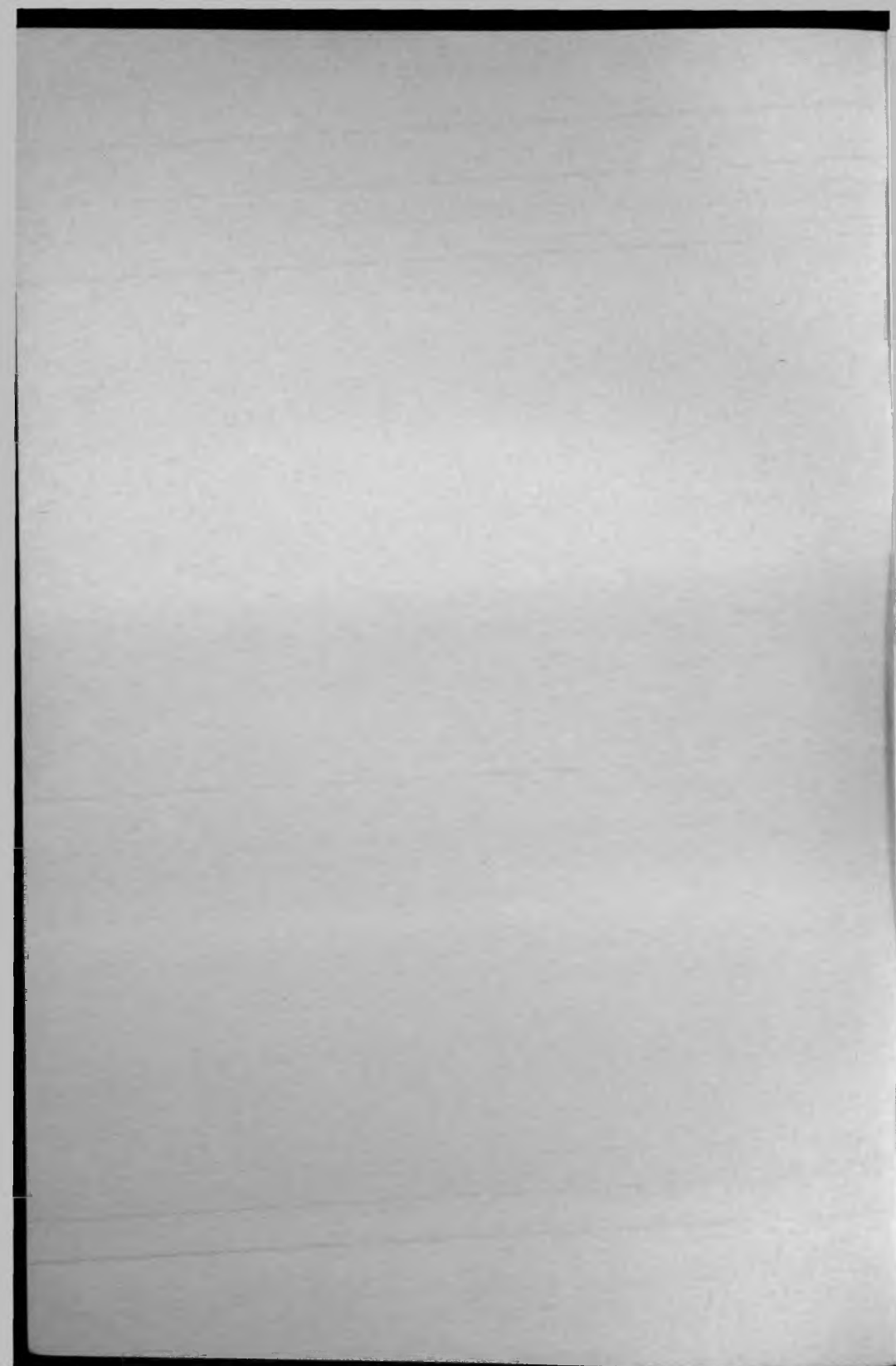


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GORAU ARF



ARF DYSG

No. 113

No. 40 (New Series)

MARCH, 1967

Editorial Board

M. B. Nye, A. L. Williams and C. Johnson.

EDITORIAL

It is with great pleasure that we note in this issue the increasing co-operation between the Secondary Schools of Swansea. We have only to reflect on the play, the debates and dances to see how successfully a liberal education policy pays large dividends. Following on the success and interest of the School Eisteddfod, the Editorial Board have been reflecting on the possibility of an Inter-Schools' Eisteddfod.

Dynevor has, in the past, produced many brilliant men, some of whom have had little experience in practical application of their theoretical knowledge. With the country crying out for industrial chemists, metallurgists and civil engineers, we should like to remind boys of the lower School of the opportunities in these fields; we welcome the introduction of Liberal Studies in applied technology into the curriculum of the Upper School.

SCHOOL NOTES

We should like to welcome the new members of staff to the school; D. M. Richards teaching English and History and J. Evans, metalwork, woodwork and technical drawing. The French Assistant this year is M. Jean-Pierre Boudillion from Paris.

Dynevor boys have been generous in giving their time to help with work for charity. Many boys took part in the walk to Llanelli in aid of the "British Epileptic Association", the "British Leprosy Relief Association" and "The National

Society for Mentally Handicapped Children". Although the walk was not considered in the eyes of the organisers to be a race, friendly rivalry between the walkers turned the evening into a marathon. Boys of the school expressed their sympathy for the victims of the Aberfan disaster in a collection which totalled £50. On the 24th October, 1966, volunteers sold flags for United Nations Day.

A Peace Film was shown to the fifth and sixth forms on the 23rd of November showing the work done by U.N.E.S.C.O. and our thanks must go to Mr. Tom Jones for providing such an interesting and stimulating afternoon. Rowan Williams of LVI. reflected credit on the school when he was invited to read his essay on the work of the United Nations to an audience in the Brangwyn Hall. A copy of his essay may be found in the magazine.

At the end of last term, the Gideon Society presented New Testaments to the boys of the lower school, exhorting them to model their lives on the life of Christ. Let us hope that the boys profit from their kind gift and comfortable words.

George Evans of last year's Upper Sixth, won the prize for the best Geography "A" level paper in Wales. A book token was presented by Professor W. G. V. Balchin, Professor of Geography and Vice President of University College, Swansea, on behalf of the "Royal Geographical Society." I am sure that the school joins in wishing George every success at King's College, London.

Several masters are giving up their peace of mind during the coming year to take boys of the school abroad. Sixty-four boys are sailing aboard the "S.S. Devonian" to Tangier, Alicante and Lisbon, headed by Mr. W. D. Davies and Mr. G. Davies. This is the first trip of this kind organised by the school, and we wish it every success. Mr. G. Jones, Mr. Quick and Mr. Hopkins are taking a party to Switzerland at Easter and the boys have been taking rigorous exercise in preparation for the skiing. Mr. R. B. Morgan, Mr. D. Jones and Mr. C. A. Jones are taking a party to Paris in July, a feat accomplished last year by Mr. W. D. Davies, with much success. We commend Mr. R. J. Howells on having the foresight to organise a trip to Russia. We hope that Siberia will prove to be very pleasant at this time of the year; and for his efforts we consider him worth his weight in salt. We wish to thank all the members of staff who are giving their hard won leisure to broaden their pupils' outlook on life.

At a prefects' meeting earlier this year it was decided that a tie of a new design should be worn by members of the Sixth Form. Subsequently Mr. A. Williams, the art master, submitted several designs for approval to the Sixth form as a whole, and a vote was taken to discover which design was most acceptable. However, members of the present Upper Sixth will have left when the tie becomes available next year.

In the field of sport, Dynevor has been well represented. A. Nantcurvis, UVIA, has been appointed Captain of the West Wales Youth XI, while Gray and Meredith, both of UVIA, have been selected to play for the same XI. Nantcurvis and Meredith played for Wales Youth against Ireland.

The Eisteddfod has taken place in traditional style with friendly rivalry seeking ever to raise the standards. The Senior Eisteddfod took place on the 28th February, and the Junior on St. David's Day. The final House Scores were:

Llewellyn. . .	191
Roberts . . .	154
Dillwyn . . .	134
Grove . . .	108

Llewellyn house has now won the cup three times in succession.

Our thanks must be given to Mr. Bryn Cox, Mrs. Clive John, Mr. Gwilym Roberts and the Rev. Alun Davies who adjudicated. Thanks must also go to the relay of masters who served to announce the items and call forward the competitors. Without you, Sirs, the Eisteddfod would not have had its concise orderly air. Members of "Glantawe Radio" taped the whole proceedings and they will be broadcast during next month.

We must pay tribute to those boys who have given their time to ease the monotony of the patients in Morriston Hospital, and to the girls who assisted them. Their action reflects credit not only on Dynevor and Glanmôr but on the youth of Swansea and even perhaps on the young people of Britain.

The play "Our Town" was the highlight of the term with the combined efforts of Dynevor and Glanmôr, under the direction of Mr. G. Davies and Miss Evans. There is a separate article about this in later pages.

In all, Dynevor has much to be proud of, both in Swansea and further afield. It has proved itself competent in the extreme in many fields, but on both sides of the line that divides master from pupil, it can truthfully be said, "Nihil sine Labore".

O BYDDED I'R HEN IAITH BARHAU !

Judging by the present state of affairs, it seems that the Welsh language is doomed to die sometime during the next three generations.

Most Welsh people, even those who speak only English would, I think, consider this a rather tragic prospect, but of course, learning a language is a very long and tedious task for most people, and they are not being at all unreasonable in shrinking from it.

Even teaching Welsh as a foreign language in secondary schools is virtually useless, except for the purpose of providing the background to a general education. If we are to take the necessary steps to ensure its survival, we must first examine why it is becoming less widely used. The answer, of course, is obvious—Everybody is speaking English.

Until about 20 years ago, the "night-life" of the typical Welsh village was confined to the Welsh chapel, whose medium of communication was, naturally, Welsh. But now, other entertainment challenges the chapel, and the old communal life is being destroyed. The point to be emphasised here is that this "new entertainment" (I am referring to radio and television) is through the medium of English. Alas, through a closer contact with large towns, marriages take place where only one of the future parents can speak Welsh. Consequently the children speak English only, and Welsh has had to surrender.

Language is an instrument which serves the community; therefore it must be considered from two standpoints: (a) a medium of communication within the family and (b) a medium of communication outside the family. This brings us to what I consider the main reason for the rapid transition from Welsh to English. Welsh-speakers are continually obliged to change their medium of communication from Welsh to English for "external" purposes such as filling in official forms, also almost all types of entertainment are in English—that is—there is little Welsh on the television and radio, and little "light literature" in the form of magazines, published in Welsh.

All these factors may be conveniently termed "external"

and their effect is that English becomes more familiar to all through habitual usage. As for using Welsh for administrative purposes, such as filling in forms in Welsh as mentioned above, this is called giving Welsh "official status". The fact that Welsh has not been granted official status (although we are slowly achieving it) contributes most seriously to the decline of the Welsh language. Only those who realise this can sympathise with those who strive to win "official status". Those who do **not** realise this look upon the demonstrators as "a lot of idiots" and say such things as "they've got their eisteddfodau to keep the Welsh language alive. Better if the extra cost involved for printing bilingual forms was spent on the eisteddfod", what these people fail to realise is that the Welsh language can keep the eisteddfod alive, but the eisteddfod cannot keep the Welsh language alive—a thing which can only be achieved through increased everyday usage.

Since both language and government are important servants of society, one would expect there to be a close link between them—and there is. If we study the countries of the world, we will easily notice that where there is a flourishing language, there is a government. The area where the French language is spoken coincides directly with the area which is controlled by the French government. This applies to almost any country—excluding former colonies which now have independence. This is proof enough that the Welsh language must be available for administrative purposes if it is to survive.

* * *

What then can be done to save the Welsh language?—Make Welsh available as a means of communication outside the family circle, and introduce bi-lingual education in junior schools from the age of 4 or 5 at least up to the age of 13. This is the most essential step and the most effective for the present. In this way, children will be brought up in the schools to learn Welsh and English effortlessly and to use them both naturally and correctly. Teaching Welsh at the age of 11 cannot produce Welsh-speaking children because their command of the English language will always be 11 years in advance.

It is important and encouraging to consider that if this bi-lingual education were introduced **throughout** Wales **now**, in only 15 years, when those starting now in the schools would be 20, Welsh and English could be used equally as a complete means of communication, just as in many countries children are brought up to speak a minimum of 3 languages.

N. L. WALKER, UVIA

EISTEDDFOD YSGOL DINEFWR

Beirniaid: Mr. Gwilym Roberts a Mrs. B. John (Cerdd)
Mr. Bryn Cox, Parch. Alun Davies (Adrodd)

SENIOR

Vocal Solo	..	A. Willis (R)
Piano Solo	..	C. Johnson (LL)
English Recitation	..	R. Williams (R)
Welsh Essay	..	G. Jones (LL)
Folk Song	..	P. Rees (LL)
Senior Poem	..	A. Bevan (R)
Adroddiad	..	G. Francis (D)
Speech	..	D. Mercer (D)
Guitar Solo	..	C. Parfitt (LL)
Instrumental Solo	..	M. Flower (LL)
Adroddiad Dysgwyr	..	G. Bristow (D)
Music Composition	..	C. Johnson (LL)

JUNIOR

Recorder Solo	..	K. Dunne (D)
English Recitation	..	E. Knox (D)
Vocal Solo	..	K. Daniel (R)
Poem	..	P. Andrewartha (LL)
Adroddiad Dysgwyr	..	Dalling (R)
Piano Solo	..	D. Williams (LL)
Welsh Essay	..	G. Davies (D)
Speech	..	Turner (G)
Guitar Solo	..	Evans (LL)
	..	Zager (R)
Adroddiad	..	D. Williams (LL)
Instrumental Solo	..	John (D)
English Choral Speaking	..	Llewellyn
Cyd-Adrodd	..	Roberts
Junior House Choir	..	Llewellyn
House Choir	..	Grove

FINAL POSITIONS

Llewellyn	..	191 points
Roberts	..	154 „
Dillwyn	..	134 „
Grove	..	108 „

WHAT THE UNITED NATIONS MEANS TO ME

The aims of the United Nations Organisation are not new: when the Renaissance and Reformation had destroyed the basic unity of Mediaeval Europe, many small national states arose, thus increasing the danger of war, since each state was greedy for territory; and so, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, many men put forward the idea of an international "forum" for the settling of disputes between nations. The "Concert of Europe" in the early nineteenth century was one attempt, though an unsuccessful one, to organise such a forum, but the first case of genuine international arbitration occurred in 1872, when an international court of Arbitration decided against Britain in the "Alabama" affair, and awarded compensation to the United States. But it took the horrors of the First World War to shock the nations of the world into the realisation that only a permanent "Society of Nations" could preserve the peace in the world. So, with this object in mind, the League of Nations was formed after the War. Its main members were the countries who had been victorious in the war, and it was therefore somewhat incomplete, but it was certainly a beginning, and was, in many ways, the fore-runner of the United Nations, as it did not confine itself to international affairs, but gave aid to refugees, and promoted social improvements, and developments in the care of the sick and the underprivileged in some countries. However, it failed completely to check the rise of Germany in the 1930's, and was unable to prevent the outbreak of the Second World War. A fresh start was clearly needed, and such a start was made in 1942—a sign of hope, in the middle of the war—and, in 1945 a charter was drafted and signed, and the United Nations Organisation came into being.

The U.N. has very many aspects to its work—the General Assembly, the Security Council, the International Court of Justice, the Economic and Social Council (the first body of this type to be organised), the Trusteeship Council, and the Secretariat, as well as many organisations sponsored by it, such as the World Health Organisation and the Food and Agriculture Organisation—but I intend to deal in detail with only one aspect: U.N.E.S.C.O., the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation, as this I think, should be of particular interest to youth, in some features of its work.

I wish to deal first with Unesco's work in under-developed countries; many wars have, in the past, been fought between the "haves" and the "have-nots", since poverty and want almost invariably breed discontent. This is one reason for

helping such countries; other reasons are: that a country which has ceased to be underdeveloped can contribute to the economic wealth and well-being of the world, and also that we have a duty, a moral obligation, to help those less fortunate than ourselves. To combat underdevelopment, education in more advanced technical skills is needed, and Unesco helps to provide such education; at present, about 250 educationalists and scientists are engaged in missions to 53 countries, under the auspices of Unesco. The organisation also sponsors Fundamental Education Centres for backward peoples (mainly outside their own countries). One of the worst problems which Unesco has to face is the almost universal illiteracy in these backward countries, and hence, an important aspect of Unesco's work is the primary and secondary education of children, as well as the education of adults, in such countries; it is obvious that illiteracy greatly slows down the rate at which education in the necessary technical skills already mentioned can be promoted. There are projects in connection with primary education in process in Africa, Asia, and Latin America, at present, each of these projects being specific, concerned with one particular town or village. This work has had considerable success in Africa, where the 1961 Conference of African States decided that "Primary Education shall be universal, compulsory and free". One example of the success of these activities is a project in Ethiopia, begun in 1955; the first school in the district was then opened consisting of merely one room, but after six years, it could boast of no less than 400 pupils, their ages ranging from six years old to twenty-two. Secondary schools and technical colleges are also being built, with a great deal of help from the Volunteer Work Camps, whose members also assist in the building of roads, houses, and clinics. A Programme of Technical Assistance was started in 1950, and an Indian Institute of Technology has been established at Kharagpur (some seventy miles from Calcutta), which contains a "model factory"; graduates of Kharagpur are much in demand in Indian industry. So, although Unesco's educational and scientific assistance may not be spectacular (since the task it faces is long and hard), its efforts have been rewarded, and its hopes justified by the success achieved even in so short a time as a decade and a half.

To turn to the third side of Unesco's work, the cultural: this is hardly less important than the work already described. The preface to the constitution of Unesco declares that "since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defences of peace must be constructed". How many wars have been caused by blind intolerance of other cultures or religious faiths, by misunderstanding of the thoughts and ideas

of others? Another of Unesco's tasks is, therefore, to develop cultural exchange between nations, so that countries may learn to appreciate the rich cultural heritage of other peoples, learn that no one country has a monopoly of any form of arts, or any development of ideas. Such exchange is, without doubt, greatly beneficial to all countries concerned. One well-known example of Unesco's work in this field is the series of Fontana Unesco Art Books, which may be seen in most bookshops.

Unesco also encourages exchange of schoolteachers and older pupils between countries, so that they may come to know each other as members of what one writer has called "a great neighbourhood". It is important, as well, to make nations aware of their own cultural heritage, and in Europe, this has been done by making the arts accessible to as many people as possible by encouraging interest in museums, art galleries and similar institutions, and also by profitable discussions on how the arts can be made to play a more important part in educational curricula. In Asia and Africa, the problem is different, as customs are rapidly altering, and there is a danger of a country abandoning its heritage of culture and tradition in over-enthusiastic modernisation: in many such cases, Unesco has helped in the preservation of national cultures by, for example, giving financial aid for a National Museum (this has been done in Tanzania, where there are many important relics of Man's early history, not, perhaps a part of Tanzania's culture, but certainly part of her heritage, in another sense). Yet another way in which Unesco fosters international understanding is through the Council for Education in World Citizenship, which produces many informative pamphlets and manuals, and encourages the annual "Goodwill Message", broadcast, from Wales, I am proud to say, to various countries of the world.

Yet these activities, and all the other subsidiary activities of the U.N., are impossible over any long period unless the world is free from war, and freedom from war must be, ultimately, the primary aim of any international organisation such as the U.N. Naturally, the subsidiary activities do help to prevent war, but it is also the U.N.'s task to arbitrate in cries and disputes. Recently, an article in "The Observer" bore the heading, "Is the U.N. Finished?" referring to "the Vietnam war, the violation of an angry China, the failure of the Great Powers to give enough support to keeping the peace and helping poorer countries, the frustrations of racialism in Africa, the weakness and disunity of the smaller nations". Many cases where the U.N. has been impotent or ineffective have been quoted. One example is the Security Council's inability to take action in the case of the Greek Civil War in the late 1940's, when Russia exercised her right of veto in the Security Council.

Nor was the General Assembly able to restrict Russia in Hungary in 1956; one of the reasons for the fact that no action was taken was, probably, that interference by the U.N. might have precipitated a major war. However, it is no use being cynical about these failures; in the past, human greed and ambition have all too often made peace impossible, and so it is today. The future is in our hands, the hands of youth; it lies with us to make the U.N. an effective force in the world of tomorrow, and thus it is our duty to learn about the U.N., how it effects us and our lives; indifference is still, tragically, all too common. The very fact of the existence of the U.N. shows that there is a world wide desire for peace; the United Nations Organisation has a vast potential, and the only hope for peace in our day is for this potential to be realized and made a fact; that will be the task of today's youth, citizens of tomorrow's world.

ROWAN D. WILLIAMS, LVI Arts.

J. P. STOOT

It is with great regret that the other members of the sixth form and I note that J. P. Stoot is leaving Dynevor at the end of term.

This illustrious member of UVI Sc.I has been a constant source of wit and mirth, and on many occasions has brought a smile to those of us in the library who at the time were delving into the higher realms of intellect, such as Bishop Blouham's Apology.

It has never been discovered what subjects this son of learning studies, but let it never be said that he absented himself without leave. Every free lesson was spent searching the library's archives for signs of beauty, or was it Fanny Hill? One week J.P.S. was reported to have spent 33 periods in the library; we challenge Dyvorians—past or present, to beat this record. Whenever the Champion of Good erred in his ways and was absent, the range of reasons available to him was impressive—an "O" level retake in Navigation, an interview at the University College of Upper Cwmtwrch.

To J.P. we send our dearest regards. May the next library you honour be as happy in your company as ours has. While we bid farewell to J.P., all hail to his successor, M.T. Box, who will be joining us next term.

A. N. OTHER, UVIA

STRANGER THAN FICTION—(Part I)

by JULIAN M. LEWIS, 4D.

Nobody took much notice of the two young men standing at the street corner, one with a mackintosh slung casually over his arm and the other, a few yards further along, clutching a rather dilapidated briefcase; though who could have guessed that the course of history was about to be changed? For this was Prague 1942, and the two loiterers—Josef Gabcik and Jan Kubis, had an appointment with a German general. His name: Reinhard Heydrich; his occupation: 'Protector' of Czechoslovakia; his aim: the extermination of thirty million Slavs!

Jan and Josef had been firm friends ever since their meeting in a refugee camp. Both had fled from the Gestapo, (Jan actually breaking out of prison), and they had made their way to England together. Now they were back in their homeland, hoping to strike a blow for freedom that would echo around the World!

Six hundred yards further up the street, stood a resistance worker, awaiting the appearance of Heydrich's green, chauffeured Mercedes. When it came in sight, he was to signal, using a pocket mirror, to Josef Valcik, who would relay the message on to Jan and Josef. Josef, with his folded raincoat camouflaging his sten, was to be the actual assassin, whilst Jan, armed with his favourite weapon—a Mills bomb—was prepared should the main attack fail.

Something was wrong! It was 10.27—Heydrich should have passed an hour earlier. Then, just as he noticed a tram beginning to climb the hill below him, Jan saw Valcik's signal. With a start, he realised that the paths of the tram and Mercedes would coincide at the corner! The car was only fifty yards away, when Josef stepped forward, throwing his mackintosh to the ground. He raised the sten and aimed it at the two faces in the fast approaching vehicle.

"Now!" yelled Jan.

Josef pulled the trigger—but nothing happened! Unknown to him, the sten's safety-catch had accidentally engaged. Now the Germans had seen him! Whatever his actions might have been, Heydrich's courage cannot be questioned. Ordering Klein—his chauffeur—to brake, he reached for his revolver. By now, the car had passed Jan and was almost level with the tram; when he leapt after it, lobbing his grenade at the rear nearside wheel. There was a tremendous thunder-clap—the tram windows disintegrated, the car jerked to a halt and Jan felt a searing pain near his right eye, whilst something else struck him hard in the chest.

As he grabbed his bicycle which was standing nearby, Jan heard the report of Heydrich's revolver, as a bullet whined past him. Meanwhile, another tram had drawn up beside the first. Dodging between them, Jan mounted the bicycle and set off downhill. Despite several attempts to stop him, Jan was soon out of range, heading for a 'safe-house'. His last glimpse of the scene showed Josef running towards his own bicycle, leaving the useless sten lying in the middle of the road. They were not to see each other again until their reunion in the Church of Resslova Street. What followed there, will be recounted in Part Two.

... As Josef turned towards his bicycle, he was horrified to see that the commuters, who had alighted from the trams, were blocking his path. Waving his revolver, he dashed between the trams to the other side of the street. Suddenly came the whine of a ricocheting bullet—Heydrich was after him!

From the cover of a telegraph pole, he returned a shot and the general vanished behind one of the trams. After one or two minutes, Heydrich expended his last bullet; realising this, Josef hared off up the hill. Sparing a glance over his shoulder, he discovered that Klein, having been forced to abandon chasing Jan, was now pounding in pursuit. Leaping behind a nearby post, Josef fired at the enormous German who also took advantage of the meagre protection offered by a telegraph pole near him.

The back—and—forth duel resumed, until Josef fired two shots to make Klein keep his head down, charged off uphill and turned off into a side-road. Panting, he rushed into a butcher's shop and begged not to be given away. However, this Czech was no hero and dashed out to tell Klein of Josef's whereabouts. There being no back-entrance, Klein confidently swaggered into the path . . . To receive a bullet in his thigh from Josef's revolver. As he scooted past, Josef wounded Klein again—in the ankle, raced down the street, into a major road and jumped on a passing tram. He 'lay low' at a friend's house for several days, until he, too, was transferred to the church.

Meanwhile, what had become of Heydrich? Although Jan was unaware of the fact, his grenade had done its work well, blowing poisonous particles from the seat-covers into the general's spleen. Initially, no-one attempted to help him. Then a blonde moved forward and, after unsuccessfully urging the crowd to help, she and two policemen commanded a baker's van to take Heydrich to Bulovaka Hospital.

It was all in vain, as the only drug which could have saved him—penicillin—was in the Allies' hands alone. On June 4, 1942, Reinhard Heydrich died, after eight days of agony. A fitting end to one of the most fiendish creatures ever to plague the World.

There were, however, further adventures in store for the paratroops, as will be seen next term in part two of this amazing, yet factual saga.

THE MAGIC ROUNDABOUT

"The Magic Roundabout", B.B.C.'s epoch-making saga of life, provokes grave thought in the serious student. Its psychology has a fundamental significance for us which assists us to fulfil our wordly purpose. The characters symbolise the conflict which assails our innermost convictions and moral standards. The situations are essentially an over-simplification of the pressures of the modern world.

What is the secret of Zebedee's motive power? You may call it a mere spiral spring, but what does it really imply? Delving into the metaphorical essence and rejecting the confusion of human prejudice, we begin to see the underlying suggestion of his frustrated relationships. This inevitably links up, in the minds of thinking people with the connotation of "hot, buttered toast" in that surrealistic epic of the small screen, "Noggin, the Nog".

Where can those brilliant characters, Dougal and Florence, fit into this construction of the Universal Truth? Perhaps, though under the sinister magnetic influence of Mr. Rusty, it is that external yet internal force we call Human Nature. To my mind, the institution of the roundabout, which undoubtedly delineates the world, is important in its absence from the action. Thus we can see that the action is, of course, escapist.

It seems that the enigma of "The Magic Roundabout" will remain hidden until future generations, with the advantages of hindsight, uncover the source of its intrinsic greatness and overwhelming influence.

J. P. STOOT

THE PRODUCTION OF "OUR TOWN"

Two problems face producer and company in presenting this play, "Our Town", by Thornton Wilder: the first is the normal one of timing, but here it is exaggerated in intensity, and applicable to professionals and amateurs alike; the second,

peculiar to amateurs and particularly to adolescent amateurs, is that of acquiring and maintaining an American accent. A third problem arose purely from the milieu of this presentation by Glanmor and Dynevor on January 31st, February 1st and 2nd in that the stage in our school hall has been planned so that the total depth of the stage makes any movement thereon a matter of the most rigorous discipline. I am glad to report that all three problems were successfully solved by the patience and skill of the producers, Mr. Graham Davies and Miss Jean Evans, by the assiduous devotion to practice and rehearsal on the part of the young company, and by the sheer ingenuity of a band of back stage workers.

To take the last problem first; the twelve feet depth of the stage had to be extended to avoid having one half of Dr. Gibbs' front garden halfway across Main Street, for even if a dog could sleep there all day undisturbed, I doubt whether the verisimilitude would have stood the shock of having cabbages growing on the steps of the Town Hall. Led by Mr. Glyn Jones, and having purloined the tables from the Staff Room, and enlisted the aid of British Railways, M.A.C. Construction Ltd., and others, Alun Hinder and Paul Collings extended the stage area by ten feet deep, and eighteen feet wide.

The problem of the American accent was quickly solved initially, possibly because these days we hear more American than English on the T.V. and in the Cinema. But the consequent problem of maintaining the accent throughout two hours, despite changes of emotional pitch, nuances of tone, and variation of speech content, involved hours of patient training given almost individually by the producers. I doubt if the latter enjoyed an uninterrupted lunch break for months before the presentation. As a result it is hard to distinguish anyone on this score; certainly Jeffrey Lewis as Howie Newsome was most effective, yet the same could be said of Frances Bevan as Mrs. Gibbs, Clive Thomas as Doc. Gibbs (who somehow intensified his American accent with appropriate gestures), Joan Evans as Mrs. Webb, and Rhian John ('wasn't it a lovely wedding') as Mrs. Soames.

The other over-riding problem (of timing) needs the most careful attention. The total pace has to be leisurely, small-town, mid-Western, relaxed and easy-going. It reflects the greatest credit on all concerned that the company achieved this. Nobody hurried, but nobody hesitated, missed cues, or left interpolations dying in mid air. I was particularly impressed by the timing in the scene in the garden played by Frances Bevan and Joan Evans; between Doc. Gibbs and his wife on the wedding morning; between David Mercer as Editor Webb and David Price as Constable Warren; between Paul Phillips as the

Undertaker and Timothy Richards as Sam Craig in the cemetery (where the sense of acceptance of death as a part of life and our resignation to this fact was conveyed almost entirely by the carefully worked out pauses rather than by the actual speech content). But above all, timing was the whole secret of that wonderful cameo of nascent love played so movingly by Lynne Treacher as Emily and Christopher Davies as George. The whole illusion turned upon the restraint of these young actors. It is easy enough to declaim 'Once more into the breach dear friends'; it is very difficult to convey half formed thoughts significant of half realised desires stifled by adolescent shyness. Yet, thanks to excellent timing and control, this is exactly what was conveyed to the audience.

Lynne Treacher went on to even greater heights, and the critic of the Local Newspaper rightly singled her out for special mention. She carried the burden of the final scene with the confidence and skill which many an older amateur actress would envy.

I have purposely left mentioning Rowan Williams as the Stage Manager until now. I do not think everybody fully appreciates the importance of this part in the play. The timing has to be faultless; the gestures have to be rigidly disciplined, the tone has to be appropriate, varying from Prologue, to Chorus, to angry old lady, to Minister of the Church, to the voice of Fate itself, and finally to genial Epilogue bidding us all 'have a good rest too', thus soothing us after the emotional strain of the final scene, and seeming to assure us that "All is best". All this Rowan Williams did with command, dignity, and sincerity. His performance inspired confidence from the very first, and this confidence was not mis-placed.

The choir performed admirably, and Mervyn Phillips as the drunken Choirmaster was so off beat in his wielding of the baton that one wondered whether or not he really knew what he was doing, though he left us in no doubt as to what he wanted the Choir to do, and when they responded too wholeheartedly his annoyance conveyed the right mixture of alcoholic truculence and shocked musical sensibilities.

In sum, we went to see a school play; what we had was an emotional experience which took us by surprise. This could not be attributed entirely to the cunning of the playwright. In the last resort everything depends upon communication, and in this respect adverse criticism would be untrue.



CAST — in order of appearance:

Stage Manager	ROWAN WILLIAMS
Dr. Gibbs	CLIVE THOMAS
Joe Crowell	DAVID GRIFFITHS
Howie Newsome	JEFFREY LEWIS
Mrs. Gibbs	FRANCES BEVAN
Mrs. Webb	JOAN EVANS
George Gibbs	CHRISTOPHER DAVIES
Rebecca Gibbs	ANGELA KNOX
Wally Webb	JOHN JAMES
Emily Webb	LYNNE TREACHER
Mr. Webb	DAVID MERCER
Simon Stimson	MERVYN PHILLIPS
Mrs. Soames	RHIAN JOHN
Constable Warren	DAVID PRICE
Si Crowell	DAVID GRIFFITHS
Joe Stoddard	PAUL PHILLIPS
Sam Graig	TIMOTHY RICHARDS

PEOPLE OF THE TOWN:

Michael Nye, Margaret Milliner*, Katy Evans*,
 Ieuan Rees, Lynne John, Christopher Pike,
 Vincent Maolini*, Andrew Willis*, Carl Johnson*,
 Gavin Boast*, Jennifer Plucknett*, Robert Isaac*,
 John Williams*.

<i>Assistant Stage Managers</i>	..	PETER ELLIS, PAUL BUTTON
<i>Lighting</i> KEVIN MCNIFF
<i>Prompt</i>	CHRISTINE WILLIAMS
<i>Production Secretary</i>	PAMELA GRONOW
<i>Make-up</i>	Mr. & Mrs. TOM MORGAN

** Members of the Choir*

BEHIND STAGE IN "OUR TOWN"

On January 31st, February 1st and 2nd, as many of you know, the school(s) play was performed. It was an overwhelming success, but behind it all lay months of hard work, frustration, and some well earned laughs.

The preparations began in September of last year, when the first auditions were held. Naturally, the thought of playing next to real "live" girls attracted many boys. However, a casting rehearsal was held, (after sorting out these "playboys") and this involved acting a scene of the play, with emphasis on the voice. From this rehearsal our producers, Mr. Graham Davies and Miss Jean Evans drew up a list of the final cast. Soon after this rehearsals got underway, the first few of which involved plotting positions rather than speaking lines. These rehearsals slowly gave way to the normal type and from then on the play progressed as smoothly as could be expected (ably aided by tea, coffee and biscuits—by kind permission of Mrs. Baker).

"The stage is not big enough!" cried Mr. Davies. Every theatre has its set-backs and ours was no exception. A very sound conversation between certain members of staff produced a not so sound looking collection of old wood, bits of iron and rusty bolts, which, we were later informed was the stage extension—all 10 feet by 18 feet of it! (how it was obtained the reader can well imagine). Mr. Glyn Jones (Metalwork) kindly undertook the task of assembling it. Unfortunately, the supports of the "apron" were few and far between, and a certain boy (who, for reasons beyond my control, will remain anonymous!) was advised against walking over it. Some days (or was it weeks! !) later, this fault was rectified and even Bunter, not to mention certain members of staff, could have been safely supported. Satisfaction was still not expressed because it was short by a few feet either side. This called for a high plan of attack.

Certain lengths of rather thick, oily wood, resembling somewhat the railway sleepers one often sees, were left at the

school (this may account for certain derailments between London and Swansea). When they were dry, they were laid on the floor in the hall in a pre-arranged pattern; two either side parallel with the proscenium opening. One sunny afternoon, a certain Mr. Bennett, and some "volunteers" crept quietly up to the main staff-room and removed two tables (the only two!). They were replaced with four rickety tables from underneath the stage. The "removed" tables were placed either side of the apron, on the sleepers, so as to form a "mini-apron". The stage was now constructionally sound.

Talking of sound, there were sound effects written into the script, so a plea was launched in the streamlined form of Tim Richards, who invaded the B.B.C. and they kindly provided our sound-effects.

The next problem was probably the greatest, (perhaps I am biased?)—lighting. We already had some lighting apparatus and a suitable switchboard, but this was far from sufficient, especially as we now had to illuminate the apron stage. Some "lanterns" were purchased, but their high cost prevented purchase of many. We therefore had to scrounge around and through Mr. Davies, we were able to collect the required number of lights. The big problem was to wire them up. Because of certain restrictions we had great difficulty in obtaining electricians to do the necessary work, but the Headmaster, by dint of persistence, got the wiring done by Christmas and with a new switchboard, made of four conventional dimmers on an old rostrum, a substantial lay-out existed on which I could work with relative ease. The lighting plot had to be worked out and this was done in the holidays, after Christmas. Not only was the lighting rehearsed, but much work went into actual rehearsals, and the attendance was excellent.

When the Easter Term began there were approximately two and a half weeks to the performance date, and still there were odd jobs to do e.g. about the stage; painting and adding the finishing touches to props. etc.; checking lights and colour filters; checking sound effects and so on;—at Glanmor, the girls were busy with the costumes and make up. The final dress rehearsal went very well and so all, we thought, would go well on the night, but NO! At nine the following morning, Doc Gibbs reported with a sore throat and was sent home, At eleven, his understudy was busy revising lines and moves (understudy was Mr. Davies!). At one forty-five the crisis was over—Doc Gibbs could make it.

For three evenings the play was presented to appreciative and sympathetic audiences and to round off the play, Miss Hunt and Mr. D. B. Norris made congratulatory speeches. There are numerous post-play activities planned, some of

which are: a recording of the play for Glantawe Radio and one which has now been held: A party at Glanmor. This turned out to be very successful and most of the partygoers enjoyed it (I seem to recollect a certain Mr. Hughes singing wholeheartedly—"Lloyd George knew my father").

To end this article, I should like to thank all the cast, backstage staff, Front of House managers and Mrs. Baker, without whose assistance, however great or small, there could have been no Glanmor/Dynevor production of "Our Town".

KEVIN MCNIFF, LVI Arts

A TOWER OF STRENGTH

A vast complex of mat-grey machinery lay before the director's eyes. Under the reinforced concrete housing, it covered a quarter of a square mile. In the centre was a tall tower which reached up to the bright day above as if it were superior to the machinery in the gloomy darkness. The tower displayed luminous dials and wildly blinking lights, small messenger saucers were emitted from doors in its base as they sped along the conveyor belts to all corners of the factory. Stored in the tower was all the equipment necessary to quell any factory emergency in ten seconds. The maintained oil levels, water flows, required temperatures, fuel supplies, in fact everything within its quarter square mile domain was automatically almost instinctively controlled. The tower was a brain—a man made brain—sixty feet tall with a ten foot diameter! The factory produced nuclear power units for the U.N. Space Commission. Each unit contained five thousand miles of copper wire; one such unit was being built right then as the tool rigs rhythmically rose and fell, as the conveyor belts whirled, as the heavily greased chains rattled. . .

And these huge, complex power units were constructed under the sole supervision of the tower—not a man was in sight. No man was working here; the machines undertook every task. Automation at its peak!

The director flicked a switch on his closed-circuit TV screen. It frightened him to see the lights blinking on that tower. The very idea that a machine might supersede man appalled him, but at the same time he realized that human error could not be tolerated on a project as important as this. Thus, the Tower had supreme command. It would only be shut off from three places: the Kremlin, the Pentagon and Whitehall.

Each complex power unit took a year to be built, checked and finally passed by the Tower. Sixteen motors were required

to power the four spaceships planned—but there was no hurry now. Competition in the field of space travel had ceased; it proved too expensive even for the tycoon states. So they had all pooled their resources to build the tower and its factory—and eventually the inter-stellar spaceship.

The TV screen now focused on the marshalling yard above the factory. The director saw a huge metal panel slide smoothly back revealing the hideous machinery below. A lift rose out of the factory bearing a huge cylindrical case; the eighth atomic power unit was complete. Still no men were to be seen as the massive unit rolled down a long magnetic ramp to a padded loading bay half a mile off. Here, for the first time, the unit met man as it was loaded onto its colossal road transporter.

On the factory below, the Tower blinked and seemed to mock mankind somehow before it started its ninth year of operation, its ninth power unit.

* * *

The first four units were by this time installed in the actual spacecraft and had undergone operational testing in the radiation-proof Russian Test-Centre. These four were now stored away in bacteria-free hangars deep underground. Units five, six and seven had also undergone intensive testing and were all found to be perfect. The Tower had not faltered since, had not misplaced a charge as much as a millimetre, had not overlapped two metal sheets too much in seven years! Would power unit number eight stand up to the testing?

The mighty number eight entered the Russian Test Centre. Here, U.N. scientists, nuclear physicists and technicians gave her a final checking over before committing her to storage. The power unit passed from test sector to test sector undergoing all the checks and the facts thus collected were injected into the Centre's computer bank.

No modifications had been made to the orders and design plans given to the tower. Indeed, no man had entered that underground factory in eight years. Yet an inescapable fact appeared on that report submitted by the computers—Engine number eight was different from the others. It was $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ more efficient; it used less fuel, yet it gave more power! It was an improvement, a vast improvement, but no man had planned this engine. This was the doing of . . . the Tower!

The Tower blinked and peacefully continued its task of building power unit number nine.

* * *

These horrifying facts were reported to the international

leaders of the scientific world. The word soon got around that the Tower had begun to go mad or, even worse, intelligent!

A summit meeting was summoned at Whitehall immediately and the problem was discussed. After a week of talks only the three key scientific nations were still represented. The less powerful nations had renounced all responsibility and had opted out. Even strong nations: Germany, France, Japan, even China had to succumb to the terrifying pressure imposed on them.

And, while the Tower silently and perfectly continued to work, the Big Three could reach no agreement as to what was to be done. Two governments wanted to shut down the Tower before it ran wild, but the third was adamant in its attitude that the Tower should be allowed to construct the new power units, even make more improvements—after all, billions of pounds had been sunk into the project! The system which would blow up the factory had three switches, of course, but for obvious security reasons, no one button would explode the hidden bomb in the factory. All three buttons had to be depressed together.

Until a unanimous decision could be made, the Tower would continue its rule of the factory, would continue to determine the design of the power units. The director, having gathered information from his TV screen, reported that almost every component installed in Number Nine was an improvement on its predecessors. The Tower was now showing its power and resources!.

Still, no agreement could be made. The only way to destroy the Tower now was by external force, J.C.B.M.'s. In two nations, rockets with nuclear warheads rose from their subterranean hideouts, their booldhound noses trained on the distant Tower. In the third nation, atomic missiles were trained on the capital cities of the other two states. And each of the three governments was afraid to move, to press the button thus starting a World Atomic War.

So the world, led by these three, was in a state of absolute deadlock created by the Tower which still built its power units, unheeding the nerve-wracking negotiations and counter-threats going on between the world's diplomats. Only the Tower was unafraid of the poised inter-continental ballistic missiles.

A machine ruled the world.

ANDREW BEVAN, IVC



PREFECTS 1966-67

Back Row: M. O'Brien, N. Clatworthy, A. T. Davies, P. D. Hunt, D. M. Criddle, R. L. Griffiths, M. Mills-Davies, D. G. Casker.

Middle Row: M. Pickard, A. Nanticurvis, P. Dehtiar, A. Hinder, M. Trollope, D. A. Guest, C. Johnson, D. Mercer.

Front Row: B. Meredith, V. Maiolini, H. Bowen, Mr. Clifford Evans, (*Deputy Headmaster*), Mr. B. Norris (*Headmaster*), D. Sinnott, J. Williams, G. M. Davies.

EISTEDDFOD—1967

(1st JUNIOR)

THE OPEN ROAD

I'd love to tramp the open road,
And not remain in one abode;
Walking up the hills and down,
I'd go along from town to town.

Tramping the road, I'd spend my day
And go to sleep amongst the hay,
My simple food I'd cook on a fire
Made with twigs and bits of brier.

I'd tramp the road, no worry or care,
Enjoying myself in the open air;
With the sky above and songs of birds,
I can't express my joy in words.

PETER ANDREWARTHA, 3C

2nd JUNIOR

S H A R K

Slipping, sliding,
Gracefully gliding,
Making neither ripple nor waves
He dives down below
As if to show

He is master and all others are slaves.

He swims undisturbed,
Supremely unperturbed,
To his domains in the depths of the sea.
They are his fiefs,
The caves and the reefs,
That no human ever shall see.

DAVID ZAGER, 1e.

(3rd JUNIOR)

THE MESSIAH

A son of God was born one day
In a manger far away,
From the East wise men came,
Hearing of His wondrous fame.

All the nation and all the Earth
Bowed to that boy of Jewish birth;
His name was Jesus, He was the Messiah,
To heal the sick was his desire.

They thought He came to help them fight,
To kill their enemies outright,
Jesus did not want harm done,
But to love their enemies every one.

Jesus came in flesh and blood,
He tried to make the whole world good;
He taught and preached the nation wide,
And on the Cross for us He died.

PAUL PASTERNAK, IA

(4th JUNIOR)

W A L E S

O to be in Wales
With all its hills and dales,
Its mountain streams
And druids' dreams,
Its music and its song.

O to be in Gower
In a summer hour;
Or, look across the bay at night,
You'll see the Mumbles light
And the glistening sea.

Its mighty castles loom
Above the valleys gloom;
Miners search its heart
For fuel for the hearth;
Its mighty choirs sing.

Its dockers load the crates,
And workers tin the plate,
And yet so close
The Gower coast
Its industrial centres mock.

But, O to be in Wales
With all its hills and dales
On Dydd Dewi Sant
As its praises we chant
Mid daffodils so bright.

N. P. STABB, 3E

(1st SENIOR)

CONQUEST FROM SPACE

(The prologue to the ultimately important event in the History of Mankind.)

The highland tropic night is sweet with scent,
The plateaulands, a solitary wall,
Provide majestic backdrops hued in pall.
And Nature's tense, awaiting to present
Some awe-inspiring, wonderful event,
Imperial in dimensions; broad and tall;
That's long and timely too. What will befall
Upon this lofty flat? The peace is rent
By a distant, barely noticeable whine.
The sound is drawing slowly, surely near,
Over the horizon 'fore the sun,
A red, unfriendly light begins to shine;
An alien shape to turn brave men to fear:
The herald of an era unbegun.

ANDREW BEVAN, 4C

(2nd SENIOR)

CONFORMITY

The wind is howling fiercely at my ears,
Now pulling me, now pushing me
Till I reach the calm deception of the water's edge,
Where all the mighty vented fury
Of the crashing foam is brought to nothing
But a humble hesitating servant
To the cold old power of the lording dunes.

The surging waters heave and foam and rage,
But all too soon, like youth, submit to age.
A monstrous rearing wave springs up and up
So confident of making an impression
In the cold depths of the unwilling sand.
But Oh! How soon initial impetus is shed!
Dragged slowly backwards by unyielding chains of lead.

The greying sands and wispy greyish skies
Unite to throw their mantle on the sea,
And on this blank and chilly afternoon
The swelling waves conform, and all is grey.
The wind dies down; the tide creeps slowly now;
The futile anger of the waves is spent,
And who can tell us what it might have meant?

LLOYD REES, UVI Arts

(SENIOR)

I DIED ALONE

I sat by fire dwindling low,
The final ashes crackling epitaphs.
The windows were in crispness balmed;
Fresh diamond snow from wintry chaffs,
Took refuge 'gainst the leaden panes;
And misted up my view upon the world.
The humble light from a dying wax
Which on a stool inlaid with dust of years
Lit up a corner with all its queer shapes
Then flickered, waxed, and waned, and died;
Whilst in me also died the hope of dreams.
And the winter wind was the one who cried
When one more ill-begotten soul did yield.

J. YOUNG, LVI Arts

CUSTER'S FINEST HOUR

By now the banner was hard pressed,
As the soldiers, smeared with blood,
Fought with their knives, and their bare hands,
In the slippery, dirty mud.

'Midst all the din, rose Custer's roar,
A giant amongst men,
He whirled his sabre left and right,
Fought with the strength of ten.

"Defend the Flag, and die like men",
He bravely stood his ground,
Though weak through wounds, and loss of blood,
He uttered not a sound.

"The man who leaves the Stars and Stripes,
I swear it now, he dies"
Around him, by his very feet,
His soldiers fell like flies.

Then all too soon, just he was left,
Alone, dead on his feet,
And though the savage hordes pressed on,
They found him hard to beat.

Till at long last, his broken form
Upon the wet ground lay;
A once proud man, success in life,
All gone in one black day.

LINDEN REES, 4D

IMAGINATION

In the classroom hot and stuffy
Thirty boys were sweating;
Out of the window I dared to glance
Only a glance, and I was once more
On a cool and windy Blackpool shore
Sharing the pleasures of the fish,
Cool, cool all over.

Oh! What a change from the classroom,
Climbing rocks, riding ponies;
Then in the night, the fun of the fair;
Boys and girls, laughing and dancing,
And in a flash, I was there, shouting,
Joining in the fun of the fair.

The clock chimed ten!
It fetched me back
With a startled grin
Back to the classroom,
To thirty boys all sweating.

If only one wish had I,
It would be for evermore
I could swim with the fish
Along the sandy Blackpool shore.

R. J. WILLIAMS, 2E

FUGUE IN THE NORTH

Do you
think, J.S.
I can guess
what you are up to
over these suspensions lingering?
It's not the fingering
but the footering
that gets me muttering,
until I hardly know whether it's swell or great,
whether to feel love or hate;
I cry: 'You'll not get, J.S.,
out of this mess!'
but with the merest waver
of a trilled semi-quaver
you Do!

OLD DY'VORIAN

Many a moon have I seen
From this dark cold room;
Then I begin to move
Around this dark cold room.

I am a toy space-man.
With the toy monster I fight;
My ray-gun pierces his thick skin,
But no harm is done to him.

The other toys call me puny,
For none of them can I fight;
My ray-gun only squirts water,
To their delight.

COLIN RICHARDS, 1A

THE CAVERNS OF DARKNESS

As I walk through
the caverns of darkness,
they shout to be let free;
why should I care?

The boat is ready,
and as I give it a final push
they wail for their lives;
why should I care?

The sea of blood to cross,
and the ocean of eternity;
no-one ever comes back;
why should I care?
I, the Devil.

MICHAEL C. TURNER, 3E

MANDARIN

Colourful costumes and umbrella,
Chinese bridge to walk the river
Made of glass and like a rainbow,
Blue, green, and yellow.

By sparkling waters deep or shallow,
Through rice fields I wander.
Slowly the sun shines over the distant hills,
And shines on the valley where I live.

Slow I walk the lonely street,
This is how it should be
Among the whispering blowing leaves;
Now I am going home, Ah!

PAUL DAVIES, 1A

TOY SOLDIER

I am a soldier,
My head is of tin
And so are my legs;
I am painted red, black and white
My helmet is green.

I am a soldier,
My gun is of iron
And my knife is of steel;
Wind me up and I will march,
Pull a switch and I will shoot.

I am a soldier brave and strong;
I can fight the Golliwog
That lives up on the shelf;
The Teddy tried to frighten me,
But I told him a thing or two.
And he just ran away.

IAN BEVAN, IA

"YSTRAD FFLUR"

by THOMAS GWYN JONES

(Translated by R. D. WILLIAMS, LVI Arts)

On trees in Ystrad Fflur, the leaves
Are murm'ring in the breeze;
There, sepulchred, twelve abbots lie—
No sound disturbs their ease.

And there, beneath the mournful yew,
Lies Dafydd, sweet of rhyme,
And many chieftains (sharp their swords!)
Beyond the cares of time.

In summer-time, the awakened tree
Adorns its boughs with leaves;
But man sleeps on: his handiwork
Decay's slow touch receives.

I see Death's sad oblivion,
Faith's ruined monuments—
But when I walk in Ystrad Fflur
Hushed are my heart's laments.

"DREAMING"

Composed on being held Prisoner in a Japanese P.O.W. Camp.

As we sleep we dream of home,
Of loved ones very dear,
Many, many miles away—
But in our thoughts so near.
Oh! What torture then to wake,
And find our dreams in vain;
For prisoners of war are we—
How long to thus remain?

Our day begins right early
With the rising of the sun;
Then starts our work that's not complete
Until the day is done.
The sun that keeps on shining
In glory high above;
It does not show us mercy,
For us it has no love.

Each cloud's to us a treasure,
And when it comes to rain—
That brings our only leisure—
Then back to work again.
Although we're still in prison,
In dreams we can be free—
For they cannot stop us dreaming,
Though prisoners we may be!

G. HODGE (Old Dyvorian)

G U N

Bang! Bang!
You're dead!
I often say
To cowboys and soldiers alike!
"I shoot to kill
and nothing else",
I sometimes have to say.
So you'd better look out,
Don't get in my way
Don't laugh or try to jeer at me,
Or else I'll have to say
"Bang! Bang!"
And you'll regret you came my way.

DAVID ZAGER, IE

"YR URDD"

Some very successful meetings of the Urdd have been held during the current school year and they have been very well attended. As usual a number of our pupils will be spending a week at the Urdd Summer Camps at Llangrannog and Glan-Llyn during the Summer Holidays. Pupils were thanked by the Urdd Swansea area Committee for acting as stewards at the Urdd area eisteddfod at Dynevor Hall on March 4th, and the County Eisteddfod at Neath on March 11th.

One of the highlights of the season's activities was the Debate; "That the School Eisteddfod is a cultural event that should be retained at all costs". Proposers were: J. Walters and K. Williams (LVI Arts); Opposers: Meirion Evans and S. Charlton (4A). The motion was carried by a substantial majority. A feature of this debate was the number of excellent speeches from the floor mainly by junior boys.

Later in the session a Welsh Forum was held when Mr. Mort, Mr. Ieuan Jones, Mr. Hywel Lloyd and Mr. Bryn Davies came along to answer pupils' questions (serious and humorous) about Wales and Welsh affairs. As can be imagined this was a highly enjoyable and entertaining meeting. A number of quizzes and contests were held, and a record evening is planned for the end of term.

GERAINT JEFFREYS, LVI Sc.I
Secretary

REMEMBER, REMEMBER THE 20th OF NOVEMBER.

On a cold, but fortunately dry Saturday night a crowd of about 1,000 young idiots, including myself and Michael Nye, congregated near High Street Station. Our aim was to walk to Llanelli for charity.

At 11.45 p.m. this crowd, suitably clothed in thick sweaters, combat jackets and bobble hats set off in mass, yet by the time we had passed the slaughter house the field was well strung out. The first difficulty came at Cwmbwrla square, two policemen, most perplexed by this mass descending on them so suddenly, called a halt; it seemed as if our merry jaunt had met a sudden death. However, after much pleading by the officials and jeering by the walkers, we were allowed to move on. We charged up the hill and by Fforestfach Cross the race was well and truly on. We two for Swansea against four army cadets for Llanelli.

One of these charged well ahead, but while he stopped at C.E.M. Days for refreshments we five forged on and regained the lead, but he soon caught us again. We stayed with him to Loughor but then he and one of his compatriots forged ahead again. I gave up the chase but Mike charged after them. Across the bridge we rushed into Carmarthenshire where we were glad to see they kept the street lights on. We passed what remained of a Jag. and a mini-van, and were jeered on by the police at the scene. Now the battle for positions hotted up; I pulled away from the two Llanelli boys and caught up with Mike, but we failed to catch the Cadets. So at 2.15, two sore and exhausted figures limped to the finishing point. Here we received a nasty shock when we were told it was another half mile to the resting place, Scotts. This half mile appeared at the time to be the longest we had ever walked and it took us a quarter of an hour to do it.

Worse to follow though, the buses to take us home did not arrive until 4.30, at which time the stragglers, noticeably the couples, were still arriving. Still worse, the buses did not go anywhere near our homes and so at 5.15 we were left with another two miles or so to walk home. It nearly killed us.

D. J. MERCER, UVI Arts

THE ELEVENTH HOUR OF BRITISH STEAM LOCOMOTIVES

Nearly ten years have passed since the declaration of the British Rail Modernisation Plan to replace steam power by the adoption of diesel and electric traction. No. 71000 "Duke of Gloucester", the last express passenger steam locomotive to be constructed was delivered from Crewe works in 1954. The last locomotive of all No. 92220, a Swindon product, was turned out at the beginning of 1960. To mark the event No. 92220 was painted in green livery and was given a copper-capped chimney, which was a tradition of the Great Western Railway.

Steam power has disappeared from most areas and on others has been replaced, either by diesel or electric traction; though steam locomotives may still be seen substituting for failed diesels. Towards the end of last year steam power was completely obliterated from the Shrewsbury-Aberystwyth line. Diesel traction is now the common motive power for the Cambrian Railway. Somewhat four years ago, an announcement was made by the British Rail Board that any steam locomotive in need of heavy repairs such as requiring a new boiler or attention to main frames is to be condemned. Thus quite

modern steam locomotives like the "standard" types of British Rail of which the first of this variety being the "Britannia" class, only introduced in 1951 are getting overrun by withdrawals. The first standard class locomotive to be scrapped was class 4, 2-6-4T No. 80103. after serving a life of no more than ten years. Since then, withdrawals have considerably increased on these locomotives. No. 71000 "Duke of Gloucester" was withdrawn from service in 1963, after a life of only eight years. Standard class 9 locomotive No. 92220 "Evening Star" was withdrawn from service two years ago in 1965 following the shortest life that a British locomotive has ever experienced.

Other modern classes of steam locomotives were the Southern Region's "West Country" and "Battle of Britain". The "West Country" class of locomotives were named after places in the West Country whilst the "Battle of Britain" locomotives were named after various men and Squadrons in the Royal Air Force. Only nine years ago in 1957 during the course of the reconstruction of somewhat 70% of the "West Country" and "Battle of Britain" classes, the original Bulleid valve gear was removed and instead, Walschaert's valve was applied together with other details of modification. In 1962 "Battle of Britain" class locomotive No. 34064 "Fighter Command", was introduced with a Giesl oblong ejector; but in 1963, to all steam fans' disappointment, a few of these locomotives were scrapped, until now only one or two remain. At the beginning of these locomotives' career one hundred and ten were built. Quite a number of these fine engines may now be seen at Barry, awaiting their fate, in the scrapyard.

The conversion of areas to either diesel or electric traction has meant the removal of still serviceable steam locomotives to other parts of the country, not yet equipped with diesel or electric motive power to replace other steam locomotives withdrawn from those areas. Thus in the very early months of 1964, the standard type "Britannia" class locomotive remaining on the Eastern Region of British Rail was transferred to the London Midland Region to be allocated at Carlisle and Crewe. Steam may still be seen on the North Wales coast line, but the change to diesel traction is likely to take place within the next month or so. There are still occasional steam workings in parts of Lancashire. Otherwise on practically all other main lines, passenger services and considerable amounts of freight duties are in the hands of either diesel or electric traction.

What has the future in store for the steam locomotive? After the Beeching Plan, steam locomotives began to be withdrawn in batches. Thus, remaining locomotives were to be found in various districts throughout the country—in Scotland, (Aberdeen to Glasgow), Chester, Birkenhead and so on. The

Southern Region of British Rail which was the first railway to introduce electric traction was the last British Main line to rely entirely upon steam traction to power its express services. This was occurring whilst in other parts of the country, the steam locomotive was quickly disappearing. Although there are not many steam locomotives left in service, this means of power has nevertheless served its purpose well in its 140 years of existence, since its invention in 1825 by the great George Stephenson.

DAVID JOHN, 5C

GAMBLING 1967

There has been a great increase in gambling in the sophisticated countries of the world in the last few years, evidence of which can be found in the increasing number of betting shops and casinos which have blossomed in and around our big cities—why is this so? The Gaming Act of 1965 only served to legalise the growing illicit gambling in this country, as if the Government were pursuing a policy of “If you can’t beat them, join them”.

Greed is perhaps the greatest contributory factor in this ever increasing scourge. The attitude of getting something for nothing has always been prevalent, but an increase in population would not in itself create such a situation. The desire for a quick and easy increase in money clouds most peoples’ minds, so that they do not realise how illogical gambling is. The owners of such forms of mechanised gambling as “one armed bandits” do not promote the use of their machines for nothing; therefore more money must be put in than is taken out. On such occasions when the customer has made a profit over a short period, he is strongly tempted to re-invest his winnings in the hope of reaping an even larger reward.

Boredom plays a vital part in increased gambling. People are working shorter hours for more money and have not been sufficiently educated to spend their extra money on more constructive hobbies. Even if they are lucky and should win a large sum of money, it brings an uneducated man only unhappiness. Some use gambling as an excuse for companionship and it provides lonely people, who have little ambition, with an evening’s entertainment in the company of others.

To return to an economic standpoint, gambling is a waste of wealth as it is not constructive and serves only as a method of redistributing wealth. It is the considered opinion of some on both sides of industry, that wage demands are being introduced not only to keep abreast with the cost of living, but to provide money with which to gamble.

Most women are great spenders and gambling provides an easy alternative way of spending the money that would have previously been devoted to fashion. What is worse is the fact that women often spend part of the house-keeping money on gambling with the result that the family suffers.

As gambling is such a part of the British characteristic, the Government, instead of collecting a $2\frac{1}{2}\%$ gambling tax should promote a state lottery. We already have a system of Premium Bonds, but the rewards offered are too low in comparison with the interest rates given by Building Societies and National Savings. Thus I should like to see a Nationalised Lottery where 20% of the money would be returned for prizes, and the other 80% being contributed towards hospitals and other public works. One has only to consider that the British Museum was built with the proceeds from a Lottery to see what far reaching benefits this could have. This system is used in France and Brazil and has been used to build National institutions, thus relieving in part, other forms of taxation.

M. B. NYE, UVIA

GEIRIAU

Fe glywir weithiau pobl yn cwyno yn erbyn yr arferiad cyffredin o ddefnyddio geiriau'r Saesneg yn y Gymraeg. Gwenidid mewn iaith, medde' nhw, yw clywed rhai yn sôn am bethe fel "streic" a "staff". Y gwir yw mae'n rhaid i iaith fenthyca i dyfu a chadw'n fyw. Mae'r Saesneg yn llawn o eiriau benthyg, dyna pam y mae hi mor gyfoethog gyda'i geirfa enfawr. Dim ond rhan fach ohoni sy'n tarddu o'r Hen Saesneg—llai na chwarter, mae'n debyg. Mae'r gweddill wedi dod o'r Lladin, y Ffrangeg, y Roeg a nifer o ieithoedd eraill. Mae hi hyd yn oed wedi benthyca o'r Gymraeg, er engraifft "craig" wedi mynd yn "crag", a cwrwgl" yn "coracle". Y mae hyd yn oed y gair "eisteddfod" yn ymddangos yng ngeiriadur Saesneg Rhydychen.

Fe wnaed ymdrech gan rywrai, o bryd i'w gilydd, i buro'r Saesneg a'i chadw yn rhydd o ddylanwadau estron ('roedd y fath beth yn amhosibl, wrth reswm).

Profodd yr iaith Gymraeg yr un peth. 'Doedd pobl ddim yn hoffi'r syniad, o ddwyn geiriau estron i'w hiaith. Gwnaethant eu gorau glas i'w chadw'n bur, ac yn yr ymdrech gwnaethpwyd geiriau brodorol. Geiriau megis "awrlais" am gloc, "diddosben" am het, a "diddoslen" am ymbarel. Dyma nhw eto yn ceisio cael gair am "piano" 'Wfft i Gascarini a'i dylwyth—mae'n ddigon i'w cael 'nhw yma heb sôn am eu geiriau. Felly perdoneg amdani yn lle" piano".

Y mae hanes datblygiad y Gymraeg a'r Saesneg yn debyg i'w gilydd. Benthycodd y Gymraeg eiriau gan y Rhufeiniaid, geiriau sy'n gyffredin yn ein siarad bob dydd, fel pont, dant, ysgol ac yn y blaen. Yna daeth y Gwyddelod i'n glannau gan adael geiriau i gofnodi eu hymweliad, wedyn y Sacsoniaid a'r Normaniaid.

Yn y papur dyddiol y dydd o'r blaen fe glywais sôn am symud y Bathdy Brenhinol (y "Royal Mint") i ganol Gymru. Wrth gyfeirio at hyn diddorol yw, ystyried y geiriau a ddefnyddir yn y Gymraeg am arian. Dyna'r gair "punt" o'r Hen Saesneg, a "swllt" o'r Lladin—"solidus", "ceiniog" o'r Wyddeleg, yn golygu "rhywbeth a phen arno", a'r darn bach bron yn ddiwerth heddiw, "dimai" o'r Ffrangeg "demi". Fel arfer ceir eithriad i'r rheol, sef ein gair am ddeg swllt, "chweugain", Hen arferiad ein cyn-dadau oedd rhifo wrth y sgôr, ac felly cawn chwe ugain o geiniogau mewn deg swllt.

Oes dechnegol a gwyddonol yw hon a rhaid dwyn nifer mawr o eiriau beunydd i gwrdd â'r datblygiad. Felly cawn eiriau hwylus megis Cemeg, Ffiseg a Bioleg. Yr ydym wedi creu ambell air da yn y Gymraeg. Llund pen o air yw "electricity" ond yn lle benthycia o'r Roeg, cawn air bach wir Gymraeg, cryno a thwt, sef "trydan".

Y mae'r iaith Gymraeg yn tyfu bob dydd—arwydd ei bod yn fyw ac yn iach. Rhaid iddi hi fenthycia, i gwrdd â phob amgylchiad.

J. Walters, LVIA

RADIO GLANTAWE

Programme Schedule:

SATURDAY

- 7.30 a.m. "The Get Up and Go Show", with Clive Lee Thomas.
- 9.30 a.m. "Songs for Swinging Bed Socks" with Dave Price.
- 10.30 a.m. "Programme Parade" with Peter Watson.
- 11.00 a.m. "The Boso 20 Show" with Paul Jason.
- 12 noon "Cabbages, Kings, Music & Things" with Tony Bowden.
- 1.00 p.m. "The Rhythm & Lunch Crunch" with Tim Richards & Joan Evans.
- 2.30 p.m. Termination of Morning Programmes.
- 5.00 p.m. "In the P.M." with Roger Sands.
- 6.00 p.m. "Jazz on a Saturday" with Tim Richards.
- 7.00 p.m. Carl's Classical Corner.
- 8.00 p.m. "The K.C. Programme" with Kevin McNiff & Christine Phillips.

10.00 p.m. "The C.L.T. Goodnight Girl" with Clive Lee Thomas.

SUNDAY

5.00 p.m. "The Clive Lee Thomas Show" with Clive Lee Thomas.

6.00 p.m. "Rhaglen Ieuan Rees" gyda Ieuan Rees.

6.30 p.m. "Sunday Sounds" with Jeff Lewis or Robbie T. Jones.

7.00 p.m. "The Night Flight" with Frances Bevan and Clive Lee Thomas

8.00 p.m. "Robert on the Radio" with Rob Rees.

9.00 p.m. "The C.L.T. Goodnight Girl" with Clive Lee Thomas.

This is the weekly programme schedule of Radio Glantawe (Britain's Number One Wonderful Hospital Station of the Nation"). Thirteen resident disc-jockeys and four resident disc-girls pump out (sometimes literally, depending on the weather) seventeen hours of "much more music" per week.

The programmes are based on patients' requests and the personal choice of the disc-jockeys and disc girls. There are four senior disc-jockeys and one senior disc-girl, and they share the largest number of "on the air" hours (Tim Richards (2½ hrs.) Kevin McNiff (2 hrs.); Rob. Rees (1 hr.) and Frances Bevan (1 hr.). The fourth senior disc-jockey (Clive Lee Thomas) is also the Controller of Programming and has 5 hours "on air" time.

"Radio Glantawe" programmes are broadcast instead of the B.B.C. Light Programme, and many patients believe that it is a B.B.C. service.

If you visit Morriston Hospital on a Saturday or Sunday (especially in the evening) you will doubtless meet a Radio Glantawe Disc-Jockey or Disc Girl. The disc-jockeys are usually found in the women's wards, drinking tea, "Lucozade" or chatting to an attractive young lady who recently donated her appendix to medical science.

Every disc-jockey, disc-girl, and representative of Radio Glantawe is made to feel at home in the wards. On New Year's Eve, at least two disc-jockeys were unable to walk in a straight line when they left the hospital.

Occasionally there is a complaint from a patient who has not received his or her request, but this situation is soon resolved. A few weeks ago a gentleman (I use the term loosely) in Ward 16 told a representative that he was a count (this later proved to be untrue) and demanded to have a certain record

played at 7.45 p.m. The record was not played and at 9.15 p.m. the Controller of Programming was "on the air" and so he told the gentleman: "Since I am the last Earl of Powis, I feel that I cannot play a record for a lesser member of the aristocracy. In my capacity as Controller of Programming I decide which records are played, and at what time. Therefore, if the 'gentleman' in Ward 16 is angry and thinks he has the right to be rude to one of my representatives, I suggest that he visits a taxidermist". There have been no similar incidents.

"The C.T.L. Goodnight Girl" spot guarantees to make at least two girls per week blush. The said disc jockey (C.L.T.) spends about half an hour with his "Goodnight Girl" before the programme and has made a number of new friends.

Chief Technician of "Radio Glantawe is Kevin McNiff. He is assisted by two studio managers (Clive Lee Thomas and Robert "on the Radio" Rees). These people see that the programmes go out properly and that all records, sound effects etc. come in on time.

To find out more about Radio Glantawe the best thing to do is apply for membership at Membership Dept., Radio Glantawe, 63 Ravenhill Road, Fforestfach, Swansea.

Radio Glantawe is always grateful for donations of money, records or equipment; and is always in need of them. The cost of the first nine weeks of broadcasting (including the initial purchase of equipment is estimated at £500.

CLIVE LEE THOMAS, LVI Arts
*Controller of Programming, Senior Disc-
Jockey, Studio Manager—Radio Glantawe.*

VOLLEYBALL

Volleyball is a major sport in over 25 countries and is the 3rd ranking team game in the world. The game was devised in 1895 by William Morgan at the Y.M.C.A., Holyoake, U.S.A. In recent years tremendous progress has been made in the game all over the world. There have been European and World Championships for both men and women and the game received Olympic status at the 1964 Tokyo Olympics. Unfortunately the game has been slow to develop in Britain although the position seems to have improved since the foundation of the Amateur Volleyball Association of Gt. Britain and N. Ireland in 1955.

The Volleyball playing area is 60ft. long and 30ft. wide and is divided into two courts by a net 3ft. wide the top of

which is 8ft. above the ground for men and 7ft. 6ins. for women. The ball must be spherical, laceless and must weigh 9-10 ounces. it is about the size of a regulation "soccer" ball.

Each team has 6 players: 3 at the back of the court and 3 at the front. The player at the right back position of one of the teams hits the ball with one hand so that it passes over the net into the opponents court. The game continues with each team attempting to return the ball to the opponents court until one team fails to return the ball or the ball is hit out of the playing area. The receiving team may if they wish, play the ball 3 times before returning it but no more and no one player may hit the ball twice in succession. The ball is best handled on the outstretched fingers of both hands but may be played on any part of the body above the waist. The main offensive move consists of one player in the front row jumping high near the net to propel the ball downwards with one hand into the opponents court. Only a serving team can gain points and whenever a team wins the service each person in that team rotates one position in a clockwise direction. The game is won when one team leads by 2 points and has a *minimum* of 15 points.

This is only a brief outline of volleyball and knowledge of the game can only best be gained by playing volleyball. It is hoped that a South Wales Volleyball League will be formed within the next few months. We already have a few teams in this area and would like to see more, especially school teams. If anyone is interested in playing volleyball, or in forming a school team we would be pleased to see them.

R. RICHARDS, LVI Arts
T. G. DANIEL, LVI Sc. II

SCHOOL SOCCER FIRST ELEVEN

The School Team, captained by Anthony Nantcurvis, has again entered the Ivor Tuck competition for Welsh Grammar Schools, in which Dynevor was runner-up last year. So far the school has won through to the third round after beating Penlan away 3-0 and Milford G.S. 5-0 at Milford Haven. Dynevor's opponents in the next round is as yet unknown.

The school has also played a number of friendly matches and has, so far, maintained an unbeaten record. These matches include an historic game with Llanelli Grammar School which marked the breakthrough of soccer in this famous rugby centre, and also a visit to St. Donat's to play Atlantic College.

The regular team is:

J. Gray; B. Bamfield; M. Pickard; R. Howells; M.

Criddle; B. Meredith; G. Thomas; D. Griffin; G. Fifield;
A. Nantcurvis and P. Bevan.

Boys who have also played include:

R. Prestey; B. Evans, P. John; P. O'Shea; N. Pophan.

IVOR TUCK COMPETITION:

		<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>
v. Penlan	A.	3	0
v. Milford G.S.	A.	3	0
OTHER GAMES			
v. Swansea Schoolboys	A.	1	0
v. College of Technology	H.	6	1
v. Llanelli G.S.	H.	6	2
v. Swansea Schoolboys	A.	6	0
v. Bishop Gore	H.	4	0
v. Atlantic College	A.	6	0

The boys would like to thank Messrs. James and Quick for their continued support and advice.

R. HOWELLS,
1st Secretary

INTERMEDIATE SOCCER

During the football season our Intermediate Soccer team has been doing very well. We have won 17 points out of a possible 20 points. We have scored 36 goals and conceded only 4 goals. The scoresheet reads as follows:

		F.A.			F.A.
Pentrepoeth	A.	6-1	Manselton A.	A.	0-0
Penyrheol	H.	4-0	Oxford St. A.	H.	1-0
Townhill A.	A.	4-0	Pentrepoeth	H.	4-0
Townhill A.	H.	3-1	Penlan B.	H.	9-0
Manselton A.	A.	5-0	Bishop Vaughan	A.	0-2

We have dropped only 3 points. We dropped 2 of these points to Bishop Vaughan. In the first half of this game we were evenly matched. We missed quite a few chances. However against the run of play they took a 1-0 lead. In the second half we were disheartened and were easily outclassed. They scored a second goal and that is how it ended.

We also dropped a point to Manselton A. The game should never have been played. The conditions were appalling. We missed a few chances but if it had been a dry pitch I think we would have beaten them as we had already beaten them 5-0 earlier on in the season.

With only a few games left we have a good chance of the championship. The team would like to thank Mr. Quick and

Mr. James for running it so successfully, and I think Mr. Quick would be very happy if the team is as successful next season.

Honours go to these boys: Paul Jenkins, Keith Dennis, Gary Emmanuel, Russel Casey and Christopher Warlow for getting into the last 16 of the under 18 Swansea School boys. J. Rickard and G. Andrews also had trials. Two of these boys played in the first match up in Rhondda.

JOHN RICHARDS, 2E

RUGBY FIRST FIFTEEN

It would be quite incorrect to say that Dynevor has had one of its best seasons, in fact it has had one of its worst. On paper, the First Fifteen are one of the best sides in school rugby. This is proved by the fact that there were six Welsh trialists, P. Hunt having progressed to a third Welsh trial. There is, therefore, plenty of potential, but this was not realised until the end of the season. Towards the beginning of the season Dynevor suffered many defeats, when success could easily have been achieved. An example of this is our first game against Glanafan, when due to foolish mistakes, and the lack of a good place kicker, we suffered defeat by 11 points to nil.

When the second fixture with Glanafan was played later in the season the Dynevor First Fifteen were a more settled side, and all were determined to obtain revenge. From the first whistle the forwards fought well and as one unit. The back-row consisting of N. Harris, M. O'Sullivan, and B. Liscombe, were especially outstanding not giving the opposing halfbacks any room to move. Dynevor's threequarters played very well with hard tackling and strong running. P. Hunt was rewarded for his efforts by scoring two tries and converting one of them. The final score was 8 points to 3, which was a well deserved victory for Dynevor.

This determination was also seen in the replays against Dyffryn, Maesteg, Ystradgynlais and Ogmores, and if this potential had been realised earlier Dynevor might have had one of its best seasons ever.

All the players of the First and Second Fifteens are indebted to Mr. Glyn Jones for acting as referee when called upon, and especially Mr. Jeff. Hopkins for his help and encouragement throughout the season.

P. WEBSTER, *Hon. Sec.*

JUNIOR RUGBY

Six sides have represented Dynevor at Junior level in the Swansea School Rugby Union, and most have met with reasonable success.

The most successful side has been the First Year, who although plagued with many cancellations, have retained an unbeaten record throughout the season. It had players of high quality in Guard, Griffiths, Locke Evans and Gange.

The 'C' Team, with B. Jones, R. Williams, Moss, McClean and Rees outstanding, have proved to be the most improved side in the school, and the 'D' Team, who did not win a game, were nevertheless enthusiastic and always disappointed when matches were cancelled.

The 'A' and 'B' Teams were two very good sides, and although losing many players to the Town side, always played rugby of a high quality. The 'B' Team, with players like J. Rees, Coulson, Evans, Hopkins, Marks, Burford, and Samuel, always in the forefront, proved to be one of the most successful 'B' Teams the school has had for many years.

The school was honoured to have the following boys play for the Town side during the season: I. Tyrrell, S. McNiff, W. Jones, T. Mayberry, S. Rees, S. John, J. Harrison, and at Under 14 level, J. Rees, L. Coulson, P. Clement, R. Hopkins, A. Evans, and G. Mount.

We would like to thank the following masters for their unstinted support and enthusiasm throughout the season:

S. T. Howells, H. Lloyd, I. Mort, M. Richards, I. E. Jones and W. J. Davies.

BADMINTON

The Badminton Club has thrived this year. Membership has greatly increased and the team has been reasonably successful. The following boys have been awarded their colours: R. Brown, D. Mercer, A. Riley, D. Guest.

RESULTS

October 28th defeated Oxford Street at home 6 matches to 3.

Team: A. Riley & D. Mercer, won 2; R. Brown & P. Guest, won 2; D. Guest & P. Lewis, won 2.

November 11th defeated Penlan at home 9 matches to 0.

Team: A. Riley & D. Mercer, won 3; R. Brown & P. Guest, won 3; D. Guest & P. Lewis, won 3.

December 7th lost to Neath Grammar away 2 matches to 7.

Team: R. Brown & P. Guest, won 1; D. Guest and P.O'Shea, won 0; D. Mercer & D. Sinnett, won 1.

January 27th defeated Oxford Street at home 7 matches to 2.

Team: R. Brown & D. Mercer, won 3; A. Riley & P. O'Shea, won 2; D. Guest & P. Lewis, won 2.

March 3rd versus Neath Grammar at home.

March 6th versus Llanelli Grammar away.

SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP

Semi-Finals: R. Brown beat D. Guest, 15-6, 15-8;
D. Mercer beat S. Palmer, 15-5, 15-3.

Final: D. R. Brown beat D. J. Mercer, 15-8, 15-11.

WHO'S WHO

D. Roger Brown, UVI Arts: A newcomer to badminton, he has made a tremendous impact. He won the singles championship, without losing a set, thanks to his vicious smash. He must control his urge to murder the shuttle on every shot.

David J. Mercer, UVI Arts: A smooth, steady and experienced player. He has both a useful smash and clever drop shot. Runner-up in the singles he is well known for talking to himself on court.

Alan Riley, 5C: Our most experienced player, the only survivor from last year's team. He has an excellent style and as he is only in the 5th year he should be a very fine player one day.

Paddy O'Shea, UVI Sc. Our friend from the Emerald Isle is another newcomer to badminton. A vastly improved player he will prove a great asset to next year's team.

David Guest, UVI Sc. I. Our hard working secretary. What he lacks in power he makes up for in effort. He could afford to lose a few pounds in aid of mobility.

Andrew Mendus, 5C: One of our younger players he shows distinct possibilities. Like Guest he needs to improve his mobility.

Andrew Willis, UVI Arts: This slap-happy player has a venomous smash. He needs to take much more care, especially when serving. Less talking on court please.

Philip Guest, 5D: An excellent player near the net, but he is very slow. He too needs to take a more serious attitude on court.

Dudley Sinnott, UVI Sc. I: A player with a lot of natural ability he has never really fulfilled his promise, except against Neath. Unfortunately, he recently broke his arm.

Philip Lewis, UVI Sc. II: Our captain, who has now retired to concentrate on A levels. He has been very hard working and has given great encouragement to all. Unfortunately his play did not match his spirit.

MR. GREGORY AND MR. STEAR.

The whole club wishes to thank Mr. Gregory for his continued patronage, without which the Club would cease to function. His help in arranging fixtures and general hints on play have been invaluable. We also wish to thank Mr. Stear, an active member of the club, for his support, especially in helping to obtain lunch-time play for sixth formers.

