



MAGAZINE

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GORAU ARF



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Dynevor Secondary School Magazine

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EDITORIAL BOARD

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EDITORIAL

By far the most difficult task in the preparation of this magazine has been the writing of the editorial. Editors of past magazines seem to have been limited to two themes: an apology for the thinness of the magazine, and an appeal for a greater influx of articles. The present editors could repeat those themes with all the rhetorical fervour at their command—but we will not. It is sufficient to say that that we have enjoyed sifting through the articles that have come in, and have enjoyed the struggle that has accompanied the production of this present magazine. Like anxious fathers, we have been frustrated, worried, and finally exhilarated at the birth of our own particular 'baby'. To see our names in print has given us feelings of conceit, embarrassment, and pride. We hope, finally, that if any pupil of Dynevor is asked to write an article by the next editors, he will grasp the opportunity with relish.

SCHOOL NOTES.

It will be generally known that the Headmaster, Mr. Meredydd G. Hughes, has submitted his resignation in order to take up a post as Lecturer in the Faculty of Education at the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, Cardiff. We are glad to learn that Mr. Hughes will not be leaving the school until the end of September. Suitable tribute will be paid to his work for the school in the next issue of the magazine.

The school will be saying goodbye to Mr. Edwin Abbott at the end of this term. In a quiet and unobtrusive way Mr. Abbott, a man of very sound common sense, has been a part of the Dynevor scene since he came here to teach Metalwork in July, 1940. The date is significant, for he was here during the blitz, and not all his skill with hammer and chisel, lathe and ladder, could even begin to repair the damage which the old buildings then suffered. Previously, he had been teaching at Swansea Technical College, and shortly afterwards he took charge of Woodwork in this school, a post which he will now be relinquishing. Masters and boys join in wishing Mr. Abbott a long, happy, and peaceful retirement, and they extend their best wishes to Mrs. Abbott as well. We shall miss him.

Three other members of staff are also leaving us after a short stay. Mr. J. B. Harding, an "Old Boy", is taking a post at Maesteg Grammar School. Mr. Alwyn Davies leaves to become head of the Welsh department at Bishop Gore School and Mr. T. W. Stephens is leaving to take a post at a grammar school in Nigeria. Our best wishes go to all of them.

Awards. Our congratulations go to : D. J. Williams of Upper VI Science, who has been awarded a major scholarship of a £100 p. a. at Birmingham University; and R. G. Evans, also of Upper VI Science, who has been awarded a Senior Open Scholarship of a £100 p.a. at Swansea University College.

C. J. Trott of U.VI Science I was awarded the D. H. I. Powell Trust Award of £20, which will enable him, in August to gain background knowledge at the Llanwern works of Richard Thomas and Baldwins; at the Margam works of the Steel Company of Wales; and at the Severn Bridge site. G. E. Bullock and G. Thomas of LVI Science attended at the invitation of R.T.B., a vacation course of a week in the Easter holidays at the Llanwern works Newport, Monmouthshire.

D. Hopkins of L VI. Arts was awarded second prize by the Classical Society (Swansea Branch), in a recent Latin reading and reciting competition at Swansea University College.

Conferences. At the end of the Spring Term, about fifty of our sixth formers attended the annual C.E.W.C. Conference at Swansea University College. The theme of the conference, which lasted two days, was "Race Relations".

A. J. Godden of UVI. Arts, and C. M. Jones of UVI. Science were chosen to represent the school at the Annual National Residential Sixth Form Conference at Coleg Harlech, during the last week of last term. A report of the proceedings appears later in the magazine.

There was a fourth form conference on the 8th of July at Mynyddbach School, when a group of our fourth formers attended, and heard several talks, one of which was given by our Headmaster. The theme of the conference was "World Food Supply".

Freedom from Hunger. School collections came to an end last term when the total collected was £635 10s. 0d. The major part of this sum has gone to the Welsh Schools Freedom from Hunger scheme, which involves the support of social and agricultural development in Uttar Pradesh State, Northern India. This school has also contributed to the Swansea Freedom from Hunger Appeal.

Top of the Form. A team of four boys from different age groups in the school, will represent Dynevor in a B.B.C. Television "Top of the Form" contest in the Spring of 1966, and will encounter a team from St. Michael's Grammar School for Girls', Finchley, London.

Visitors. The School recently had the pleasure of entertaining a party of 11 senior pupils (five girls and six boys) from the Staatliches Gymnasium (or grammar school) in Glückstadt (near Hamburg). The party, which stayed three nights in Swansea, was accompanied by Dr. Harro Voss, who was German assistant at Dynevor in 1953-54.

In morning assembly on the 30th of June, the Headmaster introduced to the school two Patagonian visitors to Swansea. They were Mr. Jose Weber and Mr. Osian Hughes, who speak Welsh and Spanish, but very little English. Mr. Osian Hughes after the Welsh service, addressed the assembly in Welsh, and the Headmaster translated into English. The speaker remarked that his parents had been born in Patagonia,

and he had never previously visited Wales. The visit of these two gentlemen was a part of the centenary of the establishment of the Welsh community in Patagonia.

Eisteddfod. The School Eisteddfod took place at the end of last term, and Llewellyn took first place. Judges were Mr. Bryn Cox, former senior English master at the school, who judged all the English literary efforts, recitations, and choral and public speaking; the Rev. Carey Garnon, who was judge for the Welsh items; and Mr. Ivor John, who judged the musical items. Mr. John is the father of our music master Mr. Clive John.

Stratford Trip. On June 2nd, 3rd and 4th a party from Dynevor visited Stratford-on-Avon, and saw performances of Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice", and Marlowe's "The Jew of Malta". The party also visited Shakespeare's birthplace, the home of Mary Arden, and Anne Hathaway's cottage, and the trip ended on the third with visits to the Bournville factory at Birmingham of Messrs. Cadbury Bros., and the open-air zoo at Dudley. In charge of the party were Mr. O. Morris and Mr. J. Hounsell.

School Library. The library now has well over 7,000 books, and it is notable that there is a steady flow of books to the library shelves from school leavers, recent "Old Boys", and from other donations. Chief librarian this year was Peter Wilson of UVI. Science, who was chairman of a hard-working library committee. This year has also seen the official recognition of junior Helpers, who assist the sixth form librarians every evening after school, and who are responsible for the checking of books and other duties.

Speech Day. Speech day will be held on Tuesday, the 28th of September, when the guest speaker will be Professor F. Llewellyn-Jones, Principal-elect at University College, Swansea. As usual, the function will take place at the Brangwyn Hall, and will no doubt be a memorable occasion, coming as it does in the last few days of Mr. M. G. Hughes's head-mastership.

Since the School Notes were compiled, it was learned that the School Captain, Roger Williams, will not be returning to Dynevor at the end of term. Roger underwent a second operation about three weeks ago, and is convalescing in Swansea Hospital. The Editors feel sure that they speak for the whole school in wishing him a speedy and complete recovery from his operation.

HARLECH 1965

On the 8th of April, 7 Swansea Sixth Formers set out for the fifth Annual National Sixth Form Conference at Coleg Harlech. The Conference was organised by the Council for Education in World Citizenship—Cymru, the Headmaster, Mr. Meredydd Hughes, was the Joint Chairman. The theme of the Conference was 'International Co-operation Year', which was very appropriate as the C.E.W.C. in Wales is sponsoring 4 Indian students in order that they might come to Coleg Harlech to study for a year.

Two lectures took place during the morning sessions; the afternoon sessions being taken up by coach tours of Llyn and Snowdonia, with the remainder of the afternoons free, except for the last one, which was taken up by a debate on British affairs and was completely organised by the students themselves.

The evenings were devoted to lectures followed by very valuable discussion groups. On the Tuesday evening, the Conference was host to a party of sixty foreign students who were attending an International Summer School at Bangor.

The lectures were of such a high standard that it is very difficult to pick out the most interesting, and sometimes controversial, ones.

Mr. Kent Thompson outlined many of the problems of the various race groups of the U.S.A. in his talk on "Racial Integration in the U.S.A." This was followed by lectures from representatives of the South African and Russian Embassies, and the First Secretary to the Indian High Commissioner in London.

Perhaps the most controversial lecture was that given by Mr. R. Gruber, who spoke with great sincerity on "The Case for Apartheid." He pointed to the 4 major racial groups, the 9 emergent nationalities, 18 separate languages and 5 major religions—all of which contribute to the problems of government in South Africa.

Mr. Mostyn Dummer, a lecturer at Aberystwyth, closed his lecture with these words, "If you get rid of the United Nations you reach a situation of political and economic anarchy, and if we reach this situation there is no hope for the World".

These words stayed with the students throughout the Conference, and perhaps the most moving spectacle was at the end of the week when the students sang together "We Shall Overcome". We feel that all the students, when they left the

College, situated in a most beautiful part of Wales, went back to their schools determined to try to help in some small way, to overcome the many problems facing the World today.

The academic side of this Conference was far superior to that of last year. We feel that this Conference helped to increase our knowledge and understanding of International and, indeed, British affairs, and we can only add that it was an experience which would benefit any and every Sixth Former in Wales.

It is a pity that the numbers were limited to 79, but we feel that much of the atmosphere of the Conference would be lost should it be held at another venue in order to allow more students to attend.

A. J. GODDEN, UVI Arts
C. M. JONES, UVI Sc.

One day last week a pair of birds began
To build a hasty nest in a nearby privet tree,
And in a spurt of sun had finished it.
By perhaps the tenth of June, or earlier than
That, four pale blue speckled eggs would rivet
Our attention whenever we were free.
She'd sit low and con me over the rims
Of ridiculous invisible glasses,
Like a stately village matron chapelwards
On Sunday, disapproves the pale faces
Of last night's heroes of the revel at the inn,
As I'd gaze up at her through the cool green gloom.
She'd allow my wife to talk to her and croon
As one woman to another, you must understand,
In a most exclusive way, so that
I'd have to creep away and idly dig the land.

Later there were fledglings with big yellow beaks,
The mother sitting high upon the nest.

Today there is a silence, and I think it best
To look into the matter from the viewpoint of a man:—
All are dead and the mother bird has fled;
Four headless bodies in a cold clutch lie,
With four blood-flecked pipes where the big beaks had been,
Four shapeless lumps cast all aside awry;
Yet look closely as I can I do not think they'd bled.

OLD DY'VORIAN.

OLD DYVORIANS ASSOCIATION

While we offer sincere congratulations to Mr. Meredydd Hughes upon his appointment to the Faculty of Education at Cardiff University College, it is with regret that we recognise the great loss which his departure will mean to the school and its old pupils' Association.

In this brief note for the Magazine, may we, not only as past pupils interested in the welfare of the present Dynevor but also as citizens of our town, make slight acknowledgment of our immense debt to Mr. Hughes. A more formal and public record of our appreciation will be made next October at a complimentary dinner. We hope that those Old Dyvorians who have known Mr. Hughes through the Association and those past pupils over whose school years he had such a great influence as Headmaster will join us in this tribute to him.

Our appreciation and gratitude go also of course to Mr. E. Abbott who is retiring from the staff this term. In 24 years' teaching at the school, Mr. Abbott has won the respect and affection of many generations of Old Dyvorians and it is on their behalf that we now offer him our most sincere expressions of thanks and our good wishes go to both himself and Mrs. Abbott for a lengthy and very happy retirement.

We are honoured this year to have as our President Dr. Brian Flowers, F.R.S., Professor of Theoretical Physics at Manchester University and one of the country's leading nuclear physicists.

Dr. Flowers took the Chair at our annual dinner last March after receiving his Chain of Office from Mr. Arthur Davies, his active predecessor who had taken a keen interest in the activities of the school and Association the previous year. Other speakers at the function included Mr. Meredydd Hughes, the Headmaster, and Mr. Leslie Rees the Chief Librarian of Swansea. Despite adverse weather conditions, the dinner was well attended and generally considered a most successful function.

In addition to the dinner, the Association holds each year one rugby and one cricket match against the school at St. Helen's, a winter and a summer social evening and a public lecture by a prominent Old Dyvorian. Next October Dr. Ivor Isaac, Reader in Botany at Swansea University College, will deliver this year's lecture in the school hall. We thank Dr. Isaac for accepting our invitation to speak and look forward with anticipation to his lecture.

Details of all these functions as they arise are available from the Hon. Secretary at the school, who will be pleased also to provide membership forms to any boys leaving this year. We urge all leavers to express their interest in their old school and to maintain a link with school acquaintances by becoming members of the Association. We need and would welcome your support.

THE HOUSE SYSTEM AT DYNEVOR

The fact that in Dynevor there are four houses, does not permit one to assume there is a house system which one could compare with that of a public school. The house system that does exist, is used as in other local schools with the same dated conception that it engenders team spirit.

The house system in public schools is still an intrinsic part of the school life. Throughout the duration of a pupil's education in a public school, his life is centred around his particular house. He comes under the close guidance of the house-master. Most of his friends are made within his house and there is an understanding established among the boys who eat, sleep, and play together. In the public school, the house-system means something to the individual. Between the different houses there is established a rivalry which extracts the best from scholar and sportsman alike. There is no necessity for coercion to make a boy participate in some particular field of competition, when the honour of the house is at stake. Every one does his best for his house.

In contrast to the public schools, what is found in Dynevor is an essentially practical system where an unwieldy mass of about eight hundred boys is split into four houses. This system makes for no real spirit within the house, and no close relationship between masters and boys.

House meetings in Dynevor take place a few weeks before the school eisteddfod, and the sports day, in order to find competitors for the respective competitions. The amount of arm-twisting that goes on is amazing. (The unwritten law, "Never, never volunteer", is as well established in grammar schools as in the armed services: no-one does volunteer). Prospective competitors are dragged out from corners while they vainly protest that they are either cripples or tone-deaf,—depending upon the reason for the house meeting. However, the winter term does see a somewhat greater response to appeals for players for the rugby and soccer teams.

To many of the masters, house competitions appears to be an exercise in "one-upmanship". During rugby matches opposing masters not only urge their teams on—of course,—but also pass comments on the other teams. It is a fallacy to think that these inter-house matches promote "team spirit". When the two rival houses meet, the outcome can be quite unpleasant: skill goes by the board, while brute force and deliberate dirty play takes its place. It would help if masters were not quite so pressing in their demands—not that they should be less enthusiastic, but rather that they should impress upon boys that participation is far more important than the prestige of the house, or winning.

In the annual eisteddfod, the standard of performances tends to be lower because of the house system, which requires four entrants for each competition. There are no open competitions, and no contest for the bardic chair or crown—which is, after all, the main object of entering an eisteddfod. If there are not enough Welsh speakers, this competition should be held in English.

The main argument against the house system that is practised by Dynevor is that it tends to stereotype and to restrict the development of character.

The Dynevor house system has this advantage: from the point of view of competition in sport and culture, it is convenient. However, the emphasis is too much on sport, and not enough on culture, and a spirit of friendly competition would certainly be welcome among the houses.

D. T. HUGHES, LVI Arts

LIFE IN A BOARDING SCHOOL

The day began at 7.30 a.m. with a cold, sometimes iced bath, dressing and bed making and the cleaning of the dormitory until 7.40 a.m. when there were prayers at our bedside. A Latin or French lesson at 7.50 a.m. continued until breakfast at 8.15 a.m. After breakfast, the boarders had to broom, mop, and dust throughout the school. For some poor unfortunates, their lot was floor polishing and brass cleaning, whilst a few others had to wash up for the whole school of 120 boarders. These tasks usually took about half an hour, when we were free until assembly at 9 o'clock, which finished at 9.30. There were two 45 minute lessons until break at 11 o'clock and we recommenced lessons at 11.15 until 12.45.

Whilst half the form remained behind to clean up the form room which included brooming, mopping, dusting and litter collecting, the others had to lay the tables for lunch, each table seating twelve boys and one or two masters. Lunch was at 1 p.m. and this lasted 45 minutes, after which about eight boys were detailed to wash up. The 40 day boys also ate lunch at the school, but they ate in a separate room. After lunch, those of us not washing up had 45 minutes "Rest" in which we lay on our beds fully dressed. It was only the boarders which had a rest because the day boys did their homework at this time. Homework at a boarding school is called "Prep" and the boarders did their prep. in the evenings. Lessons were recommenced at 2.30 and we had three, forty minute periods until 4.30 when the day boys signed themselves out and went home. The boarders had a break until 4.45 when the tea tables were laid by those on duty. The breakfast laying boys were excused the Latin or French lessons in the morning and so had about 15 minutes to lay the breakfast tables and the boys who laid the breakfast tables laid the tables all day. Tea was at 5 o'clock and the washing up started at about 5.30 and had to be finished by six o'clock when the boarders started their prep. Prep. was officially finished by 7 o'clock when there was an assembly for prayers and after that supper was served, and the juniors were sent to bed at 7.15. The seniors went to bed progressively later until we, the prefects went to bed at 8.30. However, if you were a senior, you were expected to work from 7.30 until you went to bed and masters came round to check that you did, and woe betide anyone caught not working. Being prefects, when we did go to bed, we had a bathroom to ourselves and enjoyed a bath every night, although we had to be in bed with our lights out by 9 o'clock. There were 7 or 8 people per dormitory with a prefect in charge and he slept in the dormitory. The occupants of one form were usually kept together in the dormitories, there being 8-14 people per form, thus 4a had the dormitories Rodney and Grenville—the dormitories being named after famous admirals.

The timetable was slightly different on Saturday mornings, when we had only three lessons instead of four and used to spend the free time scrubbing the form rooms. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays we had games all the afternoon, but before games on Thursdays, we had a 30 minute hymn singing practice in preparation for Sunday morning service.

The tasks that were distributed were worked out by means of a rota. There were four houses and so you were on table laying duty once every four days, and thus was the washing up rota arranged.

Much has been written about boarding school food, but

let it suffice to say that it reflected the wage theory of the eighteenth century, in that we got enough to keep ourselves in working condition. Below is a typical day's menu:

BREAKFAST—The first course was a ladle of porridge, this was not packet porridge, but made from oatmeal which had to be soaked all night in water to soften it enough for cooking. We had this every day, summer and winter, for four years, during which time the only change was cornflakes on Sunday mornings during the summer term. As well as porridge, we also had bacon, egg and fried bread and the meal was finished off with bread and margarine—and I can tell Stork from butter! !

This sounds splendid except when you examined the situation closely. It was the egg that disgusted me most—16 eggs were made to go between 120 boys, the bulk being made up of powdered milk, which incidentally, the local farmers use for feeding pigs. The bacon was salt, and more often than not the fried bread contained "silver fish" which are small insects with wings. You "tapped" your fried bread, but never in the presence of the headmaster who often ate with us.

LUNCH—This was a far better meal altogether and we used to get some marvellous meals, especially when parents came to look over the school, consisting of cod in batter, peas, parsley sauce and chips, or corned beef salad and chips, followed by treacle or chocolate pudding with chocolate sauce.

TEA—This was a very meagre meal; the main course was usually a spoonful of butter beans with a thin tomato sauce, followed by the inevitable bread and marge. Jam was provided by the school for tea, but you have got to really taste turnip jam before you can appreciate why nearly all of it was returned to the ten pound tins in which it arrived, at the end of the day.

SUPPER—This was either a cup of very thin cocoa which contained virtually no sugar, or the leftovers from tea, warmed up.

Games were played throughout the year, the Spring term being devoted to soccer, the Summer to golf, swimming and cricket and the Autumn to rugby. We had nine periods a week of games and two periods of gym.

All the playing fields, the swimming pool and the gymnasium were built by the not-too-willing boys. With the playing fields and the swimming pool, bull-dozer moved the earth to the approximate positions, and the army of human ants would take over. The playing fields were first and these provided a valuable lesson in how to lay an intricate set of drains and how to pick up stones on successive boiling afternoons stripped to the waist, for a penny a hundred, but we were all so exhausted, that no-one ever bothered to claim his

reward. It was these thousands of stones that helped to build the swimming pool. The headmaster came into the form room on frequent occasions to say that we had the rest of the morning off—and we would spend it picking up stones and carrying them down to the swimming pool, and being a privately owned school we could have as many “free” mornings as the headmaster desired.

A swimming pool is built with the minimum of effort and expenses if one has a labour force of close on one hundred and sixty healthy, if unwilling, labourers. From the swimming pool episode, we learnt how to lay tarmacadam and flatten it with a garden roller and how to cure blistered hands afterwards, obtained not only from the roller, but from scrubbing the pool once a fortnight.

The building of the gymnasium gave excellent opportunity for the budding brick layers, roof layers, wood panellers, floor layers, electricians and glaziers and there was the never to be forgotten time, when the headmaster fell through the section of the roof that we had just erected, thus breaking his arm in two places.

Other opportunities of keeping fit were passed on to us when we were instructed to cut down part of the woods so that a new extension to the school could be built. Here again the blisters rose again in myriads on our hands, only to be painted with iodine by the matron.

An alternative to the morning cold bath was to be had in summer on Sunday mornings. We were shaken out of bed and throwing off our pyjamas, grabbed our towels and thus arrayed we paraded down to the swimming pool into which we had to jump, but it was an exhilarating experience once the blue began to disappear. Thus clad only in our towels we had to tramp back uphill to the school to get dressed.

If, on a games day the pitches were too wet, gym kit was donned and we all piled into a procession of cars and dormobiles. When we were about five miles from the school, we were dropped in the freezing cold—remember the school was right in the middle of Dartmoor and the snow lasts right throughout most of the year. After being dropped, we were given the instructions to get back to school. The inspiration came from the fact that tea was served at 5.00 p.m. and if you were not there to collect it, it went cold, and if you were later still, no tea! As it always seemed to rain on a Saturday, these “jaunts” were not infrequent.

On Saturday afternoon, there was one other alternative to sport. Every week we had a test in every subject, and if you

failed the test, you were committed to "extra work". Here you were kept under close attention by the master who took you in the subject. Thereafter a test took place and if you failed this you kept working until you passed it. Saturday was also the "shoe cleaning" day and everyone had to clean his two or more pairs of shoes at an allotted time. But Saturdays were remembered as "Tuck Shop Day". Sweets and chocolates were laid out on a table but you could only spend 1/- per week on sweets and chocolate and at 6d. per bar, most of the sweets went on Saturday afternoons and by Saturday evenings there was no one to be found with a single sweet. We did not actually pay for the sweets in cash because we never had any. We handed in our 30/- pocket money to the headmaster at the beginning of term and all the things we bought were deducted by him from this.

Once a week we had to write home to our parents and times were set aside for this on Sunday mornings after the service, to which parents were invited.

Once or twice a term we had a film show in which old films were rented and shown on the school projector, but for all their faults we enjoyed them enormously and this was the time when weeks of hidden sweets were brought forth from secret nooks and crannies and eaten with relish. It was in the dark too that "contraband" sweets could be eaten in safety. There was a flourishing black market between the day boys who went home through the village every day and the boarders who spent their money in this way, rather than give it in to the headmaster.

However, through all these apparent anomalies came unity. You were with the person who slept next to you 24 hours per day, 15 weeks a term and so you had to be on good terms with everyone. There was petty fighting, but the moment a prefect or anyone in authority came along to break it up, both parties would be backing one another up against the authority, be it prefect or master. When picking up stones, or chopping down trees there were races and competitions. There were scout games at night with two houses against the other two, both fighting to get into each others camps. There were pillow fights where one dormitory would invade another but you would all bend over meekly like brothers if you were caught. In all there was a great feeling of "esprit de corps" a spirit of brotherhood which no day school can reproduce, as 4 o'clock is the end of the day and there is a finality about it. There is no "end of the day" in a boarding school and in a very active community spirit we hardly ever found the time to complain.

M. B. NYE, LVIA.

A LITTLE BIT OF NONSENSE

ACCIDENT	—Mark made by hatchet.
ASSURE	—Cobbler.
AREA	—More hair than.
BONDAGE	—Era of secret agents.
CATASTROPHE	—Pussy won a prize.
DESCRIBE	—De man that does de writing.
DRAGON	—What some lessons do.
ELECTRIC	—Vote for Richard.
EMBRACES	—Garment worn in history.
ENROLLS	—Chicken sandwiches.
EXIT	—A "Way Out " word.
FLOCK	—Japanese skirt.
GNOME	—Without a house.
HEARSE	—Opposite of his.
HOGMANAY	—What a miser does.
IMPLORE	—Fairy tales.
IMPORTANT	—Immigrant insect.
INTENSE	—Where scouts always sleep.
JEALOUS	—Where criminals are kept.
KINDRED	—Friendly Russian.
NOBILITY	—Hopeless.
NORFOLK	—Uninhabited by man.
EITHER	—Form of greeting.
THINKING	—Slim monarch.
SERMON	—An appeal to a master.
NUDE	—Had knowledge of.
ODE	—Was in debt.
ORPHAN	—Frequently.
PARTOOK	—Father stole.
PHANTOM	—Cool my stomach.
RESCUER	—Convalescence in bed.
SNUFF	—Not too much, now!
SWARM	—Hot isn't it?
TENSION	—Army phraseology.
TRIPLUMBIC	—Swinging the lead.
PENDULOSIS	
UNDERSTAND	—Where "The Swans" should stay.
VEST	—Ver the young man vent.
VIEW	—"No, I have not".
WAIT	—The colour of a snob's teeth.
WOE	—Horse language.
WARN	—Opposite of was.

D. G. MORRIS, LVI. Arts.
R. W. STEVENS

SUNSHINE

Waves were splashing, hillsides ringing,
Butterflies gliding through the air.
Crabs surprising everyone near them,
Sunshine, sunshine, everywhere.

Children swimming, playing, gleaming
Happily at the shoreline caves.
Swallows gliding, swooping, diving,
Sweetly o'er the gorgeous waves.

Valleys, hillsides, lakes and rivers,
Melting in the noon-day sun.
Winds blow softly through the palm trees
Yonder islands here we come.

Sailors, fishermen love this weather,
In their boats they sing all day.
Seagulls screaming o'er the sand-dunes
Sunshine, sunshine all the way.

N. PAUL CLEMENT, 1A.

Happy, smiling, laughing children,
Playing on the glittering sands,
Shining waters, glimmering fishes,
Being caught by little hands.

Trees are tranquil, so majestic,
Casting shadows all around.
Pretty flowers, roses and lily,
Springing up along the ground.

Farmers busy with the harvest,
Putting hay in carts galore.
Horses take it to the windmill,
Where the gentle breezes blow.

Little children, have you wondered
Just how fortunate you are,
There are many, many others
Who will never see a star.

DAVID WILLIAMS, 1E.

THE GLOVE

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Lawson was a worried man. For two weeks he had been unable to contact one of his guerilla groups. The year was 1942 and a strong resistance organization was being built up in Occupied France.

Pacing up and down, "Like a caged tiger", as his subordinate James Wilson, put it, he racked his brains trying to fathom what had gone wrong.

The object of his worry was the five-man group of saboteurs and agents, known under the code name "Glove".

"The trouble is that we haven't heard from them once since they dropped. By the way things are going on, they might well be in hibernation," said Lawson. He would not have been that cynical had he been with them.

Nothing had gone right for the team. The Lysander's pilot had miscalculated their position owing to an attack by German Focke-Wulf fighters.

The party landed some fifty miles from their target—Rouen but, worst of all, their transmitter had fallen into a stream and when recovered, it was found to be damaged beyond repair.

"Well doesn't that just make our day," said Lieutenant 'Jock' McTavish, "all we need now is to find that we're in the middle of an artillery range".

'Happy' Harris would have given vent to some of his spicy vocabulary had it not been for the order of Captain William Johns to "Shut your traps and see where we are".

'Old Billy' as the Captain was disrespectfully referred to, was young for his post. He had shown promise at Military Academy and had teamed up with Harris, McTavish, Reynolds and Gordon so well that they suited each other "Like the fingers of your hand". This accounted for their strange code name.

Lieutenant-Colonel Erich von Schartenburg of the S.S. was not ignorant of the constant influx of aliens into Germany's 'new colony'.

As a matter of fact, he had his own little network—including an informer at Rouen.

On the day after the 'drop' he addressed his men :—

'My heroic defenders of der Fatherland: last night an enemy transport of der Lysander class was intercepted flying in der direction of Rouen. Our agent dere, who should have received der terrorists, heard nothing, so ve must assume dat

dey were dropped far away. Ve also intercepted a radio message but all ve could understand vas dere vord 'Glove'.

"Ve must track down these perpetrators and destroy dem. —Heil der Fuehrer".

Von Scharenburg's co-called 'perpetrators' were feeling anything but truculent when they came across a farmstead and asked for shelter.

Their primary objective was the aero-engine factory at Rouen and when they realized the distance to their goal, they abandoned all hope of a quick victory and a flight home.

"Reynolds," said Johns next morning, "Isn't there any hope of using that radio?"

"Well, that depends upon what you want to use it for," he replied. "In my opinion, if you mixed it with twenty pounds of flour, it would go down well with the Jerries as compared to sauerkraut, but as for transmitting, you'd do better with two coffee tins joined by a bit of string".

"Okay funny-man," said Bill, "you'll laugh on the other side of your face if we're caught trying to blow up the factory with mashed wireless and dollop, for that 's all we'll have if you can't raise old Lawson.

"In the meantime, try using that pea-sized brain of yours to figure out some means of contacting him".

Sixteen days after the 'drop' James Wilson burst into Lawson's office—"Sir, we've raised 'Glove'!"

"Right," snapped the colonel, "have their message decoded and sent here immediately!"

Five minutes later, Lawson knew everything. The message ran :—

'Have established contact but dropped 50 miles south of Rouen at Verneuill. Transmitter broken. this message sent on the one at Sotteville—10 miles from target. Are ready for supplies at field 'Sweet-William'. Message ends,—Glove'.

... Crouching in a gap between two outhouses of the aero-engine factory, Bill Johns gritted his teeth and hoped for the best—everything depended upon his silencing the approaching guard quietly. He had cut through the outer perimeter wire, leaving the other members of the team to look after the explosives which they had just received from London.

Bill gripped the cloth pad which he held in his left -hand, more tightly and jumped out on the guard. — It was over in a second—the man's cry was stifled by the cloth pad and Bill gave him a hard blow just under his right ear.

McTavish, Harris and Gordon quickly joined Bill, leaving

James Reynolds to 'cover' the gap in the wire. Stealthily, the four crept into the main workshop—not without difficulty. All obstacles were overcome, however, and soon the charges were in position.

The fuse-wires were lit—giving the party about eight minutes to get clear.

They met outside the wire, but Harris was missing! Then they saw his short figure running towards them—he had, as usual been up to mischief.

"Sorry Skipper," he panted.

"No time for explanations now," said Bill, "scarper—quick!"

As they ran swiftly back to the farm where they were staying, the night suddenly erupted into a brilliant flash and a roll of thunder. . . . The team's work was done.!

Von Schartenburg was furious as he inspected the burnt-out works, next day, when a charred object suspended above him caught his attention—it was a cardboard glove!

JULIAN M. LEWIS, 2B.

A CHOIRMASTER REFLECTS

When I was told I had to write an article for your School Magazine, I was a little bothered by the choice of the language in which I should write it.

For a long time, I have wondered if I should write it in French. But I am afraid to make too many anglicisms in my own language.

I should have liked to write it in Breton. But since very few of you have done any celtic studies, there is no point in doing so.

Mr. Harris also suggested that I should write it in Welsh. I should certainly have done it if I had not just been a bit short of time. Some day will come when I shall be able to write in your own language as fluently and easily as in Breton or in French.

So, the only language left is English! Although it has not the same noble character and the same purity as our old celtic language, I don't really object to writing it.

What shall I write about now?

The best subject will certainly be my experiences in Wales. To begin with, why did I ask to be appointed in Wales? As I have told many people, I had two main reasons for

such a choice. You all know that I am a Breton. "LLYDAWER" if you understand it better, (Oh, it is true that France has annexed Brittany. I must confess that this was achieved by our Queen "Anne de Bretagne". All the same all over the world, aren't they? Trust women to spoil your blissful and happy life! But this is another story!)

So, coming from Brittany, I am very interested in all the Celtic nations and especially Wales. What appealed the most to me was the language. Celtic languages, to my mind, have something very special about them. I can't really tell what, perhaps it is simply that they are different from the other European languages. But it must be because they are our only true language. Breton was the first language I ever spoke, and I am sure that some of you were first taught Welsh by your mothers. Welsh must be one of the most beautiful languages of the world, and for a linguist it is a very interesting one to study: so many unusual things, so many things to be discovered and explained. Here I shall quote two lines by Voltaire, one of the most brilliant French writers :

*"Ce langage sonore aux douceurs souveraines,
Le plus beau qui soit ne des levres humaines".*

This of course, was applied to Greek, but I quite deliberately apply it to Welsh, or any Celtic language, and I am sure that Voltaire himself will not mind it. Perhaps he would have said it, if only he had come across Welsh in his life!

All through the year I have done my very best to study Welsh. The teachers have all been kindly willing to help me. Some of the boys of the first and second forms may have been somewhat surprised to have me sitting among them during the lessons of Mr. Davies. But one has to start at the very beginning in order to be able to understand the basis and essentials of a language. I believe I have progressed quite quickly—my homework papers haven't been too bad! I am now prepared to start studying Celtic philosophy next year in Brest.

It may sound very strange to some of you that people still like to study such old fashioned things as Celtic languages in our modern times of nuclear experiments and journeys in space. This is more or less some kind of personal interest and perhaps of self-discipline. (Why should we only care for things which are likely to bring us money?) The best way for man to fulfil himself is to take some difficult path where he will find but very few people to help him on his way. Liberty is the right to discipline oneself, not to be disciplined by the others. This word "The others" also implies the elements which man must master—not only the elements of the future but also the elements of the past. I am convinced that there is just as

much pleasure to be obtained by studying and explaining the things of the past as by discovering the things of the future.

The second reason for my choice of Wales is my passion for singing. I know Brittany is not a singing nation—it is much more a dancing nation by nature—but I have myself a singing soul. And I have been most delighted to come over here. There is no doubt that the Welsh are the best singers in the world and Wales is really what is called a “Singing nation” (not a ‘swinging nation’ as somebody suggested to me). My stay here has given me a greater experience in that particular field. Be sure that I shall make use of it for the greater glory the Welsh musicians, when I go back to Brittany.

Everywhere I have gone in this country, I have found people who really enjoy singing. All the hymns or songs I have heard or sung are absolutely heavenly, they give you a taste of Heaven and of the Angels’ choir. Sure, it can’t be be much better up there!

I think I am also entitled to say that I have found the Welsh people most friendly. As T. Rowland Hughes says in his novel “William Jones”, it is the people who really make a country worth while living in . . .

Now, just before leaving you for some time, I tell you that I will be very pleased to come back to Wales—and I am already looking forward to it—for I know that you will always “Keep a welcome in the hills”.

“Kénaro ra Trugarez”

(in English: Goodbye and Thank you.)

JO le GAD

FOOTNOTE:

During the Seven Years War, a company of Welshmen (attached to a British force) were ordered to support an attack near St. Cast on the Brittany coast. The company advanced singing its traditional Welsh war song, the English of which runs as follows :—

“In the night as we slept,
We heard the war-horn’s note,
The sound of the war-horn in the woods
Hark! Tis the Saxon, the Saxon, the Saxon!”

Awaiting the onset was a Breton regiment from TREGUIR and ST. POL, and it was astonished to hear its own favourite war-song by the advancing enemy to words which sounded familiar.

The Bretons stopped priming their arms and stood irresolute, while the Welshmen halted. Then the Bretons took

up the song themselves, and though officers on either side shouted the command to fire, their troops stood still. In that part of the field at any rate, fighting was at an end.

Tradition does not say what happened afterwards: but here side by side are the Welsh and Breton versions of the war-song. Notice the similarity between them.

BRETON

“Pa cann kousketeun nosvez all,
E klevez son ar c'horn-buhal;
Son a c'horn-buhal, ekoatsal,
Ho saozon, saozon, saozon fall”.

WELSH

“Pan y cysgwn un noswaith arall,
E glywais swyn udgorn;
Swyn yr udgorn yn y coed,
Ho Saeson, Saeson, Saeson y fall”.

* * *

I've got the Rocking Pneumonia—I need a shot of Genuine blues

One of the great if not the greatest blues artists of all time, Hudie Leadbetter, better known as 'Leadbelly', once gave a description of the blues. It went something like: “You're tossin' and turnin' all night—you aint' sick, but you can't sleep. You get up; you got money; ther's food on the table, but man, you're just dissatisfied and restless. “But a white man—now he never got cause to worry—a white man don't understand the blues”.

Plainly and simply this is so; however, it would be wrong to describe the blues merely as a “mood”. There are many types of blues, telling stories of the life, frustrations, hardships, and struggles of the American Negro. There are sad “lowdown” blues; there are those which tell of good times, and those which show an attitude of resignation on the part of the singer, such as Blind Boy Fuller's, “When you are Gone”,— although he has suffered much disappointment, he resigns himself to the apparent harshness of the world.

The deep South of the United States is the home, and heart-land of the blues. In particular, the “Big D”, or the area of land between the Mississippi and Yazoorivers, known since the latter part of the nineteenth century as “The Delta”.

Between the centres of Jackson, Yazoo City, Greenville, Clarksdale and Tunica, are mainly small, ramshackle towns

and outlying small-holdings, from which emerged many great blues singers. Blues singing and playing is an art form let there be no doubt; its performers play their instruments with rare feeling putting heart and soul into their music, for they are expressing their feelings and telling just a small part of the history of the Negro people.

To listen to the great Joe Williams, or Lightnin' Hopkins playing—just one man and his guitar, with no electronic effects,—is a moving experience—and this, to me, is an art, living and tremendous. For instance Jimmy Rushing's "How Long Blues" is great by any canon of criticism.

These three men must be among the greatest of blues interpreters. "Big" Joe Williams is a remarkable character, and is noted —apart from his playing—for his nine-string guitar, which he still has. Tired of people trying to play his unique guitar, Joe pushed bits of razor and glass between the strings to deter them from playing it. His wandering life is typical of many blues singers. Leaving home at an early age, he worked in a tough *levée* camp in Greenville, Mississippi before roaming through Florida, Alabama, and Texas on his travels all over the States. At one time he was associated with Peetie Whitestraw and Charlie Jordan in a night club venture in St Louis, before Peetie was killed in a car crash and Jordan was murdered. Joe and his wife then made their way to Texas and California. Then she died, and a demoralised Joe Williams found himself not for the first time in trouble with the law. However, a few years later, he came over to Europe with the American Blues Festival, and is now domiciled in Chicago. During one of his periods in jail in Parchman Farm penitentiary, where many blues singers have found themselves at various times, he composed his famous "Baby, Please don't go"—unfortunately recorded recently by the pathetic pseudo—R. n' B. group "Them" (Ugh!) although Joe wrote it many years ago.

Such is the chequered, up and down life followed by many of the itinerant story-tellers who sing and play the blues.

Leadbetter in fact, spent most of his life in jail, among other things for murder, arson, and assault. Yet, the music of this violent and powerful man has an outstanding quality and is of infinite variety, for "Lead" liked to sing British folk-songs and the "pop" songs of his day and it was he who composed the slow "waltz-time" tune—"Goodnight Irene". Although he died in 1949, his music lives on, and will continue to do so.

Such are the "country blues" artists. In the cities, however, a more refined type of blues has grown up—more co-

mercial, and without the earthy, almost primitive sound of its southern counterpart. Chicago, St. Louis, and of course, in the south, New Orleans, have seen some remarkable performers. Before the war, this movement was closely linked with the development of "traditional" jazz, which had "blues" indelibly stamped on it. Some magnificent performers appeared on the scene—Jimmy Rushing, Sam Price, T-bone Walker, to name but a few. Many famous blues artists have gone "up North", and settled in Chicago, but have not changed their style much. Muddy Waters, said to be the greatest Rhythm n' Blues artist of the present day is one. They have combined the more commercial jazzy blues of the city with the earthier sound of the country blues.

In Chicago too, Little Walter plays, and is thought, by many to be the best harmonica player anywhere at the present time. On the southern R. n' B. scene, Lightnin' Slim is another fine harmonica-player.

Today there are several men who have combined modern jazz with the blues-sound. Ray Charles, is one, Percy Mayfield another, and Jimmy Witherspoon yet another. Mose Allison, a white artist has also made some fine recordings in this vein. Ray Charles' work is a combination of soul, blues, and jazz—he is a complete performer but has to my mind, tarnished his reputation a little with the series of "pop" records he recorded a few years ago.

This woeful inadequate discussion of the blues is hardly more than an aside. Many reputedly great artists are relatively unknown. For example: Otis Harris' "Waking Blues" is his sole recording, and thousands of others will never be heard, except by a few as they wander and play from state to state. Some performers keep on wandering, even after achieving fame—such as Louisiana Red—a young man with remarkable talent. He provides the answer to the charge that blues is a limited field. His "Low Down Back-Porch Blues" L.P. contains among other tracks, a satire on segregation; and "Red's Dream" which describes a dream in which he had a brush with Krushev and Castro. Like his greater predecessors, he sings about anything and everthing.

I could mention many more great names—Arthur "Big-Boy" Crudup, the two Sonny Boy Williamson's, Bukka White, Bessie Smith, Big Bill Broonzy, Ma Rainey, Henry Williams. Stovepipe Jackson (who actually played a stovepipe)—the list is endless.

Many remarkable instruments have been invented to bring a new sound to the blues: the era 1928-33 was called the

classic era of "jug bands". These bands made some great recordings (Ace Cannon's Jug Jumpers being among the most famous) with instruments as simple as a jug—but then improvisation is the basis of all blues and jazz. The saxophonist and one of the leading lights of modern jazz John Coltraine, will play any piece of tubular metal—so it is said, with remarkable and controversial results.

Before ending this section, mention must be made of the great combination of Sonny Terry and Brownie Magbee, who it seems are masters of all types of blues, from the slick city, to the raucous country types, and play gospel, negro, folk songs, and spirituals with equal ability.

After the second world war, when Negro music reached a wider and more appreciative audience, the R.C.A. "Race" label began to record a newish development of country blues—a stronger pounding was incorporated from the "city-style"; this music was intended for commercial consumption by a non-negro as well as negro audiences. About 1948, this music was called rather derogatively, "Race" music and then the phrase "Rhythm'n Blues" was coined and a new type of blues music cruder than its parent grew up alongside it. The genuine article is exciting music, pulsating with life, as the record sleeves say. There are many fine artists in this field also, Hawlin' Wolf Burnett, whose "Smokestack Lightnin'" is a classic of "R. and B." John Lee Hooker, Slim Harpo, Memphis Slim, Jimmy Reed, and many others. Here too, there is great variety in style—Irma Thomas and Otis Redding represent the more soulful side of R' n' B. Of course it is repetitive—more so than the old style blues and you either like it, or it bores you.

It is frequently hard to see where R. and B. ends and Rock n' Roll begins. Larry Williams, who has made some great records in both styles said that: "white folks call it Rock n' Roll, we call it Rhythm 'n Blues".

Still I would venture to draw a distinction for "Rock" is cruder and cannot really be compared with R. and B., although it is far more exciting and interesting than the rubbish thrust upon us by the "pop-record" moguls. Even so, Rock is pop-music and R. and B. is definately not.

It is significant that the great Rock stars have a strong gospel and/or R. and B. grounding. Such artists are Little Richard, Lloyd Price, Larry Williams, Sam Cooke (all of "Speciality"), Chuck Berry, Fats Domino, Elvis Presley, and Jerry Lee Lewis. The last two artists, though not negroes, were nevertheless greatly influenced by local blues and country

and western artists. Some of Presley's interpretations of Cruduyn's work on his early L.P.'s are excellent. Such artists could generate fantastic excitement by their terrific stage acts and wild recordings. When one considers them in retrospect, and in the light of the R. and B. basis of Rock and Roll, it can be seen that, despite the criticisms originally levelled at them, they had something now sadly lacking. That the greatest Rock n' Rollers came from the South is a point of significance also.

R. and B. is intrinsically negro; however, since Rock is pop-music it is not so from the performer's point of view.

What is **not** R. and B. however, is the fifth rate rubbish churned out and crucified by such long-haired weirdies and fakers as the 'Rolling Stones' (Ugh!).

So Stones and Manfred Mann fans, if you want to hear some genuine blues or R. and B. I suggest you look around the record shops and listen to something like Lightnin' Hopkins' "Rollin' Blues," Leadbelly's "Black girl" or Howlin' Wolf's recording of St. Louis Jimmy's great "Going Down Slow", and hear this music sung by its originators.

The nearest thing in Britain to Negro folk-music was the "Skiffle" movement of the mid-fifties—some of the artists were quite good and had some feeling for blues and negro folk music notably Lonnie Donnegan.

Many of the great blues artists are now dead, but, some are still alive—Sleepy John Estes, 'Big' Joe Williams, Lightnin' Hopkins. R. and B. is thriving in the States on a national scale, and Negro music is still continuing to be recorded in the small, local studios in the cities of the South. Perhaps Civil Rights and "progress" will eradicate the things that caused men to sing the blues, as greater security pervades their life—but I doubt it. The Blues will live on—still a source, in a variety of forms of great music.

JIM CRINT, LVI Arts.

A DEFENCE OF MODERN MUSIC

It is difficult in an age like ours, when composers such as Bela Bartok and Stravinsky steal the limelight, to convince the youth of Britain of the merits and genius of Lennon and McCartney. Never in the history of the world has there been such a brilliant team. Their inventive creativeness led them from the accepted world of the full symphony orchestra, to

the more basic rhythmic erectness of the electric guitar. Many composers, whose works have long been forgotten, were busy exploring such possibilities and tilling the ground, as it were, for these two men of genius.

Lennon discovered the beauty to be obtained from dividing his guitar into multiple parts, and the sinister effect of low, muted percussion, with crashes on cymbal at half bars. McCartney was more interested in the romantic nature of the solo voice, when moving downwards in semitones. A fine example of this is found in their "Music for Guitar, Percussion and Solo voice" OPUS 7. The 'Yea, Yea' idiom of the first subject is a clear indication to what extent they were influenced by their native city, Liverpool. Their melodies are usually more on the nature of definite tunes rather than long melodic lines. Their early melodic style has certain 'twist' features which gradually give way to their Liverpoolian influence. This influence was perhaps at its strongest in their D Quartet sub-titled—"Can't buy me love", but when it recurred again in early 1964, the absorption and fusion was so complete and individual that the city element was no longer separable from the rest.

Besides the special effects, seen especially at the opening of "I feel fine", OPUS 10, the arrangements of Lennon and McCartney are very individual. Such widely separated works as "Suite for two voices, guitars and strings" (commissioned by Messrs Peter and Gordon) and a recent composition "Ticket to Ride", are clearly by the same hand.

The majority of their vocal works nearly all impose considerable strain on the singers. The minor seventh leaps in "I want to hold your hand" are the rule in their composition rather than the exception. McCartney himself while singing "She's a woman" tends to have difficulty.

"Lennon and McCartney are composers for the middle-aged. There is in them that sanity and gently sedentary introspection which are the marks of maturing men. In their music we live again without excitement. They awaken memory not desire; they gather the harvest of romance rather than sow the seeds"—Mike Jagger.

How can we then expect youngsters to appreciate their music? Let them therefore return to their "Rite of Spring", but let it not be said that I have not tried to convert them.

N. D. LOCK, LVIA

A PLACE OF REFUSE

(I'll find it in my Jack-boot.)

In tyranny and chartered draws,
In fantasy and bricks half chewed,
Does this great law abide.
In many things, on treetops, trees,
Like unique hedgerows, individuality exists.
In 'telly programmes, in football matches,
No-one is suppressed.

The black man comes in immigrating clouds,
The white man runs away,
From 'telly programmes, football matches,
To a place where the sun is gay,
To a land of people he runs where
Ev'ry one is free.
For there lies the land of the free, you see,
And no-one is suppressed.

In this great land of freedom,
No boomeranged blackmen lie in wait,
For faith and liberty,
For now they're dead, exterminated.
And there remain none to set us free
Of our consciences.

Though rhino whips, and black jack boots
Once told a different tale,
A saga :—
Of suppression, clean cut ,and death,
Of insurrection (Double R)
And bloody Notting Hill.
But now they're dead, exterminated,
And still remain our ills,
Our consciences.

So let us fly from tyranny and chartered double
draws;
From fantasy, and bricks half chewed,
To a land where freedom lies,
Amidst the black men's pleas;
To a land where no compulsion sighs
Do bring your nice black friend to tea.

M. J. DORRELL, LVI, Arts.

PROFIAD RHYFEDD

Un o lannau tawel, hyfryd Cymru oedd Eglwys Gadeiriol Llandâf gynt er ei bod mor agos i ddinas Caerdydd. Erbyn heddiw y mai Caerdydd wedi amgylchynu Llandâf er nad yw wedi llwyddo i ddileu y pentref nac ychwaith glod a phwysigrwydd ei eglwys hynafol.

Yn wir mae Llandâf wedi rhoi arbenigrwydd i Gaerdydd am fyw nag un rheswm. Mae i'r Eglwys, gyda llaw, hanes diddorol ond 'awn ni ddim ar ôl hwnnw.

Mae'r Eglwys heddiw yn tynnu lluo o ymwelwyr o bob man. Un peth o ddiddordeb mawr yw'r cerflun anferth sydd ynddi—ffigur Epstein o "Grist mewn Gogoniant". Wrth fynd i mewn drwy'r drws mawr, dyma'r peth cynta sy'n tynnu ein sylw. Sgrin fel rheol sy'n rhannu corff yr Eglwys a'r gangell. Y mae'r sgrin yna fel rheol o bren. Yn rhyfedd iawn nid sgrin ond bwa mawr o goncrit sydd yma, ac yn teyrnasu drosgorff yr Eglwys ar ben y bwa mae cerflun Epstein o Grist mewn gogoniant a hwn eto, fel y bwa yn idiom yr ugeinfed ganrif yn ei ddull hir-fain, a'i ddefnydd—sef, aliwminiwm. Mae pawb sy'n dod yma am y tro cyntaf yn cael tipyn o sioc i weld gwrthrychau mor ddieithr yr olwg a defnydd mor od—sef concrit ac aliwminiwm. 'Rydym ni sydd wedi ein magu i edmygu y dynion a allai drin cerrig yn gweld y pethau yma yn od.

Un o'r pethau gore i mi ar y radio yw rhaglenni recordiau, yn enwedig recordiau o bianyddion mawr y byd. Y mae'r pwynt yma yn arwain i beth arall sy'n denu'r dorf i Landâf, sef Gwyl Gerddorol Flynyddol. Y dydd o'r blaen mi gefais gyfle i fynd i'r wyl ac i wrando ar un o bianyddion mawr y byd, sef, Claudio Arrau.

Yr oedd yr Eglwys yn llawn; Grand Piano ar lwyfan isel o dan y bwa concrit—perffaith ddistawrwydd. Gweddi fer agoriadol. Y pianydd mawr yn dod i mewn a chymryd ei le wrth y offeryn. Dim curo dywlo o'r dechrau hyd y diwedd.

Weid iddo roddi perfformiad o Sonata fawr Beethoven (y Waldstein), allan ag e' yn y tawelwch syfrdanol. Yna gweddi fer eto i glori'r cwbl.

Dau gyfraniad mawr dan yr un to—yn union yn yr unfan—Epstein ac Arrau.

Dyddiad i'w gofio? Ie, yn bendifaddau.

Sylweddolais am y tro cyntaf fod rhywbeth ar goll wrth wrando ar recordiau.

JOHN WALTERS, IVc

'GAINST THOSE WHO HOLD THE REINS

Why fret upon the world's problems,
Why worry our small brains?
'Tis sure there's nothing we can do
'Gainst those who hold the reins.

But Mussolini, Hitler too,
By our folly gained power,
If we had not worried then
How dark would be this hour.

We creatures have no Appolo,
To give us such a warning,
No Roman God to prophesy
Such hatred, fear and mourning.

We humans have our frailties,
In fear we display them most,
Some see no hope left in this world
Another sees Banquo's ghost.

The old reflect on glories past,
And set their sights on penance,
Whilst youth begins to find out life,
And treat it with a vengeance.

Young grow old and control the world,
—Their children seem uncouth—
They condemn the immoral things
Unheard of in their youth.

So the cycle repeats itself,
Old worrying its brains,
For the sake of youth rebelling,
'Gainst those who hold the reins.

ANTHONY J. GODDEN.,

I'm naive. Why?
Because
I'm eighteen, intelligent, and free;
I have ideals, some honesty, amiability,
Respect for parents, teachers, girl-friends;
I don't like privilege, discrimination,
Class before ability;
I hope I am considerate.
But:
Selma and Montgomery;
Vietnam; London dockers;
All the world scrambling, scraping, scratching,
Money's the god; bitterness, hatred, cynicism.
Why? God knows:
But what I don't like about it is
That I will be infected too.

IAN MATTEY, UVI Arts.

SPORTS SECTION

The School has again had a very successful year on the sports field, the main "honours" being shared equally between the different sports.

Welsh Secondary School's Rugby Caps were gained by M. Gange (under 15) and P. Hiley (under 19), while P. Stone was again capped for the Welsh Grammar Schools Soccer Team. G. Anthony played for the Welsh Boys Clubs Soccer Team, and during the past few weeks has also accompanied a Nottingham Forest Team to the continent. T. Noonan was a member of the successful Swansea Schoolboys team that won the English Schools Association Football Shield.

The School Cricket teams are having one of their most successful seasons. To date, both 1st XI and the under 16 XI are undefeated, and four members of the under 16 team, (T. Noonan, Simpson, P. Popham, C. Parfit) have represented Swansea Schoolboys.

Both the School Tennis Team and Basketball Team have been active this term and reports appear on other pages. The School Sports again saw a rise in the standard of performance in most events and the conscientious preparation of Llewelyn House again ensured that they emerged victorious.

It is appropriate at the end of this school year to offer our thanks to all those members of staff who so willingly and unselfishly give up much of their spare time to supervise the various teams, and we look forward to their continued support.

DYNEVOR SPORTS 1965

Nine records were broken during Dynevor County Secondary School, Swansea, athletics championships held at Townhill Playing Fields. Llewelyn House won the inter-house competition for the second year in succession.

Llewelyn's fine team spirit and all round strength gave them the edge from the start and they emerged comfortable winners.

The Victor Ludorum trophy went to S. McNiff, Llewelyn House, and the cup was presented to the winning house captain, T. Lewis, by Mr. G. Powell, a former Headmaster of the school.

Final House placings were : Llewelyn 172 points; Roberts 120 points; Grove, 110; Dillwyn, 100.

RESULTS

100 yards : GROUP ONE—R. Butt (L) 13 secs. GROUP TWO—W. Jones (R) 11.5 secs (record); GROUP THREE—I. Edwards (R) 11.9 secs. GROUP FOUR—P. Webster (R) 12.1 secs. GROUP FIVE—P. Wilson (G) 10.3 secs.

220 yards : GROUP TWO—S. McNiff (L) 27 secs. (record); GROUP THREE—D. Harris (G) 27 secs. GROUP FOUR—N. Popham (L) 26.3 secs. GROUP FIVE—I. Matthey (R) 24.4 secs.

440 yards : GROUP ONE—R. Butt (L) 71.5 secs. GROUP THREE—D. Harris (G) 62.1 secs. GROUP FOUR—M. Gange (R) 61.6 secs. GROUP FIVE—D. Jones (D) 57.3 secs.

660 yards : GROUP TWO—I Tyrell (G) 1 min. 52 secs.

880 yards : GROUP THREE—J. Matthews (G) 2 min. 38 secs. GROUP FOUR—D. Griffin (R) 2 min. 22 secs. GROUP FIVE—L. Carver (L) 2 min. 20 secs.

Mile (Open) : M. Davies (L) 5 min. 11secs.

Relay : GROUP ONE—Dillwyn, 60.4 secs. GROUP TWO—Llewelyn, 58.6 secs. GROUP THREE—Llewelyn, 53.9 secs. GROUP FOUR—Llewelyn, 52.1 sec. GROUP FIVE—Roberts, 49.1 sec.

Long Jump : GROUP ONE—R. Butt (L) 14ft. GROUP TWO—S. McNiff (L) 16ft. GROUP THREE—D. Harris (G) 16ft 5in. (record) GROUP FOUR—S. Noot (D) 16ft. GROUP FIVE—K. Lancey (L) 19ft. 7in. (record).

Triple Jump : GROUP TWO—S. McNiff (L) 35ft. 7in. (record); GROUP THREE—S. Powell (L) 35 ft. 4½ins. GROUP FOUR—M. Gange (R) 36ft 7in. GROUP FIVE—K. Lancey (L) 39ft. 7in.

Weight : GROUP ONE—D. Tomkin (D) 26ft. 1 in. GROUP TWO—G. James (G) 29ft. 2in. GROUP THREE—A. Bevan (L) 31ft. 7½in. GROUP FOUR—M. Howe (D) 32ft. 6 in. GROUP FIVE—T. Lewis (L) 35ft. 1½in. (record).

Discus : GROUP THREE—S. Powell (L) 82 ft. 5in. GROUP FOUR—M. Howe (D) 97ft. 9 in. GROUP FIVE—M. Thomas (R) 116ft.

Javelin : GROUP TWO—P. Arthurs (L) 84ft. 10in. (record); GROUP THREE—H. Jones (G) 87ft. 7in. GROUP FOUR—M. Gange (R) 127ft. 1in. (record); GROUP FIVE—P. Hunt 134ft 1in. (record).

“UNDER 16” CRICKET XI (SEASON 1965)

This season has proved very successful so far for the “Under 16” XI. They have played five games to date and have remained undefeated. This unbroken run has taken them to the top of their section in the Swansea Schools League and

earned them a place in the final for the second year in succession. Last year the team was defeated on the last ball of the match. Their opponents then, as in this year's final, were Llansamlet.

The first match, played at King George V Playing Fields, provided them with worthy opponents in Oxford Street School. Oxford Street won the toss and decided to bat. They reached a formidable total of 89. The runs were kept to a minimum by fine bowling by Webster, 4 for 16, who was supported well by Parfit, the captain. A feature of the fielding was three fine catches by Popham, the wicket-keeper.

When Dynevor batted they started aggressively and scored eight runs from the first two balls. The side then went on to make 93 runs for the loss of only 5 wickets. The score was boosted by an innings of 42 by Noonan.

The next game was against old rivals, Bishop Gore. Again the opponents went in to bat first and reached a total of 67. The majority of the runs were made by the tail-enders. The bowling in general was of a high standard. Dynevor soon reached their opponents total for the loss of only 5 wickets. Popham and Webster were the chief run-makers and figured in a fine unbroken partnership of 31 for the sixth wicket. Popham made 16 not out and Webster 18 not out.

Against Manselton, the team batted first for the first time. They reached only a modest total of 67 with Simpson making 20 runs. Due to a fine bowling spell of 6 for 15 by Parfit, Manselton were able to offer little opposition and were soon out for 47.

In the next game against Clevedon, the team won comfortably as expected. The main feature of the Clevedon innings was a fruitful 34 not out by O'Sullivan, Dynevor's 12th man, who played for the opposition. This helped Clevedon to a total of 61. However, this was not enough. An innings of 21 not out by Simpson and 20 by Popham had taken the Dynevor score to 107 for 7 dec. Yet another victory had been registered.

The last championship match proved to be the most vital. It had to be won to secure a place in the final. The opponents, Dunvant, batted first and reached the modest total of 37. Webster, in good form, took 3 wickets for 8 runs. When Dynevor batted they were over-confident because such a low total seemed within easy reach. The team was soon in trouble and had 3 wickets down for only 13 runs. Nevertheless, they managed to recover and settle down to score 38 for 5. This victory gained them their place in the final.

Throughout the season the bowling has been consistent and the batting satisfactory. However, the team has been let down on many occasions by poor fielding.

Finally we wish to use this opportunity to thank Mr. Hopkins for devoting his spare time, both Saturday mornings and week-day nights, to the team.

"UNDER 16" CRICKET FINAL

Dynevor v. Llansamlet—July 3rd.

The conditions favoured a fine game, which was expected from two fine teams. Parfit won the toss for Dynevor and chose to field. The two opening batsmen seemed to be just settling down, when Parfitt sent down one of his slower deliveries. The batsman was surprised and misjudged the delivery, caught an edge and was admirably caught behind the wicket by Popham. From this point on, the scoring rate decreased due to tight fielding and consistent bowling by Webster, Parfitt and Noonan. At the end of the stipulated thirty overs Llansamlet had reached a total of 76 runs for 7 wickets.

Dynevor batted with a re-shuffled batting order. The first three batsmen, Noonan, Popham and Thomas put on 59 runs between them. Suddenly the innings collapsed, with the next five batsmen falling for less than 10 runs. The nine runs needed for victory were obtained by the tail-enders, notably Sullivan and Warlow, the latter hitting the winning run in the last over.

After the game The Lewis Shield was received by C. Parfitt, on behalf of Dynevor, and he then thanked the Llansamlet team for such an exciting game.

The team wishes to express its thanks to Mr. Quick for taking the team on Saturday in place of Mr. Hopkins, who was unfortunately unable to attend, after having given his support all through the season.

Ystalyfera v. Dynevor at Cricket

Eleven enthusiastic Dynevor cricketers all with high hopes made the long journey to Ynystawe Park for the match of the season.

On arriving at the field imaginary balls were bowled at imaginary wickets, and strokes were made at imaginary balls. Preliminaries over, Ystalyfera won the toss and put Dynevor into bat.

E. Carter and M. Phillips opened the innings. These two batsmen made the gigantic score of 2 between them! But what are large scores compared with style?

Facing a gleeful Ystalyfera bowler was the captain and all rounder I. Tyrell, who made successful swipes at the ball to bring his score to 17. From there came the decline and fall of the Dynevor team with a score of 37.

Ystalyfera's opening batsmen did some very efficient gardening around the wicket and then squared up to Dynevor's opening bowlers J. Thomas and C. Lewis. Slowly but surely the mighty victors of previous matches fell.

At 8 wickets they had made 32 and here the Dynevor fielders closed in and put on their fiercest expressions and got the final wicket at 36! The last batsman suffered the greatest indignity a batsman can experience, being run out.

The Ystalyfera game seemed to have been an easy victory and the Dynevor team looked forward with confidence to the match against Bishop Gore.

FORM II—CRICKET RESULTS

DYNEVOR	v.	YSTALYFERA	
36		35	Dynevor won by 1 run.
DYNEVOR	v.	BISHOP GORE	
39 for 4		37	Dynevor won by 6 wickets.
DYNEVOR	v.	MANSELTON	
34 for 4		28	Dynevor won by 6 wickets.
DYNEVOR	v.	PENLAN	
60		37	Dynevor won by 23 runs.
DYNEVOR	v.	LLANSAMLET	
38 for 7		41 for 8	Llansamlet won by 2 wkts.

So far this season I. Tyrell has scored 51 runs for the team and J. T. Thomas has taken 23 wickets.

A.B.
M. PHILLIPS, 2B.

FIRST XI CRICKET

This season, only the first match was cancelled because of bad weather and out of the nine games played, before going to press the successful school side has won seven, and drawn the other two. The side is quietly confident of maintaining this unbeaten record in the remaining games against Penlan and Bishop Gore, and especially against the Staff.

The success of the side may be attributed to the fact that the team is practically "en bloc" from the previous season, with the players' experience being very marked. Another reason for success is the very able opening batsmen, R. Brown has fitted in with J. Humphries, an established opener, and this pair has given the side an extremely good start in quite a few matches. The best opening partnerships have been against Pontardawe, 78, with Brown and Humphries 36 and 42 respectively; and against Sandfields, of 97, in which Humphries reached 50 not out, while Brown was out for 44.

The best batting performances of the season came from J. Humphries scoring 83 not out against Llanelly, and T. Lewis, 78, against Llandeilo.

The best bowling performances have come from R. Williams with 7 for 18 against the Swansea Training College, J. Jenkins, 5 for 3 against Sandfields and D. Sinett with 3 for 0 against Pontardawe and 4 for 2 against Llandeilo.

In the match against Sandfields, T. Lewis made four very smart stumpings, and has been in fine form behind the wicket throughout the season.

In the race for most catches G. Anthony, as a result of three catches in the Old Boys' match, goes ahead with 10, and in second place is R. Thomas with 4.

On the whole, this has been a successful season for many players, with J. Humphries and L. Carver reaching the county final trial at Cardiff.

This season has been one of the best experienced by the school for many a long year and it is hoped that this success and enthusiasm can be maintained for next season, and that it may be possible to win every match played next year. With a number of members of this season's team returning to school, it augurs well that this hope will be realised.

SUMMARY

Dynevor	v. Sandfields	Home	Won by 111 runs.
"	v. Pontardawe	Away	Won by 64 runs.
"	v. Sandfields	Away	Won by 63 runs.
"	v. Training College	Home	Won by 128 runs.
"	v. Ystalyfera	Away	Match Drawn.
"	v. Pontardawe	Home	Won by 43 runs.
"	v. Llanelly	Home	Won by 38 runs.
"	v. Llandeilo	Home	Won by 120 runs.
"	v. Old Boys	St Helens	Match Drawn.
"	v. Bishop Gore		
"	v. Penlan		
School Team	v. Staff		

OLD BOYS' MATCH

As usual the sun shone brightly on St. Helens for the start and duration of this annual match.

The Old Boys batted first and were surprised to see 46 for 5 on the board. But after some lusty hitting and good running they declared at 134 for 8.

In reply, the school lost two wickets for 9 runs, but gradually pulled themselves together to play out time and reach 78 for 6.

For the School, the best bowling came from D. Jenkins with 5 for 46; in batting R. Brown scored 25, and B. Joslyn 18 not out. Scorer this season was S. J. Walters.

D. SINNETT.

SOCCER PEN PICTURES

T. LEWIS: Ht. 6' 0"; Wt. 15st. 3lbs. *Goalkeeper*. Tudor has had an outstanding season. After having a pre-season trial with Newport County, he eventually preferred to play for T.S. & C., a team which enjoyed mixed fortunes this season. Tudor is a Welsh Grammar Schools cap.

J. HUMPHRIES: Ht. 5' 9"; Wt. 11st. 2 lbs. *Right Back*. Jeff is this year's skipper. Although he has recently been troubled by a cartilage injury, he has been an ever-present this season.

B. JOSLYN: Ht. 5' 10"; Wt. 11st. *Left Back*. Barry, affectionately known as 'Sambo' is the 'naughty boy' of the side, and if he could improve his temperament, he would develop into an outstanding player. A regular for the Swansea Town Colts, he may be given the chance in a higher grade next season by Uncle Glyn. A Welsh Schoolboy cap.

R. HOWELLS : Ht. 5' 10"; Wt. 10st. 8 lbs. *Right Half*. Robert is again a member of the Colts XI. He has played well this season, and should be one of the stalwarts of the side next year.

P. STONE : Ht. 5' 9"; Wt. 12st. *Centre Half*. Yet another player on Swansea Town's books. Philip's strong tackling makes up for his lack of height. A Welsh Grammar Schools cap, he should more than hold his own in next season's international XI.

B. JAMES : Ht. 5' 9"; Wt. 11st. *Left Half*. Brian will be leaving this year for Manchester University. He is again a strong tackler, and has been a regular player all season. Probably one of the fittest in the side.

- P. HOWELLS : Ht. 5' 10 " ; Wt. 11st. 6 lbs. *Right Wing*. Starting the season at right half, Peter has developed into a free-scoring winger. He will again be available next season.
- G. ANTHONY : Ht. 5' 6 " ; Wt. 10st. *Inside Right*. Geoff, undoubtedly the player of the year, has been of great value to the team during the last two seasons. A clever ball player he was a regular winger in the Welsh Boys Clubs XI throughout the season. Recently signed for Nottingham Forest.
- E. WESTERMARK : Ht. 6' ; Wt. 12 st. 6 lbs. *Centre Forward*. This strongly built player is the top scorer of the team. A damaged shoulder kept him out of the replay at Welshpool. Turned down a trial with Middlesborough early in the season and signed on amateur forms with Swansea Town. He is a Welsh Y.M.C.A. international
- T. NANCURVIS : Ht. 5' 8 " ; Wt. 10st. *Inside Left*. Tony is another skillful ball player. We hope he will take over from Geoff. Anthony as the 'schemer' of the side. He has played in every game and has been a regular goal-scorer.
- W. HOLT : Ht. 5' 11 " ; Wt. 12st 6 lbs. *Left Wing*. He is one of the most successful of the many boys who were tried in the problem left-wing spot. William kept a regular place after Christmas, but lost it towards the end of the season.
- D. JENKINS : Ht. 5' 10 " ; Wt. 12st. *Reserve Half Back*. Dai is the Tito Gobi of the team, and his fine tenor voice has often inspired the team onto great success. Some say that if he had given a regular rendering of 'Gipsy Rover' each week of the year, he would surely have been an ever-present.
- D. EVANS : Ht. 6' 0 " ; Wt. 11st. 5 lbs. *Reserve Forward*. If fitness is the key to success, then this player should have hung up his boots a long time ago. Lost his form completely since his operation three years ago although a glimpse of his former brilliance was seen in a flashing header against the Swansea Schoolboys at Ashleigh Road.
- J. GREY : Ht. 5' 7 " ; Wt. 10st. *Reserve Goalkeeper*. A safe 'keeper, John has been kept out of the team by Tudor Lewis' brilliance. If he were to stay in school he would undoubtedly be the No. 1 choice for next season.
- D. SINNETT ; Ht. 5' 8 " ; Wt. 10st. *Reserve Winger*. Dudley is another player who was tried this season at left wing. He is a fast player and should be a regular winger next season.

THE FIRST XI SOCCER TEAM

Once again this year, the 1st XI managed to reach the semi-final of the Ivor Tuck Trophy. After losing 1-0 to St.

Asaphs G.S. last year in the semi-final the team was confident of reaching the final this time, but this was not to be. Letting Welshpool G.S. 'off the hook' in our home tie, we were forced to a replay, the game being lost in extra time.

Although half the team will probably be leaving this year, we wish Mr. Quick and Mr. James good luck with next year's team, and we sincerely hope, as far as the Ivor Tuck Trophy is concerned, that they will be 'third time lucky'.

RECORDS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Appearances</i>	<i>Goals</i>
LEWIS, T.	.. 12	.. —
GREY, J.	.. 3	.. —
HUMPHREYS, J.	.. 15	.. —
JOSLYN, B.	.. 15	.. —
HOWELLS, R.	.. 10	.. —
STONE, P.	.. 14	.. —
JAMES, B.	.. 15	.. —
WILSON, P.	.. 1	.. —
FIFEFIELD, G.	.. 3	.. 1
HOWELLS, P.	.. 14	.. 7
EVANS, D.	.. 5	.. —
ANTHONY, G.	.. 14	.. 11
WESTERMARKE	.. 11	.. 17
FOLIGNO, R.	.. 1	.. —
JENKINS, D.	.. 5	.. 3
NANCURVIS, T.	.. 15	.. 7
HOLT, W.	.. 5	.. 1
SINNETT, D.	.. 5	.. 1
CARVER, L.	.. 3	.. —

RESULTS

v. Canton High School	at Canton, Cardiff	Won 4-1
v. Swansea Schoolboys	at Ashleigh Road	Won 4-1
v. Atlantic College	at Townhill Playing Fields	Won 9-1
v. Old Boys'	at Vetch Field	Lost 2-4
v. Swansea Schoolboys	at Paradise Park	Won 2-1
v. Swansea Schoolboys	at Paradise Park	Won 9-1
v. Swansea Schoolboys	at Ashleigh Road	Drew 0-0
v. Swansea Schoolboys	at Ashleigh Road	Won 2-0

IVOR TUCK TROPHY FOR WELSH GRAMMAR SCHOOLS

v. Penlan	at Penlan Playing Fields	Won 5-0
v. Llanelly Youth	at Stebonheath, Llanelly	Won 3-0
v. Swahsea Schoolboys	at Paradise Park	Won 2-1
v. St. David's G.S. Pemb.	at Townhill Playing Fields	Won 3-0
v. Canton H.S. Cardiff	at Pontcanna Fileds C'diff	Won 3-2
v. Welshpool G.S.	at Townhill Playing Fields	Drew 1-1
v. Welshpool G.S.	at Welshpool A.F.C. Ground	Lost 0-2 (after extra time)

Overall Record

<i>P</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>D</i>	<i>L</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>A</i>
15	11	2	2	49	— 15

TENNIS TEAM

Contrary to popular rumour among certain members of the cricket team, the tennis team has enjoyed a most successful season to date.

Three matches against Glanafan, Glanmor and Kenfig Hill were won without loss of a game, that is 9 games to nil. It must, of necessity, here be mentioned that Glanmor was the only girls' school played, and that the others were recognised establishments of higher education and not 'institutes for the blind' as has been viciously asserted by one who shall be nameless, but, who, for the sake of argument we shall call "Selwyn Walters".

Only one match, that against Neath Grammar School was lost,—the adverse weather conditions on the day were not conducive to the fast and forceful tennis played by the school team.

All this was achieved with the aid of several psychological devices such as underarm services, shouts of 'who moved the base-line?' and frequent renditions of 'who wears short shorts?' Injuries were prevalent throughout the season: heading the list were hysteria and server's back-ache. The latter injury was contracted not in the act of serving, but when a block-headed player served an ace right between the shoulder-blades of his partner.

TENNIS TEAM : B. James (*Captain*), W. Holt, J. Peregrine, R. Hurst, R. S. Williams and M. Hancock, whose energy on the courts was reduced by his worries as 'Secretary' of the Tennis Team.



