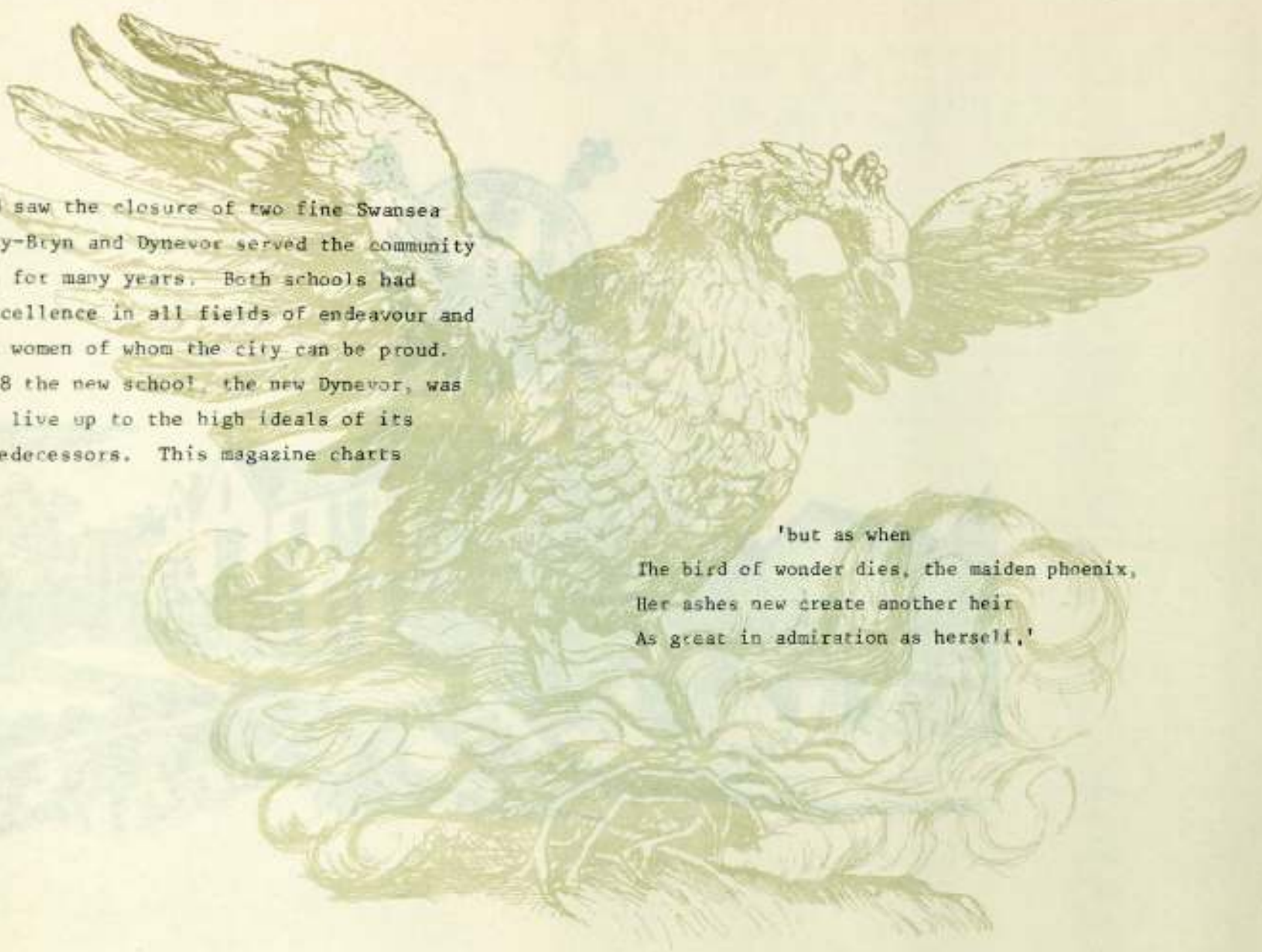


# 66 DRYN FAVOR SCHOOL MAGAZINE 1979



August 1978 saw the closure of two fine Swansea Schools. Llwyn-y-Bryn and Dynevor served the community with distinction for many years. Both schools had traditions of excellence in all fields of endeavour and produced men and women of whom the city can be proud. In September 1978 the new school, the new Dynevor, was born, anxious to live up to the high ideals of its distinguished predecessors. This magazine charts these events.

'but as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
Her ashes new create another heir  
As great in admiration as herself.'







THE JOURNEY OF HIGH HONOUR  
LIES NOT IN SMOOTH WAYS



# The journey of high honour lies not in smooth ways

When the last crate of text-books is packed up and the last girl, green and silver tie worn jauntily at half-mast, walks off down Walter Road towards the stark grey masculinity of the Dynevor building, then perhaps the friendly spirits of the past ninety years, generations of "the female children of the population" of Swansea for whom the school was established, will return to haunt the old house, with its beautiful garden and its hotchpotch of architectural additions.

Perhaps at twilight the original building will be full of Victorian and Edwardian ghosts. Certainly Miss Vinter, the first headmistress, and her two assistants will glide with dignity down the wide wooden staircase, finding little trouble in controlling their forty-nine middle-class, fee-paying scholars. These first teachers are described as wearing sweeping floor length black skirts and silver chatelaines and never bending from the waist but always from the knees to pick up a board duster or a piece of chalk. It must have been a pleasant, leisurely school-time for these long-gone girls, for lessons ended at lunch-time and afternoons were devoted to preparation. At break or 'rest time' they could buy hot milk and 'bars plank' made and served by Sarah, wife of the first caretaker. If we do catch a glimpse of the early pupils they will surprise us for, not only are there three little boys - too young to go to the grammar school - but the girls do not wear uniform. Most of them are sensibly dressed in blue serge but if we are lucky





we may catch a glimpse of the shade of a budding Mrs. Langtry who electrified the whole school one day in a dress of royal blue transparent voile over an orange satin lining.

If we cheat a little we can follow our young ladies as they walk decorously to the Albert Hall for the Annual Prize Giving of 1895. We will find it difficult to recognise the interior of this building, with its balcony festooned in pale green and salmon pink, set off with Japanese lanterns, flags and fans . . . here is Miss Vinter again and the Mayoress being presented with bouquets tied with ribbons of the school colours, and here are the girls all dressed in white for the occasion, each proudly wearing her green school sash. This prize-giving day is an important one in the history of the new school. It is the last time that our young ladies will appear as private pupils. An Act has been passed which provides for higher education for both girls and boys, and from now on the High School at Llwyn-y-Bryn will become part of the state system of education.

Soon the old house is too small to accommodate the expanding school and our girls now have an assembly hall and a real gymnasium. If we peep around the gym door we may catch a glimpse of them being drilled by ex-army sergeant Bird, immaculate in white flannels, while the girls wear modest calf-length blue serge-dresses with red silk ties and sashes. On a Wednesday afternoon behold some intrepid female scientists and their attendant mistress braving a bastion of male privilege - the old Grammar School on Mount Pleasant Hill, in order to study chemistry in the now-empty laboratories - for Wednesdays are a half-holiday for the boys. In 1902 here is the whole school processing to St. Mary's Church for the memorial service for Queen Victoria.

They are anxious to learn, these girls who are being prepared to meet the growing demand for educated women in an increasingly complex, industrialised society, at a time long before the suffragettes had won political equality for women. Again they are fortunate in their teachers, especially their headmistresses: first Miss Vinter, then Miss Bengier, (who in 1895 visited all the technical schools in London to find out how best to teach technical subjects at the new Intermediate School and who in 1902 begged wealthy citizens of the borough to provide money for grants to send her girls to University), then in 1921 Miss Cameron, a dignified and highly respected headmistress for many years. These dedicated cultured ladies, products in the early days of the English women's colleges, inspired awe and affection in their girls, who remembered them with gratitude years later.

Do they sound too good to be true, these girls from the distant past? They weren't always angelic. There is on record the fact that the schoolgirls celebrated the Relief of Mafeking by being allowed to make as much noise as they liked, and we know that the early pupils so hated their music master that they refused to sing above a whisper. Certainly they cannot have been plain girls because on one occasion when they held a school concert on a stage with gas-jet footlights, the Grammar School boys were so incensed at being refused entry to the entertainment that they tried to ruin the performance by throwing stones at the galvanised tin roof of the hall. Although they were taught dancing and "the principles of deportment and graceful movements" by a visiting mistress, the girls soon learnt that by moving the form library aside in one of the attic rooms of the old house it was possible to scramble along the joists of the roof from one end of the building to the other.





If you stand on the terrace of the old house and listen very carefully you can hear yells and cheers from the direction of Swansea Beach on the area where the Guildhall now stands. These are the places where the Llwyn-y-Bryn girls once played hockey, as for many years they had no permanent games field of their own. Games were not compulsory at first, but it was possible to play basketball, hockey and cricket in the summer. The school still has an area of green called "the cricket pitch", which is strange, as cricket has never been played there. Perhaps it was on the beach that this incident, now become a school legend, took place.

A rather sensitive games mistress, supervising some game was woken from a day-dream by the raucous cry of "Foul! Foul!". She rushed over, wringing her hands and squeaking "Oh where, girls, where? Don't hurt the dear creature!" One wonders if the cry of a long-dead sea-gull inspired that story.

Most of all the spirits of Llwyn-y-Bryn Past must linger in the garden so beloved by all who have "grown-up from childhood to approaching maturity with a garden around them". The early garden with its vinery full of sour grapes, its thatched-roof summerhouse and its huge deodar tree has been stretched and altered and built upon as the school expanded to meet the changing educational needs of different generations, yet somehow it remains a place of beauty and of peace. The spirits who inhabit the garden are many: sixth-form girls having lessons on the terrace in the summer, groups of various kinds posing for photographs, chatty juniors crunching crisps at break and the school's first dramatic presentation "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in 1920, with a white-dressed, white-gloved audience shaking hands with Miss Benger, and Puck being accused of deliberately aiming a loaded pea-shooter at one particular mistress. Many were the Sixth-Form Garden Parties held on these lawns, one particularly memorable



one in 1953 where the staff were invited to work off the frustrations of the academic year at a china smashing stall. In the same year came the Coronation Party, with dancing on the netball courts, the scene of so many hilarious staff versus pupils netball matches.

So they came and went, the staff and the girls of Llwyn-y-Bryn School; in less than a century reflecting the startling progress of the movement towards equality of opportunity for all. Here are the spirits of older schoolgirls with upswept hair and long skirts, later those with shingled, then 'permed' hair, wearing the High School gym-slip slit to the waist, in long black stockings, then in white ankle-socks. Here are the 60's girls, veiled by their long straight hair, wearing the most miniscule of school skirts. Here, finally, in 1970, is Miss Havill welcoming the School's first comprehensive school pupils, as Llwyn-y-Bryn accepts its final challenge in the last part of the twentieth century, with 790 girls now.

And these thousands of girls who look back with affection to their years at Llwyn-y-Bryn, what happened to them? Hundreds gained high academic honours and became useful and important members of society; many, of course, married and saw daughters and grand-daughters return to their old school. Some became famous in the world of the arts: among these are the actress Rachel Roberts; and the singers Pat Kern, Pauline Faull and Mary Thomas. Among its distinguished ex-pupils the school can count a world-famous botanist at Kew Gardens, a physicist who worked on atomic research during the Second World War, a chemist researching detergents, an archeologist, a curator of museums, an air-line pilot, the sub-editor of "Vogue" and a female president of the Debating Society of the London School of Economics. For all these and for the school which produced them it has indeed been "a journey of high honour".

(The quotations and incidents recorded in this article were all found in old Llwyn-y-Bryn magazines.)





# RHOSSILI

It was a grey grim September morning but we were still determined to make the best of it. The Lower and Upper Sixth Biologists were to study seashore ecology for a week and as it was during school time what more could one ask for? Every member of the party had visions of something similar to Butlins holiday camp. However, these illusions were to be shattered.

When we arrived at Rhossili Outdoor Pursuits Centre we unpacked and were presented with fashionable attire which consisted of plastic, bright red trousers and jackets. The resemblance of each one of us to a berry was remarkable. For our feet we were provided with hiking boots, remarkable pieces of engineering which were quite venomous in producing blisters, corns and aching feet, as we were soon to find out.

After lunch Mr. Levi and Mrs. Poley decided we would have a "gentle" walk. We soon found that this course was to be tougher than we thought as we trudged over rocks, beaches and, what appeared to the less experienced (which included practically all of us), 90° slopes.

Eventually we were relieved of our exercise and returned for our evening meal which we prepared according to a duty rota. There were a few disasters such as sausages so crisp one had to guess what they were, a few overcooked chips and undercooked peas, but we were usually so ravenous by evening it did not really matter what we ate.

However, we soon adapted to the outdoor life and became quite proficient rock climbers and enjoyed collecting specimens. One member adapted so well she bathed twice in rock pools, emitting cries of joy as she fell in.

We spent our evenings studying with the occasional film kindly shown by Mr. Levi. No! not the Paul Newman film, but sagas of sea anemones, sea lettuces and limpets.

At the end of the week we all admitted that we had enjoyed the course despite the moans and groans about walking when we were so used to transport. Hopefully, we were also far fitter when we left than when we arrived.

However, one such course is quite enough for fashionable young ladies used to fashionable shoes and four wheeled transport.





# MISS E. HAVILL M.A.

Miss E. E. Havill, M.A., is the last of a line of distinguished Head Teachers of a school which has achieved over the years an unequalled reputation in Wales.

Now that Llwyn-y-Bryn is to be no more, but is to be fully amalgamated with Dynevor, it is fitting that a tribute should be paid to an outstanding personality in education, not only in Swansea, but in Wales.

Her association with Swansea began in the summer of 1928 when, with three other sixth-form finalists, competing for two of the first Geneva scholarships awarded by the Welsh League of Nations Union, she was successful in winning one of the coveted prizes. Miss Havill gained a first-class Honours degree in History, followed in the next year by a first-class Honours degree in English. Her Teaching Diploma was obtained at Cambridge.

In 1949, Miss Havill received her M.A. degree, together with the Prince Llywelyn ap Gruffydd Memorial Prize, an annual award of merit for the best thesis on a subject relating to the history of Wales and the Welsh Marches. In the same year, she became Headmistress of Swansea High School (now Llwyn-y-Bryn) after some years as Head of History at Bridgend Girls' School and Lady Margaret High School, Cardiff.

Miss Havill's talents have been recognized publicly, too. From 1949 to 1976, she was a member of the Ministry Team for Reconstruction of German Education and a Council member of the Welsh Secondary Schools Association. Until 1974, she was a Council member of Swansea University College and a member of the Court of the University of Wales. She is a regular contributor to the Welsh Secondary Schools Association Review and writes occasional articles for the Western Mail.



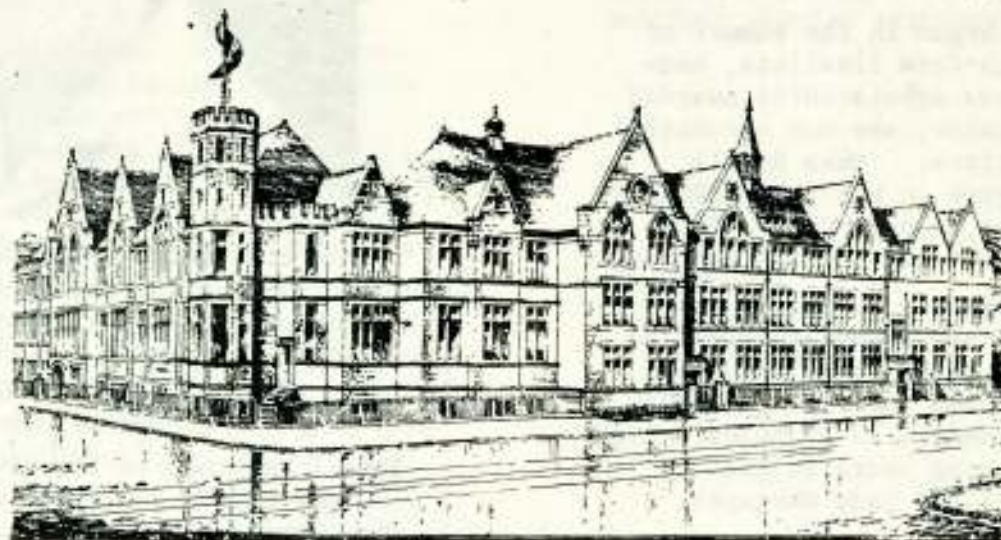
During her twenty-seven years at Llwyn-y-Bryn, Miss Havill organised the transition from Grammar School to Comprehensive, introducing an extended range of subjects including a Commercial Department. In those years, the premises were enlarged to include a new Hall and Biology Laboratory and the use of Eirianfa and St. Helen's.

When I returned to Llwyn-y-Bryn as Deputy Head in 1963, I was immediately impressed by the atmosphere engendered by Miss Havill. Her whole-hearted and sincere devotion to the education and future of every girl in the school was evident. She knew the name and form of every one in the school, her ability and hopes for the future. This was not only because of her prodigious memory for detail but because of her concern and awareness of each pupil as individual. No matter was considered too unimportant for her considered and fair judgement. She was unstinting in her efforts to plan meticulously for an all-round education.

Her wise and far-seeing guidance of each of her pupils will never be forgotten. Miss Havill will always rank as one of the great Head-teachers.

Mrs. E. Bluned EVANS





THE EXTENDED SCHOOL, 1929.





# An Old boy remembers

When I entered Dynevor in 1925 the school was very different from today. There was no school building in De-la-Bèche Street; instead, at that time a row of houses extended from the Albert Hall almost to the corner, where the small staff car park is today. The school extended from that corner opposite the Fire Station down to the Youth Employment Building which, at that time, was a private house which accommodated the Director of Education and the whole of the Education Department. The street on that side was known as Dynevor Place and the entire far side was a row of houses where the Magistrates' Court and the Dragon Hotel now stand.

Dynevor Place during that period was the starting place for buses climbing to Townhill and for the buses of those days the route to Townhill was a really formidable climb which required special Alpine-type, Saurer buses which were particularly noisy. Because of this noise the school windows were sealed and could not be opened and ventilation was by means of a large fan in the playground which fed air along ducts through the entire school.

Pupils of those days considered that this system had a number of advantages, particularly as the fan occasionally broke down - or was it perhaps sabotaged? - and the school frequently enjoyed an extra day's holiday.

In those days Dynevor was known as the Municipal Secondary School for Boys and the equivalent girls' grammar school was located in Trinity Place, between the present Dynevor Building and the Public Library. 1928 saw an important year in the history of the school. The houses in De-la-Bèche Street, from the Albert Hall to Dynevor Place corner, were demolished

and a new school for the girls was constructed, to be known as De-la-Bèche School - a girls' grammar school. As soon as this new school was completed we, in the boys' school, moved into it for a short time whilst our own school in Dynevor Place was demolished and re-built as a new boys' grammar school. When this was completed we moved into our new school in Dynevor Place, and the girls moved from Trinity Place into their new De-la-Bèche School. Thus De-la-Bèche Girls' and Dynevor Boys' Schools were born.

Even today, outside the hall exit, on the Magistrates' Court side, one can still see a part of the early arch of the original school with the head of a child carved on the remaining side of the arch. That is all that remains of the old Higher Grade, or Municipal Secondary School.

So far as the boys in Swansea were concerned, in those days, there were two grammar schools for pupils who passed the 'Scholarship' examination. There was the Swansea Grammar School, which was then on Mount Pleasant Hill - now the Institute of Higher Education - and, of course, Dynevor. In those early times the Swansea Grammar School accepted not only pupils who had passed the scholarship but also a certain number of pupils who had not gained a scholarship but whose parents were prepared to pay fees for their education at the school. Dynevor entrants were entirely scholarship pupils.

The new 1928 schools of Dynevor Boys' and De-la-Bèche Girls' were separated by a yellow brick wall, which still stands across the playground. The boys used the Lower Gymnasium which was entered from the boys' playground, and the girls used the Upper Gymnasium which was entered from the girls' playground. In the girls' playground there were two large elm trees which were removed at a later date.

In those days the halls were located in the top floor of each building. The handicraft rooms were found in the basement, where the small car park and the present



school hall now stand. The Dynevor Place/De-la-Bèche Street corner consisted of an impressive tower, in the bottom floor of which commercial subjects were taught.

The next important event in the history of the building was the Second World War. In 1941, on the first night of a three-night 'Blitz' on the town of Swansea by German bomber planes, many of the water mains in the centre of the town were damaged and the subsequent dropping of incendiary bombs destroyed the top floors of Dynevor and De-la-Bèche buildings, and a high explosive bomb demolished the corner where the small car park is now located. De-la-Bèche girls were subsequently shared between the Girls' High School and Glamor, and the boys were then spread over the two sites that remained of the original two schools.

Post-war years were very grim at Dynevor. There was no real roof to the school, and rooms in what is now the present middle floor, constantly leaked water which had to be caught in buckets! There were many rumours that Dynevor was to be closed. One strong rumour at the time was that the staff and pupils were to be moved into a new large school to be built on the outskirts of Swansea. These rumours came to nothing and the school survived. Perhaps the feelings of the school were represented in the variations given to the name "Dynevor" thought up by the pupils of the time. When the school survived in spite of these rumours, Dynevor became "Die-never"; just as earlier the noise from the buses starting off in Dynevor Place caused pupils to interpret the name as "Din-ever"!

1958 saw the completion of the re-building of the top floors of both buildings, together with the construction of a new hall at the school. When the new top floors were re-constructed it was then, of course, a single school, and a new hall meant that the top floors, which had previously been used as school halls, could not be used for other purposes. Thus in the De-la-Bèche Building new, modern laboratories were

constructed, and in the Dynevor Building an excellent Library, Art Room and a new, modern Geography Room were provided. These additional facilities were, of course, newer than those of the two, then recently built, comprehensive schools which had just been opened on the outskirts of Swansea.

More recently, with the Llwyn-y-Bryn amalgamation, changes in the basement of the De-la-Bèche Building have provided new lavatories for girls, a rest-room, sixth-form common-rooms, etc. One of the shelters beneath the gymnasium has provided new girls' and staff changing rooms, and rooms of the Youth Employment building will shortly become a Home Economics Centre.

Of course, my own connection with Dynevor, which has spanned across 54 years, has seen a great deal more than changes in the structure of the premises. When I returned as Headmaster in 1965 Dynevor was quite a large grammar school and the school population reached 980 pupils. We were extremely fortunate in being given several years' warning of the impending change to a comprehensive system.

With this very much in mind the academic organisation was changed into a 'banding' and 'setting' system into which pupils from secondary modern schools were absorbed in 1970. The academic records of the incoming pupils were examined closely and they were then mixed carefully with each other and also with the former grammar school pupils. There was complete freedom of movement available between bands and sets.

This was made possible because the courses in the secondary modern schools from which they came had been deliberately arranged for the last two years of their existence to lead smoothly into the new comprehensive school. This turned out well and many of the pupils from former secondary modern schools obtained excellent C.S.E., 'O' Level and 'A' Level results and proceeded to universities together with the grammar school pupils whom they had joined.



Of course, a grammar school was not equipped to deal with the amount of craft required in a large comprehensive school. Because of this, the premises at the Old Guildhall, which had earlier been a Secondary Technical School and, later, a College of Further Education, and which had become vacant a year earlier, proved to be ideal as a Craft Wing for the new Dynevor Comprehensive School. To prevent commuting, pupils were time-tabled to the Old Guildhall for a full day at a time, and not only studied crafts, but also took Technical Drawing, Art, Science and a number of other subjects. The craft facilities were excellent. In addition to the usual Woodwork and Metalwork workshop, facilities also exist for welding, casting and jewellery making; there was also a pottery wheel and a pottery kiln, and a special workshop for building construction where brick-laying was possible, together with the actual fitting of doors and window frames. A motor mortar-mixer was provided and there were also facilities and vehicles for motor engineering. These activities led to C.S.E. examinations and a number of pupils have followed careers based on these subjects.

In 1977 fourth-year girls and lower-sixth girls from Llwyn-y-Bryn School joined the school so that they would have a two-year uninterrupted run-up to C.S.E./'O' Level and 'A' Level Examinations (without a change) when the full amalgamation took place in 1978.

The girls have adapted to the change particularly well, and the social amalgamation was undoubtedly helped by participation by the girls in the school plays and in school musical productions.

The immediate future appears to be concerned with the erection of a new building on or near the existing Fives Courts, which will provide combined accommodation for Heavy Crafts, Home Economics and Light Crafts. This will permit the closure of the Old Guildhall and the Llwyn-y-Bryn buildings, and so enable the school to be

unified on one site.

May the school in the future be as happy and as successful as it has been in the past.



# GLEANINGS FROM THE LOG

The seventy-fifth anniversary number of the Dynevor Magazine included extracts from the school log. We are indebted to the editors of that magazine for permission to reprint an abridged version of that article.

The writer has had the privilege of perusing the pages of the very first log book kept by the Principal Teacher of our School; and while a further injunction that "No reflections or opinions of a general character are to be entered in the Log Book" appears to have been faithfully observed and has in consequence, perhaps, robbed the narrative of some of the light and shade it might otherwise have possessed, the volume has for us a value far beyond any intrinsic worth that it could possibly possess.

The log-book makes it clear that Mr. Samuel Roberts, so often thought of as the first Head, was not in fact the first, but the second, for a Mr. Comer Jones had that honour, and it was he who had the privilege of making the first entry in the Log on Friday, September 14th, 1883, which records:

"Opened the Higher Grade School last Monday morning with 51 boys in the Upper Department and 38 in the Lower. Worked according to a provisional Time Table. A great deal of time has been taken up in classifying the children, many of whom have never been in a public elementary school."

Mr. Jones' headship lasted but one term, for he moved into the elevated circle of Her Majesty's Inspectorship in January. His last entry in the log pays a generous tribute to the first staff.

"My brief connection with this School terminates to-day (December 21st 1883). My successor, Mr. S. Roberts, B.A., begins his duties here on January 7th. All the teachers in the two boys' departments have displayed great devotion to their duties and discharged them with great thoroughness."

The first entry in the Log by Mr. Roberts for January 17th, 1884, is a lengthy one and has several items of interest.

"Occupied the whole of each day with standards V and VI . . . Attendance irregular and unpunctual . . . Examined stock on Saturday, January 12th, and found many deficiencies . . . Writing, Arithmetic and class subjects will need much attention. Drawing backward. Quiet and orderly habits of working and changing lessons much needed. Registers untidily kept. Many of the boys unused to school discipline."

Reference to the registers suggest that Mr. Roberts' troubles were not wholly to do with the boys, but that the Staff, too, were guilty of "drawing backward". Education was not free in these early days before the advent of the "scholarship" and an entry of the next week reveals the extent of the parents' financial commitments for the privilege of sending their boys to the "Higher Grade."

"School Management Committee resolved this week that the weekly fee be 9d. and that the children be required to buy their Home Lesson books."

I imagine that not only Mr. John Richards, the present Music Master, but others of his colleagues who teach in adjacent classrooms when the choir is undergoing its last rehearsals for the annual concert, will be interested in an entry of June 20th, 1884:



"The Lower School is progressing favourably. The singing in this department is rather boisterous but receiving attention."

Our Senior School will be interested in a decision of the Managers recorded at the end of the first school year:

"The Managers have decided that the Lower School shall close at 4.30 in the afternoon: the Senior boys to continue work until 5 o'clock."

Add to this the fact recorded in a following entry that the Summer Vacation did not commence until August 15th, albeit there was a day off on the preceding Bank Holiday, and one may well conclude that times were indeed hard.

Increased financial responsibilities on the part of pupils' parents are indicated by an entry of September, 1884:

"The children are required by the Board to pay for the use of books in school and for Home Lesson Books in addition to the fee of 9d., to commence from this week."

while the Registers were to be put upon a sound red and black basis:

"Commenced new system of marking attendance. On entering School, all present are indicated by red marks in registers, and those are finally closed by marking late boys' attendances in black."

Nothing can be clearer and fairer than that, we agree, and that the problem was brought nearer to solution is indicated by an entry a week later which records that "attendance has been much improved, there being few late boys."

It is interesting to find that in 1885, though there were 186 boys on the registers, the total staff numbered only five, including the Headmaster who evidently was compelled to live up to his official title of "principal teacher". And all these worked in two school-rooms, probably divided by curtains, measuring 54 feet by 20 feet. What a problem

it must have been when a member of staff was absent, and what relief when an occasional holiday brought the unwieldy machine to a temporary halt!

Though the staff was obviously overworked in these early days and an occasional day off was doubtless very desirable and even necessary, some of the reasons given for requesting leave of absence seem rather unusual. Thus, one member requested leave to attend a picnic; another, in order to go to the Mumbles; a third, to meet a friend from London, and a fourth "in order to attend the funeral of his landlord."

B.C.



Nearly there



# School Notes

This was a strange time for the Llwyn-y-Bryn section of the school. For most of the academic year it still existed as a separate entity, with its own head-girl and prefect system, its own uniform and its own particular way of doing things. Yet already the fourth and lower sixth-form girls had moved to Dynevor, and many of the staff were 'commuting' rather uneasily between the two buildings.

However, at 77 Walter Road, business was more or less as usual. During the year Kay Kisson won the first prize at the National Co-operative Schools Art contest and her work was later exhibited to the Co-operative Union Congress at Blackpool. The Music Department seems to have been particularly busy during the Christmas Term. A group of sixty girls attended the Concert for Youth of the Swansea Festival on October 10th and on December 16th Mrs. Rhydderch and her carol choir bravely sang their way through the main streets of pre-Christmas Swansea in an open 'bus in response to the Swansea Sound Christmas appeal. On the evening of 20th December the school continued the long tradition of the Christmas Carol Service of Nine Lessons and Carols, presented for parents and friends. On the following day, the same service was repeated for the pupils themselves.

The New Year began with Theatre visits, sports awards and parties. On 11th January some senior girls went to see "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Aldwych Theatre in London, and on January 17th and 18th, the third and fifth-forms celebrated the New Year in rather belated but very enjoyable parties. B.A.G.A. Gymnastics Award Scheme Certificates and Badges were presented and the upper school was given a talk on careers in the Civil Service. For the

first time school examinations took place at the same time in both Dynevor and Llwyn-y-Bryn Schools, following which the Upper VIth were delighted to have the opportunity to visit the Sherman Theatre, Cardiff, to see a production of "The Rivals". In mid-February sisters Kim and Jane Taylor and Andrea Murphy were presented with certificates for proficiency in swimming.

On February 20th the school was honoured to be chosen as the background for a school scene for a new film about the life of Dylan Thomas. The building was invaded, not only by actors and technicians from Cardiff, but also by boys from Bishop Gore School, who played Dylan Thomas' class-mates. There was no Eisteddfod at Llwyn-y-Bryn, but everyone was delighted to have the traditional half-day holiday on 1st March. One of the advantages of joining-up with the boys of Dynevor became apparent on 3rd March, when both schools were granted a whole day holiday because of Dynevor's success in sport. The Women's World Day of Prayer Service was held at St. Mary's Church that same afternoon. It was attended by Miss Kneath and several pupils. Elaine Thomas and Kim Brophy read from the Bible during the service. On Wednesday, 8th March, Miss Kneath and several pupils attended a health conference held at the Patti Pavilion. On Tuesday, 4th March, the VIth Form's Cake Sale raised £8.20 for the 'Samaritans'. We were delighted when it was announced that our senior swimming team had come third out of all the schools in Wales which had contested for the Sladen Trophy. The team members; Claire Richards, Clare Williams, Julie Keys and Cheryl Murphy were especially to be congratulated, coming as they did from a school with no swimming pool of its own.

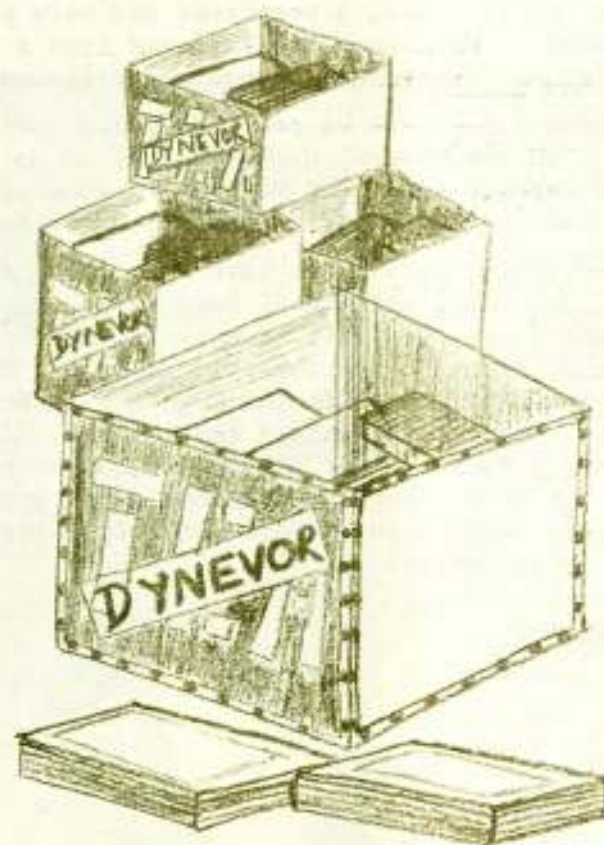
Early in the Summer Term, Angela McGivern was presented with the Hayward Award for excellence. On Wednesday, 19th April, the VIth form returned to the Patti Pavilion, this time for a history conference. In May the School congratulated Mrs. Hill and the girls who



had been so successful in the National League of Pity Art Competition. Later in the term, Vanessa Mason was presented with the Albion Cup for coming first in the competition. The winning entries from the school were exhibited at the Glynn Vivian Art Gallery, at David Evans Store and The Ostreme Art Exhibition. On 18th May, Goodwill Day, the message from the children of Wales to the Children of the World was read in Welsh, English, French and German, and the school was very pleased to welcome Madame Bourdier, the mother of our French Assistant, who chose this best day of all to pay us a visit.

A successful Careers' Convention took place on the evening of 27th May, thanks to the efforts of Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Lloyd and the P.T.A., who provided the refreshments. On 5th May and 8th May, Mr. Beale and Mr. Morris presented Bibles from the Gideon Society to girls from Forms 1 and 2, and the school applauded the efforts of Susan Vesuviano and Claire Vickery who raised £11.20 for the local Association for the Blind, by taking part in a sponsored walk. Rather more startling, but equally praiseworthy, was the success of Form VN who raised £13 to be given to Ynys-y-Plant Children's Home by - of all things! - a sponsored silence. Between 5th and 30th June the whole school suffered, more or less in silence, while Forms V and VI attempted to commit to paper all they had learnt in the previous five, or seven years. Immediately after the external G.C.E. examinations, a party of sixth-formers, with a levelling of form three, visited Stratford to see a rather startling production of "The Taming of the Shrew". This mini-tour, which took two days, also included a visit to Coventry Cathedral, a lecture on Shakespeare and Stratford, a tour of the most important Shakesperean properties and the washing of dozens of bacon and bean besmeared plates at the Stratford Youth Hostel.

The pupils of what had now become the Llwyn-y-Bryn Annexe of the new Dynevor School departed light-heartedly a week before what should have been the real end of term, leaving the staff to cover themselves in dust and glory as they packed tea-chest after tea-chest of books for transportation to the main Dynevor building. 'Nearly there' was over - a new era had begun!





# School Notes

The period 1977-78 has seen many traumatic changes in the life of the school. The first stage of the amalgamation of Dynevor and Llwyn-y-Bryn was accomplished with the arrival of 140 girls at Dynevor. They have contributed a great deal to the academic and social life of the school.

It is with much sadness and regret that we mention the death of Mr. Cyril Jones, a respected and very popular member of staff. Mr. Jones had suffered from a long illness which had forced his premature retirement.

The academic standards of previous years have been maintained. Andrew Clemes, U. Vith Arts, is to read Law at Jesus College, Oxford, and Maldwyn Pope, U.Vith Science, Economics at Christ's College, Cambridge.

Extra-curricular activities have been much in evidence this year. Our excellent School Band gave a concert in November, which preceded their successful northern tour. The Christmas term also saw the production of "The Government Inspector," by Nicolai Gogol. The following term the Music Department staged the musical, "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat", by Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice. Both productions were extremely successful, so much so that there were two extra performances of the musical





# MR. O.A. MORRIS

It affords me great pleasure to write a tribute to Mr. O.A. Morris, our former Deputy Head, on behalf of the generations of former pupils and staff who benefited from his teaching and guidance.

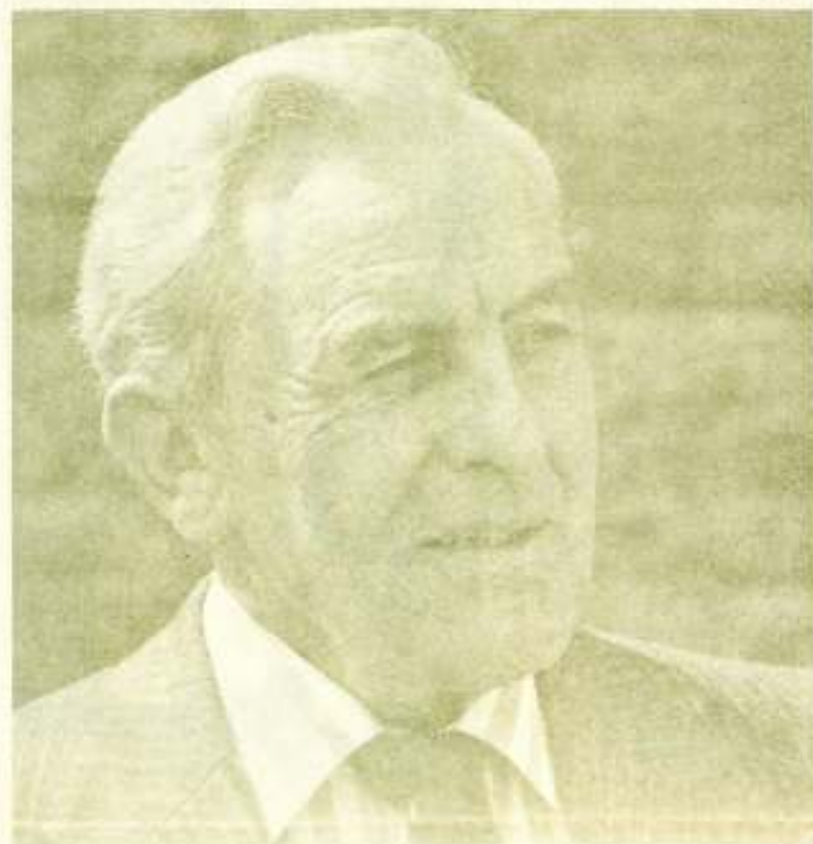
Mr. Morris joined the English Department of this school towards the end of 1946, having previously taught in Llanelli and Essex, and from the first was involved with many facets of school life in addition to the teaching of English. His great interest in Library work soon became apparent and he was invited to supervise the new School Library which was being established after the War damage to the School. This finally resulted in our present Library opening in 1958. Mr. Morris' interest in the use of libraries in schools involved him in activities far beyond the confines of our school. He helped to organise the first School Library Association Branch in Swansea, which eventually covered South Wales and finally the whole of the Principality. He has held office at the highest levels and has the unique distinction of being the only teacher to serve on the Library Advisory Council (Wales).

Mr. Morris was also the driving force behind the School Savings Movement in Dynevor and again became involved in circles outside the school. He served on local and national committees and became a member of the National Committee for Schools' Savings and the National Education Committee for Savings. Such was his enthusiasm in Dynevor that the school held the record for the amount saved in one year - over £15,000.

During Mr. Morris' tenure as Deputy Head the amalgamation between Dynevor and Llwyn-y-Bryn was taking place and the present pupils and staff owe him much for the work he did to make this as smooth and as relatively painless as it has been.

I am sure that as we look back over the long and distinguished career of Mr. Morris, we all admire the "Wizardry of Oss". We offer him and Mrs. Morris our sincere wishes for a long, active and happy future.

A.B.







"The Government Inspector"



"Joseph and His Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat"

# A MEDICAL DISPLAY

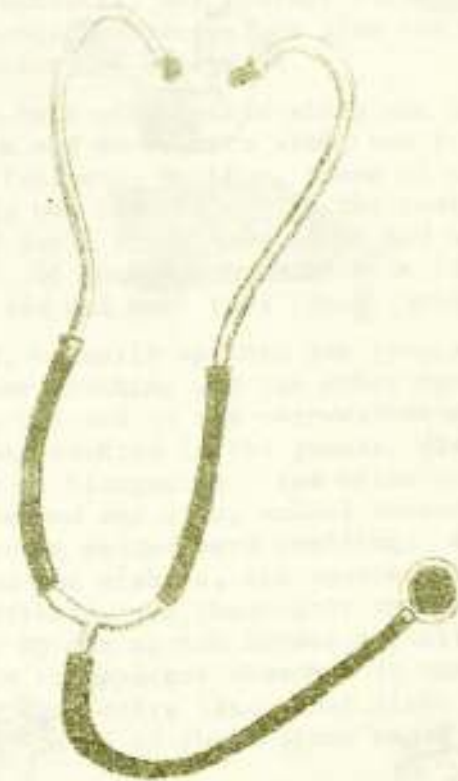
With a party of about thirty pupils consisting of third and fifth formers, I visited the Patti Pavilion to attend a medical display. There were people from all professions, such as Speech Therapists, Physiotherapists, Dentists, etc.

We all dispersed and went to see whatever interested us. With my friends I went first to see the surgeon and I very politely asked why he was holding a string of sausages. He rather sharply replied that they were supposed to be large intestines.

In the course of the morning we spoke to many interesting people. We also obtained many leaflets concerned with the jobs in which we were interested.

As there was still time left we went outside and explored the inside of a modern-day ambulance; this also was very intriguing. We then returned into the main hall where we caught a male nurse reading a newspaper. When he saw us he immediately pushed the newspaper under the bedclothes, knocking off the arm of the poor model who was lying in a bed pretending to be a patient.

After we had seen all that we wanted to see, we reported to the teachers and returned to school.





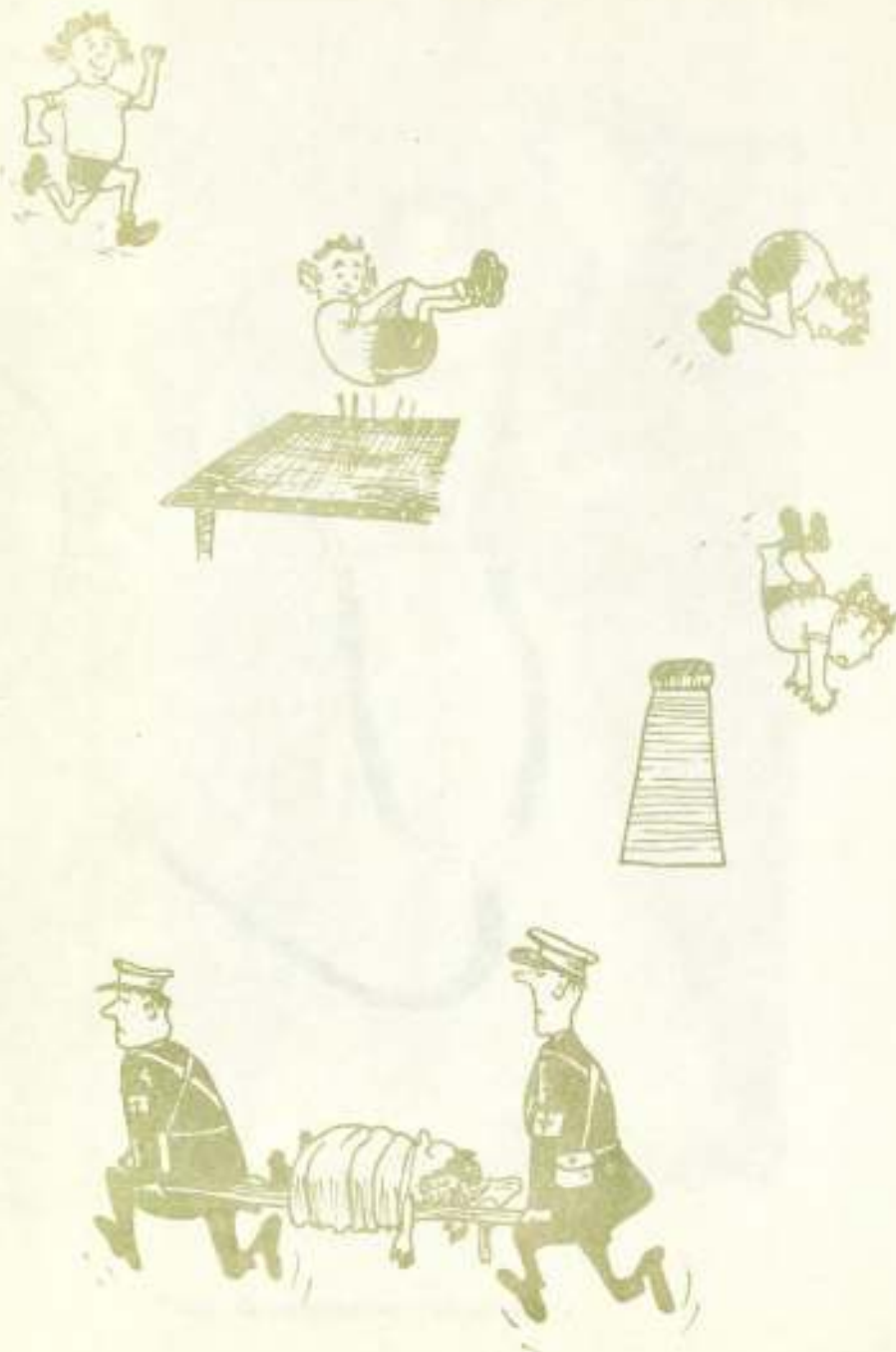
# GYMNASTICS

It all started when Gaynor Vine, Mary Slee, Angela Jones, Lynne Williams and I (Debbie Olsen) were picked to go to a competition in Canoldre Gym Club. It was a very exciting day and we all got through. The date of the competition was 12th May, 1979, but we started out on 11th May. My birthday was 12th May so it was very exciting for me. We all met on Friday morning, 12th May at the Central Library, Swansea. When eventually the 'bus came we put our cases in the boot and clambered onto the 'bus. We were travelling a long time and at last we stopped for a meal. We set off again and when we came to the host school we got to know each other better. The 'bus set off again to take us to the houses where we were staying. When we came to the 'bus stop we all parted to go our different ways. I had an early night as our 'bus was picking us up at 8.30 a.m.

We were taken down to the Leisure Centre where the competition was held. It was a very long day and we won quite a lot of silver and gold medals. We did quite well at gym but I wasn't really included because I was the reserve, but the other boys and girls did quite well. There was a boy in our team who did round-off flicks, and double back somersaults. He came first in everything but, most surprisingly, none of the girls won anything, but the important thing was that we enjoyed ourselves.

After a tiring day we went home and I went straight to bed and fell asleep. In the morning I woke and packed my things and made sure I had everything. We waited at the 'bus stop and when the 'bus came we all went on it and sat down, ready for our long journey back.

Debbie OLSEN (Form 1/25)





# Rhossili Again



On Monday, 12th March, twenty-four girls, along with Mrs. Bashford and Mrs. Guy, could have been noticed perched on mountainous piles of luggage under the gym, waiting for transport to an Outdoor Pursuits course at Rhosilli for the following week. At last the coach arrived and whisked us off to the wilds of Gower where we were greeted with an extremely steep lane up which we had to "man-handle" our suitcases. Grumbling and groaning we finally arrived at the Centre itself, deposited our luggage inside and sat back for an introductory talk by the two instructors, Rosemary and Lindsay.

When the activities of the week were explained to us, many of the girls would have been quite happy to sprint back to Swansea, even with their piles of luggage. But, as we were told, the whole object of the week was to "have a go" at everything, however frightened or at least, dubious we might feel. After unpacking, we were issued with hick rucksacks, wet weather outfits and enormous walking boots, guaranteed to give the wearer either complete comfort or blisters!

During the week half of us would sleep out in tents on alternate nights and so we were shown how to put them up. However, the following morning, those of us foolish enough to take only one blanket out to the tents were full of regret. I don't think many of us had been that cold in our lives! Of course, the fact that it also snowed that night did not make this ideal camping weather.

After breakfast, we split up into two groups of twelve, one group going pony-trekking and the other rock climbing. The pony-trekkers, dressed in red wet-weather outfits, were given a map and pointed in the general direction of the riding stables at Llangenith a few miles away. As we trudged through the mud and snow, school lessons in those lovely warm classrooms seemed very inviting. But once we eventually found the stables, the weather brightened up and the day's trekking was thoroughly enjoyed by most girls, marred only by one or two horses actually rolling on their riders for no apparent reason. It was not until we arrived back at the Centre later that night that the soreness in certain parts of the anatomy began to make its presence felt!

On the Wednesday, the groups changed over and the rock-climbers, having heard hair-raising accounts of the cliffs to be traversed, were quite absorbed with their own thoughts and fears. Later, down at the cliffs, complete with orange helmets and safety harnesses, we practised scrambling over small rocks and then on to the cliffs themselves. Every girl attempted each climb although a few managed to get stuck half-way up the face.



After lunch, it was our turn to abseil down the famous "Blow-Hole". Surrounded by ropes and safety belts we launched ourselves through a small opening at the top of the cliff which opened up into a cave seventy feet high. The trip down was absolutely breathtaking and we were able to stop half-way down and hang-in mid-air to pose for photographs. Those girls who endured the journey with eyes tightly shut until they were once again on firm ground seemed to make the best photographs. Unable to have a second go because the tide had come in, we trekked back to the Centre after a completely nerve-racking day.

Our last day was spent orienteering and after a morning's instruction on map work and the three-mile course we were to attempt, we set off in pairs, following maps to the various check points. A few of us were out to beat the one hour fourteen minute record for the course, held for the previous two years, but those accursed boots made vaulting over hill and dale like mountain goats an extremely arduous task. Later, with the questions at the last checkpoint answered and the Centre in sight, two of us, Claire Williams and Katherine Ley, clambered or perhaps fell down the last hillside to find that we had, in fact, broken the existing record by twelve minutes. Again it was not until later that night that our legs took on a feeling of complete detachment.

The party that took place on our last night put a temporary end to "well-looked-after" figures as infinite supplies of sweets and biscuits were passed around the room, offering challenges to the all but lead stomach linings. Throughout the week the food had been very good, and although prepared by permanent kitchen staff, was cremated to perfection by the Lower-sixth culinary experts.

Our mid-morning concert before we left on the Friday morning included a superb rendition of a revised "Swing Low Sweet Chariot", by the massed choir of the Lower

Sixth form and then, after we had thanked Rosemary and Lindsay for a wonderful week, the coach carried us back to Swansea, nearly every girl having overcome fear and having attempted each activity during the immensely enjoyable week.





# The Fashion Show

It was what could be called a dream come true, being given the freedom of one of the city's top boutiques to choose several outfits plus full accessories. For someone who has to save constantly to buy a single item it was a very enjoyable change.

The pleasure of choosing the outfits was later to be greatly overshadowed by the utter terror felt on the night of the fashion show. The walk we would have to make had been practised previously, but even so, on the actual night I had a dreadful fear of falling flat on my face.

The disc-jockey announcer, bright lights and catwalk presented a very professional show to the audience, but if only they had seen behind the curtain. It was chaos, clothes strewn everywhere, half naked girls ran frantically to and fro, searching for make-up, shoes, tights and hairgrips. The air was full of tension, smoke and hairspray. All the girls were very nervous and the same thought was occupying their minds, "Be careful not to fall".

As I walked onto the stage wearing my first outfit I felt very lonely, the bright lights made it virtually impossible to recognise an individual member of the audience. Not that it mattered, I was so nervous I was unable to lift my eyes from the ground as I scanned the catwalk, positioning my every step.

On returning backstage my clothes were instantly torn from me by a dozen strange hands, and in a moment I was dressed and ready for my next walk in a completely new outfit.

The clothes being modelled were very pretty, light and summery and a completely new set of accessories was worn with each outfit; woven baskets,

straw hats and bags, flowers and scarves were very popular.

An interesting part of the show was provided by the C.S.E. and 'O' level needlework students who modelled the outfits they had made as part of their examination work.

At the end of the night all signs of nervousness had disappeared and all involved - the audience, girls, organizers and helpers - had enjoyed a very pleasurable evening.

This was due mainly to the extremely hard work and enthusiasm of several members of staff and representatives of "Miss Selfridge".

Kay KISSOCK



# Morrison Hospital

One wet afternoon in April, Mrs. Evans took a small group of third and fifth formers to the Physiotherapy Unit of Morrison Hospital. We caught a 'bus there and when we arrived we were given an interesting talk by Mr. Williams, a remedial gymnast who had been at the Nursing Exhibition at the Patti Pavilion in March, when he had kindly invited us to visit the hospital. He told us about the important part physiotherapy plays in our lives. The remedial gymnast's first task with many patients is to enlist their full co-operation in such basic functions as walking, physical exercise and all the activities of daily living. This is not always as simple as it may sound.

Mr. Williams took us to the hall where three remedial gymnast students were working with a group. This group consisted of men who were all paralysed down one or both sides. They were being taught basic skills such as getting up from the floor unaided and how to sit down on chairs. Many were given simple exercises to do, such as picking up a medicine ball with their feet, to build up their muscles, and how to take hold of a ball while sitting on a chair. The ball was being passed at awkward angles such as over the head or at the side. The exercise is meant to help the sense of balance. One man was being taught to climb stairs and to walk between two bars.

Physiotherapists also use things like dartboards to help people make use of their sight. An example of this is a boy whose eyes were severely damaged in a traffic accident, leaving him with just a tiny pinpoint of light from each eye. He was taught to use this light with the aid of a dartboard. Other board games, such as chess or draughts, are used in the treatment of patients.

Another example of treatment is that given to children and young people suffering from disabling diseases such as spina bifida, cystic fibrosis and cerebral palsy, who can very often benefit from games, activities and physical exercises into which an element of fun is injected. Swimming is often used as a method of strengthening muscles. Music is also used to help the patient relax.

But remedial gymnasts do not always work in hospitals alone. Some visit special schools for the mentally or physically handicapped children, teaching games and recreation. There is also a call for similar services in rehabilitation centres, where many partly-recovered patients can follow pursuits designed to develop and strengthen limbs. Some patients are advised and instructed in their own homes. It is in areas such as these that the remedial gymnast's ability to function as an individual as well as a member of a team really counts.

Mr. Williams then gave out leaflets and gave us another short talk. Then we had to go and catch our 'bus. It was a very interesting and memorable afternoon which we shall all remember for a long time.



## An A to Z of the School Sporting Activities

### ATHLETICS

Because of increasing pressures upon the P.E. Staff, poor weather conditions and other factors, activities have had to be curtailed. However, the school teams performed well in both West Glamorgan and Swansea Schools' Championships. In the previous season Gina Williams gained a Welsh Vest.

There was also a very successful sports day at which girls were welcomed for the first time.

### BADMINTON

Membership of the Badminton Club has grown over the last two seasons with the introduction of girls into this previously male domain. The club meets on three afternoons a week and on one evening a week. There have been two successful seasons. All but two games were won under the supervision of Mr. Devereux.

Congratulations to Simon Clark on his good work and his selection to the West Glamorgan Squad.

### BASKETBALL

Mr. David Gwynn has reawakened interest in this sport in the school. A club has been formed which has gained strength over the last two seasons. The club meets during one lunch-hour and on two evenings each week. Two teams are entered in the Schools' League. Some members were selected for district trials and Anthony Burrows gained international honours.

### CANOEING

Facilities are available in school for pupils to build their own canoes. The school also has a canoe of its own and, recently, Mr. Ray Craven has become a qualified canoeing instructor. The coming seasons hold exciting possibilities. Some boys have already achieved proficiency standards, and Tim Andrew came second in the round-the-islands canoe race.

### CRICKET

The 1977-78 season saw only two school teams. Some of this can be attributed to the falling interest amongst the pupils. Thanks are due to Mr. A. Balch, Mr. J. Hopkin and Mr. N. Hawkes.

The 1978-79 season has seen nothing in the form of cricket owing to the lack of adequate facilities and, of course, the poor summer weather.

### CROSS-COUNTRY

There were no successes of note amongst the boys who ran regularly in the Swansea Schools' League. In the 1977-78 season they were helped greatly by the interest shown by Gary Irving, a sixth-former.

Two girls, however, succeeded in being chosen for West Glamorgan.

The cross-country club meets on Monday evenings under the care of Mrs. Guy, at Llwyn-y-Bryn.

### GYMNASTICS

There has been a fluctuation in the interest in Gymnastics. In the previous season a boys' team was entered into the West Glamorgan Schools' Championship, and it came second. This season has seen a drop in the activity undertaken, however, the girls gymnastics continues to flourish.

Club sessions in Dynevor were held on Monday lunch-times in the care of Mr. Evans, whilst at Llwyn-y-Bryn Mrs. Whitford meets members on Monday lunch-time and after school. The interest shown culminated in two successful visits to Wembley to watch international gymnastics displays.

The girls of Llwyn-y-Bryn also gave a highly competent display at one of the P.T.A. meetings.

### HOCKEY

Surprisingly, the only real interest in Hockey at present is in the boys' department.

Although not involved in any league activities, the team has been reasonably successful in friendly matches. Active members of staff in this field are Messrs. Evans, Bashford and Myers.



Some boys have now found places in local hockey clubs.  
NETBALL

As a result of the school's Netball activities, girls were selected for the West Glamorgan Squad and higher honours. Full details of this can be found in the girls' report.

Practices for the various teams are held during lunch-break on Friday and after school on Thursday in the company of Mrs. Whitford. Despite all the practice, the senior girls have not yet succeeded in mastering the invincible male staff netball team.

#### ORIENTEERING

This is now a well-established activity in the school. Over the last two seasons the school has produced two internationals, Tim Andrew and Philip Brownnett.

At the 1978 J.K. International held at Sheffield, pupils who accompanied Mr. B. Evans camped in gale force winds, rain and snow!

The weather for the 1979 J.K. four-day International was kinder to Mr. P. Myers and party during their stay at Easter.

Other notable fixtures were the 1978 and 1979 Welsh O'Ring events at North Wales. The former attended by senior pupils, and the latter by junior pupils. Mr. Myers took both groups. In this event it is notable that the boys braved the elements again whilst camping in pouring rain.

There has been a night orienteering event at Welsh St. Donat's and a Barbecue event at Atlantic College. The club is grateful for the use of the school mini-bus, making travel so much more convenient.

Mr. Evans and Mr. Myers regularly meet members on Wednesday and Friday at Break times in Room 33. Congratulations are due to Mr. Myers, who has been selected as the South Wales Schools Liaison Officer, and for his work on the Welsh Orienteering Federation and Swansea Bay Orienteering Club.

#### RUGBY

It must be admitted that Rugby in Dynevor is going through hard times. However, there are still some stalwarts who show great character and determination in the face of tremendous odds.

It could be said that the school XV has had two fair seasons. The 1st, 2nd and 4th year teams participated in the Schools' League with only moderate success. However, all hope has not been abandoned as there is still much spirit left in many boys.

In two seasons we have been respresented at Welsh Trials, West Glamorgan and Swansea Schools' and District level, in the forms of Mark Lynch, Lyndon Jones, Mark Lewis, David Rees, Jeremy Davies, Paul Evans, Andrew Morgan and Michael Melville. The culmination was a well earned Welsh cap for the school captain, Mark Lynch.

The Old Students matches were close-run games in which age and experience triumphed. A game against an Oxford XV brought a win for the school side, augmented by some friends. The two staff matches brought some excitement when in the latest game at Ashleigh Road the staff actually triumphed. It is said that the staff had used guile in order to play a game when Mr. Lynch was unavailable. Thanks are due to Mr. Craven, Mr. Hawkes and to two parents, Mr. Godsall and Mr. Wyn Jones.

#### SAILING

This is now the sixth completed season for the school. Over and above the time allotted during school hours, pupils have taken part in evening and weekend sailing. Some pupils are seeking membership of local sailing clubs.

Susan Jenkins and Bettina Jensen have represented the school in two Welsh Youth Championships at Bala and Pontypool. Others have done well in the West Glamorgan Sailing regatta.

The highlights over the last two seasons have been the launching of the school's home-produced boat, kindly provided by the P.T.A.; camping at the Bala and Pontypool Championships and two sailing camps at Milford Haven.



In the course of a year it is true to say that some 25 or more pupils have become reasonable sailors. Information on sailing can be obtained from Mr. Evans, Mr. Craven, or Mr. L. Morris.

#### SKIING

A number of pupils annually undertake a skiing holiday in the company of Mr. Glyn Jones. These pupils return having attained a reasonable standard and, above all, a proudly-held reputation for good behaviour.

#### SOCCER

The 1977-78 season saw the Senior XI again winning the West Glamorgan Under-19 competition. This gave them entry into the Esso Under-19 English Schools Championship. Unfortunately, they lost to Torquay Grammar School who subsequently reached the final. This latter season has been a quieter affair. All other sides in the two seasons have achieved only moderate success.

Notable over the seasons are the facts that Mark Baker was signed for Swansea City and gained a Youth Cap and that six boys were selected to represent Swansea Schoolboys. Two boys were chosen for courses at Danycoed. Wayne Morton, Kevin Roper and Mark Abrahamson appear to be making fine progress towards honours for themselves.

Mr. Tim Williams, Mr. L. Bowyer and the Mr. R. Knowles have been the supporting members of staff. Mr. Meredith, Mrs. Suba, Mr. Woodcock and Mr. Lewis joined the band of helpers in the latest season.

#### SQUASH

As a result of the newly introduced visits to the Swansea Leisure Centre, the senior pupils formed their own Squash Club. They are to be congratulated on organising their own tournament and for providing their own trophy.

#### SWIMMING

Creditable performances were achieved in competitions over the last two seasons. Competitions were attended at Brecon and Cardiff. The West Glamorgan and Swansea Schools Championships gave us

some good results in both boys' and girls' sections. Some pupils were chosen for the West Glamorgan team.

Club activities take place on Thursday evenings at the University Baths, when available. Information can be obtained from Mrs. Denise Guy.

#### TABLE-TENNIS

Owing to Mr. D.J. Taylor's retirement from the Table-tennis Scene, activity declined until Mr. Bashford took an interest. Club meetings were re-established on Thursday and Friday lunch-times in the Lower Gym.

It is hoped that a team might be formed to play school matches.

#### TENNIS

Over the last seasons Mr. J. Lewis formed a Tennis Club, which played two matches. Hopes are that the future will bring increased activity in this field.

#### WEIGHT TRAINING

This lunch-time activity on Tuesday and Thursday is undertaken by a dedicated few. The emphasis is upon the "training" and is supervised by Mr. Craven.

The pupils merely wish to maintain and acquire a peak of fitness either for other sports or for their own well-being.

W.B.E.



### SENIOR GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Georgina Williams had great success on the athletics field last year. She ran for her country against Eire, Scotland and Northern Ireland, as well as taking part in an Under-21 International. She ran for West Glamorgan Schools on several occasions, and created a new record in 1500 m. She was Dynevor School Champion in 1978. The school is proud of her record.

### SWIMMING 1978

<u>Second Years</u>	<u>First Years</u>	<u>Seniors</u>
Kim Taylor	Janie Taylor	Julie Keys
Alison Coombes	Nicola Roberts	Cheryl Murphy
Debbie Yeates	Christine Walters	Sheila West
Angela Edmunds	Elizabeth Andrews	Claire Williams
		Claire Richards

### Results of the Swansea Schools Swimming Championships - Pontardawe Baths, 23rd May

2nd Year Team Medley - 3rd  
2nd Year Team Squad - 3rd  
2nd year 100 m. Back Stroke - Kim Taylor, 2nd  
2nd year 50 m. Butterfly - Kim Taylor, 2nd  
1st year 100 m. Front Crawl - Janie Taylor, 1st.

### Sladen Trophy 1978

Team Medley Events held at The National Sports Centre, Cardiff, March 1978

### Results:

Senior Medley placed in 3rd Position  
In the Final: Cheryl Murphy, Julie Keys,  
Claire Williams, Claire Richards.

2nd Year Medley placed 4th in the Final:  
Andrea Murphy Kim Taylor  
Janie Taylor Debbie Yeates

Sladen Relay Team held at Brecon Pool, April 1978

Senior Squad as above placed 5th in Final 2nd Year Squad.

### Swansea Schools Swimming Trials - Swansea Swansea Baths, 10th March 1979

<u>4th Form</u>	<u>2nd Year</u>
Florence Evans	Janie Taylor
<u>3rd Form</u>	<u>1st Year</u>
Kim Taylor	Debbie Olsen
Alison Coombes	Tina Albrighton
Debbie Yeates	Tracey Yeates
Andrea Murphy	Julie Phillips

### Finals of the Swansea Schools - Swansea Baths, 10th April 1979

### Results:

2nd Year Back Stroke 100 m. - Janie Taylor - 3rd  
3rd Year " " 100 m. - Kim Taylor - 2nd  
3rd Year Butterfly 50 m. - Kim Taylor - 2nd  
3rd Year Team Medley .. .. . - 3rd  
4th Year Breast Stroke 100 m. - Florence Evans - 6th

### GYMNASTICS

Contratulations to the following girls who were chosen to represent West Glamorgan Schools at the Welsh Championships held in North Wales over a weekend stay. Before reaching this point they had to go through Swansea Schools and West Glamorgan Trials, for floor work and apparatus, be chosen for a squad and having to go to Squad Training Sessions for several weeks before the actual competition. Congratulations to the girls:

Mary Slee	Angela Jones
Gaynor Vine	Lynne Williams

### DANCE/GYMNASTIC DISPLAY June 1978

Over fifty girls took part in this combined show of dance and gymnastics, with over twenty events consisting of individual, partner and group work, on the floor and on apparatus, moving with and without music. The trampoline was used with six girls of



different ages performing routines of varying difficulty. Congratulations are in order for all the girls taking part and making this show for the parents such a success, working so hard to achieve such a high standard of work in their lunch-time and after school.

#### CROSS-COUNTRY

Squad as From September 1978

##### 1st and 2nd Years:

Nicola Roberts	Joanna Reckers
Janet Gold	Karen Jones
Judy Popham	Carl Rix
Lilian Fulford	Pamela Godsell
Debra Wilkinson	Caroline Thomas
Mandy Perdue	Lynne Williams
Claire James	Paula Collins
Helen Lancey	Susan Morris
Tracey Hopkins	Nicola Israel
Nicola Reed	Helen Jones
Angela Jones	Paula Jones
Janet Williams	Alison Evans

##### 3rd and 4th Years

Angela Edmunds	Angela Davies
Gaynor Whittaker	Linda Wiggins
Nicola Morgan	Jackie Ace

##### 5th Years

Angela Hammett	Michelle Palla
Angela Buckley	Susan Jenkins

##### Results:

1st and 2nd years - 9th out of 21  
 3rd and 4th years - 7th out of 15  
 5th years - 8th out of 11

#### NETBALL

##### Teams

<u>1st Years</u>	<u>2nd Years</u>
Angela Jones	Nicola Roberts
Emma Geach	Christine Walters
Tracey Hopkins	Helen Lancey
Paula Jones	Lee Ford
Judy Popham	Sharon James
Susan Morris	Karen Thomas
Jane Harris	Jennifer Allen
<u>Reserve:</u> Dawn Warlow	

##### 3rd Years

Angela Edmunds  
 Rosalind Hayes  
 Sian Cornelius  
 Marie Carmen  
 Alison Jones  
 Maria Pejic  
 Gaynor Whittaker





Pencil drawing by  
Paul Steer  
Lower VI Arts.



1978-79



# School Notes

As you are all well aware, this is the first school magazine published since the amalgamation of the schools of Dynevor and Llwyn-y-Bryn. The new school now numbers 1100, with a combined staff of 74. I felt that the amalgamation of the two schools took place smoothly - the new girls settling into their new environment very easily.

Regarding academic aspects, the 'A' Level results amongst the boys in Dynevor and the girls in Llwyn-y-Bryn varied in standard. Exceptional results were obtained in both schools by the pupils, three of whom gained places at Oxford and Cambridge. 'O' Level, C.S.E. and C.E.E. results were quite pleasing, many candidates have either continued their academic studies or have found employment.

The school music department did much to promote extra-curricular activities. The November of 1977 saw the highly successful school concert and subsequent visit to York by the School Band. A rock-opera type musical was also produced, "The Judas Factor". I am sure that everyone who went to see this production thoroughly enjoyed themselves and would like to join with me in commending the work of all those who took part and especially that of Mr. John Morris.

It is surprising to see how many different sports are available to the pupils in the school. Yet again the school Under-19 Football Team won the West Glamorgan Trophy and thus entry into the English Schools Championship, where the team sadly lost to a school team from Torquay, the subsequent finalists. The school now boasts its own basketball teams, however, their play doesn't seem to match that of the famous

Harlem Globe Trotters! Badminton has become one of the school's strongest sports, the school team yet again was near the top of the area league. A squash tournament was arranged by Vith Formers, and over thirty competitors' subscriptions allowed us to buy shields for the winners. Sailing is now quite popular with many of the pupils and the school has its own boat, which is regularly used as an alternative to normal games lessons. The orienteering club also enjoys much support and has regular outings.

The School Rugby 1st XV had quite a good season. In November the school beat a touring team from London, and in December defeated a team from Jesus College, Oxford. Mark Lynch obtained an Under-19 Welsh Cap, and proved a worthy selection in all his international matches. Although the team enjoys the enthusiasm of a small number of members, it is sad that members are few. This is also true of many of the school's other teams. I can only hope that in the future many more pupils will participate in the school's sporting activities.

To write of clubs and activities other than sports in the school is a hard task as there does not seem to be many of them left. However, the school debating society had meetings this year, and I would like to see more members of the Lower School at the meetings as I am sure that they could enjoy them, as interesting topics are usually debated. School is not only a place for learning, it is also a place for enjoyment and I hope that more pupils in the school will realise this fact and start new clubs in the near future.

Paul D'AMBRA (Form U.VI Science)



# THE JUDAS FACTOR

After the success of last year's production of "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat", the million dollar question was, what were we going to do next? The answer, painfully arrived at after scores of suggestions, scripts and meetings was a musical entitled "The Judas Factor". The long-suffering members of the school band groaned in dismay. The music was, to put it mildly, difficult! Nevertheless, gripping our instruments, we headed for the school hall, knowing that from now on every lunch-hour and every evening, until about 5.30 p.m. would be spent there.

My old partnership with Tony Kiley (Drums), was renewed and the school hall soon reverberated to the savage sounds of music. After the strain of being the entire guitar section for "Joseph" the addition of Helen Lewis on bass guitar was a welcome relief. The brass and woodwind sections comprised the faithful Ian Jones (Trumpet), Stewart Ayers and Mark Brooks (Trombones), whilst on Flutes were Christopher Imlach and an 'old boy' of the school, Kevin Hobbs - whose six-foot-plus frame added height as well as weight to the woodwind section! The brass and woodwind parts were specially arranged by Mr. John Morris (Head of Music Department) who produced the musical and conducted from piano and organ.

The production was a great success - yet again, playing to packed audiences, and part of this success must, of course, go to the band who coped admirably with a difficult musical score. The band provided a professional sound - probably due to their past experience with "Joseph" and this was commented on. There was a general feeling of fun and unity between the band, cast, stage-crew and this was never more apparent than on the last night when, in the 'Prodigal Son' scene, Tim Andrews presented each member of the band (except Helen, the only girl) with a red rose!

(Chris. EVANS L. With Arts)





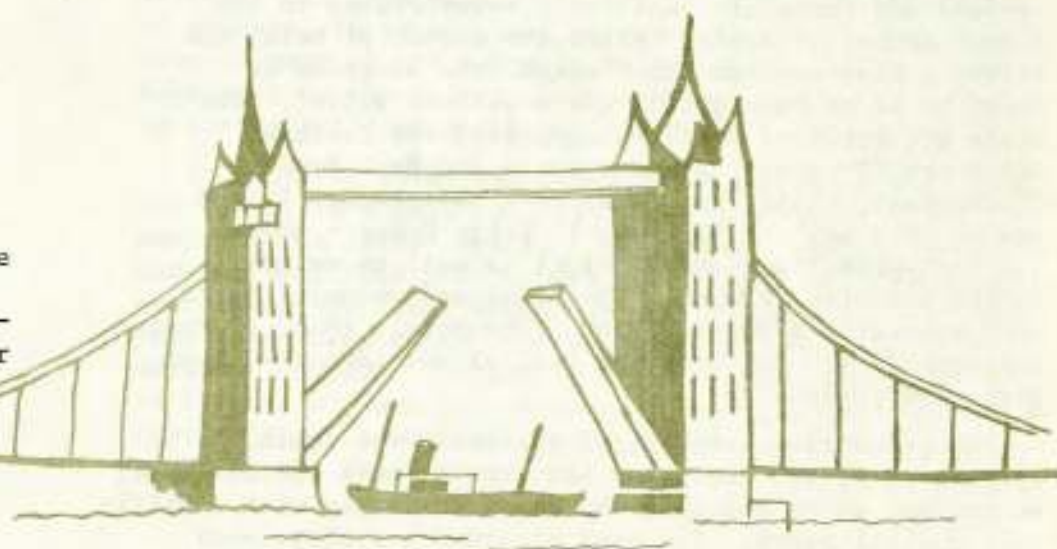


On the 9th of May, Mrs. McGaughey and Mr. Taylor herded a throng of Sixth-formers to London to see the Shakespearian play "Love's Labour Lost" at the Aldwych Theatre, London.

Our parents all too willingly signed the Consent Forms, gave us packed lunches, and at 8.40 on the Wednesday morning we left High Street Station for Paddington. Fortunately, only two people, (members of the Lower-sixth), had to sprint the last few yards through the station and to the train almost as it was pulling away. The journey to Paddington was slightly less than exciting, livened up only by expeditions through the commuter-packed carriages to the buffet car for coffee and packets of petrified British Rail biscuits.

When we finally arrived in the "Big City" at roughly eleven o'clock, we were given our theatre tickets and then escorted, via the underground, to the Aldwych so that we knew where to return in time for the performance at two o'clock. For the few hours remaining before the play commenced, we split up into groups, some disappearing completely, while others spent the time shopping, or seeking refreshment. Several of us invaded Trafalgar Square to find that, as usual, there were ten times as many pigeons there as tourists. When a car suddenly backfired near us causing any "God-fearing" bird within a mile to take flight, it became clear why natives of London hurry across the square with heads bowed. Luckily most of us managed to escape the area with clean hair and clothes!

At about 1.45, everyone congregated in the foyer of the Aldwych; we all gave our little blue tickets to the usherette and settled down to watch the play. The performance started promptly and was thoroughly enjoyed.





by the majority of people, although several thought it was rather long, but even those of us orientated more towards science were impressed by both the play itself and the performance.

After the play, we again split up, knowing that we had to be back at Paddington at 6.45 p.m. to catch the 7.15 p.m. train. Again, most groups vanished from the theatre and were not seen again until we met at Paddington, but several, with the help of the seasoned London travellers amongst us and one or two street maps, headed for Piccadilly Circus and the surrounding area. Even though it was not yet late enough for the Piccadilly "night-life" to appear, it was still quite busy and we had a very interesting time walking around the streets inspecting the various shops.

Finding our way back to Paddington on the Underground proved to be an education in itself. The station at Oxford Circus was reminiscent of a cattle-market, but finally we managed to get our tickets and, with some effort, boarded the correct train. When we all arrived at Paddington Station and when we had exchanged stories of our exploits, we found our seats on the train and sat back for the absolutely riveting return journey.

For many of us the first half-hour of the journey was spent devouring the remains of our lunch - diets completely forgotten.

By twenty-past-ten we were all extremely glad to get off the train, although many had hoped to arrive in Swansea a good half-hour before 10.30 p.m. Everyone then split up for the last time to catch buses or to walk home after a completely exhausting but very enjoyable day out.

Katherine LEY





# THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Pupils interested in debating gained valuable speaking experience in the Junior Chamber of Commerce Debates. This annual competition, held in the Christmas term, attracted great interest from many schools. Dynevor entered two teams at both senior and intermediate levels. Each debating team has three members who are judged on debating technique, speech-content, delivery and general presentation. The topics dealt with by the Dynevor teams concerned Hospital Pay-beds, Violence on Television, Fairies, Life after Death and the Abolition of the House of Lords. Although we did not reach the finals, a lot of pupils were able to see them at Llwyn-y-Bryn School, when Mr. David Mercer led a distinguished team of judges. Swansea Sound recorded the finals and transmitted them just after Christmas.

Dynevor enjoyed more success in the annual Public Speaking Competition, sponsored by the Swansea Rotary Club, and held in the Y.M.C.A. Each team consists of a Chairman, Speaker and Proposer of Thanks, who speak for three, seven and two minutes respectively. The Dynevor Team gained second place in the Team Awards and first place in the Individual Speaker's Cup. Katherine Ley, L.VI Science, amused and enchanted the audience with her original ideas on "If I ruled the World". Every pupil involved in these competitions is grateful to Mr. Kretschmer and Mr. Thomas for their time, help and enthusiasm.

David O'CALLAGHAN

## Crime Prevention and Road Safety Quizzes

During the past year or so Dynevor has competed in a Crime Prevention Quiz, organised by the Crime Prevention Panel, and a Highway Code Quiz, and both teams have been successful. The format of the Crime Prevention Quiz was a series of knock-out rounds, concluding with two teams in the final. Our team was David O'Callaghan, Chris Cousins, David Jones and Andrew Reynolds, with Peter Cousins as substitute. A bus filled with supporters and parents left Dynevor School at 6.0 p.m. on Tuesday, 9th May, en route to the Police Headquarters at Bridgend. We were not particularly nervous, but we certainly would have been more relaxed if it were not for the fact that the evening was being recorded by Swansea Sound.

When we finally arrived, Mr. Ray Craven, our "Manager", gave us some final words of advice. Then we took up our places on the stage, and the quiz began. The question-master, Dave Bowen (an Old Dyvorian), tried his best to be neutral; we could have done with some assistance as Olchfa went into an early lead. At the end of the quiz the scores were tied - so we had a written tie-breaker - naturally, this was also a tie. As the question-master appeared to have run out of questions, the contest was declared a draw.

This year, on 9th March, a local Road Safety competition was held at Bishop Gore School, and Dynevor entered two teams. David Jones, Chris and Peter Cousins and I were the 'A' Team and the 'B' Team were Keith Phillipart, Gary Neil, Mark Neil and Adrian Jones. Our 'A' team won with sixty-eight points, Oystermouth were second with sixty, and Dynevor 'B' Team was third with fifty-eight points.

Andrew REYNOLDS



# The Eisteddfod



An Eisteddfod. Such a simple, Welsh word, meaning a session of poetry composition, but it has an entirely different meaning. When this quite innocent word was mentioned in assembly one day last term it caused quite an uproar! Whereas some girls welcomed this as a chance to use their talents and smiled happily, the teachers sighed and longed for holidays, and we (the normal people) nearly cried. Now, there would have to be poems learnt, stories written, songs sung, drawings drawn and, to put it bluntly, there would be absolute chaos!

We left the hall quite disheartened, yet noisy. We couldn't stop talking about it and it's no wonder many teachers had headaches that day! As soon as we got to the first lesson, it was, "What are we doing for the Eisteddfod, Miss?", and "Can we write a poem?" Honestly, some of the younger, more innocent first years, seemed to be looking forward to it!

By-and-by the different competitions were explained to us and soon most of the entries had been given in - some reluctantly, some happily. Of course, there was great competition between the four houses, and great rivalry, too. Every girl wanted her house to win.

Luckily, it wasn't just a competition for only those who could sing or recite. The choice of subjects was varied: gymnastics, cookery, art, music, recitation, written compositions and dance. Everybody who entered something had a mark too, whether they won or not.

As the day drew nearer, more nails than ever were bitten and the "Aspirin" sales went up considerably. All the work was now given in and the English class recitations and gym work were being judged. The scores were written on blackboards and they seemed to vary almost hourly. One day, Llewellyn

might be leading, the next Grove, then Dillwyn or Roberts, and so on.

And so the day arrived. Everyone was present and Mr. Norris, our Headmaster, came up from Dynevor to watch the proceedings. After a short speech of welcome to the visitors by Miss Onions, the Eisteddfod started, as there was a very full programme. Poetry came first, then singing and then the judging of some written work.

And so it went on, with intervals for break and dinner only. I must admit, it was quite an enjoyable day - better than lessons, anyway! and it was pleasant to hear the sweet singing voices of the first years. There were prizes given for those who came first in an event; they were little Welsh charms of Leeks, Dragons and Harps. Every now and then anxious little faces would look up at the scoreboard and sigh!

Pen names had been used for the written work and there were one or two funny ones - "Betty Boop" was quite a common one, and an unusual one (to say the least) was "Sarson's Non-Brewed Condiment". New talents were found, especially with the little playlets that each of the three years performed. The plays came from each house in each year and two or three were shown on the day with everyone dressed up.

Eventually, the programme finished with some dancing to "Night Fever", and then the scores were added up. Dillwyn came first and were presented with a gleaming silver cup.



An Eisteddfod comes but once a year,  
But that's too soon for me, I fear.  
Work, work, work, that's all we do,  
And we have got no choice, too.  
"Learn that poem." "Learn that song."  
That's all I get, all day long.  
"Write a poem, "Write an essay",  
We get no choice, we get no say.  
"If you forget, there are lines to learn".  
Oh, for holidays, how I yearn!  
And when, at last, the work's all done,  
You find you haven't even won!  
It is worth the sweat and tears,  
The 'off-stage' nerves and many tears?  
I don't think so, and ask the school,  
They all agree, as a rule!

Sian PRICE, Form 3





# The history trip

Another school trip had arrived and we were all wondering what sort of devilish schemes the teachers had in store for us this time. Actually, it proved quite interesting. Please bear in mind that it was a history trip, and a history trip cannot really be enjoyed, but it is possible to take a great deal of interest in it.

We set off at about half-past-nine, and two coaches were needed for the whole of the second year.

Our first stop was Neath Abbey, which is about ten miles away from Swansea. The Abbey was founded in 1130 by a man called Richard de Cranville, on land conquered by him from the Welsh. It was originally a daughter house of Savigny and in 1147 it joined the Cistercian order. It traded in wool and hides for a time. The present church was built between 1280 and 1330, and the monastery was once described as "the fairest abbey in all Wales" by a man called John Leland, the king's antiquary.

However, this once proud abbey now stands in ruins, which is hardly surprising because it seems every visitor takes a little piece of stone or tile away with them!

We went to Caerphilly Castle from the abbey. This castle was built by a man called Earl Gilbert de Clare. In Britain only Windsor Castle is larger in size. At the moment most of the passages and stairways have been considered unsafe and blocked off, and it was rather tiring marching back and forth along dead-end passages. One interesting point, however, is the famous leaning tower. This happened when Cromwell's men, or Roundheads, attempted to blow up the tower during the Civil War. Gunpowder was put in it and it was meant to be blown up entirely, but it only moved a little.

We spent a long time at Caerphilly (partly because we had our lunch there), but we finally moved on to our last stop, which was the new Stone Age Tomb at Tinkinswood.

After winding its way along a precarious, narrow road the bus finally halted in front of a gate in a hedge. We clambered out through the gate and emerged in a field. The tomb could be seen in the distance. We took some deep breaths of the fresh country air (which was mingling with not-so-fresh country smells), as we strode along. We finally arrived at the tomb, which was simply two stones on their side, with a larger one on the top. It was about sixteen feet wide and eight feet high. The tomb was built by the Celts thousands of years ago and was used as a burial chamber.

We were quickly marched back to the bus and eventually returned to the school.

On arriving back at the school at about four o'clock, we were left to reflect on a trip which had been tiring, but rewarding.

Dipankar GHOSH )  
Peter CHARLES ) Form 3/37

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# School Election

As election fever swarmed throughout the country in preparation for the May elections, Dynevor did not pass unscathed. Indeed, so intense was the fervour amongst certain sixth-formers, an internal election was quickly begged for, soon granted and fanatic canvassing was unleashed. The date was arranged by the powers above to coincide with the relatively insignificant national elections, in order to try and achieve an unbiased, unprejudiced and uninfluenced vote. As it happened, political theory and policy were relegated if not abandoned, in the course of the build-up to the school elections.

One morning late in April a very suspicious-looking group of conspirators met over coffee in a corner of the famous Dynevor canteen. Spectators were quick to notice the leaders of two mobs, previously intensely hostile, shaking hands and encouraging their respective supporters to intermingle.

This was the turning point in Dynevor's political history! Rumours had been heard that the Conservative Party, led by the indestructible Paul D'Ambra, had been growing in stature and political appeal. In a desperate bid to defeat the Tories, the reddish flags of the Socialist Workers Party and the official Labour Party merged into one. In true Machiavellian style, this amalgamation subordinated political principles into one huge compromise and, as a result, the Socialist Alliance Party was born.

The morning of May 1st and 2nd saw crowd hysteria reminiscent of Grunwick, as Dynevor's sixth-form rose to the occasion to fight for the limited seats at the speeches.

Good naturedly, Tim Andrew - the newly elected S.A.P. candidate - had not bothered to shave in a desperate attempt to adopt the true socialist image of an "Alarm" seller. Cynics were generally forced to admit, afterwards, that this intelligent behaviour was the deciding factor in the election results. Facing crowds of screaming Tories he calmly said that the S.A.P. could not be blamed for the occasional mistake in Labour Party Policy.

Anthony Jones, the Independent Candidate, was at pains to deny suggestions that he was secretly representing the Fascist Party. His moustache and jackboots were always misinterpreted, he said. Paul D'Ambra, suave and relaxed, sported a blue rosette. However, this was reasonable, he could hardly have worn a "Lenin Appreciation" sticker, after spending days committing the Conservative Manifesto to memory!

The meetings ended with drama and tension; and inhabitants of common-rooms returned to find posters defaced by rival saboteurs. May 3rd dawned clear and dry. Anthony Jones, rising early, plastered the lower sixth-form room - the stronghold of socialism - with propaganda. Unfortunately an extra late film the night before prevented the undecided members of the Lower-sixth form from having enough time to visit the room before voting was well underway.

About 1.30 p.m. the results were out. Mr. R.O.P. Jones, grave and serious, voiced the school opinion:

S.A.P. - 51      Conservatives - 26      Independents - 21

Victory for Tim Andrew! The news spread like the plague. However, it is still murmured by extremist members of the Extremely Silly Party, the Ecologist Party and the Anarchists - the disqualified organisations - that the hierarchical powers prevented their standing for fear of victory.

David O'CALLAGHAN



# WYTHNOS YN LLANGRANNOG

Fe godes i am hanner-awr-wedi-saith ar fore Dydd Llun. Fe ymolches i a gwisgo ac yna fe es i i gael peth brecwast. Ar ôl cael brecwast fe es i i'r ysgol. Fe roies i fy mag yng nghar fy ffrind ac yna fe aethon ni i'r ysgol. Fe gyrhaeddodd ni mewn pedwar munud ac fe aethon ni i eistedd i lawr ar fainc dan y neuadd ymarfer corff ac aros ni am y bws yna. Roedd y bws yn hwyr iawn, fe aethon ni ar y bws am ugain-munud-wedi-deg. Fe gyrhaeddodd ni mewn dwy awr yn Llangrannog. Fe aethon ni allan o'r bws ac i mewn i'r gwersyll. Fe gawson ni rwybeth i'w fwyta ac yna cymeron ni ein bagiau i'n hystafelloedd. Yna fe aethon ni i nofio, merlota a cherdded. Fe es i ferlota yn gynta, yna nofio a cherdded yn ddiwethaf. Ar ol hyn fe aethon ni i gyd i'r caban bwyta i gael bwyd. Fe gawson ni deisen a jam ac yna fe es i i chwarae tenis-bwrdd yn ystod fy amser sbâr. Fe gawson ni swper am saith o'r gloch ac ar ol swper fe gawson ni wers pan roedd rhaid i ni siarad Cymraeg gyda'n gilydd a gyda'r athro. Roedd gwasanaeth gyda ni bob nos hefyd ac ar y nos gynta fe ddarlles i'r weddi. Ar ol y gwasanaeth fe aethon ni i'r gwely.

Fe gododd pawb am wyth o'r gloch y bore nesa. Fe godes i, ymolchi a mynd i frechwast. Ar ôl brecwast fe aethon ni i'r wers nesa. Siaradon ni am y gwersyll ac unrhyw beth roedden ni'n gallu dweud. Chwaraes i denis-bwrdd tan hanner-awr-wedi-deuddeg pan es i i gael cinio. Ar ôl cinio fe es i nofio'n gynta ac yna fe es i i'r caban cysgu, i sychu fy ngwallt a fy nillad nofio. Chwaraes i 'pool' gyda fy ffrind. Fe ges i dde am bum-munud-ar-hugain-wedi-pedwar ac ar ôl hyn fe gawson ni ddisgo, ond doedd neb yn dawnsio am amser byr ar y dechrau. Roedd gwasanaeth am naw o'r gloch cyn i ni fynd i'r gwely.

Fe godes i am chwarter wedi wyth. Fe ymolches i ond es i ddim i frechwast. Am ddeg o'r gloch yn y bore roedden ni'n mynd ar drip. Ar y trip fe welon ni felyn gan a castell ac fe aethon ni i Castell-Newydd Emlyn hefyd. Aros ni yn y dref am hanner-awr, felly roedden ni'n gallu prynu pethau. Pan gyrhaeddodd ni yn y gwersyll fe gawson ni fwyd ond doeddwn i ddim yn newynog, felly fe es i i'm hystafell tan cyfarfod y tai. Roeddwn i yn "Tawe". Y tîmau arall oedd "Lliw" a "Dinefwr". Fe gwrddodd pobl yn Tawe i benderfynu beth roedden ni'n mynd i wneud y nos nesa yn yr Eisteddfod. Roedd rhaid i fi ganu yn y côr a tynnu llun. Fe gawson ni ddisgo a gwasanaeth cyn mynd i'r gwely ond roeddwn i'n gallu edrych ar gêm Cymru os roedden ni eisïau.

Y bore nesa fe godes i yn hwyr ac es i ddim i frechwast. Ar ol brecwast fe gawson ni wers. Paratoion ni am yr Eisteddfod yn y bore cyn gael cinio. Yn y prynhawn fe chwaraes i denis-bwrdd yn lle mynd i nofio a cherdded. Ar ol te fe gawson ni fwy o amser i baratoi i'r Eisteddfod. Am saith o'r gloch fe gawson ni swper a daeth yr Eisteddfod ar ôl hyn. Roedd wyth eitem ac roedd pwyntau am y gorau. Ennillodd Lliw y gystadleuaeth. Fe gawson ni wasanaeth ar ôl yr Eisteddfod ac yna fe aethon ni i'r gwely.

Fe godes i am bum-munud-i-wyth ar y dydd diwetha. Ches i ddim brecwast ond fe bacies i fy mag yn lle. Fe gawson ni wasanaeth am ddeg o'r gloch ac yna roedd amser gyda ni i bacio ein bagiau. Roeddwn i wedi pacio fy mag felly doedd dim unrhyw peth i wneud eidda fi. Eisteddodd pob un i lawr tan daeth y bws. Roedden ni adref mewn un-awr-a-hanner ac roeddwn i wedi blino'n fawr iawn, ond wedi mwynhau wythnos dda yn Llangrannog.



# DYFFRYN

Towards the end of September 1978, a notice appeared in school briefly mentioning a "General Course for Sixth Form Pupils" at Dyffryn House. Interested, I asked for more details - only to discover that none were available. Therefore, attracted by its novelty, I put my name down for the course. The school heard nothing more for eight weeks. Then, as we wondered if the Education Office had emigrated, a letter arrived to confirm the dates and to advise pupils to bring pencils and paper. Consequently, ignorant of the possible contents and purpose of the course, I waited patiently.

Early in December, I joined up with thirty-nine other bemused sixth-formers at Dyffryn House, which is near Cardiff. The term "House" is something of an understatement as the main buildings and grounds resemble a mini-Buckingham Palace. Having been shown to our rooms to unpack, we were introduced to the organiser who revealed some of the long-awaited details of the course: "We hope you'll attend the lectures and enjoy your week here". Very soon, however, a printed timetable told us everything we needed to know. Each of the following days was spent in attending a number of topical, interesting and informal lectures given by the County Education Advisers. A certain part of each evening was devoted to events termed dubiously - "Group Activities". We were given the choice of spending these periods in one of four groups: "English", "Art", "Drama" and "Music". My personal allegiance fell for the English group, so I joined about ten other sixth-formers in a large room furnished with a circle of armchairs. Under the supervision of a keen and enthusiastic group leader, we spent these periods in debate, religious and political discussion, and reading poetry.

We were occasionally evacuated by the Drama Department wishing to shoot wild chases with their video-camera.

Throughout the week, the availability of billiard and table-tennis tables from seven in the morning ensured that we did not delay in getting up. A late disco, every evening, was organised by different sixth formers and received with great enthusiasm. Visits to St. Fagans Folk Museum and The Welsh College of Music and Drama were arranged to supplement certain discussions and lectures.

The morning of our departure everyone assembled to present the products of their Group Activities: there were debates, sculptures, drawings, essays, video-films and musical items.

This course was well worth attending and, if it is repeated, I strongly advise lower-sixth formers to try to obtain places - even if the initial information is decidedly vague.

David O'CALLAGHAN





TRUE TO  
DYNEVOR ART-  
ROOM TRADITIONS  
THE MAGAZINE  
HAS BEEN  
PRINTED IN  
SURROUNDINGS  
OF CLINICAL CLEANLINESS  
AND WITH CALM ORDERED  
EFFICIENCY, THE NATURAL  
RESULT OF FORWARD  
PLANNING AND A  
CO-ORDINATED WORK SCHEDULE



# JEREMY THOMAS AT CAMBRIDGE

It is a fact universally acknowledged that a student in possession of an Oxbridge degree will not be in want of a job. The purpose of this article is to examine whether Oxford and its younger sister, Cambridge, are all they are made out to be, and to suggest perhaps that the advantages to be gained from going to either university are not as great as many people seem to think. I am now in my third year of a Law degree at Christ's, Cambridge - so my knowledge of Oxford is limited (limited, some would say, to a passing acquaintance with some of the pubs within staggering distance of Oriel College.) However, as Oxford is run (and populated) by people who share the same sort of ways of "looking at the world", then my comments will apply by-and-large to the Dark Blue city as well.

Why talk about Cambridge anyway? Didn't "Glittering Prizes" say it all? The answer (and the excuse for this piece of hack-work) is "No". Yes, of course, it can provide you with the best time of your life - but to some, like William Wordsworth, the only good thing about it is the length of the holidays. He saw the dons as "Men unscoured, grotesque in character, tricked out like aged trees". John Milton described his alma mater (Christ's) as "a stony-hearted step-mother" and was rather less than respectful to his tutor. His criticism of the poor man led to the great (and boring) poet being rusticated for one term. More recently, a lecturer was heard to say "It is extraordinary that an all-male society should produce so many old 'women'." Many a true word . . . .

Of course, many of the old barriers are at long last coming down. By 1990, most, if not all, of the colleges should be admitting women as well as men (apart from Magdalene, where they think a mixed

college means letting in grammar school boys). So at last the fair sex can take a place at the two universities without the feeling that they are "only wanted for one thing" being quite so acute. No longer will having a lady-friend (usually called Fiona) in Girton, carry quite as many kudos. The voice of a vociferous minority is beginning to be heeded. That doesn't mean that life in Corpus Christi College is no longer akin to living in a monastery.

But let me not be too disparaging. If you are blessed with a sense of history, you'll love it. To think that your room might be the very one in which Charles Darwin slept, or John Cleese clowning about in. (N.B.A. preposition is not the right word to end a sentence with). And you too could emerge from the college bar after a hard lunchtime's work, only to be submerged by a flood of fat American tourists wearing tasteless outfits and brandishing hideously expensive cameras. If you are really fortunate, they might even barge into your room and take snaps of "A real goddam Cambridge under-graduate's room, Emily." They have a sense of history, you see.

But seriously, I have enjoyed my time there. Yet I feel very strongly that a lot of academic humbug is spouted on the subject. For the record: it is harder to get a place at "Oxbridge" than at most other universities - but once you get there, it is quite possible to survive by doing very little work indeed.

Also, the two towns are not populated exclusively by public-school morons who wear tweeds and go beagling (although some of this dying breed do survive).

And orderly to end, where I began. Yes it is still true that employers take a little more notice of you if the magic letters M.A. (Cantab - or Oxon) appear after your name. So if that's what you want at the end of your three years (and many people do), that's fine. But remember you won't be spending your time in an idyllic city of dreaming spires - but in an odd, anachronistic city of perspiring dreams.



# FIRST YEAR IMPRESSIONS

One of the first things I noticed on starting college was how friendly the students and lecturers were. At first it was difficult to distinguish one from the other as all the lecturers were known by their Christian names. This is something I took some time to get used to, and even now it does not seem quite right.

The majority of people are very friendly, and as I am on an Art Course I have found that most of my friends have the same interests and hobbies as myself. The social life in the college is extremely hectic; there is hardly one night that passes without some kind of function. There are many distractions and it would be very easy to be side-tracked from one's studies. It is important to find an equal balance between work and enjoyment, and also to be truthful to yourself and admit if work is being neglected.

Most people who attend college realize that a lot of hard work is necessary, but there are always a few who are there only to waste time.

Unfortunately the time-wasters are usually very influential people, and "skiving off" for a day or an afternoon never seems quite so bad when it is done in a crowd. If this had happened in school undoubtedly several teachers would be after your blood.

College differs in this way, nobody says anything, but after a while a heavy feeling of guilt appears and long nights are spent frantically trying to catch up on missed work.

One major difference from school is the treatment of homework. Our week-end work is placed on the wall every Tuesday afternoon and everyone stands around, their hearts bleeding for the poor soul who at that very moment is being ripped apart for not having a hundred

reasons for placing a single line on a sheet of paper. These are our weekly criticisms and I have never had such a nerve-racking experience.

I was very annoyed when I first discovered that I would have to stay in Swansea for my first year. Most of my school friends were going far away from home, as I had wanted to. Now, however, I have discovered that many of them regret applying to such far-off places, as it makes travelling home a rare and expensive event.

Kay KISSOCK



# Seven Stone Tarzan

It all started when my Uncle Fred came home one evening. We were in fits of hysterical laughter at Aunt Cleo's latest description of Uncle Fred's rather eccentric behaviour in a supermarket.

'And there we were, standing in the middle of the floor', she said, 'suddenly he grabbed a tin of baked beans off the shelf and shouted at the top of his voice: 'Me Tarzan, you Cleo', we make plenty good feast on baked beans.' 'Well, I can't tell you how embarrassed I was'.

'She went beetroot,' interrupted Uncle Fred. 'I didn't!' shouted back Aunt Cleo. 'Anyway, there I was, not knowing what to do when the manager came up to me and said in a most pained voice . . .'

'Madam, please remove him, I realise he may have relatives in the jungle, possibly chimpanzees, but this is no way to behave in a civilised supermarket.' This last statement finished me and Marge and I exploded into fits of laughter.

'That reminds me,' said Uncle Fred. 'I've something to tell you, so would you two cease to produce such a vulgar sound. In short, 'Shut up'.' Our laughter stopped abruptly. When Uncle Fred spoke that way it meant it would either be hysterical or something very pleasant.

'I've got a treat for you' he declared with a twinkle in his eye. 'You will have the pleasure of accompanying me to a certain film studio.' Our ears pricked up. 'I will be auditioning for the sought-after part of 'Tarzan, King of the Apes'. At this amazing declaration we started to beg and scheme our way out of going.

'I've got five pages of Latin to do by Monday,' said Marge, showing a sudden interest in her neglected work.

'Me too,' I chirped in.

'Er, the house needs spring cleaning,' said mother, although it was mid-summer.

'I've work to get to,' said my dad, relieved.

'Um, I've . . . ' ventured Aunt Cleo.

'You've all got no excuses,' my uncle declared.

'You two,' his gaze shifted to the Latin fanatics.

'The Latin can wait till Saturday night, mother, the cleaning can wait until it's Spring, and you, Cleo, can come whether you like it or not. Only Jim (my dad) has got an excuse.'

Slowly we all trudged off to bed with an air of people going to the scaffold.

The fateful Saturday arrived and I was shaken awake in the morning by a worried Aunt Cleo.

'Wassamater?' I moaned sleepily.

'He wants me to give him the tiger skin!' said Aunt Cleo.

'Who does? Esso?' I asked, now propped up on one elbow.

'That lunatic uncle of yours,' she hissed.

'What!' I finally stammered, 'To wear?'

'Yes,' she said.

'There is no way I'm travelling in any car with a seven-stone Tarzan in a tiger skin.'

'I second that,' added Marge, who had been awake all the time.

'You're both coming,' said Aunt Cleo in a militant mood. 'I'm not going on my own,' (mother had somehow excused herself). Just then mother burst in.

'The bar's broken down, I mean the car's broken down,' she stammered, 'but he's going by bike.'

'He's what! We'll soon see about that,' shouted Aunt Cleo, already halfway down the stairs. She broke all speed records in reaching outside and she stood there yelling things like 'Come back, please come back. If you won't come back, tuck your tail in.' at my uncle, who was rapidly disappearing down the middle of Pantyselen Road, in a tiger skin, on a bike, with his tail dangling behind him.



'Well, at least that gets us out of it,' Marge said to me.

A young policeman turned around and looked bemused at my uncle as he went past him in a tiger skin. The traffic halted with a crescendo of screeching brakes and honking horns.

'Flippin' seven stone Tarzan,' exclaimed the policeman, 'I wonder where Jane is?'

Another person, a Japanese Tourist, who was taking a photo, lowered his camera and stared unbelievably at a tiger, sitting on a bike, whistling the 'Blue Danube' waltz, whisked past him. The tourist muttered something, which could have probably been translated as 'I must get my glasses fixed'.

As my uncle turned into the studio a drunkard who was sitting on the pavement, stared at the bottle in his hand and then threw it into the gutter shaking his head.

'Will you look at this guy?' said the director, choking back roars of laughter.

'Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle,' said the producer.

I don't know whether you have ever seen a five-foot-six, seven stone weakling trying to do a Tarzan shout, but I assure you it is not a pleasant sight. (We were treated to an example when he came home!) He did not pass the audition, as a matter of fact he failed dismally.

We all gathered around the fire and bombarded my uncle with questions. We could not stop laughing like hysterical hyaenas. My uncle's last comment before bedtime was: 'Never mind, I've got an audition for Batman next week.'

We groaned and slowly disappeared from his view.

Katrina BEVAN

### The Haggis with Wings

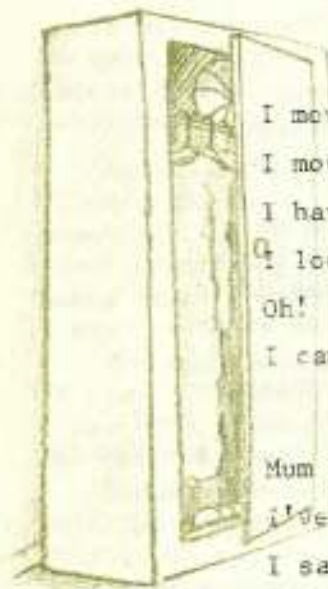
One day I went to Scotland,  
A very nice place it was too.  
In fact I thought it was perfect,  
But then I went to the zoo.

I stared at the cages around me,  
I saw a tiger stretching its limbs.  
And there in a cage right beside it,  
Was a small furry haggis with wings.

The haggis was vicious and noisy,  
The stench from its cage was quite foul.  
Then it lifted its kilt and quite shocked me,  
I leapt out of the zoo with a howl.

Janie TAYLOR (Form III)



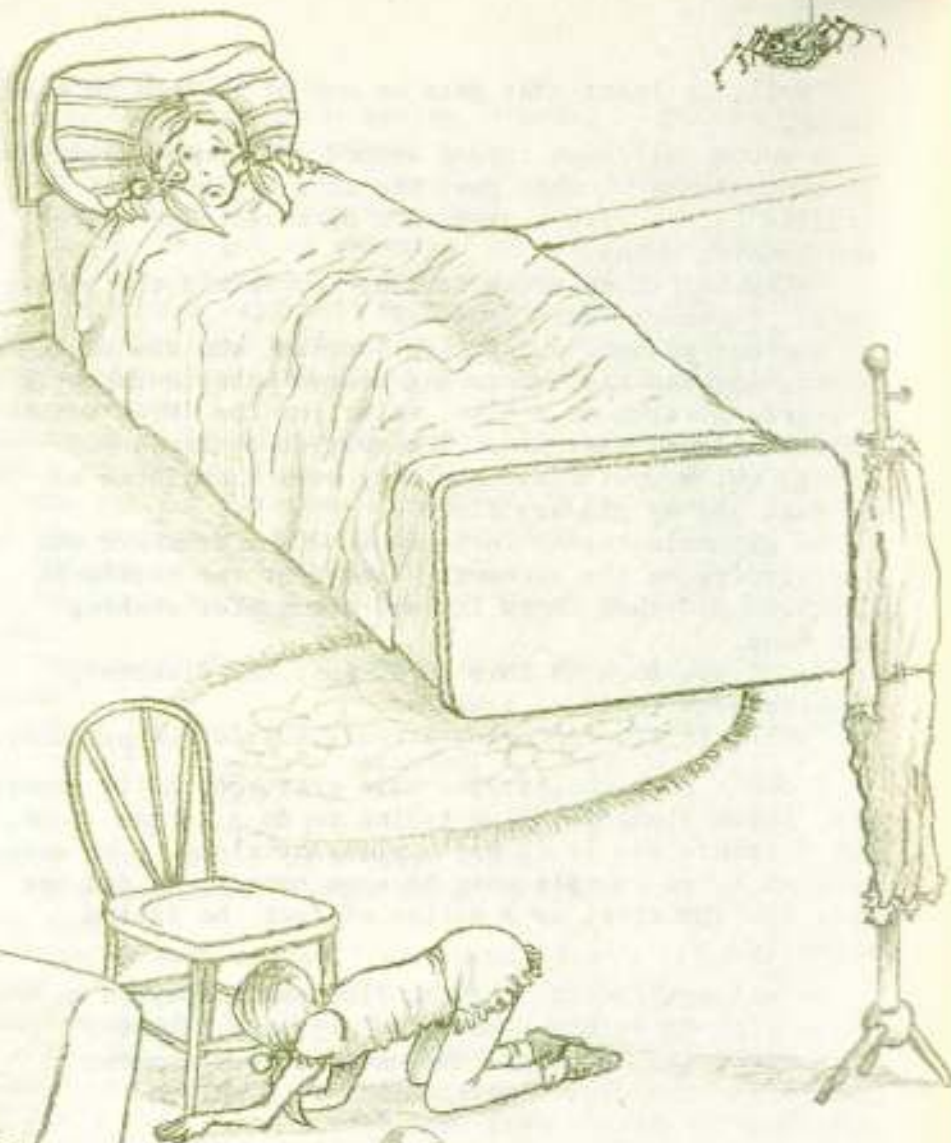


I moved all my dolls and my large teddy bear.  
I moved all the cushions from all the chairs.  
I haven't found that spider with infinite care.  
It looked in the cupboard and under the chair.  
Oh! Somehow or other it's got to be found.  
I can't go to sleep with it walking around.

Mum said it had gone when she turned out the light.  
I've a horrible feeling she might not be right.  
I saw it creep under my new dressing gown.  
His legs were enormous, hairy and brown!



Sharon DEMERY (Form 1/2)







The second week after the girl moved into the house, the cat turned up. Unkempt, starved and filthy, obviously it was a stray. So she fed the cat and kept it as a companion for her in the old house. She'd moved into the house, as her parents were forcing her to be this and that, not caring at all about her or what she wanted. She was to settle down, marry a nice, respectable young man, whom her parents would choose for her. She could picture them advertising for him: "Wanted, nice young, respectable man, must earn at least £5,000 p.a. For Marriage". So she left.

She'd seen the house advertised in the paper, so she packed up and moved in. It was an old house, with damp walls, loose wooden floor-boards, and cracked ceilings, but it was her home and she loved it. The cat was ever-present, washing itself or jumping about the place like a demented squirrel. The cat never needed to be let in or out, somehow it managed to do both, coming and going without a care in the world and with such a disdainful attitude. Sometimes she would listen to it, lying awake at night, as it sharpened its claws against some unfortunate chair or door.

A week after its bedraggled arrival it was gone, no longer to be seen, vanished. She felt sad, but after all it was a stray and no one could own cats, they just happened to live in the same place at the same time, for a while anyhow. That night in bed she heard scratching. She jumped out of bed thinking it was the cat. She searched the house. No cat. She must have made a mistake. She woke up twice more during the night, hearing scratching, but she still found no cat. It had left, gone, vanished.

The next day she asked the neighbours if they'd seen a cat. No one had. There weren't any cats around here, none at all, no cats. She returned home late from work that evening. Scratch, scratch, scratch, welcomed her as she opened the door, but no, that was impossible, the house was empty. She awoke repeatedly due to the noise, it deafened her. It was in every room of the house. Scratch, scratch, scratch. It was upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber, everywhere quietly deafening, taking over her conscious mind, taking her over. The next night she slept, if sleep she could, with a radio on, trying to drown the noise. But still she heard it. Scratch. Scratch. Scratch.

That day after work she decided to go for a drink, not because she was worried or frightened, but she felt she needed one to relax after work. She stayed until she was asked to leave, not drinking. When she returned home she was greeted with silence, nothing. Lying in bed, she strained to listen but heard nothing, only the sound of a gloriously deafening silence. At three a.m. she woke up, Scratch, scratch, scratch. It continued spasmodically until dawn. Then it stopped for two hours and she slept fitfully, almost missing the scratching, fearing the absence of it from her ears.

It was her day off, the noise of scratching followed her around the house again, wherever she went. In desperation she asked her parents to lunch. No, they couldn't hear any scratching, was the answer to the question which she asked time and time again during their short stay. Her parents exchanged worried glances as they were hurried out of the house. The rest of the day was silent, that was worse than the scratching. She would jump up at the slightest sound. Gradually the scratching started again but this time in her head, it took her over, it was her end. She was it.

On the morning of the following day, she could remember no night or how it had passed; she decided



to go on a short holiday away from the pressures of work. She packed quickly. A sudden urge to be out of the house demanded she leave. As she was going through the hall, she heard it again, scratch, scratch, scratch. She ran out, slamming the door violently behind her. Inside something fell to the floor, she was desperate to be away, she ran.

She spent a wonderful week in a smart London Hotel, dancing in the night or perhaps watching a show. London was a giant amusement arcade, and she was the only one with a key to open it. She didn't sleep well though on the first night - she awoke to hear scratch, scratch, scratch. From then on she refused to sleep, dancing each night through till dawn. When she returned she had almost forgotten about the scartching. Almost.

She slowly walked up to the front door, put the key in the lock, turned it, the sound of it turning, crying out to her, paused. She pushed the door open, slowly, inch by agonising inch, it backed away from her. Nothing. Silence.

She walked in, stopped, she'd stepped on something, stepping back she looked down at her feet. Scratch, scratch, scratch, exploded into her mind. She screamed once and plummeted into beautiful, grateful, utterly silent oblivion.

She was found by the neighbours, sitting, rocking back and forth, singing a lullaby, with the thin wasted body of a dead cat held tightly to her breast.

Her father came, picked her up and took her home to be nursed back to health. As he closed the front door behind him he felt sure he heard something. Scratching.

Clive M. CONDON (L. VI Arts)

### What is Black?

Black is midnight  
And a dark stormy day,  
And a sack of coal used  
In cold winter,  
Black is for evil  
For bad  
And for dirt,  
Witches are black,  
And so are their cats,  
Black is soot,  
A dirty foot,  
A day of badness,  
A night of sadness,  
Black is for danger,  
An unknown stranger,  
All these things are black.

Rosalind HAYES (Form III)



# old girls' notes

The Association usually holds two meetings every school year, one at Christmas time and one at the end of the summer term.

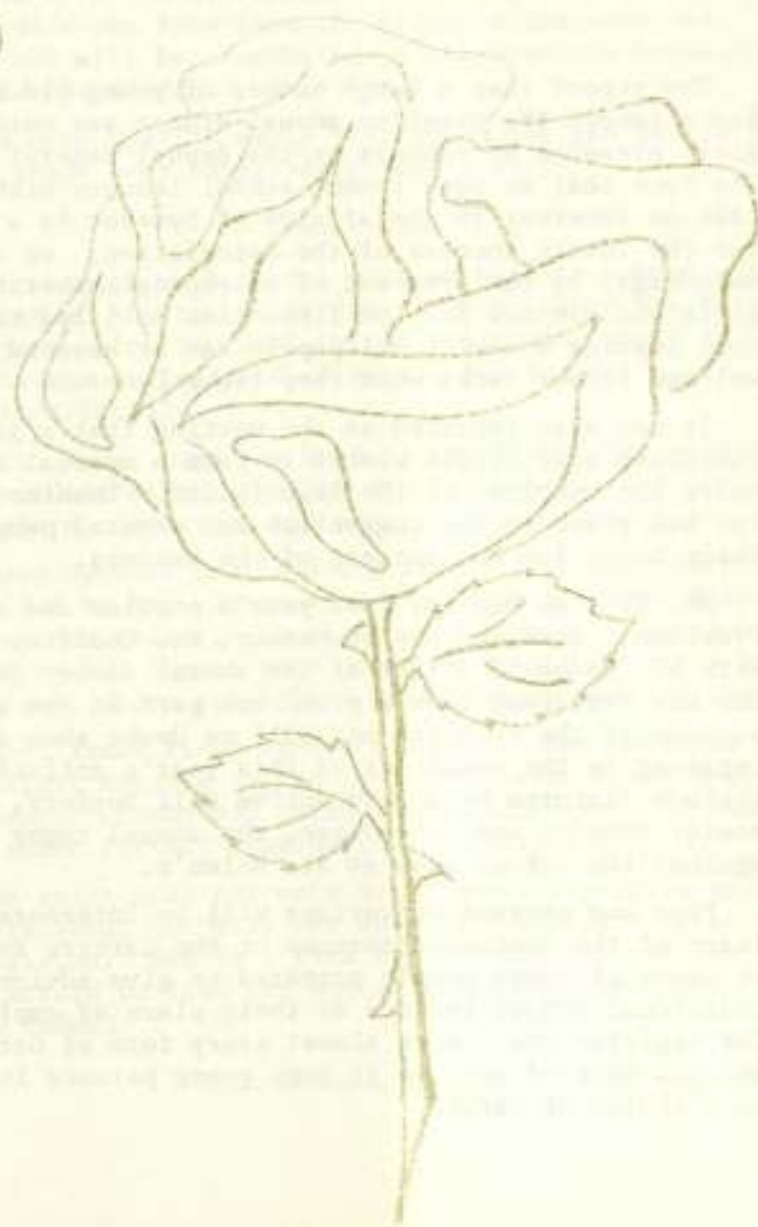
The Winter Reunion this year was held at College House, Singleton Park, on Monday, 8th January, when sixty-two members enjoyed a delicious meal in pleasant surroundings.

After dinner there was a lively discussion concerning the arrangements for the 1979 Summer Reunion, and it was suggested that the Old Girls should break with tradition and hold the summer meetings, not in school, but at College House, or one of the hotels in Swansea. The 1978 summer meeting had been held in the Llwyn-y-Bryn building as usual, and it had been an especially successful one which had been arranged to mark the occasion of the amalgamation of Llwyn-y-Bryn School with Dynevor School.

On Friday, 6th July, the Old Girls met at the Dragon Hotel for a Fork Buffet Supper. The buffet was a great success and one-hundred-and-four members were present. Everyone seemed to enjoy herself, exchanging news and reminiscing about old times.

The Annual General Meeting for 1979 has been arranged and will be held in the Llwyn-y-Bryn building on Tuesday, 17th July, when the Agenda will include the proposed arrangements for the Christmas Reunion and the election of some Committee members.

S.J.





# old boys' notes

The report that a large number of young Old Dy'vorians had attended the previous annual dinner was noted with great pleasure by members at the Annual General Meeting. The fact that so many recent school leavers wish to retain an interest in the affairs of Dynevor is a good sign for the future success of the Association; we are further encouraged by the prospect of extending membership to the girls who are now for the first time entitled to join upon leaving school. All pupils can be assured of a warm welcome to our ranks when they leave Dynevor.

It was also reported at the meeting that a group of immediate past pupils wished to form a musical society under the auspices of the Association. Unanimous approval was given to the suggestion and several people voiced their hopes for the success of the venture.

Mr. J. Alan Hughes, last year's popular and active President, invested his successor, Mr. Geoffrey Hibberd, with his badge of office at the annual dinner in April. Our new President took a prominent part in the social success of the function and will no doubt show an equal interest in the remainder of this year's activities which include fixtures by a very active Golf Society, an autumn social evening and, of course, the annual rugby match against the school team at St. Helen's.

Past and present Dy'vorians will be interested to learn of the continued success of the Careers Register of names of those people prepared to give advice to individual school leavers at their place of employment. The register now covers almost every form of occupation and has been of service to many young persons in deciding on a choice of career.

Our best wishes are extended to all those leaving school this year. If you wish to continue your interest in the school and would like future opportunities to renew former acquaintances, please consider joining us.

In recent years we have seen the retirement of several members of staff who long served Dynevor with a deep sense of loyalty and professional pride. They will all be remembered with affection and gratitude by several generations of past pupils. We recognise our great debt to them and wish them good health and happiness.

G.H.



## RETIREMENTS

Mr. John Ll. Williams came to Llwyn-y-Bryn in 1970 when Swansea's policy for comprehensive education was implemented throughout the city. He had previously taught at Oystermouth Secondary School for 25 years. It was not an easy time to begin at a new school and it is to Mr. Williams' credit that during a period of constant change in the life of Llwyn-y-Bryn he has missed only two days.

An early campaigner for comprehensive education he expressed those views through his membership of the National Union of Teachers, the local branch of which he is a past president and delegate to the Secondary Committee for Wales.

Mr. Williams will have no difficulty in filling his days. Deeply committed to his chapel he has been a deacon for over thirty years and for many years its treasurer and chairman of its trustees. We wish him and his devoted wife a long period of happy retirement.

When Mrs. Mair Rhydderch was appointed to the Music Department in 1972 she was no stranger, having some years previously spent seven weeks on supply and characteristically maintained her interest in the school. Her loyalty to that department has been a source of inspiration and joy to her colleagues and pupils alike. Her devotion and integrity are not easy to replace.

Unusually gifted as a pianist she also possesses that precious gift to a teacher - the art of communication. How often has she been able to turn a difficulty into a smile! Whether teaching, Music, English or Classical Studies, her well-cultivated mind and witty conversation have made her subject one to which her pupils ran happily.

It is perhaps as a form-tutor that Mrs. Rhydderch has made the most indelible impression. Having a supremely happy family life she has gathered all her pupils into its atmosphere. Greeting them all as "Ladies" she has drawn from them the response she expected. For many she will be remembered as the gracious hostess of The Secret Garden.

We hope that in early retirement she and Mr. Rhydderch will share many happy years together.

It is with much regret that we have to announce the retirement of Mrs. Betty James. Mrs. James has taught at Dynevor for the last twelve years and, prior to that, had taught at Bridgend, Glanmor, St. Michael's and Gowerton Schools.

Mrs. James, who was Head of the French Department, has produced excellent results and her pupils have proceeded to Oxford, Cambridge and many other universities.

Many Dynevor pupils are grateful for the opportunities provided by Mrs. James over the years to visit France on school excursions. We also recall the help given by Mrs. James in the 'Green Room' to many school dramatic productions, where she helped with make-up and costumes.

Mrs. James is an expert linguist. She holds an excellent Honours degree in French, with Final degree passes in German and Latin. More recently Mrs. James has taken further examinations in Italian.

We shall miss not only Mrs. James' expertise and scholarship, but also her dedicated approach to her profession. She is a fine type of teacher, we can ill afford to lose her and we shall miss her very much indeed.



It is with regret that we learn of the impending retirement of Miss Jennie Sims, L.R.A.M., A.T.C.L. Miss Sims has been Headmaster's Secretary at Dynevor School for twenty years. She had previously been a member of the Education Department at the Guildhall and, prior to that, had taught music at a Girls' Boarding School at Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset.

During her earlier years at Dynevor Grammar School Miss Sims was the sole member of the clerical staff and on many occasions worked very late hours to clear the terrific volume of work.

Jennie Sims is a first-class pianist and organist, and for many years was the accompanist to the famous Morrision Orpheus Choir. During this period she accompanied a number of world-famous soloists, such as Gwyneth Jones and Stuart Burrows, both of whom have appeared at La Scala, Italy, and the 'Met' Opera House, New York.

Jennis Sims will be long remembered and respected by present and former staff and also by many generations of Dynevor pupils. We are indebted to her for her meticulous work, her helpfulness and, above all, for her complete integrity.

We wish her a well-deserved, long and happy retirement.

The editors wish to thank:

Miss Sims for typing the magazine with efficiency and never failing patience,

Mr. Jenkins, the caretaker, for his help and understanding,

Edward Lawson Studios for permission to use the photograph of Miss Havill,

all those members of Staff who have helped with the production of this magazine.

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The front cover?

Some observers have guessed a map of Australia and 'Father Christmas'. The centre piece of the illustration is a photograph of a cherub, the oldest part of Dynevor School, to be found by the Dynevor Place entrance. It is all that is left of the original Municipal Secondary School for Boys.

Printed in the Dynevor Art Room