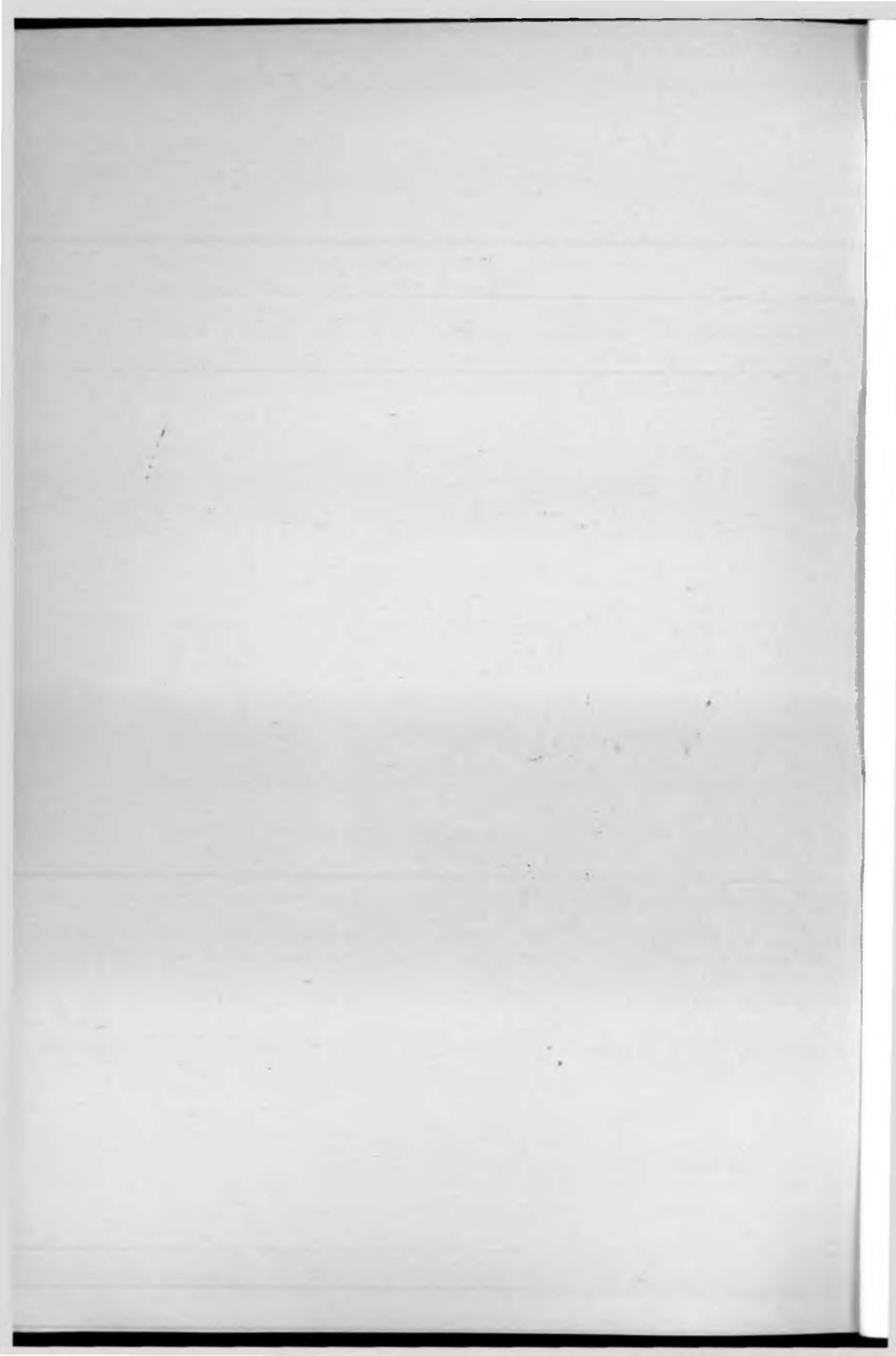


MAGAZINE

No. 111

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GORAU ARF



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Dynevour Secondary School Magazine

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DECEMBER 1965

EDITORS :

D. HOPKINS, M. DORRELL, M. NYE.

EDITORIAL

We, the editors, would like to thank all of those boys who have responded to the request, made in the last Editorial, for more articles. It is heartening to realise that there is such an overabundance of long-haired poets and witty satirists in our midst. Although we have hardly had any trouble in gathering material (due to long-haired poets and witty satirists !) we should like to see the continued influx of original material. To those whose literary endeavours remain publically unscrutinised, we offer some works of consolation : Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We offer a warm welcome to Mr. D. B. Norris, T.D., M.SC., F.G.S., who commenced duties as our new headmaster on 1st November.

Mr. Norris, a former pupil of Dynevour, returns to us after holding Head of Department appointments at the Secondary Technical and Penlan Schools and serving as an Artillery major during the war.

This term has seen a number of changes in the staff : Mr. Alwyn Davies, who taught Welsh at Dynevor, has now taken up a post at Bishop Gore, and Mr. B. Harding is at Maesteg Secondary School, teaching Geometry and French. Mr. W. Stephens, whose subject is Science, has now taken up a teaching post in Nigeria. We hope that all of these former members of staff will each have a successful future in the work they are doing.

We are pleased to record the arrival at Dynevor of two new mistresses and three new masters : Mrs. R. Jones, teaching Welsh, and Mrs. H. Richards, English ; Mr. R. Morgan, teaching History and English, Mr. A. Webb and Mr. N. Morgans, both teaching Engineering Drawing and Crafts. We are also delighted to see the return of Mr. R. J. Howells after a year's absence in London on a Russian Course. Because of valuable experience, gained from his two-week visit to Russia, we are all quite sure that his commencement as the Head of the Russian Department in Dynevor will prove extremely interesting and educational.

This year, we are again fortunate in having both French and German assistants : M. Attia and Herr Schulte. Both of these gentlemen have already been of great help to the boys who are studying languages. Sincerely we hope they will have happy memories of our Country when they return to their own homes.

We are very sorry to hear of the illness of two members of staff. Mr. B. H. Davies has been absent since December 1964, and is undergoing a serious operation at Sully Hospital. Also, Mr. M. J. Davies has been away since the beginning of term. We wish both of them a speedy recovery.

The Old Dyvorians' Lecture, given each year by a distinguished old boy, was held this year on the 21st October. Dr. Ivor Isaac was the guest speaker. The lecture was held in the school hall and was attended by Dynevor Sixth Formers and Fifth Form Biology pupils, and senior pupils from local secondary schools. Old Dyvorians and members of the public also attended, and Mr. Penhale, vice-president of the Old Dyvorians' Association, was chairman.

Dr. Isaac, who is Reader in Biology at the University College of Swansea, took as his subject : "Biology and Society." In a most interesting and authoritative address, he spoke of recent developments in biological research, and posed some of the problems presented by Man's rapidly increasing knowledge of his physiological self.

A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Meredydd G. Hughes, our former headmaster, and this was seconded by D. Sinnett, School Vice-Captain.

As usual the Old Dyvorians are arranging for the printing of the lecture, and this will be available at the end of term, price one shilling. It is hoped that all who heard the lecture will buy a copy.

This term, a new Society has been formed known as G6. After a period of time, when rather mystifying signs had been pinned up in many formrooms, this exclusively Sixth Form club was begun in October of this year, and an article is included in this issue from the Secretary, J. Brown.

On November 4th, a group of Sixth Formers from the Arts and Sciences took the opportunity of attending a matinee performance of "Under Milk Wood" at the University College. Quite a number of boys went and (whether inspired by their love of literature or the fact that there were many girls present) enjoyed themselves immensely. Mr. Graham Davies was in charge of the party, and other parties, rather larger than our own, attended from Glanmor, Llwyn-y-Bryn and Bishop Gore. Altogether, the afternoon was very much appreciated, with fine acting by the University Players, who were repeating the performance they had given on the fringe in the Edinburgh Festival.

Just as we go to press we learn with great pleasure that our former Headmaster, Mr. Meredydd G. Hughes, has presented a Welsh Bible to the School and has inscribed it in English and in Welsh as follows :

"Presented to Dynevor School by Meredydd G. Hughes,
Headmaster 1957-1965.
November, 1965."

"Rhoddwyd i Ysgol Dinefwr gan Meredydd G. Hughes,
Prifathro 1957-1965.
Tachwedd, 1965."

Mr. MEREDYDD G. HUGHES.

It was with sincere regret that the School heard at the end of last term of the resignation of the Headmaster, Mr. Meredydd G. Hughes.

After holding teaching posts at Cardiff High School for Boys and Hampton Grammar School, where he was Head of the Mathematics Department, Mr. Hughes became Headmaster of Dynevor in September 1957.



He soon became concerned with building renovations, and expansion of the school, and, as a result, the new laboratories, assembly hall, library, art room and geography room were opened later.

During his eight years as Headmaster, Mr. Hughes maintained Dynevor's tradition of friendly co-operation between masters and boys, and in spite of the fact that the number of boys increased from 661 to 916 during this period, he regarded them all as individuals and was always ready to devote his time and energy to help any one of them. He was successful in widening the interests of the pupils and in developing a sense of social service among them. He encouraged those who might not be as gifted academically as some others, and stimulated the more able to aim as high as possible, with the result that more gained an entrance or scholarship to Oxford or Cambridge.

He was a vigilant guardian of the interests of Dynevor and defender of its reputation, which he had greatly enhanced. The ovations which he received at Speech Day and at his final School Assembly demonstrated the warm respect which all felt.

We wish Mr. and Mrs. Hughes and their children success and happiness in Cardiff, where Mr. Hughes has commenced his appointment in the Faculty of Education at the University College.

ANNUAL SPEECH DAY AND PRIZE GIVING

28th September, 1965, at the Brangwyn Hall.

Speech Day, this year, was a very special occasion, for it was to be the last of a very fine series under the Headmastership of Mr. Hughes.

The Chairman, Alderman P. P. Evans, a very good friend of the school, referred to this in his opening remarks, and the Headmaster took up this theme in his report. He paid a very warm tribute to the essential humanity of Mr. W. Bryn Thomas, and Mr. Glan Powell, who had preceded him as Headmasters. They, and their loyal staff, had taught under difficult and precarious conditions. It was (and still was) a very friendly school, democratic in every way. It was impossible to over-stress that it formed a cross-section of all the classes in Swansea—professional, skilled, and unskilled—and the pupils from these very different backgrounds educated one another. This might not be the case under a different system, but it was certainly so at Dynevor, and in this sense Dynevor was more comprehensive now that it could possibly be in the future. This interplay of social forces could not be achieved in any school which did not draw its pupils from areas all over the town.

During his tenure of office a new library, science block, hall, Art room, and Geography room had been added. There had been, in step with this, an amazing explosion in the VIth Form. In 1957 there were 79 in the Sixth; today there are 157. The courses followed were of the widest, and clearly, parents realised more and more the intrinsic value of the Sixth as the basis of a true liberal education. The school had successfully met the challenge of the boys who had been transferred to it when the Secondary Technical School had closed. New methods, less academic, had quickly been devised and successfully presented.

The Headmaster now turned to the academic successes gained during the last eight years; open awards at various universities formed an impressive list; one each at Birmingham, Cardiff, and Manchester; two at Oxford; three at Aberystwyth; five at Cambridge; and eight at Swansea.

Throughout his period as Headmaster, the parents had given the strongest possible support to the school. Equality of opportunity—a doctrine so pronounced in the world of Education today—depended in the final analysis upon the quality of the home. Academic success was a fine thing in itself, but all true education was one of character-training, leading to service to the community, and as a consequence, self-fulfilment.

Dr. F. Llewelyn-Jones, the Principal of the University College of Swansea, as guest speaker, showed all the attributes of a true teacher in bringing his remarks down to the level of his young audience. More than any other speaker of recent years, he had his hearers with him ; this was most gratifying in view of the formidable position he owns in the educational and scientific world. We are very grateful to him, and to Mrs. Llewelyn-Jones, who presented the prizes and certificates.

The genial air which the guest speaker had created was happily echoed both by Carl Johnson at the piano in Mendelssohn's " Andante and Rondo Capriccioso " and by the school choir in a selection from " The Sound of Music " by Rogers.

The Mayor and Mayoress, the Deputy Director of Education were present, and we are delighted at the honour they thus paid the school.

1964

Old Mole, under my lawn
Digging and digging,
While overhead the stars
Are wheeling, I could with ease
Kill you for the scars
You leave every dawn.

Go down, Old Mole, go now
Digging and digging,
Before my wrath's poison pries
Creeping along the tunnel
And in its fume dies
All little life living there below.

Who would be guilty then
Digging and digging
Under the Law's cold light?
In the beginning God made me
Man to your moles (slight
God of moles, though least of men).

Ah no! I cry to God
For pity, and rigging
Of my unknown petty sin,
Cringing beneath the wheeling stars.
Therefore creep safely on, Old Mole, in
Peace beneath the cool damp sod.

OLD DY'VORIAN.

QUEEN MARY LETTER.

We are glad to print the following letter from an Old Boy of the school, now at Queen Mary College, University of London. Mark Lee Inman is the first of our old boys to go to this seat of learning :

Queen Mary College was incorporated as a College of the University of London in December, 1934. It was founded when the Worshipful Company of Drapers financed the People's Palace as an institute for learning for the citizens of London's East End. It was started in 1884. Now it is a major school of London University. There are four faculties, the most prominent being the Engineering, towering like Orwell's Ministry of Love, over Mile End Road, then the Arts and Science faculties ever expanding in numbers, and finally the Law faculty, in a broom cupboard in some remote corner of the building.

Well, what are my impressions, as the first Dyvorian to Q.M.C. I would say that without doubt it is a college that however varied the intake, maintains a friendly atmosphere. Considering my own department, it is quite amazing how everyone gets on together. To aid this, a pre-sessional field trip is organised for the freshers to enable them to break the ice. It was hardly fair on the citizens of Swanage to deposit thirty-three vigorous, virile, excited undergrads onto them, especially when they were derived from all parts of England and Yorkshire, but it dissolved the typical English attitude of isolation, to the extent that in the freshers gathering on the first day of term, the Geographers were chatting like cockle-women and the rest (the plebes) sitting like stuffed ducks !

Our Geography block is new, having been opened in October 1963, and is equipped with full electronic aids. This causes a certain amount of consternation since the complexity of the equipment means it is always going wrong. Such minor calamities cause amusement among both staff and students !

From the human point of view, what are the basic differences between Dynevor and Q.M.C. ? Well, instead of travelling by bus in the company of Glanmor girls, I am jammed like a sardine into a commuter train, and the fair sex is on the inside of the college, not on the outside. I have already been called a misogynist, for my views on them.

The eternally clanging bells are gone, as are the rules that thou shalt stay in the building between 9-12.30 and 2-4 p.m. Lectures don't begin till 9.20, but they are compulsory. The college meals on the whole are worse than

Dynevor's and four times the price ! However, there is a beef-burger bar for those less rich and more prone to ulcers. Most of us " thrive " on beef-burgers and coffee, which tastes like petrol. No wonder so many patronise the bar.

One final point of difference, my English accent in Dynevor was always a subject for comment and amusement. Now, it is my Welsh accent that is a standing joke ! I appear to epitomise Wales and Welsh achievement to all I come in contact with. I have even been told I have a singing voice ! Wonders never cease. Iechyd da !

M. LEE INMAN (" Rodney ").

EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

or (for boys of Dynevor and any other ignoramuses)

" ACTIVITIES NOT ON THE TIME-TABLE ".

It was felt that, with the subject of specialisation a controversial point of debate, a short article should be submitted on the out-of-school interests of the Dynevor Sixth-form, many of whose magnificent and heroic efforts to broaden the mind go unrecognised. (This article was, incidentally, rejected by the Sports Section.)

The annual Dynevor to Glanmor pram-race was won this year by R. Tobin and D. Sutton in a six-cylinder, double overhead camshaft, fixed-head coupe model T pram. (3781 c.c., 9 : 1 compression ratio, "tuned" by Mr. C. John). Unfortunately, it seems that a number of prams had to be abandoned in the proximity of Llwyn-y-bryn School, and these were kindly towed away by the W.V.S.

The entirely different event of " nurling " (the rules of which are known only to a few, namely D. Hughes, but which is known to consist of a 33.276 yard dash wearing a waste-paper basket on the head, a fishing-boot on the left leg, and carrying an open umbrella and a vaulting-pole, overcoming a number of fiendishly treacherous hazards and eventually diving into three tons of old kippers) was won by D. Morris in fine style with a Division 1 : Class A hurdle. (He has since been forbidden within a three-mile radius of the school.)

The principal attraction on the canteen's calendar was the prune-eating contest. In front of a large crowd, D. " Nashers " John triumphed with a European all-comers record of fifty-eight prunes in thirty-seven seconds.

In the "Laboratory Sports Day" an encouraging response was received for every event. The dye-spreading competition was won by M. Davies, the test-tube smashing by P. Hunt, and the water-squirting by P. Hiley. (It was planned to hold a frog-race in the Biology Lab., but with a party of French boys due to arrive, for the sake of goodwill, this was postponed.)

Finally, the result of the "Read and Memorize" competition has just been received in time for the late edition. This was won comfortably by D. Hopkins with the completion of four volumes of "Paradise Lost", two volumes of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and one Harrap's French Dictionary in the astonishing time of five lunch-hours and two breaks. It is reported that he now has "Reader's Indigestion" . . . (sorry about that).

M. HANCOCK, UVI Arts.

IMPRESSIONS OF A RICE FIELD

(The Cormorant and the Pike)

The many sun-flowered cormorant
Fishes, swims, dives for bait,
Fishing the padagonic turvy waters of hell,
Baiting, fishing, hook swinging,
Deep diving, swanking,
Fishing, oriental masterpieces,
The sun-crowned fish, the pike,
The swarthy lurking, muddy lurching pike;
Suddenly, a swoosh, a cormorantic dive,
A gold-ringed whoop,
A flash of feathers,
A parting of green waters;
Chunks of junks, of dope and poppy seed,
The world laid bare,
A patriotic stench erupts
A tourists dream,
A camera of the world,
Embanked and safe and dry.
Watched faithfully,
The pike the cormorant ,twists
Beaks and fins and rings.
Enveloping the paddy rice-grained sea
Amongst volcanic mounds, a spontaneic cry,
All hell is loose,
The reproductive world is lost,
The pike, the cormorant are free.

M. J. DORRELL, Up. VI, Arts.

FREEDOM FROM HUNGER.

In a period of eighteen months the school contributed over £800 to the Freedom From Hunger Campaign. £500 came from out of school activities (Carol Service, etc.).

I should like to take this opportunity to thank those who gave, and in particular those boys who undertook the very worthy, but often thankless, task of collecting the weekly contributions from willing, but sometime forgetful fellow pupils.

The School's contribution went towards the Welsh Schools' Project in Uttah Pradesh and we hope to be kept informed of the progress made in helping the people of this region to help themselves to establish a better standard of living.

A. BALCH.

THE LIBRARY.

A School Library plays a very important part in the cultural life of the school. We, in Dynevor, are very proud of our library, which we are certain compares with any other school library in Wales. The library is of invaluable assistance to the Sixth Form in particular, as there are numerous books on all subjects covered at "A" level, without which many would find essays a treacherous prospect indeed. Moreover, there is a very fine, and widely used, fiction section.

The library is run by the Library Committee under the guidance of Mr. Morris. This Committee is made up of Sixth Formers, who are elected librarians, with the Chief Librarian acting as Chairman.

The main duty of the librarians is to give out books after school each night. This is sometimes hard work, especially when there is a large, disorderly mob of juniors, bustling round the desk with one common aim, to change a book in thirty seconds flat and then dash for a bus. However, it also has its lighter moments. I was once asked by a junior, who possibly had an eye to the future, how much I was paid for the work, and whether I was relieved of homework ! Some evidently think we are a privileged class !

Books not returned on time are subject to a fine of 2d. a week. Contrary to popular rumour, fines are not the prerogative of librarians but are used for buying new books.

All praise to this year's hard working Committee for

the smooth and efficient running of the library, the Committee consisting of : Chairman, J. M. James ; Secretary, M. Hancock ; Treasurer, D. A. Pelta ; R. Brown, D. Hopkins, R. Isaac, B. Liscombe, D. Mercer, O'Brien. D. Sinnett, J. Soo, V. Thomas, N. Walker.

I would also like to mention the valuable assistance given to the Committee by the junior helpers. These boys, specially chosen from the Second, Third and Fourth Forms, assist the librarians after school and carry out the arduous task of checking the shelves for missing books.

Finally, our sincere thanks are due to the following persons, who have very kindly donated to the library, money and books to the value of £54 10s. 0d. :

P. G. Wilson (U.VI Sc.) ; Martyn C. Evans (U.VI.Sc.) ; B. J. Morris (U.VI.A.) ; Garry A. Evans (U.VI.A.) ; Roger Williams (U.VI.Sc.) ; E. W. Lewis (U.VI.Sc.) ; W. E. Holt (U.VI.A.) ; A. Coughlin (U.VI.Sc.) ; J. Baker (U.VI.Sc.) ; D. Aled Thomas (U.VI.A.) ; Mr. and Mrs. Williams (parents of the late T. G. Williams, U.VI.A.) ; D. Ahearne, I.B. ; D. Lloyd, I.C. ; P. Huxtable, I.D. ; S. Green, I.B. ; R. R. Williams, I.B. ; G. Williams, I.B. ; P. Andrewartha, 2.E. ; Messrs. James Hardie and Coy. Pty. Ltd., Scotch Melbourne, Victoria, Australia ; The Australian Publicity Council, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

J. M. JAMES (Chief Librarian).

GROUP 6.

Group 6 held its initial meeting on Wednesday, October 13th. Under the title of " My Kind of Music " staff and boys met to discuss their tastes in music. The response of the VIth to this first meeting was encouraging, for over 100 boys assembled for coffee (without sugar), 'chat,' music and lively discussion.

The Group was formed to provide a meeting place for VIth Formers, after 4 o'clock ; a place where boys could meet informally, have a cup of coffee, talk, and perhaps meet members of staff in a congenial atmosphere. Emphasis was to be upon informality.

However, in this respect it has been only partially successful. Originally, meetings were to be held on the school stage ; the curtains were to be drawn, and, by using the stage lighting, it was hoped to create the cosy atmosphere of the club-room.

However, the numbers attending our meetings have been such that it has been necessary to use the main hall ; catering has become a major problem ; the rows of chairs have created a morning assembly atmosphere.

Despite these difficulties, meetings are to continue. On November 11th, Mr. R. Howells provided an interesting evening by talking of his recent visit to Russia—admirably illustrated by a selection of coloured slides. Future evenings will be devoted to poetry and jazz, readings from contemporary plays, folk music, a talk on jazz by Mr. R. T. Morgan. Any further ideas will be warmly welcomed, and the first approach may be made through Mr. Graham Davies.

LIFE IN A PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Coming from one of the Welsh Public Schools, as I do, to Dynevor this term, I would like to tell you of my impressions of Public School life. I would ask you not to take my experiences as general of life in all Public Schools as my previous school could not possibly be compared with some of the higher-classed schools.

First of all I will give you a general idea of the daily routine. We got up at 7.15, and breakfast was at 7.45. We went to chapel at 8.25 and the first lesson began at 8.50. In the morning we had five forty-five minute lessons and a twenty minute break. Lunch was at 1.15 and games began at 2.15. We had games six days a week. Tea was at 3.20 and after that we had two more lessons beginning at 3.50. High tea was at 6.30 and Homework was from 7.00 until 8.30. At 8.30 there was another chapel and more homework from 8.45 until 9.15, and finally lights out for sixth-formers was at 10.00, and as early as 8.45 for first formers, and 9.15 for the third and fourth formers.

We did no lessons on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, but on the other hand, we did have lessons on Saturday mornings. Only on Sundays could you really relax, and then you had to endure at least two Sunday services. The worst thing about this routine was that you had to do lessons in late afternoon, and fairly soon after games. This proved very tiring.

Perhaps the thing that I disliked most in my school was that the old custom of fagging still existed. For his first year a boy was subjected to the continual needs of a prefect and nearly all his spare time was spent doing one job or another. To be a good fag one had to be an expert shoe-cleaner, bed-maker, shirt-washer, washer-up and coffee-maker. Are you ?

These tasks were made even more difficult by the conditions in which they had to be done ; you washed a shirt in an ordinary wash-basin using soap-powder if you were lucky, otherwise, ordinary kitchen soap, and a nail-brush. This fagging put extra pressures on a boy who was probably already rather distressed about being away from home for the first time, and in recent years it has led to an increasing number of run-aways.

One of the major faults with a Public School, I found, was that there was never a moment when you could be alone to just think and be quiet. In the same room the radio would be blaring, boys would be playing table tennis etc., etc. Also, to be at a boarding school means that school is a seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day affair ; you never get a chance to get away from it all. For example, apart from Sunday afternoons when you were allowed for three hours to go walking, you were permitted to leave school bounds for half-an-hour a week. You always had to remind yourself that you were in school and not do anything you shouldn't.

Naturally there were some good things about life in a Public School. Although some boys would regard it as hell, I, personally, enjoyed playing games six times a week. As is only to be expected there was a great variety of after school activities ; a Young Farmers Club, a Printing Club, a Shooting Club, and many others. There was a great variety of sports to be played : rugby, cricket, tennis, hockey, athletics and sailing, to name just a few. Boarding school taught you to be self-dependent and stood you in good social stead for later life, something which unfortunately is becoming increasingly important if you want to get a top-class job.

This, then, is Public School life as I saw it. It is a rugged, demanding life, a life in which there is hardly a peaceful moment. To succeed in Public School life you have to be a good mixer and not be someone who likes to do something on your own ; you have to possess a special " schoolboy prankish " sense of humour and either to be good at or interested in sport. While speaking at my last school, Dr. J. H. Parry, C.M.G., M.B.E., the former principal of Swansea University College, said that many boys are completely unsuited to Public School life. This is by no means a bad sign, as many great men have hated Public School. Sir Winston Churchill being the most famous example. So to fellow Dyvorians who one day may be thinking about sending their sons to a Public School, I say if he doesn't have the qualities I have listed above, and especially if he has very individual ideas, don't send him. He will probably hate it. I certainly did, and after all, Dynevor isn't that bad, is it ?

D. J. MERCER, L.VI.Arts.

SIXTH FORM PRIVILEGES.

I think it is due time that someone thanked Dynevor for the privileges it awards sixth formers.

When a pupil finally leaves the agony of the fifth form and begins a course in the sixth, he enters a new world of privilege and class distinction. He is now apart from the rest of the school and is, of course, treated as such by the staff. As special favours for sixth formers, they willingly set and mark cultural essays. Sirs, we are much indebted to you.

Apart from personal guidance given by the staff, the privileges granted to sixth formers are far too great in number for me to mention them all. I shall select a few, which to me stand as landmarks in the life of a school boy.

On coming to school each day, sixth formers are allowed to enter the school building immediately and go to their form rooms. Moreover they are permitted to enter by the staff entrance. What a noble gesture !—mere youths using the very same door as the members of the staff and the head-master himself.

The fortunate sixth formers who have school dinners may enter the canteen before the lower school, and stimulate their appetites with the aroma of the awaiting lunches.

Some of the minority extremists amongst the sixth say that these privileges are petty, and that as we are virtually college students we should have more freedom. I do not agree with this line of argument at all, and I would like to take this opportunity to say that I think Mr. Graham Davies is taking a serious risk in establishing a sixth form club. One should not encourage the fanatics amongst us, but suppress them. The next thing they will want is a common room for sixth formers—such arrogance!

N. D. LOCK, UVI Arts.

BONFIRES ABLAZE.

Night approaches, sparks flying,
Bangers banging, catherine wheels spinning,
Jacky jumpers jumping, bonfires blazing.
Mice and snakes, badgers and bats,
Weasels and stoats, dogs and cats,
Robins and skylarks, ravens and crows,
In fright and fear each follow their nose.

KEITH ALFORD 1a.

MUSIC IN SWANSEA SCHOOLS.

Over the past years the musical talent emerging from Swansea Secondary Schools has been decreasing. When I first arrived at Dynevor there used to be violin lessons every Wednesday under the tuition of Mr. Morgan Lloyd. In those days Dynevor School had a fair-sized orchestra. Where is it today ? It has ceased to exist because there are not any string players in school, owing to the discontinuance of tuition in school.

Why did the Authority have to "axe" this tuition ? They say they have not the money. Why couldn't they have economised on other things, or is it that they think music as something of the past ? String tuition in the Glamorgan County Schools is still thriving, and nearly every school has an orchestra.

Dynevor used to have the reputation of having one of the finest School Orchestras in the district, but now all that is just a memory which still lingers in the minds of music lovers.

Last year the Authority spent a good deal of money in restoring instruments in readiness for the re-starting of string tuition. The lessons lasted for one term. Not only was it a blow for the tutors, it disappointed many boys who were really keen to learn these instruments. So, once again, these instruments are locked away in some corner, covered with dust and cobwebs until such time as the Authority decide to begin string tuition again.

When I first joined the Swansea Schools Orchestra there were two flourishing Orchestras. There was the Junior Orchestra, consisting of about 40 to 50 players under the direction of Mr. Clive John, and the Senior Orchestra, consisting of about 70 to 80 players, under the direction of Mr. Gwilym Roberts.

I am now leader of the Swansea Schools Orchestra which consists of about two dozen players, and I am very concerned with this matter of string tuition in Swansea Schools. Whereas there used to be about 120 boys and girls coming to rehearsals on a Saturday morning at Dynevor, there are now only about twenty-four. Even if string tuition were started this year, it would take at least five years before the Orchestra could hope to attain its high standard of past years.

When the National Eisteddfod was held in Swansea in 1964, the Swansea Schools Orchestra won first prize of £75. According to the Authority this was used to purchase a bassoon, for which the Orchestra is very thankful. But

what is the point of buying an instrument of that value if there is not going to be an Orchestra in the next year or so ?

Last year was the first time that the Swansea Schools Orchestra had not performed a public Concert since it was formed just after the war. It looks very much as if the same thing will happen this year unless we get the help of past members. What about next year ? There may not be an orchestra next year as most of us will have either gone away to college or into other fields of employment.

ALWYN T. RICHARDS, UVI Arts.

THE WOLF PACK

Out in the wilds
On a cold, windy day;
A ghostly, grey sheet
Swept down on its prey

Running down slopes,
From behind every crag,
The savage, grey horde
Swept down on a stag.

The stag, a huge animal
With a brown winter coat,
He lowered his antlers
As they leapt for his throat.

He tossed his fine head,
Hurled the grey wolves around,
But, by sheer weight of numbers
Was borne to the ground.

The great stag was killed
On the spot where he stood,
And the ground that was near.
Was covered with blood.

The pack were contented,
They had now made their kill,
But, to always exist,
Fresh blood they would spill.

L. REES, 3D.

"NOW IS THE CUSTARD OF OUR DISCONTENT."

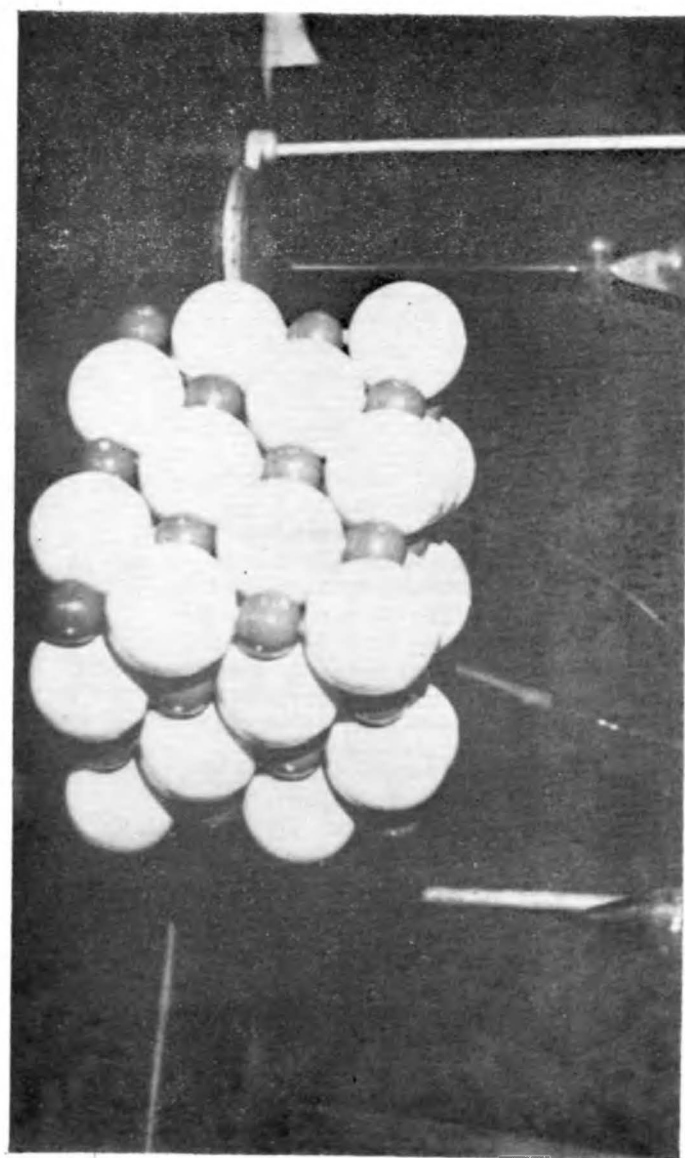
Speech made in the Canteen, prompted by the eating of a portion of semi-mobile custard.

"My friends ! You have before you at this time
A plate of custard ; some of you perchance
May even have this plate adorned with prunes,
But let no more be said on their behalf.
Here under leave of Mrs. Baker and the rest,
It is our lowly pleasure to partake
Of this devilish potion, which to me
'Tis told doth masquerade under the guiltless
Epithet of ' Custard '. I lay no blame
At the feet of our honourable kitchen staff.
(For they are all, all honourable ones)
For the semi-hidden lumps that lie
At the very depths of the dish, waiting
To choke the semi-cautious eater.
There has but small time passed since I partook
Of this most self-same brew which even now
Doth, O my friends, your whole existence threat.
Know that into three I did divide my
Custard, and 'twas my first intent to there
Indulge, regardless of the risk.
But I did yet by chance but skim the skin
When ten great lumps of undissolved glue
Reveal their dreadful form, and not in dream.
This was no false creation of the heat oppressed
Brain, but like the very fabric of the world
Which boldly floated in the yellow mire
Of what we thought was custard.
Still, for your vitamins and proteins go,
Nor in the buckets this vile mixture throw ;
And so, my comrades, hence, and eat the stuff,
And woe to him that first cries " Hold, enough !"

LLOYD M. REES, LVI Arts.

WOULD YOU EAT THIS ?

At nearly every dinner you eat, you have some common salt. In fact it is so common that few people bother to take any notice of it at all. Perhaps the above photograph will arouse the curiosity of those boys who fall into this category. Shown in the photograph is an atomic model of salt, known to the more enlightened as sodium chloride.



This chemical is usually assigned the formula Na^+Cl^- , which is largely false, as we hope our model shows. There is in fact no formula for salt that can be written on paper. If you are worried by this when you next take the salt cellar to your fish and chips you had better consult a certain science master for his animated answer, or see Stone and Thomas of Upper VIth, or several boys in 4E . . . boys who spent much time and effort in making and remaking this model.

For the more technically minded, the model is made of polystyrene spheres (do you recognise them ?), the smaller ones representing sodium ions, and the larger ones chloride ions. These are joined by pipe cleaners (to the disgust of a person in the Chem. Department, who shall be un-named, who has given it as his considered opinion that they should be used only for their proper purpose !). The model is finished off by painting the two sets of spheres in different colours, in gloss paint. Despite the fact that certain recalcitrant members of the Vth form have found other uses for the spheres in the Fives Courts, the construction of these models has continued and more have since been made. Anyone who is interested in helping to make them is cordially invited to contact the Chemistry Department.

The photograph was taken by Karklins of Up.VI Science, using Adox KB17 film with a flash, at a distance of four feet from the model.

THR TRAVELLERS GUIDE TO SWANSEA.

Most people arrive in Swansea either via a bcd in Swansea Hospital, or by train to the High Street Station. The visitor will soon realise that Swansea is an industrial centre, a port, and therefore, obviously, near the sea. On a clear day he will catch a glimpse of an ugly off-white structure ; this is the Guildhall. Beauty hath not entirely overlooked the town centre, but the wise visitor will.

The roads westward out of Swansea do not, repeat, not lead (as some members of the UVI maintain) to Siberia. Eastwards all roads lead to England and civilization, and the Welsh use these roads only for pilgrimages to Twickers. On these festive occasions the roads are crowded with Welshmen singing songs of deep significance in the National life, such as "Sospan Fach." All this is part of the Welsh mystique.

A Swansea flyover is envisaged so that Oystermouth, Mumbles, and indeed, Caswell (the shrine of the typical

Welsh Sunday) may have a direct link with the M1 (the centre of English culture).

As a town, Swansea is much given over to sport ; the local amphitheatres being the Vetch Field and St. Helens. Nobody seems to know how she came into our history, but it is certain that on a Saturday the local inhabitants converge on these shrines. The record of the local soccer team is second to none, their being at the bottom of the league with nobody below them. Last season's record reads : played 119, won 5, drawn 61.43, lost 34, knit 4, plain 1, cast off, goals for 6, and goals against, lost count.

The locals are mild and may be trusted. Their pastimes vary from steel-making to mass singing.

The true centre of learning is known as Dynevor. Many attempts have been made to bury it, but, as its name states, it refuses to die. It is close to the Albert Hall, the latter being of great significance to the inhabitants of the seat of learning. Many coffee bars are in close proximity, they are known affectionately as the B, the F, the M and the A . . . These places of culture and good talk are frequented by the learned members of the Sixth form, and there all matters of World importance are discussed over stimulating cups of weak tea. The elite wear a badge in their lapels.

In fact, I think you will find that a visit to Swansea is well missed, if possible.

ALLEN EVANS, UVI Sc.

VISIT TO BRITTANY.

It was through the generosity and interest of M. le Gad, the French Assistant for Dynevor last year, that my friend, Roger Cook, and myself were able to pay a visit to Brittany in the summer holidays. We left Swansea airport on the 17th August and flew to Jersey. Here we spent two hours before continuing on to St. Brieuc, where there is one of Brittany's few airports. Our intention was then to catch a train from St. Brieuc to Brest, but we had to wait six hours meanwhile.

Unfortunately, the airport at St. Brieuc is a good two miles outside the town and, as we were on a camping holiday, we had the prospect of tramping the distance with a rucksack, tent and two suitcases. However, a stroke of luck came and we were given a lift by a Frenchman with his family in an estate car. Much to our surprise he spoke flawless English so we did not have a chance to air our tatty French.

After having spent the six hours wandering about the town, we caught the train at eight o'clock and reached Brest by 10.13, exactly on time. Jo (M. le Gad to boys in class!) was outside waiting for us. He had two friends whom we were to get to know very well. They were Jean and Philip. Jo drove us to Plouguereau, the small town where he lives, near the sea, but our camp site was further, outside a little village called St. Michel right on the edge of the sea.

By now the talking had become entirely French and our notions of speaking English, however small, were gone. We arrived at St. Michel at half past twelve on the 18th. The first thing Jo did was to wake up the occupants of one of the tents already there. They were a school party of about 15 boys and 3 sub-masters, with a head teacher in command. His name was Roger and he was the first to be woken. Others followed and we went into the barracks that they had nearby.

Thus, the monitor, Jean, was aroused and let us into the hall there. He then promptly boiled some water and we had black coffee plus chunks of bread and butter.

So this was our first impression of the Bretons, Jo's friends—sitting there at half past midnight, holding a buttered slice of French bread in one hand and gingerly clasping a glass of hot black coffee in the other, listening to Frenchmen speaking nineteen to the dozen in a language which resembled something that we had been taught in school, but which was being emitted so hurriedly that it could have been the national language, Breton, for all we knew (and probably was).

That night we slept in one of their spare tents, rather than put up ours in the dark. The next morning was glorious and we were invited to have breakfast with them. This hospitality went on for 3 days until we had a stove from Jo on which to cook our own meals. While we had them, we considered French meals to be very good and very plentiful.

For the next two weeks we stayed in St. Michel with brief visits to Brest and the surrounding coast in the car with Jo. This car was a 12 h.p. Citroen and more will be said of it later. The days sped and had it not been for the change in the weather, we would have spent even more time out of doors than we did.

During that time, we came to know the boys well, and helped them do their English homework! In fact, they invited us to their 'veillée' each evening. This was a kind of concert where everyone took part. We had to sing—in Welsh! The Welsh and Breton languages are very similar and the tune of the National Anthem of Brittany is exactly the same as our Welsh National Anthem.

Jo is the choir master of the Plouguerneau Choir which has even made records, and one night he took us with his choir to a concert held in one of the Churches. We had to board a coach to go and the ride lasted about three-quarters-of-an-hour. What with the free concert and the entertainment of hearing the choir sing in the bus while travelling, we were very surprised to find that we did not have to pay a sou.

During their holiday, the boys went camping in separate groups and that meant Roger and I staying to look after the barracks. This we did with great pleasure and took advantage of the situation to sleep under a roof. We visited all the boys, in Roger's car, bringing them their "rations", and spent an afternoon with one group. The menu was steak and potatoes, crabs, fried eels (which Roger tasted and judged delicious) and pancakes, along with black coffee, of course.

The boys left on the Friday of our second week and we were sad to see them go. The master stayed, however, until the Sunday. During this second week, Jo had been away camping with Jean and Phil and he now came back to pick us up in his car (that Citroen!) for a tour of Brittany. Jean and Phil were coming too, but on bikes; they were very strong cyclists.

So for the last 9 days we travelled all over Brittany, camping in a different place each night. The first night was rather chaotic as all our equipment was unfamiliar, but after Jo and Jean had returned home to get a fly-sheet for the tent (as Jean had packed two tents) everything went fine. The meals were marvellous, as Phil cooked for his family, which consisted of 8 people.

Meanwhile, of course, we were speaking French all the time, trying not to make too many mistakes and succeeding at times much to Jo's delight. However, alas, the time came when we had to leave Jean and Phil to return with Jo to St. Brieuc. We had to cover 60 miles in one-and-a-half hours, from Carhaix to St. Brieuc, and Jo drove like the wind all the way. At one bend there was no signpost and I can still feel the sensation of going around a bend at 60 miles per hour (or 85 kilometres p.h.) with a car load of camping equipment with us. Still we got there, and it was with great gratitude and sorrow that we said goodbye to Jo whom, I am sure, we shall be seeing again in the future.

As we flew to Jersey, Roger and I realised what Jo had really done for us, and we are both proud to know, and be a friend of, such a great chap.

DAVID HOPKINS, I.VI Arts.

THE CYCLE

The wind is turning, and the trees without
Seem to sense the coldness in the air.
Now Summer seems to be at last spent out,
We must accept; our Autumn's birth is fair.

The merciless wind now begins to play
At the leaves that have lost their emerald green.
And turns them now to shades of death decay,
And, at the last, they fall, becoming what has been.

The animals now take their final bow
Before retiring to their little runs,
To spend the time of cold and snow
Deep in sleep, dreaming of summer suns.

But the winter, which to them is cruelty,
Has a beauty, cold and clear and white.
There is a sleeping tranquility
Lightening the darkest of the Winter's nights.

At last the longest winter's day is past,
And to the music of a million streams
Spring is piped in at last;
Since the last, an eternity, it seems.

Oh! The Spring to all brings life afresh,
Winter now is far from memory.
But Time waits not for things that are of flesh,
Summer advances, Spring is temporary.

Now the winter is not past, but yet to come,
And all prepare again with dreadful pine.
But Summer is a time of joy led home,
A wealth of warmth and blue skies fine.

Still Summer's wealth of glorious renown
Fills young hearts with gladness overflowing.
To be alive on this our nature's ground,
Although their work this time of year is growing.

Nature's cycle to its close advances,
And so it brings us to the Fall again,
Nature plods this road, though not by chance,
But controlled by a more than mortal brain.

J.I.M.

COMMENT UPON A MARTYRED CRITIC.

So they have to produce a magazine. Good. All they had to do was to sit there in comfort, drinking their cokes, paid for out of the bulging bag of Editorial Funds and to wait for the ill-written articles to pour in from anxious contributors. Then they would have fun chopping them to pieces, laughing at the puerile efforts, altering them, and generally enjoying themselves.

Maybe that is your idea of the job. Well, forget it (hic). You start with these vague dreams, You end with harsh reality. Does Dynevor really want a magazine? What's this? Two very unfunny, ill-written jokes by a First Year. And this? An attack upon the staff which "Private Eye" itself would not dare to print. Where are the Soccer notes? Why doesn't the Sec. of the Rugby send in his article on time. Heavens! Is that the date? Ring the printer and beg him to hold everything. So the Head objects to the School Notes. Oh well! Thank Heaven D----I can be relied upon for a poem or two.

Tell you what! We'll just have to write the whole thing ourselves,—and next term we'll run a school comic instead of a magazine; but there again,—they probably can't draw either.

WITHOUT COMMENT

The following was handed to the Editorial Staff, and it is reprinted without correction or comment:—

TEACHERS

Teachers come from town to town
Running, walking up and down,
Teaching Welsh or French or Latin
Woodwork, metalwork, or sewing satin;
Teachers going old and grey,
Young ones asking for more pay.

They need the patience of a saint.
To teach the boys, so very quaint,
They need good manners and good brains,
Must not get cross e'en when it rains;
God desired this kind of creature
To be called a . . . blinking teacher.

GEOF. LEEND, 3B

Arbitrary by friend

Geoff, was a nice lad, but nobody's seen him since certain masters got hold of him. Funny that!

THE COLOUR BAR.

The colour bar has become increasingly important in the last decade in the richer countries of the world. The general opinion in N.W. Europe and North America, is that we are being swamped by coloured immigrants who present nothing but a threat, in that they take away people's jobs. We fear that they will bring disease. We fear they will over-run our civilization and they will occupy the houses needed for British families. "Fear" is the basis of our colour prejudice.

However, the number of coloured immigrants is vastly over-rated. By the year 2000 A.D. we shall have three million coloured people in Britain, but at the same time the number of white people will have risen and the coloured people will only form 4% of the population. Why do these coloured families come to North West Europe and North America? They want to join in the "Great Move Forward" in Western countries, and to enjoy such social benefits as the National Health service.

Many people complain that Britain is a small island, and has nearly reached saturation point. However, what they do do not take into consideration is that, for every immigrant some-one emigrates to the Commonwealth or the U.S.A. and, therefore the influence of immigration will be eradicated.

When coloured immigrants arrive in Britain, they tend to go to the big cities, e.g., London and Birmingham, in search of work. What sort of work do they look for? For the most part they are uneducated and must take manual work. The immigrant worker and his family must find accommodation and this is where the successive governments are at fault. The immigrants are grouped together without regard for class or country, as we tend to forget they are not all the same because of a similar skin. They too have their own class discrimination, a notable example being the Caste system in India; to be herded together is nothing less than degrading and results in resentment. Their customs are different and this picks them out as oddities straight away. This difference in custom shows itself almost immediately. On coming to Britain, the Indians might mistake British shyness as a sign of unfriendliness, and this makes for bad relationship between the two peoples. Added to this is the anguish of having newly arrived in a place which is so different from their native land.

As mentioned before, the immigrants are often illiterate or even unable to speak English and are therefore forced to take menial jobs. Because of their unsophisticated background people do not want anything to do with them, not only because they are coloured, but because they are regarded as working

class, This is wrong, but what is far worse is that we tend to stereotype people. Thus if a few coloured immigrants behave in a manner unsuitable to our Society, we tend to think that all coloured immigrants are unsuited to our Society.

Housing is the biggest problem of the newly arrived immigrant family. They are not wanted in lodgings because they lower the social tone of the district and it is very difficult for an immigrant family to buy a house, through lack of money. Because of this, they have to go and live in a run-down area. Some estate agents charge extra for selling a house to a coloured family. Thus, a coloured immigrant who can afford to buy a house has to take in a large number of tenants to pay off a mortgage, which leads to overcrowding and the formation of slums. Fear may be the motive force for colour prejudice where the coloured immigrant workers threaten to take men's jobs and fear is the breeding ground of hate.

These are the attitudes of so called extremists, but what of the so-called moderates? They claim to tolerate the immigrants yet they sheer away from the idea of mixed marriages. India has been known for generations as a land of promiscuity, and sensuousness. All this is unclear in people's minds and not knowing what to believe they believe the worst, and believe that all Indians are unclean, and therefore inferior, and human nature being what it is, white people want an even higher level of behaviour than themselves.

This then is the problem, but what is the answer? Firstly we should try to educate the coloured immigrant and his family—education not just in the three “R’s” but in such things as hygiene and how to live with one another. Here the second generation is most productive. The black and white children grow up together in trust and understanding of each other. In this way the prejudices which exist from generation to generation would be stopped. The British government has not done as much for coloured immigrants as other countries. The coloured immigrants have flocked to the towns in search of work, and have been concentrated into relatively small areas, which makes the problem seem even more acute. One sees coloured ghettos in every large town, yet if these people could be more evenly distributed throughout the country people would see the problem in its true perspective. However, if this plan is to be carried out, the government would have to prevent estate agents charging different prices for different races, or better still, subsidise mortgages on a long term repayment basis. Thus one of the internal pressures in the country could be relieved and Britain would be able to set an example of brotherly love to the world.

M. B. NYE, Upper VI Arts.

HOW TO PASS THE TIME WHEN HOLIDAYS AR WET.

I don't expect there is a boy in the school who has not suffered at least one day of complete boredom during the long vacation when the weather does its best to make even the most hardened of us wish for the early days of September, and the rush and excitement of the new school year. I can almost hear the cries of outrage as you read this, but pause a minute and think, and be completely honest with yourself. It was such a moment in the Summer Holidays, with the rain pouring down as if it would never stop. I had nothing to do, so I decided to visit the saleroom.

The saleroom was at the back of our house, in the small lane, You would hardly notice it. A small sign distinguished it from the dozens of little private garages with their peeling paint and tottering doors held closed with an assortment of devices which would make a cat laugh, let alone a cat burglar. I knew the man who looked after it; his name was Albert. For years and years he had been the salesman-keeper, and had held up dozens of pictures, numberless vases, and no end of other things,—too varied to describe. This saleroom also dealt with furniture, some good, some bad, some the happy hunting ground of woodworm. Even if the items were not always good, the prices were. Above the furniture saleroom was the antique room. This was holy ground where much valuable stuff was stored. Many things didn't look as if they would fetch two-pence half-penny, but they always brought high prices.

The people who came to the saleroom were of modest means, or, at least, they liked to pretend they were. They were looking for bargains. They always had a pound in their pockets, and they hoped to persuade Albert to let them buy something. But he would have none of it. He knew the regulars, and would never sell anything to them before the auction. In fact, he very rarely sold anything before the auction because he knew that if he sold a chair for £1 today, he might find it offered back next week for 30/-.

The County Court would send things like record players, tape-recorders, radiograms, and radios, which people had had on H.P., and which they had not been able to pay for in full. The Court never sent the stories of greed, heart-break, or hard-luck with the goods. These things could not be sold before the auction, but men, armed with little screw drivers would slip in hoping to lift some component while Albert wasn't looking. But Albert was always looking.

The auction was on a Wednesday at 11 a.m., and people began to poke around from 9 o'clock onwards. Albert had to be everywhere, and was. Albert had to see everything, and did. Prices would start at 10/- and work upwards. Then, when no more bids were made, the agreed price and the name and address of the buyer were written down, and that was that. By 12.30 the whole thing would usually be over, and the vans, lorries, horses and carts, and even cars would arrive in an endless jostling scrum to take the goods away. I always felt a little sad when it was all over, but, at least, for me another rainy day had been filled, and when I look back I realise that this day was one which I remember when other more exciting days have passed out of my mind.

C. PIKE, 3e.

THE AGE OF FAITH

The candle flickers thinly in the draught,
 And light seeps faintly from high, narrow windows
 As stained-glass saints look down with wide and timeless eyes.
 The little congregation,—women, men and children—
 Kneel; enough for them to hear the murmur of the Latin,
 To see the priest's embroidered, jewelled vestment,
 And coloured, gold-laced tunics of the deacons,
 And, above all, to see the little, round, white wafer
 The priest holds up; to them it is God's Body, God to earth
 Descending, God who died for them upon the rood.
 This was the age of faith, the age of relics, shrines,
 Of churches and cathedrals, built to God's glory alone;
 When God was very close, the Maiden Mother closer;
 When England was Our Lady's Dower, and men in truth loved
 And faith humbly accepted Mystery, and recognised (God,
 That God was all in all and man was nought.

* * * *

This was the age which we dismiss as barbarous;
 An age of ignorance, credulity and superstition.
 Thus, in our age, when God has been abandoned,
 And Man become God, we pass judgement on an age
 Of Faith: how then shall we be judged?

R. D. WILLIAMS, 5E.

HISTORY REVISED!

So you all thought that Christopher Columbus discovered America? Well, you were wrong. An ancient, worm-eaten parchment map proves that it was the Vikings. This map was copied from a much earlier original by a Swiss monk about 1444, half a century earlier than Columbus in,—well, you ought to know the usual date by now.

This map is now in the library of the Yale University near the spot where Lief Erikson set foot in America in 1002. Even earlier, in 986, another Viking called Bjorni Herjolifson landed near there.

The map, earliest known of America, was found by a dealer bound in an old book. It was the map which was in the book. On the map Greenland was very accurately marked. There was a note with it saying that it was Bjorni who had discovered it. The Vikings called North America Vineland because they found it rich in wild grapes. But the map makers assumed that it was part of a large island continent. They showed two rivers, and it is thought that these represent the Hudson and the St. Lawrence.

Among the scholars who have studied the map is Mr. George Pointer of the British Museum. He says that it is of the greatest importance in the history of the world. It is independent confirmation of the ancient Norse Saga which describes the North American coast and the Red Indians in the most vivid detail. The map also shows Iceland and Northern Europe and Britain quite clearly. Nobody could have sat at home in Greenland and dreamed it all up.

So if any old-fashioned History master tells you that Columbus discovered America, you should immediately correct him, and duck!

by WHITEMORE AND FAIR, 2a.

PUNISHMENT SHOULD BE PUNITIVE, NOT REFORMATIVE.

The time has come, I think, to change the ideas of the powers that be towards punishment for crimes committed. In my opinion, punishment should, wherever possible, fit the crime. There are some cases, no doubt, where psychology is essential, but, by and large, when some young thug attacks an old lady in order to rob the till, there is nothing wrong with his brain, only a strong desire to make easy money at the expense of the weak.

If this young criminal is caught, he is sent for trial, and all that seems to happen is that he is patted on the back and asked not to be such a naughty boy. Even if the offender is sent to prison, the poor person who has been robbed will hardly see her money again, and she may be a sufferer for the rest of her life from the results of the brutal attack. In prison the offender is clothed, fed and sheltered, and he comes out only to recommence his activities. If he were made to work, and to pay back what he has robbed from the injured party surely this would deter the work-shy individual, at least, from regarding robbery as an easier way of life.

Consider the cases of child murder, which are ever in the news these days. The apprehended criminal is treated invariably as a mental case, and is confined in an institution, where, from lack of staff, supervision is slack. He escapes and commits the same crime again, and another innocent dies.

I was talking to a gentleman the other day, who had had his car stolen while he was in a cinema. On reporting it to the police, a sergeant told him : "Oh! That's nothing. I had mine pinched last week, and I have at least six cases every week". He talked as if it was a natural event like the weather, which has to be accepted. He wanted to know how much petrol was in the tank, and on being told that the tank was full, thought that this was a pity, since the thief would drive until it was empty. If this type of thief acted for kicks, then he should be thrashed. At least they would not be so eager to sit in somebody's driving seat when they found it painful to sit at all.

The most infuriating petty crime is that where property is damaged just for kicks. In such cases the criminal should be made to restore the property, even if he had to do this with his own hands

We have got our values all mixed up. It is much more important to protect the good citizen than it is to save the bad one. The articulate minority have more than had their say, and it is time that the views of the average man were attended

CHRISTOPHER JONES, Up. VI Sc.ii.

(We invite answers to this for the next magazine. Ed.)

THE URDD

I am writing this article in English for the benefit of the non-Welsh speaking boys who are interested in the work of the Urdd.

It is hoped that the Dynevor Branch of the Urdd will resume its activities next term under the direction of Mr.

Dennis Lloyd, who will be coming to this school to join the Welsh Department.

We, as members of the Urdd, were sorry to see Mr. Alwyn Davies leave to take up the position as head of the Welsh Department at Bishop Gore School. It is hoped that Mr. Davies will be able to come to one of our meetings as a guest speaker.

This past year has seen the highest membership of the Urdd since it was introduced into this School. It is hoped that a similar response will be had again this year. By being a member of "Urdd Gobaith Cymru" (Welsh League of Youth), one is able to attend the Summer Camps at Llangranog and Glan Llyn, where there are numerous activities from rock climbing to sailing. The Camps are divided into separate weeks for non Welsh speaking and Welsh speaking members.

As has been said, the meetings of the Urdd will resume next term and it is hoped that the boys of this School will take an interest in the activities. If it is possible there will be a film show on the Camps at Llangranog and Glan Llyn during next term.

ALWYN T. RICHARDS, UVI Arts.

URDD CAMP — LLANGRANOG, 1965

Eight boys attended this year's summer camp at Llangranog, on the Cardiganshire coast. A maximum of nine boys was allowed from Dynevor. for the week August 17-September 3rd. The object of these camps is to encourage the speaking of the Welsh Language, and special Welsh classes are held every year at these camps. Boys and girls from all over Wales come together during these weeks.

On the whole our boys behaved very well. Discipline is far from lax, and if a grave misdemeanour is committed the Pennaeth can send the culprit home. He is the Head of the camp and has a lady Pennaeth to help him control the girls. Swyddogion, or "Swogs" as they are called by the campers are the men and women who ensure that the week's camp is a happy one.

The tents were split up into different groups. Five of our boys were in Cibborth Pump, two were in Cibborth Pedwar, and one was in Tresaith Pedwar. Points were awarded for the standard of cleanliness in the tents, and these were totalled for the various houses which were named after the ancient divisions of Wales,—Dyfed, Gwent, Powis, and Gwynedd (which won the Shield), Morgannwg, and Ceredigion.

There was a Shop, a Dining Hall, a Bank, and a Hospital. Further over was a Chapel, where services were held every Sunday. A special Ping-Pong Room was adjacent to this. Finally and near to the boys' tents was the gym, where folk-dancing, films, and concerts were held in the evenings. Just before retiring for the night we all took part in an Epilogue Service in the Gym.

Once, a Welsh Folk Group entertained us, and delighted us. All the boys of Cibborth Pump wore some kind of hats, fancy or otherwise, and this soon caught on all over the camp and became known as the Abertawe fashion. We travelled to the beach every day. It was about two miles away. But the long walk was well worth while for the beach was one of the best we have ever seen. It was small, with twisted rocks, bent millions of years ago into fantastic layers, and the waves were huge and excellent for surfing.

Nobody could grumble about the food, though some of course did. The cook had to slave over a stove for nine weeks running, cooking for 230 of us. Four meals a day were devoured, and thence to the shop, for as usual, if there is anything to be eaten boys will always eat it, even though they have just risen from a good meal. The open air life gave us keener appetites than ever. It was just as well that the Bank opened only once a day.

When it was all over, we found that we had new friends all over Wales. We also had memories that we shall never want to see fade away.

R.T.B. and P.H., 4B

COLEG - Y - FRO

Fe fum i'n lwcus yr Haf diwetha' i gael fy newis i fynd i'r Coleg hwn ym Mro Morgannwg. 'Chlywais i erioed amdano o'r blaen a chês dipyn o sioc pan gyrhaeddais y lle ar bryn-hawn Sadwrn hyfryd yng Ngorffennaf. Coleg? Na'n wir, y peth mwya' annhebig i goleg a welais i erioed—rhyw gasgliad o 'Army Huts' ar hyd a lled cae gerllaw Erodrôm Rhoose. Ond 'rol cerdded trwy'r rhwydwaith 'ma o gabanau neu gytaiau, os mynnwch, gwelais ar unwaith mor lân a threfnus a chysurus oedd pob man. Lleoedd sbesial oedd y Theatr, Y Capel, Y Neuadd, Yr Ystafell Chwaraeon, a'r Ystafell Fwyta, ac yn goron ar y cwbl Y Lolfa fendigedig i esmwytho'r swp o gnawd ac esgyrn ar ôl bowt o weithgarwch egnïol.

Casgliad o fechgyn a merched ein hysgolion oedden ni, a phob un wedi ei ddewis ar yr amod nad oedd yn cymryd Cymraeg fel pwnc yn y chweched dosbarth. Fe allech chi alw'r bechgyn yn fois y cotiau gwynion o labordai'r ysgolion.

Amcan y cwrs am yr wythnos oedd dod â ni at ein gilydd i fyw gyda'n gilydd, i weithio a chwarae ac i wneud popeth yn Gymraeg. Gwneud beth' te? Gellid dewis Drama, Celfyddyd, Crefft, Llên neu Fiwsig.. Rhois i fy mryd ar fod yn Actiwr am wythnos er nad oedd gen i syniad yn y byd beth i'w ddisgwyl. Er gwaetha'r cwbl, mawr oedd yr hwyl a gawsom ni yn ein grŵp wrth baratoi a llwyfannu "Branwen, Ferch Llŷr".

Heblaw hyn, cawsom amrywiaeth o bethe eraill i'n diddori a'n diddanu. Darlithiau ar bynciau fel y Y Ddrama fel Celfyddyd, Y Gwyddonydd yng Nghymru, Enwau Lleoedd, Y Ddau Ddiwylliant, Gwerthfawrogi Miwsig. Ac i arbed syrffed o waith, trip i Sain Ffagan, Dawnsio Gwerin, Noson Lawen, a gêmiau o bob math, dan do ac yn yr awyr agored. Wedyn, cloi'r wythnos gyda chyfarfod mawr yn y neuadd i bob un weld a chlywed beth a wnaed gan bob grŵp. Mewn gair, ys dywed y bardd, lle "Llawn o ddaioni a llawen ddynion".

Gyda llaw, mae'n un gŵyn. Peth diflas yw clywed rhywun yn wrnu yn ei wely yn nhawelwch nos, ond mae plênau yn hofran uwchben filwaith yn waeth, credwch fi.

Ces flas mawr ar y Gymraeg wedi dod nôl a galla'i nawr roi fy nghŵyn ar gan—

"Ni phrofais dan ffurfafen
Drwst mor gry' â phlên uwchben".

LYN EVANS, UVI Sc.I.

"NI CHEIR MO'R MELYS HEB Y CHWERW"

Fe allwn i alw gwyliau'r haf 1965 "Y Gwyliau a Gollwyd". Mae gennyf reswm da am hynny—torrais bont fy ysgwydd! Digwyddodd yr anap ar ddydd Gwener, yn ystod wythnos Eisteddfod y Drenewydd—fe gwmpais dros gi pan yn rhedeg o bolpeth!

Yr oeddwn wedi bwriadu mynd i aros ar fferm fy ewythr yn Sir Frycheiniog am dipyn oherwydd fy mod wrth fy modd yn helpu yno. Er siom ofnadwy imi, methais â mynd. Yr oeddwn yn gwisgo math o fandais a elwid yn "ffigwr wyth". Poenus oedd cael y rhwymyn arno yn Ysbyty Treforus, ac yr oedd yn anghyfforddus i'w wisgo, ond mae'n rhyfedd fel mae

dyn yn gallu dod yn gyfarwydd ag unrhwych. Methais â gwneud llawer o ddim am fis cyfan o'r gwyliau, ac erbyn imi gael y bandais i fwrdd, yr oedd yn amser mynd yn ôl i'r ysgol.

I newid tipyn bach o'r hen ddihareb "Ni cheir mo'r chwerw heb y melys". Ar ôl yr anffawd hon, mae rhywbeth gennyf i edrych ymlaen ato, a hynny yw trip i'r Swistir i sgio gyda pharti o'r ysgol, yn union ar ôl y Nadolig. Bydd hyn yn costio cryn dipyn o arian i'm rhieni, rhwng y dillad a'r gost ei hun, ond fe fydd yn rhywbeth mawr yn fy mywyd i, ac fe fydd yn werth y drafferth, gobeithio. Fe fydd ein parti yn gadael y wlad hon ar yr wythfed ar hugain o Rhagfyr. (Ni all yr amser ddod yn ddigon cyflym!) Fe fyddwn yn mynd ar drên o Abertawe i Lundain, ac o Lundain i Dover; llong o Dover i Boulogne, ac yna Fe gewch glywed yr hanes yna ar ol imi ddychwelyd.

Y mae llawer o baratoi wedi bod yn yr ysgol,—dosbarthu pamffledi, edrych ar ffilmiau a "slides", ond y paratoad mwyaf i gyd oedd ein taith o dan ofal Mr. Quick a Mr. Hopkins i Fannau Brycheiniog, ddydd Llun yr hanner tymor yma, i'n hymafer yn barod i'r ucheldiroedd yn y Swistir. Hwn oedd y tro cynta i mi i fod ar daith gerdded iawn, er imi ddringo'r Wyddfa ryw ddwy flynedd yn ol.

Aethom ar fws, a ddalais yn Nhreforus, cyn belled â "Thafarn y Garreg" gerllaw Castell Craig-y-Nos—hen gartre Madam Pati. Dim ond cerdded a wnaethom o tuag un-ar-ddeg o'r gloch hyd bump o'r gloch y p'nawn, a chael hoi fach yn awr ac yn y man. Cerddasom am tua dwy filltir ar hyd heol fach, ac ar ol cael tipyn o fwyd wrth nant, troesom i gyfeiriad y mynyddoedd o gwmpas Llyn-y-Fan fawr. Er fod y tywydd wedi bod yn sych am wythnosau, roedd y ddaear yn llaith iawn mewn mannau.

Rhaid oedd dringo i fyny'r llethrau, ac nid jôc oedd hyn o gwbl. Dringo ymlaen a wnaethom a bod yn ofalus o'r corysdd,—roedd troed rhywun yn suddo i'r llaid drwy'r amser,—ond dal ymlaen. Yn rhyfedd iawn, y bechgyn ieuanga' oedd ar y blaen, a'r bechgyn hŷn y tu ôl.

Cerdded ar y gwastad wedyn nes dod o'r diwedd at "Llyn-y-Fan" fach, a chael tipyn o fwyd a gorffwys. Nid oedd son am Riain Llyn-y-Fan—dim ond brefiadau defaid a glywn!

Ar ol cael ein gwynt atom, dechrau ar ein taith yn ôl gan newid ein cyfeiriad, a cherdded gydag ymyl coedwig a blannwyd gan y Comisiwn Coedwigaeth. Yna'n ôl at yr heol a chyrraedd y man ger y nant lle buom yn dyrchafu ein llygaid i'r mynyddoedd ar gychwyn y daith.

Mor braf oedd cyrraedd adref, er bod ein coesau yn gwynegu tipyn ar ol yr holl gerdded. Fe gysgais fel craig y noson honno.

Yn awr yr ydym yn ymarfer yn y "gym" bob wythnos i'n cadw'n ystwyth gogyfer â'r daith, ac 'rwyn' cyfrif y dyddiau yn awr hyd nes y sylweddolwn ein breuddwyd.

GORONWY RHYS JONES, 3c.

WINTER FORESHORE

(Ode to an oil-ridden reptile paradise)

The foreshore swamps,
The snakes of inlet, outlet, pipes
Run down,
With rotting refuse,
With still more rotting refuse,
To an ailing smelly oily sea.
The shore has swamp enough.
The sewers, reptiled, carry on
Obliviously piling beach,
A swampy beach, with yet more beach.
The crabbed, the empty foreshore,
The rain blown canvas wind,
A gaily coloured cone, and candy floss,
Each echoed happiness.
But happiness exists there still,
Though surface depth has changed,
The candy kiosks changed,
For still the inlet pipes erupt,
Bursting, larvae spitting,
Piling wind blown high,
Bridges, wind blown wornout tunnels,
Decaying stations.
The frenzied wind whips up these feelings
Stirring, sand blown happiness.
The stirring wind whips up,
The conelike kiosks,
The stark, the empty kiosks,
As if enforcing gaiety
Within a dark brown rotting nightmare.
But mirth and merriment will come
A widow'd winter's mother's son,
In surfaced canvas rotted tents
Bent, before the blistering wind.

M. J. DORRELL, UVI, Arts.

CHESS CLUB

Since the beginning of term, the Chess Club has met every Tuesday, after school, in the Geography Room. Most of the members are Second Formers but there are also a few Third Formers. Many of the boys were complete novices at the beginning, but now some have become quite expert as a result of their weekly attendance and the helpful guidance of Mr. G. Jones. We hope that more Second and Third Formers, who are interested, will attend our future meetings.

PETER ANDREWARTHA, 2C.

DEBATING SOCIETY

This term has seen a great upsurge in the interest and membership of the Debating Society. This is particularly encouraging as the new spirit is in evidence in the middle school as well as the Sixth Year.

The debates this term have been of an extremely varied nature and thus have allowed a wide expression of opinions to be voiced. The first debate of the term deplored the expenditure of vast sums of money on space research while the humanitarian problems of the world remained so acute. Predictably, however, this motion was defeated. On the subject of fluoridisation of water, the wider issue of the rights of the majority was incorporated. This motion was defeated, however, as many of the boys thought that they could not trust the Swansea Water Department sufficiently. As regards the debate on punishment, the proposer eloquently appealed to our sense of justice, but failed to get through to the majority.

Our 'blood sports' debate generated much heated argument and ended with a block abstention. In the debate denouncing American interference in Vietnam, support for the American policy was overwhelming. Finally, the 'intellectual' debate on philosophy and theology had a stimulating effect on many boys, and speeches from the floor reached quality.

Once again the society wishes to record its thanks for the advice, criticism, and general support of Mr. Chandler. Without his unfailing interest the society would be much the weaker.

Details of the voting are as follows:

24th Sept.—"This house deplores the expenditure of vast sums of money on space research while other humanitarian projects are neglected".

Proposer: R. Williams, 5D. *Opposer:* D. Pelta, Up. 6.Sc.
Defeated with 9 abstentions.

1st. Oct.—"This house supports the fluoridisation of water because the rights of the majority must prevail".

Proposer:

M. Dorrell, Up. 6th, Arts.

Opposer:

P. A. Lewis, Up. 6th Sc.

Defeated, 18-15 with 2 abstentions.

8th. Oct.—"This house believes that blood sports should be abolished".

Proposer:

R. D. Williams, 5D.

Opposer:

R. Griffiths, Lower 6th, Arts.

Carried, 17-16 with 11 abstentions.

15th Oct.—"This house believes that punishment should be primarily punitive rather than reformatory".

Proposer:

S. G. Evans, Up 6th, Sc.

Opposer:

R. Stevens, Up. 6th, Arts.

Defeated, 16-12 with 5 abstentions.

5th Nov.—"This house denounces American interference in Vietnam".

Proposer:

T. Evans, 5D.

Opposer:

D. V. Thomas, Lower 6th, Sc.

Defeated, 17-4 with 7 abstentions.

12th Nov.—"This house believes that philosophy and theology are meaningless nonsense".

Proposer:

G. Donovan, 5D.

Opposer:

D. Hopkins, Up. 6th Arts.

Defeated, 13-9 with 6 abstentions.

DAVID ADDISCOTT (*Secretary*).

BADMINTON

The School team has had mixed success so far this season. Firstly they defeated Bishop Gore by five matches to four, a fine achievement as Bishop Gore have always had a strong team. This success was followed by six games to three victory over Townhill. However, in the return match with Bishop Gore at Dynevor, the opposition proved to be too strong, for the school team was defeated by two matches to seven. It is hoped that the team will give a good account of itself in further fixtures against Neath Grammar School and Oxford Street School.

With the aim of improving the badminton standard in the future, this year the experiment is being tried of devoting one

night weekly to the Fourth Formers keen on the game. Whether they are future badminton stars or not, remains to be seen, but their enthusiasm is undoubted.

The team, this year, has had the services of D. R. Davies and G. E. Thomas, M. James and S. Weldar, J. Newlands and A. Rilet. Also D. Pelta, D. R. Davies, and G. E. Thomas are having a particularly good season for the school, having won seven out of nine games played.

Lastly, tribute must be paid to Mr. Gregory for his continual help and advice to the club, and also to Miss J. Sims for her co-operation in the arrangement of fixtures.

D.R.D. AND G.E.T.

1st XI SOCCER

Following on last season's successful performances, this year's side has much to emulate. Most of last year's team has left, yet this year's eleven could prove quite a formidable formation.

This has been proved in two matches against Swansea Schoolboys, when we won 3-0 and 3-1. Yet against Swansea University's 'A' team (which by the way competes in the Welsh Amateur Cup), we were a little out of our depth, and after a good, hard, game we conceded defeat by 3 goals to nil.

As I have said before, this year's team is very young, but provides a sound nucleus for a very strong side next season. Yet despite this, by "the luck of the draw", this year's side could go a very long way to repeating last year's run to the semi-finals of the Ivor Tuck Trophy.

In this, we have to beat Penlan twice, then travel to Milford and if successful here, we are "home" for the rest of the competition, including the two leg final.

Penlan lost to the University 5-1, so I think, although a little short of match practice, we can beat Penlan, and so once again start out on an all-conquering campaign.

After this has "gone to Press", the school team plays the annual match against the Old Boys' at the Vetch Field on December 8th.

There are a few distinguished Old Boys' eligible to play, Roy Evans, Alan Jones and Cyril Davies, and also a few distinguished members of staff. If all these play, the school will find it hard to erase last year's 4-2 defeat. Yet we are quietly confident, and sure of giving the "ageing Boys" a run for their money, firmly believing in the old adage, "the bigger they are, the further they fall".

D. SINNETT, VII Sc. I

THE RUGBY FIRST FIFTEEN

The successes of the first fifteen at the start of this season have been mainly due to the experience gained last season. The majority of last season's team have returned to the school, and there has been an addition of two members new to the school this term.

The consistency of the first fifteen has resulted in close and hard-fought matches in which the pack has played extremely well, often against much heavier opposition. Notable victories were gained against Ystradgynlais, 9—0, and Carmarthen 6—0. In the 'local derbies' the first fifteen was narrowly beaten by Bishop Gore, but succeeded in defeating Penlan 6—0; the team also swamped Emmanuel 36—6.

Four members of the first fifteen have had Welsh trials: D. G. Jones and D. Bath-Jones have played in one, and M. Davies and P. Hiley in four. We congratulate these boys and hope they will gain international honours.

The Second Fifteen has enjoyed an exceptional start to the season. The team includes some capable players and provides a very adequate reserve team.

We would also like to thank Mr. Jeff Hopkins for all his help and constructive criticism.

B. LISCOMBE, LVI Arts.

DYNEVOR 1st XV v. MAESYDDERWEN 1st XV.

This match against Maesydderwen Comprehensive School, Ystradgynlais, was played at Townhill in ideal conditions for open rugby and proved to be one of the most exciting games to date.

The school pack excelled in every phase of the game with M. Gorvin getting the better of the hooking duel and I. Seaton and M. Gange jumping extremely well in the line-outs. The three-quarters also received a good supply of the ball through the hard work of V. Maiolini and H. Bowen who foraged ceaselessly in the loose while B. Liscombe, D. Davies and Captain L. Ridge contained the opposing half-backs with some devastating tackling and effective covering.

It was after a good handling movement that wing M. Davies rounded his opposite wing and outpaced the full-back to score a thrilling try in the corner. The conversion attempt failed, and at half-time Dynevor led by three points to nil

Soon after the interval, the school's lead increased with another very well-taken try by M. Davies, who followed up after a kick ahead to take the ball on the bounce and race away from the opposition. D. Bath-Jones narrowly missed the conversion.

Encouraged by this, the school team mounted several powerful attacks with a number of clever breaks by Bath-Jones, some astute kicking by fly-half W. Gray and strong running by P. Hunt and D. Jones in the three-quarters. However, the Ystradgynlais side tackled and covered well and were rewarded with an unconverted try in the corner. Dynevor retaliated with a score by M. Hancock in the corner following a well-timed tackle by P. Hunt on his opposite number, Hunt was just off-target with the difficult conversion attempt and the final whistle went with the score 9—3 to Dynevor to end a thrilling and keenly-contested but clean game which Mr. Hopkin had controlled admirably.

RECORD: P, 8; W, 4; L, 3; D, 1.

The school team extends its congratulations to D. Jones, D. Bath-Jones, P. Hiley and M. Davies who were chosen for a first Welsh Secondary Schools Trials. P. Hiley and M. Davies have since emerged successfully from a further two trials and we sincerely hope they will win caps this season'

We should also like to thank Mr. Hopkin for his patient devotion, welcome encouragement, and wise advice.



