



MAGAZINE

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GORAU ARF.



ARF DYSG.

Dynevor Secondary School Magazine

No. 94 (No 21 New Series)

JULY, 1956.

Editorial Committee.

Editor : EINAR DAY.

Sub. Editor : D. BRIAN DAVIES.

EDITORIAL.

APART from the usual accounts of School activities the outstanding feature of this edition is the number of short stories, while it must be many years since we included letters from the three senior universities. The photographs will, we hope, compensate for the absence of cartoons.

If the quality has suffered it is because of the examinations, and the decrease in quantity is due to financial exigencies.

This magazine is the last effort of the present Committee who will be passing on to University next term. We have gained valuable experience which we hope will be of advantage to us in later life. So, with sincere thanks for all their help to members of Staff, we say to Dynevor not "Goodbye," but "Au revoir."

SCHOOL NOTES.

Once again the rhythm of school life has been rudely interrupted by the dreaded summer W.J.E.C. examinations. Fortunately the weather has been reasonably inclement so that outdoor attractions have been kept at a minimum. And so till August and the results, candidates must, like Arnold's Scholar Gypsy, "live in hope."

In January a number of sixth form pupils were taken to Bristol to see a performance of Racine's "Athalie," with the original music of Moreau, in the Victoria Rooms, a magnificent hall which is part of the University Union. It was a very fine production and greatly appreciated by the pupils of various schools from South Wales and the South West of England. Most of the players were from the departments of French and of Drama of the University of Bristol. A remarkable feature of the production was that the play was accompanied by an orchestra and a chorus and was presented in a setting and under conditions which approximated to those conceived by the author.

On February 1st we received news of the passing of Mr. T. G. Davies who was for a long period a teacher of Physics in Dynevor School and Glanmôr School and for a short while Deputy Head Master of Dynevor. Mr. Griffiths says of him, "I was associated with T. G. Davies for very many years and I am sure that all his colleagues will remember him with pleasure and affection. He was a "guide, philosopher and friend" to every boy in the school, most of whom he knew by their Christian name, and to the staff he was a genial and considerate colleague. Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Davies, her son and her daughter in their very sad loss."

This year St. David's Day was again celebrated by a special service in Chapel when the school was addressed by an Old Dy'vorian, the Rev. Leslie Norman, who is the present Mayor's Chaplain. The school eisteddfod was also revived for this occasion, although it was mainly confined to the lower school. But the tenor voice of newcomer Barrie Harries came as a delightful surprise to all who heard him.

Another welcome visit by an Old Boy was that of Bert Hiles, who achieved fame in the United States as "Wimpey the Clown." Remembering Percy Morris and Harry Secombe it seems that Dynevor specialises in the production of politicians, comedians and clowns. Perhaps these spheres have more in common than we poor proles realise!

The annual Old Boys' Dinner was held on March 5th in the Embassy Ballroom, the main speakers being Mr. Bob Williams, Councillor George Gibbs and Alderman Percy Morris. The proceedings were very sober until the Head Master replied to the toast, "The School." Mr Powell was irrepressible, funny stories flowing from his lips, and he soon had the dignified gathering "rolling in the aisles."

The 1956 School Visit to Paris was again organised by Mr. R. B. Morgan, ably assisted by Mr. J. C. Grove. All members of the party had a very enjoyable time in the French capital, thanks in no small measure to Mr. Grove's motto: "Magnesia maketh the Man."

On April 25th Mr. Bryn Thomas, our former Head Master, attended the School Assembly and presented certificates to boys who were successful in last year's examinations. Then in May the Bronze Medallion for Life Saving was presented to T. G. Davies, Frank Cross, Peter Evans and A. D. Walters.

Congratulations to John Morgan of Lower Sixth Arts on being awarded the Queen's Scout Certificate at Windsor, and also to S. Greeney on playing for the Welsh Schools' soccer team against England at Bristol. A more collective success was that of the Junior Rugby 'C' team, who are pictured with their trophy elsewhere in this magazine.

In the world of music we congratulate Ambrose Thomas, whose singing has gained him three broadcasts with the B.B.C., and a solo part in the recent performance of "Messiah" by the Swansea Schools in the Brangwyn Hall. We are glad to hear that Peter James and Gerald Lloyd have been invited to play in the Youth Orchestra of Wales this summer. Ex-pupil Philip Croot continues to make progress at the Royal Academy and is now writing a new symphony.

This year's Mayor of Swansea, Harry Libby, is a governor of the School, and we were represented at his Mayoral Procession in June by members of Staff and the Prefects. After a pleasant march in fine weather the service was held in St. James's Church.

St. Helen's is quickly becoming a happy hunting ground for the School's rugby and cricket teams. The well deserved win over the Old Boys' Rugby XV has been followed up by an equally meritorious victory by the Cricket XI against the Old Dy'vorians. Unfortunately the cricket season has been marred by adverse weather, but one happy event at least was the nine-wicket win over Bishop Gore.

OLD BOYS' SUCCESSES.

Recently announced are the following academic successes of Old Boys to whom we extend our congratulations and best wishes.

John R. Cross (D. Phil. Oxon.)
G. Townsend (Ph.D. Swansea).
Edwin Jones, (M.A., Wales).
Urien Wiliam, (M.A., Wales).
Norman Harries, (M.A., California).
Michael Williams, (1st Class Honours. Geography, Swansea).
Ken Walters, (1st Class Honours. Maths, Swansea.)
Glyn Jordan, (1st Class Honours. Physics, Swansea).
Peter Day, (2nd Class Honours. History, Swansea).
Colin Jones, (2nd Class Honours. Physics, Swansea).
David Abraham, (2nd Class Honours. Geology, Swansea).
Denis Lloyd, (2nd Class Honours. Welsh, Swansea).
J. V. Davies, (Cl. II, Part I, Music Tripos, Cambs.)
David Leontaris, (3rd Class Honours, Welsh, Swansea.)
B. Keane, (3rd Class Honours. Physics, Swansea.)

OXFORD LETTER.

ST. CATHERINE'S SOCIETY,
OXFORD.

April, 1956.

DEAR SIR,

After four years of study at a provincial university I have become a member of the University of Oxford. The more I think about it, the more difficult does a comparison between the two become. Not all that I have seen is favourable to Oxford, and my overall opinion is that in most cases as much benefit is to be derived from a good provincial university as from one of the older ones. It depends on what you put into it.

Firstly the question of tuition. Oxford is rightly proud of its tuition system. This is briefly as follows. Instead of attending compulsory or non-compulsory lectures, each student has one or two hours a week of individual tuition from a don. He has an essay to write every week on a given subject; in the tutorial he reads it through, then discusses any points arising with his tutors. The system has great advantages and undoubtedly makes the student feret things out for himself. In addition, lectures are given in colleges in different parts of the town. This is a discouragement to students who usually aren't very keen about attending anyway. Most people go to two or three a week.

Does the average provincial university with its ten to twelve lectures and classes per week provide such an efficient

"learning service"? My own experience has been that it can in certain circumstances. The lecturers in large departments of several hundred students do tend to lose touch with the rank and file. (Sometimes small study groups and classes counteract this tendency). In smaller departments this is not so. Relations between students and lecturers, and even professors are close: one can always approach them with a problem. I would not hesitate to say that under such conditions as these the help received is equal to and perhaps greater than what one expects at Oxford. Everything becomes personal and encouraging.

With regard to facilities for study, Oxford is far in advance of any provincial university I know. But here, too, there are certain reservations. The libraries and reading rooms of the red brick institutions are usually ample for undergraduate studies. My main criticism of them is that they often close early, (some at 5 p.m.). For research the material available in the big libraries at Oxford is scarcely to be matched anywhere.

It is very difficult to compare social life in Oxford and the provinces. My impression is that it is more developed and on a more extensive scale in Oxford. Since most undergraduates live together in one building for part of their course it is perhaps natural that coffee at two and tea at four should become social occasions. Yet most of this could be carried on in the setting of a provincial university, especially where there are students' hostels. I realise now that I should have taken more interest than I did in the societies and students activities of the university where I graduated.

The same thing applies to sport. A rowing club existed there and I knew nothing about it. When I came to Oxford I was tempted to start rowing and after a few weeks found myself thoroughly enjoying it, although it entailed giving up six,—yes, six afternoons a week for practice, with no question of not turning up because eight, and not seven, men are needed for an outing. I had formerly been offered excellent facilities for sport, but had never made use of them. But at the same time it must be admitted that the full time table of a provincial university does militate against an interest in sports or athletics. It is a difficulty for the freshman to overcome.

The conclusion is, I think, that the university you attend can be a point of secondary importance. It's what you do there that matters.

Yours sincerely,

W. M. MATTHEWS.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

'Cambridge' means the bridge over the Cam, and this lovely river is one of the great features of Cambridge life. It forms the centre-piece of the famous 'Backs' scenery where the lawns and gardens of the various colleges sweep down majestically to the river which glides along serenely by the willows and under the little bridges. One of these bridges, the Bridge of Sighs, gains its name from a resemblance to the bridge of that name and of forbidding memory in Venice. In the Summer term especially the Cam has its greatest moments, whether it be accommodating the lazy pleasures of canoe or punt or the more vigorous activity associated with the long lean boats and flashing blades of the college 'eights' preparing for the celebrated May Races. Again nothing is more pleasant than to follow the course of the Cam as it gracefully winds its way through fields of buttercups, daisies, and May blossom, towards the hamlet of Grantchester whose church tower soon appears over a clump of trees. Rupert Brooke, exiled in Germany during the first World War, recalls the beauties of this hamlet, his favourite spot in the whole of England, in a well known poem. He asks whether they still have honey for tea there, and whether the clock on the little church still stands at ten to three. Well, they still have honey for tea beneath the trees in the 'Orchard,' but the clock which stood fixed at ten to three in the poet's day has been put to go again not without opposition from the admirers of the poem.

Education in Cambridge, at least as far as it is represented by lectures and tutorials, is a function of the University, not of the colleges. So the members of the various colleges all go to the same lectures. The colleges are the social units where the students and staff live. They maintain a sturdy sense of independence and have their own societies and social life. Since the professors and lecturers are all attached to particular colleges, and since there is free and easy access to their conversation and knowledge within the college precincts, it is an advantage to belong to that college which includes the main authorities in one's own subject. For instance, I am fortunate enough to be in Peterhouse which, because of its eminent historians, may be called the historians' college. It is a great thrill to come here and speak with men whom I have hitherto only known and admired through the medium of their written word. The value of personal contact with such people is the supreme educational influence which Cambridge can offer. The colleges themselves have small libraries containing rare books and sometimes manuscripts—like the famous Pepys library at Magdalene College. The University Library is second only to the British Museum in this country and includes the manuscripts and library

which belonged to Lord Acton, one of the greatest of English historians. To get a book one has to look up its reference number in the special catalogue room, then travel along corridors and up several stories in a lift, before reaching the objective.

Cambridge has that general atmosphere which is evoked by the seven centuries of culture and learning which stand behind it. We pass in spirit through the glories of medieval civilization which still find their expression in the works of men like Dom David Knowles, the present Regius Professor of History who is also a monk. There are lingering shades of Erasmus in the room at Queen's College where the great Dutch scholar of the sixteenth century lived and looked over the Cam. And who can walk along the 'Backs' or through the lovely College gardens, so secluded from the busy streets without recalling something of the Cambridge sojourns of Wordsworth, Macaulay, or Tennyson?

Apart from these 'spiritual shades' of halcyon days, there are the more concrete expressions of Cambridge's long and glorious history seen in the truly wonderful architecture which frames the antiquity of the college buildings, reaching its zenith perhaps in the splendid structure of King's College Chapel which finds such eloquent utterance in Wordsworth's sonnet.

Peterhouse is the oldest college, founded by the Bishop of Ely in 1284, and there are still some parts of the original medieval building to be seen there. We dine in 'Hall' surveyed by the figures in the surrounding oil paintings and stained glass windows. We eat by candle-light on the long unclothed wooden tables, with a fire roaring in the hearth in winter.

It is the long association of a certain type of people with places or institutions which gives the latter their particular character. It is because there have been so many generations of culture and learning at Cambridge that it is now a recognized institution for the disposal of these qualities. Just as the pilgrim derives spiritual benefit from his visit to a shrine hallowed by the prayers and petitions of countless of his predecessors, so, on a lower plane does the scholar draw upon the treasure-house of culture and learning available at places like Cambridge, a treasure house which has its resources deep in the past but which is at the disposal of every fresh generation that goes there, with humility, to gain from it.

'Cambridge' must necessarily be the subject of several volumes, and all we can do in a Cambridge letter is to give a few impressions. I must end here by expressing my fond reminiscences of Dynevor and my best regards to the staff and pupils past and present, of that fine school.

Yours sincerely,

EDWIN JONES.

LONDON LETTER.

THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS
AND POLITICAL SCIENCE,
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON,

June, 1956.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.

It is with great pleasure that I take the opportunity of writing this, the first letter to Dynevor from the London School of Economics (L.S.E.).

The L.S.E. was founded over 60 years ago by Beatrice Webb and her husband, and is today the fourth largest college in London with some 3000 internal students. Many famous names have close connections with the School such as George Bernard Shaw, who donated money for the establishment of a library at L.S.E. which bears his name. Harold Laski, Dudley Stamp and Robert McKenzie are other notables with associations with the School, whilst Lord Clement Attlee was a student here.

Many prominent politicians visit the School to give talks such as Aneurin Bevan, Harold McMillan, Hugh Gaitskell, Malcom Muggeridge, and recently the Minister of Education, Big Brother himself, Sir David Eccles. Sir David was highly amused at the shouts of "NAughty Eccles!!" when he gave an adverse reply to the suggestion that grants to students should be increased!

Indeed, politics has become the mainstay of L.S.E. Last term there was even a split in the Union over the question of whether granular or cube sugar should be used in the refectory,—the Conservatives supported "granular;" the labourites urged "cube;" the Liberals said nothing and the Communists wanted equality for everyone by the adoption of water as the only lunch-time drink. The result was—no change!

However, the belief that L.S.E. is a breeding ground for Communism is a fallacy. There *is* an active Communist Society at the School, but Labour is in the majority by far, with Conservatism second. Gone now are the days when in a local election in Moscow it was announced that Stalin had polled 139% of the electorate!!

A "keen" interest is taken at the School in the writings of political theorists, especially Trotsky, Stalin, Lenin and Marx. There is great weight in the academic circle for the argument that when Marx wrote "Money is an idealised commodity," he was thinking mainly in terms of beer! Such is the influence of political theory on L.S.E. social life!

There are over forty societies, ranging from the Arab Society and the Academic Society to the religious society, so I am not going to attempt to go into detail. But by far the most important is the Debating Society. One of the most successful debaters at L.S.E. and in the University as a whole is Miss Margaret Jenkins whose home is in Manselton. She has won a Scholarship to Pittsburg Institute of Technology. Another old Dyvorian whom I have met is Colin Howard who is in his fourth year at Guy's Hospital doing dentistry.

Socially, L.S.E., is similar to many other colleges, holding the Saturday night "hops" through the year, and a Jazz Social on a Friday Evening in the Three Tuns Bar. Most University of London Students have sampled hot jazz at either Humph's, Chris Barber's, or Cy Laurie's! Indeed, if I were to relate all the Social possibilities that London offers, I would need the whole mag.

Finally, I should like to offer Einar Day my best wishes for an enjoyable and successful stay at University College when he comes to London next session, and last but not least, my kindest regards and gratitude to members of the staff through whose patience and skill I have been given the the chance to experience University life.

Yours sincerely,
R. J. WILLIAMS

DYNEVOR THROUGH THE POET'S EYE.

(*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*)

THE SCHOOL.

"Four gray walls and four gray towers,
Overlook a place of ?"

TENNYSON.

AN ENGLISH MASTER.

"And thou great —, whom three forms obey
Dost sometimes Milton take and sometimes tea.

POPE.

A SCIENCE MASTER.

"He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded."

MILTON.

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE STAFF ROOM.

"For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts
Are hurl'd far below them . . .

TENNYSON.

SCHOOL DINNERS.

" . . . heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver . . . "

SCHOLARS WISHING TO STUDY IN THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.

"Abandon hope all ye who enter here !"

PREFECTS. (After having caught a youth smoking.)

"So frowned the mighty combatants that Hell
Grew dark at their frown."

MILTON.

A LAD WHO HAS IMBIBED A LARGE QUANTITY OF CHLORINATED
WATER AT THE BATHS.

"Courage," he said and pointed towards the land,
"This mounting wave will roll us shorewards soon."

TENNYSON.

SIXTH FORMERS CONTEMPLATING NEW LAB. GIRL.

"What is this life if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare ?

THE SCHOOL RUGBY PACK.

" . . . in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size."

MILTON.

THE SCHOOL FAST BOWLER.

" . . . impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts and ceases now
To bellow . . . (Owzat ?)"

MILTON.

THE RECORDER BAND.—(From the cloistered seclusion of the
music room.)

"grate on their scranell pipes of wretched straw."

MILTON.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

"Waiting for the spark from Heaven to fall."

ARNOLD.

THE CHEM. LAB.

"I counted five and seventy stenchs
All well defined, and several stinks."

COLERIDGE.

THE STAFF.—(who turned out to grace Mayor's Sunday).

"A sight to dream of, not to tell."

COLERIDGE.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE W.J.E.C.

"When sorrows come, they come not
Single spies
But in battalions.

HAMLET.

THE COMPILER OF THESE QUOTES.

"My wit is shorte ye may well understande."

C. J. PICTON, LVI A.



SCHOOL PREFECTS 1956.

Back Row (left to right) : H. DAVIES, P. FRANCIS, R. MORT, F. BOAT, J. JONES, L. LEWIS, G. MORGAN, R. BEVAN, G. RUMBLE, D. LILLEY.

Front Row (left to right) : G. ORRIN, D. DICKINSON, E. DAY (Head Prefect), MR. H. GRIFFITHS (Deputy Head Master), MR. G. POWELL (Head Master), B. DAVIES (Deputy Head Prefect), G. ROSSER, J. BENNETT.

SO THIS IS WALES.

Some time ago, before I came to this country I read an English satirical novel and came across some unkind remarks on the character and civilization of the Welsh nation (I would rather not give you the author's name, for he is still alive. And I would not like to change that.) Shortly afterwards I had a letter, the essence of which was : all Welshmen are living in pits. Then I was offered the post of German Assistant in Swansea. Can you imagine my frame of mind ?

But then every child in Germany knows that you in Wales are fond of singing, and many of us have heard about the hospitality and good-nature of the Welsh. So I packed up and was off, nourishing a trembling hope in my breast.

The train approached London. I did not see much of my fellow travellers in the compartment. They were hidden behind newspapers ! And no word was spoken. " We in the North of Germany have the reputation of being taciturn, I thought." But so much of silence ?

This is going to be oppressive ! (I will tell you about us North Germans later on.)

The train left London for Wales. I recalled everything I had heard about this country. If it was difficult to enter into a conversation with Englishmen, must it not be impossible to do so with the cavemen of Britain, the Welsh ? I met the first of them, and—lo and behold—they went upright on their two legs, and there was nothing unusual about their appearance. Soon they began to speak to me. I felt immensely relieved. If the Welsh have command of a language and, what is more, speak it intelligibly, their minds must be developed to a certain degree of subtlety and there must be some sort of civilization in their country. And right I was ! Coming into Wales I saw houses, real houses, with a roof, a door, and windows, and everything appeared so normal.

Quite seriously now, in Swansea itself I felt at home after a few days, and I soon began to like the people. I shall return home " with one laughing and one weeping eye," as we say in my country. Returning to Germany means for me to meet old friends, but at the same time to part from others whose memory will be dear to me.

I immediately took a fancy to the Gower coast, which, I think, is fascinating and not easily beaten. The proof : it is attractive even after a fine week-end, that is to say, not even tons of litter can destroy Gower's charm completely. Your tendency to mistake litter for decoration seems to be one of your national shortcomings.

Another severe judgement must be passed. The way most of the British make Coffee ! I am very cross with you. Coffee, my friends, can be such a delightful drink. But honour, to whom honour is due : your tea is superior to what we Continentals dare to call tea.

Your addiction to cricket is your third and most serious national vice. I can understand your love of tea, I laugh at the jokes in "Punch" (a proof that I have grasped part of the British soul), but I fail to understand how such a fine nation could become addicted to cricket. Now, don't tear me into pieces ! I will give you another compensation : you will be able to watch me playing in the next cricket match "Staff versus Boys." Fill your lungs with air, friends ! You will have ample opportunity to laugh at me. I promise, it will be a treat for you.

During my stay I have learned that the British nation have a very fine sense of humour. They thoroughly enjoy laughing at others and, in particular, at themselves and their Britishness, an indication of personal and national strength. Only the strong will admit and smile at their weaknesses. But then the British are self-confident enough to believe that their weaknesses are basically immaterial and that the British way of life is unmatched in the world. Thus your outlook sometimes becomes somewhat "insular." If a fog or thunderstorm were to make navigation impossible, Britain would not be cut off from Europe, but Europe from Britain, am I right? I hope you will not be offended with me for saying that, especially when I assure you that, on the whole, I have the greatest respect for your country.

In the beginning of my epistle I mentioned that we North Germans are a quiet lot, and I promised to illustrate and prove it. Now judge for yourselves : As a boy I was invited by one Herr Runelib for a trip into the Alps. We were admiring an unspeakably beautiful scene with towering ranges of mountains in the background. Herr. R. asked me what I thought of it. "Not bad," was my answer. Later, when asked how he liked me, Herr R. is said to have answered : I am not very fond of him, he is getting so excited."

To conclude let me tell you that I have had a wonderful year in Swansea, rich with memories that will last. I enjoyed being among you and teaching some of you. However much the rafters of your school creak, I was happy in it, because there is a happy atmosphere in it, a pleasant harmony between you, your teachers and your headmaster. Forget what I said about cricket, if you can, and allow me to wish you all the best.

Yours sincerely,

UWE WALLER.

FI A'R CI.

Caf bwl bach weithiau i roi tro am lan y mor tua diwedd Hydref neu ddechrau Gaeaf a chael y traeth i mi fy hun. A rhyfedd mor wahanol yw'r olwg arno y pryd hwnnw. Y peth sy'n taro dyn ar unwaith yw'r olwg lân sydd arno. Mae fel petai'r Bod mawr wedi cael Diwrnod Golchi—y glannau i gyd wedi'u sgwrio nes bod eu golwg yn debyg i wyneb bord y gegin gefn, neu'r gegin bac, os mynnwch.

Mae'r tymor a'i wynt oer wedi dreifo pawb a phopeth oddiyno. 'Does dim ar ôl o'r ffair bellach. Mae'r stondinau wedi'u plygu a'i rhoi o'r neilltu fel pebyll Arabiaid yr anialwch a'u perchnogion, fel hwythau, wedi diflannu'n ddistaw fel niwl o afael y glannau, dros dro.

Y tro bum yno ddiwethaf gwelwn yn y pellter hen gi mawr di yn carlamu'n wyllt tuag ataf. Pan ddaeth yn nes gwelwn mai'r unig beth y gallai ymfrostio ynddo, o ran pryd a gwedd, oedd y got o flew trwchus a oedd yn dynn amdano—cot, gyda llaw, y buasai'n dda gan lawer un sythlyd yn y dref ei chael. Saethodd yr hen walch yn syth ataf a'm cyfarch fel petawn yn hen gydnabod. 'Roedd e'n falch o gwmni. Gallwn feddwl mai ci heb wreiddiau oedd e—fel llawer person yn y dref. Ci heb gwb ac heb gâr. A chan mai oes talfyrru a dosbarthu popeth yw hon dodwn ef yn deidi yn ei ddosbarth sbesial, sef y 'Displaced Dogs' neu'n hytrach y D.D's.

'Wn i ddim pun ai Cymro neu Sais oedd e'. 'Dyw iaiht ddim yn broblem i hwn a'i dylwyth. Dyw hi'n poeni dim arno—gwyn ei fyd. Gall y pewcyn penna o Pakistan neu bererin blin o Bentremalwod ddeall hwn yn hawdd. Dim ond ni'n dau oedd ar y traeth.—Fi a Fe. Ceisiais ganddo fynd i mewn i'r dwr droeon a'i demtio trwy daflu darn o bren iddo. Na—'roedd e'n rhy gall. Gwyddai'n dda nad yr un yw'r dwr nawr ag yr oedd ddyddiau'n ôl. Rhedai fel hurty'n i ymyl y dwr bob tro y taffwn bren iddo a symudai ei gorff afrosgo fel tractor ar wyneb tir carregog. Cymerai ras ar ol y pren hyd at ymyl y teid a sefyll yn stond o fewn troedfedd i'r dwr. Dim ond rhyw fygwth mynd i mewn, dyna'i gyd. Gwneud, yn ei ffordd brofoclyd, ryw ffwl ohonof a chael y sbri rhyfeddaf wrth fy nhwyllo bob cynnig. Gwyddai ef na fyddai dim yn debyg o'm temtio innau i ruthro i mewn. Roedd e'n gi call.

Dechreuais ffino a gallwn feddwl o weld ei dafod hir, llipa yn hongian a chlywed swm ei anadlu trwm ei fod yntau yn ddigon parod i roi'r gorau iddi.

Ysbaid o lonydd—a mi edrychais o amgylch y bae a gweld mwy o longau nag o bobl yn loetran ar y slip. A'i gwylan unig heibio ar ei hynt ddiymdrech . . . dechreuais feddwl . . . pun sy orau gennyf, ai'r traeth ar hwyr ddechreu Gaeaf neu ar hwyrdydd Haf gyda'i holl baraffernalia. Cyfrinach yw hon. Fi a'r ci hwnniw sydd a'r gyfrinach—a neb arall.

D. JAMES, L VI Sc.

IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS.

Paris provides an exciting holiday, especially in the fine spring weather which we were fortunate in having during our stay. The people of Paris are as cosmopolitan as one would expect, with a profusion of artists with their long hair and beards. Most of the people are well dressed but some of their fashions were sore on the eyes. The traffic in Paris has to be seen to be believed. It moves much faster than the traffic in this country and this results in quick acceleration and heavy braking. As far as pedestrians are concerned the motorist has no knowledge of the highway code. Lorries in Paris are conspicuous by their absence as are British cars. The noise is not as great as one would expect because motorists are not allowed to sound their horns in the city centre.

The buildings are quite tall with a monotonous regularity. Taking the one where we stayed as a typical example, which is what it seemed, inside they are quite dark while the plumbing and sanitary arrangements are rather weak, there appearing to be a dislike of hot water.

Our first contact with the Continental Sunday made a big impression. The morning is very similar to our own, but in the afternoon and evening everyone seems to make an effort to go out. The cafes and terraces are full and there are large queues for the cinemas. In fact, it can be compared to a Saturday in this country.

Luxury goods in France are luxury goods because of their prohibitive price—fancy pastries cost as much as a shilling each. Clothes on the whole also seemed dear.

Travelling in the underground, or Metro, was quite interesting, as the Parisians could be studied. On the whole they appeared to be a pleasure loving people who live at a fantastic pace. While on the subject of travel, the French railways are very, very punctual.

What made a big impression, however, was the cleanliness of the streets,—scarcely any litter to be seen anywhere. This is not because of a large number of litter receptacles—on the contrary, there are very few. The French people do not throw down their litter in the streets,—which are often very wide and can take up to eight lanes of traffic. Perhaps, that is a virtue to be learnt from them.

PAUL SIDEY, LVI Sc.
LESLIE NEWMAN LVI Sc

STRATFORD PILGRIMAGE 1956.

Some thirty-five boys left Swansea on an educational journey to Stratford, leaving Swansea by coach, at the early hour of 7.15 a.m., on Thursday, 10th, May, arriving at Brecon at the appointed time of 9 o'clock, where we stopped to have some light refreshments which we had brought with us.

The journey from Brecon to Stratford, via Worcester, passed quickly though uneventfully, to the accompaniment of the voices of boys, sitting in the back seats, who gave their rather unappreciative co-passengers melodious renderings of such tunes as "Rock around the Clock," and "Sospan Fach."

We stopped for lunch at Worcester where the manager added a pleasing touch by saying grace before the meal began.

We then visited Worcester Cathedral, its tower dominating the town and surrounding countryside. While we were in the Cathedral, we had the pleasure of hearing the organ.

On our arrival at Stratford, we visited the famous Memorial Theatre, to see the Gallery and Museum, part of which had had been partially destroyed by fire in 1928. From the theatre we went to the Holy Trinity Church to see Shakespeare's tomb, and the old Parish register in which are records of Shakespeare's baptism and death.

At 5.45 p.m. we arrived at Hemingsford House, a Youth Hostel, where we were going to spend the two nights. Having signed the book, and made up our beds we went back to the Memorial Theatre to see Shakespeare's play, "Hamlet," which we all enjoyed very much.

The following morning, the majority of boys awoke between the hours of six and seven o'clock, but several boys, whose motto was "late to bed, and early to rise," awoke at the unearthly hour of 4.30 a.m., and were later visited by the Warden—but not with a cup of tea!

After breakfast, the boys seemed to do their domestic duties much better than the girls, (yes, there was a Girls' School there, too,—'nuff said!) and the masters-in-charge supervised us, eagle-eyed, while we were doing our duties. (We still do not know whether they were afraid of what the Warden would have said to us, or to them, if we had not carried out our duties efficiently).

Our duties finished, we all found entertainment, while waiting for the coach to arrive, and noticed that the two masters were quite at home with the cows in the adjoining field!

At 10.30 a.m., we went, by coach to visit Charlccote Park and Mansion, where we saw some lovely period furniture, and many fine paintings.

We had lunch at Charlccote Hall and met Dr. Lucy, a direct descendant of the Lucy family who owned Charlccote Mansion in Shakespeare's time.

In the afternoon, we visited Anne Hathaways' cottage, the house of Shakespeare's wife, and Mary Arden's Cottage, the home of Shakespeare's mother. Later we saw Shakespeare's birthplace, and the New Place Museum, all of which proved to be interesting.

Our itinerary over for the afternoon, we all went into the town to buy souvenirs, ranging from Stratford rock to busts of Shakespeare.

At 7.30 p.m., after having supper at Hemingsford House, we went to see "The Merchant of Vencie." This play appealed to all of us, especially as the part of Shylock was played by Emlyn Williams, though some boys queried his interpretation of the character of Shylock.

Next morning, we all stayed in bed until seven o'clock, remembering what had happened the morning before. By eleven o'clock, we had reached Blenheim Palace, the home of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough (who were in residence). We felt somewhat important to know that special arrangements had been made for us to visit the palace, as we were not there on the normal visiting days. We saw many interesting things such as the birth-room of Sir. Winston Churchill.

At one o'clock, we arrived at Oxford although three or four boys had tried to persuade our driver to drive through Oxford to Essex, in order to visit, for some reason, a co-educational school in Chelmsford, but in vain.

Our visits to St. John's and Christ Church Colleges proved to be interesting, especially the fine portraits which were hanging on the walls in Christ Church Hall. We were conducted by Mr. Ken. James, B.A., an "old boy" of Dynevor, who proved to be very informative and instructive.

We left Oxford in the late afternoon and made our way, through lonely countryside, to Ross-on-Wye, where we had a meal.

The journey from Ross-on-Wye to Swansea was most revealing, as many hitherto unknown operatic voices were discovered.

Swansea was reached, safely at 10.30 p.m., with most of us very tired, and very much contented.

This trip will live long in our memories and we are very grateful to Mr. Cox, and Mr. Morris for the arrangements made to make it so successful and enjoyable.

JOHN MORRIS, 4 D

A NARROW ESCAPE.

It was Tuesday and as I sat quietly in the front seat of the 'bus carrying me swiftly to school, I was unconscious of all the noises which surrounded me. In the school yard I found myself playing my usual game of football, but with not quite the usual fervour. As I entered the school cloakroom I was acutely aware that the appointed time was drawing near. The first lesson was French, the second, Latin. The thought that I would not have to recite "Ceasar" that morning gave me a few minutes enjoyment.

I glanced at my watch. The time was a quarter past ten. I approached the master and showed him the card in my hand. With the usual sarcasm of a school-master, he told me not to forget to come back.

It was Tuesday. I looked again at the card in my hand and read again the two words "Defect-teeth." I could run away to sea, or possibly shoot myself. It was too nice a day to have teeth out. I walked up the street, glancing at the brass plaques as I went. "Lawyer, Optician, Insurance Agent," they read. Then, at last, I arrived at my destination. On a dusty, brass plaque, hanging loose from the wall, was the word "Dentist."

I had never been there before. A maze of corridors branched off from the main door. From a notice on the wall I gathered that the dentist's room was on the upper floor. I looked up at the long flight of stairs, just convenient for a patient, not fully recovered from the effects of gas, to fall down. I stumbled up the stairs and pushed open the door at the top.

I was conscious of a half-dozen or more eyes turned upon me. They reminded me of half-paralysed men I had lately seen in a television horror play. I looked around wildly for a seat, and not finding one, stood awkwardly by the door, trying to appear interested in the various posters advertising the beneficial qualities of milk. Everyone there was reading, and one man was having great difficulty in reading his book, which was, incidentally, upside down.

Suddenly a scream echoed from the region of the dentist's room, and for the next few minutes I amused myself listening to my heart throbbing. The other occupants of the room were deathly white. Gradually the room grew emptier as the patients left.

At length, my turn came. I entered just as two assistant nurses were carrying the previous patient, who was holding a blood soaked handkerchief to his mouth, out through a side door. This sight did not exactly increase my morale,

I was acutely aware of the sickening smell of gas. The polished instruments lay neatly arranged on a small table. An out-sized nursed stood in front of the door. "Guarding it, perhaps," I thought.

The dentist was a small man, with a ginger moustache and steel rimmed spectacles. "A school-boy, eh?" he said "Parlez-vous francais?" and while I was waiting for the question to penetrate my brain, pushed me into the chair and raised it to the required height. I thought I saw a suspicious glint in his eyes. I had once read a newspaper article about a mad dentist who had gassed his victims with Carbon Monoxide. I tried desperately to recollect the physical properties of that gas. He took off my watch, but only in case I "jumped around a bit," he told me. The chair was hard, very hard. Probably American gangsters in the Electric Chair felt as I did then.

I opened my mouth wide. The dentist picked up a long steel rod with a moveable mirror at the end. I was fascinated. I could hear my watch ticking at the other end of the room, and mentally counted the seconds. The dentist advanced slowly towards me. All I could see now was the steel rod, with the mirror facing me, slowly moving towards me. "Ha, Ha," I chuckled to myself, "he'll never get that thing into my mouth, it's much too big!" I snarled at the face in the mirror. "You were a fool to come here in the first place," I whispered at it viciously. Suddenly the instrument vanished then I realised that it was in my mouth. I saw the dentist's eye out of the bottom of my own. I was sure that if I closed my mouth I would bite his nose off.

Suddenly he straightened up. "There's been a mistake," he muttered peevishly. "There is nothing wrong with this lad's teeth."

R. BEVAN VD.

THREE COUNTRIES TOUR.

Late one evening last Easter, when most of the sensible people in Swansea were contemplating retiring for the night a party of thirty-two Dy'vorians assembled at High Street Station, on the first part of a three-Countries tour. Although we were provided with sleeping berths on the night mail to Paddington, no one slept a wink and so there was no need to awaken us on our arrival in London at 6.00 a.m.

We caught the Tube across London, passing Edgeware Road famed for Teddy Boys, Baker Street famous for its detectives, and Farringdon—the home of the Daily Worker

where cries of " Good Old Joe " etc. echoed through the tube. At Liverpool Street we entrained for Harwich and thence by boat to the Hook of Holland, where we had our first meal on Dutch soil.

The next day we set off for our touring centre, a small town called Valkenburg in the South of Holland. We travelled all day, passing through Brussels and parts of Belgium in order to reach our destination. We had late dinner on arrival and all retired to bed—except for those people who seemed able to do without sleep and kept the Masters up looking for them.



THE FERRY OPPOSITE KÖNIGSWINTER.

During the following five days we visited Luxemburg, Germany and Belgium, each tour being very enjoyable. On our trip to Belgium we saw the Water Works at Gillepe and the health resort of Spa. We also visited the caves at Remouchamps, which were most enjoyable, especially for the geologists amongst our number, who succeeded in breaking off small stalactites to add to their collections, much to the annoyance and consternation of the Guide.

The tour of Luxemburg was the most enjoyed of all for we passed through countryside with snow-covered trees, and castles perched high on hill tops, all having a Walt Disney air. The inhabitants must have been asleep in this Disney-Van Winkle land, since we only passed a dozen people on our journey. Our driver succeeded in losing his way and when we stopped to consult a map, the Masters were well beaten

in a snowball fight. One afternoon we were taken to the man-made caves near Valkenburg, and here again the Geologists came to the forefront, with their questions on the nature and formation of the rocks in the caves. The guide was left prostrate after being almost blinded by science, and glad to see us go.

On our return to the hotel, that evening, we held a dance, our guests being girls from Surrey and Cheshire Girls' Schools: needless to say this proved to be a most enjoyable evening.

To the annoyance of the party, we had to be up very early for our visit to Germany, since the distance to be covered was considerable. We set off and soon found ourselves on our first autobahn—needless to say we had our hold ups—the losing of two identity cards and the singing on the borders of Germany. The frontier guards allowed us in to the singing of "We'll hang our washing on the Siegfried Line" and "There'll always be an England." Later in the day we passed through Bonn and Cologne, stopping in each place to buy souvenirs. Some zealous boys found some very good granite cubes and we were sorry to relate that there is one new road with half a dozen blocks missing. We tried out our German, much to the horror most probably of the Germans, one of our party being taken for a Finn.

We returned without further incidents to Valkenburg where we were told again that we had to rise early, as we were returning the next day to the Hook. On our journey we passed though a Paratroop Cemetery at Arnhem, and stopped in Amsterdam, where we were taken round the canals by boat accompanied by some gum-chewing Americans, who took photographs by the dozen.

Arrived at the Hook, we spent the night on the boat and then returned to Harwich and London, where we had two hours to wait for our train to Swansea. This we spent in a News Cinema, where, needless to say, everyone fell asleep, much to the amusement of the usherettes. We arrived at Swansea at 7.40 a.m., tired but glad of the experiences that had been ours in the past ten days.

I would like on behalf of the party to thank Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, and Mr. Evans, very much for the work they put in to make this one of the best holidays of our lives.

DAVID WINFIELD.

MONDAY MORNINGS.

"Then the whining school-boy with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school." How well Shakespeare describes the scene on Monday Mornings, for it seems a most unearthly time to begin school. In my opinion, school should start a little later in the week, about Friday afternoon.

Rising on Monday morning is very similar to any other day, but a little more difficult. I rise at eight o'clock, half stumble, half fall down the stairs, while the radio tries to impress on me the news of the latest Atomic tests in the Nevada desert. In fact, nobody wants to hear of these malignant manifestations on any day, least of all on Monday mornings. Through many years of this consistent behaviour I have adopted a rigid time-table, by which, I wash to the voice of the news announcer, and eat my breakfast while someone tries to instruct me on what programmes to listen to that evening. While combing my hair and cleaning my shoes, either the B.B.C. Welsh Orchestra beats out a tattoo on my eardrums, or the Radio Doctor instructs me on how to cure chilblains.

At last, I escape from these daily exhortations, and proceed to the bus stop. If I arrive at the bus stop a little late, I miss the bus, but if I arrive there early, it is usually raining and the bus shelter is full. At last I manage to board a bus, and if I should dare to ask for a half fare, the conductor ironically asks me when I am going to the Army; but if I ask for a full fare, he looks at my school clothes and asks me where I am working!

On arrival at school, I see my fellow members standing around, glassy-eyed with Sunday's extended "hang-over," after the merriments of Saturday night. We are then herded into the school, where the fervent "cribbing" of maths will soon be in progress. On the arrival of the Form-Master, boys fly to their places where the problems must be continued single handed.

We have Geography first, and soon we are engulfed in the continent of Africa, metaphorically not literally, I am afraid. On this Monday morning, we think of the Africans basking in the tropical sun, while the rain or fog, or snow lies outside our school. Latin follows, and soon we are following the exploits of Ceasar during his term of office in Gaul, where "Gercingreatorix, having been summoned to a having been set up council at Bellaunodunum, during which ten thousand of Roman Legions are attacking, by force of arms and with arrows and spears, the having been surrounded fortification."

Sometimes, I am deep in thought, when a voice from afar calls : " Walters, continue . . . "

After break, we rush over to the " Atomic Wing " where " double chem. " will soon be in progress. We live in fear of certain members of the Form, who delight in causing violent explosions, and boast that they have never had an experiment to work yet. These events greatly incur the wrath of the Chemistry master who rampages around the laboratory on occasions (believe it or not) waving a hammer !

At last, Monday morning is over and we all rush away to dinner. Monday morning is an ordeal, but once it is over I can survive the rest of the week—with the thought that Friday afternoon is still to come.

A. D. WALTERS, VD.

HANG THE SUSPENSE !

It was a hot summer day in mid-August. The sun beat down and warmed the feathered backs of the thousands of sea birds which were sunning themselves on the clifftop. The breakers rolled in one after the other across the golden sands, and the sea sparkled in an incandescent blue, reflecting the cloudless sky.

To this tranquil scene came a rude awakening. The gulls rose in the air, squawking their warning, as a young man slowly climbed the cliff path. With a final burst of energy, he reached the top, and threw himself, and his knapsack down upon the grass. His camera, binoculars, and notebook, showed him to be a young, keen, but amateur ornithologist. Having regained his breath, he stood up, gathered his belongings, and strolled slowly along the clifftop, looking for likely subjects for his camera, in the shape of sea birds.

The cries of the gulls came to his ears, and reverberated against the cliffs. This lonely spot on the Cornish Coast was ideal for the photography of sea birds in their natural elements. The young man began to busy himself, taking photographs of some groups of sea birds which were sunning themselves on the rocks around him. Then, he turned his attention to his binoculars, and watched the acrobatics of the gulls, wheeling above him.

He advanced to the cliff edge, and lay full length, so that he was able to look down at the birds perched lower down, on the narrow ledges and at the sand, two hundred feet below.

With his binoculars, he swept the ledges below him, which were crowded with sea birds of numerous kinds. Suddenly, he focussed his binoculars on a solitary bird, squatting on a ledge some fifty feet below him.

He studied it carefully, and then turning to his knapsack he took out an illustrated bird reference book. After finding the correct page, he began to study first the bird, and then the picture. There could be no doubt—it was a bird which famous ornithologists had thought to be extinct for some years. He scrambled to his feet, but in doing so, he forgot how close he was to the edge of the cliff . . . He slipped, and fell over the edge.

The gulls rose from the cliffs in screaming hordes, as the young man hurtled down, seemingly to his doom. His flailing hands caught hold of a bush growing from the face of the rock, and he managed to hold on. Collecting his scattered wits, he forced himself not to look downwards, and concentrated on clinging to that bush with all his might.

He studied the rock around him, but it offered no signs of any hand or footholds. His arms now began to feel like lead, and there was a buzzing in his head. He realised that to shout for help in such a desolate spot, was futile.

Ten minutes passed, and there he hung like grim death, every moment seeming like an hour. At last, with his senses reeling, he was unable to hold on any longer. So, utterly exhausted, and almost unconscious, he let go . . . to fall the remaining six feet, and lie gasping but unhurt on the golden sands below.

S. N. WINKS, VD

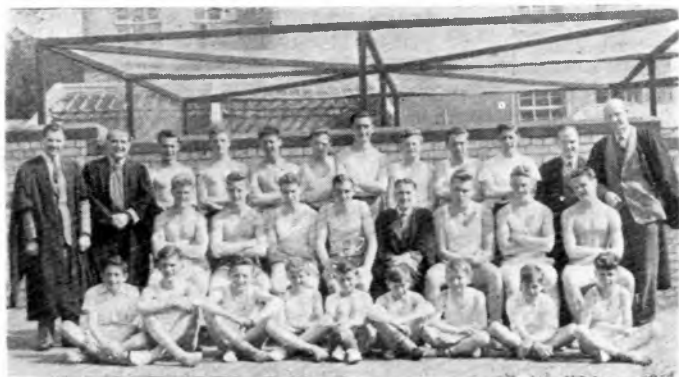
DYNEVOR ANNUAL SCHOOL SPORTS, 1956.

The Annual School Sports were this year held at a much earlier date than usual, and this fact, together with a gloriously sunny day, ensured the maximum number of competitors and a fair proportion of spectators.

For the second successive year Llewellyn won the Secombe cup mainly because of their enthusiasm and superior team work. Moreover their victory margin was far greater than last year and was increased from 2 to 44 points over Dillwyn who finished second, Roberts came third and once again Grove languished last.

For Llewellyn, Charles performed commendably to win three events and finish second in the senior high jump, while Dillwyn, apart from winning the House relay, were well served by Locke—Edmunds who won two events and gained second place in one.

Grove and Roberts however, achieved little of distinction and will have to discard their apathy in future years if they are to emulate the recent success of Llewellyn House.



LLEWELLYN HOUSE, ATHLETICS CHAMPIONS 1956.

Once again a notable feature of the meeting was the smooth way in which it was run and for this all thanks are due to the masters who, in acting as officials, exhausted themselves in the course of their duty holding finishing tapes, firing starting guns or announcing results. Apart from these arduous tasks however, many of them roamed the turf, programme in hand, ready to answer the queries of competitors as to the course of events. As a result of the combined efforts of masters and boys the competition was a success and should continue to be so in the future, particularly if competition remains keen. Every house should enter the sports with a view to winning and this should secure the greatest effort and best results.

R. W. BEVAN, U VI ARTS.

RUGBY 1st XV.

P.	W.	D.	L.
18	12	3	3

These figures represent the team's most successful season at least since the war. This success was due almost entirely to the very fine team spirit which prevailed throughout the season, which had two distinct periods—before Christmas and after Christmas.

The team was at its strongest before Christmas, but during the holidays the departures of Bryan George and Keith Davies threw the backs out of rhythm for some time. In addition Bennett, Lilley, Boat and Rosser all missed matches through injury. But in spite of these simultaneous misfortunes, the team continued to give a good account of itself.

Other factors contributing to the fine performances were the speed and mobility of the pack and the decisive tackling of all the backs. K. Davies and George were giants in defence, whilst Roley Edwards was the chief inspiration in attack. Lilley knitted the three-quarters together and on occasions the line moved cleanly and smoothly. It is fair to say that the forwards were the team's strength, particularly as an attacking weapon. Every member could do himself justice in a sprint and the pack played as a unit, this being the key to success. Although nearly always out-weighted their concerted shove gave the hooker a fair chance and that was all he needed. To mention names would be an envious task, but Bennett proved himself an inspiring leader. The unstoppable foot-rushes and swift following-up led to many scores.

The first two games, against Ystalyfera and Pontardawe, were drawn but then at Garw the team began to click. In this game Charles distinguished himself with an 80-yard burst and a 10 - 0 victory was recorded.

Maesteg provided us with our first defeat by 3 - 0, but this result was not wholly deserved. However in the return fixture at Maesteg the School showed its fighting qualities in adversity. Soon 11 points down, we fought back to 11 - 8 by half-time and eventually won 18 - 11. Charles sprinted 60 yards to score under the posts and Edwards defied the Maesteg pack with amazing defensive work.

We scored a double victory over Llandilo, 9 - 5 at home and 5 - 0 away. In the away game we attacked for most of the time, but were unable to score. Then Michael Evans attempted a drop at goal, but the ball scarcely left the ground. Huw Vaughan chased it and fell on it near the posts to give us victory.

Another double was scored over a rather weak Bridgend Technical team by 9 - 0 and 22 - 0. The backs came into full play in the second game. But against Bridgend Grammar a sadly depleted School XV were beaten 9 - 3.

Carmarthen and Gwendraeth were both beaten, by 10 - 3 and 6 - 0 respectively. Against Gwendraeth George dropped a fine goal, but the highlight was Bennett's one and only try after many, many seasons.

The two struggles against Bishop Gore were both very close affairs. George put over another drop-goal to give us a well-deserved 3-0 win in the first encounter, and we also enjoyed a monopoly of the play in the second. However Bishop Gore kicked two excellent penalties, but before the end Edwards scored the only try of the two games to make the final score 6-3.

A couple of thrilling away wins were those at Port Talbot, against Dyffryn, and at Ystalyfera. We won the former by a penalty goal to nil, defying strong opposition with brave and resolute tackling, M. Evans having gone off through injury at half-time. Ystalyfera were leading by 2 tries at the interval and seemed to have us well beaten, but once again



RUGBY 1st XV 1955-56.

Back Row (left to right) : R. EVANS, H. VAUGHAN, J. RICHARDSON, L. JOHN, P. VAUGHAN, B. REEVE, D. CHARLES.

Centre Row : G. ROSSER, F. BOAT, MR. GREGORY, J. BENNETT (capt.), MR. G. POWELL, D. LILLEY, M. EVANS, E. DAY.

Front Row : D. DICKINSON, R. EDWARDS, E. DAVIES, B. GEORGE.

Edwards came up with a brilliant try in the corner. A memorable conversion gave us a fighting chance and minutes before time George dropped yet another of his magnificent goals.

Ystradgynlais held us to a 3-3 draw, but the season ended on a triumphant note with the humbling of the Old Boys at St. Helen's. Edwards got his customary try, squirming his way through his heftier adversaries from 15 yards.

At last Mr. Gregory has reaped the reward of years of patience and devotion and the team sincerely appreciates his work. But even though the playing record may be soon forgotten, the many hours of sheer enjoyment will live in the boys' hearts for ever. E.D.

RUGBY "WHO'S WHO?"

E. DAVIES, (full-back). Not a spectacular touch-finder, but safe. A fine tackler. Moved up to outside-half when George left, and filled the berth admirably with some clever, elusive running. Useful addition to the "choir."

J. JONES, (full-back). Took over the full-back position after Christmas and never let the side down. Sound kicker with both feet and a good tackler.

D. CHARLES, (wing). The team's "flier." Had few chances to show his sprinting ability, but proved himself a dangerous attacker. Rather shaky in tackling at first, but gained confidence as the season wore on.

LILLEY, (centre). A good vice-captain, exerting a steadying influence on the young backs. Failed to kick a drop-goal, but almost landed one at Maesteg with a 50-yard effort. Spends the summer at a less labgirlorious pastime.

K. DAVIES, (centre). Unfortunately left at Christmas. Not a great attacking asset, but his devastating crash-tackling set an example to the rest of the team.

M. EVANS, (centre). Made infrequent appearances through illness and injury, but once or twice showed glimpses of his known running power.

G. ROSSER, (Wing). His motto: "Ils ne passeront pas." Gwyn never stopped trying and halted the progress of many opponents rather violently. Played best when Morfydd was playing on the hockey pitch.

B. GEORGE, (outside-half). The complete footballer. Superb kicker and able to take the ball at any height and angle. His tackling was perfect, his covering faultless. Played a large part in the team's success, but left at Christmas. Attributed his footwork to a weekly "creep" on a Saturday night.

R. EDWARDS, (inside-half). Ideal partner for George. Excellent ball sense. His sorties from the base of the scrum were a feature of the season's play. Chief try-scorer and saviour of the team in many a crisis. Helped his pack tremendously. Makes up for lack of inches by bushy eyebrows.

J. BENNETT. (prop). A very good captain, always in the lead. Expert at kicking the ball straight back into touch from a line-out. Some of his foot-rushes were worthy of Stanley Matthews. Kept fit for the loose mawls by wrestling with Boat in the gym. Still worries too much about his homework.

H. VAUGHAN. (hooker). Now a very accomplished and experienced hooker. Saw to it that Edwards had more than his fair share of the ball, although the pack was often outweighed. Also an expert dribbler of the ball.

D. BOYD. (prop). A tough customer who specialises in suede shoes, yellow socks and vodka. Yet another forward to use his feet to advantage, and a solid worker in the line-out. The rest of the team felt confident with Dai in the front.

F. BOAT. (2nd row). Survivor of many vicious battles, he fell awkwardly just before Christmas and hurt his knee badly. Made a successful come-back after 2 months. Very proud of his injury, later sported a salmon-pink elastic knee support. In the line out does not understand the words "Give it back,"

P. VAUGHAN. (2nd row). Heaviest member of a rather light pack. Peter took the step from junior rugby very confidently. Quiet and unassuming, but very fit and fast. Opponents did not relish stopping him.

L. JOHN, (2nd row). Took over when Boat was injured. Raw at first, but learned quickly. Especially useful in the line-out. Strong forward.

B. REEVE, (wing-forward). Quick off the mark, sometimes too eager. But often gave the opposing half-back a tough time. Still young and should be a real asset in the future.

I. RICHARDSON. (lock.) Did extremely well in the line-out throughout the season. Scored some fine opportunist tries and should be stronger next year. Proud of his rather weird tonsorial operation.

E. DAY. (wing-forward) A vastly improved player considering that he only took up rugby 2 years ago. This season was renowned for his opportunism and excellent kicking. His fiery tackling despite his small stature made him feared by fly-halves, especially the Bishop Gore one. Leading scorer with fifty points.

MIDDLE AND JUNIOR RUGBY.

The A team captained by M. Twomey (4B) had a fairly successful season winning three games, drawing one and losing four. M. Twomey, C. Richards, (4B) and J. Thomas, (3C) played for the Swansea Schoolboys team.

The B team did not do well, winning two games. It is felt that boys do not show sufficient enthusiasm in that they do not turn out regularly for the team. Better support next season would undoubtedly produce better results.

The C team led by R. Beynon (3D) acquitted themselves very well. They lost one game, drew one and won ten in the championship. They won the Intermediate Trophy presented by Harry Gammon Esq., defeating Llansamlet in the final replay after a drawn first game in which entertaining rugby of a very high standard was played. H. Evans (3B) had games for the town team.



JUNIOR "C" TEAM.

The D. team played only one game which they lost against strong opposition.

The standard of play and enthusiasm in the 1st year team promised well for the future of rugby in the school. In a series of friendly matches they lost only two. I. Brown, (1B) ; C. Kimmings, (1D.), J. Sullivan, (1D) ; J. Williams, (1D) ; and B. Willis, (1A) played for a Swansea Schoolboys team against Neath. G. Thomas, (1A) played for the C team in the Intermediate Trophy final.

SOCCER.

Four soccer teams were in action during this season.

THE SENIOR A TEAM played excellent football finishing up as leaders of the South section with the loss of only one game.

In the Final of the Martin Shield Competition the team were rather unlucky to lose to Pentrepoeth by 2 goals to 1 at Ashleigh Road after a very keen tussle.

The forwards were in goal-scoring form in almost every match while the defence settled down very well after a shaky start.

Their record speaks for itself :

P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals		Points
				For	Against	
10	9	1	0	45	15	18

Our prospects seemed quite good in the Senior Cup Competition but unfortunately we lost narrowly 3-2 to Townhill in the First Round. Townhill continued on their winning way and were the eventual winners of the Trophy.

Our congratulations are extended to Sid Greaney and John Griffiths who were regular members of the successful Swansea Schoolboy XI which won the Welsh Shield once more.

Sid Grearey is also to be congratulated on his selection for Wales, being capped against England, in which game he played exceedingly well.

Dai Thomas was chosen to play for the under 14 Swansea XI while Hugh Evans and Leighton Jenkins were reserves. These players should be very prominent next season.

THE SENIOR B. TEAM held their own in most games, apart from the game against Clevedon when they were defeated by six clear goals. They can, however look back on a very fine win against Pentrepoeth and a double victory over Oystermouth.

Their Final record was :

P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals.	
				For	Against
8	3	4	1	23	20

Most of the B team now look forward to becoming Senior A players next season.

THE INTERMEDIATE A TEAM had a successful season in the League competition, only losing two games out of ten.

With a bit of luck they would have won at least one trophy.

Their record was

P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals		Points.
				For	Against	
10	8	2	0	37	11	16

Townhill won the Intermediate Shield, but we defeated them 4-2 in the league competition so that we became really worthy runners-up.

In the Cup competition we reached the Semi-Final, only to run up against Townhill once more. We were beaten 5-1 by Townhill who, as expected, eventually won this Cup.

THE INTERMEDIATE B GAMES which were played were mainly due to the efforts of Messrs. E. Evans and L. Evans.

The games were thoroughly enjoyed by all members of the team.

Among the players were a number of first years who now hope to play for the A Team next season.
Our record was :

P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals	
				For	Against
8	5	3	0	19	13

Thanks are also due to Mr. James, Mr. R. Evans and Mr. Bennett who give so much of their time in all kinds of weather to look after us on Saturday mornings regularly.

This report would not be complete without a word of congratulations to Mr. James who for the last two seasons has acted as a Welsh Selector for the national side, and was in charge of the Welsh Team when Sid Greary played for Wales against England at Bristol.



