



MAGAZINE

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DECEMBER, 1959



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Dynevour Secondary School Magazine

No. 99 (No. 26 New Series)

DECEMBER, 1959

Editors :

J. M. WILLIS, J. PEPPER.

EDITORIAL.

Many words of wisdom, oft times, alas, unheeded, have been uttered by our erudite members of Staff ; many a joke cracked, too subtle for our bedimmed intelligence ; many a run made on the greensward of the grassy slopes of Townhill ; many a goal scored, though often by the other side ; many abut let us call a halt, and say simply that a long time has passed since we published a School Magazine. Actually, twelve months have elapsed since the last issue.

The July edition having had to be cancelled owing to the difficulties in the Printing Industry, our first intention was to publish at mid-term ; on second thoughts, however, we felt it was better to cut our losses and make a fresh start.

Much of the material submitted for the July issue had naturally become dated, and we have regretfully had to scrap it. The present issue is larger than usual and will compensate in part for the one that did not appear. Many reports of last term's activities appear in these pages, and we believe we have done justice to what has been attempted this term.

Though at the time of writing, Christmas is three weeks away, by the time you read these lines it will be most appropriate to wish all our readers, teachers, pupils, Old Boys, friends and critics alike, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Since last we wrote, many changes have taken place in Dynevor, in rooms, equipment and personnel. The new laboratories, including for the first time a biology lab. have been completed and brought into use ; the new woodwork room is in operation ; the metal work room is only waiting for its equipment ; the rooms vacated by the physicists have been converted into a canteen, replete with new paint, new serving hatch, but alas the same old 'victuals' ; and two additional classrooms have been made available.

With the additional accommodation thirty extra boys were admitted in September, constituting a record intake of 150, and the School now has some 800 boys on roll.

The new Art Room and Library are in process of erection on top of the Dynevor Place block, and the framework of the prefabricated School Hall graces the corner where once stood the Tower.

No less than five new members of Staff have joined us, and we would like to take this first opportunity of making them welcome. They are : Dr. John Protheroe, an old boy, who has joined the Chemistry Department ; Mr. Stanley Mugford, for German and French ; Mr. Verley Francis, for Mathematics ; Mr. Degwel Owen, for Welsh, and Mr. D. V. Jones, for Biology.

In addition, Mr. J. D. Bowen has been prevented by illness from taking up his duties in the Physics department. We wish him a speedy recovery and assure him that a warm welcome awaits him.

We extend our greetings to Herr Martin Priesence who is with us for a term as German Assistant, and Mr. Jacques Koenigsberg who is our new French Assistant.

We welcome, too, students of the University College of Swansea who are at present doing their teaching practice with us. They are : Messrs. Benzigar, Davies, Russell, Thomas and John.

At the end of the Summer Term Mrs. Morris, our Canteen Supervisor, left us, and we extend a cordial welcome to Mrs. Baker, who has taken her place.

At the same time, Miss K. Davies, who served us well as School Secretary for many years, took up another appointment and we welcome in her stead Miss Sims, whose happy smile and charming personality have already conquered all hearts (this refers to the boys, of course ; the Staff are far too hardened to be affected by anything less than an earthquake).



PREFECTS, 1959

Back—D. M. Rees, D. A. Powell, P. James, E. J. Davies, G. A. Cross, J. M. Pepper.

Centre—A. A. Rees, H. G. Morgan, B. Hopkins, J. Linnell, D. B. Morgan, D. Mendus, P. J. Morris, L. Davies.

Front—J. Davies, J. M. Willis, S. Davies (School Captain), Mr. M. G. Hughes (Headmaster), Mr. H. Griffiths, R. B. Beynon
(Vice Captain), D. N. Evans, B. Griffiths.

The now Annual Speech Day took place at the Brangwyn Hall on the 21st May when the guest-speaker was Sir David Hughes Parry, former Vice-Chancellor of the University of London. A full report appears in this issue.

Just after School broke up for the Summer Vacation we heard with regret of the sudden passing of Mr. N. Bryn Thomas, our former Headmaster. One of his last public duties was to read the lesson at St. Mary's Church at the Dedication of the Lectern donated by Old Glanmorians in memory of the School at which Mr. Thomas first served as Headmaster. An obituary by Mr. Glan. Powell, his former pupil and colleague appears on another page.

During the Easter Term, Sixth-formers listened to a talk on Japan by Mr. Arthur Lomes, of the Visual Aid Society. He had recently attended the Annual Congress of the World Sunday School Association at Tokio and illustrated his talk with slides made from pictures taken during his visit.

Prof. Glanmor Williams, too, addressed First and Second formers on "Swansea Castle through the Ages." We are pleased to note that Prof. Williams has become a member of the Governing Body of our School, together with Mr. R. Dale, father of one of our pupils.

During April, Fourth and Sixth formers were addressed by four Unesco "fellows" (one was a lady), who had been commissioned to undertake research into education to promote international understanding. They were: Dr. Hill, of Canada; Dr. Askar, of Egypt; Mr. Sinhaam, of Indonesia and Mrs. Laya of the Phillipines. Each gave an account of education in his or her country and answered questions put to them by the boys.

We are pleased to report the participation of the School in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme which is being sponsored by our Sports Master, Mr. Jeff. Hopkins. A report of our progress appears elsewhere in this issue.

Another new activity in the School is the establishment of a branch of "Urdd Gobaith Cymru," a report of activities also appears in this issue.

Last term, our Headmaster paid a visit to the Headquarters of the European Coal and Steel Community in Luxemburg and on his return spoke to the VIth form current affairs group of his visit.

Once again, after eighteen years in ruins, St. Mary's is in use as the Parish Church of Swansea. We extend our congratulations to the Vicar, Canon Harry Williams, on his appointment. Canon Williams is an Old Dynevorian and we wish him well in his new sphere of activities.

On the 31st May, the Sunday after the Reconsecration of the Church, the Headmaster, with members of Staff and Prefects, walked in procession with the new Mayor of Swansea to attend morning service at St. Mary's.

Last year the School again won two open Scholarships, Ronald Austin being successful at Swansea and John Davies at Aberystwyth. In addition, as the result of their success at the Advanced Level, State Scholarships were awarded to John Davies and Christopher Edwards, both of UVI Arts. Congratulations to all three.

We would like, too, to congratulate Mr. Griff David, an Old Dynevorian who has been appointed President of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain. He also has a son in the School.

The cricket nets in the Yard have been reversed, so that now pupils and Staff can enter School without undue risk to life and limb occasioned by flying cricket balls.

We hear that the five Sixth-formers who attended the Semaene Culturelle at Paris last Easter found the close proximity of female students rather disturbing and that their progress in the French language suffered in consequence.

There was a most successful revival of the School Eisteddfod last St. David's Day at which the adjudicators were Mr. Ivor Owen for music, and the Rev. Trebor Lloyd Evans for the Arts. Indeed the occasion proved so enjoyable and profitable that early preparations have already been made for the next.

Readings have been held of Shaw's "Devil's Disciple" with a view to its presentation at the Palace Theatre next March. We wish Messrs. Jones and Owen well in this new venture.

We extend our congratulations to four old boys—Mr. John Protheroe, Mr. Ken Walters, Mr. R. G. Williams, and Mr. Terence Mead—all of whom took their Ph.D. degree during the past year.

Two meetings of S.C.M. have been held this term at Llwyn-y-Bryn. The first heard an address by Miss Alice Rutter on her experiences at a Mission School in Rhodesia, a very interesting talk illustrated by most colourful pictures taken by herself. The second meeting was a Brains Trust at which the question-master was Prof. Knight and members of the panel, Mrs. Abba, the Rev. Hubert Hughes and the Rev. Glyn Richards.

An interesting paragraph from an ancient MS. (Burns' Justice 1810) has come to our notice which makes us revise our opinion of the present Staff. It reads :

"Where a Schoolmaster, in correcting his pupil, happens to occasion his death, if on such correction he is so barbarous as to exceed all bounds of moderation, he is at least guilty of manslaughter, and if he makes use of an instrument improper for correction, and apparently endangering the scholar's life, as an iron bar, a sword, or kick him to the ground and then stamp on his belly and kill him, he is guilty of murder."

Accompanied by Mr. Hughes and Mr. Michael Griffiths a party of 35 boys will be spending a part of their next Easter vacation in Germany. They will be staying at the Hotel Rhenberg, Cablenec. Excursions by motor-bus and steamer are being arranged from this delightful centre on the Rhine. They have our best wishes for a happy and profitable holiday.

Great interest is being shown by the School in Refugee Year. All profits from the sale of Christmas Cards are being devoted to the Appeal and nearly 50 Sixth-formers have volunteered to be flag-sellers on December 12th.

Last July, two Sixth-formers accompanied Mr. R. J. Howells to the island of Steephelm. The visit was a co-operative venture with the Staff and pupils of Dursley Grammar School, Glos., and could become an annual event, if sufficient interest were shown. Here in Swansea, we are most fortunate to be living close to Gower with its wide variety of bird-life, and Senior pupils should note that the Gower Ornithological Society exists to encourage bird-study and protection in the peninsula.

The official opening of the new Science Block will take place on December 14th by his Worship the Mayor, Ald. William George. The address will be by the Acting Principal of Swansea University College, Prof. Llewelyn Jones.

Two missionaries working with the L.M.S. are home on furlough, visited the School recently. Miss Joyce Childs spoke to a group of Fourth-formers on her experiences as a member of the Staff of Hope Fountain Mission School in Southern Rhodesia, and the Rev. Stanley Dewdney told Sixth-formers something of his 25 years work as a missionary in Papua.

An innovation this year will be the holding of our Carol Service in the evening of Thursday, December 17th, to enable more parents to join us. An offering will be taken for Refugees and will form part of the School's effort in this World Refugee Year.

An old boy of the School, Rev. D. Griffith Jones, who is Welsh Secretary of the Mission to Lepers, recently addressed pupils of the School on the work of his organisation, illustrating his work with films.

Three pupils of the School, Lyn Davies, John Thomas and Berwyn Davies, with three girls of Glanmor County Secondary School, took part in an I.T.V. Television Programme recently entitled "Troeon Gyrfa." They put questions to Old Dyvorian D. Myrddin Lloyd on his work as Keeper of the Printed Books Dept., National Library of Scotland.

We acknowledge with gratitude the following gifts to the School and Library :

A painting of Swansea Castle and Gardens by the late Will Evans, father of Mr. Leslie Evans by whom it was kindly donated.

A finely produced volume of Leonardo da Vinci's paintings given by John Davies on leaving School for Aberystwyth University College.

The Junior School Choir under Mr. John Richards were pleased to be invited to sing at the Brangwyn Hall on the occasion of the celebration of United Nations' Day.

This year the School visit to Paris took place at the end of the Summer Term (23rd July - 2nd August) and not, as in previous years, at Easter. Twenty-eight boys made the trip, which was organised by Mr. R. B. Morgan, accompanied by Mr. R. Evans and Mr. M. W. Griffiths. The organiser would like to pay a tribute to all the boys concerned for the splendid way in which they co-operated with him to make the visit so successful and so enjoyable. He would like them in particular (and the School in general) to know that their behaviour in the train to Paris was most favourably commented upon by a member of the London County Council who happened to be travelling at the same time, Mr. Morgan also adds a word of praise for the ladies who accompanied the party ; at times, their behaviour was almost equal to that of the boys ! Finally two new words were added to vocabulary : Coca and Magnesia.

Mr. W. BRYN THOMAS.

With the close of the School Year in July of this year there came also the unexpected close in the earthly life of a very highly esteemed and notable figure in the history of our School.

I am proud to be asked to pay a brief tribute to this dear friend, Mr. Bryn Thomas, former pupil, member of Staff, and finally for 10 years Headmaster of this School.

In him, I shall always treasure the memory of a warm-hearted Christian gentleman revealing an unusual charm of manner, an impressive magnanimity of heart, a patient understanding and a very sincere concern to make everyone feel at home and at ease with a complete avoidance of any clash of opinion or collision of feeling.



His life was consistently distinguished by the very basic virtues exemplified in the Master—in his service to his pupils and his fellowmen, in his sacrifice of time and energy in any good cause—his untiring work as Secretary for the relief of the unemployed in the early 30's will ever be remembered—and in his great love of people.

Outstanding was his love of boys : his School came next in affection to his own home. He came to a happy School ; he enhanced that tradition.

Mr. Thomas was a man of many parts—an excellent craftsman in wood, metal and stone, an eloquent speaker, an accomplished musician and an authority on rose-growing.

At the Funeral Service, which was largely attended and widely representative, there stood on the Communion Table

a bowl of lovely roses brought from his own garden. These to me, symbolised the personality of their grower. Like the roses, he never failed to gladden the eye and refresh the mind. Roses, too, fade and die but there lingers after them a subtle pervading perfume. So too, in the minds of hosts of pupils and friends, there will long remain fragrant memories of the very charming personality of the former well-loved Headmaster of the School.

G.P.

"AND IF YOU WRONG US . . ."

"And it shall go hard with you, but I will better the instruction" (Shakespeare—"Merchant of Venice.")

"No, like I said, mister, nothing ever happens out here."

The speaker was a sun-tanned, wizened old man, who was sitting on an upturned petrol drum, basking in the warm Californian sunshine, sucking a briar pipe as old and wizened as himself. His words were addressed to a smartly-dressed, middle-aged man who was beginning to go grey about the temples. His name was Harry Dwight: his job, F.B.I. agent: his aim, to track down Alonso Cini, one of the most dangerous men ever to set foot in America. (These three pieces of information were rapped out in quick succession, in the time honoured manner).

Cini had apparently escaped from a closely guarded cell in Sing-Sing prison, and eventually reached California. Many attempts had been made to recapture him; six people had been murdered. He was indeed a terrible character.

"You haven't seen *this* man, f'r instance?" Dwight was speaking, showing the old man a photograph of Cini.

"No, sir. This is a lonely road. Few lorries pass up and down. Don't see nobody 'part from those. Reckon a body can't make a decent living out of a gas station these days."

Have you seen this man? Of course you have! He came in three days ago, almost exhausted, with his shirt ripped off his back, his shoes worn off his blistered feet and his arms and legs covered with scratches. He begged for shelter, and you gave it to him. You gave him a meal, some clothes, a bed for the night . . .

"I must warn you that this man is a dangerous killer." Dwight was speaking again. "If you do see him, keep out of his way and try to contact the police. Be careful, he is known to be armed."

Yes, a dangerous killer. But how were you to know that, out here, cut off from the outside world. At first you took to him, began to tell him about your life, how your sons had grown up

got married and left you here alone apart from your invalid wife

"He is also insane. He kills for no apparent reason, on the slightest provocation."

On the slightest provocation! What provocation made him jump up from the table suddenly, rush into the other room—and shoot your wife in cold blood?

"So you see, it is of the utmost importance that we catch this man before he has a chance to kill anyone else."

Kill anyone else? Oh, he will not get a chance to kill anyone else. You saw to that. He was going to kill you—but first he wanted to tell you why he killed your wife (no apparent reason): he tied you to a chair. Back in Italy he had had an invalid step-mother. She used to make him slave for her and the rest of the family. She was always nagging him, always mocking him. How he hated her! So one day he stole an airgun and shot her through the head. That was how it had all started. And now he would have to kill you. But that could wait till morning.

"Well, I'd better be moving on. This man has obviously not been around here. If you hear or see anything unusual, get in touch with the police at once."

You saw something unusual two nights ago. You saw a hunted killer sleeping peacefully on your own bed. You saw yourself standing over him.—what a pity he was unable to tie knots properly. You saw yourself take a knife and plunge it again and again into his heart. There, under the Californian moon, you saw someone digging a grave. Could it have been you? It was a grave without a cross or flowers—just yellow earth stamped hard. Someone digging a grave. All these things you saw, and did not understand.

"Police guard? No thanks, mister. Reckon I'm quite safe. Like I said before, nothing ever happens out here."

J. A. STRONG, L.VIA.

TIGER AND SHARK.

Ruthless tiger, big and strong,
Attacking, harming, all day long,
Frightful, fearsomely he goes,
Gliding through the thick bamboos.

Slithering, sliding, big black fish.
Frightening, harassing other fish.
Silently gliding through the dark,
Stalking, pouncing, swims the shark.

A. JONES, 3.

SUSTIFICATE OF GENERAL HIGGORANCE, 1960.

1. If a blind man, with a ring on the third finger of his left hand, six feet tall, should stand on his head in a valley 2 ft. deep, how far inland can he see given three telescopes, one wooden leg and a tent ?
2. If a hen and half lay $63,264 \frac{2}{37}$ eggs in one day, estimate the weight of three Indian elephants, if $3 \frac{1}{3}$ ostriches weigh 1 ton. (Ans. to be given to 3 sf.)
3. If three Science masters can afford two white and one brown overall per decade, how many ice creams could they sell per annum ? (No marks given for including soft drinks.)
4. Is Britain's bacon future endangered by cutlery in the slop bucket ?
5. If
$$\frac{\left\{ \frac{x^{23} - y^4}{ab^2h} \right\} - \left\{ \frac{V^3 + 3}{2n} \right\}}{x} = 10$$
 Who is Charlie Jones ?
6. On the map given mark in :
 - (a) Treasurer Island.
 - (b) Jim's Caravan.
 - (c) Maison 'Ilda.
 - (d) Treacle mines at Dunchidiog.
 - (e) Cockett Lighthouse.
 - (f) Cwmbwrla Bay.
7. Who was Hitler III ? (Good schmart boys should get six plus for this question using fundamental principles.)
8. Who was Lady Smith and who rolled oranges down High Street on Mafeking Night ?
9. Calculate the voltage produced when an ebony rod is stroked through a mop of hair. (Give answer to 30 decimal places and calculate lost volts—if not, lose some!) (Swot boy ! !)
10. Compare the advantages gained by an afternoon on a local golf course with those gained by an evening at Dai Llew's.
11. If Mrs. B—K—R can boil an egg in four minutes how many pints can be consumed by two men during School hours at the New Swan if the barmaid's name is Gladys.
12. Calculate the age of my great grandfather (paternal) in five years' time if School dinners are reduced by six peas, half a spud and three bangers per month.
13. If the result of the Battle of Mumbles Hill in 1736 had been reversed who do you think would have been the first person to walk from Swansea to Mumbles in less than an hour ?

14. Divide silly fellows from good boys and send the awkward squad to Glanmor Girls School for dancing lessons.
15. Write all you know in good *plain* English on any five of the following :
- | | | |
|-------------|--------------|------------|
| (a) Jop. | (f) Fred. | (k) Bingo. |
| (b) Tojo. | (g) Jim. | (l) Moses. |
| (c) Tonto. | (h) Vulture. | (m) Sluj. |
| (d) Archie. | (i) Davo. | (n) Porky. |
| (e) Plug. | (j) Uncle. | (o) Bunny. |
- (Marks given for originality.)

LA SEMAINE CULTURELLE.

The few readers, whose superior command of the language of France has enabled them to translate this title and whose innate thirst for knowledge remains as yet insatiated, will find here a brief account of a ten days' French course in Paris, undertaken last Easter by five members of the Sixth Form. It is interesting to note that Dynevor is the only school outside the Black Country to participate in this cultural scheme organised annually by the Anglo-French Society of Birmingham.

One Wednesday (or was it Thursday), at the unearthly hour of 12.15 a.m., a somewhat drowsy Dynevor contingent boarded the night train for London. The journey to the metropolis was spent in ultra-modern sleeping berths, containing everything from collapsable wash basins, which certainly lived up to their name, to fiendishly concealed beds.

Arriving at Paddington at about 7.30 a.m., we made our way to meet the Birmingham party, joining them in breakfast at Victoria Station. After leaving Victoria we travelled to Newhaven, from where we crossed the channel to Dieppe. A calm crossing of about three hours duration was somewhat spoiled by an extremely cold wind, but any discomfort was soon forgotten at the first sight of French soil.

Further excitement ensued when during the train journey to Paris, it was discovered that two girls (yes there were girls there too !) were apparently still at Dieppe. Night was already falling when we were taken by modern French buses to what was to be our home for the next ten days.

Lycee Lakanal is a school accommodating over two thousand pupils, and possessing extensive grounds and sports facilities.

The course which we attended comprised lessons for some three hours each morning whilst the rest of the day was free. Numerous day excursions, including one to the beautiful cathedral town of Chartres, and visits to the theatre were arranged, but generally we were free to do as we liked (within reason of course !).

Through the medium of conversation classes, we had first hand association with both French boys and girls and we were all greatly impressed by their sincere and friendly attitude which they adopted toward us.

As you may know the French breakfast consists solely of coffee and rolls, and this is followed by only two other meals during the course of the day. Food in France is very dear, as we found out when buying comestibles for a farewell midnight feast.

Any hopes we may have fondly entertained of being basket-ball players were quickly dispelled when, challenged to a "Britain v. France" match we lost 50 - 22, although at one stage we actually led 3pts - 0!

On the last day of an extremely enjoyable holiday the Dynevor contingent (complete with rosettes and filling the humid French air with rousing choruses of "Sospan Fach") set out for the fine Stade Colombes to see the Welsh rugby team play France. We seemed almost home again when we saw the familiar sight of Welshmen enjoying themselves at the numerous French taverns before (and after) the game.

On Sunday, 5th April, the whole party, which incidentally consisted of 17 of the fair sex and 71 boys, left the Lycee and crossing from Dieppe to Newhaven, returned home after ten days of profitable and extremely pleasant absence.

During the course of the holiday many life-long friendships were undoubtedly made, and with no hesitation at all I would recommend this course to any Sixth Form student who is pursuing a study of French.

JOHN M. PEPPER, UVI Arts.

THE SCHOOL ELECTION.

(or, "What Dynevor thinks to-day, the country does to-morrow.")

The intense interest in last October's General Election prompted Mr. Chandler to suggest to the Committee of the Literary and Debating Society on September 10th that a School Election might be held, as had previously been done at the time of the February, 1950, Election. This suggestion was readily agreed to, and preparations got under way at once. The Committee appointed me as Returning Officer, and all four candidates, representing the four major parties, had been appointed by the beginning of the following week.

So that the School would gain as much benefit as possible from the Election, it was run on the lines of the real Election. The School Captain, therefore, briefly explained the machinery of the Election to the whole School in Assembly, and the Vice-Captain read out the somewhat verbose Royal Proclamation. On Friday of the same week the first Election meeting

was held, to discuss home affairs, but, although most interesting it was poorly attended. The attendance, however, did improve at the next three meetings, which were equally interesting and lively. The second was devoted to foreign affairs, the third to industrial matters, and the fourth was an open questionnaire meeting. Nomination papers were handed in at the last meeting.

Meanwhile, the School walls were steadily disappearing behind myriads of multi-coloured posters, adequately displaying the artistic talent and wit of the School, although one or two veered dangerously close to libel! They were not, however, without originality. Speeches in the yard met with much less success, partially because of the fact the "conker" season was at its height.

However, Election Day (Tuesday, October 6th) arrived with all candidates intact and bearing resplendent rosettes. Voting opened at the unearthly hour of 8.30 a.m. and continued until nine, by which time about two hundred boys had already voted. Voting also took place during the lunch hour and after school. There were two polling stations, one for the Upper School (Fourth, Fifth and Sixth) and one for the Lower School (First, Second and Third). By 5.30 p.m. the votes had been counted, and the result was announced the following morning, as follows:

	<i>Lower School</i>	<i>Upper School</i>	<i>Total</i>
R. B. Beynon (Conservative)	148	168	316
B. Griffiths (Labour)	164	84	248
J. S. Thomas (Welsh Nationalist)	18	85	103
R. L. Brown (Liberal)	12	16	28

The Conservative candidate thus got in by a majority of 68, and the result of the previous Election (when the voting was Labour, 302; Conservatives, 135; Welsh Nationalist, 44; Liberal, 37) was reversed. It is apparent that the Labour vote in the Upper School was split by the Welsh Nationalist candidate, who took in many gullible boys by his somewhat erratic reasoning. It is as well to note also that the Liberal candidate lost his deposit of £150—in theory, at least.

The poll was quite good, though it is clear that there was more interest in the Upper than in the Lower School:

	<i>Number of Boys</i>	<i>Number of Voters</i>	<i>Percentage</i>
Lower School	393	343	87.28
Upper School	379	355	93.66
Whole School	772	698	90.41

Only four forms (4A, 4C, Lower 6th Biology, Lower 6th Arts) had a 100% vote. Three votes were disqualified (one voter apparently thought that he was doing the " Pools ").)

All in all, the Election was a complete success, owing, in no small measure, to the immense amount of work put in by the four candidates and their agents. Let it be hoped that the enterprise has helped towards making pupils of Dynevor responsible voters in the future.

A. C. HICKS, LVI Sc.

I have invited representatives of the four parties to make their own comments on the Election. First, for the Conservatives, their agent, J. C. Davies (UVI, Sc.):

" I feel that the Conservatives of Dynevor can well feel pleased at this result, especially since it reversed the result of the last School Election. Our victory, I would say, was due to three factors—we had the best policy, the best candidate and the best organisation. In the first place the victory represented a vote of confidence in the Government's policy at home, abroad and in the colonies ; secondly it was a personal triumph for our exceedingly able and energetic candidate ; at the same time it also reflected the efficiency of our election campaign. I should like to thank all those who helped to make the campaign a successful one by giving assistance with posters, at meetings and in other ways."

For Labour, their agent, Lyndon Thomas (UVIth Sc.)

" The Labour Party was ably led by B. Griffiths, otherwise known as ' Pancho '. Perhaps the reason for our defeat was the fact that the opposition was even more ably led, or perhaps more boys' parents were Tories than we had hoped. The Party was always well supported at the meetings, but unfortunately some of the yard meetings were more suited to Notting Hill than Dynevor. We tried to impress upon the boys that the use of ' water bombs ' is not a recognised way of expressing a political opinion. Many thanks to Dynevor for adopting her present colours—the Labour Party colours on a black background."

For the Welsh Nationalists, their candidate J. S. Thomas (VI B.).

" In response to the great national awakening in Wales, Plaid Cymru contested Dynevor's Election. The Plaid started the election campaign with only a few loyal supporters, but due to the untiring efforts of ' the few,' gathered a substantial following and soon the Plaid asserted itself with shouts of ' Cymru am byth ' and ' Home Rule for Wales.' Indeed, I can well visualise, in the near future, after these wonderful

efforts, the Plaid sending a special deputation to convey its gratitude and appreciation for good services rendered by our School.

"Annwyl gydwladwyr, ar ôl storm etholiad ein hysgol, daeth gosteg, ac yn y tawelwch fe gawn hamdden i fwrw golwg n2l. Er i'r Blaid ddod yn drydydd, nid ydym yn gwan-galonni. Gwelwyd arwyddion amlwg bod hawliau a gofynion ein cnedl yn cael lle ym meddwl a chalon ein cydwladwyr ystyriol.

"It gives me great pleasure, as Plaid candidate, to extend my sincere thanks to my enthusiastic supporters and also to the budding Van Goghs who transferred the high ideals of the Plaid on to their distinctive posters."

Finally, the Liberal candidate, R. L. Brown (UVI A.) :

"Defeated? Yes! but not downhearted! We live to fight another day when the electorate, we hope, will be more enlightened. That lost deposit, though, is a bit of a headache, for Party funds are low. All contributions thankfully accepted.

"I wish to express thanks to my agent, Hugh Mitchell, and only regret that his efforts did not reap a richer reward."

"AUBERGES DE LA JEUNESSE."

As I entered my first French youth hostel or "Auberge de la Jeunesse" at Boulogne, I was almost at once struck by the difference in atmosphere from those in which I had stayed in Bristol and London. The age of the people who used the French hostels was the most notable feature: in France the accent is really on youth—and by youth I mean people between the ages of sixteen and thirty. In so many hostels in Britain we find rowdy children, knock-kneed old ladies and faded pukka-sahibs, who, if one dared to whistle would grunt with annoyance. I wonder how they would feel at hearing the gay music that is played practically all day in the French hostels, and also the numerous people who happened to have guitars which were endlessly strummed.

There was also a greater international spirit in the French hostels, for on my travels I must surely, have met at least twenty different nationalities. One does not find quite so many in Britain. Of course, there were Germans galore, wherever I went and there was only one hostel at which I did not come across a German—some of them were a great nuisance, being really no better than overgrown children, and the noise they sometimes made was extremely annoying when one wished to get some sleep at night. However, I will not say this of all Germans, for I met many who were indeed extremely pleasant and sensible people. It is then that one reflects how senseless it was that a nation like Germany should have been so easily led into World War II.

Now, I must give some general description of French hostels. The one at Boulogne was marvellous, for it was ultra modern, having been opened only this year and it was indeed a credit to the French Youth Hostel's Association. Indeed, every hostel I stayed at was excellent, and utterly belied all I had been told about French hostels, namely that they were disgraceful. Why, there was even a 21" television in the Common room at Dieppe. The hostel I enjoyed most was at Beauvais. It was clean, bright and gay and its gayness was added to by the cleverness of the Warden, a young German girl, who sang folk-songs of all nations, accompanying herself on the guitar. There were even flowering plants on the dining tables here.

The sights I saw in the northern part of France in which I travelled were many and varied. One of the most notable features was the profusion of small villages through which I passed, and their shocking cobbled roads which forced me to get off my bicycle and walk. Another feature was the number of cafes—many villages had as many cafes as houses and these cafes are open practically twenty-four hours a day.

The first cathedral that I saw was at Amiens and as I entered, the soaring roof and delicate Gothic architecture left me almost breathless with their beauty. I was similarly impressed with Rouen Cathedral and Notre Dame de Paris. Indeed, these beautiful buildings quite made up for the lack of scenery, for the North-eastern French landscape is dull and dreary, consisting of miles of flat unhedged fields, criss-crossed by straight tree-lined roads. These roads were extremely monotonous, and it was with pleasure that I at last reached Paris.

I was able to spend only two days in this beautiful city, a time quite inadequate for its inspection. I enjoyed all I saw from the graceful arches of the Seine bridges to the soaring Eiffel Tower to the long and graceful sweep of the Champs-Elysees. It was with deep regret that I left this lovely city, and the gay, happy "centre 'd accueil" at which I stayed in Paris and where I met people from many nationalities even an Israeli. I shall never forget the first night in Paris, for I got lost on the Metro, spending a frantic hour trying to find my way to the Champs-Elysees.

On leaving Paris I naturally visited Versailles, which was one of the most beautiful palaces that I have seen, and this visit indeed finished my stay in Paris well. I made my way to the coast again via the Seine Valley and I may say that the scenery was much better than that on the road from Boulogne to Paris. I stayed at Nantes, Rouen and finally Dieppe from which port I crossed the channel to Newhaven.

To tell of all my experiences in France and indeed in

Britain on this holiday is impossible in this short space, but I can truly say that it was the most unusual and enjoyable holiday that I have ever spent and I would advise anybody who wishes to spend a cheap and yet extensive holiday to join the Youth Hostels Association.

D.A.P., UVI A.

"THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT DISCONTENTS"

(BURKE)

1. S. ROGERS : on Mr. B....t's UVI English group.
*"Sleep on secure ! Above control
 Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee."*
2. MARVELL : With former on entering School library.
*"Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
 And innocence thy sister dear !"*
3. TENNYSON : on the inhabitants of the 'Atomic Wing.'
"Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful."
4. J. PIERPONT : encouragement to Prefects on duty at main door.
*"Stand ! the ground's your own my braces !
 Will ye give it up to slaves ?"*
5. PRIOR : on the School Literary and Debating Society.
*"And it's remarkable that they
 Talk most who have the least to say."*
6. Now two opinions on those dreaded "tests" :—
 SHAKESPEARE : feeling on a French Test.
*"When I do count the clock that tells the time
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night."*
7. R. BROOKE. With form 'historian' on hearing bell denoting end of weekly history test :
*"He wakes, who never thought to wake again,
 Who held the end was Death."*
8. MILTON : on the School Cloakroom.
"'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks and sights unholy."
9. SHAKESPEARE. On a certain Science Master :
"His brown locks did hang in crooked curls."
10. SHAKESPEARE. overhearing a disgruntled whist player in form— !
"All the perfume of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."
 And finally :—
11. OSCAR WILDE. Advice to pupils on spending their dinner hours (i.e., no bil . . . rds.).
*"And once or twice to throw the dice
 Is a gentlemanly game,
 But he does not win who plays with Sin
 In the Secret House of Shame."*

H'ANCOCK, UVI Arts and SYD.

THANK YOU, DYNEVOR.

Early one morning in the September of 1952, a lone first-year, nervous, dressed in a spotlessly new uniform, stood at the Pell Street entrance to Dynevor School and was somewhat horrified at what he saw. A grey, unattractive, roofless ruin, a yard with too many cracks and crinkles to count, and cracked walls, damp and plaster-bare, was to be his home for the next half dozen or so years. "Am I expected to work here?" he asked himself. He'd heard some stories about Dynevor, but this

However, these thoughts were soon to be of secondary importance in his mind. It was not long before he found some of his old school-mates and teamed up with many new ones. The crumbling plaster and seasonal pools of water indoors were taken as just another joke. Maybe it was realised that such trivialities didn't really matter.

What happened in the next five years only makes boring schoolboy history. Our once nervous first-year friend was to become just another ordinary Dynevor pupil. The fact that he got into trouble rather more often than usual is perhaps irrelevant but worth noting. In the fourth year, he became passionately interested in the game of fives, so much so that he arrived in School at 7.45 a.m. and left not before 5.30 p.m.! I believe he did once think of putting up a tent in the side-court.

In due course came the G.C.E. in which he acquitted himself with moderate success; and then entered to the exalted ranks of the Sixth. There he found that an elaborate pretence was maintained that it wasn't done to work—but that, in fact, there was much burning of the candle at both ends.

However, some bad luck soon put an end to all his dreams of any luxurious retirement that he might have entertained. After two months of Sixth Form existence he found that the sight of his right eye was getting blurred. January found both eyes affected and it was impossible for him to read. By April he was almost blind, something which took him a long time to realise.

In between his visits to hospital he bought a guitar and painfully practised for hours a day until he had some sort of tune from it. He collected "pop" records in excess and was unwillingly taught Braille. He found himself becoming moody at times,

August, 1958, saw him thinking about his future. What was he to do? His sight, though a little better, still made it impossible to read, to write, or to cross busy roads. He recognised people by their voices only, as he couldn't recognise features.

If only . . . yes! if only he were back in school! To be

back with his old pals and to meet new ones ; to be at a Lit, and Deb. meeting, or a fives match, even to attend lessons again ! Boy, what wouldn't he give . . . !

Some of you may know or guess the rest. I returned to School and, with the special help of Mr. Cyril Jones, studied Advanced Maths. for a year. During that year I've realised what Dynevor really means to me. It was that roofless building, now being transformed into a modern Grammar School, which put new life into me ; which stopped me being a moody, sit-at-home ; which brought my dormant brain back to life after its ten-month hibernation ; which told me I was still a normal human being.

To me, coming to School meant meeting friends, playing foolish schoolboy pranks, taking part in any amount of school activities, and a host of other things. By making the most of extra-curricular activities, you'll find that work is less of a burden. Always treat the next chap as you would expect to be treated yourself, and grin at your petty grievances. You may laugh and call me a Victorian grandfather. But, believe me, what I've just said is well worth trying.

This is a voice from the past speaking now. When you read this I shall have started a physiotherapy course in London, but the old School and its occupants—every man-jack of you—will be with me always. Dynevor will soon forget "Nino," but "Nino" will never forget Dynevor, or what it did for him. Thank you, Dynevor.

J. LINNELL, Late U.VI Sc.

A VISIT TO THE DILLMANNGYMNASIUM.

Yes, come with me to visit my school. Before we go up to the classroom, let me tell you something about the school. It is called a 'Gymnasium,' that means, a school where you have to take Latin and two other foreign languages. We go to a Grammar school at the age of ten, and some of us stay there for nine years. Many boys leave after the sixth year without having done any examinations.

Our terms begin in April, not in September. The Ministry arranged that, because it is more difficult for a boy or a girl to get a job in the winter than in the summer.

We get reports at the end of the half-term in October, and at the end of the whole term ; we also have to work hard to get a reasonably good report.

So much for the school system. Now it's half past seven in the morning. The school bell has just gone, and we go up to my classroom. Don't be surprised if you can't see any school-uniforms ; no schoolboy wears them in Germany. Some boys start to whistle and shout, but they behave like

little angels as soon as they see the Latin master coming round the corner. Our first period today is history, but we don't specialise so much in the history of our own country as you do here. The teacher talks to us about Napoleon and we have to make our own notes. We are all very quiet in the history lesson, because the master gives severe punishments. At 8.15 the bell rings and there is a break of five minutes. We get our books out for the next subject, which is Physics, and we go to the Physics laboratory. We all like this subject because the master always makes experiments and it is fun watching them.

After that lesson, we go to the Biology room. It is good that we have a Biology room now with a small room next to it, where all the skeletons and stuffed animals can be kept. Two years ago we didn't have a school of our own, because the building was destroyed during the war, and we were put into different schools. Therefore the Biology teacher, who, by the way, is a woman, had to carry the skeletons from one school to another, which was certainly quite embarrassing for her.

After this period we have a break of twenty minutes, in which we eat sandwiches and buy milk or lemonade. Then we go back to our classrooms. For me, it's a French test now and I don't feel so well about it because I haven't learnt very much. I am looking forward to the last two periods today, which are Gymnastics. There we either play games like handball or Basket Ball, or we practise on the parallel bars, horizontal bar, the horse and on the floor. Sometimes, when the weather isn't fine, we go swimming ; then it will be about one o'clock and we go home. We have no school in the afternoon like you, but instead we go to school on Saturday mornings. At home we have to about two or three hours homework, and then our time is free.

Well, it is really not so different from Dynevior, is it ?

EBEHARD ROTHERMEL, IV^D.

THE ARGONAUTS TO APHRODITE.

Against day's urgent dawn, O sable Night,
Thy cloudy raven spears fall and fail :
The herald lark now bids thee quit the sky.

Rise, burnished Sun, and fling thy gold-tricked darts
Against the gloomy rearguard standing by,
While trumpet cocks thy gleaming couriers hail.

Come, lissome Queen, unlock our love-latched hearts,
That we across the sounding seas may sail,
To seek the isles beyond Tyrrhenia's bight.

OLD DYVORIAN.

STEEPHOLM REPORT.

The island of Steephholm is situated in the Bristol Channel midway between Cardiff and Weston and it was there that we spent the first four days of the August holidays. Leaving Swansea at the unearthly hour of 6.30 a.m., we caught the steamer to Weston and joining up with a party of schoolboys from Dursley Grammar School, we were taken by a friendly boatman to the island.

The island of Steephholm is a bird and flower sanctuary and it was as amateur ornithologists that we visited it with Mr. Howells.

Our first task on landing was to climb the steep cliff path with our packs and provisions. The path led to the barracks, where we were to live during our stay. On the way up we passed a memorial to Harry Cox, the first warden on the island.



On entering the barracks we each selected a camp bed. The bed of one of the party, however, proved to be unsafe and this resulted in his spending four days on the floor, propped-up by a bag.

We soon set out (dressed in shorts and gym shoes as it was so hot) to explore the island. The noise made by the gulls was deafening and continued throughout the day and night.

There were three types of gulls on the island—the herring gull, the lesser black-backed gull and the greater black-backed gull. Before our arrival on the island the eggs had hatched and there were large numbers of chicks everywhere amongst the rocks and bushes. There was a large colony of herring gulls outside the barracks, and many of the young birds were making their first attempts at flying. These birds made use of the strong air currents, rising up the cliff faces, to take off.

The feeding habits of the gulls were very interesting. The younger gulls did not go in search of their own food, but it was brought to them by the parent birds. The behaviour of the young birds before their parents disgorged the food was very curious. The young gulls stood beside the parent birds and pecked at the red spot on the parent's bill. This stimulated the elder birds to disgorge the food from their crops onto the ground, and a mad scramble ensued amongst the young birds to snatch it.

In the presence of elder birds, the young adopted a submissive attitude ; that is, they presented the most vulnerable part of the body, the back of the head, towards the parent. We had to be careful not to disturb the chicks as they might run into another family's territory and be killed. An angry parent would peck viciously at the head of any chick which entered its preserves and the chick would be sent tumbling back into its own territory.

The gulls were very aggressive and attacked us at the slightest provocation. We walked around, casting our eyes warily in every direction, ready to duck at the first rush of wings.

During our stay on the island, we also spotted many other smaller birds which had flown out from the mainland.

These included numerous hedge sparrows, robins, black-birds, rock pipets, a few homing pigeons and a hunting kestrel. We also observed a southward migrating movement of swifts.

Apart from the gulls there was a colony of Cormorants on a very steep cliff site on the north side of the island. These large birds are a glossy-black colour. Their food consists mainly of fish, caught in the Bristol Channel, sometimes at a considerable distance from the island. At the time of our stay there, some of the birds were still hatching their eggs, but the majority had young chicks.

There were a number of rabbits on the island and they were often seen at dusk, when they ventured out to feed.

The island had been heavily fortified during Victorian

times and many of the remaining gun barrels still bore the insignia of Queen Victoria. The gun-platforms were put to good use, however, by the gulls as assembly points.

Of the many plants found on the island, the wild peony is unique in that it is found only on Steepholm. There is, however, a multitude of other plants, the most common being the privet, teasle, bramble and nettles, plus many plants associated with the sea cliffs, such as sea-lavender, sea spurge and sea mallow.

The island consists of an anticline of limestone and is an outlier of the Mendip Hills. The geology of the island could be studied only from a few vantage points at low tide. However, descent to the sea level is very dangerous at all points and great care had to be taken when climbing down.

On the island, there is also a Gull Research Unit, with its own laboratory which is doing research into the distribution, habits and age of gulls. Many of the gulls on Steepholm have been ringed and when they die the rings are collected. Twelve of these rings were found during our stay, three of them by members of our party.

At the end of our four days, we left the island after having had a very interesting and enjoyable time, and it is hoped that next year another party of boys from the School will visit Steepholm.

R. H. BOWEN, UVI Biol.

D. N. EVANS, UVI Biol.

THE WINDS.

Light and low, blue and blest,
Kindly wet and free,
The South am I !

Stinging, Icy, cutting and sharp,
Shaking, swirling and tantalizing,
The West am I !

Black and mournful death I bring,
Feared by all men when I sing,
The East am I !

Roaring, stormy, wet and cold,
Cursed by every seaman bold,
The North am I !

KEVIN GOMEZ, 2A.

WHAT IS IT ?



1. Empire State Building, New York
2. Top of Eiffel Tower.
3. Fire-escape, U.N.E.S.C.O.
4. New "Dragon Hotel," Swansea.

For solution see page 48

THE HEALING HOURS.

Softly the stretching shadows of the Night
Persuade the weary Day to rest :
Man's pomp and proud ambitions tear the white
Fleecy wings of Day, and azure breast,
The sands run on, fresh projects hurt and slay,
And every eve, the blood of battered day
Flows in the sky, and stains each silent bay.

Lulled into sleep by gently whispering trees
And golden streams, Day's strength returns.
The drifting moon, the stars, a nervous breeze
Attend his rest 'mongst dreaming ferns.
When darkness fades there comes radiant dawn,
Yet, glistening drops remain on web and lawn—
Tears of the Night, for pain that day has borne.

J.M.P.

THE LONGEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS.

Whilst opticians wax fat and wealthy by correcting such optical defects as myopia, prebyopia and hypermetropia, a fortune awaits the man who devises a cure for that prevalent form of mental astigmatism and psychological colour blindness known as "looking at the past through rose-tinted spectacles." It is this wide-spread defect of the eye that appears to account for the all too frequent reminiscences of hitch-hikers concerning the highly enjoyable nature of this method of travel, and indeed of past articles to the School magazine about holidays spent in this manner. The result is that people who have never tried hitch-hiking believe it to be a cheap and romantic way of travelling with no draw-backs whatever.

However, the disadvantages of hitch-hiking more than out weighs its advantages which are indeed sometimes non-existent. It is supposed to be a quick form of travel, but is often tediously slow, supposed to be cheap but by indirect means can prove expensive : supposed to be enjoyable but is generally merely bearable.

Before going on to deal with the more obvious drawbacks of hitch-hiking I should like to explode the twin-myths that it is either cheaper or quicker than other modes of transport. Travelling by bus or by train at least has the advantage of being speedy and certain, but the hiker is not only unsure of the time it will take him to get to his destination but also whether he will arrive at all. Delays are not only due to an absence of lifts but also to the crawler who never uses gears higher than second, and the driver who offers you a lift to Hereford and then tells you he is going via Edinburgh. Also, whilst the actual journey is relatively cheap, the cost afterwards of having one's suit cleaned, one's thumb straightened and one's nerves repaired more than out weighs the amount one would have spent on transport. These, however, are the advantages ; the disadvantages are to come.

The disadvantages may be divided into two categories — those due to the driver and those due to his vehicle. The former is probably the least unpleasant since they generally merely involve listening to his unfunny jokes and his unthrilling war stories. It is only when the driver is drunk that the fun really starts. Then, as the car flies along at 90 m.p.h. on the wrong side of the road, around a right-angle bend in a built-up area, and the driver cheerfully remarks that he is taking the car in to have the brakes repaired, one remembers the highway code statistics about accidents due to drunken driving.

Comfort is not something any hitch-hiker expects, but

what he does not generally bargain for are such discomforting defects in a vehicle as doors that fly open when leant on, precipitating the unfortunate leaner into the ditch; wind-screen wipers that have to be manually operated by the passenger leaning out of the window (and wipers are rarely used in dry weather) and shafts that snap on inaccessible hill-tops.

But what sheer enjoyment may be derived from a ride on an open-lorry, especially when one is chilled by an icy wind that also fills one's eyes and lungs with grit; and, clinging to the cab, one is bounced about like a rag-doll due to the irregular way in which the inebriated driver steers. Not wishing to play Stephen Boyd to the drivers' Bardot, I am always glad when such rides come to an end. However, such discomforts are as nothing compared with the experience of a friend of mine who sitting on the jolting engine cover of a lorry happened to touch a live electrical coil connected to the engine.

Thus I would like to outline why I feel that hitch-hiking, being the unpleasant form of travel it undoubtedly is, should not be undertaken except by those who, like myself, are too mean to ride and too lazy to walk.

J. C. DAVIES, UVI Sc.

SWANSEA TO SNOWDON.

August 10th, 1959. The great day dawned; after weeks of planning six intrepid explorers from Dynevor accompanied by Mr. Michael Griffiths set out from Swansea to walk all the way to Snowdon, observing features of geographical and geological interest as they went.

From Tavern-y-Garreg (an outpost of civilization in the Swansea Valley) we climbed Fan Hir from which we expected to see many of the counties of South Wales. However, owing to the mist, all we saw was more and more of moor and many hours later we dropped wearily down into Llanddeusant. Having unsuccessfully searched for a camp site we were forced to seek refuge for the night in Ye Olde Red Lion—a youth hostel.

The following day, after walking some ten miles in the morning, we lunched, at about four o'clock, at Llandovery, where our Arts friend Brian, evinced an extraordinary interest in some pigs.

We then trudged a few miles up the Towy valley and camped at Mr. Jones's farm. During the night we had the pleasure of hearing his horses noisily digesting the remains of our supper, while our Arts friend quoted liberally from Shakespeare, but with doubtful accuracy.

The third day will live long in our memories. After passing through Ran-dyr Mwyn, we stayed some time at the caves of that memorable Welshman, Twm-Shon-Cutti, and had the first swim of the tour in a tributary of the Towy. Continuing up this boulder strewn, steep-sided, narrow valley we met the greatest difficulty of the tour. Our leader for the day suggested clambering out of the valley, and this we partly did, but Mr. Griffiths, fresh from a fortnight's 'training' in Paris, insisted that we walked along the valley floor. In this instance, Mr. Griffiths's knowledge of the great outdoors proved very exacting, for we were forced to climb out on a nearly vertical surface at a point aptly called Pwll Uffern (Pit of Hell). Very tired, we stumbled on to a deserted farmhouse, where we pitched camp. Here our master cook, Richard Bowen, produced another of his Welsh mountain dishes—raw cocoa and stew.

The next day found us walking over the watershed of the Towy and Teifi to Llanddewi Brefi; then to Tregaron finishing up in the grounds of the Red Lion Hotel, where we had an excellent meal and camped for the night.

On Saturday, we really began 'hitting the heights.' We walked over the source of five rivers, including the River Wye, which was then only a mill-race, and climbed to the summit of Plynlimmon, where we appreciated our anoraks, since we faced a fifty mile an hour wind. The view here was truly magnificent, to the South the Black Mountains, to the East the hills of Shropshire, to the West the Irish Sea and to the North Cader Idris. We then walked down to Machynlleth, remembered by us not as the home of Owain Glyndwr but as the place where Nick Evans ordered his milk shakes in fours!

The following day the more devout of our party went to church, while the rest attended to their chores.

Monday saw us setting out for Cader Idris, with Dai Price wearing his newly acquired 'sombbrero' for the first time. To reach the foot of Cader Idris we had to traverse a 2,000 foot range, on the slopes of which we saw a deserted slate quarrying village, which consisted of rows of small, gloomy, grey houses and one exceptionally large house—the manager's no doubt. To make the scene more depressing were slate tips which had been overgrown by ferns and weeds. After going through Abergynolwen, home of the famous 'T.V. train,' we reached the foot of Cader Idris.

An ascent of this famous beacon was very exhausting, but we were rewarded by an excellent view from the top. After descending Fox's path, a path in name only, we entered Dolgelly. Throughout the tour Richard Arnold always managed to be way out in front of the rest of us. However,

we soon realised this was due not to his extra energy but to his lighter pack !

On Tuesday we walked over the Harlech Dome and were very much enchanted by its rugged scenery. We camped at Maentwrog, and dinner brought the usual comment from Richard Thomas of " Who thieved me mess tin ? " or " Who thieved me spoon ? "

Wednesday was spent pleasantly idling in Snowdonia and finally heading for the base of Snowdon in the presence by now of our inevitable friends—Messrs. B. Lister and R. U. C. K. Sack.

It was hard to realise as we saw Snowdon towering grimly above us that our destination was in sight. But before attempting to climb Snowdon we looked around the Pen-y-gwred Hotel, which is the base of the Mountain Rescue Team. It was on the ceiling of the ' Everest ' room in this hotel that we saw the autographs of such famous climbers as Hillary, Tensing and Fuchs. We then ascended Snowdon along the sides of the clear lakes, which became smaller and smaller beneath us. As we climbed higher the slopes became steeper until we joined the track of the famous mountain railway to the summit. Here the going was easy and almost before we knew it, we were standing on the summit. Hilary and Tensing might have felt prouder when they reached the top of a somewhat taller peak, but as we began our descent by the Pyg Track to Llanberis we were certainly filled with a sense of achievement—and railway tea !

RICHARD BOWEN (UVI Sc.).
BRIAN GRIFFITHS (UVI A.).

ON WRITING AN ARTICLE.

I was ready to write that article for the magazine I have so long postponed. Before me I had a pen, pencils, and some sheets of paper (cunningly removed from a school exercise book, of course !). All I required was inspiration but all the ideas that had previously flooded my mind disappeared and I sat chewing my pencil. Now, five pencils later, (and they taste quite nice really, especially the ones with rubbers attached), I've still not written a word. The blank pages stare up at me mockingly as if saying " What can be wrong ? " Well, let me consider if anything is amiss. I seem to have right materials although I could possibly make use of some indigestion tablets now. Faulkner, American Nobel Prize for Literature winner 1949, said that all he needed was tobacco, paper, food, and some whiskey ; however, I'm sure I don't need all of those. Perhaps I relax and allow ideas to flow from my finger tips as many

writers do. Humorist James Thurber was unable to write for many years after his sight became impaired and he was prevented from using a type-writer or pen properly. But wait, my materials may be of the wrong colour, as Kipling could write only with the blackest of inks while Simenon, creator of that famous French detective Maigret, used large manilla envelopes.

Many writers, realising the difficulty of settling down to work, have developed numerous devices or aids for the memory. They go through various rituals in the same way as many Sixth formers do before they start homework each night. I know some, who before mustering up enough courage to begin, must smoke twenty Woodbines in a similar number of minutes, or stick pins in effigies of favourite masters, but I dislike smoking and have no pins available.

I can think of only one other reason to excuse my inability to produce a manuscript. I may be suffering from a disease which, although it may make me rich will probably make me very unpopular with editors. Do I suffer from something which makes me physically incapable of producing any written work I am not paid for? If that is so, you will definitely not read anything of mine in this issue.

D.M. (UVA).

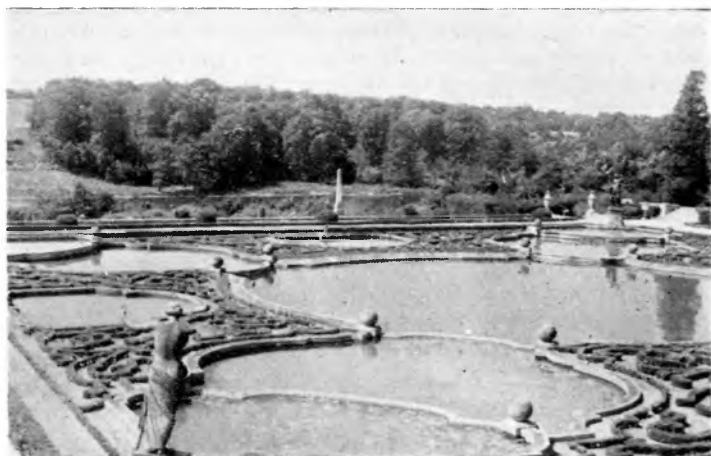
STRATFORD PILGRIMAGE.

On the thirty first day of July in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifty nine, at seven fifteen of the fore noon, there set out from the portals of Dynevor School, a party of intrepid travellers bound for the distant town of Stratford-upon-Avon in the county of Warwickshire. The party for the Stratford Pilgrimage of this year was made up of hardy veterans of six and seven winters' toil at Dynevor Grammar School, together with two of their taskmasters, Mr. Brinley Cox and Mr. Oswald Morris as well as two foreign assistants, to wit—Herr Flas from the country of the Kaiser and Monsieur Lecavalier from the country of frog eaters.

The travellers were not doing the pilgrimage on Shank's pony, but had obtained a gleaming, snorting, newfangled coach. It being a fine day, the journey was speedily and comfortably accomplished. Stops were made at Brecon, for victuals, and at Worcester, to partake of lunch. Stratford was reached at about half past two in the afternoon, and the party set out on the first sightseeing tour. In succession were visited the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Museum and Gallery, Holy Trinity Church, wherein are found Shakespeare's Tomb and the Parish Register containing Shakespeare's

Birth and Death notices, Hall's Croft, the home of Shakespeare's son-in-law, Physician John Hall, and then New Place, Shakespeare's last home.

Then on to the Youth Hostel at Hemingsford House, Alverston. Beds were made, supper partaken of and chores performed. At seven o'clock of the evening, the party set out to see Shakespeare's play "Othello," and appreciated the very fine acting of Paul Robeson in the title role, with such celebrated actors as Sam Wanamaker and Peter Woodthorpe as well as Mary Ure and many others in supporting roles. On returning to the Hostel an impromptu concert of Welsh songs and Hymns was performed outside the main entrance of the Hostel, much to the amazement and enjoyment of the foreigners (including the English) at the Hostel.



Next morning all were awake early, too early in fact ; breakfast was consumed at eight-thirty a.m. and after chores were carried out the party went to Charlecote Manor and Park. It is said that William Shakespeare was once caught poaching deer in the park, ancestors of the present herds of deer, and was taken before Sir Thomas Lucy, an ancestor of the present owner of Charlecote. After an interesting tour of the Manor, wherein was a Welsh harp and an Elizabethan chalice of Welsh gold as well as many other treasures, the outbuildings were visited—the coach-house and then the brewhouse wherein it was possible to brew two hundred and fifty gallons of ale at a time ! ! ! Lunch was eaten in the Orangery and afterwards the party returned to Stratford to visit Anne Hathaway's Cottage at Shottery. Mary Arden's Cottage at Wilmcote was

then visited, at which there was a fine museum of agricultural implements as well as a well preserved fifteenth century dovecote which was capable of holding three thousand birds. Then Shakespeare's birthplace was visited—two houses wherein his father, John Shakespeare, carried out his trade of glove maker. The rest of the afternoon was spent in the town and in boating on the river. After supper at the Hostel the Memorial Theatre was visited again to see the production of Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" with Sir Laurence Olivier in the title role and the cast including Vanessa Redgrave, Dame Edith Evans, Mary Ure and many other celebrated actors. Thirst having been satisfied during the interval, the party was in fine voice for the second concert outside the Hostel and many favourite Welsh songs were rendered before bedtime at half past eleven.

The party lay abed somewhat later the next morning but was soon ready for the departure (after chores had been carried out of course) and so on to Woodstock to visit Blenheim Palace. On the way the site of the Wartime Dynevor Harvest Camps was passed—a forerunner of the present Stratford Pilgrimage. At Blenheim Palace the party was shown the room where Sir Winston Churchill was born, and the twelve huge tapestries which portray the First Dukes' Victories in Europe in the early eighteenth century. Many other treasures were seen, including some Persian pottery seven thousand eight hundred years old, the Duke's Coronation Robes and a huge organ, with three thousand pure tin pipes, which could be played by remote control. A visit was paid to the family chapel where there was a monument to Sir Winston Churchill's parents.

After more refreshments the party continued on to Oxford where lunch was taken. Then Herr Flass took the party on a tour of some colleges of Oxford—St. John's, Balliol, Christ Church, Jesus, All Souls, Queen's College and others as well as the Ashmoleum Museum. Black Friars Church, Pusey House, the Martyr's Memorial and the Sheldonian Theatre whose cupola afforded a magnificent view of the whole of Oxford.

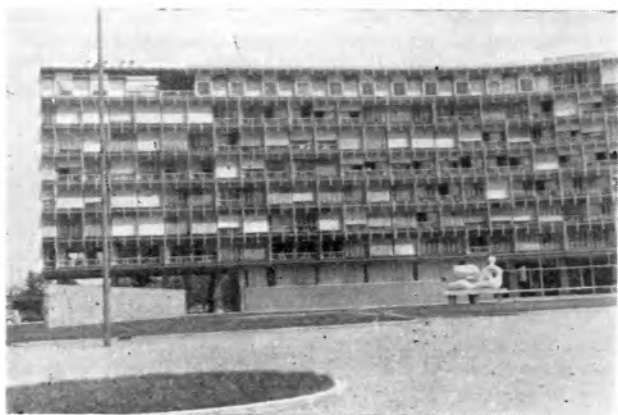
The party proceeded to Cheltenham for tea and thence on through Gloucester and Newport, reaching Swansea at eleven thirty in the evening. And so, to the strains of the last chorus of the Welsh National Anthem, the Stratford Pilgrimage of nineteen fifty nine came to an end.

J. M. WILLIS.

IMPRESSIONS OF U.N.E.S.C.O.

On the morning of the 27th July, 1959, our School Party visited the headquarters of U.N.E.S.C.O. (United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation) in the Place de Fontenoy, Paris. It was the first time for any Dynevor group to pay such a visit.

It is a new building full of modern art which I do not fully understand but enjoy. It is Y shaped and very large with a tremendous number of glass windows. There is an unusual fire-escape made of concrete slabs entwined around a main metal pole. In the middle of the front lawn there is a statue with a hole in the middle—Modern Art, I suppose! At the side of the building there is a peculiar weather-vane-like apparatus; when I asked what it was, I was told it was only for decoration.



The U.N.E.S.C.O. buildings have been built as a result of donations by its members; usually each member presents a room. There is a picturesque garden there from Japan and many other things from a lot of countries.

During our visit we were shown a film in English on how civilisation, especially in the field of medicine, is brought to undeveloped countries.

U.N.E.S.C.O. stands for peace through education, science and culture and I am longing for the day when I can go back there and see this all over again.

GODFREY ADAMS, IVa.

"FY ARWR."

Ceir gwahanol batrymau o arwyr yn y geiriaduron Saesneg. Diffiniad un ohono yw 'gwr a enwogwyd am ei ddewrder neu ei ysbryd anturus'. Daw i'r meddwl lawer sy'n ffitio'r patrwm hwn, dynion fel Doctor Fuchs, Syr Edmund Hillary, Douglas Bader ac eraill. Medd geiriadur arall wrth ddiffinio arwr, 'y prif berson mewn darn o hanes neu lën ystoriol. Gellid pentyrru enwau fel engreiffitiau o'r patrwm hwn. Ond er yn fodlon, i raddau ar y patrymau hyn, gwell gennyf yr un sy'n diffinio arwr fel 'dyn delfrydol'. Ychydig sy'n llanwr darlun hwn, yn wir eithriadau ydynt, megis Schweitzer a Kagawa ac ychydig eraill. Parod iawn wyf i gydnabod iddynt gyflawni gwrhydri mawr, a theilwng ydynt o'n parch a'n gwrogaeth. Ond wrth geisio penderfynnu ar 'fy arwr,' credaf y dylai ef ddal perthynas uniongyrchol neu anuniongyrchol a fy mywyd bach i. Felly, gan fy mod yn Gymro rhaid i mi chwilio am dano o blith fy nghenedl fy hun. Ymhlith y llawer sy'n ffitio fy mhatrwm i saif un sydd wedi ennill fy edmygedd yn llwyr. Ei enw, Owen Morgan Edwards, neu, fel yr adwaenir ef gan filoedd o Gymry da, O.M. Dewisaf ef am y teimlaf yn ddyledus iawn iddo am y cyfle addysgol sydd yn fy meddiant heddiw. Ef a fu'n gyfrwng i sicrhau i blant Cymry lawer o'r breintiau sydd yn ein meddiant.

Un o nodweddion amlycaf ei fywyd oedd ei ysbryd hunan-aberthol. Daw hwn i'r amlwg yn gynnar iawn yn ei hanes. Pan gosbid plant am siarad Cymraeg yn yr ysgol drwy roddi'r 'Welsh Not' am ei gyddfau, gofalai ef na chai yr un o'r plant eraill oddef y sarhâd. Tyfodd yn wladgarwr mawr, yn wir carai ef genedl yn fwy nag anrhydeddau uchaf Brifysgolion Lloegr. Er eiddo ddisgleirio ymhlith sêr ysgolheigion Rhydychen nid anghofiodd y graig a naddwyd ef ohoni. Rhamantus iawn oedd ei yrfa.

O ddinodedd cartref llwm Coed-y-Pry dringodd i Gadair uchaf Prifysgol Rhydychen. Ar ei daith yno enillodd prif wobrwyon Coleg y Bala, Prifysgolion Aberystwyth, Llundain a Glasgow. O wybod hyn anodd yw meddwl iddo gael cryn drafferth i ddyngu'r Wyddor yn ei wyth-nos gyntaf yn yr ysgol. Cysur i blant heddiw ydyw cofio hyn ac iddo gael anhawster i wahaniaethu rhwng A a B a ysgrifennwyd er ai fodiau. Rhyfeddaf at ei awydd am addysg, a'i ddynwch fel gweithiwr. Gorchwyl go anodd i mi yw aros tan un-ar-ddeg o'r gloch gyda'm gwersi ond treuliau ef bob drydedd noson ar ei draed trwy'r nos pan yn Aberystwyth. Yn Rhydychen, ar wahan i'w waith fel Athro cyhoeddodd cynnodolion, fel "Cymru" a "Cymru'r Plant." Bu rhain yn fendith fawr iawn i werin ein gwlad. Yn y cyfnod hwn roedd enwogrwydd

a bywyd cysurus, megis, ar y trothwy, ond fel Moses gynt, dewisodd oddef adfyd gyda'i Genedl yn hytrach na mwyniant gwlad yr estron. Ymboenai am gyflwr addysg ei wlad, ac nid aeth yn angof ganddo y "Welsh Not." Dyheai am weld sylfeini addysg Cymru ar Gymru a rhoi i'r Gymraeg ei phriod le. Daeth ei freuddwyd i wasanaethu ei Genedl yn fwy effeithiol, i ben. Yn 1907 apwyntiwyd ef yn Brif Arolygwr y Bwrdd Addysg yn Llundain. Gwir bod ei swyddfa y tuallan i Gymru ond treuliodd lawer iawn o'i amser yn ei gamwlad yn mynd o gylch yr ysgolion. Tra yn y swydd hon rhoddodd ben ar y 'Welsh Not,' ac ymladdodd yn gyson a dewr am ryddid i ddefnyddio'r Gymraeg yn yr Ysgolion. Tra'n byw yn y Neuadd Wen, yn Llanuwchllyn teithiodd yn gyson trwy Gymru gan ennyn diddordeb pobl yn ei hiaeth. Ysgrifennodd yn helaeth a deil ei lyfrau mewn bri o hyd, llyfrau megis "Cartrefi Cymru," "Yn y Wlad," cyfrolau bach diddorol "Cyfres y Fil" ac yn y blaen.

Y gwir yw i O. M. Edwards, oherwydd ei serch at Gymru a'i phobl losgi'r ganwyll y ddau pen. Dyma un oedd yn well ganddo losgi allan na chasglu rhwd. Bu farw yn gymharol ifanc yn 1920 a chladdwyd ef ym Mynwent Capel y Pandy, Llanuwchllyn.

Tra bydd arwyr o'i fath ef yn y byd nid oes rhaid i ni anobeithio am ddynoliaeth, hyd yn oed mewn cyfnod fel hwn. Ef a'i debyg, ar raddfa lai, yw halen y ddaear.

PAUL ROWLANDS, Upper VI Sc.

SPEECH DAY, 1959.

For the second year we were privileged to hold our Annual Speech Day at the Brangwyn Hall, and this notable event in the School Calendar took place on Thursday, May 22nd, when our guest speaker was that distinguished Welshman, Sir David Hughes-Parry.

It was gratifying to find that so many parents had responded to our invitation and had availed themselves of the opportunity of participating in a function that by their presence partook very much of the nature of a family gathering.

Councillor F. A. Gorst, Chairman of the local Education Committee, presided and he and the guests were made welcome in a speech by the School Captain, J. R. Seymour Phillips.

Our Headmaster, Mr. Meredydd Glyn Hughes, spoke of the improvements, completed and projected, in our School premises, and of the increased facilities made available thereby. In September the School would be designated a Grammar-Technical School, but he stressed it would be no

less a grammar school than it had been in the past. 150 boys would be admitted in the next session, but for the first two years there would be little change in the arrangements for the education of new entrants. In the third year there would be fuller provision for engineering and a greater range of subjects than had hitherto been possible. All boys would take the G.C.E. and all who could profitably do so would take a Sixth form course. We were, in some sense, reverting to an old tradition, for at one time commercial and technical subjects were pursued side by side with the more academic subjects. There was no antitheses between a technical and a liberal education as was sometimes wrongly implied; theory and practice needed to be brought together—technique and intellectual breadth and vision were the essential elements of a liberal education.

Sir David Hughes Parry said that the last important occasion he had been at Swansea was at a meeting of the Welsh Reconstruction Committee immediately after the War, when the appearance of Swansea was very different from what it was today. He had stood then on the platform of the Brangwyn Hall and had remarked upon how good a place it was from which to address a large audience—but he didn't feel quite so sure at that moment when he was to make the speech.

Sir David referred to the large number of parents present and said that he regarded the occasion as a family gathering and he would like to go away feeling he had said a word to each member of the family—parents, staff and boys.

Parents, he felt, were sometimes, guilty of pressing too hard, and boys and girls going to the university had felt that pressure unduly. The student had his own life to shape and to live and the pressure exerted upon him must not be such as to override his own aptitudes and desires.

To the Staff, he spoke as one who had had thirty-five years of teaching and tutoring, and as he had finished lecturing a few days previously, he had asked himself if it had all been worth while. So little, it seemed to him, had been accomplished, so little fruit gathered—a misgiving that older members of staff would appreciate for it had no doubt been felt by many of them. But they must press on in the sphere of their particular labours and the harvest would be certain, even if they saw little of its garnering.

Sir David congratulated the boys who had been successful in winning prizes, but reminded them that there were others who were equally deserving and who had perhaps not been as fortunate.

We were living in a world of great opportunities and boys

were privileged to be in school at such a time. Young people now in school would be called upon to decide about the powers that science had discovered and made available to man. It would be their responsibility to decide how they were to be controlled and used for the benefit of the human race.

School Certificates and prizes were presented by Mrs. Ken. Hare, Deputy-Mayoress. Chief prizewinners were : Peter J. Morris, who was awarded the Col. Hyett prize for the best O level result on the Arts side ; Christie Davies, who was awarded both the Griff Davies prize for the best O level result on the Science side and the Leslie Norman English prize ; Hywel Lewis and Alan Rees, winners of the De-la-Bèche prizes, and J. R. Seymour Phillips, School Captain, who was awarded the Dynevor prize.

Roberts House won the Glan Powell Hobbies Exhibition Cup and Dillwyn the Bryn Thomas Eisteddfod Cup, awarded for the first time. Dillwyn also won both the Rugby trophies and Grove carried off both Soccer trophies. The award of the Harry Secombe Cup for the best all-round performance was with-held pending a revival of the points-award system.

Alderman Ken Hare, deputy Mayor, extended civic greetings to the School and a vote of thanks to all taking part was proposed by the Director of Education, L. J. Drew, Esq.

THE SCHOOL VISIT TO PARIS, 1959.

Before going to France in July of last summer, many people were arguing that a holiday in Britain could be as enjoyable as one on the continent. Now, however, after spending ten days in Paris, I have assured myself at least that those people were wrong. In some respects, I only wish that I could have stayed longer in France, but in others, I was happy to return to Wales.

Since I was a member of the Dynevor School Party, the visit to Paris was, in addition to being a wonderful holiday, an educational tour. I do not propose to describe every single place I visited, because it would probably bore you, and anyway, there is not sufficient space available for writing it.

Though parties of boys from Dynevor School have been visiting Paris annually for many years, never before have they been privileged to tour the magnificent Paris headquarters of U.N.E.S.C.O. I write "magnificent" because recently the headquarters were moved from an old site to one overlooked by the Eiffel Tower, where sumptuous but spacious and very well-equipped buildings have been erected. However, another member of our party writes of this visit elsewhere in the magazine.

It seemed obvious that the French people are more aware of their religion than the British—at least, judging by the magnificence of their churches and cathedrals. Admittedly, the people are predominantly Roman Catholic, and hence more devout in their worship, but still, I have yet to see a church or cathedral in Britain which can rival either the Church of the Sacre-Coeur on Montmartre Hill in Paris or the Cathedral of Notre-Dame. Before going to France I knew nothing of the Sacre-Coeur, but I had heard much and seen many photographs of Notre-Dame. When I eventually visited Notre-Dame, it certainly did not measure up to my expectations. It was much smaller than I had anticipated and, indeed, the only redeeming feature of it was its wonderful masonry and architecture, ancient though it was. The gigantic organ also impressed me.

However, the Church of the Sacre-Coeur was of singular beauty. Never have I seen such colourful, intricate mosaics forming walls and steps to the altar. It was the external appearance of the building that impressed me most. At first, I saw it on a hill in the distance, resembling the Taj Mahal at Agra, India. Construction work began in 1876 but the Church was not consecrated until 1919; it had cost over 40 million francs, entirely subscribed by the faithful. It still stands unharmed, thanks to the fact that Paris was not attacked during the Second World War, but only used as headquarters by Air Marshall Goering of the German Luftwaffe.

Tours of the celebrated Eiffel Tower and the Palais de Chaillot (headquarters of N.A.T.O.) were overshadowed this year, I thought, by the visit to the Palais de la Decouverte—the planetarium and applied science section of the University of Paris. In addition to the fabulous Louvre Art Gallery (where the “Mona Lisa” masterpiece was on view), and the Conciergerie (the former state-prison where historically celebrated people such as Queen Marie-Antoinette and Robespierre were held captive before being guillotined), the Palace of Discovery thrilled me most, particularly the chemistry, biology and physics sections. A physicist demonstrated various electronic devices, such as the passing of a current of 100,000 volts through a metal cage containing four Dynevor boys! Later, an elderly chemist demonstrated the uses of liquid oxygen, among other things. A rather interesting experiment which I noticed being carried out was the passing of an electric current through vapours of some of the familiar metals and the production of the characteristic colours which we are accustomed to seeing in our School chemistry.

The atomic physics section, more than any other department, attracted the younger boys. However, the subject which interested me above all others was biology. Prominent

exhibits were scale models of the human embryo in different stages of growth. The curves for various forms of cancer were also well discussed and illustrated. Indeed, this visit certainly was, for me, the highlight of the educational part of the tour. I would certainly appreciate a second opportunity for visiting the Palais de la Decouverte because there were so many things of great scientific interest to see there.

Now, after returning from a short stay in France, I am in a good position to tell of the differences between British and French in general. One of the reasons why I was pleased to return home was that I did not like absence of all of our summer sports. The French sporting public only seemed to like tennis and some game they called football; they did not appear to be particularly proficient at either, I regret to report.

Perhaps the most pronounced difference in the two modes of life is concerned with food. The French, by custom, eat only three meals a day. Here I am telling a downright lie because the first meal is nothing more than the British "elevenses"—a few bowls of coffee and some slices of French loaf (which is about a yard long) spread with greengage marmalade. A three-course lunch would be served at 12.15 p.m. and then after some seven hours waiting (at the end of which you would be a nervous wreck) a very substantial four-course dinner would descend on you—in other words, no "tea-time." However, the food was excellent on the whole, the only trouble being that unless you were exceptionally bright you never knew what it was you were eating. As far as I am concerned, the British arrangements for four meals a day is much more satisfactory.

It struck me as rather unusual (but very sensible) for policemen to patrol the public parks. I had quite a shock one day when a policeman jumped out from behind a tree and blew his little rugby referee whistle at me, but he went off when he realized that I was not breaking the law. However, the clearing of public parks by policemen is certainly a worthwhile idea which should be adopted in Britain.

It certainly took a few days to become accustomed to the French habit of driving on the right-hand side of the road. The difference between British drivers and French drivers is that the British are road-conscious whereas the French are destination and time-conscious. The Paris police control the traffic by means of expert waving of a baton and shrill blast on a whistle.

French buses were like stage-coaches compared with our streamlined vehicles in Britain and the fire-tenders which I saw gave me the impression that nothing has caught fire in Paris since fire-tenders were first invented, because they do not seem to have been modernized in any way. They all lack bells;

instead, you would hear a noise like William Tell blowing an out-of-tune alpine horn.

The French railways have obviously been built for speed and the express trains are luxurious in design to such an extent that the rolling of the train can hardly be felt.

The French shops did not really impress me. In many cases, the window-dressing was superb, but the prices of goods alarmed me. One outstanding difference was the paucity of large departmental stores. Out of the three in Paris which I visited, only one, in my opinion, compared to any great extent with a British store. The other two left me with the impression that only women lived in Paris.

As I sit writing this article, so many memories are crowding into my mind that I felt I could write a whole magazine about my holiday in Paris. I only hope that the impression I have here set down will be of interest to future Dynevor visitors to the French capital.

On this School visit we were accompanied by seven adults, three of whom were members of our school staff. I must thank Mr. Richard Evans and Mr. Michael Griffiths for their parts in helping the visit to a successful conclusion without any mishaps. Their company, too, was very welcome and much appreciated. Finally, I would like to express my most sincere thanks to Mr. R. B. Morgan who arranged for us such a splendid holiday. The organisation and safety of a party of thirty-five meant a great responsibility and I know that Mr. Morgan's wholehearted efforts were much appreciated by all concerned.

HENRI.

SCHOOL CONCERT, 1959.

Our Annual Concert was held again this year in the dignified surroundings of the Brangwyn Hall, and consisted of two parts; the first was devoted to religious music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; the second comprised a number of miscellaneous items. It was decided to continue the happy practice adopted so successfully last year of inviting old boys of the School to play in the orchestra and to sing in the choir.

It was pleasing this year to note the number of promising soloists who gave polished performances of works demanding considerable skill. Instrumentalists included David Mendus (UVI Sc.) in movements 1 and 2 of an Obœ Concerto by Pergolosi; Anthony Withers (LVI Sc.) in the 1st movement of the "Hallelujah" Organ Concerto by Handel; also

chamber music groups in movement 2 of Haydn's "Divertimento in B flat for Wind Instruments"; and part of a Trio Sonata in D minor by William Boyce.

One name which appeared frequently on the Programme was Geoffrey Squires (UVIA). The versatile Squires showed us that he has a resonant bass voice of considerable power, and is also an accomplished pianist—he played the notoriously difficult "Impromptu in E flat" by Schubert. Arnold Martin, diminutive first-year of IA, proved to be one of the successes of the evening when he combined with Geoffrey Squires and the Choir to sing part of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio."

We were pleased to welcome this year an old boy, Gareth Walters, who played two of his compositions for violin and piano with Mr. Morgan Lloyd. They were "Sonata for Violin and Piano" (movement 3) and "Dance". The former was in a style which the writer of these notes considered akin to Ravel; the latter was more straightforward and was well received by the audience.

The augmented Orchestra, led by Mansel Hughes (LVIA), accompanied the Choir in their various items, many of which were specially scored by boys of the School. It was also heard in the Prelude to Handel's "Water Music," and played the accompaniments in the two Concerti.

The newly formed male-voice Choir sang "At Thy Feet in Adoration" from Dvorak's "Stabat Mater" with Mr. Bryn Harris as Tenor soloist. This item was in memory of Mr. Bryn Thomas, a former Headmaster of the School, whose death earlier this year is mourned by all who knew him. Other items by the male-voice Choir included two Negro Spirituals and the famous "Brahms' Lullaby."

The younger choristers—in the treble and alto sections—sang Handel's "Come, ever Smiling Liberty," a number of special arrangements of hymn tunes and Welsh folk-songs, and also a "penillion" item composed by our music master, Mr. John Richards.

These two sections of the Choir combined to form a body of some 200 singers which gave excellent renderings of all its items, notably Handel's "Worthy is the Lamb," and "Gloria in Excelsis" from a Haydn Mass in B flat which brought the Concert to a close.

It was generally agreed that this was one of the finest Concerts the School has held for a number of years, and we are indeed indebted to Mr. J. E. Richards, our music master, for his very intense and thorough work, also accompanist Mr. Myrddin Harries, organist Mr. Ivor Owen, and String tutor, Mr. Morgan Lloyd, all of whom contributed a great deal to making this Concert the success it undoubtedly was.

P.J. UVIA.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME.

During the School Year, 1958-59, Fourth Form boys were invited to participate in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. It was felt that this project had much to offer for it was designed to promote and foster leisure time activities, to stimulate initiative and to challenge personal achievement.

A number of boys responded to the invitation and took advantage of the opportunities offered. Classes were organised in First-Aid and Life Saving ; boys participated in fitness tests in athletics and swimming ; they planned schemes of hobbies and individual pursuits ; and during the Summer vacation, two expeditions were undertaken—the first, a two-day hike, and the second a three-day hike covering approximately forty miles of diverse countryside in the Swansea Valley and surrounding areas.

One of the highlights was the visit made by nine participants in the Scheme to St. Athan's where the Duke himself was present to inspect progress made by those taking part in South Wales. Of this visit one of the nine writes :

"We set off one fine October evening in charge of Mr. Hopkins on our eagerly anticipated visit to St. Athan's. On arrival at the station we were taken to the main guard-room, where we were cordially received and shown our sleeping quarters. We were directed to the Dining Hall (specially built for B.E.C.G.) where we partook of a snack, after which, it being too late to explore the Camp, we retired to our bunks.

Next morning we awoke bright and early even though there was no reveille, and we had had our breakfast by 8 o'clock. After this we were directed to the exhibition room where we began to set up our hobbies for display. No sooner had we completed our preparations than his Royal Highness entered the room. We were all rather awed when the Duke stopped to speak to us, but I am sure that none of us will forget his natural and reassuring manner.

During the afternoon, we were taken on a conducted tour of the Camp, and for many of us the most interesting section proved to be the hangers, in which the aircraft ranged from Gloucester Javelins to the Beaufighter of the Second World War.

All too soon our visit came to an end and regretfully we left St. Athans about mid-afternoon arriving back in Swansea by 5 o'clock thoroughly pleased with our experience.

We would like to express our appreciation of Mr. Hopkins' efforts on our behalf, and would commend the Scheme to all who may be interested."

SCHOOL SPORTS, 1959.

Once again King Sol shone most benignly on the occasion of our Sports Day, held again, as last year amid the beautiful surroundings of Underhill Park.

A close inter-house contest developed from the outset and interest and excitement were worked up with each succeeding event. Three new items—throwing the javelin, the 660 yards walk, and the shuttle relay added novelty to the programme. Interest reached its climax in the open mile race in which there were no less than 40 participants.

The final House positions were not clear until the concluding events among which were the Inter-House relay races.

Eventually Dillwyn emerged as Cock House and the Cup was presented to the House Captain, H. Lewis by Mr. W. Bryn Thomas, our former Headmaster.

While we regret the demise of Mr. Thomas, which followed so shortly after, it is appropriate, we feel, that his last visit to the School should have been on such a happy occasion.

Final House positions.

Dillwyn	119 points
Grove	103 points
Roberts	101 points
Llewellyn	86 points

SCHOOL CRICKET.

Won 8 L 2 D 0.

The Cricket first XI enjoyed one of its most successful seasons for many years. After an indifferent start the team improved with every match.

The outstanding game was that with Bishop Gore which the School won by the handsome margin of an innings and two runs. Another achievement was that of accomplishing the 'double' over Llanelly.

The team was ably led (on and off the field) by Hugh John who set an example to the younger members of the team.

The bowling of the team throughout the season was excellent with the honours being shared by H. John and D. Owen supported by G. Thomas and A. Davies. After a shaky start the batsmen settled down to amassing some good scores. Outstanding in this department were W. Hullin and R. Holland assisted by some big hitting from D. Price and H. John.

The prospects for next season are excellent as only two regular members of this year's team have left. There are many young players who will serve the team well in the future, such as G. Thomas, D. Evans, D. C. Williams, M. Jones and K. Sharpe.

The team would like to thank Mr. Hopkins for his stimulating support throughout the season, and also Mr. E. Evans, who provided for the catering.

D. C. PRICE, *Sec.*

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The highlights of the term's debating were the inter-school debates ; two, one with Glanmor and one with Llwyn y-Bryn having been held with great success ; and a third, with Gowerton is being planned at the time of writing.

The subjects of the debate covered a large field, religion being discussed twice, electoral systems, a wage limit, the Welsh language, and culture also being attacked.

The debate on the Welsh language was perhaps the most keenly, and bitterly fought of the term ; in a debate with a larger attendance than usual there was no lack of speakers from either side, and the voting too was close.

On religious matters the society proved to have, as a rule, Protestant leanings, for while, in the inter-school debate, an attack on the Bible was rejected by a large majority, an attack on the Roman Catholic churches was passed by a similar proportion of votes. On the lighter side the House narrowly agreed to no control on earnings and with the assistance of Llwyn-y-Bryn heartily attacked culture. Our debate on the electoral system showed that nearly all of us were content with things as they are.

In addition a Brains Trust was held in which a wide field of subjects was discussed.

Details of voting were as follows :

" This house believes that the system of proportional representation should be adopted in British elections."

Proposing : A. Strong, LVIA.

Opposing : R. Beynon, UVISc.

Defeated, 19—4.

" . . . that the Roman Catholic Church is more suited to the Middle Ages than to modern times."

Proposing : J. C. Davies, UVI Sc.

Opposing : D. Powell, UVIA.

Carried, 25—13.

" . . . that the Bible has no place in the modern world."

Proposing : D. Mendus, UVI Sc.

Opposing : J. Balchin (Glanmor).

Defeated, 51—19.

" . . . that no-one should earn more than £10,000 a year."

Proposing : J. C. Davies, UVI Sc.

Opposing : D. Mendus, UVI Sc.

Defeated, 16—14.

" . . . that the Welsh language should not be allowed to die out—it should be stamped out."

Proposing : M. Dunne, LVI Sc.

Opposing : J. Thomas, LVI Sc.

Defeated, 38—32.

" . . . that culture is bunk."

Proposing : J. C. Davies, UVI Sc.

S. Bevan (Llwyn-y-Bryn).

Opposing : M. Griffiths (Llwyn-y-Bryn)

S. Davies, UVIA.

Carried, 63—42.

The panel in the Brains Trust was : D. Mendus, R. Beynon, J. C. Davies, L. A. Thomas all of UVI Sc.

D. MENDUS (*Secretary*).

URDD GOBAITH CYMRU. THE WELSH LEAGUE OF YOUTH.

Sefydlwyd Urdd Gobaith Cymru yn y flwyddyn 1922 gan Syr Ifan ap Owen Edwards, ac oddiar hynny y mae wedi gwneud gwaith mawr i ieuenctid Cymru. Gwyr cannoedd, os nad miloedd bellach, am gyfraniad yr Urdd i fywyd ein gwlad a'n cenedl.

Last year a branch of the Urdd was established in our School and two meetings were held last term. These meetings were well attended. Mr. W. R. Owen, who is on the staff of the B.B.C., gave a talk, illustrated by films, on the Welsh Community in Patagonia. There is still a virile Welsh community in Patagonia and Welshmen who belong to the third and fourth generation speak Welsh and Spanish.

Two meetings have been held this term. Miss Mattie Rees, M.A., who is on the staff of the Training College, addressed the first meeting. She gave a most interesting address. Mention was made of the history of place names near Swansea. Miss Rees also spoke of many Welsh legends. The second meeting was a "Noson Lawen" and entertainment

was provided by form IID. There were many items including choral speaking recitations, sketches, solos and duets. The "penillion" singing was of a high standard. This was a very enjoyable hour and it revealed great talent.

We look forward to the future with confidence. We hope that we shall be able to entertain the Urdd in neighbouring schools. We also hope to be able to compete in the Urdd Eisteddfod which is held annually.

CHESS CLUB.

This year a Chess Club has been meeting every Monday at 4 p.m. in the Metal Work Room. Few juniors attended at the start but we are glad that their attendance has increased so much that we were able to send a Junior Team (fourth years and under) to play a match with Penlan. Dynevor emerged victors from this initial match by 7 games to 1, with one game drawn. We are hoping to arrange a return match early next term and also some senior matches with other schools.

We must thank Mr. Cyril Jones for his interest and encouragement in getting the Chess Club going.

At present four of our members play for Swansea Students Chess Team (Swansea Rooks), namely, J. MacGivan, D. Standish, D. B. Morgan and G. Clement, the latter being the Rooks captain.

G.C. (VI Sc.).

FIVES.

Last Summer Term's Fives Tournament was unusually favoured by the Clerk of the Weather, for there was no interruption on account of rain.

Much interest was shown in the first year tournament, though the standard of play was rather below that of previous years. A number of promising players were revealed, however, who could be really good in two years' time if they play sufficiently. As expected G. Anthony (ID) well and truly outplayed P. McCarthy (ID) by 21 - 13. It is worthy of note that three of the semi-finalists were from the same form.

The middle tournament provided the surprises of the year. It was confidently expected that the finalists would be L. Beynon (IIID) and O. Clement (IIIA), but to our surprise M. Condon (IIA) didn't give Clement a chance in the Semi-finals, and went on to beat Beynon 21 - 17 in the final after trailing 9 - 16.

In the senior tournament, too, it was expected that G. Worts (UVI Sc.) would walk away with the title and he came up to expectations by beating S. Jenkins 21 - 13. It will be a long time before we see a player of such ability and sportsmanship in our Fives Courts as Worts.

It is hoped that Dr. Protheroe, now a member of our Staff, who won the 1952 Fives Championship, will take an active interest in the game. Mr. Hopkins, too, may well be induced to help us. Be this as it may, we shall always be indebted to Mr. Gregory who resuscitated the game. May we never let it die in Dynevor.

J.L.

THE OLD DY'VORIANS' ASSOCIATION.

It was with deep regret that all our members heard last July of the death of Mr. W. Bryn Thomas, past headmaster of the School, who played an active part in the affairs of the Association for so many years.

Mr. Thomas will long be remembered by the community for his valuable and devoted services both at Glanmor School and at Dynevor and very many Old Dy'vorians will recall him as a good friend and wise counsellor, prepared at all times to offer his assistance and sound advice.

Our most sincere expressions of sympathy are extended to Mrs. Thomas and her sons in their sad bereavement.

Old Dy'vorians War Memorial.

At our annual re-union dinner last March an appeal was launched to raise money to enable us to provide a worthy memorial to those old boys of the School who laid down their lives in the two great wars.

It was the intention of the committee to provide a memorial both at St. Mary's Church, the recently reconstructed parish church of Swansea, and in the new School assembly hall and such has been the response to the appeal that we are now confident of achieving this aim.

Two prayer-desks have already been installed in St. Mary's Church and, although details of the School memorial will soon be under discussion, it has been decided to keep the fund open to give those past pupils of Dynevor who have not yet contributed a further opportunity to help us provide a memorial tablet as a lasting tribute to those who made the supreme sacrifice in the two wars.

Social Functions.

The Annual Re-Union Dinner was held on 3rd March last when those who attended were again impressed by the standard maintained by our after-dinner speakers. On an evening which proved a great social success, Mr. Howel Mendus who has long been a faithful servant of the Association was installed as the new President.

The customary Supper-Dance was replaced this year by a more formal Dinner-Dance, but the attendance was again a little disappointing for a function which was considered most enjoyable by those who were present.

The next event in the Association's social calendar is the Re-union Dinner to be held on Monday, 7th March, 1960, to which all our members are cordially invited.

Sport.

The annual Rugby Match against the School at St. Helen's was another keenly fought contest, resulting in a good win for the School and the Cricket Match played at the same venue last July was won by the Old Boys' Team with a few runs to spare.

An Old Dyvorian cricket team was formed last season to play regular fixtures and was successful in the three matches played. It is hoped that sufficient members will be interested in playing regularly for the team next season in a series of matches with local clubs.

Male Voice Choir.

Good wishes for success in its future performances are extended by the Association to the Old Dy'vorians male Voice section which again this year so ably supported the School Choir in its annual Concert.

Finally, our executive committee offers a warm welcome to all our new members and invites all pupils of the School who will be leaving in the coming year to join the ranks of the Association and participate in its activities.

Solution to "What is it"

Fire-escape U.N.E.S.C.O.



