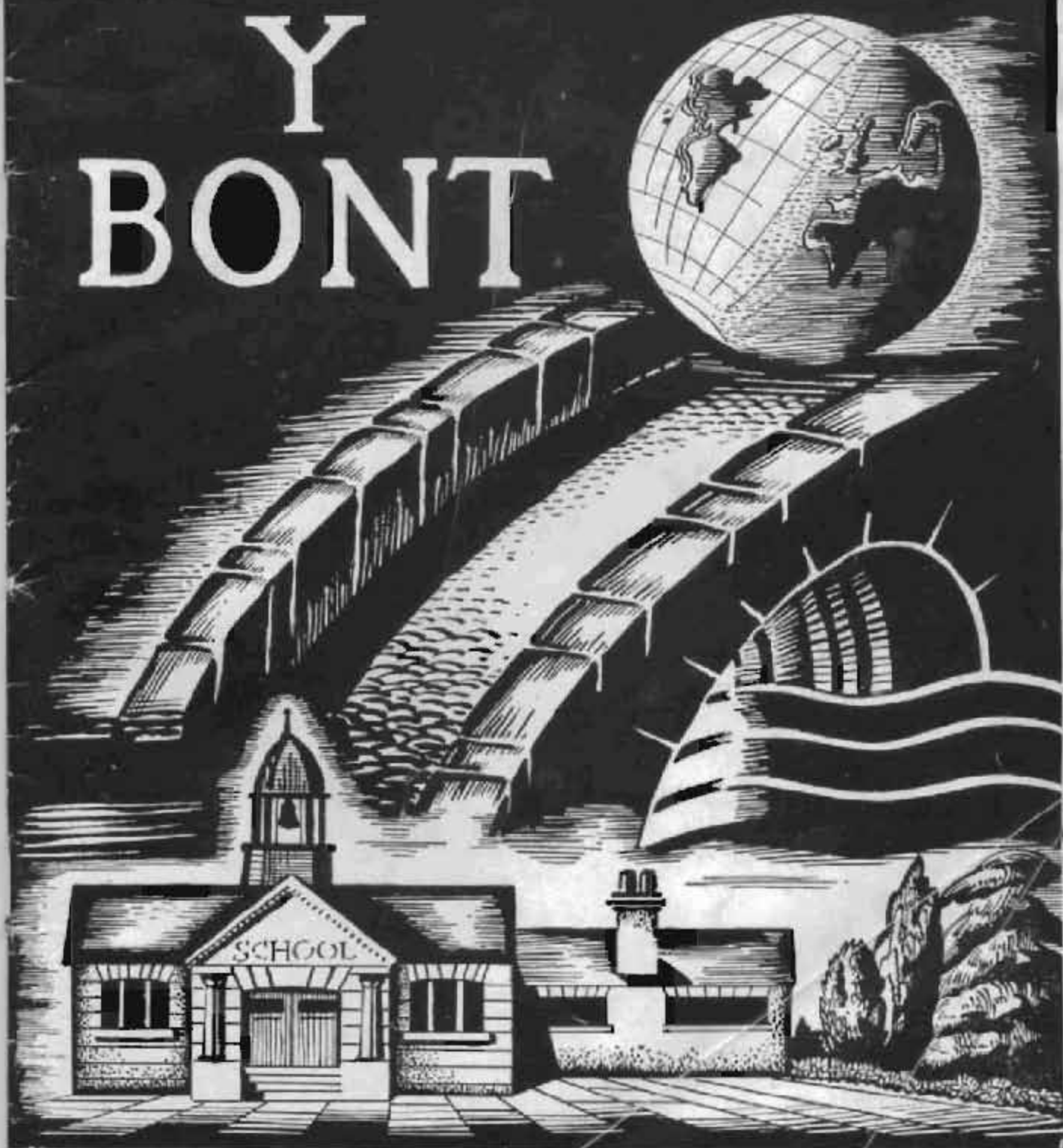


# Y BONT



No. 14

1962



PONTARDAWE  
SECONDARY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

**Y BONT**

EDITORS.

*Editors :*

*Staff*—Mr. T. A. JAMES, Mr. EIC DAVIES

*Pupils*—JENNIFER PAYNE, MARGARET GEALY, HUW DAVIES, BEN JONES.

EDITORIAL.

In selecting material for this, the fourteenth edition of 'Y Bont,' we have had to rely a great deal on work submitted for the School Eisteddfod. It seems that our budding poets and writers, even among the Lower School who are normally too prolific, have suffered an attack of literary inertia this year. However, we hope that the standard of the work published is as high as in other years, and we would like to thank everybody who sent in contributions.

The long list of congratulations shows that former and present pupils, besides maintaining high scholastic standards, are also active in other fields. Society and sport reports are also encouraging.

At the end of this term, we can look back upon a year of successful school activities. The highlights of the year were the Christmas parties, the school Eisteddfod and the sports. With regard to the latter, these were put forward in the term this year, thus enabling people usually engaged in exams to compete.

HOCKEY 1961-62.

*Captain*—M. Gwenneth Davies

*Vice-Captain*—Marilyn John

*Secretary*—Jennifer A. Lewis

*Committee*—Rosemary Williams, Heather Edwards

Unfortunately eight of the matches were cancelled this season due to bad weather conditions. This year we had a new, inexperienced team and although the results are not greatly in our favour, the school can look forward to a successful season next year.

The Old Girls Match was thoroughly enjoyed and we were delighted to welcome a full team. It is hoped that this will be repeated next year.

The House match resulted in a victory for Tŷ Arthur and Tŷ Ap Gwilym by eight goals to nil.

Two matches were played against the Rugby team which gave us much running practice and a great deal of amusement.

Matches played—7; Lost—5; Drawn 1; Won—1.

We should like to thank Mrs. G. Jones for her support and encouragement throughout the season, and hope that she will remain with us for many more years.

M. GWENNETH DAVIES (Capt)

# RUGBY FOOTBALL 1961-62

Captain—Alun Evans      Vice-Captain—Raymond Thomas

Hon. Secretary—Ivor Davies

Committee—Dilwyn Alexander, Myrddyn Hughes

Played—15; Won—3; Drawn—2; Lost—10.

Scorers—Alun Evans—26 pts.; Randall Killa, John Muir—6 pts.; Ivor Davies, Dilwyn Alexander, Barclay Edwards, Geoff Davies, Gerwyn Roes—3 pts each.

Contrary to what the record suggests, the school on the whole had a thoroughly enjoyable season. We suffered our share of misfortunes, but every point was valiantly fought for, and several times the team only narrowly escaped being victors. Although many of the players will be leaving this year, the school can look forward with confidence to next season for there are several promising players.

Congratulations to Darrell Cole who played twice for the under 15 W.S.S.R.U. XV against England, and to Alun Evans, Barclay Edwards, Raymond Thomas, Philip Thomas who took part in the Welsh Secondary Schools Trials.

IVOR DAVIES, Hon Secretary.

## ATHLETICS 1962.

### WEST GLAMM.A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS

YSTALYFERA—MAY 17, 1961

#### SENIOR

Barclay Edwards	..	..	1st 120 yds Hurdles	+ Standard
			3rd 200 yds Hurdles	+ Standard
Randall Lewis	..	..	2nd Pole Vault	+ Standard 8ft. 6in.
Raymond Thomas	..	..	4th Discus	+ Standard 112ft. 6in.
			5th Shot	+ Standard
			6th Javelin	109ft. 7in.
M. Hughes	..	..	4th 100 yds.	10.6
			Standard in 220 yds—injured before Final but qualified for County Championships	
Gordon Reed	..	..	Qualified in 440 yds. for County Championships injured before Final.	

#### MIDDLE

Robert Guy	..	..	1st Shot	+ Standard 41ft. 5½in
Geoff Davies	..	..	5th 200 yds. Hurdles	
			6th 110 yds. Hurdles	+ Standard
Randall Killa	..	..	220 yds Standard ; 440 yds. Standard	
Phillip Young	..	..	1 mile Standard	
Relay Team—Mostyn Davies, Geoff Davies, Howard Evans, Clive Rees				

#### JUNIOR

Selwyn Williams	..	{	3rd Discus	+ Standard 105ft. 9½in.
			Hurdles	Standard
Jeffrey Watkins	..	..	5th 440 yds.	+ Standard
Relay Team (Standard)—Jeff. Watkins, D. Cole, Selwyn Williams Brian Shaw				
Points—Senior, 31½; Middle, 15; Jnr., 10; Aggregate 56½ pts.				

County Championships Maindy, 30th June.

#### SENIOR

B. Edwards	..	..	3rd—120 Hurdles.	
			4th—200 Hurdles.	
Raymond Thomas	..	..	6th Discus.	
M. Hughes	..	..	6th—220 yds.	

## CRICKET 1961-62.

*Captain*—Alun Evans

*Vice-Captain*—Randall Lewis

*Secretary*—Anthony Sweet

*Committee*—Randall Killa, Cyril Jones

Owing to the bad weather this season, only six games were played and unfortunately only one of these games, that against the Old Boys, was won. The school declared with a score of 75 for 6, Howard Evans taking 7 for 23 runs.

Howard Evans also took 6 wickets for 26 runs against Amman Valley Grammar School, at Ammanford, when the school lost by 17 runs.

The captain, Alun Evans, was the highest scorer this season, with Randall Killa second highest scorer.

Again this year the team have benefited by the pre-season training at the Glamorgan County Cricket Indoor School at Neath, under the guidance of Messrs. B. Hedges and Emrys Davies. We hope to have a better season next year.

ANTHONY C. SWEET (Secretary).

## THE HISTORY SOCIETY.

*Staff Representatives*—Mr. R. P. Roberts, M.A., Miss O. Williams.

### *Officers:*

<i>Chairman</i>	..	..	Barclay Edwards
<i>Vice-Chairman</i>	..	..	Ivor Davies
<i>Secretary</i>	..	..	Pauline Bendle
<i>Committee</i>	..	..	Jennifer Tibbs, Jane Williams

The Society has been less active this year than usual. However, it is being revived in the summer term, when its programme includes a talk to be given by Pauline Bendle on some interesting aspects of the history of Neath. The members are also looking forward to seeing some new filmstrips of the lives of famous British sovereigns and heroes.

A Sixth Form visit to St. Fagan's Folk Museum (including the newly acquired buildings now on exhibition) and the National Museum of Wales at Cardiff, is being planned to take place at Half Term. The annual general excursion, the highlight of the year, will very probably be to Caerphilly Castle.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

<i>President</i>	..	..	T. I. Edwards.
<i>Chairman</i>	..	..	Dillwyn Alexander
<i>Vice-Chairman</i>	..	..	Anthony Sweet
<i>Sec/Treas.</i>	..	..	Ogwyn Williams
<i>Assistant Sec.</i>	..	..	Howard Evans

The Society began the year with a very impressive gathering at the first meeting. On this occasion the officials were selected and the general trend set for the year. A monthly competition on set topics was arranged and some fine prints were submitted. The winner for the first term was Barrie Peters who was suitably rewarded for his efforts.

There were several very interesting film shows given under the capable direction of Mr. Edwards. The films, which were kindly lent by Shell and the G.P.O., included "Foothold on Antarctica," "Scheren," "Transatlantic link," and "The Revealing Eye."



The Eisteddfod photographic competition brought in some very interesting prints and the excellent work submitted by Dillwyn Alexander and Anthony Sweet were judged joint firsts by Mr. Edwards.

Although the attendance at meetings later in the year dropped a little, it has still been a very interesting year. I hope that with the improving films and photographic equipment being continuously made available, photography will provide a greater scope and even better interest for the millions who now find it an exciting hobby.

#### Short Story—SUSPENSE I

Slowly the three men neared the border. There was no moon, and all was dark. Hardly anything could be seen, and the men walked warily, fearful of making the slightest sound. If they were caught, the consequences would be terrible, not only for them, but also for their families. They had not dared to tell their friends of their venture, lest they should be betrayed.

In the distance, a church clock struck midnight. They had eleven hours in which to reach their destination; they wondered if they would arrive safely and in time. They were now about two hundred yards from the border, but every yard was fraught with danger.

Suddenly they stopped. Someone was coming towards them along the road. Was it a friend or an enemy? Taking no chances, they crept further into the undergrowth and lay there, not daring to breathe or move. A tall figure came towards them, walking with purposeful steps towards the border, and scrutinizing the sides of the road as he passed. Here was the person they most feared. Edwards tensed his muscles, ready to run at the least sign that he had been seen. Thomas tried to bury his head among the ferns, and the third man, Walters, hugged the ground, not daring even to look up. Fortunately they were dressed in dark clothes, and had blackened their faces. The man did not slacken his pace, and soon disappeared into the night. But the three dared not move. Five minutes passed, ten—the silence of night reigned unbroken, except for the occasional hooting of an owl.

At last, they rose from their hiding-places, ready to disappear again at the slightest suspicious sound. Another five minutes passed, and then they recommenced their clandestine journey. Slowly and surely they neared the border, stopping after a few paces to make sure that no-one was approaching. But all was quiet, and it seemed as if everybody in the village had gone to bed.

At last they came very near to the border, and dimly in the distance, the newly-risen moon showed them their destination. Not far away, they could see the buildings of a farm, which was on their side of the border. Now they had to tread carefully, for this had been the destination of the man who had passed them, and put such terror in their hearts. The man who imposed on them so much, who could twist everybody in the village around his finger.

Now they were within a few yards of the border, and victory was in sight for them. But suddenly, the roar of a motor-car broke the silence of the night, lights came on in the farm-house, and they saw a police-car pull up with four or five large policemen inside it. The tall man came out to meet the car, and as the three men once more dived into the undergrowth, they heard him speaking.

He told the policemen that he had heard a noise near the farm-buildings, and feared that there was someone out in the small thicket, where in fact, the men were hidden. The police-sergeant at once decided to search the area, but fortunately for the three men, the search began some distance from them.

Now they were in a predicament. Should they make a dash for the border or give-up the attempt altogether. Evidently, they could not stay hidden, or they would be found easily. They decided to run.

Luckily, the policemen now had their backs to the men, although the tall man was facing in their direction. Suddenly the moon was covered by clouds, and the three took advantage of this opportunity. They jumped up and ran, blundering over obstacles, and racing to the friendly shelter of a small forest on the other side of the border. Not heeding the shouts of their pursuers, they plunged through the small river which formed the border, and succeeded in reaching safety. The police continued after them, but the three men were well-hidden in the forest, and the search was soon given-up.

After a short respite, the men resumed their journey, for they were not yet safe. There were a number of spies from their area on this side of the border, and they did not intend to stay near the border. However, they now felt safe enough to walk along the roads.

Dawn found the three men plodding wearily along a main road ten miles inside the border, with another four miles to their destination. At about eleven o'clock in the morning, their long and dangerous journey came to an end.

On one Sunday morning, the Bandle Arms was very busy, and new customers entered frequently to make the throng even larger. The innkeeper, a man named Sweet, was serving a friend of his, and telling him a story.

"Do you see those three men over in the corner? Ever since the poll on Sunday-morning they've come here in the morning. They live in a small village in Carmarthen, where the pubs are closed. They told me that they had a difficult journey last night.

They set-out at about midnight last night, almost walked into the minister of their chapel who has strong views about drinking, and were chased over the County border by police."

PETER JONES (Form VIc)

#### ODE TO MY FELLOW LOWER SIXERS

(and others interested).

And so it seems we'll have to work  
When we reach Upper Six  
'Cos if we don't I know we'll get  
In quite a nasty fix.

The teachers say you must work now  
Before it is too late  
You're bound to fail your higher, if  
You keep this working rate.

We said last summer we'd try hard  
And work at every chance  
And then we did a foolish thing  
We all went to a dance.

And now we jive and rock like mad  
Way up in Craig-Cefn-Parc  
Watched by girls from miles around  
Who dig our dainty work.

Beware form five, form four and three  
Your time is coming too.  
So all stay home. And don't come out  
Lest this should happen to you.

MODEST (Lower 6)

#### THE END OF A BATTLE.

Blood on the shields,  
Blood on the fields,  
Blood on the corpses  
That lie beneath their shields.

Once, those men were Lords and Earls,  
That lived in Villas round,  
Now they are helpless corpses  
On the dirty, blood-stained ground.

GLENDA HOLBOROW Form I.

### A GEOGRAPHY COURSE AT DALE FORT FIELD CENTRE.

In May, Dillwyn Alexander and I ventured into the unexplored interior of S.W. Pembrokeshire to a backwater of civilization known as the Dale Peninsular.

Dressed in the oldest of sweaters and jeans with enormous haversacks and thick-soled boots, we left High Street Station on a train which contained numerous other studious young people who were, I might say, rather better clothed than ourselves.

On finding a partly empty carriage we entered, and there, sitting in the corner was a peculiar specimen in a gray suit and a conspicuous looking school tie. He eyed us up and down, and then in the most sophisticated of English accents, he remonstrated "I say old chaps, anyone for Dale." Henceforth, he was known as Cardow and we soon settled down to a game of chance, known in some circles as poker.

On arrival we had supper and were astounded by a lecture from the Warden, Up at seven, bed by ten-thirty, no transistor radios, no papers, no T.V., in fact, "no nothing." We shivered—wasn't this a holiday or had Miss Harding mentioned something about a Geography Course?

The first few days were spent in trekking the most beautiful Pembrokeshire Coast. Over the week-end we were left to "work" on our own. We tested the warmth of the sea water, and the depth of the nearby lagoon by the only way we could think of swimming, and by the complicated system of measuring the time it took to become suntanned, we worked out the warmth of the sun.

The end of the week was spent in doing minute quantities of geography, and the rest in having a good time.

It was two rather weatherbeaten young students who struggled back to civilization a week later with a one-ness of thought—"And a good time was I ad by all."

CHRISTOPHER ALEMAN (Form VII).

### A SNOWY SCENE.

An eerie brightness greets the dawn,  
Strange twinkling highlights fill the morn,  
As o'er the smooth, crisp, frozen ground  
Sharp gusts swirl lazy snowflakes round.

Beside the hedge where drifts the snow,  
Old Mair and mongrel Taffy go,  
She, with banded lead to burn,  
Her escort, prancing to return.

On the village pond, ice-bound,  
Happy children skate around,  
Scarves, gloves, hats in colours gay  
Help to make a vivid day.

In the crisp and foxy night,  
Windows shed a golden light,  
Sounds are muffled, things look clean  
All the world becomes serene.

RICHARD PINCOTT, Form IVL.

### THE SHEPHERD.

With crook in hand he roams the vales  
And wanders through the lonely dales  
Beneath the skies of blue or grey  
He watches all the sheep that stray.

In spring he sits beneath the trees  
Sheltered there, from the cooling breeze,  
His faithful dog close by him stand  
Watching the happy, playful lambs.

If one lamb wanders from the fold,  
He'll brave the rain and snow so cold  
And stars he'll use as candles bright  
To search throughout the wintry night.

Each day and night in sun and showers  
The shepherd keeps his watch for hours  
And oh! how happy I would be  
If I could live a life as he.

EILEEN JONES, Form IVL.

### SAINT DAVID OF WALES.

As the sun sank into the Atlantic, a young lad came from a cave carrying a burning brand with which he kindled a flame from a beacon. Ever since he had been shipwrecked on this wild western coast, David had kept a beacon blazing throughout the night to warn sailors of the dangerous rocks.

David was an orphan. His mother had died when he was a baby, and his father, a Welsh Prince, had been drowned. A kind uncle took care of him until he too was drowned when the boat in which David and he were fishing was wrecked in a storm. Since then, David had lived alone in the cave, collecting shellfish, birds' eggs and carving lovely wooden figures of men and animals, which he exchanged for food in some of the villages around the coast. The villagers were rather fond of this cheerful lad who was always ready to lend a hand and they were sorry when at length he left them to go to school.

The Welsh were Britons who had been driven into the mountains because of the invasion of the Angles and Saxons. Many of them had been Christians, and it was to a Christian school in Wales that young David went. Some years later he returned to the coast of his boyhood to preach and to teach his old friends, the villagers, to live in the righteous way that the Lord Jesus Christ had taught people to live.

His fame as a teacher and preacher spread through Wales, and many people travelled long distances to hear him. Soon his school was no longer big enough to hold the people who came to learn from him, and a big church was built. Around this church grew up the city of St. David's.

David made many journeys through Wales preaching, teaching and building churches. He often found his country-men preparing to do battle with the Angles and Saxons and his wisdom helped on many occasions to defeat the invaders. It was in such a battle, when the morning mists made it difficult to tell the friend from the foe, that he told his men to wear a leek in their hats and caps as a distinguishing mark.

The Welsh won the battle, and ever since then they have worn a leek on St. David's day, the first day of March, in David's honour.

It was an English King, Henry I, who in A.D. 1120 asked the Pope to make David a saint.

St. David is buried in Saint David's Cathedral a great church built by the Normans on the site of David's own monastery. The town of St. David's consists of only one street, and is the smallest city in the world (the meaning of city, in its old sense, is a town that has a cathedral in it which applies to St. David's).

St. David is remembered by everyone, as one of the greatest men of Wales. And to show their faithfulness, on St. David's Day—the first of March, they celebrate in his honour.

JACQUELINE JOSEPH (Form 3A).

### DREAM COUNTRY.

If you're thinking of a country  
Where all your dreams come true,  
Go to Sunny Italy,  
It's just the place for you.

With skies so blue, and clouds so white  
And trees so green and high,  
It makes you want to never leave  
But stay there until you die.

GLENDIA HOLBOROW, Form 1.



## SUPERSTITIONS.

Modern Man prides himself on having *thrown off* most superstitions. This, to a certain extent, is true, as in most civilized areas of the world, most of the old superstitions have been *thrown off*, but even among the most sensible, intelligent peoples, remnants of the old magical beliefs still persist. At the present time, these take a harmless-enough form, such as that of *touching wood to ward off bad luck, breaking mirrors, walking under ladders, the number thirteen, Friday, lucky coins, spilling salt, wishbones, black cats, opals*, and other objects, supposed to bring either good or bad luck.

Our early ancestor, Primitive Man, believed that by doing certain things he could influence the health or behaviour of people at a distance, and could even control the forces of nature themselves by saying certain forms of words, or performing certain ceremonial acts. He believed in magic, from which superstition can be said to *stem*, and these beliefs have persisted in a slightly modified form perhaps, to the present day.

In its early form, superstition seems to be connected with witch-craft and magic. In the early days of superstitious beliefs, many believed that the fate of an individual could be influenced by getting possession of something which belonged to him. A lock of hair, nail clippings or even a drop of blood might put the person from whom they came completely in the hands of the magician or witch-doctor. Many primitive peoples still hold this belief. Later, it spread to include almost anything which had come into contact with the victim's body, so much so that Australian savages drive stones into a man's footprints, in belief that this will make him lame. Another example of this kind of superstitious belief was actually found in a cottage near Bridport, Dorset, in 1902 (hidden in a nook in the chimney). A calf's heart was found studded with pins, thorns and twigs of witch hazel. By this means, it was hoped to produce a similar effect upon, presumably, the occupant of the cottage.

Another belief was in the magical power that could be exerted over a person by using that person's name. The name was considered a part of the man, and by pronouncing it under certain circumstances, he could be influenced for either good or bad. From this belief grew the curious custom among savage tribes of having two names for each individual—a real name, which was always kept a closely guarded secret, and an everyday title for general use, through which he could never be magically influenced. Although this custom is not now practised to the extent that it used to be, it is still prevalent among certain tribes in various parts of the world.

People, such as witches or sorcerers, who claimed that they were endowed with magical powers, were regarded with fearful respect. In Christian countries, however, persons suspected of dealing with evil powers were persecuted severely, and during the Middle Ages, thousands were put to death. These people had a most far-reaching influence. A peaceful English scene, with the busy ploughman and pair, hardly serves to remind one of any superstitious beliefs. Yet, the glinting brass ornaments with which the horses are bedecked, were originally charms to ward off the 'evil eye.' They were introduced when the supposed magic power of witches was greatly feared, and had to be defeated by such means.

Primitive forms of religion and idolatry *stemmed* from superstitions. When the superstitious beliefs of primitives failed to achieve successful results because of such things as changes in the weather and seasons, and the occurrence of diseases and accidents, there was born a belief in powers greater than those of Man. These powers had to be humoured, and in no way angered. On some of the Pacific Islands the widespread practice of *tabu*, or religious prohibitions, was most conspicuous. A dwelling might be *tabu*, in which case no one could enter it, under threat of magical punishment. The *tabu* was often used by native chiefs and priests in place of laws, and it was held in such terror that violations were exceedingly rare. It appears that the basic difference between superstition and religion is that by means of magic, Man strove to compel the power of nature to obey him, whereas in religion, he tried to persuade the gods to do what he wanted by means of prayer and sacrifice.

Through the centuries certain plants or animals have become shrouded in superstition. Mistletoe, for instance, is credited with a number of virtues. It was said to bring happiness, safety and good fortune, so long as it did not touch the ground. This is put forward as a reason why, nowadays, we always hang Mistletoe up. The plant was also regarded as sacred by the Druids. In olden times, snakes were worshipped as gods, or as friends of the gods, and were regarded as symbols of wealth and knowledge. Nowadays, it is regarded as very unlucky to kill a storm petrel, as, according to superstition and legend, each bird harbours the soul of a dead sea-man.

Although to a large extent, the magical beliefs associated with superstitions have died out, many little, illogical beliefs have persisted to the present day. However, some few superstitions have some form of explanation. For example, salt used to be very scarce, and if any was spilt a pinch was thrown over the shoulder supposedly to appease the gods who were believed to follow people around constantly. But I fail to see why Friday the thirteenth is considered unlucky, or why a black cat should be considered any luckier than a white one. In spite of all this, however, neither religion nor modern science has been able to kill the belief in magic which still flourishes in backward races, and which has left many traces in the superstitions of educated people.

MARGARET GEALY (Form VII).

#### BLESSED WALES.

Thou wonderful land rich in History,  
Thou craggy hills shrouded with mystery,  
How do you beautify your hills and vales?  
To me they are home  
In Blessed Wales.

Thine own men of yore  
So long ago,  
Wielded the sword  
For this land they adored,  
Blessed Wales.

O'er hill and dale thou might wander,  
In countries far and near,  
But Wherever thou dost wander,  
There is one place that's dear,  
Blessed Wales.

The Lord hath blessed it and made it thine  
own,  
To thou it is more valuable than the  
Queen's crown.  
But whether over hill or dale thou dost  
wander  
There is always a place to settle down,  
In Blessed Wales.

What land doth spell freedom  
Honour and grace?  
The sun hath shone for centuries down  
On this wonderful place,  
This Blessed Wales.

SANDRA MORGAN, Form I

#### A SNOW SCENE.

The countryside is covered in a mantle of snow,  
From horizon to horizon, wherever I go,  
Where does it come from? Nobody knows,  
Except that in winter it comes and it goes.

Up on the hillocks children are playing,  
Hurling their snowballs and going a sleighing  
Their voices ring out in the ice-cold air,  
Amused passers-by stop and stare.

The birds are scratching here and there  
Picking up crumbs anyone can spare  
Branches of trees are weighed down by their  
load,  
Automobiles slither and slide on the road.

The fields are covered by a carpet thick.  
The farmer breaks the ice on the pond with a  
stick.  
The snow-clad steeple rises so high  
Majestically into the grey, leaden sky.

DAVID WILLIAMS, Form IV.

#### FOXGLOVE.

On banks, and hedges,  
In heaths, and woods,  
The Foxglove thrives,  
Its tall purple flowers  
From leaves of green,  
In summer live and in Autumn die.

CATHERINE DAVIES, Form 2A

### MY HOME.

I live in Valence, a town in the South East of France, in the "Dauphiné," country. Though Valence is not a very big town, it has about 75,000 inhabitants, and it is an important regional centre because of its position. It is situated at the confluence of rivers, the Doux and L'Eyrieux on the right bank of the river, and the Rhône the Drôme and L'Isère on the left side. Through these latter valleys the roads lead directly to the Alps. Valence is also "une ville étape" because people break their journey there when travelling to the "Provence."

The actual site of Valence was originally discovered during a military campaign at the time of the Roman occupation when the Allobroges surrendered to the enemy. Since then the town has undergone many changes in the course of history, but it knew its first important development during the XVIIIth century. From 1800 the first industries began to attract people who came down from the neighbouring mountains to build a new town.

Thanks to the beautiful forests of the "Vercors" and the "Royans" and to the walnut trees of the Drôme and L'Isère, Valence possesses an important industrial joinery. The "Perrier" veneerings are exported all over the world. New industries such as the weaving of nylon, plastic material, electric insulations are developing greatly. Nowadays more than 20,000 people are employed in these factories. The big installation works on the Rhône river by the National Company of the Rhône has stimulated considerably the economic development of Valence. The Beauchastel dam will create a large water reserve to serve the next modern fluvial harbour incorporated in the industrial area of Valence. It is near Valence that the well-known Dorezère-Mondragon dam is, it was opened in August, 1953 and it represents one of the most spectacular works of architecture in Europe. Its great neighbour, the Rhône, this "dieu conqui," whose turbulence is less and less savage as it is more controlled assures the pleasant city of Valence a prosperous future.

I say "pleasant city" because the town as well as its surroundings offer its inhabitants walks from which one always comes back delighted. It parks attract many young children for their beautiful collection of birds, its swans, flamingoes, peacocks, fawns, stags and does. Anytime you like you may go to its "champ de Mars" from where you have a wonderful view of the Rhône valley and the old feudal castle of Crussol which is built on the rock like an eagle nest overhanging the town.

In Spring the valley is nothing but a blossoming of fruit-trees such as peach, apricot or cherry-trees and along the river stretch the famous vine-yards of the "Côte du Rhône." Here indeed it is the realm of the vineyard. Its wines are well-known in France—"Cornas" and its unrivalled red ones, "St. Péray," country of the white ones, "L'Hermitage" and its white and red ones in great demand. But you will have to come and taste them to be convinced that they are the best ones in the world!

In summer you can indulge in sports such as fishing or yachting. L'Eyrieux, and the Drôme, L'Ouvèze and L'Isère, give the canoeist great pleasure for they run at the bottom of narrow steep and winding passes which make the descent pretty hard but very exciting.

In winter you will enjoy the magnificent scenery of the snowy mounts of the Grande Chartreuse near Grenoble and the Alpe d'Huez. The road there is very picturesque through the gorges of the Bourne and the Grands Goulets. These mountains are the delights of the skiers for they offer them a beautiful fan of tracks with modern equipment—téléphériques, télébennes, télécabins. The beginner as well as the experienced skier goes there to breathe the pure air filled with Alpine scents and enjoys the health-giving pleasures of the snow.

May these few words about my home make you feel like coming to know these various aspects of the "Dauphiné" country.

MADELEINE NURY

### MISAPPLIED SONG TITLES.

1. Forget me not—Plea to examiner at the end of Chem. Prac. Exam.
2. Wild Wind—After School Dinners.
3. Frightened City—Pontardawe on morning of G.C.E. results.
4. Shakin' All Over—A pupil walking into hall for French Exam.
5. Ring-a-Ding Girl—J-n-ce W-I-r.
6. Back Home—On coming to school without proper uniform.
7. Stranger on the Shore—M-f-nwy H-mphr-ys.
8. Tall Dark Stranger—Mr. B-c D-v-es.
9. When the Saints go Marching in—Form I pupils entering the school on first day.
10. Sing you Sinners—Mrs. Ch-sw-ll to Form II Choral Class.
11. The Time has Come—Last day for Form VI pupil.
12. Smoke gets in your eyes—C-nw-l j-nkns.
13. Johnny Remember Me—Someone who wants his Rugby colours.
14. "Nut" Rocker—Ph-l-p Y-n-g.
15. The Commancheros—Form IIIA boys.
16. Never Goodbye—Second year Upper Six.  
Form VI Lower Boys.

### MISAPPLIED QUOTATIONS.

1. "Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing. Did certain persons die before they sing."—Coleridge, Forms 1 and 2, last lesson on a Thursday afternoon.
2. "I counted two and seventy stenchies  
All well defined and several stinks"—Coleridge; The Chemistry Lab.
3. "The applause of a single human being is of great consequence."  
Feeling of competitor in School Eisteddfod.
4. "This is the night, that either makes me or fordoes me quite."  
Eve before School Certificate exam.
5. "Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."  
Dr. Webster. Motto of Plaid Cymru?
6. "The awful shadow of some unseen Power,  
Floats, tho' unseen, amongst us"—Shelly. The School Governors.
7. "The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes  
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise"—Dryden, A Fish in the Biol Lab.
8. "Better have failed in the high aim as I  
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed"—Browning. Third Year Six person.
9. "This story will never go down"—Fielding. Premonition of an erring junior.
10. "A countenance more in sorrow than anger"—Shakespeare. Member of staff marking exam papers.
11. "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may."—Herrick. Warning to Juniors.
12. "But words once spoke can never be recall'd."—Wentworth Dillon. Thought after an oral exam.

### Salute.

To Miss Pamela D. Griffiths, the new School Secretary—we hope the Sixth form is not too much of an annoyance to her in the library.

### Valets.

To Mlle. M. Nury, the French assistant. We hope her stay with us has been a pleasant one.  
To the former School Secretary, Mrs. A. Walters (Miss Harris), who left at the beginning of the year.

### Acknowledgements.

The Upper Sixth would like to thank all members of the Staff, who have done their utmost to help them during their years in school.  
We thank all neighbouring schools who have sent us Magazines during the year.



### SCHOOL PREFECTS 1961-62.

*Head Girl*—HEATHER EDWARDS.

*Deputy*—EIRLYS MORGAN.

*Head Boy*—OGWYN WILLIAMS.

*Deputies*—ANTHONY SWEET, RAYMOND THOMAS.

#### *Girl Prefects :*

Pauline Bendle, Elaine Fisher, Glenys Glasbrook, Jennifer James, Jennifer Jenkins, Sian Jones, Pamela Morgan, Barbara Pritchard, Valerie Sutton, Angela Taylor, Susan Thomas.

#### *Boy Prefects :*

Ivor Davies, Jeffrey Davies, Barclay Edwards, Alun Evans, Conwil Jenkins, Geraint Jeremiah, Peter Jones, Melville Lewis, Philip Thomas, Roger Waters.

### MUSIC SOCIETY 1961-62.

*President*—MRS. C. CHISWELL, B.A.

*Secretary*—CONWIL JENKINS.

*Chairman*—PETER JONES.

*Treasurer*—BARBARA POWELL.

*Committee*—

Eirlys Morgan ; Dillwyn Phillips ; Jennifer Lewis ; Sian Jones.

*Committee :*

The society has had a very successful year. Meetings have been held weekly, when various forms of music have been played. However the emphasis has been on classical music.

During the Christmas term the society visited the Swansea Festival of Music at the Brangwyn Hall. The guest artist at the concert was Alfredo Campoli who played the Elgar violin concerto with the Hallé Orchestra conducted by Sir John Barbirolli.

The acquisition of a new school record player this year has been greatly appreciated by the society. We would like to thank everybody who has been of assistance to the society.

D. CONWIL JENKINS (*Secretary*).

#### A SONNET.

##### *Voices on the Mountain.*

It is only the carlew's call they said,  
Or possibly the distant sheepdog's bark  
That will invade the awful silence stark  
That surrounds old Gellionnen's dun, grey head

But hark! these are not the only sounds  
That are carried on the wings of the breeze,  
For voices come from every grove of trees,  
And tales from every mainhir on the mounds.

Budding and Britvic made this their home,  
Loudly does grove and grey mainhir proclaim,  
Centuries ere the Roman legions came,  
From their dominions across the foam.

Thus listen to the tongues of stone and tree,  
Many sermons speak they, for you and me.

PAULINE BENDLE (*Form VII*)

#### TELEVISION.

Television is nothing but a box  
that's square,  
With tubes, and bulbs, and wires  
here and there.  
Folks crowd round it with mouths  
open wide.  
Enthralled with the pictures that  
come from inside.  
We hear people complaining,  
"Turn up the sound,  
That picture's not right, his face is  
too round."  
But when all is said and done,  
Television is ended, so is the  
fun.  
Comedies, mysteries and romances  
are through  
I'm a real T.V. fan—aren't  
you?

### ARDFERT - BRENDAN.

(This is a Franciscan Friary in Ardfer, about six miles from Tralee in the County of Kerry, Eire.)

#### I

In the Kingdom of Kerry—long ago,  
When a Kerry Prince was fighting a foe,  
There was a pious and holy man,  
Who later was canonised Saint Brendan,  
And who ruled by the book with power as  
great,  
That no one on earth did him hate.

#### II

One day he was to build a Friary,  
When out of the heavens came a dove airy,  
And snatched the chart from his holy hand,  
And flew away over Kerry's lands.

#### III

It dropped the chart near a herd,  
That lay in a field outside Ardfer,  
And from that spot a monastery grew,  
That became a centre of learning that all  
Ireland knew.

#### IV

Saint Brendan he built a tower so high,  
That the monks on top could nearly touch the  
sky,  
And below in the fields the monks moved to  
and fro,  
Their heads bent to plough and sow.

#### V

All the monks did their work on the land,  
And every Franciscan lent a hand,  
They did their work amongst the trees,  
To work they had or else to freeze.

#### VI

For many a year they ploughed the domain,  
And sang in their church with a gentle refrain.  
The cattle they had were of Kerry's best,  
But now St Brendan's bones lie with the rest.

#### VII

For no longer in the old domain,  
Does one hear the monks light refrain  
No longer are the cloisters there,  
But the Friary is dark and bare,  
The humid walls look down with gloom,  
As one walks from room to room.

#### VIII

One sees where St. Brendan slept,  
One sees where the manuscripts were kept,  
And as one moves away from the tower so high,  
The Franciscan world has just passed by.  
GWYNFOR DAVIES, Form LIII.

### MORNING BATTLE.

'Twas the sound of the alarm clock,  
Shrilling in my ear,  
That when I opened my eyes,  
Its ugly head did rear.  
With one fell swoop I felled it,  
It fell as though 'twere dead.  
I heaved a deep contented sigh,  
And nestled down in bed.  
The movement roused my enemy  
That lay upon the floor,  
It would not take it lying down  
And recommenced its roar.  
Again, again I struck it  
With all my might and main  
It opened wide its gaping jaw  
And bellowed with the pain.  
I wore down its resistance  
With unbridled calm,  
And suddenly it ceased, did the alarm.  
But on its face there was a look  
That was not one of fear,  
If I'm not much mistaken, 'twas like unto  
a leer.  
I looked until I saw the light  
'Twas now broad day, no longer night.  
Although the clock had ceased to shrill  
The voice of conscience pricked me still.  
I strove to hurry, 'twas in vain,  
And so the clock had won again.

"SLEEPYHEAD" Lower VI.

### MY KITTEN.

I have a pretty pussy cat  
Her name is Fluff you see,  
She likes to sit upon a mat  
Or play about with me.

Her fur is very thick and soft  
You see she's tortoiseshell,  
She likes to hold her head aloft  
She's clever you can tell.

I love my pretty Fluffykins  
As much as she loves me,  
She likes to wake me in the mornings  
And sit upon my knee.  
MARI WILLIAMS, Form 2A.

### BIRDS—THE KINGFISHER

Along the river course there flashed  
A noble bird, with robes of blue,  
A splash, a rainbow as he dashed  
Into the depths of misty hue.

This noble hunter is the King  
Of river courses large and small.  
He has no need for crown, or ring,  
The river bank provides his hall.

And yet he leads a modest life,  
Cutting into the water as a knife,  
He speeds after a silvery fish,  
A morsel for the supper dish.

## CONGRATULATIONS.

To Former pupil Dr. Goronwy Daniels, the Permanent Under-Secretary of Fuel and Power, brother of Mrs. S. Lewis, our German Mistress, who was made a C.B.E. in last year's honours list.

Former pupil John Maddock, a student at St. George's London, who won the Ferney Scholarship, and on the strength of this was awarded a State Scholarship. He was also awarded the Henry Johnson Prize for the best pupil in anatomy.

Former pupil, Hywel Huws, who won the Travers Smith Scholarship for the excellence of his work in the final examination of the Law Society.

Former pupils Patricia Lockman, Ann Lodge, and Gwenda Thomas for gaining their Morriston Hospital Certificates. Gwenda Thomas and Ann Lodge also won prizes for Medicine and Medical Nursing.

Former pupil, David Payne, on gaining his Ph.D.

To John Pincott and Jennifer Payne for having the best certificates at 'O' Level.

To Catherine Evans, who won 1st prize in a Latin Recitation and Reading Competition, organised by the Swansea Branch of the Classical Association of Great Britain.

To Marilyn Davies for winning a State Scholarship.

To Raymond Davies, Form IIA, for coming second on Melin Express, to Mary Broome, sister of David Broome, in a show-jumping competition at Ystradgynlais.

To the Folk Dancing Team for dancing in the National Folk Dancing Festival and for being chosen to appear on the programme 'Amser Te' on T.W.W. on July 4th. Their success was mainly due to the hard work done by Miss Thomas and Mrs. G. Jones.

## TAKE CARE.

There was a young girl from  
Devon,  
A young "know-it-all" aged  
eleven.  
She scorned the Highway  
Code,  
Ran across every road,  
Now she's in Emergency Ward  
Seven!

## MONDAY AT SCHOOL.

Once again its Monday morning,  
Up I get grumbling, yawning  
In a hurry, in a flutter,  
Quickly I eat bread and butter,  
I must not be late for school,  
For that is against the rule.

I'm at school now doing gym,  
I must be fit in every limb,  
Next comes Latin, quite a chore,  
Over our text books we must pour.  
Next we have music in the hall,  
The din we make would make you fall.

The morning's over, its time for lunch,  
We squeeze into the canteen in a bunch,  
Only two lessons are left to do now,  
Through English and Geography we must  
plough.  
Lessons now have finished at last,  
And once more "Black Monday's" past,  
PATRICIA A. RYAN, Form IIA.

## A SCARE.

Ann and Jean were walking  
Across the fields one day  
Until a cow appeared  
And frightened them away.

## SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

The Summer holidays are nearly here,  
For me the happiest time of the year,  
We pack all the luggage into the car,  
And hook on the boat and travel afar,  
We're going north to the land of the  
heather,  
With the beautiful scenery and,  
I hope, sunny weather.  
We'll swim and we'll ski on lovely Loch  
Eise,  
And probably climb a mountain or two.

PATRICIA RYAN, Form IIA.

## THE ROCKERY.

There was a plump little girl,  
Called Jenny May,  
Who baked some rock cakes one day,  
The rock cakes were not as good as they  
should be,  
But they came in use,  
Because they now adorn the rockery.

PATRICIA A. RYAN, Form IIA.

## GERMANY, EASTER 1962.

As a result of finding an Educational Interchange Council leaflet on the table in the School Library last October, we found ourselves, on Friday, April 13th, tired and rather apprehensive, arriving in Düsseldorf.

The three of us were to stay with different German families, in order to improve our knowledge of the language, and of the people—at least, that was the intention, but as we were only there for just over a fortnight this now seems to have been somewhat over ambitious!

We vividly remember our first encounter with the people who were to be our hosts. As they spoke little English and we spoke even less German, our first meeting was very loquacious, being mainly composed of smiles and nods. Before we knew where we were, we were seated in turn in a little box and told to smile at the green light! Some minutes later, we realised we were having our photographs taken. This, it transpired, was for the 'linienkarte' which ensured our free travel to and from the Humboldt Gymnasium, which was the meeting place for all the English people on the course.

As we were staying with different families, each of us has some different impressions and recollections from the others. However as we would need the whole magazine to tell you of these, we will confine ourselves to places and incidents which equally impressed the three of us. Many of these incidents stem from the sense of fun of the other members of the group, among whom we were unique in being the only people from Wales, which fact brought forth many comments about our accents.

During the first few days we were honoured by being the guests of the Mayor of Düsseldorf for "Kaffeetrinken." Here we had our first introduction to the delicious German cream cakes, quite unlike anything we had tasted in Britain. Apart from the cakes, we experienced many dishes that were new to us. One of these was the "Düsseldorfer Special." This consisted of chopped herrings and onions covered with mayonnaise and served with warm potatoes. We still do not know whether or not the herrings were raw! Like all British visitors, we did not escape sauerkraut. Apparently there are many different varieties of this food, but we thoroughly enjoyed that which we tasted. Another German food of which we have vivid memories are the Frankfurter sausages. On the homeward journey we thought it would be a long time before we tasted them again. However, the train had scarcely pulled out of Düsseldorf when one of the boys in our compartment suddenly opened a parcel, and drew out about a yard of Frankfurter sausage, which he offered to us. But we were too overcome by the absurdity of the situation to accept his offer.

Among the many excursions we made to places of interest, one of the most vividly remembered is that to Bonn and Köln. Having proceeded to Köln in a bus by means of the autobahn, we had a quick look around the town before boarding a river steamer for Bonn. Up until then, the weather had been glorious, and we had all been looking forward to our trip on the river. Unfortunately it became cloudy and overcast. But even under these conditions the Rhine could not fail to be beautiful.

While at Bonn, we visited the birthplace of Beethoven. It was really wonderful to see the personal belongings and original manuscripts of this great composer. We toured the town on foot, and we all felt very conspicuous and very British.

On the return journey to Düsseldorf we visited Schloss Bruhl. This is an outstanding example of rococo architecture. The more artistically-minded members of the party went into raptures over the beauty of the interior, while we lesser mortals could but stand and feel vaguely worried about the very glamorous footwear we had been asked to don over our own shoes. These were absolutely immense felt slippers, which felt as if they weighed about half a ton each, the purpose of which was to protect the parquet floors. We all had a sneaking suspicion that a secondary purpose was to polish the said floors, as everybody slipped and slid continually during our progress through the Schloss.



A few days later, the three of us were invited to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. John Roberts at Köln. This had been kindly arranged for us by our headmaster, whose nephew, Mr. J. Roberts, is the Military Air-Attaché at Köln. We spent a very enjoyable day with our host and his family.

The marvellous time we had would have been impossible were it not for the families with whom we stayed, and who simply could not do enough for us. It was with mixed feelings that we left Düsseldorf to return home. However, we carried with us memories of all our exploits and of Düsseldorf itself, a newly-built town of clean, wide tree-lined streets, skyscrapers and kind people.

MARGARET GEALY, PATRICIA JONES, JENNIFER PAYNE, Lower VI

### PASTE.

Phildyke Jones, was born at a very young age to Vandyke Jones and his wife Phyllis on a cold, rainy night in February. His father showed a mark of rare genius in naming the baby Phildyke, being as you can see a concoction of both parents' names, and eminently suitable for someone born in this particular month of the year—though as someone sagely remarked, "Having regard to British weather this name would have been eminently suitable had he been born in any other month!"

During the first few days of his life, Phildyke showed none of the qualities that were to bring him fame and fortune. Indeed, he was a most cantankerous child. He paid little regard to his parents' desire for peace and quiet, but night and day went into all kinds of tantrums so that his father and mother had very little sleep during this early period. They tried him with all the usual baby foods, but none were to his liking and it became evident that this spartan diet was bound to have its effects. The child grew scrawnier and scrawnier, and it was a sad thought for the parents that there was no Mount Olympus near at hand where the child could be given the full spartan treatment. Nevertheless, as day succeeded day the parents became firmly convinced that Phildyke was perhaps after all a mistake, and they determined upon an ingenious plan to rectify the error.

On a cold and blustery day towards the end of February, they decided to leave home for the day, leaving the baby to fend for himself. They left the door wide open so that the child should have the benefit of all the cold draughts that were going, and by leaving the door open there was also the chance that the gypsies might call and kidnap the child. Also the father, who was a bill poster by trade, had thoughtfully placed a bucket of paste near the baby's cot, so that in the event of the first part of the plan miscarrying, it was conceivable that the child might fall from his cot into the paste and be accidentally drowned.

Late that evening, the parents returned home, and, to their immense surprise, they heard gurgles of delight issuing from the cot. With bated breath they watched what had brought about this transformation. Then they saw Phildyke dip his hands into the paste and transfer it to his mouth with evident relish. From then on the baby continued to thrive on his diet of paste and peace and happiness reigned in the house of the Joneses, but more than that, this innocent action of a baby eating paste was to have tremendous and world wide repercussions some years later.

When Phildyke left school he became a grocer's assistant, but he did not like his job at all, for he wanted to work where he could be his own boss. He had throughout his early life maintained his liking for paste, and at least once every day made it a habit of eating a bowlful of his favourite food. One advantage he had gained from his strange diet was this, that whilst other people sniffed and sneezed and coughed their way through the autumn and winter, he had never caught colds or suffered from chills. What then was more natural that the boy who owed so much to paste should become a paste manufacturer. His father, before he had died, had left him his secret formula for paste making, so Phildyke gave up his work at the grocer's shop and struck out on his own by opening a small factory for the manufacture of paste.

His little venture met with an immediate success, and soon decorators and do-it-yourself enthusiasts all over the country would accept no other paste except the ready mixed paste which Phildyke had marketed under the trade name of 'Dwra-can.'

Soon Phildyke, to meet the great demand for his product had to open a chain of factories throughout the country, and as the product became universally known, fleets of tankers carried ready mixed paste to every country overseas.

Soon the industrial face of the country took on a remarkable change. The manufacture of steel and mining of coal took second place to the manufacture of 'Dwr a can,' and such was the tremendous growth of the industry that the Lord Chancellor no longer sat on his woolsack but on a pail of paste instead, denoting by this that paste was now held to be the staple industry of the country.

Again the remarkable sticking qualities of 'Dwr a can' were ingeniously adapted to other uses. Motorists found 'Dwra-can' of inestimable value for a quick and lasting repair to punctured tyres; plumbers used it to seal burst pipes, and in hospitals concentrated forms of plaster superseded plaster of Paris to set broken limbs. Some County Councils found that this concentrated form of 'Dwra-can' was an excellent road surfacing material, but this practice was not continued as it caused considerable unemployment amongst quarrymen and cement workers.

But, however remarkable was the industrial change in the country, it was small in comparison with the great social changes that were to follow. Sir Phildyke Jones (he was knighted in the last years Honours List) never forgot that paste saved his life when he was a baby, and that a daily portion had saved him from many other ailments particularly colds, chills and influenza, now turned his attention to the production of this panacea for all ills. He marketed his product under the name of 'Canadwr' and from the outset it proved a remarkable success. Every person in the country took a daily dose of 'Canadwr' with remarkable results. People suffered no longer with colds, chills and flu, and bronchial and pulmonary diseases disappeared for ever. The Nation Health bill was cut in half, but this saving was eaten up by the increased costs of Old Age Pensions.

The expectation of life was increased from sixty years to ninety-five years and the government of the country was torn between either legalizing Euthanasia or fighting wars to regain their old colonial territories where their unwanted population could emigrate.

Amongst doctors, nurses, undertakers and sextans there was considerable distress. People would not go ill, nor would they die. A Petition was presented in the House to relieve distress amongst the workers, but Parliament could do nothing about it except to give them advice to seek work in the ever growing chain of 'Canadwr' and 'Dwra-can' factories.

This story of the remarkable success of Sir Phildyke Jones cannot be concluded here. This must be left to future historians, for we are still only on the verge of even greater industrial and social revolutions in the country, brought about in the first place by a little child dipping his hands into a bucket of billposter paste.

PAULINE BENDLE, VI Upper.

#### THE SHEPHERD.

Upon a hill far, far away  
A shepherd watches o'er his sheep;  
He watches that no lamb doth stray,  
And leads them to their place of sleep.

He endures the rain, and the gales,  
Walking through early morning dews;  
He walks o'er mountains, through vales,  
Guarding his flock of lambs and ewes.

Then homeward down the mountainside,  
He winds his tedious way;  
In his hut, by the fireside,  
After eating, sleep on the hay.

DAVID JONES.

#### "THE SHEPHERD."

As he sits surrounded by his sheep,  
His head nods tiredly but he knows he cannot sleep.

His mind wanders back to those days,  
When as a lad he followed his father's ways,  
To try and be as good a shepherd as he,  
And knowing that for his fee,

On a dull cold winter's morn,  
Into this dark world a lamb would be born,  
And then suddenly the darkness would be light  
Thus as he thought he knew that no matter  
How old he would get, he would fight  
To live as he had never fought before.

To see this wondrous sight many times more.  
BERNADETTE MARNEILL, Form IVL

## BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN.

I was lucky enough to be one of fifty British school children chosen to spend a month's holiday in Czechoslovakia last Summer. This holiday was arranged by the British-Czechoslovak Children's Exchange Holiday Organisation.

We were told to meet at the West London air terminal on August 1st, and after being put into three groups we set off by private coach to London Airport. Before long we said cheerio to our parents, and were soon through Customs, on to the tarmac, and into the wonderful T.U. 104A jet air liner which was to take us as far as Prague. I shall never forget that flight, and it gives some idea of the speed when I say that we crossed the channel in just over five minutes, and were in Prague in an hour and a half.

It was a strange experience to land in a foreign country, and for most of us it was the first time we had ever been abroad. I remember specially noticing the cars using the right-hand side of the road.

After spending two days sight-seeing in Prague, we continued by a smaller propeller plane to Bratislava, where amongst other enjoyments we went for a walk along the banks of the Danube, which at that point was far from being blue!

The last part of our journey to our destination in Slovakia meant a ride of about a hundred and twenty kilometres by coach. There were many things to interest us en route, and at one place where we stopped for a meal we saw the villagers playing bowls with very large round stones.

At last we reached the holiday camp just before midnight, and although it was so late, the fifty Czech children who were to share the holiday with us, ran out to meet us with bunches of wild flowers, and insisted on carrying our cases.

After a good night's sleep we felt better, and the next morning we were able to look around at the wonderful scenery of mountains and pine trees and lakes. There was one lake about fifty yards from the camp, and during the month we spent a great deal of our time there, either swimming or boating. Other group activities from which we could choose were hiking, handicrafts, folk dancing or athletics.

Some evenings the Czechoslovak children entertained us, and and sometimes we arranged a concert for them. Occasionally some Czech singers and dancers came from the nearby town to entertain us all.

One day officials from Prague Radio came to interview us, and this programme was recorded and was heard by our parents on the English programme of Prague Radio.

In the third week of the holiday, a two day visit was arranged to the High Tatras mountains and we went up to one of the highest peaks by chair lift. The scenery was better than anything I have ever seen, and I shall never forget it.

The month passed very quickly, and by the end we had made many friends amongst the Czech children. The return journey to Prague took thirteen hours by train, and the Czech children who were going in that direction travelled with us. On this very long and hot journey, we again saw the High Tatras, and went through many tunnels. At one point we were very near to the Polish border. At every stop some of the Czech children left us, and we were sorry to say goodbye to them.

One more night in Prague, and then back to London Airport on the T.U. 104. And so ended the most exciting holiday I have ever spent.

JOHN H. MORGAN (Form IIIc.)

### CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

I took the teacher's mortar,  
And filled it full of water.  
She said, "Come here, you  
clown."  
And now I can't sit down!

EILEEN WILLIAMS, Form III.

### COWSLIP.

The cowslip grows in open fields  
And favours clayey soil  
It may be found in colonies  
And grows without much toil.

CATHERINE DAVIES, Form IIa.

## GOLYGYDDOL.

Y llynedd ni chynhaliwyd yr Eisteddfod Wyl Ddewi arferol yn yr ysgol, a "llwyth y lloffa," llwyth ola'r "crafn' nân," oedd ar "Gambo Gymraeg" Y Bont. Y cyfan yn gras, serch hynny.

Eleni cafwyd eisteddfod yn llawn hwyl, a thri o'r cynhyrchion llenyddol yn ennill dwy wobr gynta' ac ail wobr, yn Eisteddfod Genedlaethol yr Urdd yn Rhuthun. Diolch i ysbrydoliaeth ein Heisteddfod, y mae'r cnwd yn dewach y tro hwn yn mhedwerydd rhifyn ar ddeg Y Bont. Diolch i bawb a gyfrannodd, a diolch yn arbennig i'r cywion beirdd yn y dosbarthiadau ifancaf.

Un o destunau'r Traethawd Gymraeg yn arholiad y Cyd-Bwyllgor Addysg Gymraeg eleni oedd "Ysgolion Gymraeg." Bu cryn lythyra o dro i dro ar "Ysgolion Gymraeg," yn y wasg leol. Ysgydwyd y wlad gan ddarlith radio Mr. Sanders Lewis—dewisodd Wyl Ddewi i broffwydo tranc yr iaith Gymraeg o fewn deugain mlynedd oni roir ei pharod le i'r Gymraeg fel cyfrwag addysg a gweinyddiaeth wladol. Mae rhai'n credu y gall "Yr Urdd" ofalu'n iawn am barhad yr iaith. Mae gan y Sais ormod o hunan barch a synuwyd cyffredin i ymddiried diogelwch y Saesneg yn awylio'r "Boy Scouts" a'r "Girl Guides."

Careu ddiolch i Bwyllgor Addysg Sir Forgannwg am eu polisi goleuedig wrth sefydlu Ysgolion Gymraeg Cynradd, ac am agor yr Ysgol Uwchradd Gymraeg gyntaf yn y Sir yn Rhydfeilen ger Pontypridd. Mae galw am Ysgol Uwchradd Gymraeg yng Nghwm Tawe, a chymoedd eraill Cymru, cyn iddi fynd yn rhy hwyr. Ers hanner canrif a mwy y mae plant cartrefi Cymraeg wedi dioddef oherwydd eu dysgu trwy gyfrwng ail iaith. A dyma'r Academi Gymraeg newydd gyhoeddi pamfflet "Y Gymraeg" gan y Dr. Iorwerth Peate sy'n ategu hyn. Welsoch chi lythyr Mr. Llwyd Thomas yntau yn un o'r papurau lleol? Gŵr o brofiad oedd yn llefaru, cyn athro o'r ysgol hon a chyn brif-athro Ysgol Uwchradd Llanyllin am flynyddoedd. Diolch iddo am godi'i lais heb golli'i ben. Dyw deugain mlynedd ddim yn llawer o amser i droi'r llanw nôl, ond, gyda chymorth muriau'r ysgolion Gymraeg, fe ellir, o leiaf, atal y lliw a'i gadw draw.

BEN JONES, HUW DAVIES,  
(Golygyddion).

## DIWRNOD GWLYB.

Fy mhloer i ar ddiwrnod gwlyb  
Yw mynd am dro i bysgota,  
Ond er mor hoff i'wyl i o'r ddaig  
Mae'n anodd iawn eu dalu.

'Rôl cerdded rhai milliroedd maith  
A'r cymylau du yn gwyn,  
'Doedd dim ond abwyd wrth y bach  
A minnau bron â llwyn.

O'r diwedd dehais frithyll hardd,—  
Rhy fydian oedd i'r fasedd;  
I brentis o bysgotwr brawd  
Ei dafio'n ôl oedd galed.

Dychwelais gyda'r hwyr yn ôl  
A'm trued yn wlyb diferi,  
Ac wedi awper blasus mam  
Paradwys oedd y gwely.

T. GERAINT JONES IVL



Cyrraeddasom y Dyffryn am hanner awr wedi saith ar nos Sadwrn y trydydd ar hugain o Fedi y llynedd. Derbyniwyd ni yn gynnes gan Wardciniaid yr hen blas, sef Mr. a Mrs. Phillips, rhieni'r actores enwog Siân Phillips. Cawsom swper blasus, a blasus fu'r bwyd drwy gydol yr wythnos.

Yr oedd tri disgybl o'r ysgol hon ar y cwr, sef Siân Jones, Huw Davies, a minnau.

Buom yn pryderu, nid ychydig, taw cwmni sych fyddde'n cyd-fyfrwyr ond cawsom wythnos lawen mewn cwmni hoenus a diddorol—o bob rhan o Forgannwg, naw ar hugain o ferched ac un ar ddeg o lechgyn. Cyn troi i mewn i'n gwelye' cysurus tua'r un ar ddeg roeddlem yn adnabod bron pawb oedd yno, gan gynnwys y pedwar aelod o'r staff, dwy othrawes, a dau athro.

Trannoeth cawsom amserlen yr wythnos, a'r unig siom oedd ein bôd i godi mewn pryd i gael brecwast am hanner awr wedi wyth. Am hanner awr wedi naw roedd gwasanaeth, a ni'r disgyblion fyddai'n gyfrifol amdano. Byddai cinio am un ar gloch, a the am hanner awr wedi pedwar. Tair sesiwn o weithio oedd bob dydd, yr un gyntaf o ngain munud i ddeg hyd un ar ddeg; yr ail o hanner awr wedi un ar ddeg hyd amser cinio; a'r olaf yn yr hwyr o hanner awr wedi pump i saith. Nid darlithiau oedd y rhain i gyd, a gellir gweld fôd gennym ddigon o amser rhydd.

Beth oedd i'w neud yn ystod yr hamdden hwn? Yr oedd y plas, er ei hysed, yn lle eang iawn a'r oedd cyfleusterau i whare billiards a thennis bord, heb sôn am gramaffon a recordiau modern i ddawnsio iddyn' hw. Wrth gwrw roedd y gerddi bardd i'w cerdded—y rhain yw'r gerddi harddai yng Nghymru, medden hw. Rhaid oedd i'r cyhoedd dalu hanner coron yr un am dresio prynhawn yn y rhain a minnau'n byw ynddyn hw am wythnos gyfan! Gallem godi gymaint yn haws yn y bore wrth allu edrych allan drwy'r ffenestr ar y fath olygfa!

Yr oedd y darlithiau hwythau yn ddiddorol iawn, pump darlith yn ymwneud â llyfrau gosod arholiadau'r C.A.C. Traddodwyd y rhain gan rai o'r awdurdodau blaenaf yn Llên Cymru. Bu Mr. John Gwilym Jones o Fangor yn siarad am "Olion" a Rhys Lewis. Trafodwyd "Barddoniaeth yr Uchelwyr," Cymraeg canol a "Tŵf Llên Cymru" gan A. O. H. Jarman. Bu Mr. Gwynedd Pierce o goleg Caerdydd yn siarad am Theophilus Evans a "Morgannwg Matthews Ewenni."

Nid oedd y darlithiau wedi'u cyfyngu i waith ysgol; yr oedd hefyd ddarlithwyr ar bynciau cyffredinol i chiangu'n gwybodaeth a'n dychymyg. Ymlith y rhain oedd Mr. Alwyn Samuel yn trafod "Cerdid Dant," a darlithwyr eraill yn trafod testunau yn ymwneud â diwylliant, gwyddoniaeth a'r Beibl.

Clowyd yr wythnos nos Wener â chyngerdd yng nghwmni'r Henadur William Evans, Gorseinion, Cadeirydd Cyngor y Sir. Prawf o lwyddiant y noson oedd i'r Henadur rhadlon gadw cwmni â ni tan eiliad ola'r wyl a barhaodd bron hyd ganol nos! Ond na sibrydd neb am hyn wrth ei ddoctor, gan i fôd yn ceisio cryffa ar y pryd wedi triniaeth lawfeddygol galed yn yr ysbyty. "Ma' rhwpeth fel hyn yn well na photoleidi o foddion doctor," mynte fe. Gawn minnau ategu hynny, nid am y Noson Lawen yn unig, ond am yr wythnos ar ei hyd.

BEN JONES (Dosbarth VI Isaf).

#### Y GAN.

A glywsocch chi Mari yn canu  
Mewn prelud yng nghapel y Barri?  
Fe synodd y côr,  
Tawelodd y môr  
Pan agorchodd Mari'r Ffinal.

GARETH DAVIES, Dosbarth Una.

#### FFA DA.

Sam bach oedd yn ddiwyd a da  
Pan ddaeth amser bwyta'r ffa.  
Ond beth sydd yn bôd?  
Pan agorchodd y gôd  
Yn wir doedd na ddin byd na i  
NEVILLE ARROWSMITH, Dosbarth Una

# EISTEDDFOD GRANDIOSOS OGOFUWCH GENEDLAETHOLOSOS PONTARDAWE.

Yn ôl traddodiad yr ysgol, cynhaliwyd Eisteddfod Grandiosos Ogofuwch Genedlaetholosos Pontardawe ar ddydd Gŵyl Ddewi, eleni unwaith eto. Ond ymbell cyn Gŵyl Ddewi bu'r pedwar tŷ, sef Ap Gwilym, Arthur, Dewi a Hywel, yn brysur yn paratoi ar gyfer yr Eisteddfod yma. Y beirniaid oedd: cerdd—Mrs. T. James, adrodd a llen—y Parchedig Gareth Davies, B.A., B.D.; llen Saesneg—Mr. D. J. Davies. Cynhaliwyd yr Eisteddfod fore dydd Iau, dydd Gwener, a bore dydd Llun.

Uchafbwynt yr Eisteddfod oedd coroni'r llenor buddugol. Yr Archdderwydd oedd y Proffwyd Payne (Geraint Jerimiah). Urddwyd aelod newydd yn yr Orsedd eleni, sef Mme. M. Nury. Hi henw barddol yw Mair Magdalen. Cyrchwyd a hi i'r llwyfan gan Sioni'r Cern (John Jones) a Ben cender Rita (Ben Jones). Cyfarchwyd hi gan Huw ap Isaac (Huw Davies).

Aethpwyd ymlen wedyn â seremoni'r coroni. Ar ôl y feirniadaeth, gofynwyd i "Alba" sefyll ar ei draed, a gwelwyd mai Siân Jones o Dŷ Arthur oedd y llenor buddugol. Cyrchwyd hi i'r llwyfan gan Grug O' John (Heather Edwards) a Phil o'r Firth (Philip Thomas). Coronwyd hi gan yr Archdderwydd. Canwyd cân y coroni gan Christine Fach (Christine Davies) ac wedyn cyfarchwyd hi gan Bendle Taffus (Pauline Bendle). Myf ap Merf (Eiriys Morgan); Glenys ab St. Meindod o'r Gerdinen, (Glenys Glasbrook); Ben cender Rita; Sid y Sant o Salem (Seiriol Evans) a Conwl o'r Co-op (Conwil Jenkins).

Er mai i Dŷ Arthur yr aeth y Goron, Tŷ Ddewi a emillodd y Darian, Tŷ Hywel yn ail, Ap Gwilym yn drydydd ac Arthur yn olaf.

SIÂN JONES.

## Y TRI.

Fe hunodd William Hopkin,  
Dyn gwamaethgar iawn,  
I wasanaethu craill  
Roedd ganddo ei ryw ddawen;  
Fe fu yn ostyngedig  
Cyhyd â bu e' byw  
Yn harod i wneud rhywbeth  
I gynnal achos Duw.

Fe hunodd Joseph Davies  
Ar ôl gweld dyddiau llawn,  
Roedd e yn gredwr cadarn  
Mewn ganeud yr hyn oedd iawn;  
Aeth son trwy'r wlad amdano  
Fel athro'r Ysgol Sul  
Bu'n gyfrwng i gael cewri  
I rodio'r llybyr cul.

Fe aeth y Farch, Rhys Lewis  
O'r byd yn sydyn iawn,  
Roedd e yn broffwyd llynod  
A chanddo neges iawn;  
Fe gafodd hwn anghydedd  
Do, yn ei wlad ei hun,  
Lle'r oedd e yn cyhoeddi  
Cyflawnder Mab y Dyn.

CERI GRIFFITHS, Dosbarth 4TL.

## AMSER GWELY.

Mae'n anochl mynd i'r gwely  
Yn gynnar yn yr haf,  
Does dim siwr beth â chygu  
A lithau'n olau braf.

"Rwy'n clywed plant yn chwarae  
I lawr a lan y stryd,  
Ac wrth i'w awn ddynnu  
Fellhaus wna cwag o hyd.

"Rhaid mynd i'r gwely'n gynnar  
Os wyt am dyfu'n ddyn"  
Medd 'nhad, ond nid wy'n credu  
Mewn gorwedd ar ôd hyn.

"Rwy'n gorfod mynd heb awper  
(O i dyna arfer ffol)  
Os byddaf mor dafotrydd  
Ag ateb 'mam yn ôl.

Pan âf i'r gwely'n gynnar  
A'm gwep fel cwmwl mawr,  
Ni chofiai ddim amdani  
Wrth godi gyda'r wawr.

SIÂN JONES, Dosbarth VI Uchaf.

## GWEITHIO CAWL.

Y peth cyntaf sydd eisiau arnoch chi i weithio cawl yw dŵr. Dŵr o'r tap, neu os nad oes tap i'w gael yn y tŷ, 'rwy'n siwr fod yna ffynnon neu dap dŵr yn agos i'ch cartre' chi yn rhywle. Wedyn, mae eisiau darn neu sleisien o gig moch, neu unrhyw gig y byddwch chi'n digwydd ei ffansio. Os taw gwyn fydd y cig, coch fydd y cawl. Felly, gofawch nad oes gennych chi lawer o fraster, hyd yn oed os ydych chi'n arfer byw yn fras. Er mwyn rhoi tipyn o flas ychwanegol ar y cawl, dylid doddi llysiau gyda'r cig yn y dŵr. Cennin sydd orau, er eu bod yn ddŵd iawn yr amser yma o'r flwyddyn. Mae cymaint o fynd arnynt erbyn Gŵyl Ddewi i wneud Cawl Cennin i'r amryw wleddeodd sy'n cael eu cynnal ar y diwrnod arbennig hwn ym mis Mawrth. Hefyd, mae'r rhew wedi difa llawer ohonyn 'hw eleni. Os nad ŷch chi'n gallu fforddio cenhinen, fe wna parsli y tro yn iawn. Mae hwnnw i'w gael mewn bocaus, ta 'faint o eira a rhew sydd. 'Rwy'n siwr fod Sioni Winwns wedi bod heibio'ch tŷ chi y llynedd, ac os oes peth o'r winwns hynny ar ôl, fe fyddden hwn'n werth y byd i ychwanegu at flas y cawl. 'Ddaeth mo'r gŵr hwnnw o Lydaw atom ni y llynedd, ac felly 'rwy'n defnyddio'r winwns oedd gyda ni yn yr ardd. Maen hwn'n llai, ond yr un blas ganddyn' hw. Felly, os nad ŷch chi wedi piclo'r winwns i gyd, i addurno'r lan ar gyfer ymwelwyr yn ystod y gaeaf, defnyddiwch y rheini.

Er mwyn gwneud y cawl yn flasus iawn, a gwneud pryd da ohono, dylid cael moron a thate ac os gall y pwrs ddal y stracn, gellid cael erfin a phanas i'w berwi yn y cawl. 'Rwy' i'n hoff iawn o banas, ond mater o flas personol yw hwnnw. Wrth gwrs, 'does dim rhaid i chi gael llysiau o gwbl. Mi wn i am ddyn o wlad Pŵyl, ar ôl profi cawl llysiau fel hyn, a ddywedodd—

"Gawl, Gabbages a Gennin! Gawl â neb ynddo o'n i'n arfer ga'i."  
Druan ohono! Ni hoffwn i ddŵr wedi'i ffasu â thate'n unig. Ond dyna syniad o gawl.

Ar ôl golchi'r llysiau, dylid eu whalu'n fân cyn eu rhoi yn y dŵr. Fel y gwyddoch 'dyw llysiau fel tato a moron ddim yn digoni am amser, ac erbyn eu bod nhw'n ddigon tyner iddi bwyta, fe fyddai'r dŵr wedi berwi bron yn sych, a fyddai dim cawl i neb. Felly, torri'r llysiau mor fân ag sydd bosibl yw'r cynllun gorau.

Wedyn, rhaid eu rhoi mewn sospan. Nawr, mae'n dibynnu faint o gawl'r ŷch chi am wneud cyn dewis y sospan. Os yw'ch teulu yn fawr, bydd yna ofynnol i chi gael sospan fawr a digon o ddŵr, rhag ofn i rywun neu rywrai orfod bod heb ddim. Ar y llaw arall, os taw chi fydd yr unig un fydd yn yfed y cawl, fydd dim eisiau sospan fawr. Ond 'dwn i ddim hefyd. 'Roedd hen wrraig yn byw yn hen ardal fy nhad, yn byw gyda'i chath mewn bwthyn unig, a 'roedd hi'n gweithio llond pan o gawl ar ddechreu pob wythnos. Na, peidiwch â chamsynied. 'Doedd hi ddim yn ei yfed i gyd yr un diwrnod. Dyna i chinio am yr wythnos. Wrth wneud digon o gawl ar Dydd Llun, gallai i gael yn ail dwym am weddill yr wythnos. 'Dwn i ddim a oedd y gath yn cael tamaid. 'Rwy'n credu bod yna stori yn gweu o gwmpas hyn. 'Doedd y gath yn cael dim bwyd yn ystod yr wythnos, ond yn cael gwledd o ginio bob dydd Sul. 'Rwy'n credu bod pobl yn dwend mai gweddillion y cawl oedd i bwyd hi hefyd. 'Rwy'n siwr bod y gath yn gliper at ddol llygod. 'Dal llygod neu drengi oedd i dewis hi.

Ar ôl dewis pa fath o sospan sydd eisiau arnoch chi, llenwch hi i fyny â'r llysiau'n gynta, ac ar ben y llysiau rhewch y sleisien o gig. Wedyn, llenwch hi â dŵr.

I rhoi ar y tân yw'r cam nesaf. Gofawch fod clawr gyda chi i'r sospan, neu fe fydd huddug yn cwmpo o'r sinne i lawr i'r cawl, a 'dwy' ddim yn credu, rywfodd, fod hwnnw yn ychwanegu at flas y cawl. Dylid cael tân mawr. 'Dyw eich sospan chi ddim yn gallu berwi ar y llawr, yr un fath â sospan Llanelli, pa mor fawr bynnag y bo. Ond yn ddiweddar mi ddarlennis berorasiwn ar yr helynt teuluoel yma, ac awgrymodd yr awdur mai wedi bod yn berwi ar y tân oedd y sospan fawr a'r oedd i chynwys yn ddigon berw i ferwi ar y llawr. Ta' waeth am hynny, fe fyddai'n well gen i i'm sospan i efelychu'r sospan fach ar y tân, a dechrau berwi.

Fe fydd eisiau lletwad amoch chi. Os nad ych chi'n arfer gwneud cawl, a dim lletwad ar gael, fe wna llwy bren y tro. Mae'n llawer gwell i'ch bysedd chi na'r llwy dur yma. 'D yn nhw ddim yn twymo mor gyflym. Beth bynnag, lletwad fyddai ore. I ddeinydd e, wrth gwis, fydd i droi'r cawl yn awr ac yn y man, rhag ofn i'r cennin llyn wrth i gilydd mewn cornel a'r winws a'r moron mewn corneli eraill. 'Does dim rheswm ganddyn hw i fod yn swil; rhaid iddyn hw gymysgu â'i gilydd. Maen hw i gyd yn yr un twll,—neu yn hytrach yn yr un cawl. Felly, mae eisiau lletwad i helpu'r broses hon. Gofalwch, hefyd, y'ch bod yn cadw'r lletwad yn y cawl drwy'r amser, ac nid yn gwneud yr un peth â'r wraig honno yn ffair yr Hen Feddau. 'Roedd hi'n gwerthu cawl yn y ffair hon bob blwyddyn, ac yn codi ceiniog y basin. Yn y ffair hon le fyddai 'hw'n gyrru gwartheg a defaid iddi gwerthu, a 'd oedd y fath beth â chaets neu gorlan ar faes y ffair ddim yn bôd. Felly, cymysgai'r gwartheg â'r dynion yno. Teimlai ambell i fowch mai peth neis iawn fyddai cael bamed o'r cawl hwn, ond meddyliai Mari'n wahanol. Pan ddanen 'nhw'n agosati, fe gyddiai'r hen wraig yn y lletwad, a'i tharo ar gynffon y fowch, a gweiddi "Cer o'na'r hen fowch." Ar ôl i'r fowch fynd i ffwrdd, rhoddai'r lletwad yn ôl yn y cawl drachefn.

Trowch y cawl bob yn awr ac yn y man â'r lletwad, a phan welwch chi fod y moron a'r tato wedi tyneru a'r cig wedi'i goginio, mae'ch cawl yn barod. Codwch y sospan o'r tân, ac yn awr gall eich sospan chi efelychu sospan iawr Llanelli, a berwi ar y llawr. Yn i fywgraffiad, dywed Guttersnipe, sais a ddaeth yn was fferm i Gymru, mai'ginio bob dydd oedd cawl. 'Roedd allan yn gweithio ar y tir bob bore gyda'r gweision eraill. Yn ymyl y waun rhedai rheilffordd, ac yn brydlon am ddeuddeg o'r gloch bob dydd, doi trên helbio—trên deuddeg. Hwn oedd yr arwydd i'r gweision fod u cinio nhw'n barod a gan mai cawl oedd u cinio, llysenwyd y trên yn dren cawl!

'Dych chi ddim yn meddwl bôd yn well i weithio cawl nag agor tun o swp? Mi wn i fod bwyd tun yn haws i wneud, ond meddylwch am y maeth a gewch mewn cawl o waith cartre. Gobeithio 'môd i wedi egluro i chi sut i neud cawl, ac fe anfonai i at Myfanwy Howell ar 'Amser Tê' a gofyn iddi ddangos i chi sut iddi weithio fe. Mae'n well gwell na gerando ar y risét. Os ych chi'n weddol siwr shwd i fynd omboitu hi ewch ati yfory. Ond da chi peidiwch â gneud cawl o bethe!

SIÂN JONES (Y Chweched Dosbarth).

#### CYSGU'N HWYR.

Nid William Jones yn unig  
Sydd wedi cygu'n hwyr,  
Digwyddodd hyn i minnau—  
Ni chwech y stori'n llwyr.

Ni thorrais ddannedi gosod  
Fel William, druan ŵr,  
Pe gwnaethwn innau hyany  
Ni chawewn fwy o stôr.

Be mam wrth droed y grisiau  
Yn galw'n groch, modd hi,  
Ond chwyrau dan y blanced  
O hyd yr oeddwn i.

Brouddwytiwn 'môd i'n chwarae  
Dros Gymru yn Nhwiccanham,  
'Roedd Sais yn tynnu' agholer—  
A phwy oedd yno ond mam!

Mi dwmlais mäs o'r gwely  
A gwisgo fel y geynt,  
A llyncu 'mwyd fel Carlo—  
'Falle beth yaghynt.

Cyrhaeddais iard yr ysgol  
Mewn pryd, do siwr i chi,  
Ond gwele cyn deg yw'r drefen  
Oddi ar hynny yn tē ni.

T. GERAINT JONES, IVL

#### NELL

A glywsch chi'r hanes am Nell  
Nad ai iddi gwâl heb i hel hi?  
Arhosai ar lawr  
Fel un o'r rhai mawr  
Gan grio' "rwy'n mo'yn gweld y tel."  
STUART THOMAS, Dosbarth Una.



### Y MEDDWIN.

Un hoff lawn o ller oedd Andi :  
Fe lyncu lloed potel o frandi :  
Cyn pen hanner awr,  
Pe syrthio i'r llawr,—  
Dyddu'n well iddo fe yfed shandi.  
MARY HOPKIN, Dosbarth Una.

### HEN BENILLION.

(Gwobe gyntaf dan 19 yn Eisteddfod Gened-  
laethol yr Udd, 1982. Beirniad—Y Parch.  
Gerallt Jones, Llanswelllyn.)

Coch yw het fy chwaer Awenna,  
Coch yw sillad gorau innu,  
Coch yw l'wynnab i mewn sillad,  
Pan y'm poenir am fy nghariad.

Saranu gwyn sydd yn fflasiynol,  
Dillad gwyn ar ddydd priodasol,  
Gwyn yw'r bachgen i'w wyn i garu,  
A ddaw gwynfyd i'r ôl priodi ?

Du yw tymor maith y gaeaf,  
Du yw'r eira gwyn pan dodda,  
Du yw'r pentan, du yw'r awyrd,  
Heb gwpeini'r un a gollwyd.

Melyn yw'r hen lwyni eithin,  
Melyn haul ar weidd pob blodyn,  
Melyn yw yr aur ar garau,  
Pan fo llawenion y twynennau.

Pinc yw'r rhos a blennau 'lenti  
Yn y border bach ay' gen' i,  
Pinc yw'r lliw i'w wyn dotio arno  
Unlliw'r rhos ar ruddian Gwenno.

Glas yw'r môr pan fyddo'n dawl  
Glas yw'r awyr pan fo awel,  
Glas yw'r dail ar goed y borlan,  
Unlliw'r chwyn ar fedd yn Henllan.  
SIÂN JONES, Dosbarth VI Uchaf.

### LISA

Hon witu fach bert ydyw Lisa,  
A fentrodd bob cam draw i Lisa :  
Ar gopa y tŷ,  
Fe gweddus â gŵr,  
Mae hi nawr wedi newid i'w ffin !  
MARY HOPKIN, Dosbarth Una.

### DIWRNOD GWLYB.

Berw glaw ar fore Llan,  
Gwyno mam yn gwyn,  
Gweld y dillad brent bob un  
Heb ohaith am 'u golchi.

Dail bach yn gwennu'n lion  
Wrth foddwl am i ffrindie,  
A rhedeg yn y gwynt a'r glaw  
I chwarae yn y pylle.

DELYTH JENKINS, DARA.

### DIWRNOD GWLYB.

Amynedd yn bria,  
Dillad yn socan,  
Mam yn pregethu  
Yn fan og yn fuan.

Ôl traed y ci  
Ar lawr ag ar gelfi  
Ragidan Taden  
Yn llawn iudd o'r gerddi.

Sychder Sahara  
Fyddai'n nefeodd i mi  
Ar ôl hanner boddi  
Yn nylader y lli!

NEST JAMES, DARA.

### DIWRNOD GWLYB.

Bore Llan ! on'd yw ha'n ddifas,  
A'r glaw yn ôd i lawr,  
Mam yn hir wynebog  
Wrth weld y golchi mawr.

Fe chwedd y gwynt yn uchel  
O gylch y sinne lawr,  
Gan weidda'n orleddus,  
" Myh, myh yw'r cawr.

Rwy'n chwythu ar fy agurau,  
Rwy'n holl o gemu'r glaw,  
Chwameu'n gylch n gylch  
I gadw'r hollwen draw."

Mae blodau bach y Gwanwyn  
Yn ddarnau mân i gyd,  
A'r coeddydd mawr urddusol  
Yn gorwedd ar eu hyd.

Mae'r pentref bach yn distaw,  
Mae'r bobol yn enl braw,  
Mae'r boro'n troi yn hwyrnos,  
Ond dōd o hyd mae'r glaw.

Oes môd i'r rhain oetgu ?  
Mae'n awn o hyd yn gla,  
Ond na ! dyna dawlwech,  
Uwchben, mae awyr las.

A beth a welwn acw ?  
Wel dyna bont-y-glaw.  
Rhaid peidio digalonni  
Fe ddacth yr haul o draw.

EDWINA JENKINS, Dosbarth Tria.

### Y GLEREN A'R PILI PALA.

Modd y gleren wrth weld Pili Pala  
" Yn sidr, 'rwyd ti'n ymala !  
Dy-wig o bob llw,  
Ar ddail 'rwyd yn byw  
Y cabesth a blode'r pren fala.

LYN EVANS, Dosbarth Una.

## FY HOFF GYMERIAD AR Y TELEDYDD

Heb os nac onibai fy ffefryn ar y teledydd ydyw Rupert Davies, sef 'Maigret' i'r rhan fwyaf o wybedyddion. Dywedwyd amdano ei fod yn fwy adnabyddus na neb oddi ar "Sherlock Holmes" Conan Doyle. Cymeriad ydyw a grewyd gan Georges Simenon—Ffrancwr enwog.

Cymro yw Rupert Davies, a fel llawer Cymro y mae'n hoff iawn o'r bib neu'r cwtyn. Gwallt du sydd ganddo ac wyneb nodweddiadol o'i gymeriad—llawn miri a hwyl. Hwyrach ei fod yn lled hwythog am y canol ond ni ellid ei alw yn dew, chwaith Mae rhywbeth gwahanol i'r arferol yn ei anturiaethan ac ynddo ef ei hunan helyd, a dyna sydd wedi gwneud y rhaglen 'Maigret' mor boblogaidd.

Gweinidog gyda'r Annibynwyr oedd ei daden, ym Methania, Llanonn, a gwyr fy mamgu am ei deulu yn dda iawn. Mae'n well gennyl hon na llawer o'r rhaglenni Americanaidd oherwydd nad yw mor waedlwl â'r rheini. Pan ddechrenir y rhaglen mae'r drosedd wedi digwydd, ac yna cawn weld Rupert Davies a'i ffrindiau'n gwneud eu gorau glas i ddatrys y broblem. Wrth gwers 'Maigret' ei hunan sydd yn darganfod y llofrudd neu'r lleidr.

Dull hamddenol yw dull Maigret, casglu'r fleithiau ac yna dal y troseddwr a'i gyhuddo. Nid oes troi'n ôl wedyn a mae'r rhaglen yn diweddau a'r enw wedi'i ddal.

GERAINT JONES (Y Pedwerydd Dosbarth).

## CAM GWAG.

'Roedd hi'n dywyll fel y fagddu wrth i mi ddychwelyd adref o'r Gobeithlu nos Lun rywbryd yn Ionawr. Teimlen yr oerfel yn cnoi fy nhraed ac yn sugno' ngwaed. Cyflymais fy nghuman wrth i'r tywyllwch gan amdanaf er nad oedd eto'n saith o'r gloch. Yn fy nychymyg gwelwn grwydryn neu leidr wrth gefn pob coeden ac estynai'r cysgodion eu dwylo tuag ataf. Yn sydyn, clywais agrech ddychrynlyd, a stopodd fy ngwaed redeg a'm calon guro am eiliad. Aeth ias oer i lawr fy ngefn. Yna edrychais i fyny a thrwy dyllau yn lienni rhyw hen dŷ gerllaw gwelais ddyn a chanddo gyllell hir dywyll a dychmygais weld y gwaed arni.

Nid arhosais i faddwi ond rhedeg nerth fy nhraed am orsaf yr Heddlu. Ymhen pun muned roedd dau blisman braf eu golwg yn fy nilyn i gyfeiriad y tŷ lle gwelais y llofruddiaeth yn digwydd. Dangosais iddynt y tŷ ac yna brasgarnais i fyny'r grisiau ar eu hól. Penderfynnais na wnawn gollu unrhywbeth. Teimlais yn ddewr a dau blisman corfflog o'm blaen. Sefais y tu allan i'r drws a'm clust yn sownd wrth dwll y clo. Clywais y plisman yn gofyn am esboniad a dyma oedd ateb y dyn a'r gyllell yn ei law— "Cawsom ganiatâd i rihysio yma gan berchennog y tŷ o herwydd an bod yn cynnal drama yn y lle yma'r wythnos nesaf."

Cefais y fath sioc wrth glywed hyn nes peri i mi redeg adref fel petai cant o gwn ar fy sodlau, cyn i'r plisman ddyfod allan o'r ystafell a chyn i mi gael pryd o dafod.

A dyna'r tro diwetha i mi fusnesa fel'na.

GERAINT JONES.

## CWESTIWN TEG.

'Roedd merch fach yn byw yn y Foti.

A'i chariad oedd William, mab Loti.

"Dy ganu'r wyf i."

Medd ei verthi hi.

"Pa bryd wyt ti'n addo' mhiriott."

GOMER ROBERTS, Dosbarth Una.

## "Y FFIN."

Pân ddywed rhywun y gair "ffin," y mae darlun yn dod i'm meddwl i. Darlun yw, o gaeau a gwastadedd yn ymestyn mor bell ag y gallaf eu gweld. Ac yn y pellter lle nad oes rhagor o dir, daw awyr hwydas i gyfarfod â hwy. Yn yr uniad hwnnw y mae fy niffin i o "ffin." Mi wn mai'r gorwel yw'r enw swyddogol arno, ond yn fy nhyb i, y ffin rhwng daear a nefoedd ydyw. 'Dwn i ddim ymhle 'rwy wedi cael y syniad yna. Efallai, rydwro, i rywun ddweud, "dacw'r ffin rhwng Cymru a Lloegr, ac i minnau, wrth edrych draw at y ffin, weld dim ond y gorwel.

Ar fap y gwelir y "ffin" gan amlaf. Dim ond edrych ar fap o Gymru sydd eisian, a gellir gweld llinellau melyn, trwchus, yn marcio'r ffin rhwng y naill sir a'r llall. Yn rhyfedd iawn, dim ond un ffin sy'n rhannu Sir Benfro ar fap, er bod yr hen bennill yn dweud.

" Mae dwy ochor i Sir Benfro,  
Un i'r Sais a'r llall i'r Cymro,  
Melltith Babel wedi rhannu  
Yr hen Sir o'r pentigili."

Ond ffin yw hon yn debyg i'm ffin ddychmygol i, sef tir y gellir ei weld draw yn y pellter, heb unrhyw arwydd fod rhaniad pendant yno. 'Does dim rhaniad pendant yno wrth gwrs. Unwaith y byddwch yn symud tuag at y ffin, mae hithau'n mynd ymhellach oddi wrth y man cychwyn, ac wrth bellhau oddi wrth y man cychwyn, daw'r ffin yn nes. Dyna esboniad y ffin anweledig ond glywadwy sydd yn Sir Benfro.

Yn aml iawn yn y wlad y mae'r ffermwyr yn tyfu gwrych neu'n plannu coed â gwifrau o amgylch eu stâd. Pwrpas hwn wrth gwrs, yw dangos lle mae eu tiroedd yn gorffen, ac hefyd i wahardd yr anifeiliaid rhag croesi'r ffin a phori ar gae eu cymdogion. Wrth ochr yr heolydd cefn gwlad yma ambell waith, y mae gwifrau â phigau arnynt i geisio atal ymwelwyr rhag crewydro. Dyna ffin sy'n dangos yn eglur iawn nad yw i'w croesi. Ond fe groesa rhai pobl y ffiniau yma. Gellir seidio dros y wifren, neu fynd oddi tano, a dyna'r ffin wedi ei chroesi. Ac wrth ei chroesi, 'd yw hi ddim yn ffin. Os gall rhywun fynd o un man i'r llall yn hawdd fel yna, nid yw'n ffin iawn. Dylai'r ffin fod yn derbyn na ellir byth mor i groesi, pa mor galed bynnag y ceisir.

Ni ellir byth groesi fy ffin ddychmygol i, ac am hynny, dyna'r ffin orau, yn fy nhyb i, beth bynnag.

Heddiw, wrth ysgrifennu hwn ac edrych ar y môr, 'r wy' wedi gweld ffin newydd. Mae'r môr yn stormus a'r awyr yn llwyd. Ar y gorwel gwelaf linell las—yn lasach na'r awyr na'r môr—yn ymestyn mor bell ag y gallaf ei gweld. Yegwn i beth sydd yr ochr arall i'r ffin yna? Efallai bod geiriau T. Gwynn Jones yn wir—

" Draw dros y don mae bro dirion nad ery  
Cwyn yn ei thir, . . .  
Ynys Afallon ei hun sy' felly."

Ond ni ddeuaf byth i wybod beth sydd yno. Fel y dywed Dewi Emrys yn ei englyn,—

" Wele rith fel ymyl rhôd—o'n cwmpas,  
Campwaith dewin hynod;  
Hen linell bell nad yw'n bod,  
Hen derfyn nad yw'n darlodi."

SIÂN JONES (Y Chwched Dosbarth)

## TRYSORAU.

Edrychai'r bachgen bach allan drwy ffenestr y dosbarth yn drist iawn. 'Roedd hanner ei feddwl ar y gwaith ar y bwrdd, a'r hanner arall ar yr haul a oedd yn tywynnu drwy'r ffenestr. Teimlai hiraeth mawr am ei gartref wrth ochr y môr, a'i fam a'i dad.

Pysgotwr oedd ei dad, a phan gafodd arian ar ôl ei ewythr, danfonodd ei fab i'r ysgol er mwyn iddo gael addysg dda. Ychydig a wyddai ef fod ei fab yn anhapus ynghanol plant y gwyr mawr.

'Roedd y bachgen bach wedi danfon nifer o lythyron i'w fam yn diolch am y pethau 'roedd hi wedi'u rhoi iddo, ond yn gofyn bob tro am barsel i'r un fath â rhai'r bechgyn eraill.

O'r diwedd daeth y parsel. Cafodd wybod hyn gan fachgen arall—yr unig un a oedd rywbeth yn debyg i frind iddo.

Ar ôl te, rhoddwyd y post a'r parseil allan, a derbyniodd y bachgen bach ei barsel gwerthfawr.

Dilynodd y bechgyn eraill y crwt i'w ystafell er mwyn cael taffen neu rywbeth felly. 'Roedden nhw ar bigau'r drain am agor y parsel.

'Roedd yno deff o waith ei fam, ond edrychai'r bachgen bach yn fflat iawn pan welodd y sanau gwlan, y siwmpwr a'i 'sgidiau cryfon. 'Roedd wedi disgwyl cael danteithlon o ryw fath. Ychydig a wyddai ei fod y pysgota'n fain, a bôd ei rieni'n gorfod gweithio'n galed i gael dau ben llwyn ynghyd. 'Roedd y bechgyn eraill hwythau'n siomedig ond 'roedden hw'n rhy wreidd i ddweud dim ond diolch am y melysion. Wrth iddynt adael yr ystafell cododd un ohonyn' hw rywbeth i tyn y o'r llawr a'i estyn i'r bachgen bach.

Credodd ef taw dam o bapur y parsel oedd, ond teimlodd rywbeth caled yn y canol. Agorodd ef, a dyna lle 'roedd cwch bach hwylio wedi'i garrio o ddarn o goed a oedd wedi'i godi o'r traeth. Golenodd gwên ar wyneb y bachgen bach. 'Roedd y cwch hwylio fel petai yn rhoi rhywbeth iddo gofio am ei gartref a'i deulu. Erbyn hyn 'roedd y bechgyn eraill yn ei edmygu'n fawr.

Ar hwylian'r llong roedd llythyr wedi'i ysgrifennu yn ysgrifen syml ei fam yn danfon ei chariad hi a'i dad. Aeth ar unwaith at y nyrs a dangos y dillad newydd iddi.

JENNIFER LEWIS (Y Pumed Dosbarth)

## DŌD YN ÔL.

"Pechais yn erbyn y nef,"  
Medd llanc mewn estron wlad,  
"Mi a godaf yr awr hon  
Ac a llaf at fy nhad."  
Nid oedd y carpiâu am ei gnawd  
Ond prawl o galon ddrylliog dlawd.

Croesawyd ef yn gynnes  
Gan dad a'r gweision oll,  
Lladdwyd y llo pasgodig  
I'r mab a fu ar goll.  
Wrth roi'r wng orau am ei gnawd,  
Addawyd calon ddrylliog dlawd.  
SIÂN JONES, Chwched Dosbarth Uchaf



## HEN BEWILLION.

Drama dda neu noson lawen  
Fu'n cystadlu gynt â'r awen,  
Ond oes newydd nawr sy' Nghymru  
Oes Transistor o'r Teledu

Gwynn Ew Byd y 'Beatniks' Duon,  
Hwy gant jelfio faint a fynnon,  
Pleser mawr yw hyn medd hwythe,  
Az mae'n help i golli 'pwyse'

Bu'n rŵa rhwng Rwsia a'r Amerig  
I fynd i'r gwagle drwy bob pwyg.  
O'r diwedd gwarddodd Krashev  
"Ffeiar."  
Ond Glenn, o hyd, oedd ar y ddasar.

Y capel oedd y man cyfarfod  
Ac yma byddai pawb yn trafod  
Problemau'r llochydwrfaeth fawr,—  
Y clybie 'Bingo' blaau 'nawr'!

A'r ddechre' tymor rygli Cymru  
Y 'Goron Driphlyg' fyddai leni—  
'Roedd sioc yn aros pob cefnogwr,—  
Fe, Lloyd Williams, oedd y Mewner.

Fe glywsom sŵn am 'Colour Ban'  
Ond yna myd sbort mae'r 'Merica'n  
Anghofion' rhwydd am iŵ i gyd  
Pan ddaw y du'n bencampwr byd.

HUW DAVIES, Dosbarth VI Isaf.  
(All oau yn Eisteddfod Genedlaethol yr Urdd  
Rhuthun, 1962. Beirniad—Gerallt Jones).

## CYSGU'N HWYR.

Ni chlywais y larwm,  
Na chloc y llan,  
Na gweiddi croch  
'Nhad a Mam;  
A dyna rŵa  
I gyrraedd mewn pryd!  
Rhedeg nerth fy nhrad  
Es ar fy hyd!

OWAIN BALIL, Dosbarth Daua

## DŌD YN ŌL.

Bu'n bedwar mis o gartref  
I mi yn Afirig bell,  
Fe ddeuthum draw yn Hydref—  
Mae'r tywydd yma'n well.  
Y maes sydd wyn yng Nghymru fach,  
A chwilio raid am damaid bach.

Ond 'nawr mae'r gaeu' drosodd,  
A'r hin dŵed wrthyf fi.  
Am hedeg dros y moroedd  
A gadael y dyn du;  
A llawen iawn yw'r bryn a'r ddŵl  
Pan ddaw y wnnol fach yn ôl.  
HUW DAVIES, Dosbarth VI Isaf.

## BALED—Y GEM.

(Gwobe gyntaf dan 19 yn Eisteddfod Gened-  
laethol yr Urdd, 1962. Beirniad—Y Parch.  
Gerallt Jones, Llanuwchllyn).

Pyngotter ydoedd Tokko  
Yn byw ar lan y môr  
Wrth greigiau'r cŵrel cochion,  
A'i eman gwyllt mewn stôr.

Bu'n chwilio am flynyddoedd,  
Hob guel y gemau drud  
A allai roi gwlll bywyd  
I w faban yn y crud.

Wrth agor un wystryn  
Gwelodd brydferthwch mawr,  
Dingliriodd gem o'i chawell,  
Hun oedd ei freuddwyd fawr.

Ond ni allodd ef ei gwerthu  
I famachwyr gemau'r wlad,  
Fe gwisgant hwy ei dwyllo  
A chael y gem yn rhad.

Ni ddaeth byth yn gyfoethog.  
Ni welodd decach gwawr,  
Cenŷen a chas ddynion  
Achosodd dristwch mawr.

Un dydd, fe welwyd Tokko  
Ar graig uwchlaw y ll,.  
Yn edrych yn hirathus  
Ar y gem, oia ei thafu hi.

I'r môr yr aeth y trysor  
Drachefn, 'rôl golld drud,  
A Tokko a'i bried fyddlon  
Yn foddlon ar eu byd.  
SIÂN JONES, Dosbarth VI Uchaf.

## CYSGU'N HWYR.

Cysgais yn hwyr,  
Wel! Dyna ffws!  
Mam yn crio  
"Fe goili d'r bws!"  
Collais y bws,  
Wel! dynna ffws!  
Fi yn crio  
A phawb yn ffrico.

ANN EVANS, Dosbarth 2A.

## DŌD YN ŌL.

Gwyddost ti fel fannau wnnol  
Ystyr "Dŏd yn Ōl," lŵd siôr;  
Dywed im', a guraf th galon  
Wrth weld glannau'r wlad o'r dŵr?  
GLENYS GLASBROOK, Chweched Dosbarth  
Uchaf.