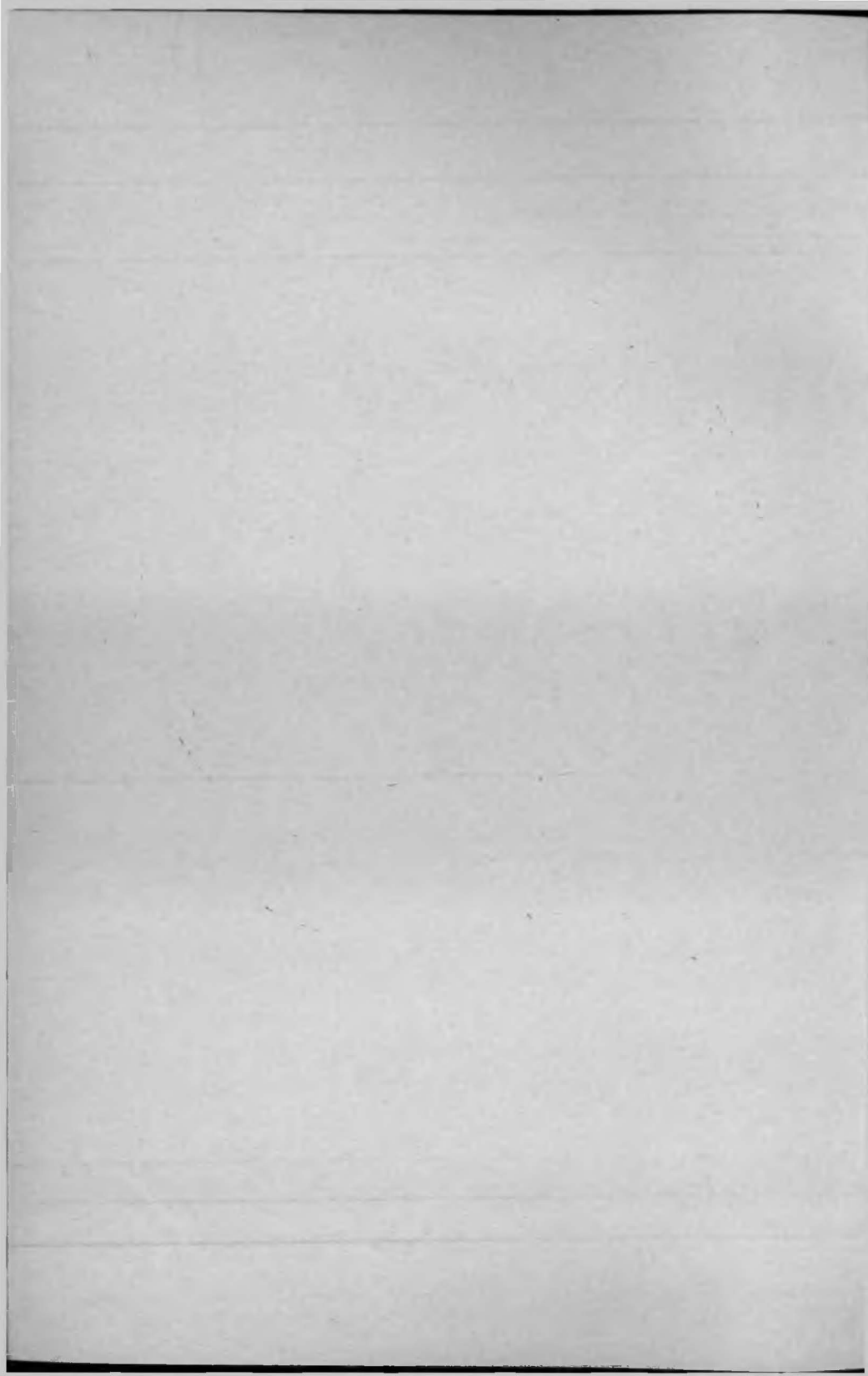


MAGAZINE

No. 114

April, 1968



GORAU ARF



ARF DYSG

No. 114

No. 1 (New Series)

APRIL, 1968

Editor: Rowan D. Williams

Editorial Committee:

C. Johnson, G. F. Gabb, T. Richards, J. R. C. Davies,
J. P. H. Walters (Welsh)

EDITORIAL

It is with no little regret that the Editorial Committee announces that rising costs have made it impossible to publish more than one magazine annually from now on. We can only express the hope that, henceforth, our single publication will rival in quality the combined excellence of any two magazines of previous years. This contraction naturally means that more space will have to be devoted to school news; and, as this leaves less room for "original" prose works by pupils, we hope to extend our poetry section, confident that a mass of creative genius exists in the school!

The revival of several school societies this year is a very encouraging sign, although the response to some of them has been, to say the least, disappointing. We would emphasise that this aspect of school life is, in its way, as important a part of education as the academic and sporting sides. These societies have also served to strengthen Dynevor's connexion with other Swansea schools, a connexion which, in providing the atmosphere for spirited exchange of opinion, has proved most profitable for all concerned; we look forward confidently to the maintenance of this link over a long period.

SCHOOL NOTES

We take this opportunity of saying a somewhat belated farewell to Mr. Tom Chandler and Mr. Walter Quick, both of whom left us at the end of the Summer Term of 1967, and also to Mr. Haydn Davies, who left at Christmas. Mr. Chandler,

whose connexion with the school has been a long one, and one of great value to many generations of pupils, moves to a well-deserved promotion, as Deputy Head of the new school at Cefn Hengoed. We wish him all success in this post, and would also like to extend our best wishes to Mr. Quick and Mr. Davies, undoubtedly two very popular members of staff, whose time at Dynevor has, although brief, been most profitable to the school: Mr. Quick's contribution to the sporting life of the school deserves special notice.

Dynevor will shortly have to sustain another great loss with the departure of Mr. Graham Davies, who is going from our midst to lecture in Drama at Trinity College, Carmarthen. Although delighted that he should be taking up a job of such interest and responsibility, we cannot but lament the "passing" of one who has done so much for Dynevor's dramatic life, and to whom the Sixth Form especially owes such a debt of gratitude.

This year again, the Gideons visited the school to present our First Formers with copies of the New Testament. We offer our warmest thanks to them, and express the hope that our boys will be properly appreciative of this very generous gift.

The school has followed up the success of last year's production of "Our Town" with "Melody and Rhyme", a presentation perhaps best described as "a school concert with a difference". A collection of musical, dramatic, poetic, and humorous(?) pieces, it was, much to the gratification (and surprise!) of those concerned, quite a success. Whether or not we may consider a "dramatic tradition" to have been thus established, it is certainly to be hoped that future generations will continue to develop this side of Dynevor's life, and derive as much pleasure and profit from it as certain members of the Editorial Committee have done.

Last year's Speech Day was held in the Brangwyn Hall and our guest speaker was Professor Glanmor Williams. The evening was enlivened with items from the choir, under the expert direction of Mr. Clive John, and from Carl Johnson at the piano.

Dynevor has acquitted itself most creditably in inter-school competitions: R. D. Williams, UVI Arts was awarded first prize in the senior section of the Classical Association's annual Latin Reading Competition, and one of our debating teams (consisting of M. Flower, R. Richards and C. Thomas, all of UVI Arts) has got through the first round of the Junior Chamber of Commerce's debating contest; we wish them the best of luck in future rounds.

We should like to welcome to Dynevor's staff Mrs. James, who has come to help fill the gap in the French department left by Mr. Chandler's departure, Mr. Jenkins, who is here to teach Mathematics and Mr. Pursey, taking P.T.

A party of boys from the school joined groups from other Swansea Schools for a Mediterranean cruise last summer in the "Devonia", and it is hoped that this will be repeated during the coming summer in "Devonia's" sister ship, the "Nevassa". Last year's group was under the able supervision of Mr. Graham Davies, Mr. Mike Richards and Mr. Walter Davies.

The school trip to Russia, organised by Mr. R. J. Howells, is to take place during the Easter holiday, and we hope that this, the first trip of its kind, will be so successful that there will be many more such holidays in future years.

The school was again represented at the United Nations Day ceremonies in the Brangwyn Hall, by R. D. Williams, UVI A., who read a short address on "Human Rights" (the text of this address appears in the magazine). Pupils of Dynevor have also attended conferences organised by the Council for Education in World Citizenship, at Coleg Harlech, last Easter, and at the University College, Swansea, in July of last year.

Other conferences at which the school has been represented have included one on University Education, organised by the students of The University College, last July, a conference on "Environment and Society", held at Llwyn-y-Bryn School in the autumn; and an Inter-Schools Christian Fellowship convention, addressed by Professor Rhodes, an eminent scientist from the University, on the topic, "A Scientist looks at Christianity".

During the Christmas Term, the august countenances of all our 900 or so pupils (not forgetting the staff) were recorded for posterity in a truly panoramic School Photograph—a profitable investment, no doubt, for blackmailers in years to come! How many great men of future years will have this photograph reproduced in their biographies, one wonders? ("Dynevor County Secondary School, 1967-8: Sir X. Y. may be seen in the fourth row, thirty-seventh from the left . . ."). . . . Oh well, just a thought!

The School Eisteddfod, despite valiant efforts from Grove, Dillwyn and Roberts Houses was won again by Llewellyn. The standard of competition was particularly high this year, but more enthusiasm might still be shown in the Houses, as the work tends to devolve upon a few in each house (the Editors speak from bitter experience!). Our thanks go to the adjudicators, Mrs. Betsan John, Mr. Brinley Cox, and the Rev. Alun Davies. Details of the results are given later in the magazine.

Two boys from the school have obtained places at Oxford and Cambridge: Michael C. Holly, of UVI.Sc., had been awarded a Meyricke Exhibition to read Chemistry at Jesus College, Oxford, and Rowan Williams, U.VI Arts, an open Scholarship to read Theology at Christ's College, Cambridge. These results maintain Dynevor's tradition of success in the field of scholarships, a tradition which can bear comparison with virtually any other school in South Wales.

We learn with great pleasure that Jeff Parton, 4B and Stephen Thomas, 4E have been awarded International Caps, and play against N. Ireland at Cardiff shortly.

In a Welsh Book Quiz held in connection with Welsh Book Week' on March 8th, Swansea 'A' team decisively beat Ystalyfera in the final. Two of the four members of the championship-winning team were Dynevor boys: John Walters, UVI Arts, and Geraint Jeffreys, UVI Sc. I. Each member of the winning team received a £2 Book Token. The team is to be congratulated on such an excellent win against a team from a Welsh-speaking area.

We report with great pleasure that Mr. Tom James, of the Dept. of Chemistry, was elected Chairman of the Welsh Schools F.A. last year. This honour crowns a long career of devoted service to Schoolboy soccer, and we offer our sincere congratulations to him.



THIS YEAR'S PREFECTS

BACK ROW (*Left to Right*): J. Richards, J. P. Walters, G. F. Gabb, B. S. Powell, M. O'Sullivan, P. Dehtiar, A. Pelleschi, D. Blackmore C. Johnson, K. L. Simpson, B. Rogers.

SECOND ROW (*Left to Right*): N. B. Clatworthy, T. G. Daniel, P. Regan, D. R. H. Davies, M. C. Holly, G. H. Davies, M. Scarlett, R. P. Williams, G. Ll. Jeffries.

FRONT ROW (*Left to Right*): T. Bloom, P. Webster, R. D. Williams (*Vice-Captain*), M. Gange (*School Captain*), Mr. Clifford Evans (*Deputy Headmaster*), Mr. D. B. Norris (*Headmaster*), Mr. Graham Davies, J. R. C. Davies (*Vice-Captain*), G. Donovan, F. C. Samuel.

SPEECH DAY, 1967

The Annual Speech Day and Prize Giving was held at the Brangwyn Hall, on the 12th April, 1967, but because this is the first magazine since then, we take this opportunity of making a brief report.

Alderman P. P. Evans, the Chairman of the Education Committee, took the Chair, and we were grateful to the Deputy Mayor and Mayoress (Councillor J. Allison, J.P. and Mrs. Allison) for their support on the stage.

The Guest Speaker was Professor Glanmor Williams, J.P., M.A., D.Litt., F.R.Hist.S., a B.B.C. National Governor for Wales. He spoke to some purpose in pleading for the less gifted pupils. He thought that we tended to place less value on them than we should. His manner of speaking greatly appealed to the audience, and he brought home his theme to the boys.

The Junior Choir sang from Bennett's "The Insect World", and the Main Choir rendered Tchaikowsky's "The Child Jesus" and a Russian Folk Song called "Kalinka". It was this last item which proved to be the outstanding performance of the evening, and the audience insisted upon an immediate encore. Instrumental Music was represented by Liszt's "Concerto Study in D Flat" competently rendered by Carl Johnson.

The School Awards were made by the wife of the Chairman, while Mrs. Glanmor Williams presented the G.C.E. awards. The Colours and Sports Trophies were handed over to the various recipients by the Deputy Mayoress, Mrs. J. Allison.

We should like to express our sincere thanks to all these dignitaries who gave up their valuable time to add grace to our Speech Day.

DEVONIA '67

The school trip on the 'Devonia', to the Mediterranean last summer, was, in the opinion of the boys, a great success. The ship called at Gibraltar, Alicante and Lisbon and took 2 weeks to make the round trip. The weather was generally

good except for a mild storm in the Bay of Biscay which caused a few interesting bouts of sea sickness that helped the time to pass away. This boredom was, perhaps, the biggest problem during the long days, which incidentally began at the ungodly hour of 7 o'clock. The only other complaint was on account of the ventilation system which was totally inadequate below decks, especially in the Mediterranean.

However, mutinies were put down with comparatively little trouble, thanks to the supervision of the terrible trio. Masters in charge were Mr. Mike Richards and Mr. Graham Davies, with Mr. Walter Davies, organising. These three masters were the only people to get lost, in Alicante, and the same number of boys and masters returned as started, much to every one's surprise. I would like to thank these masters, for their work, day and night, throughout the trip.

The three ports invaded were found to be very interesting and thanks to the trust shown by the masters and the good sense of the boys we were able to explore the towns in small groups. Gibraltar was the best port for shopping or, rather, bargaining, and the small size of this interesting place enabled us to see the whole peninsular in one taxi ride.

Alicante was extremely hot and dusty and though not as interesting as Gibraltar, it had a large beach and a cool sea, which was of course extremely popular with the boys. In both these ports some of us had noticed, in certain districts, a low buzzing sound just like the sound made by high power cables, but in parts where there were no cables to be seen. However, in Alicante, we found this noise was made by very large flies which had an unpleasant custom of flying into one's face, though luckily no-one swallowed one to our knowledge. The last place visited, Lisbon, is the most beautiful city I have ever seen, with a street plan which has not changed since the eighteenth century, containing long, wide, impressive avenues and presenting many magnificent views.

At the end of the trip the mass smuggling operation worked successfully, Mr. Walter Davies took a holiday, and soon after, the "Devonia" was scrapped.

T. RICHARDS, UVI Arts

EISTEDDFOD GWYL DDEWI 1968

EISTEDDFOD WINNERS

1. Senior Vocal Solo	..	K. McNiff (LL)	
2. Senior Piano Solo	..	C. Johnson (LL)	
3. Senior English Recitation	..	R. Williams (R)	
4. Folk Song	..	M. Gibson (D)	} Shared
		P. Gabriel (G)	
5. Senior Instrumental Solo	..	C. Davies (G)	
6. Senior Speech	..	J. Lewis (LL)	
7. Vocal Duet	..	Davies and Pelleschi (G)	
8. Senior 'Adroddiad'	..	D. Williams (LL)	
9. Senior Guitar Solo	..	Parfitt (LL)	
10. Senior Poem	..	R. Williams (R)	
11. Junior Art	..	C. Bray (D)	
12. Middle Art	..	M. Fisher (R)	
13. Senior Art	..	A. Morgan (LL)	
14. Senior Welsh Essay	..	G. Jones (LL)	} Shared
		G. Davies (D)	
15. Junior Welsh Essay	..	H. Davies (R)	
16. House Choir	..	Grove	
17. Senior 'Dysgwyr' Recitation	..	R. Williams (R)	
18. Junior 'Adroddiad'	..	Hywel Davies (R)	
19. Junior Recorder Solo	..	Nield (G)	
20. English Choral-Speaking	..	Grove	
21. Junior Vocal Solo	..	B. Miller (G)	
22. Junior Speech	..	R. Davies (G)	
23. Junior Piano Solo	..	Daniel (R)	
24. Junior 'Dysgwyr' Recitation	..	Harvey (D)	
25. Junior Guitar Solo	..	J. Evans (LL)	} Shares
		G. Jones (LL)	
26. Junior Music Composition	..	Clifford (LL)	
27. Senior Music Composition	..	McNiff (LL)	
28. Junior English Recitation	..	Cox (D)	
29. Junior Instrumental Solo	..	Hansel (D)	
30. Junior Poem	..	Watt (D)	
31. Welsh 'Cydadrodd'	..	Dillwyn	} Shared
		Roberts	
32. Junior Choir	..	Grove	

FINAL REVISED POSITIONS

1. Llewellyn	..	172 pts.
2. Dillwyn	..	153½ pts.
3. Grove	..	148 pts.
4. Roberts	..	129½ pts.

JUNIOR EISTEDDFOD—1ST

A FOOTBALL

A what a thrill this is,
Being kicked around!

To be able to fly,
And come back to the ground!

But wait! I am shrinking.
And I'm stuck in a tree.

I hope my master will
Come and set me free.

He's got me down at last,
He'll take me home, I know,

He'll puff and puff
And then blow and blow.

I'll feel no pain,
It's like growing up again.

G. WATKINS, Dillwyn

JUNIOR EISTEDDFOD—2ND

EVENING

Evening has come, then in between,
A quietness settles upon the scene
The sun has gone, a new moon shines,
Stars appear in darkening skies.

Song birds still, the wind is sighing,
As if to say the day is dying.
Daylight fades, street lights come on,
The night is here, the day has gone.

F. SULLIVAN, 2C,—*Llewellyn*

JUNIOR EISTEDDFOD—3RD

FOX

I hear the deer fleet-footed and fast
Running through the wood, a shimmering light;
And there goes the badger snuffling
The ground hunting for slugs and snails, maybe,
A weasel stalking a rabbit,
But I've no time for that,
For I shall visit the farmer's hens,
Creeping low under the fence.
Now I've reached it.
Snap go my jaws around a chicken's neck.
Out I run as fast as I can.
The farmers' there gun in hand.
I slip through the fence with a sore tail,
To return another time perhaps;
But as the years go drifting by
I am doomed to rot and die.

PAUL RIDGEWELL—*Llewellyn*

JUNIOR EISTEDFOD—4TH

THE TRAMP

Ha! Ha! Your Lordship. Hiya!'
How did Ascot go today?
You might think *I'm* a lord by these remarks!
But no! I'm just a tramp.
Let them laugh! I'm used to it.
Don't pity me! Others don't so why should you?
You're driving along in your car:
Oh! look at that poor man walking there,
Did I say I'm almost dropping on my feet?
Not me! I enjoy the open air,
The song of the birds, the scenery.
But look! It's started to rain.
Oh, don't worry, there's a haystack.
I think I'll stay here for the night.
Aha! What's this? A half a crown?
Some kind person's provided money for my supper.
Tomorrow will bring the same old routine.

P. WIEBERG—*Llewellyn*

SENIOR EISTEDDFOD—1st

TO THE NAME & HONOUR OF GEORGE HERBERT

What sweeter troubadour had God than he?

Who, with a touch

As light and soft as Easter lilies' scent,

Could paint, from such

A curious palette as the English tongue

(His brush a quill—a feather from an angel's wing

Brushing his arm), a soul whose love was Christ alone,

Whose tears watered this seed of love to flower, full-grown

Into the brightness of the Son of God, his King;

One, who, among

Men's greatest praises, highest earthly fame,

Fixed his intent

On one who was content to bear men's shame—

Minstrel of Heaven's court, entreat for me.

R. WILLIAMS, UVI Arts—*Roberts*

SENIOR EISTEDDFOD—2nd

ON THE OCCASION OF A SOJOURN IN WALES

(*With apologies to John Milton*)

Is this the place, this the haven far remov'd

From barbrous eyes, where British and Saxon knights

Jousted in Pen-y-bont or Llanddewi,

Rhayader, Llyn-y-fan or Tregaron?

From this verdurous scene in even's shade

Sprang noble Llewellyn, mighty Lloyd George,

Next sanguine Gwynfor the Cambrian dread of

Harold's crew, they who from the Pit of Hell,

Did'st bring debt and devaluation to

Brittanic shores with loss of Aden;

Sing Heavenly House, their names being known,

Of Wales where scholastic Dynevor doth

Rise in pavilioned splendour over that

Southern Glamorgan land of Steam-coal fame;

—Towns and cities and palaces there are

Yet I in none of these find place or refuge

But joy in Welsh hill and vale, woods and moors,

Sea and caves, now rocks and steepes of lofty reach,

Like the soaring spires of that other

Chos'n land into which the Bless'd of God

Were led by whom the Gentiles Moses call:—

Perfidious space new worlds may produce

Yet O Proud Cambrians be not dismay'd

For, too well I see, not one will surpass Wales.

TREVOR BLOOM—*Dillwyn*

SENIOR EISTEDDFOD—3RD

Do I love you, I ask myself, the world asks me,
Because I need mental stability?
Because of my natural instinct?
Because of my childhood environment?
Because of my isolation?
... No
I do not love you because.
Love is not because,
I just love you, my love.

G. F. GABB, UVI Arts—*Dillwyn*

SENIOR EISTEDDFOD—4TH

HOPE

The sands of time are quickly running out.
The gravity which drags us to our doom,
Pulls blindly on, an inevitable rout,
Which leads but one way; to Man's final tomb.
While the Space race and Arms race quicken pace,
The politicians lie, cheat and pretend,
Tell us what to think, and tell us our place,
While never telling us where it will end.
But stop the clock; for, in the foggy dark
Or our meagre, miserable existence,
There is born a small, glowing, hopeful spark
Which ignites the new torch, in the distance,
The light of youth; which will fight all sorrow
And finally build its own tomorrow

IOLO MORGANWG—*Dillwyn*

HUMAN RIGHTS

The conception of human rights is essentially a modern one: the ancient world, with its unconcerned acceptance of slavery as part of the fabric of society, obviously lacked any such idea, but, with the advent of the Christian religion, the harshness of society was modified by an emphasis upon, not human rights, but human duties; and in the mediaeval world, a world created by, and held together by the Christian Church, this conception of duty took a prominent place. Even when the mediaeval community had moved away from the rigid "social pyramid" of the Feudal System, the idea persisted that, although our position in society is fixed by Divine decree, different layers of society have a mutual responsibility: those above us would have a right to our loyalty and obedience, those below a right to our benevolence and justice—"We are members one of another". Here one may see the genesis of the idea of human rights, and I hope to show later how closely human rights and human duties are interwoven.

Although mediaeval thought had never denied the value of the individual, it was the Renaissance and Reformation which brought this to the fore, giving rise to sixteenth-century humanism, which was another step along the road to a full view of Man as a creature possessed of natural and undeniable rights and dignities, and this idea was to develop further in the eighteenth century; the clearest expression of the rights of Man in society was given by the philosopher Jean-Jacques Rousseau. In the same century, the American Declaration of Independence became the first statement of human rights as we understand the term: "All men are created equal . . . they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, . . . life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness". The French Revolution attempted, although in a confused and often short-sighted manner, to implement these rights, and it ensured that they could not be ignored from then on. Liberalism, and later Socialism, in the nineteenth century aided the advance of the idea, and the climax came on December 10th, 1948, when the Universal Declaration of Human Rights was unanimously accepted and promulgated by a meeting of the United Nations General Assembly in Paris.

The Declaration, a summary of all that had been worked out regarding human rights in the Treaty of Versailles, the Covenant of the League of Nations, and the Charter of the United Nations, remains, however, a statement, not a legal document. The United Nations has no authority to enforce it, nor has any other body, so it remains for us, all of us, not merely governments, to put it into effect. This, however, is not

as straightforward as may at first appear, and raises many questions. One of the most important is "Are some human rights of more importance than others?" Should we, for example, in dealing with underdeveloped nations, give priority to agricultural or social developments over educational or political advances? Most, I think, would unhesitatingly answer "Yes" to this question, but more careful thought shows the difficulty even danger, of drawing such distinctions. It has been argued that Unesco is mistaken in making universal literacy and universal primary education major aims of its programmes for developing countries, since development is not materially helped by primary education, and literacy feeds no hungry mouths. Instead, it is suggested, emphasis should be laid on secondary education, and on the education of adults in ways of raising their standard of living. A powerful case can be made out in support of this view, but I would advance two points in opposition, one practical, the other what might be termed "spiritual". First, it is extremely difficult to fill secondary schools if there is no widespread system of primary schools and equally, if not more difficult to educate an adult in technical skills, if that adult is illiterate, or has received no training in thinking for himself or thinking in a "Western" pattern. Primary education does provide such training, even if only to a small extent, and without it, the only response to technical training will be—indeed, has been—either apathy, or a total lack of understanding. Secondly, I believe most fervently that there is more to human life than being adequately fed and clothed (important though this is); the mind and the personality must also be trained, stimulated, developed to their full potential; otherwise, as Shakespeare said, "Man's life is cheap as beast's": and how better to achieve such development than by education, by literacy especially?

With political rights, again it is vital that men learn through the responsibility of ruling themselves. Those who blithely advocate Communism or some sort of totalitarian régime as an answer to all the problems of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, because it means, or might mean, swifter material progress, are shutting their eyes to the necessity of this responsibility, opening the door to systems like those existing in Central Europe in the eighteenth century, absolute monarchs ruling serfs who had just enough in the way of material welfare to keep them contented, who were too ignorant to aspire to anything better, and, in any case too powerless to do anything to improve their lot. What does it matter if Africans in Rhodesia are denied adequate education and full political rights, so long as they are well looked after, fed, clothed and housed? It matters because lives so lived are stunted and confined, and, more practically, because, without education

and civil rights, there can never be a guarantee that material benefits will not be withdrawn at some time by the all-powerful rulers. The attainment of political rights is therefore not an aim of empty theorising, but a necessary step towards the stage when a man may be master of himself, and hence, may also know himself.

Thus far, I have spoken little of Man's duties: it is only too often forgotten that these must go hand in hand with rights. Many are prepared to talk much of their own rights, less about the rights of others, and hardly at all about their duties. If we claim rights for ourselves, we must claim them as "human rights", obviously, that is, as rights common to the whole of humanity, rights which thus have to be implemented for the whole of humanity or not at all. In a sense, we have a "right" not to be coerced into acceptance even of this, but it is quite clear that our duty demands it, for our own sakes if nothing else. We are, by the very fact of our existence, involved in humanity, and each individual is responsible to and for the rest of mankind. The great curse of the civilised world today is sheer selfishness, lack of concern and fear of "involvement"; and therefore, I would in conclusion suggest that, during the coming Human Rights Year, we should strive to promote not merely awareness of what human rights are, but also what they mean, how the concept affects each one of us, to arouse concern, caring to awake people to realization of their duties: for in no other way will the Declaration of Human Rights ever become a reality for the world we live in.

R. D. WILLIAMS, UVI Arts

From an isolated hill

The cultured man godlike surveys,
From a hill,
With a smiling unknowing tolerance,
The scurrying of the tiny black ants below.

The cultured man, awestruck views,
From his hill,
With very proper reverence,
The mist-veiled mountain, home of his superior.

God,
From the midst of His people,
Gives pity for conceit,
Gives love for contempt.

G. F. GABB, UVI A

RADIO CITY

Since the article on "Radio Glantawe" appeared in last year's magazine, there have been some changes in the service.

The name is now "Radio City". It was changed for three main reasons: we liked the name; it was more in keeping with our image (the presentation of records and requests); we are in sympathy with "The Continuing story of the Fight for Free Radio".

The other main change is in the service itself. Radio City has expanded and now broadcasts in Morriston, Singleton and Gorseinon. This came about in January of this year, after the Glantawe Hospital Management Committee had approved the scheme last November. The programmes are still based on patients' requests supplemented by records chosen by the disc-jockeys. A list of broadcasting hours is given below.

Radio City, Singleton: Every Evening 6-9 (excluding visiting)

Radio City, Morriston: Friday 6 p.m.—10 p.m.

Saturday 7 a.m.—1 p.m.

6 p.m.—10 p.m.

Sunday 6 p.m.—10 p.m.

Radio City, Gorseinon: Saturday (only) 5 p.m.—10 p.m.

A number of D.J.'s. travel around the circuit and broadcast in two or three hospitals.

At the time this article is going to press, Radio City (like Caroline!) is undergoing repairs and overhauls. Each studio is being re-equipped to a given specification which includes: 2 turntables; 1 main amplifier; 1 control console; 1 tape recorder. This will ensure that all programmes will go out smoothly and professionally.

I would like to thank on behalf of the staff at Radio City, the Swansea Students' Rag Committee, without whose help, in the form of a cheque to the value of £30, the standardisation of the studios would have been impossible.

As you know, most of the D.J.'s. are at school, and some are in the sixth form. When these boys leave for college (or the dole!), the responsibility of running the programmes will fall onto new disc jockeys. During the summer term, we shall be recruiting disc-jockeys to take over where we leave off.

If you have any queries on Radio City, wish to become a disc-jockey, or to donate any record, please write to:

Radio City, 97 Heol Emrys, Caereithin, Swansea.

KEVIN MCNIFF

(Station Manager, Radio City, Gorseinon)

**The Prologue to the Llangyfelach Tales (A hitherto unpublished
mediaeval work.)**

Whan that Septembre, wyt hys windés wilde
Hath put to flyght al Augustes plesures mylde,
Thanne longé foolke to send their deré sonne
To some lernéd academie anon.

Bifel that as I traversed on my waye
Fro Morys-Toun, al on an automne daye,
A band of merie men ther mette wyt me,
Scole-maisters, wys, and noble of degree.

The firsté was a man ful stoute and fyn,
Hys eyén blue, hys visage sangwyn;
Hys tethe shoon as sterres on wintré nyght—
In sooth, he was a goodly lerned wyght.
At Historie koude noon put hym to shame.
But, sikerly, I noot howe men hym name.

An Englysshe techer was ther for the nonis,
Bigge of hys limbes, hys muscels and hys bonis.
In hearynge pupilles, whan that thay dyd speke,
Ofte wolde he put hys tonge wythin hys cheke.
There nas no boy in hys lessounes ne slept—
Yet kan i not how that he was yclept.

Wyt these, ther travelled in that jolie thronge
One of much lernynge in the Welsshé tonge.
He played ful swete on the merié organ
On Wednesdayes, that in the chapelle gon.
And, though i herde nat howe was cleped this wyght,
Wys wordes he spak, and sentence of delyght.

Now have i toldé you, wel as i maye
Of certeyn in that compaignye so gaye,
Fyt to ben lordés, sure, in any halle.
But nowe i preye you, gentil maisters al—
Ne tak amyss thys wrytynge of my hande—
My wit is shorte, ye maye wel understande.

(NOTE: "wyt" means "with", "sikerly" means "certainly",
"noot" means "do not know", "nas"—"was not,"
"yclept" or "cleped"—called", "gon"—goes", "ben"
—"be", and "wyght"—"man".)

G. CHAUCER, UVI Arts

Before coming to Dynevor in September 1967 I lived for three years in Singapore, and so it might be of interest to some of you to know a little about life in one of the former Bastions of the British Empire.

Singapore is a fertile little island, roughly the size of the Isle of Wight, and is situated at the Southern tip of Malaya between Borneo and Sumatra. The great variety of races, drawn from all over Asia and the world, that are found there make Singapore (its name means "The Lion-City") unique as a place where so many widely-differing peoples co-exist fairly peacefully.

Most of the population are Chinese, who occupy all the important positions in commerce and government. They are followed in numbers by the Malays, Indians and Pakistanis, Eurasians and lastly the Europeans who constitute less than one per cent of the population. Thus there are literally hundreds of languages or dialects in daily use in this island-city although Malay and English are used for business. Television and radio programmes may be produced in any one of six major languages and four versions of the news, in Tamil, Malay, English and Chinese are screened every night.

As one might expect, food is also greatly varied. It ranges from the simple Malay dish known as "Satay" i.e. pieces of skewered beef, mutton or chicken, grilled with spices and eaten with rice cakes and peanut curry (total cost 4½d.) to the more exotic, yet equally more worrying, dishes of dried squid, baby octopus, tantacle, fried python steak, braised duck with sea-slugs and, of course, the inevitable birds' nest soup.

The fauna of the island is limited to the usual rats, frogs, lizards (including the flying sort) various assorted snakes (I saw a dead python that measured 28 feet from head to toe) and innumerable monkeys. The latter have a habit of coming down at night and methodically emptying dustbins and scattering the contents. Tigers and crocodiles are no longer to be found on Singapore Island, but they do occur on the nearby mainland. How one should classify butterflies with a wing span of over a foot and nine inch centipedes as thick as a man's thumb is anyone's guess.

The "sights" of Singapore are equally numerous and varied. The visitor can pass by the very impressive Sultan Mosque and hear the Muezzin call his dreary "Allahu, Akbar" or, he can pay his respects to an obese yet genial Buddha in a Chinese Temple. If he is fortunate, and it is festival time, he will see the Hindus outside the Sti Mariamman temple performing the famous fire walking ceremony; or a devotee of

the Hindu God, Lord Subramahim, carrying the Karadi. This is a large, ornate frame which is supported over the body by anything up to 100 steel pins stuck into the flesh.

The tourist can also pay a visit to the Indian snake-charmers of Kim Seng road, go for a ride in a battered rickshaw pulled by an equally battered, tuberculosis-ridden coolie. If he is very lucky someone may die, and he will be able to watch the gaily painted funeral procession rush past, the "mourners", clad in denim shorts and rough sandals, gaily banging gongs and waving football rattles as they sit on the edge of the open coffin.

This is how Singapore might be depicted in a travel brochure. Such an obviously biased publication would, of course, make no mention of the poverty, sickness and shanty housing that is also present together with its offspring of occasional friction between the races. However this is all disappearing gradually and who knows whether in fifty years the cosmopolitan Singapore will be a world showcase for inter-racial harmony and co-existence.

TREVOR BLOOM, UVI Arts

A VOLCANO

Oh! I wish I could have some peace and quiet,
All those idiot humans!
That's all they do
Staring me in the face.
I'm the laughing stock of all
The volcanos in the world
By not having an eruption.
They say I'm too scared and afraid.
If everyone would leave
I could have a good old-fashioned
Eruption
And cover the Island with lava,
And then boil the sea!
I'd be the fiercest volcano in the world.
My name would be all over
The papers.
My auntie pops up to the surface
Now and again to have an eruption;
She doesn't mind killing people.

L. WEBSTER, 1A

SCHOOL CONCERT

The school concert, presented in the school hall last December, proved to be an outstanding success. In previous years, productions such as "Toad of Toad Hall"—a marionette show, Benjamin Britten's "The Little Sweep"—an opera, and Thornton Wilder's play, "Our Town", had earned from the public a high reputation for the music and drama departments of the school. Certainly it was realised that it was not going to be an easy task to maintain the high standard set up by these productions.

At the beginning of the Christmas Term, among other ideas under consideration was the production of an opera in co-operation with a Swansea girls' school; but gradually whims and fancies became compounded into the idea of a grand school concert. Thus much decided, it was found that the problems were only beginning: what form of presentation should the concert take? What was to be the balance between music, poetry and drama? How many nights could we reasonably expect the concert to run? What boys would take part?

A brilliant innovation solved immediately the first two problems: by alternating the use of the stage and the floor of the hall, and similarly by alternating also the poetry and music, a continuous programme could be formulated, so that there would be no embarrassing pause if the appreciation of the audience was not immediately forthcoming. In practice, most of the items of music appeared on the stage, and the items of poetry were presented from two rostra, one situated each side of the stage on the floor of the hall. This set-up was enhanced by clever use of spotlighting in the able hands of Kevin McNiff. The presentation as a whole therefore achieved greater dramatic coherence and intensity as a result of this continuity arrangement; greater facility of movement onto, and off, the stage was also effected. To the audience, this continuity was one of the most striking single facets of the concerts. The newspaper reporter who covered the concert afterwards admitted that she was quite pleasantly surprised to find that this was not the usual run-of-the-mill production that one normally associates with the words "school concert".

The concert opened with dimmed lights and the sound of guitar music, played by Chris Parfitt, which was overlapped with Rowan William's reading of a passage from Milton's "L'Allegro". Such harmony between music and poetry enchanted the audience at the very outset, and fulfilled the promise given in the title of the concert, "Melody and Rhyme". The poetry throughout was well chosen, and, one might almost say, "professionally" delivered. It was delightful to see poetry

which had been dully read in class suddenly brought to life. Poems such as "James Honeyman" and "Prayer before Birth" certainly gained from their dramatic presentation in several voices; we are indebted to the girls of Glanmor school, Cordelia James, Jessica Madge and Elizabeth James, for further enhancing the appeal of the poetry. Undoubtedly, though, one of the most successful poems was that so suitably read by John Walters, "Welsh Incident". Others who deserve a mention here are Ieuan Rees, Mervyn Phillips, Clive Thomas for his "Naming of Parts" and Chris Davies for his "The Unknown Citizen" (we are told that he was not acting when he appeared to be reading from his script).

On the music side, members of the choir must be complimented (or rebuked?) on withstanding the counter attraction of the Mynyddbach School Dance on the second night, and on refraining from the temptation to carry a coffin on stage during "Old Abraham Brown", one of Britten's songs from "Friday Afternoons". The production of "The Daniel Jazz" for the junior choir is worthy of special praise, even if a sort of competition developed between the two narrators, Barry Miller and John Quirk. The other items by the choir included the old favourite "Kalinka" and a final carol sequence accompanied by the brass group.

The honours here, though, must be shared with the more individual items. First came the trio "I am so proud" from the "Mikado" (happily I do not have to decide if the title words of the song were applicable to the three singers, Michael Gange, Chris Davies, and Rowan Williams). The Mozart Piano Concerto No. 15 appeared in what must be a unique arrangement of three pairs of hands (those of Roger Hart, Kevin McNiff and myself) on two pianos: it was suggested that Mozart must have been turning in his grave, but probably he did not even recognize it. Chris Davies, Martin Flower, Paul Snary and Lyndon Kervin formed the brass group; in these we see a distinct possibility for forming a small school ensemble in the future.

Two items which I have so far omitted to mention are the original compositions. On the music side, Stephen McNiff wrote a Suite for Trumpet, Percussion and Piano, of which the slow "Nocturne" movement was chosen for performance. This is typical of a lot of music being produced by eminent composers of this day, and must have been an interesting introduction to modern music for many members of the audience. The sketch, written by Timothy Richards was what is known as an "anti-play", though a definition of this term during the performance still failed to enlighten some of the on-lookers. The actors, principally Clive Thomas and the play-

E L E N I

Ar ddechrau pob blwyddyn, bydd pawb yn ceisio edrych i'r dyfodol i weld beth sy'n debyg o ddigwydd yn y flwyddyn honno. Hyn a geisiaf wneud yn awr.

Dechreuwn y flwyddyn eleni gydag un aelod seneddol o Blaid Cymru. Faint fydd yn y Senedd erbyn 1969 tybed? Mae Cymry ymhobman wedi blino ar addewidion y Sosialwyr a'r Toriaid, ac efallai bydd rhagor o gefnogaeth i'r Blaid oherwydd hyn.

Yn y gorffennol fe ddywedwyd bod y Cymry'n marw fel Cenedl a Chymraeg yn marw fel iaith. Yn ddiweddar deffrôdd ieuenctid Cymru; yn sydyn daeth grwpiau canu pop Cymraeg i'r amlwg ac mae cannoedd o recordiau'r grwpiau hyn yn cael eu gwerthu. O'r diwedd mae Cymry ifanc wedi dechrau cymeryd diddordeb mewn pethau Cymreig, megis yr Eisteddfod, dramâu Cymraeg, ac maent yn awyddus i gael popeth yn Gymraeg.

Mae Deddf yr Iaith Gymraeg yn beth da mewn egwyddor ond pa werth yw cael yr hawl i gofrestru genedigaeth, priodas neu farwolaeth yn Gymraeg os nad oes digon o gofrestrwyr yn medru'r iaith, ac os na fyn llawer i Gymro Cymraeg yr hawl-fraint? Efallai bydd gwelliant ar y ddeddf eleni.

Yn 1968, beth am weld y "Swanss" yn gwella fel tîm a gweld Jeff Jones neu Howard Winstone yn Anrhydeddau'r Flwyddyn Newydd yn 1969, neu Fedal Aur i Gymro yn y Mabolgampau Olympaidd ym Mecsico?

I grynhoi'r cwblw felly, cael popeth yn Gymraeg, rhagor o gynrychiolaeth yn y Senedd a mwy o lwyddiant i'n chwaraewyr.

Dangoswn i'r Byd mai gwlad yw Cymru, nid gwladfa yng ngofal Lloegr.

GERAINT DAVIES, IVD

ABERTAWE — 1968

Pe bai hwn yn draethawd hanesyddol gallaswn sôn am y "Vikings" yn glanio yma a'u brenin, Swain, yn rhoi'r enw "Swansea" (Swain's Eye) i'r dre. Byddwn yn cofio hefyd am Gwilym Goncwerwr yn rhoi'r dre i ofalaeth Henry de Newburgh a hwnnw'n adeiladu castell, adfeilwn yr hwn sydd o hyd mewn bod.

Ond traethawd cyffredinol yw hwn, a digon yw i ni wybod i Abertawe gael gorffennol, ac o'r gorffennol hwn y tyfodd y dre bresennol. Wrth gwrs 1941 oedd y flwyddyn fwyaf ofnadwy yn hanes y dre—cyfnod y "blitz". Mae Waldo Williams yn

cyfeirio at yr adeg yma yn ei gân “Y Tangnefeddwyr”—

“Uwch yr eira, wybren ros,

Lle mae Abertawe’n fflam.

Allan o’r lluwch a’r lludw tyfodd tre newydd, ein tre ni—
Abertawe 1968.

Heddiw triga 170,000 o bobl yn y fwrdeisdref ac mae’r boblogaeth hon i gyd yn cynorthwyo llwyddiant economaidd y dref. O’i hamgylch ceir gweithfeydd alcam, zinc, dur a glo, a dygir y nwyddau hyn i ddociau. Abertawe i gael eu hallforio. Bydd llawer o nwyddau a bwyd yn cael eu mewnfario hefyd. Ceir marchnad mewn adeilad braf, newydd yng nghanol y dre, lle gwerthir pob math o fwydydd, o fara lawr Penclawdd i bomgranadau Sbaen. O amgylch y farchnad tyfodd siopau mawr lle denir pobl, yn arbennig ar ddydd Sadwrn, i wario eu harian. Siopau cadwynol fel “Woolworth”, “Marks and Spencer” a “Littlewoods” efallai yw’r siopau mwyaf poblogaidd.

Mae ysgolion cynradd y fwrdeisdref yn paratoi plant ar gyfer arholiad yr 11+. Mae dwy Ysgol Gynradd Gymraeg i’w cael, un yn Lôn-las a’r llall yng Nghwmbwrla. Mae’r plant hyn yn ddwy-ieithog, ond oherwydd mai bychan yw eu nifer, pan ânt i ysgolion eilradd nid ydynt yn glynu at eu mamiaith; er mwyn bod ’run fath a’r plant eraill siaradant Saesneg o hyd. Gall Abertawe ymhyfrydu yn ei phedair Ysgol Ramadeg a’i thair Ysgol Gyfun. Bydd dysgyblion disglair yr ysgolion hyn yn mynd i’r Colegau bob blwyddyn. Mae un o golegau Prif-ysgol yn Abertawe; mae Coleg Addysg yma hefyd.

Tre ar lan y mor yw hon ac mae’n hyfryd i gerdded ei thraethau. Nid yw Bro Gwyr ymhell, ac mae llawer un a grwydrodd y byd yn mynnu dweud nad oes harddach man na’r Fro hon. Mae yma barciau mawr, eang, hardd ac wrthgwrs rhaid peidio anghofio “Parc” y Santes Helen, a’r “Vetch”, i ni sy’n hoffi pêl-droed, rygbi a chriced.

Cytunaf â Chrwys—

“Abertawe i mi bob tro!”

HYWEL M. DAVIES, ID

(*Traethawd buddugol yr
ysgol isaf yn yr Eisteddfod*)

CYMRU '68

Erbyn heddiw, ’rydym ni’r Cymry wedi gweld cynydd mawr ym mhob maes—o fyd gwyddoniaeth, addysg a diwylliant, i fyd chwaraeon a chaneuon ysgafn. Gwir yw dweud bod rhai pethau yn well yng Nghymru heddiw nag a fuont erioed.

Mae'r cyflwr byw yn uchel, ac â siarad yn gyffredinol, mae'r unigolyn yng Nghymru '68 yn byw yn "gyfforddus" iawn.

Serch hynny, anghywir fyddai meddwl fod popeth yn hwylus a hapus yng Nghymru '68. Mewn rhai pethau mae Cymru mewn cyflwr trist iawn. Mae hyn yn wir am grefydd, er engraifft. Mae'n amlwg fod crefydd ar drai yn y wlad lle fu pobl mor frwd drosti. Yn ddiweddar mae rhifau'r cynulleidfaoedd wedi syrthio yn gyflym.

Mae problem diweithdra yn un mawr yng Nghymru '68; mae nifer y diwaith llawer yn uwch yng Nghymru nag yn Lloegr—trist iawn yw'r sôn am gau un pwl glo ar ôl y llall. Mae yma lofeydd mawr megis Cynheidre ac Abernant, ond rhaid i'r glowy'r deithio'n hir i'w cyrraedd, felly mae'r gymdeithas glos a gaed yn y pentref gynt yn dadfeilio.

Ond i edrych ar yr ochr obeithiol, mae Cymru erbyn hyn yn dechrau sylweddoli ei chenedlaetholdeb a'i gwerth—diolch fyth! Mae'r bobl yn dechrau gweld fod Cymru yn wlad ac nid yn rhanbarth o Loegr, ac y dylid ei chydabod fel cenedl ar wahan. Mae 'na ryw ymwybyddiaeth o Gymreictod ar hyd a lled y wlad, ac fe â'r Cymry 'mlaen i fynnu mwy o ryddid a mwy o freintiau.

Ym myd addysg mae Cymru yn gwneud camau mawr ymlaen. Mae niferoedd y mwyrwyr wedi cynyddu yn ddirfawr ym mhedwar Coleg y Brifysgol, ac eleni fe glywsom fod Coleg Dewi Sant, Llanbedr, i'w dderbyn yn aelod o'r Brifysgol. Teimlaf y dylai Abertawe gael Ysgol Feddygol—mae Ysbyty Singleton newydd ei hagar, ac y byddai ysgol feddygol yn gysylltiedig â hi yn ardderchog. Eleni, hefyd, fe gyhoeddwyd Adroddiad Gittins ar gyflwr addysg yng Nghymru. Un o nodweddion pwysica'r adroddiad hwnnw oedd yr awgrymiad y dylai Addysg yng Nghymru fod yn ddwy-ieithog.

Cynhelir y Genedlaethol yn y Barri eleni, ac Eisteddfod yr Urdd yn Llanrwst. Bydd 1968 yn bwysig i adrannau yr Urdd yn ein hardal ni am fod "Gwyl Fawr yr Urdd" yng Nghwm Tawe. Erbyn hyn y mae Cwmni Teledu Harlech wedi cymryd drosodd oddiwrth T.W.W. fel cwmni teledu annibynol ein gwlad, o dan arweiniad Cymry enwog megis Richard Burton, Stanley Baker a Geraint Evans.

Mae Bwrdd Croeso Gymru yn brysur eleni, i geisio a denu mwy o ymwelwyr i'n gwlad. Maent hwy hefyd yn paratoi am y flwyddyn nesa'—blwyddyn arwisgiad y Tywysog Charles yn Dywysog Cymru.

Mae'r sefyllfa ym myd chwaraeon yn eitha boddhaol—y "Swans" yn cyrraedd pedwaredd rownd cwpan yr "F.A."—lle cawsant eu curo gan yr Arsenal. Mae tîm rygbi Cymru yn gwneud yn lled dda—er iddynt fethu ag ennill y goron driphlyg,

ac y mae tri aelod dim criced Morgannwg yn mynd ag enw'r wlad i'r India ac i India'r Gorllewin.

Heb os nac oni bai, y peth nwyaf pwysig i mi, cyn belled, eleni, ym myd chwaraeon, oedd gweld Howard Winstone yn ennill pencampwriaeth "pwysau plu" y byd. Mae'r gŵr ifanc hwn wedi cynrychiolu Cymru heb gywilydd, mae e' wedi chwifio baner Cymru i'r byd i gyd ei weld, ac wedi ymfalchio yn ei wlad.

Na ddigalonwn, ond awn ymlaen yn hyderus at y dyfodol i wneud yr hyn oll a fedrwn i godi'r hen wlad yn ei hôl.

GORONWY RHYS JONES, 5C

Yn y dyddiau gynt yr oeddem ni'r Cymry yn genedl hapus a llon ac yn bobl ffraeth iawn. Peth cyffredin oedd i bob cylch gael ei gymeriadau llon a lliwgar, ac nid oedd prinder talentau amrywiol i ddiddanu cymdeithas y pryd hwnnw.

Y mae'r Noson Lawen yn hen sefydliad yn mynd n'ôl gan-rifoedd—cymdeithas wledig oedd hi, ffermwyr a chrefftwyw gwlad oedd y rhan fwyaf o'r boblogaeth. Fel y dywedais yr oeddent yn bobl hapus a roddai fri mawr ar adloniant yn eu amser hamdden.

Yr oedd yn hen arferiad gan y werin yn ystod nosweithiau hirion y Gaeaf i gwrdd yn eu ffermdai i ddifyrru ei gilydd. Ceid rhaglen o adrodd, canu, canu penillion, dawnio a chanu'r delyn, a c hyd yn oed ambell gystadleuaeth barddoni.

Fe ddaeth tro ar fyd—gosodiad sylfaeni Piwritaniaeth yn ein gwlad. Gwgu a wna'r Piwritaniaid ar adloniant a phethau'n gysylltiedig ag ef megis dawnio ac actio. Ar ôl adeg y Piwritaniaid o dan Cromwell, fe roddwyd clawr, ar y cwbl yn y ddeunawfed ganrif gydag adfent y Diwygiad Mawr.

Felly am ddwy neu dair canrif fe fu ysbryd adloniant werin Cymru, mwy neu lai, ynghwsg.

'Does dim dowt amdani mai i'r Urdd y dylid roi pob diolch. Rhoddodd y mudiad yma hwb mawr i'r pethe 'ma, ac ô'r diwedd fe lwyddodd i adfywio y noson lawen. Wrth gwrs nid yw'r nosweithiau llawen yr un peth o ran pryd a gwedd (y mae heddiw yn fwy o "variety show" ac, wrth reswm wedi'i baratoi o flaen llaw), ond y mae'r ysbryd yn cadw yr un o hyd. Cymerwch engrafft, beth amser yn ôl fe fu noson lawen yn y Tabernacle, Treforus, i ddathlu "pen blwydd" Aelwyd Treforus yn un ar hugain oed. 'Roedd y neuadd dan sang (yn wir rhaid oedd i lawer sefyll), ac fe aeth y rhaglen yn ei blaen, cân, ambell stori ddoniol (ewn ni ddim i mewn i'r rheini 'nawr), dawn, sgetsh, gŵr ifanc yn "canu tiwn yn sŵn gitâr", ambell funud o ddwli ac wrth gwrs, canu pennillion. Rhaglen gampus, fel y gwelwch, rhaglen rhywbeth yn debyg i eiddo'r canrifoedd

gynt, ond fod y delyn 'nawr yn cerdded law yn llaw â'r gitâr, a "dawns y gloesen" yn cydfyw â'r "Jenka" o bopeth. Serch hynny y mae'r Noson lawen o hyd yn sefydliad cwblw Gym-raeg, ac erbyn heddiw wedi sefydlu ei hun yn gadarn ym mywyd adloniant ysgafn ein cenedl unwaith eto, ac yn ôl pob argraff, yn mynd o nerth i nerth.

Tybed a welwn adfywiad o'r hen ddull ar y noson lawen, sef, ei chynnal yn ein tai, ar ein haelwydydd, a thybed os glywn gainc y delyn a chlec y gloesen yn atsain trwy'n pentrefi unwaith yn rhagor? Amser a ddengys.

JOHN WALTERS, UVI Arts

"YR URDD"

The following is an adapted summary of an account of Dynevor School "Urdd" Branch activities which appeared in the February 1968 edition of the official monthly "Urdd" news magazine "Yr Aelwyd":

"During the past two years this school branch has greatly increased its scope of activities. Many of the members are also hard-working members of Morriston Urdd "Aelwyd" (Youth Club).

The Branch meets weekly on Wednesdays at 4.00 p.m., and since the commencement of the School Year in September many memorable meetings have been held. Pupils from Forms VI and V, the stalwarts of the Society, have conducted a number of meetings themselves and have successfully taught the juniors many of the "Urdd" Camp songs. Many quiz programmes and panel games have been held, and one Wednesday, Mr. John Lane, the "Urdd" full-time organiser for West Glamorgan visited us to show slides and give an interesting talk on the Urdd camps and other Urdd activities. Mr. I. Jones and Mr. H. Lloyd gave fascinating talks on their work for Swansea Welsh Dramatic Society which puts on a week of Welsh plays at the Grand Theatre every year. It is hoped to visit the theatre soon to have a glimpse behind the scenes. A highly successful inter-school debate was held at Glanmor School and it is hoped to visit Mynyddbach School soon. At the moment, the Branch is preparing for the Urdd "eisteddfodau" and the County Festival to be held in July. Leader of the Branch is Mr. Dennis Lloyd, a Welsh master at the School."

FOOTNOTE—Highlights of Easter term activities were a very successful "Welsh Forum", when a panel of five masters answered pupils' questions about Wales and Welsh affairs, and a visit to Mynyddbach School to their St. David's Day Dinner, when the guest speaker was Professor Glanmor Williams. Three Sixth-Formers will attend a special Welsh cultural course at Glan-llyn during the Easter holidays.

AMBITION

Four thousand fathoms, far below,
Basking in the tropic sea,
A peninsula, appearing green
And lush and nurtured by the sun
For innumerable centuries;
Bisected by the aircraft's wing,
Chewed and misted by the screw . . .
But whole and cherished in the mind,
The scene of days and nights of fun,
Of happiness, romance and life,
Of memories, unreal but true,
Of victories, failures, frustrations, fear
But overall and in the main
The setting for simplicity,
The birthplace and true seeding ground
Of a beauty born of fundament . . .
So deep, so pure, and growing yet.

But now I leave it all behind
No more the palm trees on the sand,
The coconut-cutting venturings,
Days of excitement at the cave;
Swimming, diving in the waters
Of channels deep and crystal clear,
Swarming with vitality
Of colour, movement and design,
Swaying in rhythm with the waves
So gentle, defended by the reef.

Now from aloft I see the reef
Dividing coastal from ocean sea . . .
The shallows calm and warm and green . . .
The deep, so broken, cold and stark,
A Great Divide, demarking two
Quite different similarities ;
Just like the life of one like me
Who, coming to Belize was green
But now, returning home once more,
Has seen life from a point of view
So exhilarating and clarified
By contrast and lack of complexity,
Can now survey objectively
The society we perpetrate
In this bleak island of our own,
Indeed in this bleak world;

Am now like ocean seas more deep,
 Less shallow and narrow in point of view,
 More broken-complacency thrown to the winds,
 More cold—less beguiled by accepted sins,
 More stark—with less of the old happiness—
 A fun-making life that was fickle, unreal—
 But beginning to glow with an inner delight
 As problems begin (just begin) to dissolve,
 As ambition excites my imagination,
 As plans for society challenge my mind
 And this happiness has both beauty and depth . . .
 So real and pure and increasing itself,
 A love of living, no matter how bad
 The world may become; no matter how sad
 The present may be, the future awaits.
 The future is ours and nothing is changeless.
 Nothing stands still, revolution is constant.
 I hope to revolve this world some more . . .

ANDREW BEVAN, Vc

On a Portrait of Saint John Fisher, Martyr

Urbane, slightly avuncular, this face
 Confronts me: fleshy-jowled, eyes heavy-lidded,
 Deceptively suggesting sleepiness.
 An ageing schoolmaster, or don, perhaps?
 A country parson, "loved by all his flock"?
 At any rate, a general impression
 Of rather likeable normality.

I read the details given underneath:
 "Bishop of Rochester; denied the King's
 Supremacy in matters spiritual;
 Beheaded, Fifteen-thirty-five; declared
 A saint . . ."

No, surely. Sanctity could not
 Reside in one so like all other men—
 Else (God forbid!) its seeds are in us all!

R. WILLIAMS, UVI Arts

STRANGER THAN FICTION — (Part 2)

by JULIAN M. LEWIS, 4D.

(Part 1 appeared in the previous number of this magazine)

BERLIN to-day broadcast an announcement by Himmler, chief of the Nazi police, naming the two alleged murderers of Heydrich as Jan Kublis, a 29-years-old Czech, and Josef Gabeitz, 30, a native of Slovakia, says Reuter.

A detailed account is given of the capture and shooting of Kublis and Gabeitz with other accomplices in a church in Prague . . .

. . . So ran the "South Wales Evening Post" of Monday, June 22, 1942. The report went on to assert that a large sum was to be paid to "numerous Czech helpers" in the next few days. Behind this mis-spelt and inaccurate statement, however, lies one of the most amazing tales of heroism to emerge from World War II.

The date was June 18, a fortnight since Reinhard Heydrich—the 'Butcher of the Czechs'—had died in hospital, after an assassination bid by Jan Kubis and Josef Gabcik. They were now hiding in the Church of St. Cyril and Method, in Resslova Street, Prague. Jan and two of his comrades, Jaroslav Svarc and Adolf Opalka, were keeping watch from the balcony, whilst Josef, Jan Hruby, Josef Valcik and Josef Bublik were resting in the church crypt.

In order to fully understand the ensuing events, the reader must have some knowledge of the crypt's layout. Its main entrance from the church had long been sealed by an enormous concrete slab and thus the sole remaining means of access was via a 'funnel' entrance in the church floor. The crypt was partly below ground level, with the result that the two-foot long by one-foot high ventilation slot, set some seventeen feet up in one wall, looked out onto the street from only eight feet above the pavement. Nevertheless, from a military point of view, in addition to being an excellent stronghold, it was a position from which escape was highly unlikely in the event of discovery. There was, however, a legend of a secret tunnel, said to run from the crypt to the River Vltava nearby.

Unknown to Jan, one of the other paratroopers in the district, of whom he had lost track, had turned traitor. The resistance workers he betrayed were tortured horribly by the Gestapo and, after holding out for over fourteen hours, one of them was compelled to reveal the hideout. . . .

Jan Kubis stood surveying the street from the huge window that almost filled one side of the balcony. He could see, in the early dawn light, the deserted route to the church. Well, to-morrow he would be moving to Kladno and from there, England! Then suddenly he spotted them—the advance party of an SS regiment, cordoning off the church! He awoke Svarc and Opalka and they waited together for the inevitable end.

The defenders knew that they had the advantage of the early morning light. As the clumsy, jackbooted SS groped their way into the church, they had no warning of Jan and Svarc on the balcony and Lieutenant Opalka beneath it. Simultaneously the trio opened fire. The troops did not have a chance to reply and a grenade landed in their midst. A handful fled from the building; the remainder lay still—forever.

All at once, as the Nazis' full fire-power was turned upon it, the balcony window disintegrated. This accomplished nothing more than ventilating the church, however, as Gestapo Chief Pannwitz realised when his 'second wave' was massacred, in precisely the same manner as the first.

No doubt believing in the doctrine of the 'best defence is attack', two of the defenders appeared at the window suddenly and cleared the street with a burst of sten gun fire and a few grenades for good measure.

It could not last. Two hours had gone by since the initial assault and day had well and truly dawned, rendering the defenders quite visible. Then Pannwitz displaying the standard Nazi affection for his troops, gave his final command. He informed them that they would launch a frontal attack, regardless of casualties, until the defenders were disposed of. Not surprisingly, he was most prudent concerning where he would be situated during the charge.

Jan, Opalka and Svarc were well prepared. The first waves of SS were slaughtered like animals but, finally, a volley of stick grenades landed on the balcony. Jan was knocked unconscious and died shortly afterwards, whilst Svarc, severely injured, shot himself. Lieutenant Opalka determined to take as many of the Nazis as possible with him. He gulped down his suicide pill and fired off five rounds at the enemy, using his last bullet to hasten his end.

Jan's dearly bought two hours had not been wasted by the four in the crypt. They had dug almost three feet into the crypt wall in the hope of striking a sewer pipe or the fabled secret passage. It was a forlorn hope, and soon they heard the stone slab of the funnel entrance pulled away. The battle recommenced.

"This'll be a straightforward job", gloated Pannwitz, as he ordered a string of tear gas grenades to be dropped through the ventilation slot. Unfortunately for him, events did not turn out quite as planned. The grenades were deposited all right, but as three of the Czechs riddled the mattresses, which had been stuffed into the aperture, the fourth gathered up the bombs, dashed up the light ladder near the slot, hurled the bombs out again and sprayed the astonished Nazis with sten bullets. What was more, the SS men could hear the paratroops laughing!

That was only the first of a series of tragicomical episodes, for the Germans' next bright idea was to dazzle the defenders' eyes by fixing a bank of floodlights from the church, near the ventilator.

"Turn on the current", ordered an officer.

Simultaneously, a blast of fire came from the slot. With a well-directed volley, one of the paratroops shattered the bulbs and riddled the stand.

Pannwitz's next move was to order the hose of a smoke-making machine to be forced into the opening. He was rather disappointed when, with nothing to hold it there, it was pushed back onto the pavement

Just then, the Secretary of State—Karl Hermann Frank—arrived. Amazed that several hundred SS troops had been unable to subdue a handful of 'terrorists', he supplied the answer to the problem: flood them out! Czech firemen were ordered to push a hose through the aperture. They turned on the water To receive the biggest soakings of their lives—the defenders had amputated the nozzle!

Now Frank decided to send volunteers into the crypt but, for some strange reason, not one could be found. However, after no little amount of coercion, three men made the attempt. The first, not halfway through the funnel entrance, had his legs shattered from below. Hauled back by those above, he was lucky The next two were dead before they hit the crypt floor! This mode of attack was promptly terminated.

With typical Teutonic stubbornness, Frank turned his attention on the bricked-up crypt door, which faced onto Resslova Street. With the intention of breaking it down, a giant timber-carrying lorry was reversed twice into the door. The scene a couple of minutes later was of a group of Nazis staring in consternation at an undamaged doorway, whilst a wreck of a lorry slowly—very slowly—moved away.

Then the paratroops' luck turned, for a Czech fireman, acting on a foolish impulse, managed to grab hold of the top rung of their ladder and pull it through the ventilator. The

hoses were turned on again and as they were out of the defenders reach now, the water began to rise . . .

Suddenly , a tremendous explosion rent the air—the main concrete slab had been dynamited! The Germans charged forward but there was still only room for two men abreast and the first batches were easily (and permanently) dealt with. The SS attempted to support the next wave with a fusillade but this had no effect on the defenders' marksmanship.

. . . . The Nazis never captured the Czechs as their announcement claimed. The paratroops would have held out even longer, but it was six hours since their refuge in the crypt had been discovered. Sten ammunition had been exhausted—the Nazis had lost something like one hundred troops. With only a few revolver bullets remaining, the defenders chose the course of their comrades: four single shots signified the end of their battle.

They had not died in vain; by slaying Heydrich, they had sabotaged the "General Plan Ost", thus preventing the murder of thirty million Slavs. It is a sobering thought that, with Heydrich's superior intelligence to aid him, Hitler might never have made the mistakes that lost him the War for Germany.

In this age, when our sense of values is often confused, it might help to remember seven men who risked—and gave—their lives for others.

NOTE—Both the articles about the Heydrich assassins were based on contemporary newspaper reports and several fully documented books. Although the story has been told before, I believe that it was fitting to rewrite it on this, the twenty-fifth, anniversary of the battle.

BLUE SANDS

In the early, newly born light of day
Two silent figures slowly cross the bay,
Over the swift shifting, salt sifted sands;
The loving couple joyfully hold hands.
The dawn keeps back, not to disturb their dreams,
But onward flows the continuous stream
Of Time, which, blind to happiness and love,
Forces the sun to light the sky above.
They sigh and wish the cruel tide to turn,
Clinging to the thin yellow straws that burn
In their hands. The hopeful moment has past
And their short-lived joy to the waves is cast.
The lonely stars flicker out, one by one,
As, slow and sad, these two part; Fate has won.

T. RICHARDS, UVI Arts

THE LAND OF PIECE — THE PREFECTS' ROOM

Like many meetings and disagreements between gods and sub-gods happened many years ago. Subgods, upon bended knees, were a-pleading please give us a land of our own where we are not hurt by the brilliant sunshine from thine eyes. The gods were temporarily and wildly generous. "Go sub-gods", they seth "Go and create, we give you thy land". As a poor mortal I was not allowed to view this great and happy land for fear that I would be unhappy when I had to return to my own poor level.

Recently, I joined the glorious band of failures whom the sub-gods had decided in their great and almighty wisdom could hide in their land, hide from the scorn and fears of the outside people. I flung myself under a chair that reached to the ceiling and lay there sobbing. After much wetting of handkerchiefs, I opened mine eyes and viewed this land. "Say man! it's just a room, worse than that, it's a lobbie, a school lobbie with darkness, coldness and lightless discomfort surrounding us, Like I said, which way back to my low level?

But wait, look around, Mickey, look, other fallen beings like yourself, even the lowest of the low animals like yourself need company. "Hullo fallen people", says I, "say let's get tidy in comfort". With meanings for work, and pride in their meanings, we worked. Even our Saturday Sabbath was broken, and work was committed upon the walls on that great day, with kind permission that was granted from the King God. Many gods were jealous that their own fields weren't tilled, but maybe at last, us fallen people weren't so fallen into the depths of fallenness. Many happy hours were spent, and many of the brain kiddy sub-gods, joined us in our eternal toil of increasing our own appreciation of knowledge.

And now, at last perhaps the land is finished, the land has many pools of puce and slime and the pools is as large as before, but now we know that the pools are ours and good to swim in too. Hey! Gods can't you please try and understand that in this great universe of knowledge in which we've been placed for our own good, at last us senior-kiddies have a land in which we can breathe, and, maybe even exist, I mean its the life-ambition of most of us strange beings to exist . . .

MICKEY JIM KAY, UVI SC.
(2nd time 'round)

ARTS v. SCIENCES

"I mean, really, you're a lower form of life aren't you?"
(T. Bloom to a scientist one day in the P.R.)

"We're forming a Sixth Form ARTS Society, we'll have poetry readings and music and things. (*considered pause*) You can come if you like".

(T. Richards to a scientist one day in the P.R.)

"It's an acknowledged fact that the science species pass into the Sixth Form with an ingrained sense of inferiority owing to their utter inability to continue with subjects of a higher intellectual plane".

(C. D.H. Johnson to a scientist one day in the P.R.)

Only one of the above quotes was not said in jest, but I firmly believe that all express something of the attitude of the "arts people" to us in the science forms. As far as they are concerned, it is impossible to conceive of a scientist with aesthetic senses. We are doomed to a life of test-tubes and ammeters, microscopes and centrifuges.

This feeling probably arises from the fact that when we talk of music or books, we cannot use the same language as our friends who are studying literature to "A level". We have never been trained to analyse the written word. Yet I do not believe that this inevitably hinders our appreciation or understanding. I accept that there are qualities of literature we might miss by not delving deep—but we can read a novel as a novel and nothing else. The "arts people" do not read, they "appreciate".

I admit that it is an advantage to be able to express one's thoughts in beautiful language; on the other hand scientists are normally quite fluent and coherent without concentrating on the words they use. We think in language only because it is what we are taught and it is convenient for communication. I am sure that it would be possible to express knowledge and ideas with picture thoughts instead of word thoughts. With this in mind, studying any language to depth seems superfluous.

I quite enjoy, in fact I revel, in the conflict between arts and sciences which has been forced into the open in the past few months due to the prefects' room. Previously the arts and sciences could go their separate ways and only meet in the interest of sport etc.—now we all have to eat bikkys together and drink coffee together—a terrible endurance test for the extremists of each camp.

In this situation the war can flourish wonderfully and many battles can be fought—each day bringing a new stalemate (for neither side must win).

Let the war continue—but keep it friendly.

NIGEL BONHAM CLATWORTHY, UVI Sc. II

ARTICKLE

Before I launch into this abysmally tedious and boring artickle I would just like to say that none of this is my own work. This is a direct pinch from the writings of that new and exciting circle of Hindustani egg shell writers who are taking the London literary scene by storm. At this point the custom is to digress extensively. However, I do not know what either of these words means. Answers on a postcard to . . .

Anyway, I had a marvellous idea . . . Why not write an artickle for the School Magazine? As you can tell, I get short on ideas occasionally. However notwithstanding nevertheless two weeks later it still seemed a Good Idea. So I set to,—whatever that means, and drew up a short list of ideas . . . a very short list. I will not bore you with the sordid details as they have no connection with this load of muck, anyway. Seriously though, the idea to write this artickle was not entirely mine. One day, while breathing, the editor came and begged me to write an artickle for the School Magazine. On the other hand, he could have been begging me not to write an artickle . . . My memory is not what it was, if it ever was what it was, whatever that was. Well, as you can imagine, trying to think up an interesting subject for you morons was well nigh impossible. Subjects like and were immediately censored. So I finally came to the conclusion that there was nothing to write about, and so I didn't write anything.

BEELZEBUB

THE RIVER

The river flows on,
Silently, sluggishly, slowly,
Not a care in the world.
He pays no heed to the swan
Upon his dirty grey waters;
He cares not what the fishermen do,
Or what the boys throw;
He cares not that the boaters
Row upon his dirty grey waters.

He listens not to the ship's foghorn;
He pays no heed to the swimmers;
He does not mind the cold, the mist;
He cares not if it's cold or warm.

Silently, sluggishly, slowly,
The river flows on.

P. TOOTH, 4E

OLD DY'VORIANS ASSOCIATION

Mr. Hubert Joseph, our President for the past year, very much appreciated the Headmaster's kind invitation to present certain prizes at Speech Day and the School Eisteddfod. We are grateful for this opportunity for increased participation in major school events and look forward to the practice being continued.

Several of our members also attended the school performance of 'Melody and Rhyme' and would like to congratulate all those who took part on providing a most memorable and entertaining evening.

At this year's Reunion Dinner, Mr. Cyril Goldstone who has been an active committee member for many years, was installed as President. His close friend, Mr. Ednyfed Hudson Davies, M.P. for Conway, was one of the principal speakers at this very well attended function, when warm tribute was also made to several retired masters and best wishes expressed to those due to leave the staff this year.

To enable those many old pupils away at University to join us at our functions, we are now considering the prospect of holding the dinner in April next year, and arranging for a Sports Evening early this Autumn.

We are pleased to say that despite the increased cost of holding the Old Boys' rugby and cricket matches at St. Helens, it is our intention to play both games there again this year. A soccer match has now been added to these Old Boys' sporting events which are enjoyed as much by the Old Dy'vorians' sides as by the members of the school teams.

Our Golf Society which plays two or three matches each summer, has encouraged the interest of several new members.

Details of the next Public Lecture to be given probably in October are not yet available, but printed copies of the following past lectures can still be obtained from the Hon. Secretary:

1. Science, State, Society—Professor B. H. Flowers, F.R.S.
2. Research—In an Arts Subject?—Professor C. J. L. Price.
3. Biology and Society—Dr. Ivor Isaac.

We offer sincere congratulations to those boys who have already won scholarships this year and our best wishes to those sitting the forthcoming W.J.E.C. exams. To all of you who are leaving school this year we extend a welcome to join the Old Dy'vorians. We need the interest and enthusiasm of as many young members as possible.

G. HOUNSELL

I hear you all, like strangers lurking
 Within the terrors of the growing dark,
 Voices and stirrings, faint echoes calling,
 Calling insistently across the years
 Of things that used to be.
 As daylight ends, the shadows falling,
 Falling across the last fair fields of light,
 You come in silence and softly signal me,
 Not with your wonted fire, but yet insidiously
 To move once more towards your light of things.
 My friends, you call in vain, complaining
 That I no longer leave, but linger
 Here unlatched within these growing shadows lurking;
 Night comes, and the beauty of the heavens shining
 Shining through a veil of silver mist
 Adds a mystery intriguingly alluring,
 Yet still you'd lure me on to join you there;
 But I have lived, my friends, and too often heard
 The gloomy fundamental discord pounding
 To be deluded now by promise or by prayer;
 Besides, beyond the hills another trumpet's sounding.
OLD DY'VORIAN

SPORTS SECTION

ATHLETICS — 1967 (1)

The school were asked, for the first time ever, to organise the West Glamorgan Secondary Schools A.A.A. Championships, which were held at the University Running Arena, Swansea. We were very fortunate to have a fine day for the meeting, and for the first time for many years, the meeting finished on time, for which the school received just acclaim from many quarters. To the many boys and masters who co-operated, go our warmest thanks and congratulations on their efforts.

A team from school also participated in the championships but lack of training facilities is a severe handicap. The following boys performed remarkably well, however; M. Gange, H. Morgan, G. Mount, M. Flavell and A. P. Bevan. They all qualified for the County Championship Finals.

The school sent a very strong team to the Swansea Schools Athletic Championships at Penlan and all performed with great credit. Outstanding performances were given by S. Guard, I. Bevan, D. S. Jones, B. Jones, I. Thurston, L. Coulson, A. Cohen, G. Mount, J. Parton, M. Flavell, V. Jones, H. Morgan, J. Harrison, S. John, S. Lovell, S. McNeff and I Tyrell.

This year again the school were fortunate to have have another glorious day for their Annual Inter-House Athletic Championships. Competition, as usual, was very keen, but the strength in depth of Robert House at all the age-groups gave them the championship. They were however, given a fight all the way by Llewellyn House.

BADMINTON

The Club has flourished under the supervision of Mr. Mike Richards. Although taking over the club only in September he has gone to great lengths to improve the once poor equipment. Our thanks go to him for his time and effort. Matches played to date:

NOVEMBER 3, 1967. v. Penlan (H). Won 9 - 0.

Team: P. O'Shea + A. Mendus (3); P. Dorrell + S. Palmer (3); G. Gabb + V. Evans (3).

DECEMBER 11, 1967. v. University 2nds. (H). Won 7 - 2.

Team: P. O'Shea + A. Mendus (3); P. Dorrell + P. Maynard (2); G. Gabb + V. Evans (2).

JANUARY 25, 1968. v. Neath (H). Won 9 - 0.

Team: P. O'Shea + A. Mendus (3); P. Dorrell + S. Palmer (3); G. Gabb + P. Maynard (3).

FEBRUARY 12, 1968. v. Llanelli (A). Won 5 - 4.

Team: P. O'Shea + A. Mendus (2); P. Dorrell + S. Palmer (2); V. Evans + P. Maynard (1).

The team at the time of printing will have played further games against Bishop Vaughan (masters), Neath and Llanelli.

SINGLES TOURNAMENT

Semi-Finals: P. O'Shea beat V. Evans, 15 - 10; 15 - 10.

P. Dorrell beat P. Button, 15 - 10; 15 - 4.

Final: P. O'Shea beat P. Dorrell, 15 - 10; 10 - 15; 15 - 11.

Who's Who in the Team.

P. O'SHEA, UVI Sc. 2 (Captain and Secretary).

Winner of the singles tournament, is the club's strongest player and the only survivor of last year's team. He has proved invaluable in improving the general standard of play in the club.

A. MENDUS, LVI Sc. 1

A strong player in all respects and a pillar of strength in this year's team.

P. DORRELL, UVI Sc. 1.

A strong and reliable player who has made a great deal of progress this season. Runner-up in this year's singles tournament.

S. PALMER, UVI Sc. 1

A good experienced player. He and Mendus will form a strong nucleus of next year's team.

G. GABB, UVI Arts

Although lacking power in his play, he has well deserved his place in the team.

V. EVANS, LVI Sc. 2

Although lacking in match-play experience, his general all-round ability and consistency have enabled him to hold a place in the team. Will be a vital asset in next year's team.

P. MAYNARD, LVI Sc. 2

A good player, but lack of consistency robbed him of a regular place in this year's team. No doubt will make the grade next year.

FIRST XI CRICKET 1967 SEASON

OFFICIALS:

Captain: R. Brown; *Vice-Capt.*: D. Sinnett; *Secretar:* C. Parfitt

The season began with the surprise announcement of Roger Brown as Captain. This decision (made by the members of the team only) proved that it is the player with good cricketing sense plus the ability to get on with his players, who is the ideal captain.

THE TEAM:

R. Brown, C. Warlow, B. Rees, D. Mercer, P. Lewis, C. Parfitt, G. Thomas, D. Sinnett, A. Lewis, S. Rees, M. Clement, J. Gray, W. Scarlett, P. Webster, D. Griffin, K. Simpson.

FIXTURES

APRIL

22—v. Sandfields: home. A time limit of 20 overs. Sandfields 76 all out. 1st XI 38-8 an official Sandfields win but a moral draw.

29—v. Llandilo: home, won by 20 runs. Dynevor batted first and were 73 all out. A time limit was set for 2 p.m. The visiting team had 20 runs to win with 2 wickets to fall in the last over—these were taken.

MAY

- 6—v. Emmanuel at King George V—won by 9 wickets.
13—v. Sandfields—away. On a very damp wicket and due to some generally slack work in the field, the team lost this return 'needle' match.
20—v. Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Carm.—cancelled.

JUNE 3

- 3—v. Llanelli: home—cancelled.
10—v. Ystalyfera: away. A time limit was set for 2.30 p.m. and at the close of play, the result was a draw. Only highlight of this match was the breaking of one of the pavilion's windows by the ball hit from a powerful shot by P. Webster.
17—v. Penlan at King George V. A draw—First XI 113-4; Penlan 60-6.
24—v. Bishop Gore: Home. First XI 73 all out; Bishop Gore 8 - 1. Rain stop play.

JULY

- 1—v. Pontardawe: home — drawn game.
7—v. Old Boys at St. Helens. Draw.
10—v. Bishop Gore at Sketty Lane (all day game) Bishop Gore won by 4 wickets.
11—1st XI v. Staff at Townhill.
A first XI victory. The staff were all out for 74 and the 1st XI were 75-3. There was a slight 'friendly' dispute over the scores by certain members of the staff, but the true result is shown above.
12 & 13. Single wicket knock out competition. This was played at Townhill, and consisted of the different members of the team, plus Mr. Balch, playing against each other, progressing through rounds, into the semi-final and then into the final which C. Parfitt, won outright.

CHRIS PARFITT (*Secretary*)

FIRST XI CRICKET — 1967 SEASON

The team wishes to express its gratitude to the members of staff who helped in the supervision of matches during the season, and in particular to Mr. Jeff Hopkin.

CHRIS PARFITT (*Secretary*)

JUNIOR CRICKET

Three sides have represented Dynevor at Junior level in the Swansea Schools Cricket Association.

The Senior XI managed to reach the Final of their league, but lost quite heavily in this game to Ystalyfera. The game itself was a complete let-down, play being restricted to 65 minutes duration, due to the late arrival of the Ystalyfera side. The latter were a very well balanced side, and on the day were worthy winners.

The team's record was: Played 7, Won 4, Lost 2.

The Intermediate XI also did very well to reach the Final of their league championship and once again, it was Ystalyfera who were their opponents and eventual winners. Nevertheless, it was a very successful season.

The team's record was: Played, 7; Won, 6; Lost, 1.

For the first time ever, a First Year XI was put in the field, but played only friendlies. Their keenness was remarkable, and some very good talent emerged, which augers well for the future. Among the players who did very well were: C. Rees, K. Jones, D. Griffiths, D. Henning, R. Thomas, P. Jenkins and P. Gigg,

Their record was: Played, 4; Won, 3; Lost, 1.

We would like to thank the following masters for their support throughout the season: Messrs. A. Balch, M. Richards and D. J. Hopkin.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL (I)

FIRST ELEVEN

The side has played only 7 games so far this season. The results, nevertheless, have been most encouraging and are as follows:

		<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>
Penlan	A	4	1
Swansea Schoolboys	A	5	1
University XI	A	2	4
St. Joseph's C.S.	A	2	0
St. Joseph's C.S.	H	3	0
C.A.T.	A	2	1
Llanelli G.S.	A	1	0

The team are still concerned in the Ivor Tuck Trophy Competition and their hard-fought victory at Llanelli enabled them to reach the last eight in the competition. This was a first-

class victory, because the team has had to be rebuilt during the term, due to several boys leaving. If the team can maintain this form then a good run in this competition is assured again this year.

Boys who have played for the team this year include:
R. J. Presley, P. G. Roberts, R. James, A. Willis, S. Powell,
D. Thomas, R. Howells, A. P. Bevan, B. Bamfield, P.
O'Shea, G. Griffin (*Capt.*), B. Evans, C. Davies, G.
Thomas, P. Popham, G. Clement.

JUNIOR SOCCER

During the season all our junior sides have been meeting with a great deal of success in the Swansea Schools Association Leagues. The Senior 'A' are at this stage at the top of their league. Their record is: Played, 8; Won, 6; Lost, 2.

The Senior 'B' is also challenging strongly for the league leadership, having dropped only four points out of a possible eighteen. Three of these points have been dropped in the last two games. It seems therefore, that if they want to finish among the honours, early season form must be recaptured quickly.

Their record is: Played, 9; Won, 6; Drawn, 2; Lost, 1.

The Intermediate 'A' side are the most successful side in school at this stage of the season and are unbeaten. They have played 9, won 8, and drawn 1. They are at the moment heading their section, but face a strong challenge from Bishop Vaughan, also unbeaten. The games between these sides will undoubtedly settle the championship.

The Intermediate 'B' side is the least successful of the school sides, but the policy has been to play mostly first year boys, and the competition they are now receiving will no doubt be of immense value to them a year hence.

Their record is: Played, 7; Won, 4; Drawn, 1; Lost, 2.

Our thanks are due to the following masters for their support and enthusiasm throughout the season: Messrs. J. Pursey, T. James, G. Davies, D. Lloyd, T. Moss and the groundsman, Con. Jones.

SENIOR RUGBY

Dynevor 1st XV had had a very good season and up to 10th February, 1968, out of thirteen games played they had won eight, drawn one, and lost four. Of the victories, the defeat of Bishop Gore was the most satisfying, the first match having been drawn. Of the defeats by Maesydderwen twice, Glan Afon

and Ystalyfera, only the latter succeeded in scoring twenty points against us after a great Dynevor fight. It was only the opposition's superior fitness and organisation in the last quarter which enabled them to add ten points in this time and so make the result look a little one-sided.

A big disappointment this season has been the fact that after two thirds of the season had passed, only thirteen games have been played, and most of these have been away fixtures due to the school field being in very poor condition. We have thus lost the opportunity of playing against such strong teams as Maesteg, Pontardawe, Dyffryn and Maesydderwen at home.

Without doubt our best performance was against Sandfields away, when the team won 8 - 0. The foundation of this victory was the very impressive performance by the pack, who were up against a much bigger and heavier side. They played as one unit, and outstanding performances were put up in the loose play by K. Simpson, M. Gange and M. O'Sullivan. Try scorers were C. Lewis and I. Tyrrell, with T. Mayberry converting the latter try from the touchline.

The quality of the rugby played by the First XV this season has been the highest since W. Hullin's excellent side of nearly ten years ago. This is all the more remarkable since the side contains seven of last year's Under 15 team. They have all played with great skill, steadiness and experience coming from players like M. Gange, P. Webster, C. Warlow, A. Tyrrell, J. Jones, M. O'Sullivan, T. Noonan, K. Simpson, C. Lewis and R. Hignell.

The Second team have met with little success, but did win at Maesydderwen, 11 - 8 and at Emmanuel, 6 - 0. The main trouble has been in the line out, where the side has won little possession.

Great efforts have been made to run a Third XV, but difficulties have been encountered in obtaining fixtures for the side. Matches played have been against Glanafan, away when they lost 8 - 0, and against Emmanuel G.S. 1st XV, when they lost 21 - 0.

The team would like to thank all the masters who have helped with the supervision of games, and Mr. Hopkin for his keen and loyal support.

C. WARLOW, (*Secretary*)

FOURTH YEAR RUGBY

With threequarters of the season's league games already played the 4A team is firmly entrenched at the top of the League. Winning 7 games of the eight played, they are well ahead of Oxford Street who lie second in the division.

The team has also played two friendlies against the very strong Sandfields Comprehensive Side and did remarkably well to win the first encounter at home. In the return game the side were a little unlucky with the bounce of the ball earlier on and this seemed to discourage the side, and Sandfields ran out easy victors.

The 4B side are the one side in the School which has not played a game. Teams have been selected on many occasions, but in this very wet season, the side have suffered many cancellations.

THIRD YEAR RUGBY

After showing promising progress last season the 3A team have disappointed this season. The team has lacked outstanding individual talent and at the same time have failed to blend as a team. There are certain members of this side who are capable of making the grade, if they make the effort. The following boys were nominated for Town Team Trials: N. Maclean, G. Thomas, R. Williams, S. Rockus, B. Jones, K. Evans and I. Rees.

Record: Played, 9; Won, 4; Drawn, 1; Lost, 4.

The 3B team have also disappointed, but one has been impressed by their enthusiasm throughout the season, despite the few games they have played.

Record: Played, 5; Won, 2; Lost, 3.

SECOND YEAR RUGBY

The 2A side is enjoying a very successful season having mastered all opposition in the Borough as well as recording wins over Maesydderwen Comprehensive, Ystalyfera, and Sandfields Comprehensive. The last was a notable victory because it took from the Port Talbot side an unbeaten record that had stood for eighteen months. At the return fixture, however, the latter avenged this defeat by 8 - 3, but there was some excuse for the Dynevor side, in that they lost their captain and outstanding player, S. Guard, after 10 minutes play with a broken collar bone. Happily he is now fit again.

The 2B side, though dogged by injuries and illness, is playing better than their record suggests, and they have defeated rivals Bishop Gore this season.

Records: 2A. Played 13; Won, 11; Drawn, 1; Lost, 1.

2B Played, 7; Won, 1; Drawn, 2; Lost, 4.

FIRST YEAR RUGBY

Because of the bad weather and the after-effects of B.C.G. vaccinations both first year teams have played very few fixtures during the first part of the season. The 1A team has settled down well and has lost only one match—against a very strong Bishop Gore side, by 6 - 0.

JUNIOR RUGBY

The school have endeavoured to run eight teams in the Swansea Schools Rugby Association, and due to the keenness and efforts of masters and boys concerned, have managed to do so to a large extent.

The 1B side has not done so well. Their best performance has been a 0-0 draw with Bishop Gore 1B team. They have now started to settle down and should do well in the future.

RECORDS:

1A Played, 5; Won, 3; Drawn, 1; Lost, 1.

1B Played, 7; Won, 0; Drawn, 1; Lost, 6.

We would like to thank the following masters who have given up so much of their time and energy during the season for our enjoyment, Messrs. D. T. Howells, H. Lloyd, M. Richards, I. Mort, W. Davies, I. E. Jones, and D. H. Jenkins.

SWIMMING

Junior school swimmers have been engaged in two challenge galas in the Autumn term. The first one was against Bishop Gore, when the teams were restricted to first and second year boys. This match produced a remarkable result in that for the first time in recent memory the school were successful by 74 points to 64 points.

In the second gala the school visited the new Cefn Hengoed School. This time third and fourth year boys were also included and again the team revealed remarkable all-round strength, winning by 104 points to 74 points.

Boys who swam remarkably well in these matches were: R. Hinnells, A. Wieburg, W. Morgan, G. Harris, M. Cudd, R. Lawson, J. Webb, C. W. Rees, J. Sullivan, M. Rogers, A. Christopher, G. Moore, R. Williams, K. Dennis, R. Flowers, G. Thomas, M. Harwood, P. Clement, M. Flavell, R. Hopkins and J. Lloyd.

Such is the swimming talent available that if the school possessed its own swimming pool, it would soon be a school with a very strong swimming tradition indeed.

Future plans for swimming include further inter-school galas, an Inter-house Gala in the Summer term, and swimming sessions at Bishop Gore for senior boys, when it is hoped that boys interested, can take life-saving and survival swimming.

SPORTS NEWS

Dudley Sinnett, former School Cricket Captain, played for Glamorgan Seconds against a University of Wales XI. He also represented Glamorgan Secondary Schools in representative matches against Monmouthshire, Pembrokeshire and Breconshire.

John Rees, S. John, C. Carter, R. J. Stanton, were members of the very successful Swansea Schools Cricket XI which reached the final of the South Wales and Monmouthshire Cricket Association Championship. John Rees also represented the Association in representative games.

Martin Davies represented Glamorgan Secondary Schools Rugby XV in their match against Monmouthshire in season 1966/67. This year our county representative is M. Gange who also plays against Monmouthshire.

For the first time ever the school sent a representative team to play in the Llanelli Schools invitation Seven-a-Side Tournament. To their eternal credit the side managed to reach the semi-final, only to lose to the eventual winners. The school suffered a very grievous blow when T. Mayberry was injured in the quarter finals, and took no further part in the competition. The boys who represented the school were: I. Tyrrell, J. Harrison, T. Mayberry, S. Rees, P. Clement, G. Mount, S. John, J. Thomas, J. Bibby and A. Bevan. Because of the success of this side, the school have been invited again to the tournament, and this time our Seniors have also been asked to go.

Our First Year representatives carried everything before them when they won the Swansea School Rugby Association First Year Seven-a-Side Tournament. Members of the team were: S. Gillard, D. Griffiths, P. Arthurs, C. Gange, M. Morrell, J. Bevan and S. Evans.

This season the following boys have played for the Swansea Schools Rugby XV: J. Rees, P. Clement, G. Mount, S. Hopkin, A. Evans and D. Evans.

The following boys received Football Association County honours during season 1966/67.

R. Howells, A. Nantcurvis, B. Meredith and J. Gray,

Old Boys who are hitting the sports headlines are W. Hulln and J. Atherton, who continue to play with distinction for Cardiff and Swansea Rugby Clubs respectively. R. Evans, the former Welsh soccer international, continues to hold his place in the now revitalised Swansea Town A.F.C.

B. Meredith and A. Nantcurvis brought great honour to the school when they were selected to play for the Welsh Youth XI against Ireland in season 1966/67.

A. Nantcurvis also represented the Welsh Grammar Schools XI against Scotland at Ebbw Vale.

The following boys have received Football Association Youth trials this season: G. Banfield and P. Bevan. The latter and also R. J. Presley and G. Griffin have played in Grammar School trials. There are strong hopes that some if not all, will receive representative honours during this season.

J. Parton and S. James have been honoured with a place in the Swansea Schools Soccer XI, and both these boys have progressed to Final Welsh Schools trials.

P. Fury and P. Phillips have won places in the very successful Swansea Schools Intermediate Soccer XI.

An Association Football Referee's Class has been started in the school under the control of Mr. John Pursey. The aim of the class is to get the boys through the referee's exam and then to afford them an opportunity of getting practical experience by refereeing school matches.

Two School rugby teams acquitted themselves extremely well in Swansea Schools Rugby Union Cup Finals held at St. Helens last April. The First Year XV played Bishop Gore, and although the match went into extra time, it ended in a draw. The two sides thus shared the competition.

The Under 15 side, with I. Tyrrell as captain, made no mistake in their match versus Penlan, winning 19-0. Several of these boys, among them I. Tyrrell, S. John, J. Harrison, T. Mayberry, S. Rees and M. Davies have already distinguished themselves in the Senior XV this season.

M. Gange, School and Rugby Captain, was selected to play in a Final W.S.S.R.U. trial, and as a result of his performance in the trial, he was selected as a travelling reserve for the Welsh Schools side in their match against the Welsh Youth at Bridgend on March 1st, 1968.

He also distinguished himself in the athletics world during the 1967 season. At the Welsh Games, the Welsh A.A.A. Championships, the Welsh A.A.A. Boys Clubs Championships Javelin Event. He also won the Glamorgan A.A.A. Open championships at this event also.

Our Senior 'B' Soccer XI, under the captaincy of M. Thomas, produced a really sensational result in the Swansea Schools Football Association Senior Cup Final played at the Vetch Field last April. Playing against the unbeaten Penlan 'A' side, they completely confounded all the critics by winning by 2 goals to 1.

The School Athletics Victor Ludorum was shared by A. Willis and R. J. Bull.

Six boys are engaged in trying to obtain the Bronze Award of the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. They have already completed their Public Service section in First Aid, and also their Expedition Section. They include: C. Lewis, J. Llewellyn, J. T. Thomas, I. Cannon, S. Tooth and M. Aherne.

TENNIS 1967

Summer 1967 saw the start of a short, but successful season for the newly-formed Dynevor tennis club. Members of the team included R. Isaacs, D. V. Evans, J. Iveson, E. Homer, C. Border and M. O'Sullivan.

Fortunately all our matches were played against girls' schools and results were as follows:

Llwyn-y-Bryn	2	—	Dynevor	7
Mynyddbach	0	—	Dynevor	6*
St. Winifred's	0	—	Dynevor	9

** Rain stopped play.*

Many thanks are given to D. Mills-Davies, the Club secretary, who has now left school, Mr. D. H. Jenkins, the master in charge, and all supporters.

It is hoped to continued our activities in 1968.

E. HOMER, L6, Sc. 1

