to argue, "We're not THEY. We're me and him. Which do you mean?"

Now it's getting worse. The whole population under 20 is coming to be lumped together as one big alien THEY by adults—a hostile, subhuman "they". A few zoologists care enough to know that there are many sub-species, but for most people there are just children and then teenagers. These teenagers are long-haired, effeminate, delinquent, misunderstood, poor kids hovering between two worlds, promiscuous, lazy. They deliberately annoy, can't express their new feelings, are disgustingly dressed and terribly embarrassed about the facts of life. They must be educated, put on probation, given lots to do, taught to use leisure, psychoanalysed, freed from all sexual inhibitions, given a haircut, made to like Chopin and Mozart, given special jazz services, and supplied with special teenage novels. Anyway, patronized.

What nobody, nobody, will do is just let them be people. There are, of course, teenage delinquents, but where youth scores is in its great reservoir of enthusiasm.

Of course, adults know all about that, too. This is where those blessed clichés "adolescent" and "naive" start coming in. And what, exactly, do those mean? Aren't they just grand ways of saying "Yes, of course, dear, but when you're my age you'll have cooled off a bit"? With the implication that teenage enthusiasms are always mistaken.

What *can* teenagers do but get crazy about the Beatles and the Rolling Stones or C.N.D.? The Beatles and the Rolling Stones, with their own enthusiasm, punch holes in the dams and out spurts a great high-pressure jet of delight. Thousands of teenagers screaming and screaming in ecstasy over the songs of these boys is no mystery to me.

It's got nothing to do with nasty perverted sex rites—the grown-ups invented that. What we're doing is to channel off all our young people's eagerness and spirits into a fantasy-world of Beatles and hunger-strikes. But why not give us something to be enthusiastic about, such as interesting work, instead of just hoping we'll grow out of it soon?

My cousin and I found a way to retaliate against the people who call us "they". We started saying THEY too, and the grown-ups disliked it just as much as we had. "THEY never play" we said. "THEY just don't know how to have fun. THEY'RE short-haired, dry, cynical, dull." It works both ways.

PHILIP ATKIN, U.VI Sc.

SPEECH DAY, 1964

AT THE BRANGWYN HALL.

10th December.

It was gratifying to see so many parents in the Hall. The fact that there was not a single seat to spare shows that the parents of our pupils are solidly in support of the school, and are more than interested in the continuance of the institution in which their children are at present receiving such a fine education, as is clearly witnessed by the report of the Headmaster, which is given below. The school Captain, Roger Williams, opened the evening with one of the most graceful speeches heard upon these occasions for a long time, and one about which the Chairman, Alderman Percy Morris enthused, advising Roger to take up some form of public service in due course.

The Headmaster regretted the passing of Alderman Mrs. Rose Cross who, he said, had always had a sympathetic interest in our school. Turning to the year's events, the Headmaster outlined results which must be truly outstanding in the history of this school. Our school, he said, did not send all its best students to English Universities, for this year, as in other years, two of our students held important scholarships at Aberystwyth and Cardiff. Another held a fine scholarship under the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Commission, working under the distinguished guidance of Dr. Brian Flowers, who was a world famous old-boy of the school. Roger Williams and Wynne Lewis had won Meyricke Scholarships at Oxford. Christopher Davies, an old boy, was President of the Cambridge Union, and this was the first occasion on which a boy from a Welsh Grammar School had had that signal honour. In the A level, 23 pupils had gained A grades, the highest possible mark, with the Science candidates predominating. Three boys, Williams, Lewis and Evans, had obtained the Highest possible mark in three A level papers, and then had gone on to obtain a Distinction in the Special Paper—they could not have done any better. The O level results had been equally gratifying. Some boys had certificates with Eleven passes on them. The record in Sport had also been outstanding.

The headmaster then spoke for a short while upon the vexed question of the re-organisation of the Educational provisions in Swansea and in the country at large. He instanced the recent statement of the Minister for Education and Science in Parliament, that it would be preferable to wait a little while for a good Comprehensive system than to see a less satisfactory system adopted more quickly. The Head-

master paid tribute to the courage and fairmindedness of Mr. Drew, the Director of Education, who in no way tried to impose a cut and dried scheme upon the Education Authority. The Headmaster concluded by stating that the best comprehensive schools, whether in Anglesey or London, had been built around thriving and successful Grammar Schools, whose traditions of scholarship, extended and adapted to their circumstances, have provided a continuity and wealth of educational experience to new and challenging institutions. If this were so, as it indeed was, then surely our school had a tradition and a present which, in his opinion, made it a most suitable nucleus for whatever ultimate scheme of education was to be that of the Swansea of the future.

Dr. Elwyn Davies, M.A., M.Sc., Secretary for Welsh Education, Department of Education and Science, spoke mainly to the boys. He had ended his own schooldays with a kind of guilt complex about winning prizes, so many venerable gentlemen had stood up at various times and pointed out that they had made their mark in life without ever having won a prize. He realised with a start that he was now among the ranks of the ancients,—tempus fugit, eheu! But non-prize-winners were those who set the standard over which the prize winners triumphed. The great thing in life was to be curious, to demand how and why, from the beginning and throughout life. All the wonders of this modern age were traceable (or almost traceable) to a few basic inventions and discoveries. And these basic things had been the result of asking how and why. He instanced the lever, the wheel and the arch. Among the discoveries were Newton's Laws and Penicillin. He concluded by urging the boys to remain curious all through their lives.

The Deputy Mayor offered Civic Greetings to all who were present. The Deputy Mayoress presented the Trophies and prizes with grace and charm, even as Mrs. Elwyn Davies had presented the certificates. The School is eternally grateful year after year, to the ladies of the chief speakers at our Speech Days. They come along and grace the occasion; they give up their time to us; they bring a kind of warmth, domestic touch,—dare I say a Mother-figure,—into our proceedings, which is as important as it is unmeasurable. Our sincerest thanks are hereby offered to them.

Votes of thanks were offered by E. W. Lewis and W. B. James. They paid well merited tributes to all concerned, and especially to Alderman Percy Morris, an old-boy of the school, for piloting the evening's proceedings with such efficiency.

OBITUARY NOTICE

Just before going to press we are shocked to learn of the sudden death of one of the most likeable and popular boys in the Upper Sixth Arts form of our school. Tudor Glyn Williams came to the School in 1958, and steadily passed up through the various forms until he reached the Sixth, after an excellent O level. Tudor was a quiet boy, of strong character, and the school would like to extend its deepest sympathy to the parents in their sudden and sad bereavement.

MARY.

How can this be? That I, a simple maiden
Of a forgotten village in a rustic area,
Should be called by God, by His Archangel
To be the mother of His Son incarnate?
How can this be?
Here now in Bethlehem, I hold my child
In my arms; can this child be
The Hope of Israel, the Awaited One?
How can it be? I was a simple village maiden
Before God called me. How then can I understand
How this can be? Shepherd from the hills
Have come, telling the story of an angel;
Kings from the East have come,
Telling the story of a star.
Surely God moves in these things,
Yet how may I comprehend His ways?
One thing I know—that He is love,
And to this love my poor self I entrust;
For He is the Hope of the downcast and oppressed;
He is love.

R. D. WILLIAMS, IVe.

ADRAN URDD DINEFWR.

Unwaith eto ffurfiwyd adran yn Ninefwr o Urdd Gobaith Cymru dan gyfarwyddiad Mr. M. Harris, a Mr. A. Davies. Calonnog iawn oedd yr ymateb am aelodau i'r Urdd yn enwedig ymysg bechgyn yn y flwyddyn gyntaf hyd y drydedd—ni welwyd cystal aelodaeth am lawer blwyddyn yn Ninefwr.

Cynhaliwyd un cyfarfod yng nghanol y tymor, pan roddwyd darlith gan Mr. Elwyn James, o Swyddfa'r Urdd yn Aberystwyth, ar wersyll yr Urdd yng Nglan Llyn a ffilm o daith ganŵ yn Ffrainc. Cyn diwedd y tymor mi fydd yna ddau gyfarfod arall; y cyntaf "Juke Box Jury" gydag aelodau o'r staff ar y panel, ac yr ail yn wythnos ddiwethaf y tymor, cystadleuzaeth rhwng y staff a bechgyn y chweched dosbarth—cwis ar chwaraeon.

Fel y dywedwyd ar y cychwyn calonnog iawn oedd aelodaeth yr Urdd ymhlith y bechgyn ieuainc ond tueddu esgeuluso yr Urdd a wna y bechgyn hynaf. Bu'r pwyllgor yn ddiwyd wrthi yn ceisio canfod ffordd o gael sylw y bechgyn hyn a'u cael yn gyflawn aelodau o'r Urdd. Y duedd yw, ymhlith y bechgyn a rhai o'r meistri, credu mai rhyw bropaganda dros Blaid Cymru, neu ddawnsio gwerin a chanu penillion yn unig, yw gweithgareddau yr Urdd, ac hyd nes y daw y rhai hyn i sylweddoli mai nid dyma brif pwrpas yr Urdd nid oes gobaith i'w cael yn gyflawn aelodau ohoni.

Felly apelïaf at y rhai sydd yn aelodau i roi i'w ffrindiau, na sydd yn aelodau o'r Urdd, ryw syniad o weithgareddau'r Urdd ac o hyn newid eu hagwedd tuag ati.

Gobeithïaf felly y deil y rhai ieuainc yn Ninefwr yn deyrn-garol i'r adran yn yr ysgol yn ystod eu gyrfa yno, a thrwy hyn sicrhau llwyddiant yr adran yn y dyfodol.

JOHN PEREGRINE, U.VI Sc. II.

GWYLIAU CAMPUS.

"Rwy'n meddwl nad â gwyliau haf 1964 yn angof gennyf i a llawer gyda mi hefyd. Yn gyntaf cawsom "haf hir-felyn tesog" yng ngwir ystyr y gair. Cawsom lawer mwy o haul a thywydd teg nag a gawsom ers blynyddoedd.

Yna, Eisteddfod lwyddiannus Abertawe a gynhaliwyd yng nghanol glesni hyfryd Parc Singleton. Fe erys Dydd Mawrth yr Eisteddfod yn hir ar gôf pawb; oni lwyddodd Morgannwg i drechu'r Awstraliaid ar faes criced St. Helens? Y noson honno hefyd, daeth tua mil o Indiaid Cochion bondigybrwyll i bafliwn yr Eisteddfod i berfformio "Hiawatha." Dywedodd Syr T. H.

Parry Williams mai dyna un o'r perfformiadau gorau a gafwyd erioedd yng nghyngherddau plant yr Eisteddfod. Teimlwn yn gyffrous pan gymerais ran yn y drydedd rhan o'r perfformiad mawr i gyd ac rwy'n siwr teimlai pob plentyn arall yr un peth â mi y noson fawr honno. Daeth yr uchafbwynt ar y diwedd pan oedd dros fil o blant yn canu ar y llwyfan ac ar ei hochrau. Nid mor hawdd, beth bynnag, oedd ceisio cael ein cyrrff yn ôl i'w lliw arferol y noson honno ar ôl mynd adre'!

Y nos Lun ganlynol, cafwyd tele-recodiad o siew bypedau "Llyffant o Neuadd y Llyffant" gan glwb pybedau ein hysgol ni, ar y teledu. 'Roedd hon yn deyrnged i Mr. Tom Morgan, yr athro Celf a Chrefft wrth ymddeol o'r ysgol. Cefais i a Gareth Bevan y fraint o gyflwyno a chlo'i'r perfformiad hwn, ac roeddwn yn teimlo'n swil iawn wrth weld fy llun am y tro cynta' ar y sgrin deledu.

Yr wythnos ganlynol aethom ni fel teulu am wyliau i Ogledd Cymru, ac aros yn hen dŷ Tuduraidd fy modryb—Neuadd Esles ger Wrecsam, Un diwrnod braf, aethom i Gapel Curig ac i Lanberis wrth droed yr Wyddfa. Pnawn Iau ydoedd, ac yn ddiwrnod hyfryd o glir. 'Roedd yr haul yn gwahodd tua'r mynydd. Nid oeddem wedi bwriadu dringo'r Wyddfa, ond gan ei bod yn ddiwrnod mor glir penderfynasom ddringo ychydig o'r llethrau. Yr oedd Catrin, fy chwaer fach, yn teimlo dipyn yn flinedig, a gorfod i ni ei helpu hi o bryd i'w gilydd. 'Roedd Geraint, fy mrawd hynaf, yn ysu am fynd yn ei flaen, a chyn bo hir aeth o'r golwg. Felly, nid oedd dim amdani ond dal i ddringo, a chael seibiant bach nawr ac yn y man. Cyn bo hir daethom at y Caban "hanner-ffordd", 1,700 o droedfeddi i fyny a chawsom lemonêd yno i dorri ein syched. Gan fod Geraint ymhell yn y blaen erbyn hyn nid oedd dim amdani ond dal i ddringo. Gwelwn y trê'n bach yn pwffian yn drafferthus i fyny, ond nid oes cymaint o foddhâd i'w gael wrth fynd ar y trê'n ag wrth gerdded. Dipyn yn anodd oedd hi ond "Dyfal donc" Gwelwn y llynnoedd yn disgleirio yn yr haul, a cheisio dyfalu pa un oedd "Llyn y Gadair". Yr oeddem bron â diffygio, ond daeth Geraint lawr i'n cwrdd a dweud ei fod wedi aros am ryw awr amdanom. Yna gwneud "final spurt" eto, ac o'r diwedd cyrraedd y copa. Ond 'roedd yn werth yr holl ymdrech. Sôn am olygfa!—gallem weld am filltiroedd o gwmpas gwlad Llyn a'r Fenai a Sir Fôn yn glir.

Eisteddais ar ben y tŵr cerrig sy ar y copa i gael fy llun wedi ei dynnu, ac am ychydig funudau, fi oedd yr uchaf o bawb yn Lloegr a Chymru! Ar ôl prynu ychydig siocled yn y gwesty, a thynnu'r hanadl atom, dechreuasom ar ein taith i lawr. Yn rhyfedd iawn, nid oedd hi hanner mor anodd mynd i lawr ag ydoedd i ddringo a chyraeddasom y car a adawsom ar ffordd y mynydd, ymhen ryw awr a hanner. Ni buom erioed

mor falch i'w weld, gan fod ein bwyd yng nghefn y car, a ninnau bron â llwgu. Mor flasus oedd y bwyd ar ôl yr holl gerdded; edrychem ar Lyn Padarn yn disgleirio fel arian. Aethom ymlaen i Gaernarfon i weld y castell cadarn ac yna troi tuag adref drwy Feddgelert. Er ein blinder, teimlem yn hapus iawn ein bod yn gallu dweud heb flewyn ar ein tafod i ni gerdded bob cam i fyny ac i lawr Yr Wyddfa!

GORONWY JONES II.A.

SUT Y GWELAIS I'R EISTEDDFOD.

Fel pawb arall yn Abertawe yr oeddwn yn falch i weld yr Eisteddfod. Trwy'r tymor cyn yr eisteddfod, yr oeddwn yn brysur yn paratoi oherwydd yr oeddwn yn canu yn y seremoni agoriadol. Ar ol y seremoni, ar Ddydd Mawrth a dydd Mercher gwerthais gopiau o *Barn* am dair ceiniog y copi o elw, ac felly gwelais lawer o'r Eisteddfod. Ar y maes gwelais lawer o bobl o bob ran o Gymru a rhai o wledydd tramor. Yr oedd nifer fawr ohonynt yn bwyta "sandwiches", yn yfed te ac yn siarad. Rhyfedd oedd clywed iaith y Gogledd yn Abertawe, a phleserus iawn oedd siarad yn yr iaith Gymraeg ac i glywed bron pawb o'm cwrpas yn ei siarad hefyd.

Y ddau ganol-bwynt i mi oedd drama fy nhad, "Pan laniodd y Ffrancod" a'r seremoni agoriadol.

DAVID GRIFFITHS, I.E.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The activities of the Debating Society began in a very lively manner this term with a mock election. There was a great deal of interest and all the political meetings were well attended both by the pupils of Dynevor and Glanmor.

Following this a programme of debates was arranged for the rest of the term and a fair degree of support for the society has continued. However, it is to be hoped that in future there will be increased support especially from the lower School. Next term it is proposed to hold a number of inter-school debates which always arouse a great deal of interest. The latest debate, which turned into a straight argument between rugby and soccer, was a great success and if all debates continue to be so successful the future of the society is assured.

The results of the debates were as follows:

Nov. 3rd—This house believes in grammar schools.

Proposer: W. E. Holt, U.VI Arts.

Opposer—A. Godden, U.VI Arts.

For 11; Against 6; Abstentions 2.

Nov. 10th—This house believes democracy is rubbish.

Proposer: B. Morris, U.VI Arts.

Opposer: R. Evans, U.VI Sc.2.

For 4; Against 13; Abstentions 2.

Nov. 17th—Better Red than dead.

Proposer: A. Godden, U.VI Arts.

Opposer: M. Inman, U.VI Sc. 1.

For 7; Against 1; Abstentions 3.

Nov. 24th—This house deplores the Government's action in refusing to sell arms to South Africa.

Proposer: R. Evans, U.VI Sc.2.

Opposer: W. Lewis, U.VI Sc.2.

For 4; Against 6; Abstentions 2.

Dec. 1st—This house believes soccer is a game for invalid rugby players.

Proposer: I. Seaton, L.VI Arts.

Opposer: D. Addiscott, L.VI Arts.

For 18; Against 18; Abstentions 2.

The motion was carried on the Chairman's casting vote.

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.

“Reading maketh a full man.” Francis Bacon wrote, “Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.” Each of these types is to be found amongst the seven thousand books now in the School Library. Naturally many of these books are meant as reference books for the various subjects studied in the School, but most popular hobbies are covered, and there is also a large fiction section. In addition, a number of magazines and periodicals are taken, and of interest to the more senior boys should be the Prospectuses of the various Universities, Training Colleges, and Colleges of Advanced Technology.

There are many books which we would like to see in the library which as yet we cannot afford, and so it is particularly gratifying that certain boys should choose to show their indebtedness to Dynevor in a practical way by making a donation to the School Library. Over the past term donations totalling £44. 10s. 6d. have been received in cash or kind from the following past and present members of Dynevor School:

R. Bradley, A. G. Tucker, R. B. Beynon, G. J. Adams, Aled Thomas, D. Bemmer, J. F. B. Morris, G. A. Bevan, G. Horton-Jones, J. Isaac, F. G. Morgan, P. G. Wilson (UVI Sc.), Christopher Lewis (IIE), J. M. Lewis (IIB).

It is to be hoped that there are other boys who would like to show their gratitude for what Dynevor has done for them, and I would suggest that this can be well expressed in a gift to the School Library.

The Library Committee would also like to thank members of the staff for their gifts of books.

However hard the members of the Library Committee might work, the success or failure of the library depends upon the way in which it is used by the whole School. The books are there for everyone's benefit and pleasure, so in the first place we would ask each boy to make full use of the library, and secondly, to treat the books with care, so that they may be enjoyed by future boys of Dynevor.

Finally, the Committee would like to thank Mr. Morris for all the hard work which he does in the library, much of which often goes unheralded, but without which the library would not function as smoothly as it does.

PETER G. WILSON, *Chief Librarian.*

SPORTS EDITORIAL.

This term the School has had mixed fortunes on the sports field. The rugby 1st XV have had to build a new side and are finding this lack of experience a big handicap. The 1st XI on the other hand are fortunate in having seven of last year's team present again this year. They are so far undefeated, and on present form should go one better than last year and win the Welsh Grammar Schools Cup.

With the addition of Mr. W. Stephens to the staff, there has arisen a sudden interest in basket-ball, and the newly formed team has done very well in this first term. So far the only defeat has been at the hands of the Training College, and with a little more practice and effort promotion may still be possible.

The School has again had its share of representative honours. P. Hiley is still in the running for a rugby cap, and M. Gange, B. Tanner P. Webster M. George have represented the Swansea Schoolboys Rugby team, while P. Noonan and N. Popham have played for the Swansea Schoolboys Soccer team.

M. Gange is through to the next Schools trial (under 15 Group) and has been elected Captain of his side.

T. Lewis (Rugby) represented Mid Glamorgan Secondary Schools v. West Wales and is a reserve for the West XV v. East XV at Carmarthen.

Table Tennis.

This term a Table Tennis Club has been started in the School. As yet facilities are limited and membership has to be confined to Sixth Formers. It is hoped that a School team can be formed in the near future. All concerned would like to thank Mr. Harding for the interest he has shown in this new venture.

SCHOOL ANGLING

The Salmon.

In no other pastime are the heights so high and the depths so deep as in salmon fishing. Many anglers have fished complete seasons from start to finish without taking a single fish. The vast majority of salmon anglers spend the whole of their

angling careers hoping for a really big one of 30lb. or over and never come anywhere near achieving their ambition. Yet, despite this fact many anglers do achieve success and it is this select few that give hope and encouragement to the less successful.

It is due to this challenge offered by the salmon, that many expert trout anglers make the salmon their new quarry. The change, from the pursuit of trout to that of salmon, when made is found to be very difficult. Everyone, even the habitual salmon fisher occasionally misses fish. But, the expert trout angler, suddenly changing to salmon misses many more fish. There is a very simple explanation, of course, for the trout angler is accustomed to trout and when suddenly confronted with salmon he finds it a different proposition. Part of the trout anglers' trouble is in persuading himself that he must follow the hook and do something he is unaccustomed to; that is to say that trout and salmon angling are entirely different sports. This is due to too much thinking and too much reading. Perhaps the trout angler suffers from a complex when he is faced with the catching of salmon because it is a change from fishing for feeding fish to fish which are not feeding (i.e., a trout lives and feeds in its particular river for 12 months of the year whereas a salmon comes into a river to spawn and does its feeding in the sea). The answer is simply that both trout and salmon can be caught on a deep sunk fly. This is, of course, a very elementary approach to the solution of the problem but when this method of taking salmon has been mastered then, and only then, can more advanced techniques be applied. But, perseverance is essential if rich and rewarding results are to be obtained.

PETER TOYE, U.VI Arts.

THE 1ST XI.

This season, the School 1st XI are once again enjoying a successful season to date, having won all of the matches played.

Following their successful performance last year, the School have entered the Ivor Tuck Welsh Grammar Schools Competition, and they hope to get even further than the semi-final which they reached last season.

Five members of the team: Jeffrey Humphreys, Brian James, Philip Stone, Geoffrey Anthony, and Eric Westermarck were selected to play for a West Wales Grammar Schools XI, while Stone, Anthony and Westermarck were further selected to play for West Wales Youth against Monmouthshire Youth in a Welsh Youth Trial.

The team wishes to thank Mr. Quick and Mr. James for showing such continued interest in soccer in the Upper School.

Results

v. Llanelly Youth	.. Stebonheat, Llanelly	.. 3—0
v. Swansea Schoolboys	.. Paradise Park	.. 2—1
v. Canton High School	.. Canton, Cardiff	.. 4—1
v. Penlan	.. Penlan Playing Flds.	.. 5—0
v. Swansea Schoolboys	.. Ashleigh Road	.. 4—1
v. Atlantic College	.. Townhill Playing Flds.	.. 9—1

<i>Name</i>	<i>Appearances</i>	<i>Goals</i>
Lewis, T.	.. 3 ..	—
Grey, J.	.. 3 ..	—
Humphreys, J.	.. 6 ..	—
Joslyn, B.	.. 6 ..	—
Howells, P.	.. 5 ..	2
Howells, R.	.. 3 ..	—
Stone, P.	.. 6 ..	—
James, B.	.. 6 ..	—
Wilson, P.	.. 1 ..	—
Fifield, G.	.. 3 ..	1
Evans, D.	.. 2 ..	—
Anthony, G.	.. 6 ..	6
Westermarck, E.	.. 6 ..	12
Jenkins, D.	.. 1 ..	1
Nan-Curvis, T.	.. 6 ..	4
Carver, L.	.. 3 ..	—
Sinnett, D.	.. 2 ..	—

DYNEVOR 1ST(?) XV(?) RUGBY TEAM.

Who's Who?" or "Not so much a game, more a way of life."

K. NORRIS. *Full-Back.*

Occupies this position only because of the proximity of the changing-rooms(?). Obtained on a free transfer from Bishop Gore—we certainly wouldn't have paid anything for him.

R. MARGETTS. *Right-Wing.*

As it were one of the mainstays of the back division—he mainly stays in the dressing-room. Fast and hard-tackling, Roger will soon be promoted to the 2nd XV.

L. RIDGE. *Inside-centre, Vice-Captain.*

A very incisive player, Lynne can execute a clever scissors movement (when making paper chains as children will). Unfortunately sustained broken collar-bone, which, apart from hampering his Saturday night activities, will thank-goodness keep him out of rugby until after Christmas (1968 that is).

D. JOHN. *Left-Wing.*

Three-quarter in position and three-quarter in size. Nevertheless, the last place to look for him is on the left-wing—he is more likely to be at the bottom of a loose maul or packing down in the 2nd row.

W. GREY. *Outside-Half.*

Warren's qualification for the team is the fact that without his glasses, he's as blind as a bat. Rarely seen on the field except at half-time—he finds too much fresh air distasteful.

D. BATH-JONES. *Scrum-half.*

The only scrum-half in schoolboy rugby with house-maid's knee. Has an excellent service—(works part-time in the "Lord Nelson"). Extremely fast over 5 yards. Is a "PLAYER('S) TIPPED" for stardom.

P. HILEY. *Blind-side Wing Forward.*

Fast, keen and fit he has absolutely no right to be in such a lousy side. He actually trains . . . (pause while recovering from such a revolting thought).

D. DAVIES. *Lock-Forward.*

Energetic in the loose mauls (needless to say, when not playing rugby). Rather fancies himself when it comes to breaking from the scrum and kicking—as a certain toothless Gwendraeth scrum-half will testify.

S. HARRISON. *Open side Wing Forward.*

"The scourge of the outside-half"—his own. Might be thought (if you had never seen him) to be on the field for decoration. Very fond of Mrs. Baker's Saturday morning delicacy; sheeps-eye pie—to see him through the week.

I. SEATON. *Second-row Forward.*

Much-travelled forward who finds Townhill playing fields a far cry from the dives of Port Said. It is his proud boast that he served in the Merchant Navy for a year without seeing the inside of a jail (naturally he wouldn't see it in his condition).

H. MADDOCK. *Second-row Forward.*

A tall lad. Haydn suffers from icicles. Sad to relate, although coming very close, he has not yet achieved his ambition: to get sent off. Seldom unaccompanied by his wife who works wonders when he is winded, as so often happens when he bends down.

S. WALTERS. *Prop-forward.*

Selwyn has to be chained to the posts at half-time when playing near a girls hockey-pitch. This is the lad who, it was exclusively reported in the *Neath Guardian*, stood outside a Cardiff police-station singing "Car 54, where are you?" and then gave himself up for the embezzlement of 1/7 (significant) from the Dynevor Branch of Alcoholics Anonymous.

M. GORVIN. *Hooker.*

Has been having some difficulty with the new laws this season—quite understandable since he didn't know the old ones. Is currently leading the campaign for a bar in the dining-hall.

T. LEWIS. *Prop. and Captain.*

Otherwise known as "All Sports" Lewis. A very eloquent speech maker after the matches. For example, "Accus-tomed as I am to public-speaking . . . although we were defeated I do not consider the score (87 - 0) to be a true reflection of the course of the game . . . and I'll see that great oaf who put his foot in my mouth afterwards."

I. MATTEY. *Wing.*

Characteristically, managed to get lost in Port Talbot—however, there was a distance of fifty yards between the School and the coach, and he did only have twenty-nine other boys to follow. It is rumoured that finding his own way back to Swansea was an initiative test for membership of the Geographic Society.

H. PICTON. *Prop.*

Alias "Bunch" Picton. Keeps fit by collecting 'rock' records and propping up the Kingsway Post Office. Is afraid of playing too hard in case he spoils his hairstyle. Any Jerry Lee Lewis record sung on request.

R. HARRY. *2nd Row.*

Fitness is suspect due to very rare appearances in training sessions. But we are informed that Ron keeps fit by playing two matches on Saturday, even though 'Sir' isn't willing.

M. HANCOCK. *Centre.*

An enigma. On times brilliant, other times ! ! ! ! Speed reduced by large mop of hair which causes great jealousy among girl spectators. He's the one who wrote this load of rubbish.

One of the editors of the School Magazine wishes to say that he is no relation to the 'Ian Mattey' in this article.

DYNEVOR SCHOOL 1ST XV RUGBY.

Report—Season 1964-65.

It was felt that some mention ought to be made of the progress and achievements, if any, of the 1st XV so far this season, in order to contradict the belief, arising from the totally irrelevant evidence of results, that the team has not enjoyed a very successful first term.

This year's side is young and comparatively inexperienced and a programme of team-building is being undertaken based on the theory that all the Upper Sixth boys will fail their exams and stay in School.

We have been unfortunate in the fact that a number of injuries have been sustained.

Some difficulty has been experienced with regard to the interpretation of the new laws (the more intelligent boys are taking reading lessons to find out what they are all about).

Even the elements of nature have turned a blind eye to our plight. Whereas we are a slow, unfit side the conditions have favoured open rugby (contemplated with the utmost distaste).

All these remarks are by the way, since the last thing we would wish to do is to offer any excuses. A wonderful team-spirit exists and it must be mentioned that we beat Bishop Gore earlier in the season. (It was a fair fight.)

The team would like to extend its congratulations to Haydn Maddock who was chosen for the first trial, and Peter Hiley and Tudor Lewis who are still participating in trials for a place in the Welsh Secondary Schools Side.

We would also like to pay tribute to Mr. Jeff Hopkin who gives up his Saturday mornings for what would be regarded by the unenlightened as a lost cause. He has rendered invaluable service to the side all of whom are very grateful.



