



MAGAZINE

No. 112

July, 1966



GORAU ARF



ARF DYSG

Dynevor Secondary School Magazine

No. 112 No. 39 (New Series)

JULY 1966

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Sub-Editors: C. JOHNSON, A. WILLIS

EDITORIAL

Much has happened since our Christmas edition of the School Magazine was issued. The School Eisteddfod has taken place in traditional style, plus the School Sports, not forgetting of course, the school's recent rise to television fame. There has also been the usual crop of meetings and conferences, but because of the examinations, this term's edition of the magazine was put together rather hurriedly. However, we are helped by the inclusion of the Eisteddfod poetry entries which, with many other poems, are grouped together in this edition for the first time. We hope that poetry will provide interesting material that can be better appreciated together, rather than strewn throughout the magazine.

SCHOOL NOTES — SPRING TERM

On Monday 28th February, and Tuesday, 1st March the School Eisteddfod was held in the hall. The adjudicators for the first day were Mr. Gwylm Roberts for the music items, and Mr. Degwyl Owen for the Welsh and English competitions. On Tuesday, the music was judged by Mrs. Clive John, the wife of Dynevor's stalwart in the music field. We should like to thank the adjudicators very much for the fine way in which they performed quite a difficult task, as the competition was fast and furious.

The senior section of the Eisteddfod was won again this year by Roberts House, Llewellyn winning the junior. Looked at as a whole, however, it was Llewellyn who, once more, gained the final victory; yet as you can see it was only a matter of a few points:

Llewellyn	169½
Roberts	161½
Dilwyn	152
Grove	123

Overall, the Eisteddfod gave an opportunity for good, clean competition that brought about a high standard in the choirs, choral groups, recitation, solos (both vocal and instrumental), and speeches which were thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

On the afternoon of St. David's Day, a Speaking Competition was held in the school hall. The competition was organized by the Junior Chamber of Commerce and representatives came from many schools in Swansea to take part. Each school sent two representatives as there was both a junior and senior prize. The representatives from Dynevor were C. Davies (5D) and D. Hopkins (UVI Arts).

The senior cup and prize were won by Llwyn-y-Bryn Girls' School, with Mynyddbach Girls' School coming first in the juniors.

On March 10th, the school took part in Television 'Top of the Form' against Malvern College for Girls. The team consisted of David Griffiths (IE), Julian Lewis (3D), Christopher Davies (5D) and David Hopkins (UVI Arts). It was a very close and exciting contest and the result at the end of the final round was a draw at 44 points each. Fortunately, Dynevor won the deciding question and went into the semi-finals to play against Bristol on the 24th March. This again, was a very exciting match. At the end of the contest we found ourselves once more in the previous situation as with Malvern—we had drawn,—42 points each. This time, however, we were not lucky enough to win the tie! Nevertheless, the experience was enjoyed by both those taking part and those watching.

The senior school was given an opportunity, last term, of broadening their outlook as regards Post Graduate Careers, when the Careers Adviser from the Swansea University College spoke to them in the Hall. This opportunity was augmented when, on 23rd March, a Careers Convention was held at Dynevor. There were over 50 departments represented

for the benefit of Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Formers and a great number of their parents. As a result, many boys and families now have some very helpful ideas for the future.

On the evening of March 22nd, a conference was held at Dynevor. The subject of the conference was "Hitting it Off" and Sixth Formers attended from as far away as Port Talbot and Bridgend. A number of boys went from Dynevor and, although the speaker was excellent, most felt that the evening was rather marred by the very short time given over to discussion. Nevertheless, even in that short time many opinions were aired and a good time was had by everyone.

A very pleasant evening was had on the 25th March when the girls of Glanmor visited G6 for 'Poetry and Jazz'. There was some interesting discussion about the poems, which were based on the subject of 'Man in Society'. The poems were varied and, indeed, it was not possible to complete the programme due to the discussion that was continuously sparked off by the variety of opinions. It was very refreshing to feel the relaxed atmosphere and to hear the candid opinions of those present. Having experienced this success, we hope that further evenings such as this will be arranged in the future.

There was a play-reading of the French play, 'Topaze', in Glanmor School last term when Monsieur Attia, our French assistant, took the title role. Two Sixth-Formers also attended—R. Cook and D. Hopkins—and took part. One might also add that nothing was spoken for the whole of the evening except French!

THE FESTINIOG RAILWAY

The Festiniog Railway Company was authorised by Statute in May 1832, and the railway was opened four years later. Its purpose was to carry slate from Blaenau Ffestiniog, in North Wales, where quarrying was then being greatly developed, down the picturesque vale of Ffestiniog to the harbour at Portmadoc for shipment. The track has a gauge of 1ft. 11½ins. (60cm.) and the earthworks have stood for well over a century. Traffic grew to such an extent that in 1863, steam traction was used, for the first time over a long distance on so narrow a gauge.

Two years later, passenger trains began running, the first time payment of fares had been permitted on a gauge less than standard. After a period of great prosperity lasting in the early 1900's, the fortunes of the Festiniog began to decline, following

those of the slate industry, a process accelerated by the outbreak of the first world war, and also by the growth of road transport. All passenger services were withdrawn at the beginning of the Second World War, and in 1946 matters came to a head when no funds were available. In 1954, Mr. Alan Pegler, one of the committee behind the Ffestiniog Railway Society, gained control of the company. New track was laid and in 1958 Tan-y-Bwlch was reached. Three original steam engines were returned to service in 1965 and other Diesels were bought. The Ffestiniog has:

5 Steam Locomotives

2 Diesels

1 Diesel Shunter

Some old Bogie Coaches were restored, and some new ones are under construction, as well as numerous goods wagons. The work is well ahead of schedule.

The progress so far made in the restoration of the Ffestiniog Railway is a lesson in determination and selfless devotion by many people.

P. M. S. JONES, IC

THE END OF ANOTHER ERA

Although Victoria Station has been standing at the end of Oystermouth Road for 106 years, it has at last reached the end of the line. It is now a small pile of rubble.

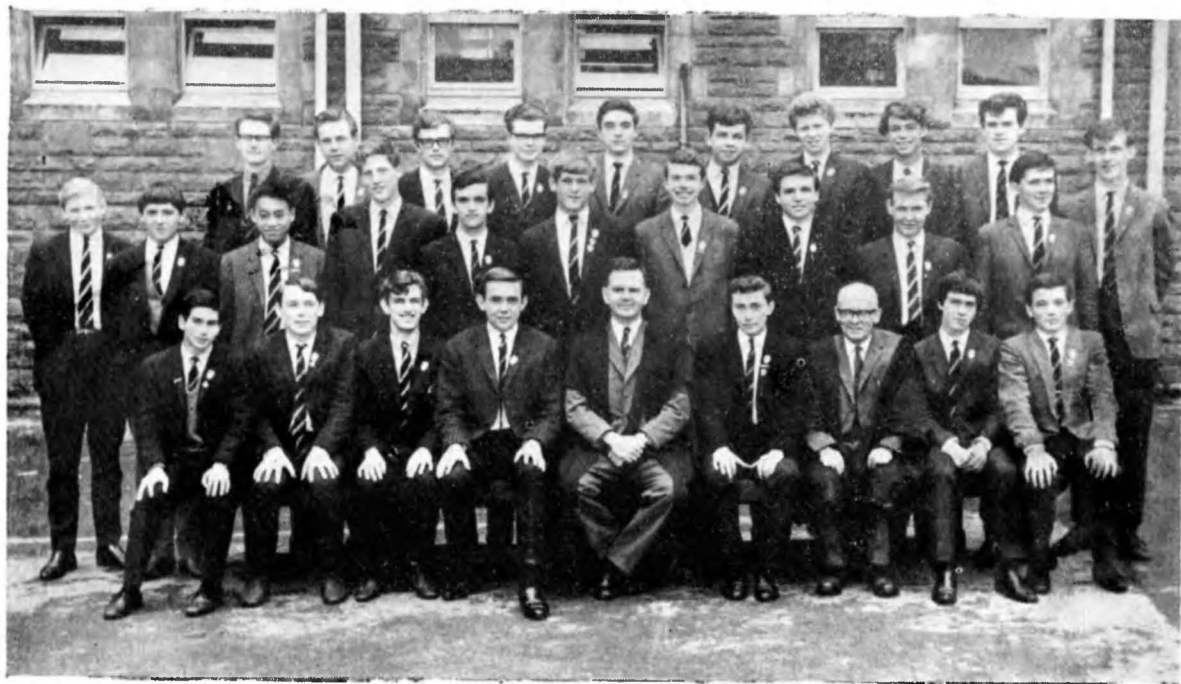
When it began its noisy, bustling life, it was the terminal point of the Llanelli Railway. It was later absorbed into the London and North Western Railway, yet in the 1920's it was seconded to the London, Midland and Scottish Railway. Finally, with the coming of nationalisation, it became part of the large Western Region in 1948.

Since the Swansea Bay line was closed six years ago, the line has been used for scrap, and now the encroaching sand covers the ground.

Many people may be glad to see the end of the smoke-blackened stations and welcome the fast, sleek diesels, but I and other members of the model railway clubs know that it is the end of the steam era. No more will we hear the hiss of the escaping steam as the straining monsters prepare to leave the stations.

The site of the station still belongs to British Railways and who knows what they will do with it? One historical monument in Swansea—the castle—is being renovated. What a pity that Victoria Station could not have shared the same good fortune.

ROLAND JONES, I.A



PREFECTS 1965 - 66

Back Row: A. Evans, D. C. Harris, H. Bowen, G. Thomas, D. R. Davies, M. Jenkins, D. Sutton, M. Hancock, L. Ridge.

Middle Row: M. Gorvin, D. Hughes, J. Soo, R. D. Jones, P. J. Stone, P. Hiley, M. James, G. Morgan, G. Tasker, P. Davies, C. Jones.

Front Row: D. A. Pelta, K. Williams, P. Cambell, W. Holt (*School Capt.*), Mr. M. Hughes (*former Headmaster*), H. D. Sinnett (*School Vice-Capt.*), Mr. C. Evans, P. Newton, D. K. Harris-John.

(Since this photograph was taken, Mr. Hughes has taken up a post at Cardiff University, and our new Headmaster is Mr. Norris, who is an old boy of the school.

DAMWAIN AR Y FFORDD

Cerddodd Ieuan ar hyd y ffordd yn hapus iawn. 'Roedd ef, Ieuan Jones, wedi dod yn gyntaf yn ei ddosbarth ysgol.

Safai tŷ Ieuan ryw filltir a hanner o'r dref, a cherddodd yn gyflymach i gael rhoddi'r newyddion i'w rieni! Yn sydyn, teimlodd ei waed yn oeri wrth weld dwy lori enfawr yn rhedeg yn syth at ei gilydd. Bu damwain ofnadwy! Er i'r loriau osgoi ei gilydd, trawodd un goeden, a'r llall wal wrth ochr y ffordd. Gwelodd Ieuan fflamau enfawr yn dod o'r ail lori. Yna daeth ffrwydriad byddarol a thaflwyd ef i'r llawr.

Rhedodd i'r lori arall a gweld fod angen meddyginiaeth ar y gyrrwr ar unwaith. Nid oedd neb arall wedi gweld y ddamwain am iddi ddigwydd mewn man tawel ar y briffordd tua milltir o'r dref. Rhedodd Ieuan yr holl ffordd i dŷ'r meddyg, a oedd ar ymyl y dref, a dweud y stori wrtho. 'Roedd yn amlwg i'r meddyg fod Ieuan mewn poen, ac ar ôl iddo ddweud ei stori, syrthiodd y llanc yn anymwybodol i'r llawr.

Pan ddeffrodd, roedd yn ei wely ei hun. "Da iawn Ieuan," ebe'i dad. "Fydd y gyrrwr yn iawn 'nhad?" gofynodd y bachgen. "Bydd, yn iawn" atebodd ei dad gan wenu. "'Rwy'n falch iawn ohonot". Syrthiodd Ieuan i gysgu heb gofio dweud wrth ei dad am y newydd dda o'r ysgol.

GERAINT DAVIES, 2E

GLAW

O holl bobl y byd, nid oes neb yn siarad cymaint am y tywydd ag y gwna'r bobl Brydeinig, ac nid yw hwn yn rhyfedd—mae ein tywydd yn newid mor aml! Ond o'r holl fathau o dywydd a gawn, glaw yw'r un sy'n hoffi aros gyda ni fwyaf.

Mae llawer o bobl yn barod i rwgnach am law pan ddaw heb roi sylw i'r daioni mawr a wna. Beth a wnaem heb law? Glaw sy'n rhoi'r rhan fwyaf o'n dŵr yfed inni—a heb ddŵr nid all dyn fyw na thri diwrnod. (Gall fyw heb fwyd am lawer mwy). Adeiledir cronfeydd dŵr ym mynyddoedd Cymru i ddal a chasglu'r holl law a geir ar yr ucheldir. Llifa'r dŵr i lawr dros ochr garegog y mynydd, a chesglir ef yn y pant islaw. Yna daw'r dŵr i'n tai drwy bibau tew fel y gallwn ei ddefnyddio pryd y mynnwn. Nid ydym yn sylweddoli mor fendithiol ydyw yn aml—am ei fod mor hawdd i'w gael bob amser bron, efallai!

Mae prinder dŵr yn beth real iawn mewn rhai rhannau o'r byd—Anialdir y Sahara, er enghraifft. Ni fyddai neb o'r wlad hon yn hoffi byw yno!

Pan fydd hi'n bwrw glaw, hoff gennyf i fynd allan iddo a'i deimlo yn dawnsio ar fy wyneb. Peth hwylus iawn yw cerdded neu redeg yng nghanol un o roddion rhâd Duw i'w blant—sef GLAW!

GORONWY JONES, 3C

YNYS BŶR

'Yr Ynys Dawel dros y Lli'—mae swyn i mi yn yr ymadrodd. Bore o Haf oedd hi a minnau'n sefyll at graig uwchben traeth Dinbych-y-Pysgod (Tenby, os mynnwch), y môr yn llonydd a golau'r wawr yn disgyn ar dywod a chraig, ar waliau gwynion, ar doion cochion a thyrrau. Dyna'r olwg gynta' dros y dŵr a gês i ar Ynys Bŷr (Caldey Island).

Uned fach hoffus iawn yw'r ynys, fel y lleill o gylch ein harfordir, mor hoffus pan ellwch gerdded ar hyd-ddi cyn brecwast. Rhywbeth yn eich llaw bron,—y saith bae a'u hogofeydd, adfeilion llwydaidd y gorffennol—dwy eglwys a thŵr, gweddillion gwynion y presennol—Abaty a chlwstwr o 'villas'. Dyna hi yn ei chrynswth.

Man, fel y gwyddoch, yw'r ynys a gysegrwyd i ŵr sanctaidd o'r enw Pŷr yn ôl yn y bumed ganrif. Mae i'r ynys draethau hyfryd, caeau o borfeydd bras i wartheg blithion, gerddi a thyfiant toreithiog o lysiau a ffrwythau. Yn wii, mae'r mynaich a'r dyrnaid o bentrefwyr sydd arni yn byw bron yn gyfangwbl ar ei chynnyrch. Ac i ymestyn tipyn ar eu cynhaliaeth maent yn allforio nwyddau, megis, peraroglau a mân lestri pridd o waith llaw i'r Tir Mawr.

Er bod y ffordd o fyw a gweithio yn mynd yn ôl ym hell pell yn hanes yr ynys, nid yw hi'n gwbl rydd o ddylanwadau ein hoes ni. Fe groesir y dŵr o'r tir i'i ynys mewn bad-modur, ac y mae hyd yn oed y tractor wedi ennill ei blwyf yno.

Mae croeso i ymwelwr a chaiff weld a fynno. Cymdeithas hen bethau a hen arferion mewn hen fro sydd yma. Peth sy'n werth sylwi arno oddiyma yw'r olwg hyfryd ddieithr a geir ar dref Tenby. Mae hi'n edrych, rywsut, fel tref estron, gyda'i thai lliwgar a'i gwestai gwynion yn disgleirio yn yr heulwen, a thonnau'r glasfor yn torri'n esmwyth ar y rimyn melyn o dywod wrth droed y creigiau serth. Mae amser fel petai wedi sefyll ar yr ynys a throsti ceir awyrgylch o lonyddwch a thawelwch tangnefeddus tuhwnt i afael swm a rhuthr bywyd y Tir Mawr. Yno cewch egwyl i syllu mewn syndod ar ryw bethe bach, megis

Baich swrth o wymon ar y dŵr

Dwy wylan arno

Yn sefyll yno yn ddistŵr

A synfyfrio.

JOHN WALTERS, 5C

SAINT DAVID

Although David, being Patron Saint of Wales, is perhaps the best known of all the Welsh Saints, very little is actually known about his life; the numerous mediaeval lives of the saint are unreliable and mainly legendary, and the earliest source is a Life written by Rhigyfarch ap Sulien, a cleric of St. David's about 1090, and most other Lives of David are based on this work. Owing to the scarcity of sources, even the dates of David's life are unknown; however, it is known that he died on a Tuesday, and the traditional date given is March 1st, which fell on a Tuesday in the year 589 A.D., so it is likely that he died in this year. Traditionally, David lived to a considerable age, and therefore it is not unreasonable to suppose that he was born about 500 A.D.

David was the son of a prince of Ceredigion (modern Cardiganshire) named Sant (it is commonly supposed that David's Welsh title of "Dewi Sant" means "St. David", but the "Sant" is here the name of his father). David's mother, Non, gave her name to a headland in Pembrokeshire, and is said to have ended her days as a nun, which was not unusual at that time. David was baptised, it is said, by Aelfyw, Bishop of Mynwy (West Wales; the modern Roman Catholic diocese of Menevia), and was educated at Vetis Rubus, or Henfynyw, in Cardiganshire; legend has it that, when he was in class, a dove with a golden beak would come and "play at his lips . . . teaching him to sing God's praises". Later, after being ordained priest, he continued his studies under St. Peulin or Paulinus (not to be confused with the Roman monk who helped to convert Northumbria to Christianity in the next century), and then embarked on a preaching tour, founding some twelve monasteries, including that which now bears his name, St. David's and here he settled as abbot.

The life in his monastery was noted for its harshness, and somewhat resembles life in a modern Trappist monastery; the monks, bearded, and with the front of their heads shaven, as was the Celtic practice, wore garments of coarse, undyed homespun, ate only bread and herbs, drank only water, and spent much of their time tilling the soil, using no oxen for ploughing but yoking themselves to the plough; candidates for admission had to wait outside the monastery for ten days to test their patience and sincerity, and the monks, after being professed, seldom spoke to one another. Yet in spite of this severity, David himself was the kindest of men, and the monastery radiated that joy in loving God which was so characteristic of the Celtic monastic saints.

The story merges gradually into legend; according to Rhighfarch, and others, David and his colleagues Teilo and Padarn, travelled to Jerusalem, where the Patriarch consecrated them as Bishops (it should be pointed out here that in the Celtic Church at this time, an abbot was much more important than a bishop, as the Church's constitution was almost wholly monastic; however, an abbot who was a bishop would obviously be higher-ranking than an abbot who was merely a priest, and thus most of the great Welsh saints of this period were abbots and bishops). After returning from the Holy Land, David and most other prominent Welsh Clerics attended a Synod at Brefi (Llanddewi Brefi in Cardiganshire), which was to the Welsh church, in some measure, what the Council of Trent was to the Roman Church of the sixteenth century. A dove is said to have settled on David's shoulder as he addressed the Synod, and in memory of this dove and that other dove at Henfynyw, David is usually depicted attended by a dove. Unreliable sources say that the Synod appointed David as Archbishop of Wales, a bit of mediaeval propaganda on behalf of the See of St. David's during the struggle to secure its independence from Canterbury.

The saint's long life ended, as I have said, probably in 589; by the year 800, his festival was established as being on March 1st. In 1121, Pope Calixtus II decreed that two pilgrimages to St. David's equalled one to Rome, three to St. Davids, one to Jerusalem; and in the fifteenth century, Archbishop Chichele of Canterbury, formerly of St David's, made St. David's Day a major feast in the Province of Canterbury. David's relics are preserved in St. David's Cathedral, and they are likely to be genuine, as they are the bones of a very tall man, and David is known to have been tall, and of commanding presence. Without doubt, David is worthy of the love and respect accorded him through the centuries, and any Welshman may justifiably be proud to have such a great saint as his Patron.

R. D. WILLIAMS, 5E

IMPRESSIONS OF SNOWDONIA

At Whitsun last year, I went to Snowdonia with a few friends, from the Friday night to Monday. We travelled by car, an Austin A40, and left Swansea at about 7.30 p.m. on Friday.

Intending to camp the night near Dolgelly (Merionethshire), we stopped for coffee at Aberystwyth, and proceeded northwards to Machynlleth, up the Corris valley, past Cader Idris and down to Dolgelly.

The Corris valley is thickly forested, and very attractive, particularly at dusk. Just before approaching the top of the pass, a huge mountain in front seemed to "fill the sky"—this was Cader Idris ("Arthur's Seat" translated), with the romantic lake of Tal-y-llyn sheltering in the valley below to the south-west.

After Dolgelly, we went up the Mawddach valley, and on to the moors near Trawsfynydd. By this time the night was pitch black, and all that could be seen was what lay in the light of the car's headlamps.

Striking off the main road entering the village of Trawsfynydd, we took a gated minor road leading to some obscure region of the moors.

Past midnight a camping site, not a very good one at that, was eventually found in a stony field two or three miles from Trawsfynydd.

In the first light of dawn we were awakened by the plaintive calls of curlews—these birds had a colony not far away.

Taking into account that nothing was visible the previous night a grand panorama unveiled itself to the south and west in the morning light.

To the west the lake supplying the nuclear power station at Trawsfynydd was the major feature, while a distant range of mountains broke the southern skyline. Nothing but the haunting loneliness of the moors lay to the north and east, and the road just carried on into the wilderness.

I remember it being stiflingly hot in Swansea on Friday, which was also Sports Day, and the heat and traffic made me long to get away in the evening.

But now it was cold, with an air of utter desolation surmounting the entire severe landscape.

What a contrast!

No sunlight infiltrated through the grey voluminous skies, nor did it seem likely to. The silence of the moors was broken only by the sounds of sheep and the occasional curlew.

The field in which we had camped obviously belonged to a farmstead which was situated about 300 yards away, unnoticed by us the previous night. Stone walls marked the boundaries of the fields, which were few in number. The road, and the farm buildings were also of stone.

The melancholy look of the place perhaps deterred us from asking for necessities, from the farmer. He appeared to be rather inhospitable, for he could concern himself neither with our misdemeanours nor with our well-being. In this part of the world we were probably the first visitors other than the locals he had seen for months. The surrounding land was very poor, and so by the looks of it was the farmer.

However, the grandeur of the Snowdonia National Park was not to be overlooked. Here is one of the few places in England and Wales where a wilderness is still completely unspoilt by urbanisation and industry.

My critics will no doubt accuse me of creating a paradox here, since I stated that there is a nuclear power station at Trawsfynydd, but in fact this establishment does not affect the life of the area in the least.

Later we drove to Portmadoc, about 12 miles away, and journeyed on the Ffestiniog railway (narrow gauge) from its terminus along the Vale of Ffestiniog to Tan-y-bwlch.

Unfortunately the weather was not at its best, but we had to contend with it.

The same day we passed through Blaenau Ffestiniog, a grim town at the head of the Vale of Ffestiniog, devoted to slate quarrying

Literally mountains of slate encircle the town, and many of its austere-looking houses are built on terraces cut into the mountainside.

The road to Betws-y-coed goes from here over a pass and descends the delightful valley, Lledr, arriving at Betws-y-coed where three valleys meet.

This place has tended to become commercialised, but the beauty of the surroundings draws tourists from all over Great Britain and the Continent. From here we went up the A5 to Capel Curig which is popular as a mountaineering centre, and towards Bangor.

The Nant Ffrancon Pass is tremendously impressive, a glacier being its origin. Mountains on either side rise to great heights, the blue waters of Lake Ogwen adding beauty.

Further down the Ogwen Valley is the slate town of Bethesda, where there is one of the biggest slate quarries in the world. The following day we climbed a 3,000ft. mountain on one side of the Nant Ffrancon and from the summit we obtained wonderful views. The Pass, the mountains around, including Snowdon to the south, could be seen, as well as the coast of Anglesey and the North Wales coastal plain in Caernarvonshire.

We afterwards visited Bangor, saw the Menai Bridge and returned home via Caernarvon. Beddgelert, the Aberglaslyn Pass, Maentwrog (in the Vale of Ffestiniog) and then to Aberystwyth and Swansea.

J. DATE, 3C

SOLITUDE

I lie silent at the very peripheral of the world,
Untidy, the last vestige of dignity maimed by
Specks of copper-coloured, almost incandescent
Insidious decay.

The atmosphere, an unperturbed
Mirage, or so it seems to my betrothed eye,
Of celestial taciturnity.

'Untouched by hand' screams
Out the silence all about; and who cares
A jot to see the stark and unbelieving vista
Maligned by you and me?

Softly as I let the shingle tumble gracefully
Downward to its rest, as passing through my fingers
I let my spirit wander through the timeless age
Of future generations who will fossick optimistically
On these golden sands, my lands, and uncover me.

Alone? Not I. For almost unbelievably
To align myself to this our age of individuality
To walk alone is to force oneself away from freedom.
Society is all; and unquestioned let it be.
Obviously Man is mad to want the anomaly
Of that great self-indulgence; peace of mind.

Beside me on these timeless dunes of antiquity,
Paradoxically, unthinkingly sits a silhouette,
A profile of humanity.

Cerebration is not the thing this year,
Nor seemingly ever was for her,

She talks incessantly; I lend her half a ear,
An audience which flatters what she has to say.
"Shall we go now"? "I'm coming, I'm coming".
False echoes of sincerity, besides, it's getting late.

LLOYD REES, LVI Arts

SHELLS

They're brittle, fishy,
Things from outer space.
How long have they been there?
Centuries?
Or was it yesterday that
They were cast on their bed
Of sand?
What creature lived in it?
That dark and dismal shell.

MARTIN JONES, IB

THE STREAM

In caverns deep long since asleep
I collect in cool clear pools.
O'er cold grey rocks I start to creep
O'er cold grey marble stools.

I plod, I plough through plip and plop,
Through caverns great and small,
With red and blue the ceilings drop
I meet them wall to wall.

With lust for light from out of night
I cascade down rocky ways,
To smash to foam and flash the light
Of white wheat suns of harvest days.

With moment spared to grip my foam,
For little must I tarry. On!
As molten gloss a rocky dome,
As molten glass a valley.

From cold dark rocks, and gravel greys,
To golden stones in long green veils,
I quit my icy mountain ways,
To run in luscious lowland dales.

By tranquil meadows steeped in heat.
Through shady tunnels green;
Where the living mist comes down to meet,
And dance and dodge the sheen.

That placid dusk from centuries past;
That pale, pink, blue; that hazy stream,
Engulfs the woods and where the last
Immemorial hamlets dream.

But tranquil scenes they slip away,
And smoke and filth stagnate the air.
Cool clearness has met its day,
For now I enter industry's lair.

With gritty brackish waters deep,
By mighty mud-flats grey,
I slither on, not wanting sleep,
But longing for my final day.

My great green goal, flat stretching wide,
Is breathing restlessly.
With gentle ease, I calmly die
Blending into the sea.

J. YOUNG, 4C

FORGE

Arrogant tap of heels
Drowns the hammer of rain
On the day's grey anvil.

Invalid heat of words
Rings on the embered pride
Beneath the rain of blows.

Unnerving chill of ice
Stills the clangour of words
In the cold trough of reason.

Emergent image of form
Falls with the fragile rain
On truth's pitted gravel.

DAVID HUGHES, UVI Arts

TRANSITION

The day was warm, hot,
The water-line slowly lapped
The green, decaying harbour wall.
Red with turf, mussels, card-board,
Dead forgotten things of last summer.
We walked past boys lazily fishing,
On to the pier;
Which, like the other decaying things,
Glistened; and smelt nice in the sunlight.
We walked on, talking
Of old forgotten things,
Trembled as we passed some knotted boards, you
Seemed faint,
Still we walked on,
My fears increased as the pier twisted, turned,
A gnarled oak
Suddenly snarled in the sunlight,
The sea tossed, erupting suddenly into midwinter,
Flecked foam seagulls wheeled and turned o'erhead;
Three little boys, the pier, an old tramp
Laughed to see
A man alone on a wintry pier.

M. J. DORRELL, UpVI Arts

BOMBER

The margin of the run-way is red, red popped,
Red as the sky-way, sky red in petals copied.
Look down, look down doomed wanderer
To where the long grey waves
Sound their unheard symphony
To the rocks and the caves.
Charlie in the tail-end tries
The swivel of his turret,
Twists his gun, grips and grins,
Notes how the cold star fixes swiftly whirl
When the arc of his tail position
Exaggerates the slightest bumping.
David and Skip at the panel sit
Dim, ghost-green lit.
Each is quite relaxed but ready;
Skip with his unblinking eyes on
The six flying dials;
The artificial horizon
Lies plumb-centred, steady,
Remote, as if it had no part
In the 'kite's' proceeding.
The turn-and-bank, a frozen zero;
The gyro fixed on O-nine-O.
Benso, at his little table
With rule and maps; as he is able
So he plots the pathway through the skies,
And the Wimpey throbs, and throbbing, flies.

Bereft
Of our fighter screen,
Each feels the slow insinuation
Of the vast wilderness of night.
Each is dimly aware of the scream
Of the sonic note above the stuffy roar
Of the engines; of the weight
Of his own part to play.
Each, while feeling rare,
Is determined to behave
Quite ordinarily: to be efficient.
But with no show: to carry on, taut,
And on and on and on and on and on
As the engines do. The ancient
Terror of Race about flight
Is lost and forgotten in that one thought.

OLD DY'VORIAN

MAY ELEGY

The trees, heavy with polinated blossom,
Shimmer lightly in the cool breeze.
A warm haze passes over
The fields and woods with their harmonic hues
Of green and browns
As we move, pre-occupied, over the scene,
We do not notice or witness the sight.
And yet it may be the last time we view . . .
Calmly we pass through fields of yellow,
Unaware of the strange colour. Observing
Little but the occasional stirring
Of some vividly coloured insect.
The air is heavy with the scent
Of innumerable blossoms, is pure as yet
Of infection of any personal detection.
Beside a stream we pause to view the rising trout;
The shafts of sunlight breaking through
The vault of overhead trees are absorbed
In an effervescing waterfall reflecting
A silvery light which shines upon
The innocence of faces
The green trees rustle in a breeze;
It is getting cooler. The stark sunlight
Gives way to a softer golden amber,
The brightness is subdued
And a red glow is cast over all
Slowly the great life giver in the West sinks,
Nocturnal shadows sharp like knives appear
And are cast by everything, even us.
The sun slowly sinks, as we do.
The sun for a night
We for all eternity.

STEPHEN McNEFF, III

A WORLD OF ITS OWN

What lies at my feet? — a shell.
But merely a shell?
Look closely, see the crevasses,
Ridges and foreshores of its own.
The yellow valley, rising
Up
Up to the jagged peaks.
Could it but speak . . .
Ah, the tale it would tell!
A world in itself,
This crinkled shell!

JULIAN LEWIS 3D

THE SEASONS

Spring, full of blooms,
Is for cleaning out rooms.

Summer is warm,
And ripens the corn.

Autumn with its breeze,
Leaves empty trees.

Winter is cold,
And makes one feel old.

KEITH MORGAN, 2D

THE FOUR SEASONS

The second season is Summer,
The first is mild Spring,
Autumn, the third, falling leaves doth bring;
Winter, the fourth, all snow on the hill
And without food the birds will lie still.

PAUL JENKINS, 1A

THE CASTLE

She looms up grim and dismal,
And calls upon the past,
Now that her ancient turrets,
Have found their peace at last.

The jester's merry laughter
Echoes in her walls,
A hollow mocking laughter
For dust lies in her halls.

Her noble frame is crumbling,
No more is there the arch,
Where knights in shining armour,
And men-at-arms did march.

The castle now is lonely,
But lonely not at heart,
Her ruin and her memories
Shall never be apart.

GEOFFREY WILLIAMS IB

THE SPRING TIME

Now that Spring is in the air,
Buds and flowers begin to grow;
Birds are singing in the tree tops
Happy to see the winter go.

In the Spring the air is clear,
As we take our morning stroll;
Squirrel and dormouse are awake
from sleeping
Horses like to play and roll.

IAN WINSTONE, 1A

ON GOING TO KILVEY CHURCH FOR THE FIRST TIME

Run, run, run.
Wind howling, feet trotting, hands frozen, tie flapping,
dock tooting,
Grenfell Park, Beaumont, St. Elmo, Glenroy go fleeting by.
People in the road going to a sombre place.
Am I late? Through the gate! The door says "Push", I pull;
Ah! Made it.
I sit down and feel a thousand gazes fix upon me;
Oh! go to blazes . . . Why did I come?
To find a new start perhaps, a new atmosphere, curiosity?
This is All Saints, a humble church beside a hill
In a town among a thousand towns.
We sit down, stand up again, sing perhaps—
What singing,
Bells ringing, organ playing, Christians marching,
Joy.
Prayers read with feeling, feeling so rare but here;
Feelings, reeling, overcome—God is here!
Sermon preached with sincerity
Sincerity so rare but here.
Song once more, "Abide with me",
A church is reborn with the soul.
Interest is aroused once more,
Some people think church a bore.
I think not.
Stranger on foreign soil maybe,
But no stranger once through the door,
We have but one aim here tonight,
To worship God our creator.

STEPHEN G. EVANS, UVI Sc.I

THE SCHOOL VISIT TO SWITZERLAND, 1965-66

The 28th of December, as perhaps some of you will remember, was bleak, snowy, and very cold, and it was on this day that forty or so of Dynevor's pupils embarked on what was to be the school's first ever skiing holiday. 8.20 a.m., saw our departure from Swansea, accompanied by Mr. Quick, his wife, Mr. Hopkin and Mr. Jones. Somehow we managed to arrive at Paddington one and three quarter hours late due to a derailment. Subsequently we missed our connection at Victoria, and I, and some of my other luckless companions travelled in the guard's van to Folkstone!

Hustled onto the cross-channel ferry, we arrived at Calais five minutes after we set out, to the amazement of some of the members of our party who forgot all about continental time. The Channel was crossed to the strains of many 'pop' songs provided by the massed fifth and sixth form choir seated at the stern of the ship and ably led by Messrs Parfit, McNiff, Ley, Webster, and Co.

We crossed France in couchettes—a novel way of spending the night! At our arrival in Basle at 5.30 a.m. we had breakfast. By now, we had caught up with our intended schedule. Eventually we reached our destination, Melchtal, at 9.45 a.m., after coming up the 2,000 feet from Sarnen by motor-coach. Melchtal is a small, peaceful village, picturesque with all its widely spaced-out chalets set among the mountains. We were interested to find out that our hotel was run entirely by one family.

Our ski were fitted after lunch and it was then that we first got the 'feel' of the ski. The first time it was hilarious and I cannot recall anyone in the entire party staying upright. But gradually all those weeks of patient training in the gym paid off, and, with help and support from our extremely patient ski instructors, we began to progress.

We all had great fun on the ski despite many bruises at the beginning and incidents such as letting one of the ski run away from you if it were accidentally left facing down a slope with no one on top of it to stop it. We also saw a lot of "how not to ski and raise a laugh at the same time" from fifth formers who shall be nameless. (Let us just say that the Swiss had never before witnessed six or seven Dynevor boys going flat out down a slope and singing "I feel fine" at the same time.)

In the evening Mr. Quick organized games, or else we occupied ourselves with walks. Incidentally, there was a Belgian girls' camp about a mile up the road, so it was not suprising to see many boys heading north!

We witnessed the new year in Switzerland and a party was organized with some pupils from an English school who were staying at the same hotel. Once again our stirring Welsh singing was brought to the forefront and the new year was seen in with various pieces in Welsh. At 11.55 we all rose, to the amazement of the English, and sang "Mae Hen Wlad fy Nhadau".

The day before our departure, we went up by cable car to Melchsee Frütt—6,000 feet up and very, very cold—8°C. Many of us passed for our bronze ski test badge, including Messrs. Quick and Hopkin.

We left Melchtal and the waves from the hotel staff at about 10.00 a.m. and spent the afternoon buying presents and taking photographs in Lucerne. We eventually arrived home-on time—at 6.00 p.m. on Thursday January 6th.

I must here express sincere gratitude on behalf of myself and my fellow-skiers to Mr. Quick, Mr. Hopkin and Mr. Jones for their efficient handling of the party; also to Mrs. Quick who helped in a great number of mending jobs and minor ailments (brought about by the unusual Swiss food, we presume).

In conclusion, I can safely say that if boys on next year's Swiss trip have as much fun, and enjoy themselves, half as much as we did, then both it and all the other parties going to Switzerland from Dynevor will, like this one, be a great success

STEPHEN MCNEFF, 3E

MEDITATIONS OF QUARTER OF A TEAM

It was not all together an unpleasant experience to know that fifteen million viewers would be watching me and the rest of the team in "Top of the Form", yet I must admit that I have not been so nervous for a very long time, nor do I think I will be. As the whole school saw, the four vast B.B.C. vans carrying the equipment arrived two days before the programme was recorded. No doubt lots of the boys wandered over to the hall to catch a glimpse of the preparations. They did not have to look far as there were wires strewn all over the floor and large lights being positioned above the seats, with four conspicuous television cameras showing red lights, that caught the eye and held the attention just as if the show were being recorded at that particular moment. But for me personally, I could feel the tension rising in my stomach as if someone were grinding his fist into me. Fortunately this feeling was constantly replaced by excitement, otherwise I would have been at my wits end.

The evening preceding the big day was an extremely difficult one for me as I could not concentrate. The thought of all those cameras kept haunting me and filled my mind with all the ideas under the sun. If anyone thought he was going to have appendicitis at the eleventh hour, then I was the one. As for visions of being tongue-tied when the moment came to say "Hello", my mind was full of such nightmarish ideas.

The day dawned and I had not died of a heart attack or fallen under a bus, however much people had wanted me to. Getting to school was the easy part, but the waiting to be called was not so much fun. I suppose I might not have minded if they had dragged me in there and given me gas straight away!

Finally the time came for me to round up the rest of the team. Now, I had been into lots of classrooms before, but this time it was different. For a start, all the boys in the junior forms had clean necks and combed hair, and looked as if they were on their way to church. Also the hush that pervaded a room when I entered was unusual to say the least; whereas the look the boys gave called to mind those fifteen million pairs of eyes.

With the three other members of the team, whose names you doubtless know, I was privileged to meet Paddy Feeny, an extremely likeable and selfless person. He soon put us at our ease, and it was a most reassuring feeling to know that he had been through it all before and could prepare us. We had quite a comfortable little chat and were soon talking to him as if he were a fellow pupil rather than a television personality.

The team had to go through two dummy rounds before the actual recording, but before this the two teams were introduced to each other, and I can tell you that it is an extremely funny feeling to say "Hello" to a girl whom you can see on a monitor twelve or so feet away but whose voice you can hear right inside your head. Yet we soon became used to this and hardly noticed it after a short time.

I cannot explain how it feels to look into a television camera or see oneself on a television screen or hear one's voice booming through one's own ears, for the feeling is quite unearthly. The nearest I can approach to it is to ask you to imagine yourself outside your body, standing somewhere else in the room, looking at a piece of history. It was a unique experience that was repeated when I saw, with utter incredulity, my not too attractive visage spread over the television screen at home. However, the strange feeling soon went and a wondering enjoyment took its place. I found myself anticipating what I was going to say and being strangely pleased when the particular phrase or sentence that I had remembered actually came out of the set; and then I would think: "Good Heavens, all those people listening."

I must add a word about the effect of the programme on the people of Swansea, from a purely subjective point of view. Of course, the recording was not shown until some weeks later, in May. It was only then that I knew what the real effect of the television appearance was.

As usual the show was transmitted on a Thursday. By Friday evening I had been congratulated, had my hand shaken off, been stared at, talked about, pointed at, and openly referred to as "... that one over there, ... no not 'im ... 'im."

Saturday morning proved the greatest trial though. I usually go up town then, and foolishly I had not decided to change my normal routine. It was firstly with pleasant surprise and then with horror that I found everyone staring at me. Not just every second person, everyone. Well, I have never felt so uncomfortable in my life. I felt as if I could not look at anyone and reconciled myself to looking at the pavement while walking along, which is a very difficult thing to do in the rush of shoppers to be found in town on the most popular shopping day of the week.

However, I could see the funny side of it. I had to, or else I might have done something drastic. It was very humorous to see the expressions change on the face of an approaching passer-by from absorption in the details of a shop window to that of blank astonishment, with a slight smile of disbelief, and the mumbling of "No it couldn't be". One comment that made me laugh was one that I heard from a group of girls who had just passed me: "Hey, did you see that boy there; he looked exactly like that boy on 'Top of the Form' last night."

DAVID HOPKINS, UVI Arts

HAIL, HAIL ROCK'N ROLL

The years 1955-60, in particular 1956-58, were the golden years of "pop-music"—The Age of "Rock n' Roll". By 1960, "Rock" was commercially dead but the music and the great names of the host of fine performers who made it so popular live on amongst those who still remember with nostalgia the "old days" when Rock was king.

Rock'n' Roll was derived from two sources—Rhythm and Blues (which bears no relation to the rubbish turned out by modern day 'pop' groups), and Country and Western music. Broadly speaking though, Rock was a crude deviation of R. & B. Many of the great white artists were strongly influenced by C. & W. much of which also has a strong beat.

This was natural as many of them came from the South. It is no coincidence that this is the home of the Blues as well as 'Country' music. Carl Perkins and Jerry Lee Lewis have a distinct 'Country' sound and have recorded many country songs. Jerry Lee would probably have made it big in C. & W. if not in Rock 'n' Roll. Elvis Presley was strongly influenced by several country and blues singers, notably the well-known blues singer Arthur "Bigboy" Crudup—remarkable both in name and ability. Presley's initial recording was one of his songs. This linking of R. & B. and C. & W. formed the driving force behind the white rock'n rollers while a combination of Gospel and R. & B. did the same for the negro singers.

To most Bill Haley is the guy who started it all but in the States the basic elements of Rock 'n' Roll had been developing for years. Haley himself had been recording for some time and the R. & B. and C. & W. fields boasted a number of artistes who had already recorded songs in a style which was to be adapted to Rock 'n' Roll. It is important to realise the musical set up in the U.S.A.

In the Southern States singers and musicians often enjoy great popularity in their home states but are relatively unknown elsewhere. In such cities as Memphis and Nashville, Tennessee, there are scores of small recording companies whose artists are commercially successful and well-known within their localities. Thus many great C. & W. and Blues artists are little known outside even a small area except to a few collectors. This is truer of blues-singers probably than C. & W. artists.

So Rock was not just suddenly created by some enterprising business man—the basis was there just waiting to be developed for a national, and ultimately, an international public.

The man who was really the "father of Rock 'n' Roll" was Alan Freed an astute businessman concerned with records and show business, who had been trying to develop R. & B. into a more commercial sound. Freed wanted to create or develop something distinctive. For this new style of music he needed a name and thus he delved into the vocabulary of the Blues and came up with the words 'rock' and 'roll' oft used in latter-day blues.

Soon the famous Rock 'n' Roll extravaganzas of Freed were being put on all over the 'States'. They attracted vast audiences and wild excitement was generated which unfortunately at first sometimes caused riots. Dick Clark also staged famous rock shows such as "Rock and Roll at the Hollywood Bowl". The first recordings of such as Bill Haley were

admittedly musically crude but soon fine performers, who were and are great entertainers and fine artists such as Jerry Lee Lewis and Buddy Holly arrived on the scene.

Many hesitated to call the new music, music at all at first but even the knockers must admit that the old artists compare very favourably with the long-haired, effeminate, drug-consuming beardie-wierdies of today.

The greatest difference between Rock and present day 'pop' music lies in originality. Many of the old rock-singers wrote their own songs and nearly always did new songs on their single-releases. Even the numbers they all did like "Rip it Up" and "Long Tall Sally" sounded like different songs by the different artistes. There was rarely any "copying" and correct credits were given. However, today copying is the keynote. 90% of the the repulsive 'Stones' records are miserable copies of old blues songs or Chuck Berry Rock n' Roll numbers. Lately we have had had equally pathetic copies of Soul and Tamla-Motown, and commercial imitation of folk-singing and even Indian music! ! The Beatle(ss), though they may write most of their own stuff nevertheless their style too is copied. Not from blues but from rock 'n' roll itself. They are in fact nothing but a fourth rate Rock-group.

Another thing they lack is spontaneity. All the flourishes which these modern groups try to bring to their performances are artificial. Jerry Lee Lewis, or, on the other hand, Little Richard or Bo Diddly, just as a few examples, could entertain an audience for hours without playing a note. These guys put everthing into their performances which are literally fantastic. If you saw Little Richard on T.V. at Christmas 1963 you'll have some idea of what I mean.

Probably the reason Rock will never come back big is because most of the singers at about thirty are just too old to belt it out as they used to though Jerry Lee and Richard are still as lively as ever.

Many 'Top 20' "songs" in the last few years have been copies and it is bad that this fact is not generally realised. Even modern day 'pop' singers(?) who do not crib old stuff copy their style from Americans. The real test of an entertainer's talent is his live performance. There is no comparison between the old rock-singers and contemporary "mods". Rock artists are better live—take a present day 'pop' star out of a recording studio and he is nothing.

But what of the actual performers? Think of Rock 'n' Roll and four names spring immediately to mind—Bill Haley, Elvis Presley, Buddy Holly, and Little Richard. Haley's fame

was immediate, phenomenal and short-lived; Elvis Presley's personal fame as an entertainer was without precedent and is still unsurpassed. Incidentally the Beatles's much vaunted Shea Stadium "effort" was not the biggest pop show ever. In 1956 at the Cotton Bowl Football Stadium, Texas, one of Elvis show's topped the 71,000 mark. This was probably not his biggest audience. Today he still makes the 20 though he has scarcely recorded since 1963 and has not made a personal appearance since 1958. How long I wonder would the Beatles last if they gave up touring especially in the U.S.A.

I am the first to admit that Elvis Presley 1962-66 is rubbish, by and large. However, Presley 1956-59 is still the greatest. It may be old, but it's still the best. His voice IS good and he sings various types of song well.

The foremost of rock 'n' rollers pure and simple is undoubtedly Little Richard. His performances on stage and record are almost unbeatable.. He it was who brought to the world "Long Tall Sally", "Lucille", "Kansas City", "Rip it Up", "Slipping and Slidin" etc. He was described as the Dean of Rock 'n' Roll—the Dean he was.

Perhaps the greatest of them all was Buddy Holly a composer of many songs, a fine musician, and a fine and versatile singer. He too like that other great artist Eddie Cochran was to have his life tragically cut short at the peak of his fame. The genuine worth of such as Holly and Cochran is only now being realised as their music lives on, though they have been dead for 7 and 6 years respectively. It was not just a case of picking up a mike—the mediocrities soon fell by the wayside; there were many "one-hit wonders".

Two great nurseries of rock'n rollers grew up—"Speciality Records" of Hollywood with the famous negro artists Larry Williams, Sam Cooke, Lloyd Price and of course Little Richard. On the other hand there was "Sun Records" of Memphis. At one time Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins (Mr. "Blue Suede Shoes"), and the noted C. & W. artists, Johnny Cash and Roy Orbison (then prominent in this field) were under contract to Sam Phillips of Sun. All have now left Sun these many moons alas. Dale Hawkins and Sonny Burgess, whose recordings are classics of the era, were also Sun men but never made very big over here.

There are others of course such as the great Gene Vincent and His Bluecaps who recently honoured us by living in Britain for several years. On the instrumental side Duane Eddy and of course Johnny and the Hurricanes turned out many fine recordings, and the late Bill Black cut numerous great discs also.

Mention must also be made of Rick Nelson, Richie Valens (killed with Buddy Holly) and of course Fats Domino that much gold-disced gentleman, and Chuck Berry, who was making rock discs when most mods were enprammed! Subsequently re-issued a number under different titles much to the chagrin of his real (rocking) fans.

The U.K. only produced 2 good artists and those lately Joe Brown and Johnny Kidd. The history of Rock is short but sweet. Why did it suddenly die? The following are significant I feel. Late '58 Elvis was drafted into the U.S. Army; February '59 Buddy Holly was killed; April 1960 Eddie Cochran was killed. Probably it would have disappeared anyway. (All present-day groups have to frequently change style to maintain their undeserved popularity.) Yet the greatest duet in the business and the makers of some of the greatest of rock songs—The Everly Brothers—are still getting hits and Jerry Lee, Carl Perkins, Fats Domino and Gene Vincent still hold quite astonishing popularity and their tours are always highly successful. Anyway, forsake this mod-music and listen to some good old rock 'n' roll before it is too late—repent mods and take heed—Rock 'n' Roll lives and is King!

I. SEATON, UVI, Arts

QUO VADIS?

An Enquiry into Life after Death

It is believed by most modern religions that at death a man will have to meet his god and be judged. This idea runs through the religions of the Ancient Egyptians, the Babylonians the Ancient Greeks, the Early Jews, and the Early Christians, and it is therefore to history that we first turn.

Plato was one of the earliest philosophers who propounded elaborate theories based on the idea of reincarnation. He thought that the world in which we live is not the true world, but rather the world of the senses, materialism, change and decay, and of contradictory good and evil. Behind the apparent anomalies of life was the permanent, self-consistent, logical world of pure intelligence, a world of perfect goodness, truth and beauty. The pure world is the one from which we came and to which we shall return. However, when the soul takes on mortal shape, it forgets the pure world and becomes subject to sensual desires and earthly interests. The only way to return to the pure world is by the exercise of Reason. Plato likened the human soul to a man sitting in a cave, gazing out at the world, who, seeing a shadow (representing this world), mistakes it for the actual object that has cast it (the pure world).

The Ancient Egyptians always buried their dead with gifts of food and implements so that the spirit could live on in the next world in accordance with his station in this life. They believed that after the physical death, "Ba", the soul, and "Ka", a ghostly double or guardian spirit, would continue to live together in the next world. However, the soul could only live if the body was preserved as a home for the "Ka" and the "Ba", and necessary food and protection were provided: hence the practice of mummifying and burying in tombs. When the soul reached the next world, it passed to Duat, which was the place where the sun was supposed to sleep at night. If the soul was good, it passed through Duat over to the fields of Osiris, the Judge. The Ancient Egyptians believed that a man's soul was weighed by Osiris against an ostrich feather. According to the "Book of the Dead", a good man's soul would be lighter than the feather, and as a result the good soul passed on to the blessed fields of Osiris, but those souls that were heavier than the feather were destroyed. Later, however, the Egyptians tell us that bad souls were thrown into a fiery hell.

The religious ideas of the Ancient Babylonians were similar to Islam. The Babylonians taught that on the Day of Judgment a man's soul would appear before a heavenly court, presided over by Mithra (Truth), Rashu (Justice) and Srascha (Obedience). If the good deeds of a man outweighed his evil deeds, then he was led over the Bridge of Separation to Heaven. However, if his evil deeds outweighed his good deeds, his soul was destroyed. Later, the idea developed that the soul of a virtuous man would wait for him in the guise of a maiden to lead him over the Bridge of Separation, but if he was an evil man, his soul would appear to him disguised as a hag. The followers of Islam believed that the bridge to Heaven was sharper than a sword and finer than a hair. The noble soul would pass over, but the evil soul would be cast into everlasting torment.

It is to Vergil that we turn for an early detailed description of hell. Aeneas, searching for his father, Anchises, descends into the infernal regions to seek his Fate. He is conducted through the first jaws of hell by a prophetess. He plucks a sprig of mistletoe which he presents to the boatman of the "Stygian Lake", the entrance to the passage of Hell. Aeneas is ferried over the river Styx in the boat, and is surrounded by souls waiting to be taken across. At last they land on the far side, "the foul slimy strand". They pass Cerebus, the dog with the deafening bark, by drugging him with cakes of grain and honey. Aeneas and the prophetess then pass on to the regions that are inhabited by the miserable (that is, those

whose lives on earth were evil,) and the heroes who are not so miserable. The path then splits in two directions. To the right is "Elysium", the Isles of the Blest. To the left lies the "Foul Tautauraus", guarded by a monster with fifty gaping mouths, behind which there is a black abyss, where wrongdoers suffer unending punishment.

The early Jewish ideas are rather vague. They believed in Sheol, where the dead live as shadows, Sheol being thought of as a pit underneath the earth. Impenitent sinners were destined to suffer in "Gehenna". The name is derived from the deep gorge on the south side of Jerusalem, the site of many heathen rites and human sacrifice, and therefore a place of horror to the devout Jew. The word "Heaven" was used as the dwelling place of God.

Between the third and second centuries B.C., the Jewish idea of "Heaven" or "Paradise" changed. "Heaven" was thought to be the reward in the after-life, for the Jews were being persecuted by the Persians at that time. However, this reward was considered doubtful because it was thought that the soul was unable to live without the body, thus harking back to the Egyptians; and therefore they believed that there must be a resurrection of the body and soul together. The Jewish idea of "Heaven" was adopted by the early Christians who regarded it as the dwelling place of God and the eternal home of all redeemed souls.

The idea of Purgatory, where the soul was purged of the remnants of sin, arose in Medieval times. However, this view is still held by some Christians, namely, the Catholics, some of whose beliefs are illustrated in Dante's "Divine Comedy" of 1320, which tells of the suffering in Purgatory. The idea of "Heaven" is fully described for the Christian in Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained".

God is often described by such metaphors as the Judge separating the sheep from the goats, the tares from the wheat. It is He who will finally overthrow evil on the Day of Judgement, as envisaged by the Apocalypse, which tells us that Satan, the personification of evil, will be cast into a lake of fire, leaving God and the angels to reign supreme.

Such were the ideas of the past. We must now examine the present. "Heaven" today may be regarded as the quality of life on earth. "Hell", like "Heaven", is also a state of mind and reflects the inner thoughts of a man who has estranged himself from God. Hell can take such forms as misery, loneliness or conscience, where the mind rebels against an evil

action. Hell can also be regarded as man's relationship with other people. In all, the idea of a place above the clouds or below the earth has been disregarded, and a psychological state of mind has come to the fore.

As to the future, we can only speculate. Ideas are dynamic and not static, and in a few decades our children and children's children may laugh at our ideas and mode of expression.

M. B. NYE, UVI Arts

OLD DY'VORIANS ASSOCIATION

The Officials and Committee hope that this term, as in the past two or three years, many of those boys leaving school will become members of the Association. Our ability to perform as an active organisation depends of course, not only upon those older, past pupils who have long retained an interest in their old school but also on the number of younger men we can look to for support.

Mr. W. B. Penhale who had spent a busy year as President Elect due to the absence of Professor B. Flowers, was installed as President at the March dinner. This function was of course an important one for the Association as we were honoured to welcome the new Headmaster, Mr. D. B. Norris, who replied on the School's behalf to one of the toasts. Other speakers included Mr. Tom Richards, West Wales Representative of the B.B.C., and Mr. David Goldstone, an Old Boy who has gained prominence as a London business-man.

At the dinner, also, the President conferred the first-ever Honorary Life Memberships upon the two previous headmasters, Mr. Glan Powell and Mr. Meredydd Hughes, for their long and devoted service to the school and Association.

Printed copies of the the lecture 'Biology and Society' given last autumn by Dr. Ivor Isaac, Reader in Botany at Swansea University College, are now available. It will be recalled that in his address, Dr. Isaac made many interesting and authoritative comments on current work in biology, and posed several vital questions for Society arising from this research. Because of the quality of the lecture and the interest it aroused, we anticipate a large demand for copies.

The 1966 lecture will be given by Mr. D. Andrew Davies, appointed this year to the important position of Secretary to the Welsh Joint Education Committee, and previously Director of Education at Merthyr. We much appreciate Mr. Davies' acceptance of our invitation to speak, and look forward to hearing his address in October or November.

Despite the almost prohibitive cost of holding our annual rugby and cricket matches against the School at St. Helen's, it was decided that this year's matches would be played there, but that these fixtures may well have to take place elsewhere in the future.

As usual the rugby match last March was as much enjoyed by the Old Boys' team and supporters as by the School Side, and we are determined that these matches will continue to be played even if Swansea's main rugby and cricket ground should be unavailable.

It was found impossible to play the Old Boys' soccer match last winter because of ground conditions at the Vetch Field, but there is every hope that the game will be played this year. We would like to record our appreciation of the Swansea Football Club for their very kind consideration of our request to play at the Vetch.

It is pleasing to note that the flourishing Old Dyvorians' Golf Society is attracting new members and that Mr. Arthur Davies has so generously presented a Cup to be played for annually in matches between our team and the past pupils of Bishop Gore.

Finally, our sincere congratulations to all those who have achieved success, academic or otherwise, in the past year.

SOCCER

The Senior A team enjoyed quite a successful season. Their record for the season was:

<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Goals—F.</i>	<i>A.</i>
15	9	4	2	42	19

In the League Competition they finished as Runners up to Penlan, who defeated them 4 - 3 in the last vital match.

In the Senior Cup Competition Dynevor reached the Semi-Final, being rather unlucky to lose 2 - 1 to Penyrheol after extra time.

During the Easter holiday the Senior A team entertained Kingswood School (London) and won a most entertaining game by 3 goals to 1.

Congratulations are offered to John Banfield who was selected to play for the Swansea Schoolboys' side during the season.

PRESLEY, 4D; A. WILLIAMS, 4A

1st XI SOCCER

Last season was one of the most successful the side has ever had. Even though no one was selected for Wales at any level this season, the team work was excellent, and the side fully deserved their place in the final of the Ivor Tuck Trophy.

It was the first time the school had ever reached this final hurdle, yet in the match at St. Asaphs was unlucky enough to finish 2-4 down, after being 2-2 at half-time. However, in the second leg at the Vetch Field, the team played well below form and St. Asaphs fully deserved to win.

So the school team fell at this last hurdle, 6-3 on aggregate but were by no means discredited. There is, however, one simple answer to this. It is not that the team is poor, but that the facilities are so far away. At St. Asaphs, the school field was just beyond the playground, so that it is little wonder that teams with facilities so near can practice more often than ourselves.

The team would like to thank all their supporters who turned up at the Vetch, including the 6 members of staff, and also to Mr. Jones for the interest he has shown throughout the season.

Next year's side will be practically the same as at present, and the team is looking forward to an even more successful season next year, with the chief aim of bringing the Ivor Tuck Trophy back to Dynevor.

TABLE TENNIS TEAM

The school team has been unable to find its true form this season; however, the team continues next season with the aim of becoming a proficient and well-balanced side, capable of success.

This success, although having eluded us, has not dampened the interest of the boys in the team, who look forward to a new season in which they hope to improve the table tennis standard and bring home a greater measure of success.

The team this year, has had the services of:
P. Lewis; R. Brown (*Capt.*); G. Tasker; D. Mercer; J. Hill.

We would also like to thank the Headmaster for his help and support at the beginning of the season when the team was formed.

R. L. GRIFFITHS, LVI Sc. 1
Hon. Secretary

INTERMEDIATE SOCCER

Last season, the school entered two teams, and both experienced some quite encouraging results:

"A" TEAM

Out of 12 matches played, the team won 7, lost 2 and drew the other 3.

At the beginning of the season the side was defeated by Penlan in the 1st round of the Intermediate Cup. (Penlan being the eventual winners.)

However due to its consistency, the team reached the "runners up" position in the league table, scoring 23 goals against 16.

"B" TEAM

The record and eventual success of this team was marred by the weather. 9 games were won, 2 lost and 1 drawn. However, by the end of the season the fixture card had not been completed and 9 games were outstanding. If these had been played and won, then the team would have found themselves 2nd in the league to Danygraig.

Of the matches played probably the two against St. Illtyds were the most encouraging, the school winning 10 - 0 at home and 4 - 1 away.

Most of the team came from the 1st year and the Intermediate team next year should provide quite a strong challenge for both Cup and league honours.



