



MAGAZINE

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Dynevor Secondary School Magazine

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EDITORIAL.

Once again Christmas has come round, bringing with it many joys, not the least of them those associated with the end of term—and a new issue of the School Magazine.

This issue is perhaps a little thinner than some of its predecessors, but we hope that, despite this, the variety and quality of the articles are up to the standard of those of former issues. Articles cover many aspects of the life of the School and its inmates, ranging from official functions to sport, from travel and life abroad to the most Welsh of all our institutions—the Welsh National Eisteddfod.

The Committee would like to thank all who have contributed to the Magazine, and especially a certain English master without whose interest and industry (in, for example, pursuing dilatory contributors) this issue would not have appeared this term. We would, however, appeal for a greater interest on the part of you all in the School Magazine. It is our magazine and it can only be as good as we make it. This obviously needs thought and effort and until a greater number are prepared to exert themselves in this way, the magazine can never be what we would like it to be—a journal in which is reflected the ideas, observations and experiences of the present generation of Dynevor School. So, while being conscious of the deficiencies of the present issue, we live in hope of improving the next. Let us all pull together to achieve this end.

Finally, we wish our fellow-pupils, Old Boys, parents, in fact all our readers—not excluding members of Staff—a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

SCHOOL NOTES.

This academic year has seen yet another increase in the number of boys attending Dynevor—at the beginning of term the number was 891—more than ever before. This year's School Captain is D. B. Evans, and the Vice-Captains are R. L. Griffiths and P. Wilson. The other prefects are:—G. Adams, G. Atherton, H. Atherton, V. S. Batcup, R. M. Cooper, J. Dale, A. M. P. Davies, B. Davies, A. Entress, E. Fuller, R. H. Hillman, O. R. Hinder, M. R. Hughes, W. J. Isaac, D. Jasper, C. D. Jones, M. J. Jones, J. F. Ley, G. H. Morgan, D. Parkes, M. Parkes, P. L. Quick, C. Sheppard, R. Tancock, and A. W. R. Thomas.

We would like to offer our heartiest congratulations to the following boys on obtaining State Scholarships:—Ioan R. Hurford, Peter M. Lloyd, and Colin J. Thomas; and to E. I. David, who was awarded a Chamber of Commerce Scholarship to Swansea University College and a Supplementary State Scholarship.

This year's School Librarian is W. J. Isaac, and the Library Committee consists of the School Librarian and the School Captain, together with G. Adams, J. Baker, V. S. Batcup (Treasurer), D. Bemmer, G. Bevan (Secretary), A. Coughlin, A. M. P. Davies, D. Jasper, C. Sheppard, A. Thomas and R. Williams.

It gives us the greatest pleasure to see Mr. Michael Griffiths back in Dynevor after his stay in Poland, of which there is an account in the body of the magazine. We extend a warm welcome to Mr. J. H. Davies, who has come to teach in the Mathematics Department, Mr. A. C. Williams, who teaches Mathematics and Physics, and Mr. W. C. Quick, who returns to his former school, in place of Mr. T. E. Burgess.

We welcome also M. Le Guellec (from France), Herr Krasenbrink and Dr. Gierke (from Germany), who have come to us as assistants.

The School's Annual Speech Day and Prize Giving was held on Tuesday, 2nd October, in the Brangwyn Hall. The Guest Speaker was Mr. R. B. Southall, and His Worship the Mayor was the Chairman. This is reported in detail in the magazine, as is the School Lecture, an important innovation in the life of the School for which we must thank the Old Dy'vorians' Association. The Lecture, on "Science, State, Society" was given by one of our most distinguished Old Boys, Dr. Brian Flowers, Professor of Theoretical Physics at the University of Manchester, on Thursday, 18th October, in the School Hall.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Dr. Flowers on his recent appointment to the Government's Advisory Council on Scientific Policy. Some idea of the magnitude of his new responsibility may be gained from the fact that it frequently entails Dr. Flowers' travelling from Manchester to London twice a week by 'plane while also carrying on his duties as Professor of Physics at Manchester.

The close ties between the Old Dyvorians' Association and the School have been further strengthened by the generous gift of a Baby Grand Piano to replace the one which was destroyed twenty years ago in the Blitz. The presentation was formally made by the President of the Old Dyvorians, Mr. Wilfred Higgs, before Dr. Flowers' lecture and the thanks of the School was suitably expressed by the School Captain, D. B. Evans.

On November 7th, all the Protestant boys of the School were presented with New Testaments by the Swansea Branch of the Gideons International at a special service, in the presence of members of the Association and His Worship the Mayor. The School was addressed by Mr. Wilfred Beale, who is an Old Boy, and by the Mayor, who is the Chairman of the Governing Body. Mr. Beale gave a short account of the history of the Gideons Association, and asked everyone in the School who received a New Testament to promise to read it every day. A Bible was presented to the School by Mr. Varley, and accepted by the Headmaster in the name of the School.

The S.C.M. has held three meetings this term, all at Llwyn-y-Bryn. The first was a "Brains Trust," in which the Panel consisted of Miss Vera Smale, Rev. Glyn Richards, and our Headmaster, with Mr. Brinley Cox as Chairman; at the second we heard an interesting talk on Mental Health by Rev. E. Hunt; our third and last meeting of the term was on December 10th, when the Rev. Islwyn Rees of Mumbles Baptist Church spoke on "The Meaning of Christmas".

The Photographic Society has been rejuvenated this term thanks mainly to the effort and hard work of Mr. R. J. Howells. There is now quite a large, regular attendance at the weekly meetings, which have been of great interest and help to those who are interested in this hobby. After a few weeks' theoretical study of how to improve their photography generally, the members have now begun to put what they have learned into practice and, with the aid of the necessary equipment, which the Society has been able to acquire, have successfully developed, and printed their own films. It is hoped, next term, that the range of programmes may be varied, and possibly include guest speakers, and competitions.

The end of the last summer term saw twenty-five Dynevor boys set out on the School Visit to Paris, where an educational programme of sight-seeing was carried out in most favourable weather. Due to the co-operation of all concerned, the trip proved very successful and enjoyable and special thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Cox, not only for arranging to join the party at urgent short notice, but also for their assistance in the general supervision of the boys. Provided that there will be a sufficient number of suitable applicants, it is hoped to organise a similar visit to the French capital in 1964.

This year again, a number of talks have been given to Fifth Formers on Careers, by Mr. Emlyn Evans, our Careers Master, Mr. Proud, the Youth Employment Officer, Mr. A. R. Ball (Civil Service), Mr. Bezant (Lloyds Bank), Mr. D. C. Mills-Davies (Steel Company of Wales), Mr. Millichip (Accountancy), Inspector Dart (Police Force) and Mr. Myrddin Williams (Quantity Surveyor). Our thanks go to these gentlemen for their willingness to give us of their advice and experience.

No less than five members of the School's "A" Team were members of the Swansea Schoolboys XV who were joint holders of the Dewar Shield with Newport, in season 1961-62. The Shield had not been won by Swansea for 25 years, and Swansea had not appeared in the final for 10 years after that. The five boys:—R. Evans, R. Fry, H. Maddock, R. Jenkins, and L. Ridge, were presented with suitably inscribed medals in School Assembly earlier this term.

David Steele (UVI Sc.) is well in the running for a Welsh Secondary Schools Cap this year. He played an outstanding game as a second-row forward for Mid-Glamorgan against West Wales, at the Talbot Athletic Ground, Aberavon, on November 24th. After this game he was selected to play for the West against the East at Carmarthen on December 15th.

Two Old Boys, Billy Hullin and Geoff Thomas, are making news for themselves in Welsh First Class Rugby. Hullin has played for Aberavon, Llanelly and Swansea since leaving School, and was a candidate for the scrum-half berth in the Welsh Under 23 XV to play Canada. Geoff Thomas has played outside-half for Swansea but unfortunately he sustained a serious injury against Neath and this will keep him out of rugby for the rest of the season.

Peter Arthur of Manselton, who left school in 1955, brought distinction to Town and School when he won a Bronze Medal for Weight-lifting at the last Commonwealth Games held at Perth.

P. Rideout, formerly of Mumbles, who left school in 1950, and then emigrated to Canada, returned this year as a member of the Canadian Rugby XV which made a two-month tour of this country. Unfortunately he sustained a

leg injury playing against the combined Maesteg and Bridgend XV and this necessitated an early return to Canada for an operation.

Two new Clubs have been formed this year at School. To cater for enthusiasts and to try and raise the standard of Gymnastics in the School a Gymnastic Club has been formed which meets every Wednesday after School. Membership has had to be limited to second and third year boys.

The second new Club to be formed is the Swimming Club, which meets every Friday after school at the Bishop Gore School Baths. At the moment membership is limited to first and second year boys and enthusiasm is tremendous. It is hoped to extend membership to third and fourth year boys in the Spring Term. Plans for the future include a Swimming Gala, on an inter-House basis, to be held at a convenient time during the Summer Term.

At the time of going to press we are looking forward to the School Carol Service, which is to be held on Thursday, 20th December, at Mount Pleasant Church, by the kind permission of the Officers and Deacons. The proceeds of this Service will go to the United Nations' Freedom from Hunger Campaign. We regret that this is the last school function at which the music will be in the hands of Mr. Glyn Hopkins. We would like to thank him for his contribution to the musical tradition of the School, and wish him every happiness and success in his new post at Barnstaple.

Mr. W. S. Evans, who left us last term to take up an appointment at the High School for Boys, Hamilton, New Zealand, has written to say that he has begun duties at his new post. He is comfortably settled in a first-class bungalow standing in a quarter of an acre (let's hope a gardener is available), the temperature (in mid-November) is 70°+, there is plenty of cricket, in short, every prospect pleases. In fact, his account of life down-under is so alluring that it is feared there may be an exodus of Dynevor Staff to the southern dominions in the very near future.

I.V.S. LOCHAILART 1962.

Glenug is a small village, or rather a loose collections of houses and crofts by the shores of Lochailart in the Western Highlands of Scotland. This is one of the wildest areas of Britain; Golden Eagles and wildcats are still fairly common and the last wolf was shot within living memory. There are no roads to Glenug; all parcels and provisions have to be brought by boat, ten miles, from Lochailart. A road runs a short way along the floor of the valley leading from the quay;

on the side of the mountain about a quarter of a mile from this road are several crofts in which live six old ladies. There is no track of any sort up to these crofts, so all provisions, coal, etc., have to be carried by hand.

At least, this was so until this summer, when I found myself, together with some ten other members of an International Voluntary Service team, in this wild corner of Scotland faced with the task of building a road to these crofts. The first obstacle to be overcome was a stream which had to be bridged. Dry stone foundations were built from huge boulders which had to be brought by hand down the mountainside. Three fir trees were cut down and sawn into eighteen foot lengths which were dragged to the nearest stream and floated down to the bridge. This took about a week, and then we concentrated on the road proper. This was fairly simple, or so we thought at first: Just dig two shallow trenches and fill up with stones. This was all right until we found that the tractor was unable to grip on the flat stones, so we had to remake large sections. We also had a considerable drainage problem, so we barely finished the road in the three weeks.

We used a deserted two-roomed croft for eating and general activities, and the privileged weaker sex slept there in luxury, while we poor males were relegated to the draughty discomfort of a barn. We had to drive the cows out first; they obviously disapproved of this, and they registered their disapproval by returning on several occasions and leaving unmistakable signs of their temporary occupation.

Mondays to Fridays we worked from eight to one before dinner, and from two to six in the afternoon, often later. We also worked on Saturday afternoons, making a fifty hour plus working week, in all weathers.

It wasn't all work and no play, by any means, however. We went to a village dance, the first of the 'season'. This was something to be seen to be believed, especially when the locals had a few wee drams inside them (probably from their own still; they showed us where it used to be!) Then there was a "ceilidh" at the laird's house, which was pretty wild in a more refined sort of way. Singing and dancing round a bonfire on the beach, and a trip in the laird's boat all provided welcome relief from the work and the midges.

It was a fitting climax to three weeks most enjoyable 'holiday' when we saw a tractor take the first ever load of coal up to the crofts, and we felt that, apart from enjoying ourselves, perhaps we had, in a small way, helped to stimulate a community struggling against depopulation.

JEREMY W. DALE.

A TENDER FAREWELL.

There is no doubt that of the four Trinity House depôts, Penzance is the most famous. For confirmation of this one has only to look at the list of lighthouses served—Eddystone, Longships, Wolf, and Bishop Rock, some of the best known lighthouses in the world.

On the Thursday of my Cornish holiday I was informed by the Plymouth *Western Evening Herald* that the twenty-six-year-old Trinity House Tender "Satellite" was leaving Penzance on her last voyage, for East Cowes that very evening. Naturally, after dinner I headed for Penzance.

When I arrived I found that nearly the entire population of Penzance had turned out to see her sail, which was not surprising really, for the "Satellite" had been at Penzance depôt for so many years, that she had become part and parcel of the town.

After everyone had watched a coaster go into dry dock, all eyes were focused on the "Satellite". One of the crew hoisted a paying off pennant which denoted that the "Satellite" had spent twenty-six years at the depot. However, the pennant was rather long and entwined itself around the mast. As a result, it was removed and put back up just as the ship was about to sail. The mooring ropes were then cast off. "Satellite's" siren sounded and the tender began to glide away from the quayside just as she had done so many times before.

There was a great deal of cheering and taking of photographs. However, the evening's entertainment was only beginning. "Satellite's" siren sounded again. It was a long, low, mournful, blast. The Scilly Islands' packet, "R.M.M.V. Scillonian", replied with a blast of equal length, but about an octave higher. With the "How dare you answer me back" attitude, "Satellite's" siren sounded again with a blast equally as low and mournful as the previous one, only twice as long. Whereupon, the "Scillonian" replied with a blast that must have been heard all over Cornwall. At this stage, I fully expected the French man o' war to join in the fun. However, she did no such thing.

The noise grew louder and louder, threshing screws, cheering crowds and ever increasing siren blasts; one would have thought the two ships were trying to out-do each other. At the height of the pandemonium there was an almighty crash. "Satellite" had collided with the quay wall, a thing she had rarely, if ever, done before. However, no damage was done to either tender or wall and she continued to steam on. When she disappeared behind the "Scillonian," the crowd rushed to the end of the breakwater. One had the

impression that the Stock Exchange had crashed and that everybody had decided to commit suicide, for the breakwater ends abruptly in a drop into the sea—there is no rail at the end.

As the "Satellite" steamed out into the bay the people of Penzance paid their last tribute to her and took their last photographs. "Satellite," as she steamed further out, passed many buoys, many of which she herself had laid.

There was one person aboard who was making his first voyage. He was a young Penzance lad en route for East Cowes for training for some job in Trinity House.

By now, "Satellite's" successor, "T.H.V. Stella" has arrived at Penzance. She was expected to arrive about a month after the "Satellite's" departure. As tenders go, "Stella" is quite big, having a gross tonnage of 1,500 tons approximately. ("Satellite's" gross tonnage was in the region of 600 tons.) "Stella" is equipped with all the latest navigational and other aids to help her in her tough job. I wonder, if in thirty years' time, a Dynevor boy will be in Penzance on her last night.

(Since the time of writing this article "T.H.V. Stella" has visited Swansea Depôt, but the author was unable to go down to see her.)

MARK INMAN, Vc.

PARIS IN SUMMER.

Restrictions following the small-pox outbreak in this country early this year and the disturbed conditions in France over the Algerian crisis conspired to postpone our projected Easter trip to Paris until conditions were more favourable, and it was not until late in July that a fully-vaccinated and comprehensively insured party of second, third and fourth formers assembled at High Street Station to board the 'Red Dragon' for London. Parents thronged No. 2 platform to bid farewell to their fledglings whom they seemed quite content to leave in the care and keeping of the masters in charge of the party; and embraces done, farewells said, green flag raised and whistle blown, the train slowly moved off and we settled down for the journey to Paddington.

The much maligned British Railways were soon to prove upon what a flimsy foundation a bad reputation may be built, for the services provided could not have been better. Promptly as requested a catering-staff attendant was awaiting us at Cardiff as the train drew in, and placed at the end of our corridor an urn of steaming tea and a box of biscuits, and for the next half-hour cups of tea were relayed to our four compartments much to the envy of our less privileged fellow-

travellers, and much to the delight of our French assistant, Monsieur Jean Cuzzi, who had developed quite a taste for tea during his sojourn with us, and to have an urn-full at our disposal seemed to him to be better than all the wines of Paris—or paradise for that matter. Indeed so impressed was one of the youngest members of our party, that four days later, when we were visting one of the high-lights of Paris and questions were invited, he wistfully asked if we were to have tea at Cardiff on the homeward journey.

Victoria, and lunch at the Chatham rooms, promptly as ordered and then by Southern Railways express, reserved seats of course, to Folkstone. The crossing on the "Ile De France" was steady and delightful. Calais was our port of debarkation and in less than no time we were being whisked southward by French Railways express to the Gare du Nord. Across the way was "Le Petit Quinquin" where some typical "garçons" were awaiting our pleasure. Though the hour was late, the food and service were all that could be desired, the sea voyage had put an edge on our appetite and full justice was done to the meal provided.

Our first experience of Paris by night was on the journey by motor-coach to our hostel—bright lights everywhere, cafés spilling out in tables on to the pavements and gaiety apparent all round. Thus we made our way to our quarters in the very heart of the Latin Quarter. Though it was past midnight when we arrived, we were graciously received; we were soon shown to our dormitory, beds were made, pyjamas extricated, excitement simmered down and soon we were asleep, most of us for the first time under a Parisian roof and sky.

Our party was awake at a surprisingly early hour the following morning, and ablutions over, we made our way to the Refectory and were ready to enter at the first stroke of the bell.

A French long roll cut into thick slices, a dish of marmalade and a jug of coffee were the constituents of the breakfast that was to start the day during our stay in the French capital. The French say they have no time for breakfast—they dine later in the day, abundantly and copiously. It was certainly a novelty to drink our coffee out of large glass basins, and the absence of butter (shades of the Common Market!) was made up for by lashings of jam or marmalade.

Breakfast over, we set out on our first visit—we had come to further our education and enjoyment was incidental—through the Luxemburg Gardens, with its characteristic "basin 'rond" down the Boul' Mich' and so to Notre-Dame. The huge façade was bathed in sunshine. How hot it was!

We were glad to enter the great portals and gratefully sink into a pew, to rest if not to pray.

Outside again, our attention was directed to the French Prefecture which stood opposite and we all gazed expectantly for some minutes, but no Maigret emerged, though one of our party confidently asserted that he saw Lucas enter by a side door. That afternoon we visited the Sainte Chapelle—two churches, one above the other, and the Conciergerie, where prisoners were kept before their last ride to the guillotine. A walk along the bank of the Seine provided our first glimpse of a "bateau-mouche".

Back at our hostel, we sat down to dinner at 7 o'clock and did full justice to the meal that was served, after which we proceeded to our common room where a table-tennis tournament was soon under way. It was a tired party that got to bed by 10.30 and the following morning nobody seemed very anxious to get up. However, we were all down in time for breakfast, menu as before, and the French rolls, confiture and coffee quickly disappeared.

Soon we were on our way by motor-coach to the "Sacré Coeur", a church set on a hill, built in this century in white stone, and dedicated in the year following the end of the First World War. It was a very impressive church with some modern features and a beautiful marble altar and pallisade. Outside from our eminence we had a breath-taking panoramic view of Paris. A few of us went round to the "Place du Tertre", a corner of Montmartre, and the resort of artists, many of whom were at work on their canvasses in the street in the bright morning sunshine.

Our coach took us down to the "Arc de Triomphe", where we left it to walk down the "Champs Elysees", the straightest and most beautiful avenue in Europe, or the world for that matter.

In the afternoon we visited the Louvre and there must have been thousands like-minded as ourselves, for the place was thronged. Having gazed upon the Venus de Milo and fought our way to a glimpse of the Mona Lisa, we were glad to return to the balcony for a cup of English tea. It was cooler there, where we made out first acquaintance with the Parisian sparrows. How fearless they were and how amusing, hopping up to take crumbs from our extended fingers and blandly proffering them to their fledglings who stood open-mouthed expectantly by.

Emerging into the full sunlight again, we crossed to the other triumphal arch, "L'Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel",

then on through the Tuileries Gardens and up to the Place de la Concorde, thus completing our traverse of the Champs Elysées.

Sunday is not very different from other days in Paris: shops were open, sight-seers abroad, cafes patronised and the boulevards full of the jostling throng. Our party attended morning service at the Protestant Church which was right opposite our Catholic hostel; but two of us went to Saint-Sulpice, ostensibly to worship but really to hear the famous organ. Alas, there were more prayers and ritual than organ music, so we were disappointed. The Palace of Discovery was our rendez-vous in the afternoon and here were wonders and experiments to delight the heart of every schoolboy. But it was tiring work for there was much to see and wonder at, and it was with difficulty that we strove to keep awake in the Planetarium where we spent the last half-hour of our visit.

Monday was a specially memorable day with a visit to the UNESCO Building in the morning, and a coach ride to Versailles in the afternoon. Henry Moore's statue outside the main UNESCO block was indicative of the world in which we now find ourselves, and we saw sufficient in the course of a conducted tour of the interior to remind us of the complexities and problems of that world. The visit to Versailles was a delight—the greatest impediment to our enjoyment being the intense heat of the afternoon sun. We made the rounds of the Royal apartments, lingered admiringly in the Hall of Mirrors, and then made our way down through the fountains and gardens to the Petit Trianon. Our party by this time had become somewhat scattered and the small section of which we formed a part, found to our dismay that we had lost the motor-coach. Long and arduous was the walk and the toil before we rejoined it but how glad we were to get in and relax.

Tuesday was shopping day with visits to the celebrated "Au Printemps" and the "Galleries Lafayette". The latter was most impressive with its domed roof and circular galleries. On our walk back we lingered outside the Opera House, and the famous Café de la Paix where, it is said, that if you sit long enough you must meet someone whom you know. In the afternoon we made our eagerly-anticipated trip down the Seine by bateau-mouche, under the many bridges, through the very heart of Paris, and disembarked at the Eiffel Tower. I think we were all impressed by its vast size and the span of its huge legs: but why should there be so many people anxious to get to the top? It took us the best part of an hour to ascend to the topmost platform in two lift journeys, but when we got there how rewarding was our experience! Paris lay at our feet, streets, cars, bridges, people, all dwarfed by the great height from which we gazed at them.

Wednesday took us to Les Invalides and the Tomb of Napoleon. How austere and impressive it all was, a huge block of red marble on a green granite base. In an adjacent alcove lay the tomb of the great warrior of the First World War,—Marshal Foch, his bier proudly supported by eight soldiers. The apartments around the courtyard, we were told, were occupied by veterans of the two World Wars. We sat awhile in the Church of St. Louis, well-worn and somewhat dilapidated and with regimental colours decayed and threadbare hanging from the roof.

All good things come to an end in this world as we sadly realised when we packed our bags that evening. We had to be at the Gare du Nord by eight o'clock, so an early awakening and breakfast were imperative. We successfully accomplished both these necessities and caught our train with miraculous ease. As we moved out of the station, our thoughts gradually began to centre on home, and dear, prosaic old Swansea.

Though we have written of the high-lights of our visit, there were many minor things observed and noted during our stay in Paris. Policemen seemed to be everywhere, not the solitary bobby of our own country, but gendarmes in squads everywhere. All had revolvers, some sub-machine guns and no day was without the sight and sound of a police van careering rapidly through the streets with shrill klaxon sounding. Motorists, it seems, are forbidden to sound their horns at all at night; all cars were equipped with amber head-lamps and the flashing of these is considered sufficient warning at cross-roads of their approach. The Métro or tubes, have a first-class carriage in the centre of the train and this is normally more than half empty while the carriages at either end are packed. There are just a few seats—there is no time to sit down apparently. A notice in a typical carriage read: "Seats, for 28; standing 126". You paid the same price, 55 francs for a journey of any distance, but you could buy a carnet or book of ten tickets for 370 francs which meant a considerable saving. There are no straps to hang on to; apparently you are expected to hug your neighbour if you find it difficult to keep your feet. Each carriage had a notice which read: "Remember it is painful for old people to stand: please give up your seats to them during the rush-hour". We noticed, too, seats reserved for the war-wounded and the blind.

But it is the parks that are memorable—spacious and beautiful and ablaze with flowers. How fortunate we were to be within a minute's walk of the Luxemburg Gardens. We spent many an evening hour there and its beauty will remain in our memory, as indeed will every moment of our sojourn in this so beautiful capital—Paris.

MEDITATIONS IN THE SCRUM.

"Oh heck! Another knock-on! That means another scrum. Now then, link up with the hooker and the other prop and wait for the second row. Ow! I wish they wouldn't come in so hard. Right, our pack at least is ready.

Now the other pack is ready, and down we go. There's supposed to be a tunnel between the two front rows. Doesn't look as if there is one from here. Now we wait for the ball to come in. If we can get this ball back we might score a try—if those dozy backs wake up!

The hooker has to be very careful when he's hooking for the ball. If he swings his heel back too far, the lock gets kicked in the face, like one unfortunate master I know. I won't mention any names, but, he's in the Geography Department. I wish the ball would hurry up and come in. There must be a hold up of some kind. Someone's lace untied, I expect. I wonder what's for dinner? Egg and chips with any luck.

Unusual word, "scrum". I wonder where it comes from? I wouldn't be surprised if it meant a battle, or something like that. Ah! it looks as though the ball is about to come in. About time, too".

"Ball coming in, now!"

Now we push as hard as we can. I think we're pushing them. Our hooker's got the ball, a nice clean heel, and it's out. If he hadn't got it, I would have brained him!

"Ball gone away!"

Up we come and start to run after the ball. Whistle again?

"Oh no! Not another knock-on?"

Ah well! we're back where we started!

M. O'BRIEN, III^D.

'TIS SWEET TO HEAR.

'Tis sweet to hear the gentle breezes play,
As they move from flower to tree;
'Tis sweet to smell the new cut hay,
And listen to the searching bee.
See white sailed yachts on distant bay;
And children running wild and free.
Winter's damp and cold are past,
Long summer days are come at last.

K. MCNIFF, II^A.

"...WHERE RABBITS FALL DOWN CHIMNEYS"

(Balzac)

A short time spent in Paris will pervade the visitor's mind with a confused memory of glamour, history, sophistication and culture, with the result that he will derive little benefit from this brief intercourse with Europe's most fascinating of capitals. It was, for me, a relief to bid farewell to "that nucleus of pomp and fashion," as Hardy once called it, to leave behind me sumptuous dinners at Lassère, the glaring multitude of canvasses with so many reflections of *Sacré Coeur* and *Notre Dame*, the roar of Mercedes and Peugeots, racing up and down the Champs Elysees, and the oppressive Tuileries, which seemed to be invaded by hordes of children, each armed with one toy-boat, and one determined countenance, barging their way to the large, yacht-filled pond. Even the Opéra with its presentation of Beethoven's "*Fidélío*", and a thousand demure debutantes, smiling and waiting, failed to provide me with that perfect, unspoiled image of France from which the foreign traveller gains so much pleasure.

Leaving Paris, therefore, enabled me to breathe, at last, the flavour and atmosphere which is truly French, and travelling South, the monotonous plains and endless lakes of corn in the Beauce purged my mind of the superficialities which the metropolis had impressed therein, preparing me to appreciate the purity and simplicity of the provincial scene. At Orleans, with its magnificent 'Grande Place' dominated by an equestrian statue of *Jeanne d'Arc*, we crossed the Loire River for the first time, and entered the Garden of France. For the sixty or so miles between Orleans and Tours, like gems studding a silver plate, the Loire Valley is interspersed with the flowers of French architecture, which, in themselves, reveal a living pageant of a glorious past. I found that in such an unspoiled, natural setting or in the calm and timelessness of a provincial village, one could appreciate and perceive to a deeper degree a serenity and majesty in man's work which was not so apparent in the busy city. There were no false distractions, no vivid colours or ceaseless noises, with the result that one superb edifice could rise above all else and radiate its form, its beauty and its story to far and wide, knowing that there were discordant elements neither in its make-up nor in its surroundings which would impair its grace and dignity.

The chateau which best reflects this opinion is Chambord an enormous palace-hunting lodge, a jewel of Renaissance perfection, situated in a park equal in area to that of Paris, itself. An interesting feature of the architecture is the great, double-spiral-staircase, believed to have been designed by

the brilliant artist and engineer, Leonardo da Vinci. It ascends through three storeys to a vast flat rooftop where the assembled court could watch the hunt or some festivity far below. In order to avoid monotony, the designer made use of pinnacles, dormer windows, chimneys, rising from the flat-roof to create the effect of a 'village', with its cluster of houses, streets, statues and church, and from this point we gained a commanding view of the great forests, meadows and villages of Orleanais.

From here, we proceeded to Blois, an ancient palace which strikes a vivid contrast with Chambord. Whereas the latter is set in a park and is composed of one, harmonious style, Blois, situated in a small, historical town, includes no more than five different forms of architecture, dating from the feudal banqueting hall to Mansart's distinctive façade in the classical style. Grouped around a central courtyard, the buildings fused with one another to form, what I thought to be, a charming and antique image and what many authorities have claimed is the most graceful and powerful of all the chateaux.

The journey as far as Tours took us through a land of vivid greens of slow and sleepy tributaries of the Loire and towering white cliffs. At several points, we passed villages of houses which had been carved out of the soft limestone cliffs. I had often read about these hamlets, but somehow, they seemed far too make-believe and only when I finally saw them did I really believe that they existed. They make wonderful homes, I believe, since there is no need for painting, decorating or maintaining them; when you want another room, you merely dig into the limestone, which hardens as soon as it comes into contact with the air. There is nothing stranger, or, indeed, more eerie than walking along the cliff-top and finding among the bracken, a chimney-pot, *pouring forth* a wisp of grey smoke. Balzac once said that these were most convenient dwellings in which to live, because rabbits would sometimes fall down these chimneys and cook themselves on the fire.

In the Touraine district, especially, we passed endless terraces of vineyards, where the grapes, basking in the sunlight drank in its potency to produce such wines as a sparkling Saumur Blare, which we sampled at a reception given by the Mayor of Saumur. To protect the precious fruit from the pestilent birds—there is a comparison in French: "as drunk as a thrush"—the bunches of grapes are covered with small, polythene bags, at the sight of which one American lady exclaimed:

"Look, honey! The grapes have got socks on!"

We stayed at Tours for two nights, and thus had ample opportunity to inspect this fine, university town, where it is said that the very best French is spoken. For some peculiar reason, the hotel kept an extremely comical chimpanzee in a cage in the entrance-hall, and the poor creature would jump about, screech and thump its cage in a most frightening manner. Outside, we were facing the stately Guildhall in the classical style and in the square, quaint, old ladies in provincial costume were selling equally quaint posies of violets, while the great cathedral with its flamboyant Gothic architecture seemed to be draped with intricately patterned lace.

The most unusual place we visited was the Abbey of Fontevrault, famous for its Romanesque Church, the twelfth century kitchens, which is the strangest building I have ever seen, and the peaceful cloisters and gardens. However, today, the ancient buildings are used as a prison, one of the most grim and forbidding in the whole of France, and, as our guide said, "the last stop before Devil's Island". In the Church, we saw the four recumbent figures on the tombs of the Plantagenet Family, Henry II, Eleanor of Aquitaine, Richard Coeur de Lion, and Isabelle d' Angoulême, and although their bodies are no longer there, their tombs are splendid memorials to these two great kings of England, and two noble ladies.

The Provinces, I find, give a true and unspoiled representation of a country, and the Loire Valley steeped as it is in history and wine was not a dull and dormant region, but an area of outstanding, natural beauty, of contrasts in architecture and art, of wide differences in the modes of life, and the place where rabbits fall down chimneys.

J. ISAAC, UVIA.

TIGER.

Fierce, strong and streaky hunter,
Mauler, vicious, stealing prowler,
Roaring, growling feline tiger,
Fighting hunter, bringing death.

Lying silent in the jungle,
Stalking silent after prey;
Its eyes agleam, venomous pin-points,
Without mercy, out to kill.

In a zoo, caged up and silent,
Eyes cast down and half asleep:
Victim of the small boys' prodding.
No more killer! no more prey!

IAN WEBBER. IIE.

THREE CHRISTMAS SPIRITS.

I had been listening to our neighbour telling his small son all about Scrooge and the three ghosts who visited him on Christmas Eve. I saw the little boy kissing his mother good-night and then he ran up the stairs singing "Jingle Bells": He stopped at the bedroom door and said that he hoped "Santa Claus" would bring the right presents.

Later I went to bed, and lay there just wondering. I must have fallen asleep because I thought I faintly heard "You! you! you!" I sat up and a light filled the room; then a faint voice said "I am the Spirit of Christmas past. Come with me!" I protested but he took my hand and led me away.

I wondered what all this had to do with me but I still followed. We eventually stopped and peeped in at the window of the house in which we used to live. There on the front room floor, I saw a curly-headed toddler playing with a huge teddy bear. He suddenly grew a little and I saw him struggling with a cowboy's suit and then chase his terrified father from the room with a huge gun. When he returned he seemed bigger again and was proudly wearing a football outfit and carrying an extremely large football. He kicked it through the doorway and ran out shouting "Goal!" A snowflake temporarily closed my eyes and when I saw our little friend again he was sitting sedately on a wonderful new piano stool, taking out a music copy from a brand new leather case. His curls were gone and traces of hair cream could be seen. He sat here and played rather haltingly, but proudly,—"Once in Royal David's City". My Spirit friend and I seemed to float away with the music and I woke in my bed.

I turned over and fell asleep again only to be called to follow my guide a second time and on the journey this time he confessed himself to be the Spirit of Christmas present. This time, I recognised our own dining-room in the corner of which I saw a pile of school books: English, Geography, History, Chemistry, Physics, Maths., Biology, R.I., French, Music and Latin. On top were a number of gift boxes into which I could see myself gazing. My guide gently tapped my arm and in silence we crept away and I found myself once again, in my bed.

The Spirit did not come to me again until I was sitting, snoozing peacefully after a good Christmas dinner. I had just closed my eyes when the Spirit of Christmas "yet to be" took my hand and led me out.

This time it was not to any one particular place. We called in at the Old Bailey. The stately old judge sat there speaking seriously to a number of Q.C.'s who were listening

intently. I thought I saw myself, but I was not there. We next called at a banker's office where we saw a director, cigar in mouth, gold chain, decorating his portly middle, signing cheques. His face was not happy and I could see no resemblance to myself.

A fleeting visit to a number of London's premier businesses still gave me no glimpse of myself. As we passed Westminster, a walk through the Houses of Parliament did not satisfy me either.

On Westminster Bridge we saw a group of high police officers and fire service officials discussing the plans for a vast new bridge, with the chief engineer of the largest constructional firm in the country. But I could not see myself anywhere.

Suddenly as a huge car passed by we heard a piercing scream. The car raced on and we saw a small crowd gathering and tenderly lifting an old gentleman from the roadway. He was carried into the hospital nearby and my guide and I followed without being seen.

We went through the casualty department where we saw a doctor shake his head, but we only heard the words "immediately" and "Theatre".

We followed and saw the old gentleman being prepared for an immediate operation. The operating team, dressed in their green clothes, came in, looked at the patient, a quick consultation followed and the senior surgeon pointed to a young doctor and simply said, "Carry on".

When he was bringing his scalpel down on the injured man's leg, I suddenly saw behind the mask my own face. The scalpel cut into the flesh and I awoke to find myself just forcing my knife into still another piece of the best Christmas pudding you have ever tasted.

DUDLEY SINNETT, III^D.

SIC AD ASTRA.

(Some years ago, an account appeared in the School Magazine of the "Ascent of Van Gyrhiryh", a mountain near Cray. The secret has now leaked out that the three mountaineers concerned quite recently scaled the heights of Pen-y-Fan, the loftiest peak in the Brecon Range.

The three climbers, for obvious reasons, wish to remain anonymous, but some details have now come to light.

When interviewed, Cabal, the leader of this intrepid trio, reluctantly revealed the following account of the adventure.)

All the necessary preparations had been made well in advance—nothing was left to chance, as any mishap to the adventurers would have reverberated through the draughty corridors of Dynevor, and maybe, through those of the Guildhall, too. “For weeks,” confided Cabal, “we had all kept strictly to a diet, and this had borne fruitful results—everyone of us was in peak condition. Lavoisier, indeed, still eats a pound of apples a day, but I have had to cut down on dates of which I had grown excessively fond. Socrates had to limit his smoking to one ounce a day.”

“The weather was just what the doctor ordered on Monday, 25th June, the day when we were to make our dash for the summit, and by arrangement a car drew up at the School gates promptly at 4.10 p.m. The journey from Swansea to Hirwaun was quickly accomplished, and we pulled up and parked the car at a point near the Cardiff reservoir at precisely 5.40 p.m. The actual attempt was scheduled to start at 6.0 p.m., so we indulged in a light snack while awaiting zero hour, Lavoisier contenting himself with six apples, Socrates a pipe or two, and myself munching a pound of dates.

Our first objective was the summit of Cwm Ddu, and this achieved, we were to approach Pen-y-Fan from the south. As we began the ascent, the hills around looked forbidding and desolate, Cwm Ddu, with its flat-top looking like a smaller edition of Table Mountain.”

Socrates took up the story at this point: “The early stages of the ascent were quite gradual and unexciting. We consulted our compass and followed a rough track for some distance alongside a mountain stream which had to be crossed and recrossed to avoid boggy ground where there was the risk of getting our feet wet. I noticed Cabal halting frequently at this stage—to admire the view, he affirmed, but I suspected it was really to get his breath back. Then the ascent grew steeper, the physical energy required in our progress upward was unbelievable and no one had breath to spare even for a word of encouragement. Lavoisier stopped to consult his compass again, despite the fact that the peak was clearly in view—a blind man could have seen it. Suddenly the ground levelled and climbing for a while was easier. Cwm Ddu was not so far away now, though Cabal consulted his compass at frequent intervals and was prone to query the correctness of our route to the summit. Far below us the road stretched like a ribbon in the distance, and the car looked a mere dot on an ordnance map.

The most precipitous point of the ascent lay before us, so we braced ourselves for the final dash. The wind freshened, it became unpleasantly cold, Socrates' bellows began to wheeze sickeningly. A vulture screamed derisively overhead, but we pressed on with dogged determination, and, an hour after leaving our base, success crowned our efforts—the summit of Cwm Ddu was ours. We crawled the last agonising yards and fell prostrate but triumphant on the peak.

Cabal was the first to recover and he grimly reminded us that this was not the peak we had set out to conquer—Pen-y-Fan was our objective. We roused ourselves for a herculean effort, summoning all our remaining potential of those carefully nourished resources, and pressing on with sheer determination and dauntless spirit, we reached the top of Pen-y-Fan fifteen agonising minutes later." (29,060 feet)

When congratulated on their success, the members of this intrepid party blushed with unfeigned modesty. They admitted that they had experienced the thrill of achievement. They had not forgotten to take photographs of themselves at the summit, but it is doubtful if any of these will see the light of day. Asked for his views of their achievement Lavoisier said, "Climbing a mountain, like Pen-y-Fan is an unforgettable experience. The climber is well rewarded, for the view from the top is awe-inspiring. There is no need to travel to North Wales or Switzerland for mountain grandeur. There are beauty spots in South Wales if you know where to look for them."

The descent to the roadside was through swirling cloud and when we looked back the summit of Cwm Ddu was shrouded in mist. Socrates puffed contentedly at his pipe, remarking, "That was good timing. We turned back at the right moment. What would have happened to Dynevor tomorrow if we hadn't, I shudder to think." Cabal chuckled hilariously, "There'll be some doubting Thomases in the Staff-room tomorrow morning." Socrates was so thrilled that he put forward a startling suggestion, "We could tackle Snowdon next year you know, if the railway is still running. It all depends on old Beeching."

Pressed for some advice to would-be climbers, the mountaineers reminded us of the words of Sir John Hunt, "Always treat mountains with great respect. They are tough, that's why they're always there." Pressed further he added thoughtfully, "Study your route carefully and choose the most favourable approach. As soon as you strike a good path, dismiss the Sherpas. It's all yours. Choose your time carefully, if you want to return to civilization before dark. Stop

at frequent intervals to admire the view. This enables you to get your breath back. Always carry a compass and stop to consult it frequently. Again you get your breath back. Finally, go as far as you can by car—if possible to within 100 yards of the summit.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We apologize for the printer's error earlier on: Pen-y-Fan is 2906 feet.)

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

What is the National Eisteddfod? It is not, as many people think, merely an affair of choral competitions, and outdated rites involving bards. It is far less confined than this, containing as it does competitions in Literature, Drama, Recitation, Music, Arts and Crafts, and even Ambulance, and Industrial Work, and catering for children and young people as well as adults.

Most people know that the proceedings of the Eisteddfod are conducted entirely in the Welsh language, and many, especially those who know little or no Welsh, have criticized it for this. But there are so many bilingual functions all over the country, that surely Wales is entitled to one event where the Welsh language rules supreme. At all events, the introduction of English into the "National", would change its character, and the record crowds which attended recent National Eisteddfodau are in themselves proof that the all-Welsh rule is acceptable to the country.

The National Eisteddfod, as we know it today, is little over a hundred years old, but it represents something over 800 years old. The old eisteddfodau were meetings of professional bards to draw up rules, and admit new members into what almost amounted to a trade guild. Competition played only a minor part. One of the earliest was held at Cardigan in 1176. The first of which we have full details was at Carmarthen in 1451, where Dafydd ab Edmwnd won a silver chair. Hence the modern chairing system has its origin.

The Welsh eighteenth century literary revival brought in its train renewed interest in literary competitions, throughout Wales. The first of the big eisteddfodau was held at Corwen in 1789. Two years later, 1791, marks the first meeting of the Gorsedd (or session) of Bards, a fabrication of Edward Williams (Iolo Morgannwg) which until this century were believed to be authentic. In the middle of the nineteenth century, the Gorsedd held the first National Eisteddfod in the modern sense.

Here the cynic may ask why the Welsh carry on with a "Druidism" which is merely a forgery of Iolo Morgannwg. As a nation we have little ceremonial and display, so surely this pageantry, which, unhistorical though it may be, is dignified and colourful, should continue. For fifty one weeks of the year Wales has no true capital, but in the first week of August, her capital is where the eisteddfod is. She is one of the few countries of the world whose national festival is a festival of the arts, where one can find vast crowds sitting listening to detailed criticisms of literature and music. Those who deride the Eisteddfod because, they allege, its patrons frequent it as a social occasion would do well to go among the crowds, where they will find the majority have come to the eisteddfod for the competitions. But even those who are interested in the eisteddfod only as a social event ought not to be blamed. There is too little of the communal spirit, of feeling that one "belongs" in this modern world.

The eisteddfod calls for a great deal of self-sacrifice from hundreds of voluntary workers, and its success shows devotion to an ideal. It draws people from all over the world, especially Welsh people, and delegations from the other Celtic countries.

The preliminary event of this National Festival will be the proclamation of the Eisteddfod in Singleton Park in June, and during the whole week choral and orchestral concerts and drama will be given to enhance the occasion. Needless to say all the schools of Swansea and district will participate on this occasion. The words of the Welsh eighteenth century poet Lewis Morris will still echo the same feelings in Swansea in 1964:

"This innocent, peaceful strife,
This struggle to fuller life,
Is still the one delight of Cymric souls—
Swell, blended rhythms! still
The gay pavilions fill.

Soar, oh young voices, resonant fair:

Still let the sheathed sword gleam above the bardic chair."

G.A.B., UVA.

WYTHNOS Y DDrama GYMRAEG.

Mawr mor ffodus ydym i ni gael Theatr Broffesiynol yn ein tref i lwyfannu drama Cymraeg am wythnos gyfan. Eleni eto 'roedd bri mawr ar yr ŵyl a chawsom brofiad hapus iawn ynddi. Gwelsom dair drama: *Yr Inspector* gan Gogol wedi'i chyfieithu gan y diweddar Athro T. Hudson Williams ac wedi'i chyfaddasu gan Cynan, *Blodeuwedd* gan Saunders Lewis a *Phelenni Pitar* gan D. T. Davies.

'Roedd *Yr Inspector* fel drama yn hynod o fywiog oherwydd ei saerniaeth dda, er ei bod braidd yn fecanyddol. Camp y ddrama ydyw dychanu pobl bwysig tref dalieithol a pheri iddynt edrych yn ffol ar y diwedd. R'oedd yr act gyntaf yn rhy hir fel rhagarweiniad i'r gwaith cyfan, ond siriolwyd hi gan y ddau dwpsyn Bobtsinsci a Wobtsinsci. Er ei fod dipyn yn rhy hen i'w ran, caed perfformiad gwych gan Tudor Walters. 'Roedd rhan y maer yn fwy anodd gan mai efe oedd yr unig gymeriad a actiodd mewn ffordd ddifrifol yn y ddrama. Ond, serch hynny, caed perfformiad a oedd yn cyfleu dryswch cymeriad mewn argyfwng. Ymhlith y rhannau lleiaf y gorau heb amheuaeth oedd Bobtsinsci a Wobtsinsci.

Y gomedi arall oedd *Pelenni Pitar*. Nid comedi mohoni chwaith ond ffârs. Defnyddir sefyllfaoedd sy'n nodweddu'r math hwn o ddrama. Onid peth diddorol sylwi na all ein dramodwyr Cymraeg wrthsefyll dylanwad cyfareddol y diafol yn eu dramâu? Daeth yr hen frawd i mewn i'r "Gwr Drwg" gan Huw Lloyd Edwards hefyd. Cawsom deip cyfarwydd y brodor o Ganada, ac ni welwn mo'i eisiau yn y ddrama na'i ymadroddion Seisnig a ddiraddiodd ei hiaith i ryw fesur. Ond cawsom argraff dda o'r Canadiwr heini gan yr actiwr. Er nad ffârs yw'r ffurf hoffaf gennym, 'roedd yr actio mor dda, yn enwedig eiddo George David a chwaraeodd ran Pitar, fel y cawsom flas arno a bron hollti ein hochrau gan chwerthin.

Blodeuwedd oedd y drydedd drama 'Roedd yr actio yma o'r un safon uchel ag yn y dramâu eraill. Nid oedd un yn actio'n well na'r llall, ac felly nid teg fyddai dewis unrhyw un ohonynt fel y gorau.

'Roedd y setiau yn y ddrama hon yn addas i ddrama sy'n cyfleu awyrgylch chwedl y cynfyd ac hefyd yr effeithiau swm, ond teimlem y gallesid cyflwyno trawsffurfriad *Blodeuwedd* yn dylluan yn fwy argyhoeddiadol.

Er mwyn gallu deall y ddrama'n gyflawn rhaid gwybod y chwedl wreiddiol, a theimlem fod y ddrama'n anodd ei deall i'r rheini nad oeddynt yn gyfarwydd â'r hanes. Y brif thema ydyw cyfrifoldeb a hunangyflaiwniad yr unigolyn mewn perthynas â chymdeithas a'r hollfyd, ar wers ydyw'r angen am wreiddiau.

Cawsom fwynhâd mawr yn y dair drama hyn, a gwaith anodd fyddai ceisio penderfynu pa berfformiad oedd y gorau. oblegid 'roedd y safon yn dda ynddynt oll. Er mwyn sicrhau parhad a llwyddiant i'r ddrama Gymraeg dylid ei chefnogi. Un ffordd yw mynychu sefydliadau fel Wythnos y Ddrama Gymraeg, Abertawe.

G.A.B.
A.M.P.D.

POLAND 1962.

A COUNTRY WITH TWO FACES.

I was more than pleased last year to have the opportunity, made possible by a Polish Government Scholarship arranged in conjunction with the British Council, to study at the Geographical Institute in Poland. It is an interesting country to visit, often in the news, and perhaps too often dangerously near the headlines. In order to understand why, as well as to understand the attitudes of the people, it is necessary (as I was often advised in VI form history) to use that key to the present—the past.

Churchill once described Poland as a rock upon which the waves of aggression broke, perhaps eroding parts away, but upon the ebb tide a rock nevertheless remained. This summarises the history of that country, which has been one long struggle to retain its independence and autonomy against successive invaders—Tartars, Turks, Swedes, Prussians, Austrians and perhaps more important and certainly more recently Germans and Russians. One glance at the map of Europe clearly shows why, the vast expanse of the North European Plain, devoid of any natural defensive boundary (even the rivers freeze), has designated for Poland the cruel role of a buffer state between a virile Germany and a growing Russia.

As a result for over a century Poland disappeared from the map of Europe, partitioned between the Austrian, German and Russian Empires. The kingdom, which had been large and influential, Catholic since 960, which had enjoyed the fruits of the Renaissance with fine architecture, art and letters, with a great university at Krakow which had educated great scholars like Copernicus, had ceased to exist. But the people remained. Rousseau advised them that even though swallowed by their neighbours they could still be indigestible. Many revolts characterised this period, particularly against Russia, the most famous being led by the national hero Kōsciusko, but all were doomed to failure. Many Poles found sanctuary abroad, particularly in France—Chopin, Mickiewicz, the national poet and Mme. Curie, the Scientist.

The re-emergence of Poland as an independent republic was made possible by the First World War, a musician and a soldier, Paderewski, the pianist persuaded the United States to embrace the Polish cause, while Marshall Pilsudski forcibly persuaded the Soviet armies to that opinion.

The twenty years of independence and progress were rudely shattered in 1939 by the Nazi invasion. For the visitor

there are many grim reminders of this period. The museum at Auschwitz, the communal graves, bullet holes in walls, the crucifix on the street corner garlanded with the national colours of Poland (red and white) and a plaque which states that maybe forty Poles had been shot there in a street execution. But the biggest reminder is Warsaw itself. After the tragic uprising in 1944 the city was systematically destroyed, over 80% of the buildings razed to the ground and the population reduced from $1\frac{1}{2}$ million to about 160,000.

It was the extent of this rebuilding which first surprised me. The rebuilding of Warsaw, as with other cities like Gdansk, has been a matter of national pride; civic buildings, palaces, churches and universities have been rebuilt at tremendous cost and sacrifice by a people without proper homes. As Poland was "liberated" by the U.S.S.R., American Marshall Aid was not forthcoming, so that the rebuilding and resettlement of the ruined country had to be carried out by the people themselves. The result is little short of spectacular. The old town of Warsaw with its fortifications and Renaissance Architecture has been rebuilt exactly as it was before the war. Plans for reconstruction were based upon prints done by great artists like Canaletto. New styles are also to be found, the first the rather heavy and out of place Russian style, culminating in the Palace of Culture and Science, a present from Stalin, the highest (and most impracticable) building in the city; the second being the modern flats and shops, with intervening playgrounds for the large number of children living in those flats. Today Warsaw is a modern city with wide streets lit by gay artistic neon signs. The result suggests that the mythological Phoenix rising from the ashes should be the emblem of Poland and not the White Eagle.

Everyday life, however, still presents many problems. Accommodation is so scarce that it is rationed to about 9 square yards per person in the cities. Transport by our standards is most uncomfortable; there are trams, trolley buses and buses, the latter seating about a dozen people and carrying upwards of a hundred—but the fares are low, 2d. for any distance within city limits. Train fares are also very cheap and are reduced for state employees (including teachers at half price). Taxi fares are ridiculously low, counteracting the shortage of private cars. There are frequent shortages of consumer goods, most of which are intended for export anyway, but even food supplies can be a problem. One expects to find imported foods expensive—like oranges at 4/6 each, but imagine the capital city of a country which grows more potatoes than any other in Europe, being without any. The problem is that distribution trades, without the profit motive

of private enterprise, are frequently inadequate. The attitude is that the customer is fortunate to be served and not that the salesman is fortunate to have customers. There are very few advertisements for foods or consumer goods, no 'Warsaw Wheatabix' or 'Polish polish', although the artistic standard of advertising in other fields, like the theatre, is very high. Polish opinion sums up these inefficiencies with many jokes, some of which are printable.

1st Speaker: "When I die I should like to go to a communist not a capitalist hell."

2nd Speaker: "Very loyally said comrade."

1st Speaker: "Oh no! Conditions there will be much more tolerable, the fires will be out because someone forgot to order coal, the pitchfork will be blunt and rusty through bad maintenance, and anyway Satan will be away at a conference."

Or again:

Ardent party member: "The time will come when the whole world will belong to the glorious party fold."

Sceptical economist: "Then where will we import our grain from?"

In spite of everything, the people are still friendly and gay, but above all curious and interested in the west. Education arouses great interest, the aim by 1964 is to build 1,000 new schools, one for each year of Poland's history. As it is, schools are too small, so that in some, classes are worked on a shift system. The demand for English lessons is very high as is the linguistic ability of the pupils. In the schools the curriculum is directed towards the matriculation which takes place at eighteen years of age, after which the graduates go to universities and technical colleges to begin specialising in the subject of their choice. The university course takes five years.

Social life is pleasant and unhurried. Coffee houses are full and fashionable, the cinemas show films from practically every country (with Polish sub-titles), the Opera, Ballet, Concert Halls and Art Galleries are packed, the theatre is modern with performances ranging from Shaw and Molière to the state folk-dance companies like the exciting "Mazowsze" and ultra modern satires, often critical of conditions in the country. The most popular evening at the Young Communists' Club is for "the twist", while the boy scouts, once classed as a reactionary, capitalist, imperialist organization is now bigger than the former. This liberalization has only been possible since 1956 when Poland led by Gomulka defied the might of

Russia and established a national brand of communism. Poles, therefore, tend to be well informed about world affairs, even the communist paper, *Tribune of the People* gives reliable reports on international affairs, while *The Times* can be purchased as well as the *Daily Worker*. As one journalist put it "the difference since 1956 is that instead of being told what to write, we are only told what we may not write."

It is in the rural areas that least change can be seen. The peasant still fights his traditional enemies—nature and those who would take his land. Because of the conservation and passive resistance of the peasantry collectivization has failed in Poland, and therefore many peasants still farm in the traditional method using the horse. As one peasant farmer told me "You can't use a tractor to take the family buggy to church". To visit some parts of the picturesque countryside is really like going back a hundred years.

When it comes to holidays there is a great deal to see and do in Poland. There is the beautiful old city of Krakow, called the slavic Vienna, with the old Royal Palace and Cathedral on Wawel Hill, and its ancient university (which contains the famous Golden Globe upon which the Americas appear for the first time); then in the South the mighty Tatra Mountains, in sub-zero temperatures ideal for winter sports—even I tried my hand (or rather my seat) at skiing. The most exciting trip in this area is down the Dunajec Gorge on canoes lashed together as rafts, steered by highlanders in their romantic regional costumes. Then in the North is the fine sandy coastline of the Baltic as in Hel (I had to say I'd been there). Besides this, there are the large lowlands with many lakes which offer so much to the young people's hiking and cycling groups which are so popular in Poland.

Poland is a truly beautiful country and its people very hospitable. It is, however, a country with two faces, one evolved through a thousand years, patriotic and Catholic, the other at first enforced and then modified Socialism. At present they are trying to join the two, the only question is—will they be allowed to or will the tide come in again?

M.W.G.

SPEECH DAY, 1962.

A change in the timing of our Annual Speech Day was instituted this year which it is proposed to adhere to in the future: hitherto, Speech Day has been held towards the end of a School session, approximately in May; this year it was held at the beginning of a new session, namely on October 4th.

The change made it possible to award the certificates and other prizes won in the session recently concluded, with the advantage that many of the recipients were still pupils of the School and their successes still fresh in our memory. This year it was necessary to present the awards for two sessions, 1961 and 1962, but this situation will not obtain in future years.

The interest of parents was shown by the very large assembly that filled the Brangwyn Hall; they were made welcome in a neat and capable speech by David Evans, our School Captain, after which the Mayor, Alderman Mrs. Rose Cross, in her capacity as Chairman of the Education Committee, took charge of the proceedings. She expressed her pleasure at the opportunity of presiding for the second time at our Prizegiving, and her gratification that so many of the parents showed by their presence their appreciation of the work of the School.

The Headmaster summarised the School's academic achievements: in the two years, 95 boys had gained 'A' level certificates in two or more subjects, and a very large number, including fourth-formers had 'O' level certificates in at least five subjects; there had been 10 State Scholarships in the two years, and during the last session, an Open Scholarship to Swansea University College, a senior award at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, an Open Scholarship at Caius College, and four places gained in face of increased competition at Oxford and Cambridge.

With reference to School life generally, he referred to the renewed interest in Athletics with some outstanding achievements on the running track; the full functioning of the School Library where the increased accommodation and facilities were now in constant use; and the continued interest of the Old Dyvorians Association shown by the gift of a baby-grand piano, and particularly by the institution of an Annual Lecture, the first of which was to be given by Dr. Brian Flowers, himself an old boy of the School, later in the month.

The School, said the Head, was a living organism which was ever changing in response to the changes and challenge of the outside world: it was alive to developments in Science and Technology and there was in the educational world much re-thinking and experimentation in which Dynevor might well play a part: there were proposals aiming at a new balance in Sixth Form studies, and while the Schools were opposed to changes which would increase examination pressure, they were wholly in favour of a liberalisation of Sixth Form studies; new equipment and technical aids had been productive of some

startling results—pupils taught in a language laboratory, it is claimed, learn to speak a foreign language better in three months than in five years by orthodox methods. New equipment and new methods cost money, and while our local Education Authority might be ready to take the initiative in these new developments they could only do so with the support of an enlightened public opinion.

In conclusion the Head affirmed that there can be no true education without a readiness to persevere in face of difficulties, a will to succeed; that Dynevor aims to foster intellectual integrity in the quest for truth and fearlessness in testifying to it when once achieved; and finally, that the need for high standards of behaviour and conduct is a paramount principle, and the Christian faith the basis upon which the work and activities of the School were founded.

Our Guest Speaker was Mr. R. B. Southall, Managing Director of the National Oil Refineries, a member of the Productivity Council and of the Court of Governors of the University College of Swansea. Mr. Southall recalled that the last occasion he had spoken at the Brangwyn Hall was at the N.O.R. Staff Ball at the witching hour of Midnight, when his audience were doubtless in a less critical mood than he feared his present audience might be. He expressed his appreciation of the opportunity that was his in addressing this audience of Grammar School pupils and their parents. There was a closer liason nowadays between School and Industry which was able to offer financial incentives of a very generous kind to pupils prepared for practical study and hard work. Many old Dyvorians were numbered among the ranks of the employees at the Oil Refinery at Skewen and there was every opportunity for the skilled and industrious to make progress to the highest level.

The Mayoress, Mrs. D. Jones, presented certificates to candidates successful at the W.J.E.C. Examinations of the past two years, and Mrs. Southall presented form prizes, as well as special prizes and trophies to team and House Captains.

The Griff Davies prize went to R. M. Cooper (1961) and M. C. Evans (1962); The Colonel Hyett prize to G. J. Adams and V. S. Batcup (1961) and J. H. Baker and M. A. Worts (1962); the new 'O' level prize for fourth-formers to Gareth Bevan (1961) and Roger Williams (1962); The Leslie Norman English Prize to Gerald Paster (1961) and Roger Williams (1962); The Garfield James Scripture Prize to R. G. Bromham (1961) and J. I. Davies and J. S. Summerwill (1962); The Richard Evans Geography Prize to R. V. Barnes and M. W. Owen (1961) and J. R. Hurford and C. J. Thomas (1962);

The Cyril Goldstone Prize for Public Speaking to J. S. Summerwill (Senior) and B. Richards (Junior); the new Howell Mendus 'A' level Prize to I. R. Hurford, P. M. Lloyd and C. J. Thomas; and The Old Dyvorians Association Prizes to A. C. Hicks, J. S. Summerwill and B. A. Willis. Cups and trophies were awarded to individuals, and team captains and finally the Harry Secombe Cup for the House showing the best all round performance went to Dillwyn.

Mr. Wilfred Higgs, President of the Old Dyvorians Association, very ably and graciously took charge of the proceedings when the Mayor had to leave for another meeting.

The School Choir, under the direction of Mr. Glyn Hopkins, provided the music.

Thanks were expressed to the Mayor, the Guest Speaker and our visitors by P. G. Wilson and R. L. Griffiths, School Vice-Captains.

'TIS SWEET.

'Tis sweet to hear
The loud and joyous Christmas bells aringing,
Their chimes peel out a message far and near;
'Tis sweet to hear the children's voices singing
Their message, which removes all thought of fear;
'Tis sweet when all together are reliving
The birth of Jesus; O, let us gladly give
Praises to Him Who came that we might live.

'Tis sweet to follow the steps of the donkey
Who carried Blessed Mary on his back;
'Tis sweet to recall the humble stable lowly
Where three kings knelt before Him, one was black;
Some shepherds also bowed before Him meekly,
Guided by a star to this humble shack;
Let us join with the angels, and gladly give
Praises to Him, who came that we might live.

PHILIP WEBSTER. II A.

Y TRUEINIAID.

Er ymfywhau yn nerth ein hifanc hoen
A gweled gwawr anorchfygedig haul;
Er coegi'n ffraeth bob gwaeloedd a phob poen
A hyrio gwawd ar lu proffwydi traul:
Fe glywn grochlefain y diderfyn aeth
A gweld na aned dyn erioed i fyw,
Fod ffynnon Angau yn ein gwaed, a'n maeth
Yn wenwyn oll, a'n camrau sionc heb lyw.
Er canfod y trueiniaid a ymlusg
Yn euog, yn lladradaidd, dan ei pwn
A'r wrachen *Sorge'n* glynu yn eu mysg—
Mae'u llef yn datgan galar Duw, a gwn
Fod gras a gwynfyd yn eu gwewyr hwy.
Fod hedyn ymhob marwol glwy'.

A. M. PENNAR DAVIES, UVIA.

“SCIENCE, STATE, SOCIETY.”

“It is up to us in the schools, the colleges and the universities to see that the moral stature and social conscience of future generations are never again allowed to fall behind their technological prowess”. So ended a memorable lecture delivered by Dr. Brian Flowers, F.R.S., Professor of Theoretical Physics at Manchester University and an Old Boy of the School. For nearly an hour Dr. Flowers held his audience fascinated and spell-bound as he spoke with quiet authority and deep knowledge of the potentialities of science for good and for ill. “Man carries in his hands the power to make fertile the whole area of the earth, in the sea as well as upon the land, to bring about lasting peace and prosperity and leisure for all, to explore the planets, to understand, perhaps, even the secrets of life and of creation. But he also carries the power—and in essence it is the **same** power to bring about certainly the collapse of modern civilization and very probably the complete cessation of human and animal life in Earth”.

The occasion was the First Old Dyvorians Lecture which was given in the School Hall before an invited audience which included Old Dyvorians and their guests and also members of the Sixth Forms of neighbouring grammar schools. The School itself was fittingly represented by the form prize-winners, by the whole of the Sixth Form and by masters, some of whom had taught Dr. Flowers either at Dynevor or at Glanmor. The President of the Old Dyvorians, Mr. Wilfred

Higgs, took the chair and his opening remarks included a happy reference to the presence of the lecturer's wife and parents on the platform.

Because of the publication by the Old Dyvorians of the text of the lecture it is unnecessary in this account to describe its contents in detail. Those privileged to be present will remember not only the charm and good humour with which it was delivered, with a gentle and friendly dig at the masters and an aside about Manchester weather, but also the sincerity and sense of urgency which placed the lecturer among the increasing number of scientists of the first rank with a global social conscience. Professor Flowers expressed his conviction that, though Science is ethically neutral, the scientist, because of his special knowledge, should be the first to try to evaluate and to appreciate the potentialities of his discoveries and correspondingly bears a heavy responsibility for the welfare of mankind.

One of the most striking things we were told was that the present annual expenditure of the United States on its Man in the Moon project would be enough to raise by 25% the total income per head of population in all the under-developed countries of the world. There is no military advantage in putting man, rather than instruments and weapons, into orbit and the moon race is simply a war of prestige between two otherwise sensible nations.

In his closing remarks Professor Flowers spoke of the place of science in education: "In the circumstances in which we meet, as members past and present of a well-known school it is right that I should end by speaking of the role of education in the modern world". He referred to the cramping effect on the schools of the competition for too few university places and went on to emphasise the importance of "numeracy" as well as "literacy". His contention that "the poet must learn to love physics as the physicist has always loved poetry" had a mixed response from an audience which had listened carefully all the way, but unanimity was restored with his further remark that if there were two cultures the bridge between them must be built from both sides. As Dr. Flowers sat down the prolonged applause was a well-merited tribute to the speaker which also did credit to a respective and receptive audience.

A vote of thanks was proposed by Councillor Percy Morris, a Past President of the Old Dyvorians, and seconded by the Headmaster, who extended it to include the Old Boys' Association, which had made the arrangements. Finally the President reminded us that this was the first of a series of lectures to be given annually under the auspices of the Old

Boys. There could be no doubt in anyone's mind as we left the Hall that an extremely high standard had been set for the whole series by the First Old Dyvorian's Lecturer.

CRICKET FIRST XI.

The cricket season, confined to the third term, and subject to the vagaries of our uncertain summer, is inevitably a short one. Under the captaincy of David C. Williams, however, the past season was a very enjoyable one. A younger-than-usual School Team met with a moderate measure of success as the following table shows:

P	W	L	D
9	4	4	1

The drawn match was against our old rivals, Bishop Gore, or the Swansea Grammar School, as it used to be known, against whom we attained our highest score of the season, and declared at 156 for 7. With eight wickets down, however, our opponents managed to play out time with only 95 runs on the board, leaving us, perhaps, the moral victors.

We began the season with a run of three successes, against Pontardawe, Glanavon and Pontardawe again. Then Ystalyfera succeeded in lowering our colours before we again achieved success against Glanavon. Llanelly proved much too good for us and we were beaten by them both at home and away. The Old Boys' Match, too brought us no success and we have sadly to admit defeat at the hands of the Old Dyvorians by a very substantial margin.

During the season, there were a number of outstanding performances including Mike Jones's 65 against Pontardawe and Colin Thomas's 6 wickets for 28 against Ystalyfera. Three batsmen scored over 100 runs in the limited number of matches played, M. J. Jones getting 147, D. C. Williams 125, and T. Lewis 119, while J. Humphreys was not far short with 96. As the latter was playing in his first season, his performance must be considered a very creditable one. The most successful bowlers were Colin Thomas with 28 wickets at an average cost of 6.82 runs, and Mike Jones with 19, with an average of 7.57. Fielding was fairly good and, in particular, the wicket-keeping of Tudor Lewis and the catching of Keith Davies, G. Anthony and John Hukku. Others who played were D. H. Williams, G. Davies, L. Carver, B. James and P. Thomas.

Michael Jones was selected to play for the Glamorgan

S.S. Cricket XI for the second consecutive season in the match against Pembrokeshire.

All prospective players are urged to attend practices early in the summer term as there will be more places than usual to fill. We again wish to express our gratitude to Mr. Jeff Hopkins for his support and encouragement, and to Christopher Davies for his care of the score-book.

RUGBY FIRST FIFTEEN.

The First Fifteen has achieved moderate success this term in the opening half of the season. Following last year's period of team-building, a good but somewhat inconsistent side has emerged, capable of gaining many good victories but unaccountably suffering defeat when success could easily have been achieved.

Our most notable victory was against Ystalyfera by 3 point to nil. For the whole of the second half we were a man short, but we managed to make the winning score during this period. In gaining this success we took Ystalyfera's unbeaten record. We also completed the double over our old rivals, Bishop Gore, defeating them away by 6 points to 3, and at home by 13 points to nil. We suffered defeat twice, however, at the hands of Glan Afon, whose two victories revealed the inconsistent form of our team.

So far S. W. Jones is our top scorer with five tries, while Geoff, Atherton has collected most points with a total of nineteen. R. Griffiths, G. Atherton and E. Fuller have had a Welsh Trial, Peter Wilson and D. O'Kane have had two trials while David Steele is still engaged in trial matches for the Welsh Secondary Fifteen.

R. Jenkins, R. Evans, T. Lewis, H. Maddocks, L. Ridge and M. Condon have rendered yeoman service, when called upon and we are indebted to Mr. Glyn Jones and Mr. Geoff. Hopkins for their help and enouragement.

WHO'S WHO

Full Backs:

WYNFORD EVANS. A surprise choice for this position but he has proved himself a sound fielder and kicker of the ball. He is a sound tackler. Wynford keeps the team in tune after the match.

C. (KIT) JONES. A capable deputy who relies on sheer strength to get out of trouble. An excellent tackler who excels in body checking.

Wings:

ALAN TUCKER. A well built hard-running wing who is exceedingly difficult to tackle. Alan is secretary for this year.

P. (GEORGE) WILSON. Sprinter of the side whose full potential has not been realized due to extraneous interests.

Centres:

P. (PHLOSIE) JONES. An enigma. Brilliant at times other times. An elusive runner who has a happy knack of scoring opportunist tries.

GEOFF ATHERTON. Hard man of the back division, who has a good eye for the opening and a strong burst of speed. His goal kicking has improved since he began "twisting".

Outside Half:

A. (BEZ) DAVIES. Old man of the team with a sound knowledge of the game. His side step has improved since he began attending "Millie's" dancing lessons.

Inside Half:

A. (CURLY) HAYWARD. A real live wire at the base of the scrum. His amateur status is in doubt, as he receives a bonus for every try he scores.

Props:

OWEN HINDER. His great ambition is to drop a goal. Built up his fine physique hewing trees for the Forestry Commission.

DAVE OKANE. A combination of Welsh fervour and Irish madness makes newcomer Okane an excellent prop.

Hooker:

R. (SMILER) GRIFFITHS. An excellent captain who leads through example. His fitness is suspect due to relationship with a certain typist. Hopes to become another "Dr. Kildare".

Second Row:

JOHNNY VINE. A brainy forward, i.e., he rushes through head first braining opponents. Does his training in the Uplands on Friday night.

D. (ALBERT) STEELE. The outstanding member of the pack. An excellent line out forward who we all hope wins a Welsh cap. Keeps fit by solving crosswords.

Lock:

R. (BOBBY) JONES. A good all round forward who can also play second row. Should be one of the foundation stones of next season's pack.

Wing Forwards:

JOHN FULLER. A good blindside wing forward who along with his brother bottles up opposing half backs—loves fighting.

ERNIE FULLER. Made a welcome return after a year's retirement at the Varsity. A fine wing forward whose dribbling has improved since he began attending Millie's twist lessons.

JUNIOR RUGBY.

This year again the School are running five teams, and this augurs well for the future of rugby in the School. Although the results have not been outstanding, enthusiasm at all grades is high.

These are some outstanding three-quarters in the First Year XV including G. Smitham, P. Tyrrell, C. Warlow and A. Comley. In the Intermediate fifteens, B. George, B. Gange, G. Webster, S. Rees, A. Davies, R. Isaacs and R. Billings are showing great promise.

The nucleus of the Swansea Town School Rugby XV is this year again formed by boys from Dynevor. No fewer than six boys have played for the Town Team—N. Gibbs, W. Cray, M. Jenkins, B. Harry, P. Hiley and S. Williams. The latter has captained the side and P. Hiley we hope will win his Welsh Schools Cap, as a forward.

Other boys from this age group who very nearly made the Town side were S. Nott, L. Doyle, G. Payne, S. Harrison, and B. Liscombe. These naturally have been the foundations of our 'A' Fifteen.

We would like to thank the following masters for their support, enthusiasm and encouragement throughout the season:—H. Lloyd, A. Balch, I. Mort, J. Bennett, D. Howells, C. McGivan and G. Hounsell.



