



MAGAZINE

No. 102

July, 1961



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Dynevor Secondary School Magazine

No. 102 (No. 29 New Series)

JULY, 1961.

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EDITORIAL.

A magazine evokes different comments from different readers, and the effect which it will have, whether pleasing or displeasing, is often difficult to assess. Nevertheless, in the case of this particular issue, one comment can easily be predicted; the financial advisers to the School are certain to feel that the issue is too large; contains too many photographs; and consequently is too expensive. However, despite the criticism which we anticipate from this quarter, we must plead—that all mercenary interests have to be subordinated to the object of producing the best magazine, and it is hoped that the result will be found worthy of a School such as Dynevor.

Once again the retiring editorial board has to thank the faithful few, but for whose efforts, it would have proved impossible to produce a magazine this term.

No-one, we feel, can complain of the lack of variety in this issue. Articles range from the satirically humorous to the interesting and more serious, whilst the number of photographs is exceeded, perhaps, only by the number in the Anniversary Edition. It is therefore with some confidence that the editors present number 102 of the School Magazine.

SCHOOL NOTES.

As this issue of the magazine covers the long period of two terms, there are many events which have taken place, and which naturally deserve mention in the School Notes.

During the Spring term the New School Hall and Library Block were officially opened by His Worship the Mayor, Councillor S. C. Jenkins, himself an old-boy of the School. Following the opening ceremony, visitors were invited to view the newly opened parts of the School, which included the Library, the Art Room, and the Geography Room.

Yet another event in the history of the School and of the Hall, was the dedication in April of the new War Memorial, presented by the Old Boys Association in memory of those members of the School who gave their lives in the World Wars.

At the same time as this ceremony the Old Glanmorian Society presented the reading-desk of the former Glanmor School, to Dynevor, in memory of the late Mr. W. Bryn Thomas, head-master of both Glanmor and Dynevor Schools. Both the memorial and the reading desk were dedicated by the Rev. Leslie Norman, who, at that time, was Chaplain to the Mayor. Further reference to this event is made under the Old Boys' Association Section.

A third event in the life of the School was the presentation of a lectern Bible by Canon Harry Williams, Councillor Percy Morris and Mr. Trevor Carthew. All three are old boys of the School, and officers of the local auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

A Welsh Family Bible was also presented to the School by the School Captain, R. B. Beynon.

Several meetings of the S.C.M. have been held at Llwyn-y-Bryn during the past two terms. The Rev. Dewi Phillips, of Fabian's Bay, gave two addresses on "The Nature of God," dealing with His existence, and His greatness respectively. A newcomer to our meetings was the Rev. F. Secombe, Vicar of Cockett, who spoke on "Judas." Finally, we had a visit from the Rev. F. Jasper who spoke on his work with the Missions to Seamen and the activities of the Flying Angel.

On February 22nd Mr. Froom Tyler, the editor of the *Evening Post*, addressed members of the Sixth Form on the subject of "The Press and the Public." The meeting was held on similar lines to the one in which Councillor Percy Morris addressed the Sixth, last year. After Mr. Tyler's opening

address in which he reviewed the various organs which comprise the national press, the conference split up into groups to discuss the topic and formulate questions, and then reassembled to put them to the guest speaker. This part of the conference was, as might be expected, the most interesting, and Mr. Tyler dealt with all the various questions in a frank and skilful manner. The role of Chairman of the conference was ably undertaken by Michael Dunne, U.VI Sc., and the vote of thanks was proposed by A. C. Hicks, U.VI Sc.

One great advantage of having our fine new Assembly Hall is that Dynevor is now fully equipped for conferences and allied gatherings, and, in view of its central position, it is likely that there will be many occasions on which the Hall will be used in this way. One such occurred at the beginning of the Easter holidays when a two-day conference of Sixth Formers from Swansea and many adjoining areas, held under the auspices of the Council for Education in World Citizenship, discussed the theme "The Challenge of Africa." A full account of this conference occurs elsewhere in this magazine, so suffice it to say here that it was a complete success, and certainly enjoyed by all the Dynevor boys who attended.

The School as a whole was deeply moved to hear of the tragic death of Kendall Munslow, following a road accident at Cockett. Until last July, Kendall was a member of the School and took an active part in the School Orchestra. As a gesture to the School, Kendall's parents presented a clarinet to the School Orchestra to be used by future Dynevor pupils. On behalf of the School the editors would like to offer their sincere condolences to Mr. and Mrs. Munslow, at the same time extending their gratitude for the gift of the clarinet to the School.

Academically the School seems to have experienced a very successful year. As a result of scholarship examinations, David Mendus has been accepted into Wadham College, Oxford, and Christopher Davies into Emmanuel College, Cambridge. The editors wish to congratulate both upon their success. An industrial scholarship awarded by Messrs. Richard Thomas and Baldwins was won by John A. Thomas. This scholarship, tenable for five years, is worth £450 per annum—no mean sum, and indeed well-worth winning! In addition, two open Scholarships—the Queen Mary Scholarship, and the William Edwards Scholarship—to Swansea University, were secured by Patrick Mitchell and Robert Barnes, both of the Upper Sixth Arts, whilst an old boy, Roger Howells, was presented with a prize by the manager of the Swansea Vale Works, Llansamlet, for being the best apprentice-fitter-turner, with the Imperial Smelting Group.

Another old-boy, Dr. B. H. Flowers, who is at present Professor of Theoretical Physics at the University of Manchester, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in March this year. On behalf of the School we congratulate Professor Flowers on achieving this great honour.

In the field of sport, the School also seems to have experienced a successful year. As an article further on will show, the Rugby First Fifteen, under the leadership of Bill Hullin, had a very successful season, losing only 4 out of the 22 games played. Hullin also brought honour to the School by becoming the first Dynevor boy to win a Welsh Secondary Schools' Rugby Cap when playing against a French Secondary Schools Fifteen.

Whilst on the topic of Rugby, mention must also be made of the Old-Boys Match, played towards the end of the Easter Term. This year, the Mayor of Swansea, Councillor S. C. Jenkins, in his capacity of President of the Old Boys Association, started the game, and it was fitting that the Old Boys—this year many were not so old—held the School to a six-all draw.

During April, a rally was held at Bishop Gore School in connection with the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. Sir John Hunt addressed an audience of several hundred at Bishop Gore, and a team from Dynevor, under the leadership of Michael Moody IVD, gave a demonstration of first-aid.

The School regrets that Mr. Tom Morgan is still unable to return to School. However, Mr. Morgan still continues to make good progress, although slowly and painfully. On behalf of the School we wish him a speedy recovery.

Another member of staff, Mr. Dennis Jones, has also been away for some months as a result of a serious illness. We wish Mr. Jones, also, a speedy recovery, and at the same time extend our appreciation to Miss Trickett who has come to assist temporarily in the Biology department. To the Ordinary and Advanced Level boys, she has truly been a ministering angel.

In April this year, a voice which for years echoed through the corridors of Dynevor, ceased with the retirement of Mr. Evan Price. To Mr. Price, whose jovial personality was so much a part of Dynevor, we wish a long and happy retirement. At the same time may we welcome Mrs. H. Richards, who temporarily replaces Mr. Price, bringing the total number of ladies on the staff to four, including the French Assistant. No wonder the School is so contented!

At the end of this term, Mr. D. B. Phillips, who has been with us only one year, is leaving to take up a post in a civilian capacity, in the Educational Service of the R.A.F. We hope Mr. Phillips has enjoyed his brief sojourn at Dynevor, and extend our best wishes to him in his new position.

A word of welcome must also be given to Mr. G. S. Hopkins, who has come from Crewe Grammar School, to take charge of the School music department.

This last term has seen the opening of one of Dynevor's finest assets—the new School Library. Over 5,000 books are already on the shelves, and it is hoped to have at least 12,000 when they are full. Great credit is due to Mr. O. A. Morris for the immense amount of work that he has put into getting the library in working order so quickly. To assist in the day-to-day running of the library, a Library Committee has been formed consisting of the following boys: Chief Librarian, R. J. Hukku, U.VI Sc. (Chairman of Committee); Librarians, David Mendus (Treasurer); Anthony Hicks (Secretary); Assistant Librarians, Victor Davies, U.VI Arts; Roger Cockle, U.VI. Arts; Ryland Griffiths, U.VI Sc.; John Isaac, L.VI Arts.



THE NEW LIBRARY.

The library is at present open only to Sixth-formers, but it is hoped that borrowing will be extended to the whole School next year. Meanwhile the room is available to Sixth formers, in order for them to *work* during their free periods, and it has been noted that, with the exception of certain Arts boys the plan seems to be working well.

In order that the library can become as extensive as is hoped, it is essential that new books be continually added to it. The local authority grant, though generous, is somewhat less than adequate for this purpose, and thus an opportunity was provided, during the school-open days, for parents, old-boys, and friends of the School to show their appreciation of the work that the School is doing, by donating a book to the library. A record of each gift was made in every case on the inside cover of the book. We sincerely thank all those who visited the book display during the Open Days, and who availed themselves of this opportunity.

The Editors would like to congratulate the following boys, who have been chosen for the Welsh National Youth Orchestra this year: David Mendus, U.VI.Sc. (Oboe); Mansel Hughes, U.VI Arts (Violin); David Williams, L.VI Arts (Violin); and Michael Jones, L.VI Arts (Cello). It is reassuring to know that the strong musical tradition of the School is being so excellently upheld.

Some concern had been expressed during this term about the amount of litter distributed around the confined area of the School, and the Headmaster suggested and sponsored an Anti-Litter Campaign to draw the attention of the School to this local manifestation of a national problem. In a later article some of the activities of this campaign are described. So conscientious, however, were the efforts of the committee in sticking up multi-coloured posters drawing attention to the litter-problem, that one sage member of staff began to wonder whether the campaign was preventing or *causing* litter!

Prize-winners in an essay competition on the subject of litter were: Richard Thomas IE (first year); Philip Stone IIA (second year); Philip Cowley IIIA (third year) and Royston Fry IVB (fourth year).

Last term a highly successful Eisteddfod was held in the School Hall, and we were fortunate in obtaining two excellently qualified adjudicators, Mr. Gwilym Roberts, Swansea Schools Musical Organizer, and Miss Mati Rees, of Swansea Training College. The former judged the musical items, and the latter the English and Welsh competitions. Both complimented the

School upon the high standard of the entries, and Roberts House may well be justly proud of winning the Eisteddfod Cup for this year.

On June 5th the School lunch was for the first time graced by a guest speaker, Mr. Owen Read, the Head of B.B.C. Children's Television. At the "top table" were also the Mayor and Mayoress of Swansea, Councillor and Mrs. Andrew Morgan, together with many other prominent people. After lunch Mr. Read addressed a number of boys on the subject of children's television with particular reference to the sketch club exhibition which he was to open at the Glyn Vivian Art Gallery.

MANCHESTER LETTER.

THE MAGAZINE EDITOR,

DYNEVOR SECONDARY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

DEAR SIR,

I feel that before I begin this letter I must apologize for not submitting it before now. However, I feel possibly that a truly balanced view of University life cannot be given with merely one term's experience, for as I found myself, the first term was full of the novelty of this new life and yet in the second term one gradually came to feel that one was at last a truly integral part of that body known as a University.

The word Manchester at once conjures up the picture of an industrial Victoriana for those who have only read of it or paid a brief visit there. This is true to a certain extent, but the qualities of Manchester and especially its University are far more than this. The main building of the University, Owen's College, founded in 1851, is a veritable example of Victorian 'Gothica' but the larger part of the University is far more modern. The Arts Buildings, which I as a History student naturally use, are very pleasant and quite modern, being surrounded by green lawns and flower beds. The Arts Library is even more pleasant. It was opened as recently as 1936 and contains an extremely good collection of books on all Arts subjects. The Maths. Building is of even more recent origins, having been opened only a few years back.

The social life of the University centres around the Union. The Union Building is an extremely fine one. It was opened only in 1957 having cost £300,000 to build and has every amenity including two debating halls, which are used for other purposes such as the Saturday night dances, television, billiards,

and table tennis rooms, and two bars to mention only a few. There are a vast number of societies, including societies for all religious and political creeds. There is even a Crossbench Society for those who hold no particular political views. Through the political societies such people as Barbara Castle, M.P., Harold Wilson, M.P., and Henry Brooke, Minister of Housing, have been invited to address the students in the Union.

The great event of the year is Rag Week culminating in Rag Day which always falls on Shrove Tuesday and is marked by a procession through Manchester, which is really quite mad, but nevertheless the money collected for charity is greatly needed by the local charities who benefit from Rag Week collections. Incidentally, Rag Day was also St. Valentine's Day this year, and thus excellent opportunities were provided for float themes.

Finally, I wish to thank Dynevor and its staff for all they have done for me, and I hope she will continue to flourish in her present tradition. At the moment I am the sole representative of Dynevor at Manchester University, and I certainly hope that I will be joined by other Dyvorians in the coming year.

Yours sincerely,

D. A. POWELL.

SWANSEA LETTER.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,
SINGLETON PARK,
SWANSEA.

DEAR SIR,

It is with much pleasure that I accede to your request to provide the 'Swansea Letter' for this term's magazine.

Reperusing past 'Singleton' and 'Swansea' letters, it seems that I must of necessity begin by mentioning the great difference between life at School and at University. The essential distinctions have been repeated many times before, but since some ten per cent. of pupils fail to advance beyond their first year in a university, they are perhaps worth repeating again. In the first place the onus of working and of passing examinations falls entirely on the student. Professors and tutors exist in an advisory capacity, suggesting work rather than insisting that it should be done. The real danger of this system is that the innocent student suffers a reaction from the rigid discipline of school and tends to "go wild," at least during the first term. Once the importance of self-discipline

has been realised, however, it must be said that the university system of work has advantages which cannot practically be realised in School.

Work in a University consists of attending lectures and weekly tutorials and of supplementing the notes taken, with reading in the Library. Lectures at Swansea are, in the main, disappointing. There is an obvious lack of stimulation, which is not compensated for under the present tutorial system. At the outset, each " fresher " is assigned to a Professor and must read to him four essays of general character, during his first year.

Perhaps the most unnerving sight that a first year student encounters is that of the Library, cloaked in silence and full of people who actually appear to be working. Faintness at such a sight can be speedily dispelled by tea in the nearby Refectory.

Whilst work must of necessity take pride of place, it is essential that a student should participate in at least some of the college activities, if the full benefit of a university life is to be obtained. Owing in no small measure to the excellent grounding afforded me at Dynevor, I have obtained the position of Editor of " Dawn," the College's cultural magazine, and also a place in the badminton team. It is indeed a tribute to the School that Dynevor boys are to be found actually participating in practically all walks of College life.

A constant source of bewilderment to the incoming Swansea student is the wide variety of Societies eagerly pleading for his support and money. They range from the Departmental Societies designed to widen the scope of one's study, to such organisations as, " The Flat Earth Society," which during its regular meetings at the Uplands Hotel provides an opportunity for the study of " kerb shift " and " horizon wobbles."

That opportunity for relaxation from work is well provided for is shown again by the excellent sporting facilities at Swansea. The spacious playing fields which are ever-open, are but ten minutes walk from the College, and in addition practically every sport from yachting to golf is well catered for.

The " step-up " from School to University is undoubtedly a great one, and it would be wrong to minimise it, but nevertheless I feel that it would be equally as wrong to picture the undergraduate as being completely divorced from the Grammar School pupil. There are differences—the undergraduate as a rule, tends to shave less often, his raiment is often more unorthodox and of more varied hue, and he uses three instead of two-syllable words, but nevertheless the acclaim that a good cussing action brings, and the frequent taking place of

such discussions as to the "intrinsic political importance and contemporary social significance of Yogi Bear," show that the undergraduate's world, though perhaps wider, is not essentially different from that of the school-boy. Incidentally, advocates of co-education might well revise their views after a year in college. A girl observed in the cold, revealing daylight of a nine o'clock lecture is disturbingly different from that seraphic vision you glimpsed last Saturday night, in soft lights, heralded by sweet music and surrounded with boxes of 'Black Magic'.

Perhaps I might now suggest to intending University students that they seriously consider Swansea as their future University. Already it has strong claims for the position of leading Welsh College, and as further developments take place these will be enhanced. Palatial as the new buildings are, the one drawback to this expansion is that the already distant relationship between student and professor tends to become a more and more impersonal one.

Finally might I end by wishing on behalf of all Dynevor boys at Swansea that the School's future may be as bright as its past, and that this magazine be every bit as successful as those that have gone before.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN M. PEPPER.

BEAUTY.

Those purest hues in harmony compose
A crystal trueness, as a water-stream of melted snow,
And shafts of brightness drift in windows, and so blow
Around our motive-thought's repose.

As poppy tears are bled, they stain;
Where petal cheeks are crushed in coarse and brutish hands,
they soil;
And fragrant crocus' stamens blanch in saffron's toil;
Then is Beauty analysed in vain.

The mists are lifted from high hills;
Yet, in the valley, rest those sombre mellow pikes like ghosts
Those spires, in dawning shade, are shadowed, as the posts
Which mark the way a mud-flat fills.

For we are they, who on the threshold,
Can but taste in wonder, not unfold.

JULUS, L. VI Arts.

THE ROYAL SHAKESPEARE THEATRE.

Early in the Summer Term, pupils from the third and sixth forms of Dynevor School were to experience a welcome alleviation from the burden of academic work, which always proves to be inevitably tedious, during the first week or two after a holiday. Such relief was provided by a three-day visit to Stratford-upon-Avon, during which time we had opportunities to attend performances of William Shakespeare's tragedy, "Hamlet," and, possibly, one of his finest comedies, "Much Ado About Nothing."

The Memorial Theatre, which is the nucleus of Shakespearean drama, has recently been re-christened, "The Royal Shakespeare Theatre," and together with the Aldwych, in London, it comprises a company of the finest actors, directors and designers in the country. This was the first occasion a party from the School had visited the Theatre under its new name, and it proved a most pleasant and beneficial experience.



ON THE BANKS OF THE AVON.

On the first night, we attended a performance of "Hamlet" and I was particularly struck by the excellent scenery, which reflected the sombre features of the Castle of Elsinore, and highlighted the tragic legend of the Prince of Denmark. The use of a few soft-toned draperies added considerably to the austerity of architecture.

Ian Banner, who played Hamlet, Elizabeth Sellars, Queen Gertrude, and particularly, Geraldine MacEwan, who played Ophelia, took their parts with moving sincerity and deep conviction. It is interesting to note that a certain Mrs. Mountford, who became insane after taking the part of Ophelia, managed to carry out the mad scene in a subsequent performance to considerable effect.

During the intervals, we availed ourselves of the numerous arrangements for refreshments provided in the theatre, the glittering restaurant terraces, coffee bars, and the like, looking out on to the tranquil River Avon, being very popular.

The second play, which we attended the following night, was the comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing." The scenery for this production was quite elaborate comprising a number of balconies, staircases, arbours and groves in the garden of the Governor's palace at Messina. Unfortunately, the costumes were of the early eighteenth century, and tended to make one forget that this was an Elizabethan and Shakespearean play. However, these elements did not impair the acting or the humour, for the battle of wits which raged between Beatrice, a confirmed spinster, and Benedick, a confirmed bachelor, and their consequent love affair was typical of the incongruity of the play.

Our visit to the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, the vivid experiences of the tragic and the ludicrous, the whole theme and atmosphere of Shakespeare were of invaluable benefit, especially to the student of literature, and, I trust that this worthwhile tradition will be maintained in Dynevor.

JOHN ISAAC, L.VI Arts.

PLAYING THE GAME.

It had been a lovely summer day and both cricket teams had enjoyed the game which was fast drawing to its close. The day was gradually dying, the shadows were growing longer and all the time the excitement was growing to fever pitch. The fielding side could feel the game slowly slipping from their grasp by the stubborn resistance and hard-hitting of the last two batsmen.

The bowlers who had put all they had into the game were beginning to tire; the batsmen leapt again and again to punish any loose ball and their supporters cheered lustily at every run scored. The perplexed captain took off his slow bowlers, who had at one period been able to have some help from the pitch, and he brought back his fast bowler in a last desperate bid to break the stand.

The scoring almost stopped still and the fielding side now just led by three runs. The fast bowler with his red hair blown about by the light breeze turned to walk out to his mark for the last ball of the match. He hitched up his trousers, tucked up his sleeve and turned to start his long run up. He gained in speed at every long and powerful stride until at the wicket when he delivered the ball he was fairly thundering past the umpire whose eagle eye watched for the drag and then immediately switched up for a possible L.B.W.

The ball also seemed to gain speed, the batsman perfectly poised, made a stroke which should have been a four. The distinct snick of ball on bat was heard, the wicketkeeper made a movement to his right, took the ball cleanly, turned around, stumbled, failed to regain his balance and fell with his back to the umpire.

A mighty roar went up from everywhere, some cheering the batsman, some cheering the wicketkeeper and a mighty yell of 'Ouzatt' pierced the air. Then suddenly there was a silence you could almost feel, no one spoke, everyone just stood still and waited. Eyes wandered from the batsman, to the prostrate wicketkeeper, then to the immovable umpire. The batsman stood waiting, the wicketkeeper slowly arose from the grass clutching the red ball in his right hand. The shout around the field was renewed and gradually grew to a deafening roar. The umpire seemed uncertain what decision to give, he began to slowly raise his arm but then the fielders stood dumbfounded as the wicketkeeper, great sportsman as he was, immediately made a sign to show that the batsman was not out. The ball had left his hand as he fell.

The match was over, the batsmen had saved the day, but there was no prouder man that evening than the wicketkeeper who walked off the field with his head held high. His side had not won but he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had played the game.

DUDLEY SINNETT, 1B.

KENYA.

Kenya is a very young country. It was just a tropical forest before 1895 when its first railway began. Yet today it presents a different picture altogether. Nairobi, the capital, and the largest city in East Africa, has a population of about 250,000 yet it covers ten times the area of Swansea. A recent picture of some of its buildings which are as much as twelve storeys, and beautifully finished in latest design and architecture, could well be mistaken for some of the buildings of New York.

There are parking problems too. Nairobi had parking meters about a year before London. One seldom sees an old car there. American cars are becoming quite popular. But, unfortunately, the roads are not always good and are not as well planned and guided as here. There is no speed limit outside the towns.

An average day there is described as an average British Summer's day. In the highlands, where most of the population is concentrated, the temperature is seldom as high as 80°F. On an average day the maximum and minimum temperatures are about 75°F. and 55°F. The rainfall there is about 40" to 50" but it falls in definite seasons—April-May, the short rains, and November-December, the long rains. There are no seasons there, and it is just difficult to explain what seasons are to a boy brought up there.

Kenya is entirely an agricultural country. It lacks mineral resources and therefore will never be an industrial country. It produces coffee, sisal, pyrethum, sugar, fruits and dairy products. Most of this farming is done on the white highlands (which are now open to all races) on very fertile red volcanic soil. Nakuru is the centre of Kenya Farmers' Association and is noted for its flamingoes and other wild animals.

The Royal National Park, which is famous for its wild game, is situated just five miles from the centre of Nairobi. Rumours of lions and other animals coming into the town and taking away the pets are quite common. In this National park one always goes in a car and is not permitted to get out in any circumstances whatsoever. If there is any trouble one has to seek help from the game wardens who are always around. Here one enjoys seeing the wild animals in their natural ways and surroundings. The lions which attract visitors most do not come out from the bushes till about six in the evening. The use of the horn is restricted and one must not throw light on

any animal after dark. A visit to Kenya would be incomplete without a visit to this park.

A child normally starts his education at the age of six and takes seven years for his primary education and four years for his secondary education. Thus he is seventeen when he takes his G.C.E. This examination is held by Cambridge University and thus the same standard as Britain is maintained. There are very few schools and only one college where a boy can go further. Thus many students have to go overseas for further education or end their education there if they cannot afford to do this. The Royal Technical College which was completed in 1955 and was opened by H.R.H. Princess Margaret is to be turned into a University, affiliated with the University of London next term. Most of the teachers here come from Britain and U.S.A. Up till now the schools were racially divided, but beginning from this year many of the government schools are being turned multiracial.

There are a number of cinemas and theatres in Nairobi. But dancing, apart from Christmas time, is not so popular. There is a 'Drive In' cinema in Nairobi where one drives in and sees the show while sitting in one's car, taking a sound connection from a pillar just outside the car. But the city is never very romantic and all goes quiet after about ten.

An average European in Kenya is better educated and has an exemplary character. Educated Europeans can earn more in Kenya than in Britain. But for labour class people a monthly income could be as little as £4 a month. Thus an average European can easily afford a full time house-boy, gardener and a cook.

The British people both in Kenya and Britain are kind and good natured. They can adjust themselves to any food, and to people with any kind of interest, and thus have the art of making friends with anyone. They can well understand others' feelings and are indeed true friends in need. They are fond of sport and have a number of hobbies and interests. All this helps them to enjoy life to an extent they cannot understand. Because of this they possess a sound general knowledge. They are honest with their work and it is no surprise that they make Britain a wonderful place to live in.

Perhaps one might feel that I am flattering the country in which I am now living but the fact that Britain has ruled so many lands and still has maintained friendship with them and still has a strong influence proves my point.

M. C. PATEL, L.VI Sc.

“AMONG OUR ANCIENT MOUNTAINS.”

After reading such a title, the interested reader might expect to find in the article a kind of potted version (or after reading the name of the writer, an expanded version) of a combination of the Welsh National Anthem and a Tourist Guide to Wales. In this, he is to be disappointed.

During the Whitsun holiday, which alas fast flitted away, the unfortunate writer of this opprobrious article decided to journey from Swansea to Brecon for the express purpose of viewing our ancient mountains. In character with the antiquarian eccentricities of the writer, the modicum of transport chosen was the railway, and so at 9.40 a.m. on a somewhat dreary Saturday morning I entered the salubrious precincts of a modern diesel train. This indeed was heaven! Surely the advertisement, “Next time go by train” was indeed true.

I was a little disconcerted by the news that it was necessary to change trains at Neath, but relatively unperturbed, I sank back into the foam-rubber upholstery—to settle down to some light reading, Ramsay Muir’s History of the British Commonwealth. However, after having arrived at Neath my doubts were aroused when I was told that the train for Brecon left Neath Riverside Station, not the General Station where I was now standing. As I had previously had no idea that such a gigantic place as Neath possessed TWO railway stations, with visions of completing my journey on a canal barge from the riverside, I sought this outpost of the B.T.C.

And, indeed, outpost it turned out to be. The name “Riverside” seemed peculiarly out of place for this station, on what was by now a wet, muggy May day, whilst the musty smell of my environ, together with the sight of decaying woodwork, and falling masonry, led me to wonder whether I was in the right place. Nevertheless I was told at the dimly-lit booking office that trains, or rather a train left there for Brecon that morning. As a natural corollary I enquired the times of the trains from Brecon that evening, only to be told that the TRAIN back was at 6.20 p.m. from Brecon.

By now I was fast losing heart, but the final shattering of all my hopes came when the train appeared. In company with the six other passengers I proceeded to find a place in the one and a half carriages generously allocated by British Railways for that purpose. Being allergic to the fumigating effect of tobacco smoke I secured a compartment displaying the ominous words “no smoking,” however, this proved of little avail, as my agricultural companion seemed relatively unimpressed by the four red triangles which surrounded us.

A conversation followed, in broken-Welsh, between the

Station-Master (and I am convinced the position is a sinecure) and the engine driver, during which the former attempted, unsuccessfully it seemed, to convince the latter that he was running late. Having, in this way, succeeded in adding yet another five minutes to the total lateness, the case was resolved, and with much hissing, squeaking and gnashing of teeth we left Neath.

The first stop recorded for the run was somewhere bearing the sonorous name of Cadoxton Terrace Halt. This, I discovered, was a rather elaborate name for a garden potting shed erected on a grass covered platform, in the middle of a coal tip. Needless to say no-one got on or off. Seeming just a little disconcerted by this, both the guard and the fireman were hanging out of the train at the next potting shed, named "Penscynor Halt," and, viewing the situation "waste and wild" unanimously agreed that stopping would be futile on a gradient like this. With much hooting, hissing and shouting Penscynor passed by.

The next stop was Cilfrew. This was a magnificent edifice in comparison with the last two, being built almost entirely of dull, faded red tin sheets with similarly faded red planks boarding up both doors and windows. My enquiry as to where the people of Cilfrew purchased their tickets seemed to arouse something of a problem. After moments of intense thought my travelling companion seemed however to have solved the mystery. "Nobody ever does, anyway," was his retort.

After passing through several other dilapidated, derelict, and deserted stations bearing the picturesque names of Crynant, Seven Sisters, and Onllwyn, one of the passengers, in a particularly cowardly manner gave up the ghost and alighted at Colbren Junction. Now things were really looking up! From deserted halts we had progressed to a real live junction—a Crewe of Wales. As it turned out Colbren is a single line station (one platform) and receives two trains daily one from Neath to Brecon, the other from Brecon to Neath.

After the staff (one porter) had recovered from his exultant jubilee at having had a passenger at such an early hour—for it was yet barely noon—the train continued grudgingly up the marked incline. The next port of call was Craig-y-Nos, to which British Railways helpfully append "Penwyllt" as an afterthought. The reason for this, I learned from one stalwart passenger was that the station was not situated in Craig-y-Nos, but was rather in the adjoining (adjoining means 2 miles away) hamlet of Penwyllt.

This doubt satisfied we continued laboriously towards Cray, travelling along a ledge overlooking a 100ft. deep chasm.

Some of the most beautiful moorland scenery in South Wales can be seen from this point, which I later discovered was the highest point for this line, and the second highest for any in South Wales, being surpassed only by that from Brecon to Merthyr at Torpantau. Here we were really "among our ancient mountains."

Cray saw the departure of yet another of our faithful band into the swirling mist, and from the station, situated on an eminence, a magnificent view of the huge expanse of water—Cray Reservoir—could be seen. From Cray the train descended into the rich red fertile vale of the Usk, soon arriving at Devynock and Sennybridge Station. The monument proved to be the largest we had yet encountered, and the old G.W.R. in their paternal generosity, had bestowed upon it a fresh coat of brown and cream paint before abandoning it to the mercy of the B.T.C. Here, after much difficulty with rods, baskets and ruck-sacks, two potential anglers alighted, resolved to drown their sorrows either in the fountain of Cray Reservoir, or in the Fountain at Devynock.

From Devynock, having gained one passenger, we moved on to Aberbran and Cradoc, both of which were literally buried among the foliage of the Vale of Usk. Finally we arrived, only twenty minutes late at Brecon. The first stage of an unforgettable journey was over, and I looked forward, with, I must admit, some apprehensions, to the return journey along this unique line. That evening at 6.20 p.m. the moment came, and with a full train we left Brecon, which by now was almost enveloped in mists from the surrounding hills. Two hours later we arrived back at Neath Riverside which in the dim-yellow glow of the gas-lights looked strangely Victorian. After this, the General Station at Neath seemed a modern masterpiece, whilst the newer bright green diesels, seemed like something from another age compared with the red and cream of the old Brecon train. Nevertheless, despite all the harsh criticism, I arrived back at Swansea, feeling that my journey into yesteryear had been really worthwhile.

YSGUBORIAU, U.VI Arts.

THE WILDFOWL TRUST AT SLIMBRIDGE.

On the banks of the Severn at Slimbridge there is an area of ground which attracts visitors from all over the world. We had the opportunity of visiting this—the Wildfowl Trust—on our return journey from Stratford-upon-Avon. After lunch in Stroud on the 27th April, we began the eleven miles journey over the high western edge of the Cotswolds, with a splendid view of the Severn and the mountains behind, down through

the wooded valleys dotted with quaint little villages, to the plain where the New Grounds are situated. Like most visitors to Slimbridge we made sure that we had some bread to feed the waterfowl.

Upon arriving at the Trust we waited awhile on a pleasant green and were soon surrounded by a crowd of inquisitive geese. Our guide arrived and while pointing out the different species, told us something of the Trust and its purposes. It was founded just after the war with two aims in mind; firstly to advance the study of wildfowl, and secondly to prevent many species being exterminated—a process which in certain cases seemed inevitable. The branches of the Trust are on the Severn estuary at Slimbridge, Gloucestershire, and at Peakirk, in Northamptonshire.

Wildfowl or waterfowl consist of geese, ducks and swans. In Slimbridge there are over one hundred and forty species, the largest collection in the world. Many are free to come and go, though most prefer to remain.

At the beginning of the course suggested by the Trust we could see nothing but geese, but the various sizes and colours of the birds were always interesting, and their antics very amusing. We saw many Ne-né or Hawaiian Geese and we might have imagined this to be of the more common species. However, we were informed that in actual fact it is one of the rarest, and that Slimbridge Wildfowl Trust possesses about one third of the total number in the world.

Then we came to several small ponds on which every conceivable type of duck was swimming. Each pond was a blaze of colour, with (as it appeared) every duck having a plumage of different colour from that of its neighbour. These certainly were the clowns of the waterfowl, and appeared to perform for anyone who took notice of them.

Further along there was a fifty-foot tower. Those who climbed to the top were rewarded with a panoramic view of the Severn Estuary. The sight of flocks of ducks flying across the sky was indeed impressive.

Proceeding round the course we came to the lady of the wildfowl—the swan. There we had the perfect contrast to both the playful ducks and the noisy geese. The swans were hardly aware of our presence, being too refined to take any notice of mere humans.

Soon we were back with the geese. Perhaps they are not as beautiful as the swans, but they are certainly more . . . human? They became very annoyed when a sparrow settled amongst them and stole their bread, so they frightened him away—but only at the cost of the piece of bread.

To visit the Slimbridge Wildfowl Trust is surely an excellent way of spending an afternoon. For whether one is a

ornithologist, or merely a layman, like myself, one is certain of enjoyment. On a fine day one can take the best possible photographs, since many of the birds are so friendly that they beg food from you. Anyway, one normally lives in a world of motor-cars, television and football-matches, so that a visit to a place like Slimbridge provides a welcome change. I, at least, am looking forward to the time when I may have the opportunity of seeing the Wildfowl Trust again.

ROGER WILLIAMS, IIIb.



BLACK-NECKED SWAN AND CYGNETS.

A DREAM.

I am a soccer champion,
The crowd is roaring, hark!
I kick the ball, the goalie leaps,
But the ball has found its mark.

I am a bound-up captive,
A knife is at my throat,
But with a show of judo,
It is my turn to gloat.

I don't know what is happening,
It really is uncanny—
"This is your life," says Eamon A.
And I am not like Danny!

EDWARD JONES, IIb.

A VISIT TO THE LOUVRE.

“Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken.”

So wrote Keats after reading Chapman's translation of Homer. I felt a little like that when I visited the Louvre with the School party that went to Paris this year. Hitherto "Art" had been for me something about which rather odd people held somewhat far-fetched conversations. Wandering about the Louvre convinced me that Art is a world of its own and a world well worth the exploring.

They say that the Louvre has the richest art collection in the world, and I can well believe it. Perhaps we should not ask too pointedly how the collection has been put together, but it is clear that it would be much poorer if it lost all that it owes to the conquests of Napoleon. I suppose that it's the wealth and range of the collection that help to make its impact so powerful. No doubt it is one factor that has contributed to making Paris the artistic capital of Europe.

Most of us took a good look at the most famous pieces. The Venus of Milo looked as faultless as anyone could possibly look without arms, but there were two paintings of women that held my attention much longer—Titian's "Young Woman at her Toilet" and, of course, Leonardo de Vinci's "Mona Lisa". Titian's painting is simple and sweet and although the young woman's thoughts seem to be concerned with much besides her immediate task there seems to be no mystery about them. Leonardo's picture, with its tantalizing smile, is perhaps the most mysterious portrait in the world.

I was also impressed with another, almost equally famous, picture of Leonardo's "The Virgin of the Rocks," with its exciting background and the delicate expressions and gestures of the figures. I became so interested that I brought a book on "Leonard de Vinci" home with me from Paris, together with a reproduction of the Mona Lisa and little books about Botticelli and Raphael. Subtlety of expression seems to be one of the constant features of de Vinci's art.

The famous "Victory of Samothrace" became all the more exciting the longer you looked at it, and the impression still remains, although my memories of so many Madonnas and Venuses have become rather blurred. The visit to the Louvre has certainly opened a new world for me, but I have scarcely yet begun to explore it.

A. MEIRION PENNAR DAVIES, L.V.I.A.

IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER.

by

DICK SION, HARRY ENGLISH and ALF ABBETT.

ANNALIST—mother of Franz Liszt.
ANNEX—film little boys shouldn't see.
BARBECUE—people waiting for a hair-cut.
DISMISSED—happens to a woman on marriage.
ERR—opposite of 'im.
GENIE—girl with light brown hair.
GENTEEL—likely to marry a lady eel.
GREGARIOUS—chemistry loving.
HARMONY—exclamation on finding a £1 note.
HAWTHORN—thorn with loose morals.
HOGMANY—be a miser.
MAUNDY—comes before Tuesday.
MEGOHM—ashtray.
METEOR—more meaty.
MOROSE—fireman's cry when far from fire.
NOVICE—cry of Sir John Wolfenden.
NUANCE—opposite of "old ones."
PILFERED—tablet for Edward.
PULLET—opposite of "push it."
SINKING—Satan.
SKEWER—inhabitant of Skewen.
TENANTS—one less than eleven ants.
THINK—what shiphth thomstimeth do.
WICKERWORK—interviewing.

AMERN, UVI. Sc.

THE SCHOOL VISIT TO PARIS, 1961.

The bleak, April morning, when a party from the School was due to embark upon a visit to Paris, was heralded by the customary showers of that vernal month, but the thought of spending a glorious week in Europe's most fashionable capital, at a time when the city reposes in all its Springtime fantasy, soon dispelled any misery induced by our notorious weather.

We commenced our long journey from High Street Station, and settling down to the four and a half hour train ride, we, of the exalted Sixth Form, diligently studied "The Times" while the younger element engaged themselves in reading what can better be described as Parisian type books. The time sped swiftly and we soon found ourselves looking out upon the dismal suburbia of London. The second phase of the journey from the metropolis to the coast, took us

through Kent, the Garden of England, which was now blanched by profusions of candied blossoms on the countless fruit trees. Arriving at Folkestone, we boarded the awaiting ferry, "La Côte d'Azur," and took our final glimpse of England before embarking upon the crossing of "La Manche." Gradually, the little white-washed cottages, the formidable, grey harbour walls, the imposing, hill top hotels and, eventually the inexorable white cliffs all faded into the evening mist, and, for many of us, into the fog of oblivion.

The calm, pleasant voyage was very enjoyable, but in addition, much fascination could be gained by observing the colourful medley of people on board: a sombre group of nuns chatting in the excitable lingo of Italian and keeping a stern, watchful eye upon a number of schoolgirls in their care; the American couple, wearing their national costume, namely, dark glasses, gaudy clothes and rows upon rows of cameras. Each observation, each experience made amidst this cosmopolitan community contributed to that atmosphere which is so very distinctive of the continent, and yet which one cannot find or create in Britain.

After our arrival at Calais and the inevitably chaotic disembarkation, we boarded yet another train to take us to our final destination. As the mighty locomotive raced towards Paris dusk fell upon the pastoral plains of the North, and the provincial farmhouses, occasionally seen 'en route', closed their grey, weather-beaten shutters upon the nocturnal scene. As Paris drew closer the lights of the environs dispelled the obscurity in which the countryside was now enveloped, and after passing across the great industrial area of Saint Denis, the train drew slowly to a halt at the nucleus.

The famous Gard du Nord of Paris greeted us with the characteristic fragrance of perfume blended with the strong whiffs of Gauloise cigarettes. The raucous cries of phlegmatic porters resounded in the immense station, while outside, beneath the brilliance of neon signs, cars, buses, lorries and bicycles raced around the great square with a deafening roar and at a terrifying pace.

In spite of the fact that it was very late, cafés and shops were still busy with people quite indifferent to the time. We had a meal at a nearby restaurant and afterwards proceeded by coach to the Latin Quarter, where we were due to stay. Passing through the centre of the city, we were able to see the sublime form of Notre Dame rise above the murky waters of the Seine, floodlit in all its ancient majesty. On the Left Bank of the river, the Boulevards Saint Germain and Saint Michel were still alive with groups of students sitting outside

the popular pavement cafes before bottles of cheap "vin rouge". Skirting past the beautiful Luxembourg Gardens, which were going to become so very familiar to us, we arrived at the Student hostel, our home for the week.

The countless events, excursions and visits which we experienced in and around the capital would be far too many to mention in this space, and therefore I have chosen but a few of the highlights of the trip which will probably help to create a more vivid impression of Paris, its elegance and sophistication, its unique charm and bohemianism, its historical, cultural and artistic importance.

On the first morning, we had ample opportunity to familiarize ourselves with the surrounding district. In order to reach the grand boulevards we had to pass through the Luxembourg Gardens. Set out in classical French style, the park is supposed to be the finest in Europe. The graceful arbours of the shady, green beech trees, flanked by the blanched figures of mythological divinities, presented a scene of graceful serenity. The majestic Palais du Luxembourg (home of the French Senate) rose from the emerald carpets of nature like a tidal wave of stone while its elaborate South façade was reflected in the mirror-like pond beneath sultry, magnolia skies. Along the boulevards outside, students of the Sorbonne gathered to buy books at the countless shops, while the less industrious spent their time in the cafés. At the bottom of the avenue ran the grey ribbon of the Seine while the ancient edifices of Notre Dame and the Conciergerie gazed into the tranquil depths as they have done for centuries gone by. We paused to take photographs beside the river where the cherry trees bowed their tortuous arms and shed their pink blossoms upon the water.

The following day we drove into the secretive and colourful back streets of Montmartre, home of artists, philosophers, beatniks and world renowned romance. At the height of the hill was situated the Romanesque-Byzantine basilica of Sacré-Coeur gleaming in the sunshine of Springtime, overlooking miles of grey city starting a new day beneath a carpet of morning mist. In the distance familiar landmarks, such as the Eiffel Tower, Les Invalides and Montparnasse peeped above the general uniformity of the scene. Behind the magnificent church was situated the famous Place du Tertre which, in spite of its widespread publicity, has maintained the tranquility of a provincial village. As we walked beneath the crepuscular forms of the Basilica's white domes, artists arrived to set up their easles amid the open air cafés. Beneath colourful parasoles of the 'terrasses' idealized impressions of

the scene were reflected by the local artists upon their canvasses, while cafe proprietors carried on their work oblivious of their presence.

From the unconventional to the formal, from the bohemian to the sophisticated was our next journey as we left Montmartre and made for the great Champs Elysées. The immense Arc de Triomphe reflected so admirably the despotic nature of the Great Napoleon as it stood at the head of this exquisite avenue, gazing majestically at the distant Place de la Concorde, the world's largest square. We were quite exhausted after walking along half the length of the boulevard since the sun poured its relentless rays upon the wide pavements. The Grand Palais which was situated quite nearby provided much interest for those interested in science. However, we were shown numerous experiments which fascinated everyone, and among the many inventions exhibited was a television set on which we actually saw ourselves; a camera recording the pictures placed nearby.

A particular highlight of the trip was an afternoon excursion to Versailles where we visited the fabulous chateau and its extensive gardens. The front facade of the palace was in a state of neglect but the rear, overlooking the elegant formal gardens, the fine terraces and the enormous Grand Canal, still possessed the rich mellow hues upon the external appearance as in the golden days of the 'Sun King', Louis XIV. The interior was of an indescribably rich decor, possessing numerous works of art. I particularly remember two remarkable murals which represented two statues and which were placed at such an angle that one could scarcely believe that they were paintings. The use of rococo moulding around the walls and the finely painted ceilings were excessive and used to such an extent in every room that one began to fail to appreciate their artistic qualities. However, Versailles was indeed fantastic and had been maintained with such care that one could detect the splendid atmosphere of eighteenth century magnificence.

We spent our evenings in the nearby cafés of the Latin Quarters, chatting with students and artists in the gay, informal surroundings and really gaining an insight into the carefree and the unconventional of French life. At our excellent hostel, too, we had numerous opportunities to use our knowledge of French in conversation, and it was with much regret that we had to leave these delightful surroundings where everyone had been so very kind and hospitable.

JOHN ISAAC, L.V.I.A.

UN RHYFEDD.

Cyfarfum a'i debig mewn ambell stori a ddarllenais o bryd i'w gilydd, ond rhyfedd imi ddod wyneb yn wyneb ag ef rywbryd yr haf diwethaf pan ar wyliau ar lan y môr.

Ni fynnai gartrefu yn swm y dorff a'i chyffro. 'Roedd yn ddihangol o'i chyrraedd yn ei fwthyn nepell o afael y pentre. Yno y treuliai ei amser yn edrych dros wyneb y môr maith gannoedd o weithiau'r dydd, naill ai o ddrws ei fwthyn neu o ben clogwyn cyfagos. 'Roedd yno le cysgodol i gadw'r cwch yn y gilfach dan ysgwydd y clogwyn.

Buasai'n forwr unwaith. Roedd glas y môr yn ei lygaid.
"Cymrawd y don bererin, mab anfeidroldeb y môr."

Rhyfedd mor debig oedd ef i Fadog yn y cnawd.

Aeth yn rhy hen, ers tro bellach, i ddilyn ei orchwyl ar y cefnfor mawr. Er hynny, methai'n lân a thro'i ei olwg arno. Nid oedd gan y tir fawr afael arno a dyna pam y mynnai dreulio gweddill ei oes cyn belled ag y gallai oddwirtho—reit ar y ffin rhwng y ddau fyd.

Nid rhywbeth i hwylio arno'n unig oedd y môr iddo ef. Hwn oedd ei unig gydymaith mewn bywyd. Ni feiddiai fradychu'r gymdeithas hyfryd a fuasai rhyngddynt ar hyd y blynyddoedd. Cafodd wynfyd ac adfyd yn eu tro yn ei gwmmi; ond yn ei olwg ac yn ei swm yr oedd ei fywyd a'i hedd yn hwyrddydd ei oes.

Ei swynhad pennaf yn awr oedd gwthio ei gwch allan i'r dŵr i hel ei fywyd, ond yn gyfrinachol iddo'i hunan, i arddel ei berthynas agos a'i hen gydymaith. Wedi'r ddrycin gwelid ef a'i ben i lawr wrth rodio'r glannau'n hamddenol yn chwilio am froc môr. Gwyddai i'r dim ble i fynd a pha bryd.

Parod oedd a'i gyngor i'r ymwelwyr llon a ddeuai i'r pentref haf ar ôl haf a'u bryd ar bysgota. Parod, hefyd, oedd i ddiddanu cwmni â'i stôr ddihsbydd o'r straeon rhyfeddaf am

"diroedd dros drumau y don,
A helynt y gwŷr a fu'n hwylio y llif."

Yn bendifaddau, o'm rhan i, creadur y tir wyf i, wedi fyllunio i sefyll, a cherdded, a symud arno. Ond deuthum wyneb yn wyneb ag un, am unwaith, na fwriadwyd mōhono fod fel myfi.

Gwir etifedd y môr oedd hwn; ohono y daw ei nwyfaint; hebdo nid yw ond efrydd swrth.

JOHN THOMAS, U. VI Sc.



SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1960-61.

Back Row: V. H. Davies; P. C. Mitchell; J. S. Thomas; R. J. Hukku; R. C. Holland; J. D. McGivan; E. M. Hughes; G. Turner; J. A. Strong.

Second Row: A. F. Harrison; E. Fuller; T. H. Evans; R. H. Bowen; V. A. Davies; R. A. Cockle; R. V. Barnes.
Front Row: D. Vaughan; A. Mathews; R. B. Beynon (*School Captain*); Mr. Meredydd Hughes (*Headmaster*); Mr. H. J. Griffiths (*Deputy Headmaster*); M. Willis (*Vice-Captain*); A. C. Hicks.

NO LITTER, PLEASE!

*Resemble not the slimy snail,
Who leaves a most disgusting trail;
And be not like the slimier slug,
For he's a horrid litter-bug.*

This amusing rhyme high-lighted a racy, entertaining talk to the assembled School by Mr. Stephen Lee, Chairman of the Gower Society, one of whose objects is the preservation of the beauty and amenities of the Gower peninsular. Who could have been more appropriately invited to talk to us in the middle of an Anti-litter Week? But who would have guessed that an ex-Oxford Don would have so completely captivated our assembled Dynevrians, and on the subject of litter? Yet this is precisely what Mr. Lee did. He not only made the subject of litter interesting—he made it entertaining and his contribution to our anti-litter campaign was invaluable.

We had become painfully aware that there were litter-bugs in our midst, who were leaving their trail of chocolate wrappings and sweet papers in their wake in yard, form-room, hall and staircase. Dynevor suddenly awoke to the menace and with determined faces we set ourselves to annihilate it—that is, the litter, not the litter-bugs. New waste-paper holders were ordered and strategically placed in the School yard; form-room walls and corridors were liberally adorned with colourful and appealing posters: speeches were made, exhortations broadcast, pride was appealed to and so in the twinkling of an eye, in the first week of June, Dynevor wore a new look. It was transformed, it was clean—a thing of beauty, a joy for ever.

And shall we keep it so? That is our intention. So, beware.

As part of our campaign, an essay-competition was arranged, limited to boys in forms one to four, with book-prizes worth half a guinea for each year. From over five-hundred entries, we are printing the following, submitted by Philip Stone of IIA, who won one of the prizes offered.

THE MENACE OF LITTER.

Almost every day we are urged visually and verbally, to take our litter home, or keep Britain tidy. Yet it is evident that little heed is taken of these requests.

In any town or suburb, litter strewn about the street is a common sight. Even a possible fine does not deter the "litter bugs," as they are sometimes known.

It becomes such a bad habit with some people, that they drop litter seemingly unconsciously. There are many litter bins in built-up areas and in the country, but there would have to be one every few yards, to persuade the majority of the public to dispose of their litter in the proper places.

Picnickers who decide to spend the day in the country can be a menace to the beauty of the scenery, as very often the remnants of the day's tea or whatever meal it may be, are left to be cleared by the owner of the land.

The most dangerous form of litter is undoubtedly broken glass, which, in the country, can often imperil the safety of the animals, if they chance to stumble upon it.

This glass is usually found in the form of broken bottles, which have probably been left by some irresponsible person. Not only can it threaten animals, but on a hot day the glass can set fire to whatever surrounds it. This, of course, may cause extensive damage.

Thousands of pounds are spent on posters and advertisements which appear throughout the country in railway stations, on public transport, and whenever there is room on buildings. But it is obvious that many people think that they are more for decorative purposes, than a serious appeal to stop the accumulation of litter on the streets. The majority of the public dislike to see litter in town or country, yet little is done by them to improve the situation.

In many towns and cities the post war years have seen the erection of many fine buildings and the construction of several spacious motorways. The countryside is one of our most cherished heritages, yet litter bestrewn throughout meadow and field is seen too frequently.

Let us determine anew, therefore, to make the best of what is ours, and keep town and country free from the menace of litter.

DOCKYARD PILGRIMAGE.

I understand that it was quite common sixty years ago for Dynevor boys to spend their dinner hour roaming around Swansea Docks. The other Saturday morning, mounted on my faithful bicycle, I rode into the docks. I stopped at the policeman who gave me permission to visit one specific ship, namely the "S.S. Clan MacNab." The conversation went something like this when he asked my name ;

1st Policeman : What is your name, MacNab?

Myself: No, its

2nd Policeman: MacKintosh?

Myself: No. I am not even Scottish, I'm English . . .

1st. Policeman: What are you doing, wearing a Clan Stewart tie, then?

I could not answer this one. However, I was soon on my way to the King's Dock where the "Clan Macnab" was berthed.

When I arrived at the berth, I parked my bicycle against a nearby crane, and stepped back to get a good view of the clean lines of the fifteen-day-old ship.

The Indian Quartermaster invited me on deck, and so I commenced my tour.

The first part we visited was the *capacious* number three hold, which was full of lorries. From there I visited the officers' quarters, saloons, recreation rooms, and, of course, the all important galley, displaying almost ostentatiously its fine, modern equipment. The appetising smell that pervaded this region of the ship made my mouth water.

I visited the bridge and saw all the latest navigation aids, and from this vantage point obtained a panoramic view of the docks. The other two ships in the dock were the "Polydorus" of Amsterdam and the Bibby liner "Yorkshire." This ship entered service in 1960 and it was surprising how rusty she was after a year of tramping and roaming the high seas. The yellow line round the hull was barely distinguishable. Great patches of rust were clearly visible on her hull and boot-topping. The superstructure was no longer shining white but more of a pale grey. In a year's time the spotless "Clan MacNab" will undoubtedly look like the "Yorkshire," whose keel was the home of barnacles, limpets and other sea creatures of that nature.

From the bridge I accompanied the quartermaster to the crew's quarters and the boiler room. (The "Clan MacNab" is an oil-burning, engine-aft, single screw ship of 7,500 tons gross. She is driven by steam turbines.)

The boat-deck and after-navigation or docking-bridge were also included in the tour. The Quartermaster told me a number of facts about the ship several of which I have already stated. One thing I have left out—her speed—for the "Clan MacNab" can steam at 20 knots, which is very good for a ship of that class.

The route the "Clan MacNab" will be taking is one of eight covered by the Clan line. She will call at various Red Sea ports and from there steam down the East coast of Africa. This route is number 1 in the route list. The cargo varies considerably, machinery of all kinds will be carried on the outward trip, and various African products on the return voyage.

Unfortunately, the Quartermaster had not sufficient free time to show me the engine room itself, nor the contents of any other holds. I did not see the interior of the forecastle. However, I did see the air-cooling apparatus which supplies cool air to all parts of the ship, an invaluable piece of equipment for the tropics. I went inside the room containing the apparatus and nearly roasted! The temperature must have been in the region of ninety degrees. I did not see a thermometer in there, however, to check the accuracy of my guess. The after decks were covered with awnings to keep the sun off. Also on the deck was a spare propeller; I wondered which unlucky member of the crew would have the job of changing the propellers around if anything went wrong.

Alas, all too soon my tour around the "Clan MacNab" was over. I bade farewell to the Quartermaster, walked down the gangplank and remounted my bicycle. Berthed by the swing-bridge which connects the Prince of Wales Dock with the King's Dock was the Blue Funnel liner "Polydorus" of Amsterdam. According to the Anniversary Edition of the magazine *Dynevor boys* used to visit "ancestors" of the "Polydorus,"—famous ships of the Blue Funnel line,—so my visit to the Clan liner was a break with this tradition, but a most enjoyable one.

MARK INMAN, IIIc.

THE SOUTH WALES MARATHON.

The South Wales Marathon, or Seven Peaks Walk, is one of forty-five miles over the seven mountains in South Wales over 2,600 feet high, involving a total of 19,000 feet of climbing. It is now an annual event, held on Whit Sunday, each year, organized by the South Wales Regional Group of the Youth Hostels Association.

This year, about twenty walkers started from Capel-y-ffin Youth Hostel in the Black Mountains, and I was one of a similar number starting from Llanddeusant Hostel, at the foot of Carmarthen Van. This hostel was once the Old Red Lion; the nearest inn is now a mile away!

We arose, rather than awoke, at four o'clock on Sunday morning, a time which we had thought did not exist. After a

substantial breakfast, we set off at about five o'clock. Most of our baggage was carried from one hostel to the other, by car, but we had to carry a light rucksack, containing some essential equipment, such as maps, compass and so on.

The sun was rising over the Vans and there was frost on the ground as we climbed towards the first peak, Fan Foel (2,632 feet); from there to Cray our route lay over very rough grassy hills. From Cray to Storey Arms Hostel there was a choice of routes; one could either take the direct route across the rough country of Fforest Fawr, or, as I did, take the road as far as Heol Senni, and then strike across country.

I stayed at Storey Arms for twenty minutes for light refreshments, and then started on what was, in my opinion, the hardest part of the walk—the Brecon Beacons. On the proposed time-table, an hour and a half was suggested as the time we should take to reach Cribyn from Storey Arms—crossing four peaks, Duwynt (2,704 feet), Corn Du (2,863 feet), Pen-y-fan (2,906 feet), and Cribyn (2,608 feet). By the time I reached the Usk at Brynich, at 1.40 p.m., for lunch, I was past looking at the scenery.

However, after a hot meal, several cups of tea, and a twenty minute rest, I started off on the next section, along the lanes to Pen-y-Genffordd, or the Crickhowell-Talgarth road. This was very tiring, and I was glad to arrive at Pen-y-Gerffordd at 4.30, and to get off the road again. The next peaks were Waun Fach (2,660 feet) and Pen-y-gader (2,624 feet); then across another ridge and I was down into the Holy Valley.

It was nine o'clock when I arrived at Capel-y-ffin Hostel, only to find that all the hot water had been used by the earlier arrivals.

Although there was an element of competition, this was not a race: the winner was presented with a plaque on the Monday morning, just before we set out to walk the ten miles to the nearest main road, and so home.

JEREMY DALE, L.VI Sc.

C.E.W.C. 1961.

The Council for Education in World Citizenship has held three conferences in this academic year. The first was in London, during early January, where the theme was "Something New Out of Africa." In the opening address, the Right Hon. Iain Macleod, M.P., warned against four illusions; that material improvement was a poor substitute for political freedom; that economics was the decisive factor; that the English parliamentary system was perfect for Africa; and that a tiny minority could govern a vast majority.

Other speakers at this conference were Miss Akua Ayisa who emphasised the fact that material comforts did not replace political freedom in her talk on "The Black Man's Burden," and Mrs. Shirley Williams, who, speaking on "The White Man's Dilemma," felt that the real problem was whether the Europeans could learn *how* to live with the Africans. Another speaker, Professor Max Gluckman stated that only environment made the black-man mentally inferior to the white, in his talk entitled "New Lamps for Old."

Dr. K. A. Busia, in a lecture entitled "The Prospects for Democracy," felt that these prospects were not very bright because of the insecurity which had become associated with democracy in Africa, whilst His Excellency M. Tarib Sim, the Tunisian Ambassador said while speaking on "The Prospects for Unity," that Africans really desired internal unity. In contrast to this Sir Gilbert Rennie spoke on "The Prospects for Division," giving very adequate reasons why, of necessity, Africa should be divided. In a discussion which followed on the subject "Is Partnership Practical?" it was decided that partnership was practical providing Europeans were prepared to accept African rule. Mr. Ritchie Calder, concluding the conference, stated that because there was "Always something New out of Africa" it was difficult to follow current trends in areas like the Congo or Nigeria, or East Africa.

The second conference was held at Coleg Harlech, and again African problems featured prominently. In the inaugural address Mr. P. A. Reynolds wondered how and why racial groups were influenced towards conflict or friendship, whilst Mr. F. Fagbure, speaking on "Race Relations in Africa" felt that until peace reigned in Africa there could be no peace throughout the world. Dr. Glyn Phillips discussed in great detail the relationships of science and industry to the world community, and expressed the fear that the Western world was being ruled by industry.

The Secretary of the Welsh Branch of the Association, Mr. W. Arnold, delivered a very enlightening lecture on the Central African Federation. This succeeded in removing many doubts in our minds concerning the Federation. "Commonwealth Technical Training Week" was the title of a talk given by Miss M. Owen. We believe there is an article devoted to this topic elsewhere in the magazine. However, the need, expressed by Mr. Jeffries Jones, Warden of Coleg Harlech, for capital aid in Africa was emphasised throughout the conference and two other speakers, Sir Ben Bowen Thomas, former guest speaker at our own speech-day, and Councillor Mrs. Rose Cross, Vice-President of the Welsh Association of C.E.W.C. described the work of U.N.E.S.C.O.

in Africa, and throughout the world, with particular reference to education and its needs!

The last talk of the Harlech conference proved very controversial. Mr. Erasmus spoke on "South African Problems" and the discussion which followed made reference to the oft-quoted maxim "When the whiteman came to Africa he had the Bible and we had the land; now we have the Bible, and he has the land." One is forced to wonder whether this really is the basis of the problem in South Africa today.

It was most appropriate that the third conference should be held at our own School, here in Swansea. As in the other two conferences the topic again concerned Africa, and the pleasant surroundings of the new School Hall helped to make the atmosphere a warm and friendly one.

The conference commenced at 10.00 a.m. on Monday, March 27th. Our own headmaster, Mr. M. G. Hughes, gave the address of welcome, and the opening lecture was delivered by Dr. J. H. Parry, the Principal of Swansea University. His subject was "The Educational Problems of Modern Africa."

Following the short break for refreshments the conference re-assembled to watch two films entitled "Three Roads to Morocco," and "Open your Eyes." In these two films the work done by the travelling clinics of U.N.I.C.E.F. and W.H.O. was vividly depicted.

That afternoon the opening talk was delivered by Dr. Ivor Isaacs, whose subject "Biology and Race," proved most interesting. After a short break the conference split up into various discussion groups. We feel we are expressing the view of the majority when we state that these discussion groups, whilst being very valuable, proved, unfortunately, all too brief. Questions were, however, formulated for Question Time that day.

After the high tea which followed the afternoon session, a social evening was organised for the delegates, and under the direction of the Dynevor Dance Committee, an enjoyable time was had.

The following morning the conference resumed with a talk by Mr. A. P. Leaper on "Political Problems of Modern Africa." This was in turn followed by a further film-show depicting the work of F.A.O. and W.H.O. The afternoon session was occupied with a talk by Mr. K. E. de Graft Johnson on "Social and Economic Problems of Modern Africa." In the discussion groups which followed this talk, questions were formulated for the Brains Trust, which concluded the activities of the conference. Mr. Meredydd Hughes presided over this afternoon session, and the Brains Trust

comprised Mr. de Graft Johnson, Mr. William Arnold (Secretary of U.N.A. in Wales), Mr. Ngelika of Tanganyka and a number of students from Swansea University. Alderman Mrs. Rose Cross concluded the proceedings and thanked all concerned for making the conference a success. Afterwards the delegates from the distant schools separated and the conference dispersed. Nevertheless, despite its short duration of only two days, we feel that such conferences are of infinite value. The opportunity of meeting to discuss problems of such importance amicably and in an unbiassed manner is one that we, as citizens of tomorrow should appreciate. Perchance in our small way we may be able to set an example which will influence our fellow men; only thus can an attitude of tolerance be created, petty prejudices overcome, and man learn to live with his fellow in a nuclear age.

DAVID WILLIAMS, L.VI Arts.
BARRIE ROBERTS, L.VI Sc.

In our last issue a Latin poem entitled " De Ortu Solis " was published and English blank verse translations were invited. The following version has been received.

SUNRISE.

O'er all the Earth the tranquil night first broods,
The pallid East grows red, and by degrees
The glorious sky inflames as Nature wakes.
In lofty groves the birds in chorus join
To call the watchful shepherd to his task
Appointed. O'er the great expanse of Heaven
The Sun begins his journey to the West:
The shadows flee before him and the plains
Again shine clear beneath the light of day.

A. C. HICKS, U.VI Sc.

THE CLIMAX TO COMMONWEALTH TECHNICAL TRAINING WEEK.

Commonwealth Technical Training Week was a scheme sponsored by H.R.H. Prince Philip in order to encourage the young people of Britain and the Commonwealth to further their Education in the fields of Industry and Technology. After two years of preparation and organisation, local authorities throughout the country, together with major industrial concerns have opened up numerous Colleges expressly for this purpose, and the final campaign was designed to enlighten present day youth of numerous advantages which are now provided for them.

The final event of the week took place at Cardiff where, in the presence of H.R.H. Duke of Edinburgh, a spectacular parade of young people from all over Britain and the Commonwealth marched through the main streets of the Capital followed by gigantic, colourful floats depicting the industries of the country. Five boys from Dynevor School together with twenty other representatives from Swansea attended the function, and participated in the splendid procession.

In the afternoon, a Garden Party was held just outside Cardiff at the beautiful Duffryn Gardens. This also was quite an impressive affair, certainly a momentous one. After having a picnic lunch, we were admitted into the gardens which are of a singular beauty and had plenty of opportunity to wander around the park, the individual formal gardens such as the Lavender Court and the Italian Terrace presenting a vivid picture of exotic beauty.

When Prince Philip arrived later in the afternoon an orchestra played the National Anthem and the Civic dignitaries of South Wales were presented to him. As the afternoon progressed, the guests, the numerous soldiers in their flamboyant dress uniforms, the cascading fountains, and the exquisite floral designs of the gardens gave a vivid splash of colour to the sombre tones of Duffryn house.

The occasion was indeed a memorable one, and I sincerely hope that the Campaign which was carried out so admirably was successful in achieving its aims.

J. ISAAC, L VIA.

SPEECH DAY, 1961.

An annual Speech Day and Prizegiving, originally planned for May 18th had unavoidably to be postponed and it was not until Thursday July 13th that we were able to gather at the Brangwyn Hall for this outstanding event in the School Year.

After Roger Beynon, the School Captain, in a brief but capable speech, had welcomed our guests, parents and visitors, Ald. Mrs. Rose Cross, recently elected Chairman of the Education Committee, took charge of the proceedings. She expressed her pleasure at presiding at her first Dynevor prizegiving and complimented the School on its continued progress.

The headmaster, addressing the large audience, paid tribute to the late Ald. Fred. Gorst, and his sympathetic consideration of the needs of Dynevor in a period of reconstruction and expansion. Academically, results showed that progress had been continued and the expansion of the Sixth Form had not resulted in any decline in academic standards. There

had been two State Scholarships, two Entrance Scholarships to Swansea University and one Industrial Scholarship. The holding of University Scholarships in the Spring Term, however, in his view disrupted Sixth Form work and he suggested that Swansea should give a lead to other universities by making its awards on the results of the Advanced Level Examination. Particularly gratifying was the recent election of an old boy of the School, Dr. Brian Flowers, as a Fellow of the Royal Society, the highest honour in the Scientific World.

While taking a justifiable pride in the achievement of the more able, the School was not unmindful of the average boy. The School was a community, and a large one, wherein it was necessary for all to be considerate one of another; and there was evidence of the growth of a realisation that we belong to an even wider community, able to appreciate the truth of Donne's words: "No man is an island entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main."

The theme of the address of Mr. Wynne Lloyd, our guest-speaker was that investment in true Education was investment in prosperity and happiness. Prosperity meant hard work responsibly and individually undertaken. Was there today a tendency to be "content with doing just enough to get by"? While prosperity should be "joyful," "the prosperity of fools shall destroy."

Proceeding to an analysis of "Happiness," he pointed out a few problems which the boys of Dynevor—as leaders of society 40 years hence—would have to face: automation, the electronic computer, and above all the problem of leisure. This could not be successfully met by a "candy floss culture," but only by preserving those distinctive and valuable features of our own culture whose roots are in the Welsh language.

Mrs. Wynne Lloyd presented 48 Advanced Level Certificates and 84 "O" Level Certificates, certifying passes in five or more subjects. Form prizes were awarded to 48 boys. Essay prizes went to R. J. Thomas, P. J. Stone, P. S. Cowley and R. J. Fry, public speaking prizes to P. Hillman and B. M. Roberts; the Colonel Hyett prize to D. J. Jasper; the Griff. David prize to D. B. Evans; the Leslie Norman prize to J. W. Dale; the Garfield James prize to R. Brown; the Richard Evans prize was divided between R. Griffiths and R. W. J. Thomas; and Old Dyvorians' Association prizes were awarded to Roger Beynon, J. M. Willis and D. Mendus. Cups and trophies were awarded to successful individuals and houses, the Eisteddfod Cup going to Roberts, and the Harry Secombe Cup, for the best all-round performance, to Grove.

His Worship the Mayor, Councillor A. Morgan, J.P., who was accompanied by the Mayoress, extended civic greetings to the School and thanks were expressed to all who had assisted by David Mendus and J. M. Willis.

THE RAINBOW.

After the showers,
The sun appears,
Bringing the rainbow
Sweeping across the sky.

Its glittering colours,
Shining and merging
With the grey background
Of the lightning sky.

The blue, the orange,
Sparkling and dazzling.
Bright crimson hues
With each other vie.

Suddenly the colours wane.
The blue turns grey,
The crimson brown.
And then, before your eyes,
Its beauty is gone.

D. G. TASKER, II B.

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

For the first time for several years a considerable effort has been made to establish a Dynevor Athletics Team. Considering the obvious lack of facilities the degree of success achieved has been noteworthy and it is hoped that next year will see even greater improvements.

The first opportunity to form a School team came on March 21st when three Dynevor runners competed in two road races organised by Swansea A.C. and held on Swansea Promenade on a cold blustery night. Despite a lack of support

in the senior ranks of the School, which thwarted an attempt to form a full team of six, P. Wilson, better known as a sprinter, ran well to finish 5th in the under-sixteen mile, and E. David and B. Roberts, competing against considerably older runners, finished 10th and 13th respectively out of 33 in the under-nineteen two miles event.

More support was available later in the season when the School sent 15 boys to the West Glamorgan Area Secondary Schools' Sports held at Ystalyfera Grammar School playing fields on May 17th. P. Wilson (1st Middle 100 yds. and 2nd 220 yds.), E. David (6th Middle 880 yds.), M. Charles (5th Middle 440 yds.) and the 4 x 110 yds. Middle relay team of P. Wilson, A. Jones, A. Tucker and M. Charles, qualified for the Glamorgan Secondary Schools Championships at Maindy Stadium, Cardiff, on June 3rd. In addition to those above the following boys obtained Glamorgan standards in their events: D. Steele (Middle Discus), R. Evans (Junior Shot), A. Cude, R. Jenkins, R. Jones and A. Ridge (Junior Relay).

At Maindy, however, lack of competitive experience was all too apparent and the results obtained were not very satisfactory. M. Charles (5th, 440), E. David (6th, 880), P. Wilson (3rd, 220), and the relay team of Charles, Tucker, Jones and Fuller (4th) were eliminated in the heats and only P. Wilson reached the finals, finishing 4th against more experienced competitors in the 100 yds.

Nevertheless, the number of Dynevor boys who reached the Maindy Championships was encouraging and next year even greater efforts must be made, especially in the senior School, to form a strong athletics team which can hold its own with more experienced schools.

E.D., L.VI Arts.

RUGBY 1ST XV.

				<i>Pts.</i>	
<i>P.</i>	<i>W.</i>	<i>D.</i>	<i>L.</i>	<i>F.</i>	<i>A.</i>
22	17	1	4	246	62

Last season was the 1st XV's most successful since the War, a success attributable to the experience of the team—twelve members having played for the 1st XV last season, and also to the fine team spirit which existed throughout the season both on and off the field.

The victories were contributed to largely by the strong, fast pack, which obtained more than a fair share of the ball, due to the fine hooking of G. Longden—assisted by the props—

and to the lineout jumping of D. Steele, B. Willis and H. Evans. Thus the experienced halfback combination of W. Hullin and D. Price was able to dictate the tactics for most of the matches. The backs played well as "a unit" and showed determination in tackling and going for the line, and when they did make a mistake there was always at least one forward covering them and backing up—this being one of the main features of the forward play learnt from the recent Springbok tourists.

The season opened with a defeat by Carmarthen at Carmarthen under strange circumstances; however, the team soon settled down and won the remaining twelve games of the Christmas Term. The defeat by Carmarthen was avenged when they were beaten by 43 points to nil at Townhill. Neath suffered their only defeat of the season at our hands and old rivals, Bishop Gore, were beaten twice 17 - 3 and 12 - 0.

The team will always remember the Pontardawe match when reference was made to the ancestry of 'Bronco' Willis by the Pontardawe scrumhalf when Bronco followed up the Welsh maxim of "Never mind the ball—get on with the game," the Ponty scrumhalf being the game. The match against Gwendraeth will also be talked about for years, when "Pot" Price, kicking for touch, achieved his long-standing ambition and dropped a goal. At half-term the team lost the services of "Curley" Williams, a fine powerful forward who will always be remembered for his most touching rendering of 'Louise'.

After Christmas the team lost the first three games to Garw, Ystradgynlais and Ogmore Vale but recovered its form and won five of the remaining six matches, beating Pontardawe, Maesteg, Ystalyfera, Llandilo and once again Bishop Gore 8 - 0.

The Old Boys' Match was played at St. Helen's once again this year before a large crowd and after a very hard and tiring game in bright sunshine the School drew six points all with a strong youthful Old Boys XV.

This year's Captain, W. Hullin, became the first Dynevor boy to win a Welsh Secondary Schools' Rugby Cap when he played for Wales against the French Secondary Schools' XV at Stade Colombes where the Welsh team was beaten by a faster French side. The following boys also took part in Welsh trials: D. Price (2), B. Willis (2), D. Vaughan (1), H. John (1) and M. Willis (1).

For the first time this year the team entered the Seven-a-Side Tournament at Llanelly. The team was successful in the

first round, beating Cardigan G.S. by 15 - 0, but lost to Dulwich College 8 - 3 in the second round. The Seven's team consisted of B. Willis, G. Longden, M. Willis, forwards and E. Fuller, L. Ball, H. John (Capt.) and P. Wilson, backs. The team gained valuable experience from the event and it is hoped that next year's team will benefit and will be more successful in the next Tournament.

After last season's successes there is every hope of next season being a good one—at least nine of the boys who have played for the 1st XV will be returning to School and should form a strong nucleus for the 1961 - 62 team.

In conclusion we would all like to thank Mr. Glyn Jones for his tremendous support and encouragement both on and off the field and for his tolerance and understanding at all times. Thanks are also expressed to the masters who gave up their Saturday mornings to accompany the team on away fixtures and to Mr. Johns for keeping the pitch in good order—without his advice and amusing and sarcastic comments we would not have achieved such excellent results at Townhill. Last, but certainly not least, may we thank Mrs. Baker for so kindly giving up her Saturday mornings to prepare a meal for the teams after the home matches. At long last the team is able to give visiting teams a meal in the School, as is the custom everywhere else. This enables the team to continue the rugby spirit after the game, a thing which was sadly lacking when visiting teams were taken to restaurants in the town for their meal.

Lastly may we wish next year's team and all the future Dynevor XV's every success and hope that they may enjoy their rugby as much as we enjoyed last season.

J. M. WILLIS.

JUNIOR RUGBY.

Two League Championships and a Final and Semi-final appearance in Swansea Schools Rugby Cup Finals—these were the outstanding features of our Junior Rugby in season 1960-61.

The complete record was:

	<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>
'A' team ..	10	9	1	0
'B' team ..	10	5	3	2
'C' team ..	17	14	1	2
'D' team ..	8	2	5	1
1st Year XV	15	8	5	2



THE SUCCESSFUL "A" AND "C" TEAMS.

'A' Team.

This was a strong all round team, with an outstanding captain in M. Charles, and fully deserved to win the 'A' team championship. Unfortunately, when the team was such a strong one, not many fixtures were played for various reasons, but an innovation, greatly enjoyed by everyone who participated, was a fixture against Ystalyfera at Ystalyfera, when, after a first-rate match, the School emerged winners by nine points to six.

'B' Team.

This was our strongest 'B' team for many years, and many boys played conspicuously well for the 'A' team when called upon as replacements. Most of the team will also be young enough to qualify for 'A' team status in season 1961 - 62, so that we can look forward to another fine season from this team.

'C' Team.

Apart from its outstanding record in winning the "C" Teams Championship the most conspicuous feature of this team was its infectious team spirit. Although often outweighed, the team never wilted and gained many victories against heavy odds. In R. Evans and R. Jenkins, the team had two players, who will no doubt make their mark in senior rugby.

'D' Team.

Here was a team which would qualify for a V.C. if such an award existed in rugby football. In most games outplayed, and at all times outweighed, nevertheless, this team was never short of players, and no team was more disappointed if a game was called off.

1st Year Rugby Fifteen.

This was quite a promising team and did extremely well to reach the Final of the First Year Rugby Cup, which was played at St. Helen's, Swansea—a great thrill to all the boys who played. Unfortunately they were beaten 15 - 0 by Penlan, who had in B. Penny at scrum-half, a player of outstanding ability, and who scored all five tries against the School.

SCHOOL SOCCER.

Our Senior XI had a fairly satisfactory season, playing seven games, of which four were won and three lost, with fourteen goals for, and seven against.

The cup matches provided some intriguing results. In the first round the Senior XI played St. Joseph's, and accounted for them quite easily, winning by four goals to nil. In the following round the team was drawn against Townhill, who were runners up to Penlan in the League. The match was played at Townhill, and there was a two all draw after extra time had been played. At one time the Senior XI were leading two goals to one. In the replay, the School team took a quick two goal lead, but Townhill fought back, and forced a draw. In the second replay Townhill won by three goals to two, after extra time.

The next round, Townhill lost to Danygraig, who eventually won the final. Therefore, despite this defeat, the season was quite successful, although the team did not win an award. Perhaps the Senior XI will achieve even better results during the forthcoming season.

Four of our Seniors played for the Swansea Schoolboys last season. They were Alan Jones and Noel Doyle of 4C, and Anthony Falvey and John Hancock of IVN. Tudor Lewis of IVD. was a reserve.

Alan Jones, IVC, the Senior XI Captain also gained his Welsh Schoolboy Cap and played for Wales in all the International matches. Incidentally, Dynevor has supplied the Welsh Schoolboy centre-half three times in the last four years.

The 1960-61 season was also a good one for the School's intermediate soccer team also. The side's final position in the table was slightly higher than in the previous season. The team was defeated twice by the champions, Penlan, although in both cases the matches were closer than the scores suggest.

After scoring twelve goals in the first two rounds the champions, Penlan, were drawn to play Dynevor in the semi-final of the cup. The score at full-time was level at 2 - 2, and after extra time was played Penlan ran out winners in a closely fought game by 5 goals to 3.

J. ANTHONY, IIIc.
P. STONE, IIA.

CRICKET.

There was an exciting finish to the Old Boys cricket-match at St. Helen's this year. Batting first, the Old Boys declared at 130 for 8, leaving the School to score 131 at a run a minute. After an excellent start wickets fell fast, and it was left to the last pair to score the necessary 13 runs to win, and this they did with two minutes to spare.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

During the rather short Spring term this year the Society were only able to hold six debates, but as two of these were interschool debates most members no doubt felt adequately compensated. Attendances were very slightly better than the previous term's, but there is still no reason why they should not be doubled or even trebled. We may add that there is also no reason why some of those who do attend regularly (particularly the younger members) should not be more articulate.

One change in the routine of the Society that was instituted this year was the alteration of the day of meeting from Friday to Thursday. This change avoided interference with the Upper Sixth chemistry practical period, and it was also hoped that members would be in a better frame of mind than perhaps they would be at the tail-end of the week.

The first debate was a topical one concerning the proposed strike of professional footballers. The debate was rather forstalled by the fact that the strike was called off the day before, but as its main purpose was to enable members to get a clear picture of the dispute, the debate was not spoiled to any great extent. There were very few supporters of the Football League among the Society, and the footballers were given full support.

The next week saw the first debate with Llwyn-y-Bryn for nearly a year, for reasons we need not go into here. The attendance can only be described as astonishing, as at least a hundred girls came down to Dynevor. It was thus extremely fortunate that the Society was able to make use of the New Hall for the first time. The debate was lively, even if some of the speeches from the platform were rather lengthy, and no-one seemed to mind staying until nearly half-past six. The subject of the debate was the supernatural, and the vast majority of those present were shown to be sceptics, including many of the girls, although most of the support for the motion came from the female section of the audience.

Peaceful co-existence formed the subject of the next debate, and attendance (strange as it may seem) was considerably lower than on the previous week. The debate was interesting and informative, however, the Society having grave

doubts as to the practicability of completely alien ways of life existing peaceably together in the world.

The following week gave everyone the opportunity to air his political grievances as the motion was "This House has no faith in Her Majesty's Government." Surprise was expressed by many at seeing the erstwhile blue-rosetted victor of the School Election now attacking the present administration with obvious bitterness. It is perhaps worth-while quoting Edmund Burke: "And having looked to government for bread, on the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them." Liberals (or should we say "the Liberal"?) and Socialists all had their say, and even the sublime optimism and confidence of the opposer (a Young Conservative, of course)! failed to prevent the motion being decisively carried.

Censorship was under attack in the next debate, the present writer upholding the view that it was synonymous with hypocrisy. The debate was undoubtedly the most keenly fought of the term, although the voting figures may appear small and one-sided, since the opposers of the motion made up in vehemence what they lacked in numbers. The debate, as might be expected, did not pass without reference to the subject of a famous court case, but no four-letter words were used and the result was a resounding victory for tolerance and good sense (if I may say so).

The following Thursday found most of the Society's regulars (and, inevitably, some of its irregulars) in the delightful setting of Glanmôr physics laboratory. The subject under discussion was a quotation of Bertrand Russell concerning religion, which resulted in an interesting but one-sided debate. In the end not one girl voted for the motion, and only eight boys in fact did—not a particularly successful ending to the proposer's otherwise fine career in the Society.

At the last meeting of the Society this year, an innovation in the form of an open discussion was tried. The subject was the topical problem of teenage crime and delinquency, but the experiment was not entirely successful, partially because many boys treated it as an ordinary debate and thus the note of informality essential to such a discussion was lost. Various opinions were, however, expressed, but no firm conclusions could be drawn from the meeting.

No report on the Society's activities could end without an expression of sincere gratitude to Mr. T. H. Chandler who, as usual, has aided the Society greatly with his continued enthusiastic support. In accordance with custom the Society has gone into recess during the summer term, but will return again in the autumn. Any new faces will be more than welcome.

A. C. HICKS (*Secretary*).

Details of the voting were as follows:

JANUARY 19th:

"This House believes that the proposed strike action of professional footballers is just not cricket."

Proposing : D. J. Jasper, L.VI. A.

Opposing : J. Saunders, L.VI. Sc.

Defeated, 11 - 2, with 10 abstentions.

JANUARY 26TH (INTERSCHOOL DEBATE HELD AT DYNEVOR):

"This House believes in Spells, Spooks and Spirits."

Proposing : E. I. David, L.VI. Arts.

Meriel Griffiths (Llwyn-y-Bryn).

Opposing : J. C. Davies, U.VI.Sc.

Pamela Macnamara (Llwyn-y-Bryn).

Defeated, 100 - 32, with 15 abstentions.

FEBRUARY 2ND:

"This House believes that peaceful co-existence is impossible."

Proposing: M. Dunne, U. VI.Sc.

Opposing: P. C. Mitchell, U. VI. A.

Defeated, 11 - 4, with 7 abstentions.

FEBRUARY 9TH:

"This House has no faith in Her Majesty's Government."

Proposing: R. B. Beynon, U.VI. Sc.

Opposing: B. Roberts, L. VI. Sc.

Carried, 11 - 4, with 2 abstentions.

FEBRUARY 16TH:

"This House believes that censorship is synonymous with hypocrisy."

Proposing: A. C. Hicks, U. VI. Sc.

Opposing: J. A. Strong, U. VI. A.

Carried, 10 - 3.

FEBRUARY 23RD (INTERSCHOOL DEBATE HELD AT GLANMOR):

"This House believes that the world would be a better place if those people who derive comfort from religion derived it from gin instead."

Proposing: D. Mendus, U. VI. Sc.

Opposing: Janice Thomas (Glanmor).

Defeated, 38 - 8, with 3 abstentions.

MARCH 2ND:

Open discussion on the problem of teenage crime and delinquency.

OLD DY'VORIANS ASSOCIATION.

With the provision of a War Memorial Tablet in the School Hall and the two prayer-desks already installed at St. Mary's Church, the Association has now furnished suitable tokens of commemoration to those Old Boys who gave their lives in the two great wars.

The unveiling of the tablet was performed before a large gathering of members, friends and relatives by this year's President of the Association, Councillor S. C. Jenkins, who at the time of the ceremony held the office of Mayor of Swansea.

At the same service of dedication, the School also accepted the lectern presented by the Old Glanmoriens Association in memory of the late Mr. W. Bryn Thomas, past headmaster of both Glanmor and Dynevor Schools. We were proud indeed to join with the past pupils of Glanmor in remembering one who had rendered such valuable and unselfish service to the two schools and to their respective Old Boys' Associations.

The Committee wish to thank all those members and friends of the Association who so generously contributed to the Memorial Fund set up to provide the prayer-desks and the memorial plaque.

Another important event in the life of the School was the presentation of a lectern Bible for use in the New Hall by three Old Dy'vorians who are closely associated with the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Before a full assembly of the School the headmaster accepted the Bible on behalf of Dynevor from Canon Harry Williams, Vicar of Swansea, Councillor P. Morris and Mr. T. Carthew, auxiliary secretary of the Society in Swansea, all of whom took part in the morning service.

Councillor S. C. Jenkins, as Mayor of Swansea, and as President of the Association, took the chair at the annual dinner held last March and replied to the toast of 'The Association,' proposed by the Rev. A. Leslie Norman, who is himself a Past-President of the Association and was chaplain to Councillor Jenkins during his year of office.

At the dinner also we were pleased to welcome Dr. J. H. Parry, Principal of the University College of Swansea, who proposed 'The School.' The response to this toast was of course, made by the Headmaster who was ably supported by the School Captain, R. B. Beynon.

The annual success of this function is in no small way due to the standard of the after-dinner speeches and to the untiring efforts of the organising committee in the sale and distribution of tickets.

The close interest of Councillor S. C. Jenkins in the activities of his old school was seen again on the occasion of the Old Boys' rugby match last March when he found time to visit St. Helen's and take the kick-off to commence the game.

After a stern and exciting tussle, with the teams more evenly matched than the previous year, the game ended in a 6 - 6 result which was generally considered satisfactory.

Each year the officials and committee of our Association make a strong appeal to those boys who are leaving School in the summer term to join the Old Dy'vorians and thereby maintain their connection with the School and continue the friendships formed during their days at Dynevor.

The success of our memorial fund and other projects demonstrates the feeling of comradeship which exists among our members, but we would welcome the support of more younger Old Dy'vorians.

Before you leave School, therefore, to commence work or continue your studies elsewhere, please contact the Secretary of the Association and ask for details of membership.

G.H.



THE SCHOOL CAPTAIN AT THE LECTERN.



