

THE SILURIAN



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THE SILURIAN

VOLUME XVIII.

THE MAGAZINE OF THE BRECON BOYS' GRAMMAR SCHOOL

EDITORIAL

Number eighteen! We reach another milestone in the life of the School and in that of the "Silurian." Eighteen miles we have travelled—eighteen years have gone by since the first number of our School Magazine. Those of us in the Sixth Form can claim to be its contemporaries for several of us were born in the year that saw its birth. We can make the comment, for what it's worth—or not worth—that never before in the history of this School has the Magazine been as old as its senior students. Soon it will cease to be a teenager, and when it comes of age we trust that it will have attained a maturity which will remain with it for many decades without ever degenerating into senility and oblivion as is the lot of humans.

Looking to the more recent past of the current school year we have sought to discover events of major importance which might have taken place and which can be added to the annals of the school. It may be our historical responsibility to record that this year has seen the revival of inter-School debates with the consequent improvement in relationships between the sixth form gentlemen and ladies of the respective establishments, and that there has been a greater interest shown in the various societies of the School.

It is certainly our duty to report the huge success of the School Concert when, for the first time in the history of the School, the School Orchestra took an active and prominent part.

In the academic sphere there has been much to be proud of but we would be failing in our duty if we were not to proclaim the outstanding success of one of our fellows, in the person of Mansel Davies, who has gained an open scholarship to Aberystwyth University College and been made a senior scholar.

So, we present to you yet another number of the "Silurian." We trust that its pages will merit your attention and elicit your commendation, be you a reluctant inmate, a regretful leaver, or an older member of the glorious past. Above all we trust that this and future editions will serve as a link between the School and you who read.

D. PROSSER-ROBERTS.

SCHOOL NOTES

Seven pupils, A. Woodcock, S. R. Davies, C. J. Davies and T. C. Davies (violin), D. Massochi (clarinet), and M. Davies and R. Jinks (trumpet), have been accepted for the Mid-Wales Youth Orchestra Course at Llandrindod Wells in August.

Two pupils have recently appeared on the B.B.C. Wales television programme, "Hobby Horse." Christopher Brown, of VI Arts, talked about his interest in antiques and engineering; Martin Reed, Vb, discussed his hobby, brass-rubbing.

A MUSICAL EVENING

In May this year the Musical Society entertained an appreciative audience with a varied programme of instrumental and vocal items, ranging from Purcell to "Winchester Cathedral", from madrigal to sea shanty.

It would be misleading to claim that every item was of the highest standard, but no one would dispute that every performer gave of his best and, what is more, enjoyed doing so. The enjoyment was infectious and the most unlikely figures in the audience could be seen swaying to the "Bye, Bye Blues" of the jazz band. Furthermore, the young people present were willing listeners to music normally held to be "high-brow" or "old-fashioned."

The orchestra emerged from a hectic evening with considerable credit; the jazz band, the progeny of the orchestra, performed with great gusto—but how serious they looked! The choirs were, as usual, effective, particularly the madrigal group, formed largely of very youthful singers of great promise. Tribute is also due to those brave souls who took the stage alone, with a special mention for Philip Watkins, Robin Cumbes, Anthony Woodcock and Stuart Davies.

WOODWIND LECTURE

The first meeting of the Music Society was held on November 25th of last year, when a lecture on Woodwind was given by Mr. Kenny (the Bandmaster of the Welch Brigade at Cwrt-y-Gollen) at the Rural Technical Institute. He gave a humorous, yet scintillaing, talk covering all woodwind instruments. Apart from explaining the mechanics of each instrument, he also gave short solos on each, demonstrating not only his knowledge of the instruments but his skill in playing them.

A. R. POWELL (Secretary of Music Society)

CAROL SERVICE, 1966

The annual Carol Service, held on December 21st, 1966, at St. Mary's Church, Brecon, was very well attended by boys, parents and friends. This school celebration is gradually being accepted as a Christmas meeting place for all those who have an interest in the school, although of course anyone is welcome to join the congregation. The service, based on the now familiar festival of nine lessons with carols, gave scope to choir, congregation and orchestra. The latter, much enlarged since last year, were given plenty to do and concluded with a recessional—a Gavotte from Bach's Suite in D, notable for some enthusiastic playing from the brass section. D. Massochi played "Finzi's Carol" as a clarinet solo, while P. G. Watkins was the treble soloist in an interesting carol for unaccompanied choir by Britten—"Jesu, as thou art our Saviour."

The readers, who were drawn from throughout the School, gave a very good account of themselves, from the piping treble of new boy A. R. Warner to the masculine sonorities of R. M. Griffiths.

This report cannot conclude without our good wishes to J. Thomas Esq., organist and stalwart chorister, who was making his last appearance with us before leaving to teach in Bulth.

SCHOOL EISTEDDFOD, 1967

The annual St. David's Day Eisteddfod was held at the school this year on Friday, February 24th. The Mayor of Brecon, Councillor J. V. C. Thomas, presided and the music competitions were adjudicated by the Mayoress, Mrs. Ogwen Thomas, B.Mus., the literary competitions by the Rev. Thomas Richards.

As usual, competition was very keen and this year's programme, augmented by several new competitions such as the Senior Duet and Instrumental Groups, ran over time and at the end of a very long day Siddons emerged as the leading house with 481½ points, second were Theo. with 464½ points; third were Gam with 434½ points; and Vaughan were last with 412½ points.

Both choir competitions were won by Theo., but the highlight of the day was the "Chairing Ceremony" and the Head Boy, T. J. King, proved a worthy winner with a poem on "Hunger"; joint second were D. Prosser-Roberts and A. Watkins.

Once again credit for the organisation of the eisteddfod must go to Mr. A. Evans, and also to Mr. S. Beddows and Mr. A. Williams for dealing with the preliminary rounds and standard points.

GERAINT DAVIES.

THE URDD COUNTY EISTEDDFOD, 1967

It was held this year at Cefn Coed Comprehensive School on March 18th.

A total of 14 boys competed and between them they gained five certificates for the School — two first prizes, one second and two third prizes.

Here are the results in full:—

First in the Solo Competition for boys under 15 years of age: Phillip Watkins, 2A.

First in the Recitation Competition for non-Welsh speaking young people under 25 years of age: Eryl Edwards, 4B.

Second in the Recitation Competition for non-Welsh speaking children under 12 years of age: David Lewis, 1A (out of 26 competitors).

Third in the Recitation Competition for a party of eight non-Welsh speaking children: A party of boys from Form 2A: Adrian Beddows, Christopher Williams, Terrence Price, H. J. Parfitt, R. J. Watkins, C. T. Elston, Robert Thomas and Howard Watkins (3B).

Third in the Recitation Competition for Welsh-speaking children under 15 years of age: Phillip Watkins, 2A.

PRIZE-GIVING, 1967

The annual Prize Day ceremony was again held in the hall of Brecon Secondary Modern School, on 22nd March, 1967, with County Councillor J. V. Like, Chairman of the Governors, in the chair.

In the course of his report, the Headmaster, Mr. Aneurin Rees, remarked that with staffing difficulties looming ever larger throughout the county it was fortunate that the Breconshire Education Authority had appreciated the reality of these difficulties and had recognised their responsibilities in pursuing a wise and enlightened policy, creating conditions which attracted the best qualified staff.

Reviewing examination results in 1966, Mr. Rees said that 56 boys had been awarded certificates at Ordinary Level with an average of five subjects apiece. At the Advanced Level, 38 boys had obtained certificates: 23 with three subjects, 13 with two subjects and two with one subject. There had been 18 subject distinctions and three boys had achieved distinction in each of their three subjects, with four distinctions in the Special paper.

Prizes and certificates were presented by Mrs. Elwyn Thomas. The guest speaker, Mr. Elwyn Thomas, B.B.C. Education Officer for Wales and a former member of the school staff, remarked that in this apparently affluent age there was a danger that high employment and substantial grants to students might discourage effort and he was pleased to find that this did not seem to be the case at Brecon.

The traditional musical interlude included a trumpet duet ("The Lonely Bull") by M. H. Davies and R. Jinks; a vocal solo "Breuddwyd Glyndwr" by Philip Watkins, and a Polka (Weinberger) by the now flourishing School Orchestra.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Jacob Morgan Merit	...	Gerald T. Williams
Headmaster's Prize	...	Timothy E. Powell
The Garnet Morris Prize	...	(shared) Royston G. Hatton and Martin E. Davies
The Douglas Mason Music Prize	...	Anthony D. Woodcock
The David Lewis Welsh Prize	...	(shared) M. T. Eurig Davies and Philip G. Watkins

MADEMOISELLE MONIQUE CREST

The French Department has once again had the good fortune to have the help of an assistant appointed solely to the Boys' School. The assistants we have had in the past have been so helpful and effective that we begin to wonder how we ever managed to do without them.

Mademoiselle Monique Crest, who comes from the South of France, has fully maintained the standard set by her predecessor and it is hard to recall a year in which boys of the second and third year VIth have spoken French so readily and so frequently both inside and outside the classroom. Mademoiselle Crest has also given us invaluable help in Translation and Composition, and it has been pleasant to have her voluntary co-operation at lessons which she was in no way obliged to attend. We hope that she has profited as much from her stay as we have, and that she will always retain pleasant memories of Brecon and the Boys' Grammar School.

MR. HAYDN ADAMS

We record with regret the departure of Mr. Haydn Adams after one term as a temporary teacher of chemistry. He entered fully into the life of the School and secured the respect and liking of everyone during his short stay.

HERR DIETER EDEL

Once again we have been able this year to share a German assistant with the girls' school. Herr Dieter Edel, who is a student of English and Latin at the University of Tübingen, has approached his task cheerfully and diligently, and our pupils are very fortunate, year after year, to have the opportunity of being taught by a native speaker. We hope Herr Edel has enjoyed his stay in Brecon and his work in this school, and we wish him every success in the future.

CHRISTIAN SOCIETY

On January 16th, 1967, under the guidance of Mr. Raymond Morris, the school's "Christian Society" was established. During its first meeting Christopher Brown and Julian Gliddon, of Lower VI Arts, were elected chairman and secretary respectively.

The Society extends a warm welcome to all pupils of the school who feel they have something to gain or contribute through its foundation. One of the Society's members spent a pleasurable four days at Wrexham during the Easter holidays at a Christian Conference.

A Bible quiz team consisting of M. Davies, M. Thomas, P. Kendrick, R. Cox, C. Brown and D. N. Morris (reserve) met Maesydderwen Comprehensive School in April and proved victorious but failed to obtain a place in the National Bible quiz team after being beaten in May.

Many varied and exciting items are now included in the Society's programme for the remaining months of 1967 and it is hoped that the lower forms will take an active interest in the programme of the school's first "Christian Society."

C. D. BROWN (L.VIA)

FATHER SHAND

Father Shand, a member of a religious community called the Society of St. John the Evangelist at Oxford, conducted an informal meeting of sixth formers while he was conducting a teaching mission to the parish of Brecon. His visit to the school was most interesting and worthwhile.

Questions concerning all facets of religion were answered in a most lively, yet clear and sincere way. His opening talk was based on how to help people understand their faith as Christians, and to consider how that faith should be shown in practice.

GEOGRAPHY ROOM FILMS

Throughout this last year a series of films has been shown in the Geography Room during the lunch hour. The success of these entertaining and instructive films held under the aegis of Mr. Whittingham, can be gauged by the large attendance—even on dry days. The aim of the films—to familiarise pupils with the conditions and culture of foreign lands—was easily achieved and Mr. Whittingham's interjections added extra interest to the commentaries. We must thank him for organising and supervising these visual extravaganzas.

NAVAL LIAISON

On Thursday, March 9th, 1967, the school was visited by a Naval Liaison Officer, Lt. Seaman. During his visit, Lt. Seaman interviewed several boys with a view to their joining the Royal Navy and answered their queries. He was also able to supply the boys with literature concerning particular branches of the Navy in which they were interested.

IN MEMORIAM

We record with very deep regret the death through an unhappy accident of Michael Lewis, aged sixteen, of Vb, a boy of cheerful disposition and a bright and happy manner which made him popular both in school and in his home town of Hay-on-Wye. He was a regular member of School rugby teams, and his enthusiastic participation in football and cricket had won him many friends all over the county.

VALE

We offer our congratulations and best wishes to Mr. J. H. Thomas on his promotion as Head of Department for Chemistry at the Builth Wells Secondary School. During his ten years at this school Mr. Thomas contributed most enthusiastically to the musical side of school life as chorister, soloist and accompanist, in which capacities he will be much missed. He also, of course, taught chemistry and mathematics with equal enthusiasm, and made valuable contributions to General Studies in the Sixth Form.

We extend a warm welcome to Mr. Ieuan Bowen, who has taken his place in the Chemistry department and wish him many years of pleasant and successful teaching in the school.

MORNING ASSEMBLY

The early part of this year saw various changes in the formalities of the School's morning assemblies. For the first time the Lower Sixth Forms were called upon to play an active part in presenting suitable readings and hymns for the daily service, traditional in Britain's secondary schools. The introduction of selected philosophical readings was another feature and its success will ensure continuation.

Cricket, 1966.

1st XI—

Captain: I. W. A. Miles; Vice-Captain:
Master-in-charge: Mr. D. Davies; Secretary:

Due to uncontrollable weather, several early season fixtures were cancelled and the First XI played its first fixture against Cyfarthfa on 14th May. After this, few games were cancelled and the season proved to be eminently successful. A measure of this success is the fact that Terry Hopkins and Raymond Higgins were selected to play in all County Matches and Gerald Williams and Roy Jones were unfortunate not to play in the game against Carmarthenshire because of cancellation.

The First XI was well balanced and brought forward several younger players as well as giving further experience to the seasoned campaigners. The greatest achievement of the team was the defeat of Neath, a feat last performed in 1959. Second only to this was the victory won over the Old Boys' XI. The overall record reads: Played, 11; Won, 9; Lost, 2. The number of victories is the highest recorded by the School XI since the move to Penlan.

Colours were awarded to T. J. King, R. Higgins, E. R. Beetham, and T. R. Hopkins. Re-awards were given to I. Miles, G. T. Williams, J. R. Jones.

Rugby Football, 1966-67.

1st XV—

Captain: V. J. T. Davies. Vice-Captain: G. T. Williams.
Master-in-Charge: Mr. Wyatt, Secretary: D. G. Morris.

Prospects at the end of last season were bleak, for the bulk of the team was due to leave. It is, therefore, all the more gratifying to see how well the First Fifteen did. The success was due in no small measure to the "old heads" in the side, who set a sound example to the many younger players who appeared during the season. Gerald Williams and Amed Mievell were particularly successful at Number Eight and scrum-half and V. J. T. Davies was in remarkable form with his boot, scoring 95 points during the season, 83 of them with kicks. Mievell was the top try scorer with 12 to his credit. It is interesting to learn that no fewer than thirty players in all appeared in the team, a tribute to the stalwarts of the second team. V. J. T. Davies played for Monmouthshire and Mid-Wales.



1ST XV v. LYCEE JEAN BART

Back row: D. C. Davies, D. J. Powell, M. Powell, D. G. Morris, G. T. Williams (vice-capt.), B. A. Williams, D. A. Lewis, L. R. Davies, Mr. A. Wyatt. Front row: Mr. P. Rowlands, W. Salen, A. Miéville, R. Francis, V. J. T. Davies (capt.) M. A. Boxall, J. J. Morgan, M. E. Davies, Mr. G. Angell.

The most noteworthy results were the victories over Christ College (9-6), Guildford G.S. (9-3), Lycee Jean Bart, Dunkirk (24-0), and Tredegar C.S. (14-6). The most dismal days were those when the team lost badly to Ludlow G.S. (3-17); Aberdare G.S. (0-6) and Mountain Ash G.S. (0-14). An interesting draw was played with a strong Brecon Youth XV. The record reads: Played, 25; Won, 14; Drawn, 3; Lost, 8. Points for, 248; Against, 165.

Colours were awarded to D. C. Davies, R. Hatton, J. C. Thomas, B. A. Williams (2nd re-award), V. J. T. Davies (2nd re-award), A. Mieville, W. Salen, M. Powell, R. L. A. Jones, G. T. Williams (re-award), D. G. Morris, D. A. Lewis, D. J. Powell, M. A. Boxhall.

2nd XV—

Captain: L. R. Davies. Vice-Captain: K. C. Earp.
Master-in-charge: Mr. Morris.

The season began well for the Seconds, but when several players won places in the First XV, the remainder, a very young group, struck a bad patch. Eventually however, helped by the leadership of the one or two veterans the side began to develop quite well and won return games against a powerful Brecon Secondary Modern School XV and Aberdare. The most pleasing performance was in the defeat of Cathays High School.

Performances apart, the Second XV proved its value in supplying a large number of players for the First XV, both early in the season and, most of all, in the closing weeks of the season, when without them selection of a team could have been a problem:

The season's record was: Played, 18; Won, 9; Drawn, 2; Lost, 7; Points for, 142; Against, 125.

Under 15 XV—

Captain: T. F. Merrick. Vice-Captain: J. Hutchinson.
Master-in-charge: Mr. Rowlands.

The record of this team in terms of results is not very impressive. Nevertheless, when at full strength the team performed well, particularly in the latter part of the season, by which time several players had appeared from the ranks of "the rest." Many of these in this age group will do well in the senior teams next season. Terry Merrick played for both the Second and First Fifteens this year.

Most notable of the matches were those against Quaker's Yard (drawn 15-15); Christ College (lost 12-14), and Merthyr County (won 35-6). The record reads: Played, 16; Won, 6; Drawn, 1; Lost, 9. Points for, 161; Against, 196.

Under 14 XV—

Captain, R. C. Cumbes. Vice-Captain, M. Jones.
Master-in-charge: Mr. Morris.

The main strength of this side was concentrated in a small number of very powerful forwards supported by one or two stout defenders in the backs. If this nucleus was for some reason not functioning very well, the rest of the players seemed very disorganised. Nevertheless, the season was quite successful.

Record Played 11; won 6; lost 5. Points for 122; against, 67.

Under 13 XV—

Captain: R. J. East. Vice-Captain: C. P. Williams.
Master-in-charge: Mr. Wyatt.

The season included several sound victories for this, the youngest regular fifteen; not least among these were those gained over our neighbours at Penlan. When, however, defeat came, it was usually heavy, revealing a weakness in defence, perhaps the result of too much eagerness in attack.

The record: Played, 12; Won, 6; Drawn, 1; Lost, 5; Points for, 91; Against, 125.

Under 12 XV—

Two matches were played near the end of the season, The talent on view was considerable and gave confidence for next season. The match with Gwernyfed S.M.S. was drawn (3-3), and that with Brecon S.M.S. was won (6-0). H. Williams and K. Bowley also played occasionally for the "Thirteens."

Athletics, 1967.

SCHOOL SPORTS—

The annual meeting took place on a dull, uninspiring day, but the standard of competition was high. Gam and Theo entered the lists neck and neck on standard points and remained thus until the final event of the day when Theo snatched victory. Theo also won the Minor, Junior and Senior trophies. Gam had to be content with the Middle Cup.

The Old Boys' Association's Victores Ludorum were D. M. T. Jones (Minor), G. Brugnoli (Junior), C. Eales (Middle), and V. J. T. Davies (Senior).

The awards and trophies were presented by Mrs. J. V. C. Thomas, Mayoress of Brecon.

Several records were broken during the day, the most noteworthy being in the senior competition, where new marks were set in the Long Jump (V. J. T. Davies); Discus (B. A. Williams); Javelin (R. Francis), and Hammer (D. G. Morris). It is interesting to note that the javelin record had been established in 1960 by T. Thomas who went on to win a place in the Welsh team. Morris improved the hammer record by no less than 22 feet!

COUNTY SPORTS—

Captain: V. J. T. Davies.

Section Captains: P. J. Kendrick, D. R. E. Evans, D. M. T. Jones.

Master-in-charge: Mr. Wyatt.

The School team emerged from an excellent day's competition with great credit, winning all trophies but one — the Middle — in which we had to be content with second place, two points behind the winners. This success was due to the strength of the team in almost all events and the consequent high number of place points gained.

The following gained first place in their events: Those marked with an asterisk were selected to represent Brecon and Radnor in the National Championships at Colwyn Bay in July: **Lower Junior:** K. Bowley (Shot), R. Goleworthy (Cricket Ball), D. M. T. Jones, P. Thomas, H. Williams, K. Bowley (Relay); **Junior:** R. Cumbes* (100 Yards, Discus), G. Brugnoli* (220 Yards, 440 Yard, Long Jump), D. R. E. Evans* (Hurdles), Cumbes*, Evans*, Brugnoli* R. Powell (Relay); **Middle:** C. Eales*, P. Kendrick, M. R. Thomas; B. Burson (relay).

Senior: V. J. T. Davies* (Long Jump); C. D. Davies* (Triple Jump), D. Osborne* (Pole Vault), R. Francis* (Javelin), B. A. Williams* (Shot, Discus), D. G. Morris* (Hammer), V. J. T. Davies*, J. Seage, D. H. Price, C. D. Davies (Relay—equal 1st).

Only two records were broken in the boys' events during the meeting. In the Junior 880 yards Hugh Williams of Brecon Secondary Modern School set up a new time of 2 mins. 24.6 secs. The other new record came in the Senior Hammer, where David Morris, in fantastic form, registered a throw of 141ft. 10½ins., no less than 52ft. 7ins. better than the previous best.

Cross Country, 1967.

SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIPS: Theo won the House Competition, closely followed by Gam. Robert East (V) won the Junior Competition, with Gam the winning house. In the Middle section Gareth Prothero led in a victorious Gam team. Theo came first in the Senior event, but Malcolm Watton (G) was the first runner home.

Brecon and Radnor S.S.A.A.A.

CHAMPIONSHIPS—

Senior Captain: J. M. Davies.

Junior Captain: G. Prothero.

The School senior team did well to win its competition. M. Watton was placed fourth. J. M. Davies fifth, M. Griffiths ninth and P. Geehan tenth. In the junior section the performances were not good, the team finishing fourth with no runner in the first ten.

National Championships.

The best performances of boys of the School in the meeting at Colwyn Bay were:—D. G. Morris (2nd Senior Hammer), B. A. Williams (4th Senior Discus), R. G. Francis (4th Senior Triple Jump), G. Brugnoli (5th Junior 440 yards; final 220 yards).

Badminton, 1966-67

Captain: T. J. King.

Secretary: Andrew Watkins.

Owing to the lack of facilities for badminton in other schools, and the cancellation of fixtures, the number of matches has been limited to six. The membership of the club has increased, but the lack of serious training is shown in the results. The season started with a heavy defeat by Abergavenny which was followed by another heavy defeat in the return. The next two games were against Crickhowell Seniors: the school won on both occasions. These two games were quickly followed by two matches against Bronllys Seniors, both matches being lost. The away match with Bronllys was lost mainly because of the poor conditions under which we played, but the return match was more closely contested.

The record stands as follows: Played, 6; Won, 2; Lost, 4.

The members of the Club would like to thank Miss Harvey and members of the staff for their help, and the canteen staff for preparing refreshments.

Chess Report, 1967.

Team Captain: Robert Davies.

Only two members of this year's team had represented the school regularly last season; and the team is the youngest the school has ever had. The team has, however, enjoyed its most successful season and has performed very well in all competitions. In the North Glamorgan League, three games were won and one drawn. The team reached the final of the Welsh National Schools Tournament, losing by the narrowest of margins to a strong Cowbridge Grammar School team. The team won the Welsh Zone of the "Sunday Times" Tournament to reach the last sixteen of the competition. The loss to a very strong Nuneaton team was only conceded after some well fought games.

The season has been a personal success for the Captain, Robert Davies. He has led the team like a true Captain, setting a high standard as an example to the rest of the team. He has a number of good wins to his credit and he had the honour of winning the Welsh Championship of the Association of Boys' Clubs. Of the twenty-five competitors who competed in the finals in London, he gained twelfth place. A number of the members of the Club also competed in the Mid-Wales Championships at Llandrindod in March and their performances were more than creditable.

The Club has flourished, over a hundred members having been registered. Many members have rejoined, particularly from the sixth form. A Christmas Congress was held after the Christmas examinations and over seventy competitors took part in Competitions for under 12's, under 13's, under 14's, under 15's and over 15's. The winners in the respective sections were W. J. Garnett, Ralph Jones, Gareth Williams, John Hutchinson, and Patrick Ryan. This will become a regular event.



SCHOOL CHESS TEAM

Back row: Hugh Morris, Patrick Ryan, John Hutchinson, Gareth Williams. Front Row: Mr. A. Rees, William Smith, Robert Davies, David Hughes, Mr. G. Roblin.

A most gratifying aspect of Club affairs has been the much improved care taken of the sets and boards. A library of books has been established; books may be borrowed on application to Mr. Roblin.

We shall look forward to another successful season next year; if keenness counts for anything, the school will have the best team in Wales.

The international team Tournament for under 19's, the "Glorney Cup" Tournament, will be held at Brecon during the first week of August.

Record: Played, 14; Won, 11; Lost, 2; Drawn, 1.

"Silurian" is once again indebted to Mr. Peter Rowlands for his painstaking accumulation of details of School games and athletics.

COLLEGE REPORTS

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, CARDIFF

Regrettably, I was the only Old Boy to enter the University this year. There are now only two undergraduates from Brecon studying here, which seems strange when one compares the total with that of Swansea.

V. G. Jones.—"Vince" is the other undergraduate and is in his second year studying French and Italian. He hopes to do honours Italian next year, which will also be his last. Vince's sporting activities have been confined mainly to rugby, in which he has excelled by being elected captain of the 1st XV. He was also chosen as reserve for the Welsh University team.

M. R. Jones.—I am doing Part I Chemistry, Biochemistry and Microbiology and hope to drop Chemistry and continue with the other two subjects next year. Apart from the occasional game of squash, and the mad dash from one lecture to another, I have not been active in the sporting sphere, but have devoted most of my time to trying to find out what the lecturers are talking about.

G. Curtis.—Gerald, for the few who still remember him, has obtained his Ph.D. for research in biochemistry. He is now lecturing in this subject at the University.

We look forward to seeing more Old Boys in Cardiff in the near future.

MARK JONES.

COVENTRY.

Having just completed a year's pre-Diploma course in Coventry College of Art I have no hesitation in recommending it to any student who seriously wishes to engage upon a full-time career in any field of art. A pre-Diploma course in Coventry will afford him numerous opportunities, several of which are not found in other colleges. It will equip him adequately for any Diploma course, be it Fine Art (Painting or Sculpture), Graphics, or any other. Next year the college moves into a new building which, I believe, will be an advantage. Up to now, Diploma and pre-Diploma students have worked in separate buildings in different parts of the town. Not only will these students now mix socially, but they will work together in similar environments, exchanging ideas and opinions, a condition which should help the new student during his pre-Diploma year, a year essentially of transition between a sixth form course and a Diploma course. For myself, I have had an extremely enjoyable and enlightening year, and look forward with eager anticipation to my next term, when I shall begin the first year of my three year course in Fine Art Painting in Coventry.

I would like to add that Coventry College of Art is expected soon to become part of a Polytechnic which will undoubtedly mean an increase in funds for the college as well as co-operation and collaboration between itself and the colleges to which it will be linked by the system.

ALAN JONES.

ST. DAVID'S COLLEGE, LAMPETER.

I have just completed two years' study at St. David's College and during my time many changes have taken place in accordance with the development plan for the College. Buildings are being extended and hostels completed for the accommodation of women students—the number of whom is now fifty. Negotiations with the U.C.W. are in their final stages and further changes can be expected. All societies continue to flourish.

D. J. WILKINSON.

ATLANTIC COLLEGE.

It was with some trepidation that I ventured to the wild outpost of education at Atlantic College on the South Coast of Wales. I am the first and, I hope, not the last, from this school to benefit from a very generous L.E.A. grant to spend two years at the College prior to going on to further education.

The College is an international sixth-form college for boys, designed to develop the body (sic) as well as the mind. Actually I should say *was* for boys, as the College is going co-educational in September, much to the delight of all concerned. The College has been established four years now and has expanded to 200 students, with plans for another 150.

Based on the medieval castle of St. Donats and surrounded by a gaggle of ill-assorted houses (where we live), the college has its own beach which looks out over the Bristol Channel.

The curriculum is the same as for any school in this country—British A-levels for University entrance. Moreover, we also have to do subsidiary subjects "to broaden our education." In my case this consists of American Studies (taught by an American) and, to keep in with the international character of the place, I also attend German classes.

The College is responsible for the safety of the coastline of ten miles of the surrounding coast. There are three Rescue Services which see to this, Beach, Rescue Boats, and Cliff.

Beach Rescue consists of a number of hardy souls (mainly Scandinavian) who venture out in all weathers to surf and sea-canoe at the nearby beach of Southerndown. Their keenness is shown by the fact that we have some of the best sea canoists in Great Britain.

The Boats in Rescue Boats is no misnomer. The College has eight R.N.L.I. rubber craft, capable of 20-30 knots, all under the eagle eye of the Headmaster.

Cliff Rescue is rather less hurried, but no less wet. (Much to our discredit everyone still remembers when we were cut off by the tide whilst on an exercise). We are a recognised Coastguard station and capable, in theory at least, of rescuing a ship's crew by means of a breeches buoy.

I must not forget that gallant band of workers, the Social Service, who minister to the needs of sufferers (or so they say) in our area.

Rescue Services take up two afternoons a week and on two others we do activities. These range from sailing to surveying, and rugby to photography.

The rugby team is fairly strong, based on a strong Welsh line with the odd Canadian or Scandinavian prop.

Soccer is also played by a mixed lot—Greeks, Arabs, etc., and the team is a model of consistency ('nuff said).

The Arts are extremely well supported. Last term the whole School sang Brahms' 'Rhapsodie' and a selection of folk songs. The highlight, however, was the singing of 'Mae hen wlad fy nhadau' by the entire school.

This term there was an excellent production of Hochenwaelder's fine play 'The Strong are Lonely', with an international cast from nineteen countries.

In passing I must mention the period of torture the new boys go through known as 'Project Week.' This year we went camping in the Gower. The camp itself was very enjoyable, the night-hikes less so and the weather not at all.

My own sporting activity has mainly consisted of representing the College at rugby (despite a rather savage meeting with a Llandovery College lock, of which I still bear the scars), a few brief, wet and unpleasant encounters with the Bristol Channel and what was cheerfully called rock-climbing.

In conclusion I would just like to remind readers of this Magazine that there is a place available from Breconshire next year which will offer two years of a very worthwhile experience, not to mention a thorough knowledge of the Bristol Channel.

J. R. FLETCHER.

THE WELSH NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

I am now coming to the end of my first year at Cardiff, with the end-of-term exams already upon me. For the first two years I am registered at both the University of South Wales and Monmouthshire, and the Welsh National School of Medicine, enjoying the privileges and amenities offered by both. My time-table throughout the year has been full, starting at 9 and finishing at 5, with most of the afternoons devoted to practical work.

At the moment there are about 70 students in their first year, but it is hoped that the number will be almost doubled when the new Anatomy, Physiology and Biochemistry departments are opened. The new Anatomy department will be the first to be completed, and should be opened in October of this year. This will take the place of the small and rather out-dated existing building and will provide much better working conditions. The new Medical Teaching Hospital at Heath is scheduled for completion in 1971 and will be one of the most up-to-date in the country. It is in this hospital that I hope to spend my final Registration Year.

The only other Old Boys studying Medicine at Cardiff are Tim Lewis and Derwyn Jones, both of whom have just completed their 2nd M.B. examinations, reputed to be the worst exams in the whole of the course. Derwen has been actively engaged in sport again this year, playing for the Med. School rugby team. They will be entering more into the role of the hospital next year when they will be doing the "rounds" of the wards.

Tim Powell is involved in the first year of the Dentistry course. He played Soccer for "The Meds." until Christmas and then, restored to his full rude vigour, reverted to Rugby, again representing the Med. School.

We are all looking forward to seeing more students from Brecon here in subsequent years, as the provisions for future doctors are equivalent to those of any other Medical School.

DENIS MORGAN.

KINGSTON COLLEGE OF ART.

It gives me great pleasure to write about Kingston College of Art, where I am at present studying architecture. Although there is plenty of work to be done I find it interesting, with structures the only thorn in the flesh (unless one has taken 'A' level mathematics). In the first year we cover relationship of spaces, external and internal environments; and in the last term all three are taken into consideration in a simple design of a holiday house. The first year does not, as everyone expects, take one straight into designing a house. Many factors have to be considered before this stage is reached. Apart from the creative design one has to study fundamentals such as building materials and the history of architecture.

At Kingston one has the full use of the other departments that go to make up an Art College. Situated in modern buildings beside the river, the college is worth a visit, and if any present pupil has to attend an interview in this area, I shall be happy to show him round the college.

A. McROBBIE.

CARDIFF COLLEGE OF EDUCATION.

This year there are more Old Boys in the College than ever before. Unfortunately the Principal died in the first term, and so college life has not been as smooth as it otherwise would have been.

John Roderick, now in his final year, has obtained a teaching post. David Gardner and I are studying for the new B.Ed. degree, whilst the other two boys in the college, Jim Twining and Ian Miles, are following the P.E. course. In Jim's case this is a somewhat painful operation for he has now broken his neck twice. (One more successful break and the hospital allows him to keep the plaster!). Ian was reserve for the Welsh Training Colleges' badminton team against English Universities. None of us has managed to cover himself with glory, though there was a rumour that John Roderick was going to referee the F.A. cup final. (A nightmare, luckily).

ROGER BEETHAM.

BRISTOL.

There are four of us here: two dentists and two vets fighting tooth and claw to promulgate the name of Brecon Beacons National Park, and doing some work in the meantime.

The university was willed and fostered by two tobacco magnates and has spread like a mycetium since the Robbins Report. It has no ponderous tradition but feeds on new vital foods and there is no room for Mammon.

Keith Evans and I are enmeshed by separate five-year courses that are intended to break and make. Pete Powell is busy gnawing at the quick—humans can afford to be 'broken-mouthed'—and will soon be leaving room for Keith as inquisitor extraordinary. Tony Williams is locked away in the country at the Vets' Summer Palace, while I sit heavily in the lecture theatres of the new régime. We are three hours travel and eighteen hours travail from Brecon. Good luck to all those taking exams this year. Bristol, especially, awaits you.

PHILIP MORRIS.

ABERYSTWYTH.

Alan Major.—"Fred" is the senior Brecon student and in his third year in the Law Dept. He is head of his Hall of Residence, Carpenter Hall, and is on the Student's Representative Council, although he has resigned as Union treasurer-elect because of personal commitments. He has also managed to fit in a little soccer between his studies—has played in the "Dig's" League, and for the Department XI.

Peter Moon.—Peter is in the thick of his studies for Part II LL.B. He has played soccer in the 'Dig's' League on occasions. Recently engaged, his amorous activities are now centred upon Aber.

David James.—"Dai" is also in his second year in the Law Department. He has had continued success with the "oval ball," representing the College 2nd XV regularly and the Department XV.

John Allbutt.—"Ned", specializing in International Politics, is in his second year of studies for the degree of B.Sc. (Econ). This includes a one-year study of International Law and he can often be seen in the Faculty Library. An active member of and driving force in the College 'Rag' Committee.

Alan Griffiths.—He is Brecon's sole representative in the Department of Science, studying Pure Maths, Applied Maths and Statistics in his first year. Alan admits having a casual interest in tiddly winks—played on a large scale here—and is occasionally to be found singing in the Angel (naturally?) on a Saturday night.

Roy Jones.—Roy completes the quartet of Law students. He has confined his sporting activities to supporting the College 1st XI, and has been unlucky to be plagued by illness this year.

Also news of three other Old Boys:—

Robert Gant (3rd year research in geography) spends much of his time assisting Geog. students in the Geog. Prac. Laboratory.

Percy Griffiths also helps students of the Rural Science Department in his capacity of Demonstrator.

Lindsay Powell is a lecturer in the Rural Science Department, but is leaving this summer.

We would all like to wish examination candidates the best of luck in the forthcoming examinations and we look forward to seeing some new faces in Aberystwyth next year.

NONINGTON COLLEGE.

I am at present studying a three-year course in Physical Education. The college is small with 210 students, only 24 of whom are men. The college has an excellent swimming pool and a fine gymnasium. A great deal of work is being carried out to improve the facilities for the present and future men. The course is tiring, with about four hours practical work per day, but is thoroughly enjoyable.

Because Nonington is a new college it is not overpowered by tradition, and is therefore among the trendsetters in the new ideas of physical education.

A. HODGES.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SWANSEA.

There have been four newcomers this session to re-inforce a formerly weak contingent of Old Boys at this college. They have been able to make full use of the modern facilities offered, especially with the newly constructed Applied Sciences, Mathematics and Physics Departmental skyscrapers. The Swansea campus is a compact and up-to-date unit with College House and Union House combining both the social and academic sides of college life. The College continues to expand under the new development programme with a new chemistry wing opening next session. Outside attractions include the Gower coast and the parklands of Swansea as well as the famed 'riviera' climate.

D. Gwynne—intending History Honours. He is studying History, Ancient History, and Politics in his first year. An active member of the Chess Club he also enjoys table tennis and is very active in the Plaid Cymru group here, where he has been elected chairman for the next session.

R. J. Griffiths—studying geology, botany and geography. He hopes to do Geology Honours. He is enjoying Hall life with its many social advantages, but spends most of his time in the Blackpill area.

M. J. Jones—studying Applied and Pure Mathematics with Physics. He is in 'digs' near college. He enjoys table tennis and tennis and regularly attends the college 'hops'.

H. G. Giles—residing in Sibly Hall. He is in his second year in chemistry and geology. At squash he has ascended to dizzy heights and has been top of the Hall 'ladder'. He plays rugby for a 'Cardiff' team as "nobody in Swansea will have me". He is engaged to a College girl and hopes to marry next summer.

D. G. Griffiths.—In his final year for a Civil Engineering degree. He plays full-back for the Department soccer team, plays tennis, and enjoys Gower walks. He is engaged and is seen occasionally at the cinema and Engineering Society gatherings.

P. Havard—just completed his Degree in Physics. He is frequently seen at the College 'hops' but spends most of his free time outside college.

R. Bendle.—“I am pursuing a Part I course in Economics, History and Geography and hope to go on to Economics Honours. I am thoroughly enjoying university life, made much more enjoyable by the facilities of this relatively new college, which is expanding all the time. Sporting interests are limited to table-tennis and a ‘kick around’ on the beach or in the park.”

Mike Jones.—“If you wish for a new building, come to sunny Swansea and enjoy an entirely new Physics and Mathematics block, for this seems the best incentive to “do” Physics at college. Relaxing after a hard lecture the scenic beauties of the coffee bar are hard to beat. Cinemas are good, and ‘rag’ week had its moments.”

LEICESTER UNIVERSITY.

I am in my second year at university and I am doing a combined Arts course. This year I have been doing Geography, History and Economic History, and next year will be doing Geography and Economic History.

The general impression is that the second year at a university is easy. I do not agree, but would say that it is easier in that by now one is, or at least should be, well into the swing of things.

I am still in a Hall of Residence, which I found far too comfortable to contemplate leaving, despite the exorbitant charges of £55 per term, and the so-called challenge of living in a flat. The great advantage of the Halls is that one meets far greater numbers of people at a closer level than one does in the university itself. Flat dwellers, on the other hand, whilst learning to look after themselves tend to become isolated especially in that they meet very few first-year students. Perhaps the greatest disadvantage with the halls of residence is that the people in them tend to lead a sheltered existence which is reinforced in Leicester by the fact that the Halls are situated in the middle class suburbia, so that life is not seen as it really is. This is, in fact, a criticism that can be levelled at the university in general: that no attempt is made to foster a “town”-“gown” relationship. The position does not have to be like this, and in fact life at the university and in the town is what one makes it; and the better equipped one is on leaving school, the more interesting life will be at the university.

I hope that there are several people with offers of university places this year and I wish them the best of luck in their examinations.

R. L. WILLIAMS.

Old Boys' Association

The seventeenth Annual General Meeting of the Association was held at the Cafe Royal, on Friday, 17th March, with the vice-president, Mr. John Llewellyn, in the chair. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. J. Llewellyn; Vice-President, Mr. A. Miles; Honorary Secretary, Mr. J. Morgan; Honorary Treasurer, Mr. A. R. Williams; Honorary Auditor, Mr. E. I. Rowlands.

The following were elected to the committee: Messrs. O. Owen, W. B. Hargest, W. I. Jones, G. W. Davies, J. Jones, M. J. Jenkins, E. B. Powell, F. M. Thomas, E. R. Morgan, P. C. Mogg, E. I. Rowlands, D. L. Hatton, Malcolm Morris, L. S. Davies, W. J. J. Morris, J. Goleworthy, C. Palmer, C. Giles, A. S. Perry.



MR. J. LLEWELLYN.

The President, Mr. C. B. Palmer, laid the Association's wreath at the School's Annual Service of Remembrance. Canon Geoffrey Davies conducted the service.

The customary games were played against the School. Once again, Mr. Aneurin Williams is captaining a combined Staff - Old Boys' cricket team against local sides.

On September 24th, the Second Golf Championship was held at Builth. Tom Williams (Upper Chapel 1933-38) travelled from Norfolk especially to play and was rewarded for his enthusiasm by winning the cup for the second time. 1966 saw an increase in the number of players and I hope that even more will play this year. This year's meeting has been arranged for Saturday

September 23rd at Builth. Play will start at 2 p.m., and members wishing to play should contact either the Secretary (Brecon 2823) or Arthur Perry.

Some members have asked for more Association activities. Included in the suggestions are badminton, chess, bridge (beginners and experts). It will take more than a few members to make a successful club and if you are interested in joining one of these proposed sections please let the Secretary know.

The Annual Dinner was held on Friday, April 7th, at the Wellington Hotel, when Canon Geoffrey Davies was the guest speaker. Other guests were Coun. J. V. C. Thomas, Mayor of Brecon, Timothy King (Head Boy), and the two Deputy Head Boys, David Prosser-Roberts and Mansel Davies. Geoffrey's popularity ensured a most successful evening.

At the School Sports, the Mayoress presented the Association's prizes to the outstanding athletes. The prize-winners were: Minor, D. M. T. Jones; Junior, G. Brugnoli; Intermediate, C. Eales; Senior, V. J. T. Davies.

MARRIAGES

Mr. J. F. Lee and Miss Hazel Jones.
Mr. Peter Rowlands and Miss Glenys James.
Mr. James Tuthill of Cwmdru, and Miss Margaret Farr, of Crickhowell.
Mr. R. Samuel and Miss Enid Morgan.
Mr. P. A. James and Miss Alison Pettican.
Mr. Gerald Curtis and Miss Marian Flint.
Mr. Charles Lewis, of Talgarth, and Miss Elizabeth Ann Gill, of Barry.
Mr. Donald Thomas, of Battle, and Miss Madeline Morgan, of Cradoc.
Mr. David Jones, of Abergavenny, and Miss Susan Price, of Hay.
Mr. Colin Lewis and Miss Gillian Elizabeth Graney.
Mr. Terry Williams and Miss Elizabeth Thomas.
Mr. John Griffiths and Miss Memory Stratford, of Cape Province.
Mr. John Parry, of Cross Oak, and Miss Jean Thomas, of Llanfrynach.
Mr. Arwyn Davies, of Llechfaen, and Miss Lavinia Jones, of Talgarth.
Mr. I. P. Powell and Miss Barbara Speake, of Cardiff.
Mr. Phillip Cutts and Miss Alice Jones.
Mr. David Younger and Miss Susan Webster.
Mr. Alan Field and Miss Gillian Cobbold.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Glyn Jones, a daughter, Elinor Ann, 9.7.66.
Mr. and Mrs. Gareth Williams, a daughter, Rhian Sarah.
Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Williams, a son, William Nathan, 3.9.66.
Mr. and Mrs. John Peters, a son, Timothy John, 7.9.66.
Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Morgan, a daughter, Andrea Elrina, 5.9.66.
Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Powell, a son Glyn, 5.10.66.
Mr. and Mrs. Melville White, a son Peter Melville, 8.12.66.
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Younger, a daughter, Carol.
Mr. and Mrs. David Eckley, a son, Martin Gareth, 28.12.66.
Mr. and Mrs. David Harvey, a son, Colin Lloyd, 7.1.67.
Mr. and Mrs. Granville Pearson, a son, William Granville, 11.3.67.
Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham Perkins, a son, Colin Huw, 16.3.67.
Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Peters, a daughter, Carole Michelle, 27.6.66.
Mr. and Ms. Glyn Hawker, a son, Jonathan Glyn, 25.5.67.
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rowlands, a daughter, Julie, 4.7.67

ENGAGEMENTS. —

Mr. Richard Adams, of Libanus, and Miss Pam Tucker, of Sennybridge.
Mr. Terry Hopkins and Miss Lillian Thomas.
Mr. James Chatfield and Miss Nanette Powell, of Llangynidr.

Mr. Michael Stephens and Miss Anthea Ramell, of Portsmouth.
 Mr. Christopher Bastin and Miss Madeleine Hundy, of Birmingham.
 Mr. Peter Moon and Miss Catherine Hennessey.
 Mr. John Wallis and Miss Judith Rees, of Llandudno.
 Mr. H. G. Giles and Miss Suzette Holmes.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. Haydn Owen on winning a first prize for design at the 1966 National Eisteddfod.
 Mr. Val Morris and Mr. Jack Walters on their appointment as Justices of the Peace.
 Mr. Colin Lewis, on completing the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy.
 Mr. Rendall Jones, M.A., on his appointment as Chief Education Officer for East Sussex.
 Mr. Alan Millichip on the award of an Open Scholarship to St. Catherine's College, Oxford.
 Mr. Robert Pritchard on his appointment as Headmaster of Kimbleton V.P. School, Worcestershire.
 Edward Morgan and Maldwyn Higgins on qualifying as Queen's Scouts.
 Mr. Peter Watton on the award of the Captain's Prize at the Royal Naval Supply School, H.M.S. Pembroke.
 Mr. Elvet D. Watkins on his appointment as Senior Electrical Engineer in charge of Nuclear Power Stations, South Scottish Electricity Board.
 Mr. Glyn Bernard Jones, on promotion to Sergeant in the Wiltshire Constabulary.
 Chief Inspector Leslie Jones on promotion to Superintendent of the Leominster Division of the Herefordshire Police.
 Mr. Alvin Miles on appointment as Headmaster of Llanfaes C.P. School, Brecon.
 Mr. Harley Simpson on his appointment as Child Care Officer with the Monmouthshire County Council, and as editor of Cwmbran New Town Magazine, "Spark".
 Mr. Gerald Curtis on the award of the degree of Ph. D.
 Mr. T. G. Powell on passing the Intermediate examination of the Institute of Auctioneers.
 Mr. A. A. Brazier on his appointment as Manager of Lloyds Bank, Windsor Place, Cardiff; and Mr. D. P. Jones on his appointment as Manager at Aberavon.
 Mr. D. P. Prosser on his appointment as computer-programmer with the Breconshire County Council.
 Mr. P. J. Havard on second class Honours (B.Sc.) in Physics.
 Mr. Alan Major on second class Honours (Law).
 Mr. John Burgess, second class Honours in Aeronautical Engineering.
 Mr. David Morgan, second class Honours in History.
 Councillor Ken. Morgan, J.P., on his election as Chairman of Bridgend Urban District Council.

IN MEMORIAM

Mr. D. Gittins.
 Mr. Rowland Hopkins.
 Police Inspector Charles Duroe.
 Ald. F. M. Thomas.
 Mr. Douglas Inglis, M.A.

PENLAN Y.F.C. REPORT, 1966-67

Club Leaders: Dr. Ll. Williams and Mr. C. Whittingham.
Chairman: B. G. R. Davies. Vice-Chairman: D. Prosser-Roberts.
Secretary: P. H. Powell Treasurer: A. J. Thomas.

Monthly meetings of the school club have been held during this year, and it is pleasing to report an increase in membership. During the meetings, agricultural films were shown and lectures of various subjects given.

One of the highlights of the year was a talk given by the Deputy Warden of Breconshire area of the Beacons National Park. As a result of this lecture, members of the club began a project which involved the making and observing of bird boxes.

The quiz teams from the club have not been as successful in the annual competitions as they have in previous years. The winter competitions have not drawn a complete blank—the Sennybridge Cup was won by a team from the club.

This year the club was the host to the Annual Reading Competition. The evening proved to be very successful and was enjoyed by all.

Some of the boys also entered the County Rally Competitions and gained considerable success.

With increasing membership and activity, the club may look forward to another successful season.

FRENCH LANGUAGE COURSE, EASTER, 1967

Once more, students from school were given the opportunity, this time through the "British Institute" organisation, of spending nearly a fortnight in France, the object of the visit being to improve their practical knowledge of the language. This year, four boys participated: Geoffrey Barrington, Timothy King, John Norbury and I, all from Upper Sixth Arts.

We all stayed in the same place—a big, barren barrack-like building named "Lycée Michlet" on the outskirts of Paris. We were told that this inhospitable monstrosity was one of the better French boarding schools! We arrived at about 6 p.m. after a rather uneventful journey. Altogether there were about 400 English students participating in the course, about 200 boys and 200 girls. The mornings were spent in rising early, washing in cold water, walking miles and miles down long corridors to eat the delicious typically French breakfast of coffee and rolls, and having three lessons, each lasting one hour. Students were divided into small groups for these lessons. After dinner, there were optional outings to places of interest in and around the metropolis, which became progressively less popular each day. Evenings were generally free and the majority of students passed most of this time travelling up to the centre of Paris in the "Metro." All students were "expected" to be back at the "Lycée" by 10 p.m. This meant leaving the centre of Paris before 9.00 p.m., just as the traditional "soirée Parisienne" was beginning. One was allowed out later, till 11.00 p.m., if one was going to visit pen friends (which I did as often as possible, partly to get a really good meal), or to go to the theatre. We were all fortunate in being able to see a top class production of "L'Avare", by Moliere, at the Comedie Francaise, which is one of the plays we have to study at 'A' Level. One of the highlights of the course was a concert given by some of the students towards the end of the stay (John and Geoff. were in the choir, holding up the Welsh tradition). This was followed by a party which never really started to "swing" because the room was far too big and some people were too self-conscious or were otherwise too incapacitated to dance.

I would like to take this opportunity of making a few criticisms of the course. Apart from the cold water already mentioned, the meals were very good, but were not very substantial, and the beds (when yours hadn't

been removed, by persons unknown, as a practical joke) were rather hard and somewhat unsafe. The main fault, however, as agreed by all, was that there was no attempt made to create a French "atmosphere" and everyone spoke English except during lessons and when visiting friends. Further, I should like to point out to John that he should choose more suitable times and places for spreading Welsh Nationalist propaganda!

All thanks are due to the Headmaster, to Mr. John Williams, and to the Local Education Authority for making this very enjoyable and valuable course available to us and it is to be hoped that this scheme will be continued in future years.

ANDREW WATKINS, U.VI Arts.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

Chairman: T. J. King. Secretary: W. A. Watkins.

This year, owing to the increasing competition from other activities, only two debates were held. The topics discussed were "That Capital Punishment Should be Re-introduced" and "The Teaching of Religious Instruction In Schools Should Be Compulsory." Both motions were carried by fairly large majorities. It has been particularly pleasing to note the willingness of boys to speak, and the thoroughness with which material has been prepared. It is to be hoped, however, that members of the society will make themselves better acquainted with the "etiquette" of debates in years to come and will therefore draw a greater benefit from this activity.

ANDREW WATKINS, U.VI Arts.

GEOGRAPHY FIELD COURSE

During the first week of the Summer Term, the sixth form pupils of the Geography Department were fortunate in attending a four-day course on "The Human Geography of Mid-Wales." The course was organised by the Local Education Authority, and the lecturer was Professor Bowen, Professor of Geography at Aberystwyth University, who was ably assisted by Mr. C. Whittingham, the school's geography teacher.

The first day was spent in visiting farms in upland Radnorshire; the second day consisted of a series of lectures at the Brecon Secondary Modern School; the third day was spent in visiting the Forestry Commission's plantations in the Brechfa Forest in Carmarthenshire; and the fourth day was spent in visiting the Elan and Claerwen Valley Dams in Radnorshire.

The main object of the course was to give students a first-hand knowledge of the problem of rural depopulation in Mid-Wales. The value of the course as regards examinations cannot be underestimated and thanks are due to the lecturers and to the Local Education Authority, who organised the course.

ANDREW WATKINS, U.VI Arts.

HISTORY COURSE, SEPTEMBER, 1966

This year the Refresher Course for Secondary School Teachers and Sixth Form Students was held in the Brecon Secondary Modern/Technical School. Four lectures were given each morning on three main topics. The Evolution of Breconshire, The French Revolution, and the Agricultural and Industrial Revolutions, with special reference to Breconshire. Those attending the course were extremely privileged to be instructed by such knowledgeable specialists. Fieldwork studies, organised by D. Morgan Rees, Esq., J.P., M.A., supplemented these lectures every afternoon.

Mr. Donald Davies, M.A., was in charge of the group from Brecon Grammar School and sincere thanks must be given to the Breconshire Education Committee for making this enjoyable and informative course possible.

G. BARRINGTON, VIa.

HOW TO CRIB

No matter how you look at it, cribbing is an art; an underhand art, perhaps, but nevertheless, an art. To be a good cribber, a seat in the back row of desks is most necessary. Plenty of practice is a "must" to keep the mind razor sharp. Some people, so I have heard, start their apprenticeship early. I expect a few alert masters have caught cribbers in action and these people get the booby prize of six strokes or 500 lines, but if they are not caught, they get a first prize of full marks. These people who get caught are a disgrace to this "art" of cribbing and they usually end by doing their homework. Disgusting! Some of the bigger people of the form who are cribbers tend to intimidate the smaller and cleverer people into doing their homework for them. There are various types of cribbing, which, let's face it, are getting better and more original. I shall not go into these complicated methods, because if I do, I shall be letting out trade secrets, punishable by expulsion from the C.U. (Cribbers' Union). I must impress upon you that I am only a very amateurish apprentice—as yet. I do not crib very much but there is plenty of evidence of this crime around me. If the people who cribbed were as good at school-work as they were at cribbing, the teacher's job would become much easier, and as the boys (and girls) who crib do not wish to make the teacher's job any easier, they crib out of spite, and I don't blame them. Most cribbers have lookouts, and, in return for services rendered, the cribber makes his lookout an apprentice. The trouble with cribbing, however, is that the person who cribs will be found out sooner or later in the examinations, unless he is an excellent cribber and can crib, undetected, in examinations.

P. G. SKINNER, 4A.

INTRUDERS

1.

At first sight you wouldn't be able to tell that there was any special significance about Whitton. From outside it seemed just the same as countless other towns scattered throughout the country, with no peculiar characteristics to distinguish it from the rest. The ordinary people went to their daily work, the children went to school, the local Council met in the brand-new Council Chamber, a monstrous structure of bone-white concrete and shimmering glass, while the old people just did nothing. In other words, life was humdrum, regular and dull. To the casual observer there would have been no sign of the disturbing undercurrents which flowed through the town, the violent beliefs which were to make Whitton the centre of controversy of the country. For, under the surface, all was not as it should have been.

January 20th was, for Matthew Joyce, the day of the realisation of his hopes. At last he, his wife and son were able to move from that crowded tenement in Birmingham, where they had endured great discomfort, to this quiet residential area of Whitton, to a house which he had purchased privately. Little did he know what Fate held in store for him, or he would not have set out that day for his new home. For Matthew Joyce had one great disadvantage—he was coloured. And if there was one thing that the inhabitants of Whitton would not tolerate (as he was to find out) it was a coloured person.

2

Next door to where Matthew Joyce was in the process of moving in, the Carmichaels lived. The whole house exuded an aura of middle-class solidity: Henry Carmichael was an active member of the local Conservative Club and a Church Warden; his wife belonged to the Townswomen's Guild and the Women's Institute; their children were learning to play the piano.

Henry, a fussy little man, completely pre-occupied with his own importance, was standing in front of his ornate fire-place. He fingered his toothbrush moustache and spluttered, "It's outrageous! I'm going to complain. They can't do that to us; it's impossible. We can't have a coloured family living next door to us. What would the other neighbours say?"

3.

Milton Joyce ran out to look for someone with whom he could play. He went to the park but nobody invited him to join in and play football or, in fact, to do anything. When he spoke to a child he—or she—just looked at him in amazement as if he was a creature from another planet; and so he was to them who, poor moles, had never seen anybody in their town who was any other colour than a gentle English pink. Discouraged, Milton ran home to his parents.

4.

News travelled quickly. In all the shops, in fact, anywhere where people met people there was only one topic of conversation—the arrival of Matthew Joyce. And, although the people tended to disagree on most subjects—party politics, religion and sex—this was the one time when they were all completely in agreement: the Joyce family was not wanted in Whitton. That was patently obvious. They couldn't have a coloured family living in the town; it would lower the whole tone of the place.

5.

This was also the consensus of opinion in that brand-new Council Chamber. Mr. Graham Pitt, a lawyer, summed up the feelings of the others in an extraordinarily vehement tirade for a normally mild and inoffensive man: "These people must go; we cannot have coloured people in Whitton. If we can get rid of this family we may still be able to preserve our isolation. To allow them to settle here would be inviting trouble, for, if we're not careful, all their relations will come, then all their friends; they'll breed like rabbits and soon there will be as many coloured people as white people in Whitton and that would never do". Councillor Pitt sat down, a contented smirk on his face. He harboured no personal animosity against this new family but merely wished to enhance his status in the Council.

The meeting broke up, undecided as to what it should do to get rid of the Joyces.

6.

This state of affairs continued for a few weeks—the people still talked; the Council still discussed the matter during its sessions; the Carmichaels continued to fume; Milton Joyce had no one to play with. For his parents, however, this existence, although not particularly happy, was at least bearable, since they no longer had to sleep with three other families in one flat.

7.

It was left to the children to provide the adults with the necessary inspiration for the removal of the Joyces. Milton still went out to the park to watch the other children play. At last, one day one of them called out to him, "Hey wog, what do you think you're looking at?"

Milton knew what the term "wog" meant for he had had to put up with insults like that in his old school. Therefore he decided not to answer.

"Hey, wog, we're talking to you," the call came again.

This time he replied, "Would you mind not calling me that?"

"Gonna make anything of it?" jeered the boy, walking over, prepared for a fight.

"Yes," shouted another boy, "come on wog, have a fight."

Milton realised that this would be the test for him. He took off his jacket and prepared to meet the challenge.

If it had been just the one boy he would probably have been successful, for his father had always been most insistent that his son should be able to defend himself. But at the first sign that Milton was gaining the upper hand everybody else joined in against him. Five minutes later a bloody, dishevelled, pathetic coloured boy, in tears, his clothes ripped, crept home to his mother, to a place of safety.

8.

When the children told their parents what they had done, the parents realised that they could do the very same thing. So, they plotted together carefully and, at last, came up with what seemed to be a foolproof plan.

9.

Matthew Joyce, walking home from the railway station, did not at first notice the footsteps behind him. After all, other people came home from work as well as he. It was not until he was nearly home that he became aware that he was being followed. He noticed that when he stopped the footsteps behind him stopped. A shiver of fear ran down his spine. He quickened his pace; so did the footsteps behind him.

Then, as he turned into the road where his house was situated, he saw a glow, and realised with a terrible coldness in his heart, that it was his own house which was on fire. Before he could quicken his pace, he was surrounded by shadowy figures. One of them was carrying a fiery cross. He shouted, once, but before he could do anything else they were on him, hitting him, kicking him, and stamping on him until they were certain that there was no more life in his body.

His house was completely gutted by the fire, and all that was left was a smouldering ruin.

10.

Whitton Daily Sentinel, February 14th.
Hunt for killers called off.

This evening, a week after the brutal murder of Matthew Joyce, the first coloured inhabitant of the town, the police investigation was called off. A police spokesman said that the murderers had got completely away and they held little hope for the apprehension of the guilty persons in the immediate future.

The fire which occurred in Joyce's house that evening is not being treated as arson. The charred wood in the shape of a cross which was found nearby was thought to be the work of a practical joker.

Mrs. Joyce and her son Milton, a pupil at Whitton Secondary School, have now returned to friends in Birmingham.

11.

Life was virtually back to normal in the Whitton Council Chamber. Yet, although nobody mentioned it, it was apparent that the matter of Matthew Joyce was still uppermost in their minds. It was left to Graham Pitt to allay whatever feelings of guilt they had when he said, "Well, I'm glad that's over. I think we did the right thing, don't you? I mean to say, they were coloured, weren't they?"

T. KING, U.V.I Arts.

CAREERS

A very successful Careers evening was held at the School on Thursday, 24th November. A large number of parents attended, together with boys from Forms V and VI. The Headmaster took the chair, and the careers panel, consisting of Mr. J. Annatt (Personnel Officer, I.C.I. Fibres, Pontypool), Mr. W. Arthur (Principal, Institute of Agriculture and Horticulture, Usk, Mon), Mr. H. C. Archard (Liaison Officer, Civil Service Commission, Cardiff), Mr. R. D. McMurray (Head of Department of Civil Engineering and Building, Glamorgan College of Technology, Treforest), Mr. H. B. Putt (Secretary, University Appointments Board, Cardiff), Miss Alice Thomas (County Youth Employment Officer), and Mr. J. H. Williams (Deputy Headmaster), answered many and varied questions from parents and pupils.

A. MOY, L.VI Sc.

UPPER SIXTH DINNER, 1966

This year, the annual dinner for the upper sixth form was held on the evening of Tuesday, 12th July, at the Castle Hotel, Brecon. The guest speaker for the evening was Dr. A. J. M. Cavanagh, and the chairman was Gerald Williams, the Head Boy. A most enjoyable dinner was partaken of by all in the company of the Headmaster, Mr. Aneurin Rees, and the Deputy Headmaster, Mr. John Williams. Gerald Williams proposed the toast of The Queen, which was followed by a very entertaining speech by Philip Morris, the acting deputy head boy, who proposed the toast of The School. The toast was responded to by the Headmaster and the Deputy Headmaster, and finally the toast to the guests was proposed by Gerald Williams. The evening was marred by the non-appearance of several boys, but everyone present enjoyed the evening immensely and thanks are due to the committee for their efficient organisation. It is to be hoped that this very welcome occasion may continue to take place each year.

ANDREW WATKINS, U.VI A.

THEATRE

On 11th November, 1966, the upper school attended a performance of "The Deposition" in the hall of the Secondary Modern School. This was the Welsh Theatre Company's recently composed semi-documentary of Shakespeare's "Richard II", abridged and edited, with a Narrator, which tries to demonstrate what the play meant to an Elizabethan audience in terms of contemporary politics. A feature of the presentation was the arena stage, designed to sustain a greater intimacy between actors and audience as in Shakespeare's own day. The costumes also, as costly as those acquired by Shakespeare's own company, increased the effect of a performance from which even the doubtful acoustics of the hall could not detract.

On 10th March, 1967, a mixed party of Fifth and Sixth Formers travelled to Oxford for the primary purpose of attending a performance of Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" at the Playhouse Theatre. The afternoon was spent at the splendid Ashmolean Museum and the early evening was occupied by visits to other buildings of interest and in a general exploration of Oxford such as was permitted by the rather unkind weather. At the play, Rodney Bewes (one of B.B.C.'s "Likely Lads") played the boorish Tony Lumpkin with a restrained zest which kept the packed audience continually amused. Janet Suzman, now making a new name for herself as Kate in "The Taming of the Shrew" at Stratford, was a charming and witty Kate Hardcastle only rivalled in appeal by Hilary Dwyer as Constance Neville. It was a thoroughly satisfying performance, well worth the long journey, which gave all concerned a fresh and stimulating insight into this classic play.

BREAKFAST

Breakfast is the first meal of the day, and it has to be adequate to keep people nourished until dinner-time, and, when school dinners are concerned, until tea time. Breakfast is usually enjoyed at any time between seven and nine o'clock, and it mainly begins with cornflakes or shredded wheat, and after this course the following course ranges from kippers to a boiled egg.

Breakfast makes the hen's job worthwhile, because everybody eats egg and bacon, or eggs and something, for breakfast. As well as keeping the hens in business, breakfast also saves the man who stamps the lions from redundancy.

There are many people today who do not regard breakfast as a meal, but as a break before they go to work to have a few cups of tea and some cigarettes. Breakfast is usually the chief cause of stomach aches or indigestion, because many people get out of bed a little late, to catch an early bus in the morning, and after bolting their breakfasts they race down to the bus stop, which causes indigestion. Today, automation has taken the hard work out of making breakfast, with the automatic tea maker, the electric toaster, and the cooker. The last two machines are not so modern as the first, but just imagine how long breakfast would take to prepare without them.

IAN GRIFFITHS, 4a.

POETRY

Poetry is the rhythmic and rhyming form of the English language which is written by and for a romantic and verbose kind of person. It serves no purpose other than to amuse those with nothing better to do than read it. As you can guess from what I have said I personally am not a great poetry addict. Moreover if I were compelled to read the poetry of my choice, I would choose light comical poetry written by one of my contemporaries and not by one of my aged and weird forefathers. Poets are, I suppose, entertainers, in the same way as are authors and essayists, not in the show biz sense of the word. They are deep thinking people and are inevitably well advanced in the usage of the English language and therefore could be classed as scholars. Poetry in its bare written form can be very monotonous and boring, but certain poems are possible to be translated into paintings and portraits. Many poems themselves have often been a write off but have been used by great artists as subjects for an artistic impression. In the same way poetry may be used as the basis for a play or a screen film. Poetry I think you will agree is to read and inwardly digest something which was written for enjoyment. Surely, if we enjoyed it, after an introduction to the subject we would want more and would read more for ourselves. But this is not so. Is it? Englishmen are not by nature poets because it is a well known fact that the Anglo Saxons, those from whom we derive, were men of action and not men of many words. An Anglo Saxon, I quote, "would remember something because he did it and not because of his motive for doing it." Actions are better than words. This leads to, I think, the reason why poetry is not popular with the younger generation. This is because we would rather do something than write romantic and rhyming words about what we want to do. It is therefore obvious that the older generations are the sect who appreciate and write poetry because they have had their day for doing things and now they want to write poetry about what they did or about what they wish they had done. All in all, I think poetry is O.K. in the proper place. Personally, the further away its place is from me, the better.

ROBERT EVANS, 4A.

QUOTABLE QUOTES

- Mr. D. Davies.—"What he hit is history
What he missed is mystery." (Thomas Hood).
- T. J. King.—"Latin words scarce recur to me" (Ovid).
- Mr. Angell.—"Mathematics make men subtle." (Francis Bacon).
- Mr. Beddows.—"What passion cannot music raise and quell?" (Dryden).
- Mr. Whittingham.—"Seems to have known the world by intuition."
(Alexander Pope).
- Mr. Wyatt.—"Healthy by exercise." (Alexander Pope).
- Mr. P. Evans.—"I takes and paints, hears no complaints" (Excerpt from
"Punch", anonymous).
- Mademoiselle Monique Crest.—"French she spak ful faire and fetisly"
(Chaucer).
- Physics Girls.—"Strangers before thee and sojourners" (Old Testament,
1 Chronicles).
- Prep.—"Leisure is time for doing something useful." (Nathanael Howe).
- Compulsory Games.—"Taught to submit. A harder lesson than to
command." (James Thompson).
- First Form.—"Ignorance is the mother of impudence" (Old Proverb).
- School Library.—"Let no profane person enter." (From Greek).
- Disciples of Carnaby Street.—"Fashion ever is a wayward child." (Rev.
William Mason).
- The Remove.—"All authority is quite degrading." (Oscar Wilde).
- School in general.—"At school a boy learns what is taught to others."
(From Latin).
- D. Prosser-Roberts.—"Always late on principle." (Oscar Wilde).
- Rodney Thomas.—"Better an egg today than a hen tomorrow." (Italian
Proverb).
- Mr. Morris.—"His Christianity was muscular." (Disraeli).
- Mr. Rowlands.—"Away with him, away with him—he speaks Latin."
(Shakespeare).
- Mr. J. H. Williams.—"Speak in French when you can't think of the
English for a thing." (Lewis Carroll).
- Mr. A. R. Williams.—"I can explain all the poems that ever were invented
—and a good many that haven't been invented yet." (Lewis Carol).
- A. Levels.—"Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared for
the greater fool may ask more questions than the wisest man can
answer." (Caleb Calton).
- School trip abroad.—"True patrons we, for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good."
(Barrington).
- Junior School.—"Really, if the lower orders don't set us a good example,
what on earth is the use of them!" (Wilde).
- G. Barrington.—"Anything for a quiet life." (T. Middleton).
- W. A. Watkins.—"Water is best." (Pindar).
- V. J. T. Davies.—"Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue." (Gay).

THE ELIMINATOR

This time there seemed no escape for Hynton Smythe-Williamson, as his little M.O.T.H. (Machetic Oxygenated Telepneutrasic Hypo-plane) clawed its way skywards at 75.83 m.p.h., from Breacanopolis aerodrome. He activated the syncro-valves and gained height rapidly. Dynoflash-autolisers burst into life, and as Hynton kept the "Flying Death-trap" (as he called it), on a straight course he couldn't help wondering if he had made a wrong decision.

For one thing was bothering him, as he surged through the darkness over Libanopolis, and he couldn't help thinking about the time before he took the responsibility.

The Brecanopolis Constabulary (three men, one dog and two bicycles) had called for his assistance in tracking down a local vandal, Bert Flinwelalop, who had been shooting down Mr. Williatinams's pet vultures.

Hynton stabbed the re-rectopnuematic autolising sectors, and the M.O.T.H. soared over Brecanopolis Beacons and curved towards a small hut, high on the side of a hill.

He brought the M.O.T.H. down behind a clump of barbed-wire bushes, and having got out, fumbled for a small, violet capsule.

He walked up to the door of the hut, opened it, put the capsule on a nearby chair, and got back into his machine. Three minutes later Bert Flinwelalop appeared, went into the hut, slammed the door and got blown to pieces in a flash of purple sparks, blue flames and green flashes.

Mynton took off again, and when he arrived at Brecanopolis aerodrome, the Chief of Brecanopolis Police was there to meet him. "Did you get the vandal?" he asked. "Yes," he replied, "he won't be bothering those innocent little vultures again."

As Mynton walked away he observed a small black shape in the sky. It was the Chief of Police being carried off by a vulture.

MARTIN J. WATKINS, 5A.

TOP TUNES

Mr. Moses.—Knock on wood.

Mr. J. Lee.—I'll try anything.

Mr. A. Evans.—I've been lonely too long.

Mr. P. Evans.—Painter man.

School Assembly.—There's a kind of hush.

School Eisteddfod.—The Happening.

Prospective 3rd year 6th pupil.—See you in September.

Mademoiselle Crest.—The more I see you.

Examination success.—Wouldn't it be nice.

School Party.—Function at the junction.

C. D. Brown Esq.—The Joker went wild.

Mr. Humphreys.—Get me to the world on time.

Inter-school debates.—The birds and the bees.

School Orchestra.—Silence is golden/Good vibrations!!

Lazy schoolboy.—Friday on my mind.

Groundsmen.—(We) Can hear the grass grow.

Last day of school year.—It's all over.

Prefects Room.—Casino Royale.

Boy being caned.—The first cut is the deepest.

Mr. Morris and V. J. T. Davies.—(St.) Matthew and Son.

A LOCAL DERBY

Today the scene is set for the local derby match between Abercwmawt and Llantwit Minor. The gate has been opened; the cows driven off the field (they have an unfortunate tendency to stand on the home team's goal line); the teams are about to enter; both the supporters seethe with tension.

But, wait! What is this? Abercwmawt have been struck a dreadful blow! Their star centre-forward, Fred 'Arris, has been drowned when he fell into a vat of beer at the brewery. Not that he couldn't swim—he tried to drink himself out. To substitute for Fred, Aber have brought Morlais Llewelyn Ap Iorwerth, a Pakistani bus conductor from Cardiff. Popular opinion is that he will stand no chance against Llantwit's centre-half Ernie Clogg from Clapham.

The only weak link in the Llantwit team is Emrys Griffiths. Borrowed from the Rugby Club three weeks ago, he has not yet learnt the rules. However, as he has scored three tries, they have had to keep him in. One of the most important members of their team is Charlie Brown, a distant relative of George Brown, who created a sensation by charging 1/6½ for free kicks.

The Abercwmawt team is much weaker. It contains a goalkeeper called Stinks who throws in three goals a game, an inside-right who'd kick his own granny, and a left-winger called Golly Robinson with cross-eyes and three left legs.

Undoubtedly, the most important person in the game is the referee—Gwyn the tramp. He is liberally stocked up with beer before the game by the Abercwmawt players and creates a sensation in the first five minutes by disallowing a goal because the goalie was offside.

In the first half Llantwit bombarded the Abercwmawt goal, and would have scored several times were it not for the goal being boarded up. As a desperate measure, the Aber. manager reintroduces the cows on the field and they cause chaos by kicking the Llantwit players and liberally fertilising the field. Gwyn, the ref., says the cows will have to leave the field as they constitute a hazard to shipping. A man called Ramsey is led out of the field sobbing.

In the second-half Llantwit continue to attack strongly. Aber are only saved by the brilliant goalkeeping of a cow called Flossie. She plays for Wales against England on Wednesday night—subject to F.A. approval. In the dying hours, Emrys Griffiths picks up the ball, runs the length of the field, and touches down in the goal. "Goal" says Gwyn, and falls sideways like a poleaxed ox. As they carry him off the pitch, three players are overcome by the fumes. What you would call a "spirited" referee.

With five minutes to go, there are eight players left on the pitch—7 Llantwit players and 1 from Abercwmawt. Llantwit advance up the field in phalanx formation to try to get the equaliser. Poor Willie, the right back, is overwhelmed. "What shall I do?" he cries. Comes the cry from the touchline "Split up and surround them, lad!" He finally stops the advance by jumping up and down in front of them waving his arms—causing the Llantwit inside-left to fall into a passing peat-bog.

As there was no referee, the final whistle did not blow and poor Little Willie is condemned for the rest of eternity to a fate of eternal soccer against Llantwit Minor. Can anyone think of a worse fate? Apart from rugby, of course!

A. R. JINKS, Va.

PLANTING LIFE IN MALAYA

When I left school in 1959 I had no idea that three years later I would be living on the other side of the world. My immediate goal was University College, Cardiff, and a degree in English. During my last year at College, however, I decided that a complete change from study would be pleasant. When I saw an advertisement for the post of Assistant Manager of rubber and oil-palm estates. I applied immediately. It seemed to be the very thing to satisfy my wanderlust, the salary was good, and it certainly offered a complete change from the study of old English texts. After an interview in London I was offered the job and I sailed for Malaya soon afterwards, in September, 1962.

The voyage was a memorable one for me because I had previously travelled on nothing larger than the Channel Ferry. The other passengers, however, were 'old China hands' and they kept me enthralled with wonderful stories all the way out: some true and some very tall indeed. An engineer from Singapore warned me that all planters in Malaya have to wear crash helmets to prevent death from falling coconuts.

We stopped at Port Said and were taken around the town by horse and cart. The place seemed exceptionally clean and orderly.

Aden was a contrast. It exists only for buying and selling and is full of beggars and con-men, who pester one to buy cheap watches and trinkets or who reveal some bodily deformity like a trump card and demand money in return. After Aden the ship sailed non-stop to Penang, an island off Malaya which is known as "The Pearl of the Orient" and is very beautiful.

The first experience of tropical heat is unforgettable. The Middle East is hotter, but it is dry there. Malaya has a heavy and regular rainfall and this combines with the equatorial sun to produce a very humid atmosphere. It is like stepping into a Turkish bath. After walking for a hundred yards one's body is damp with perspiration. Anyone who can afford it travels by taxi or pedicab—a shaded basket seat set on a tricycle, with a man pedalling behind or in front. Rickshaws disappeared before the last war.

Malayan towns are all much the same. On either side of the street are deep monsoon drains to carry away the heavy rainfall. They are often big enough to hold a car and often do, because Malayan drivers are not the best.

The upper stories of the houses overhang the pavements and are supported by pillars. The pavements are like arcades open to one side. The shop-fronts open on the pavements themselves and are boarded up at night. The wares spill out onto the pavement: shoes, shirts, biscuits, tyres and, most noticeably, fish—a popular item in Malayan cuisine.

The population is very cosmopolitan: Chinese, Malays, Indians, Siamese and Europeans, all wearing different clothes, speaking different languages and worshipping different gods.

I worked first on an oil-palm estate. The other Europeans there were the manager, the scientist and the factory engineer.

My work was the supervision of planting and harvesting in the morning and clerical work in the afternoon. The scientist provided us with good types of oil-palm seedling and the engineer saw to the extraction of oil from the harvested fruit. The manager and myself dealt with everything in between.

The oil-palm fruit grows in a heavy cluster, as big as a football, and because the tree is a tall one the fruit has to be cut down by knives tied to long bamboo poles. The fruit is loaded into little railway trucks which are collected daily by a miniature engine and taken to the factory. After twenty years or so the trees are felled because they have become 'old' and ceased to yield well. Every year a few hundred acres are felled and replanted. This is one of the biggest jobs on an estate.

In 1963 I moved to a rubber estate. Assistants are constantly being shifted to gain experience of different crops and methods. Only after seven years or so when one may become a manager does one really settle down.

The work is similar to that on an oil-palm estate. The planter gets up at 5.00 a.m. while it is still dark and goes to the Muster Ground to check the names of those who are going to work. After roll call the workers are transported to the areas which are scheduled for tapping on that day. The estate is usually divided in half and while one part is being tapped the other part is rested.

Work begins at 6.30 a.m., when it gets light. The sun invariably rises at about 6.15-6.30 a.m. and sets at 6.30-6.45 p.m. Work is done in the coolest part of the day and also when the yield of rubber is highest. Heat affects the flow of latex, the milky-white liquid rubber which flows from the tree. By 2.00 the latex has all been collected and weighed. The tappers' work is finished.

Unfortunately, for the manager and his assistant, there is still a lot of office work to be done in the afternoon. Then the sky is like a furnace and the office is too unless it has a good fan working. One gasps for breath and also for a glass of ice-cold beer which is usually forthcoming after 5.00 when the office closes and all the crop records, wage sheets, monthly reports and yearly estimates have been returned and neatly filed.

A planter's salary is good. He lives in a rent-free bungalow with free water and electricity. He has a petrol allowance and landrover for estate use. A gardener works for him and also a driver if he is a manager. These

men are paid by the Company. His children's education is subsidised. Income tax is low and the Company shares its profits with him in increased salaries every year.

Against this he has to entertain a great deal, at home and in the club. Estates are often isolated places and after a hard day's work he needs relaxation and company. So do planter's wives.

The typical rubber tapper and oil-palm worker lives in a semi-detached house, enjoys free medical facilities and free primary schooling for his children. He works a 49-hour week for £5 or more, i.e. a basic wage and an incentive for the amount of latex he brings in each day. His diet is mostly rice, fish and vegetables which are very inexpensive. The Company provides him with a vegetable garden and nearby rivers have fish for the taking. Fruit like banana and pineapple abounds. He wears light clothes and needs fuel only for cooking. Consequently his wage is equivalent to about £12 here. His family may be larger but in the East people consider children an insurance against old age and not as a burden.

Life is pleasant for everyone in Malaya and many Europeans do not want to leave when their term of work expires. They retire to cool hill resorts or to Penang and live happily ever after. I suppose I missed home but I shall always value the experience and the memory of the country's warmth, its fruit and flowers, its golden beaches, and most of all the friendly people whom I met there.

STUART PORTE.

SCHOOL TRIP TO AUSTRIA, 1966

The party of 30 boys and 3 masters left Brecon at 9.00 on Tuesday, 19th July, to the cheers of hordes of parents, breathing heartfelt sighs of relief. We had an uneventful journey from Newport to Folkestone via London. In Folkestone we boarded a French steamer with the grand name of 'Cote d'Azur', manned by tubby little Frenchmen. The sea crossing was dreary, mainly because visibility was restricted to about 400 yards. We docked quickly through the efforts of French dockers, who threw steel cables around like string. A brief visit to the customs and we were aboard the Alberg Express on our 16-hour train journey across the Continent.

We were assigned sleepers which are the same size as ordinary train compartments and it is intended optimistically that six people should sleep comfortably in them. The bottom and middle bunks are designed so that they fetch the victim a horrible crack on the head if he sits up. The top bunk is the height of luxury as it is the only one on which you can actually breathe. The only method of playing cards is to perch opposite each other on the top bunks like sparrows on a telephone wire with a blanket drawn taut between you. This novel idea drew an astonished 'Sacre bleu' from the guard, who, incidentally, recked of garlic. Luckily, he spoke no English, for many comments passed would have done little to cement Anglo-French relationship had he understood them. First, we passed through North France which is a desolate area with huge flat fields and large bizarre farmhouses. We were very glad when we passed out of it.

When we awoke next morning we were rewarded with some magnificent views of the Swiss Alps, beautiful in their wild glory. We were now much happier and even tolerated the guard's attempts to tidy the carriages with a jocular "Push off, garlic chops". We travelled on through Switzerland and into Austria where we enjoyed our first meal on Austria concrete which was regarded with some suspicion by many members of the party. We went by train to Kitzbühel where we were met by a little man, the travel agency representative, who haunted us throughout our journey, so much so that we began calling him "The Leprechaun." Our hotel, at Hechenmoos, was about four miles outside Kitzbühel and we were informed that we could walk this short distance, but we found that the only time when it wasn't too hot to walk was during a downpour. We retired to bed after a futile attempt to play football in knee-length

grass, watched derisively by two young Austrian boys and two huge pigs.

After a rest day to get our bearings we left early on Friday morning for Salzburg. We stopped at Berchtesgaden, Hitler's wartime hideout, but we soon moved on to Salzburg. Here we spent a pleasant afternoon walking around the city and we visited, among other things, a large castle set on a hill commanding a magnificent view of the city, a nature museum, catacombs and a history museum. We returned to our hotel through the magnificent scenery, very happy.

On Saturday it rained very heavily but when it cleared up we decided to visit the swimming pool in a neighbouring town. Despite our protests, however, the pool was not opened and we left calling down curses upon the head of the Schwimmbad Master. Sunday was completely different with the temperature in the eighties, so about half the party left to visit the pool. The other half went to Kitzbühel where they walked around the lovely town or watched a football match.

On Monday we made an early start, by train, for Innsbrück, the main city of the Austrian Tyrol. Most of us spent the morning buying presents like Tyrolean hats, knives and horns. Although few of us found the Folk Museum interesting we were much impressed by the Maria Therese Street, the main street. We also saw the famous Triumphal Arch and the famous Golden Roof. Although some boys were debating climbing up and knocking a bit off as a souvenir we decided against it. We returned to our hotel after a quite pleasant day, but unhappily, in a few cases, prematurely broke.

We left at 8.30 the next morning for Chiem See in Germany, and after several stops, we arrived there two hours later where we were met by the Leprechaun. We were taken on a steamer tour of Lake Chiem See, where we stopped on an island with a huge palace on it which was a very decorous place but with an air of hideous extravagance. We arrived back at the coach late in the afternoon and were driven back to our hotel at Hechenmoos.

On Wednesday we started our journey home with a train journey from Kitzbühel to Innsbrück which was up to British Rail standards (it was 50 minutes late). We spent the rest of the morning and afternoon sightseeing in Innsbrück and then left for Calais, this time on the Alpenstock Express. We eventually arrived at Calais and boarded our Channel steamer. Happily, our crossing was much smoother, but strangely the sight of the white cliffs of Dover caused no patriotic stir in our hearts. We made the return journey from Folkestone to Victoria following a brief but eventful sojourn. We were then transferred to Paddington in a fast-moving bus which had carried the North Korean World Cup team from Manchester the previous day.

We eventually arrived at Brecon late on Thursday night where, inevitably, it was cold, dark and raining. Although the trip was not enjoyed by many of the party, this was partly their own fault. Despite this it was for most of the boys a pleasant holiday.

R. JINKS, Va.

TEACHING IN NEW ZEALAND

In July 1962 my wife and I were taken to New Zealand, with about 100 other teachers, by the Royal New Zealand Air Force via Iceland, Newfoundland, U.S.A., Hawaii and Fiji after being recruited for a three year teaching contract.

We were appointed to a District High School, which is a rural school catering for all ages from five to eighteen. We were attached to the Secondary Department of 150 pupils and staff and although conditions were quite different we spent three very happy years in the small town of Te Kauwhata, situated 50 miles south of Auckland in the very luxuriant dairying district of the Waikato.

In New Zealand there is no system of Modern and Grammar schools and all pupils attend a town college or High School according to the size of the roll; a District High School became a College once a roll of 200 was attained. In the larger cities there are a few selective Grammar Schools which cater for the more capable pupils.

Secondary Education begins at Form Three and all pupils, irrespective of ability are prepared for the School Certificate examination. In this external examination the pupil has to gain a total of 200 marks from four subjects for a pass, English being a compulsory subject. Terrific emphasis is laid upon passing this examination and successful pupils can then sit for University Entrance after one year in the sixth form and can proceed to University or remain at school for a further year for a Scholarship Examination. There are large universities in the four major cities, and other smaller ones, and whilst intake is high so is the failure rate after the first year.

It was most interesting to find Maori pupils in our classes, roughly 40% in our area. They are a delightfully happy race and although often lacking in ambition, bring colour and gaiety with their culture. They are usually the backbone of sports teams but do not often gain academic success. Our school's first Maori School Certificate was gained in 1964 after 17 years of the school's existence.

There is little recognition of the value of Physical Education, as part of the school's curriculum, although the scene is changing rapidly. All facilities are provided by a sports subscription, payable by the pupils, which often limits one's choice of activity, and, too often, grass and sunshine are considered the only requirements for a P.E. lesson. A few schools had a gymnasium obtained after years of fund-raising by the school and P.T.A. We were very lucky to arrive at the time when a 25 metre open-air pool had been completed, but this was made possible only after several years of saving and voluntary assistance.

Rugby Football is New Zealand's major sport and after some good solid Welsh tactics and coaching our little school was able to turn out quite a strong team, beating schools of four times our roll!

During our time we travelled extensively in both islands. Our first summer holiday, which lasted from 20th December to 1st February, was spent touring and camping in the South Island—the Southern Alps and Fiordland—and in 1964 we managed a month's tour of Australia visiting Sydney, Canberra, Melbourne and Adelaide. Shorter holidays were spent in the Thermal regions of Rotorua and the deep-sea fishing resort of the Bay of Islands, and other delightful ocean resorts New Zealand can offer.

In many ways we were very sorry to see the end of our contract when we left for home at Christmas, 1965, but after an interesting journey via the Pacific, Panama and the winter Atlantic we gladly settled down to life "in the old country".

My very best wishes to the staff and the School for academic and sporting success.

I. T. WILLIAMS (1951-57).

SCHOOL TRIP TO GLASBURY, 1966

On Monday the 4th of July, a party of 15 boys and two masters, Mr A. Wyatt and Mr. P. Rowlands, left for the Outdoor Pursuit Centre at Glasbury.

On our arrival we were welcomed by Mr. N. Pugh, the Warden. We had a quick look round with him. The rest of the morning was taken up with settling in.

In the afternoon we did some canoeing on the River Wye. Also we were introduced to a new sport called 'Rapid Running', which has been developed at Glasbury. We were instructed to endeavour to run down the centre of the rapids, but with every pace the current swept our feet

forward, which usually made us lose our balance and an unwelcome ducking was inevitable. At about 7 p.m. we were transported by Land Rover to the base of the Radnorshire Hills, near the village called Rhulen. We were dumped in three groups, armed only with a compass and the approximate bearing of Glasbury. We then began our 10 mile walk through soaking fern and heather, in the pouring rain: however, we eventually made it, the last group arriving back at 1 o'clock the next morning.

Next day Pony Trekking was "on the agenda" at 10.30 a.m. We set out, with Mr. Pugh as guide, to explore part of the Black Mountains. This proved most enjoyable, with no thrills or spills.

On returning to the stables at the foot of the Black Mountains our smiling supervisors deserted us and left us with a 5-mile walk, again in the rain, back to Glasbury.

The third day dawned to find us with aching limbs and muscles, but we canoed from Llyswen to Hay, with a break for lunch at Glasbury. In the evening we held a canoeing regatta which was enjoyed by all.

More canoeing again on the final day, but after lunch there was a minor sensation when a bus-load of girls arrived, but, alas, it was time for us to leave. After spending a most enjoyable and exhilarating four days. I hope that this will be the first of many visits to Glasbury House. Our thanks are due to Mr. Pugh and to his assistant, Mr. Evans.

MALCOLM LIKE, L. VI Sc.

The Innocent Bystander

He did not know why he had come to jeer,
To mock, as others, that he'd once thought dear.
He stood there now, his mouth agape in awe,
Astounded at those dreadful scenes of gore.
Shudders of guilt coursed swiftly through his mind.
Why was he there, that coward of mankind?—

That innocent bystander.

To be involved, for sure, was not his wish.
His beady eyes agog, like some cold fish,
A dreadful fear confined him to the spot.
"May that day come when souls like his will rot
In depth infernal, that their just reward,"
So shout all honest men, with one accord,

"The innocent bystanders."

Yet He they mocked was not disturbed at all.
His head unbowed, He walked on, proud and tall.
The cross He bore, the cross of bitter pain,
Weighed down on Him alone; not yet the stain
Of guilt on others laid its sombre mark.
There stood and watched a figure, sad and dark —

The innocent bystander.

Then all at once his senses lost control.
Demented now with no thought for his soul
He yelled and screamed, his fury knew no bounds.
The words he used were simply empty sounds.
But all at once his world just fell apart —
A wayward stone snatched life from his poor heart,

The innocent bystander.

Yet those who found him, they knew not the truth.
A normal man, they thought, a bit uncouth,
But nothing more; yet under this veneer
There'd burned a flame of vicious hate and fear.
Who knew the inner conflict in his brain
Which drove him first to frenzy, then insane,

The innocent bystander?

T. KING (U. VI Arts)

"I Asked Him Why He Looked So Sad"

I asked him why he looked so sad,
He said he'd lost a fight,
I said it wasn't all that bad,
He'd fought with all his might,
And what was the cost?
A large black eye and a worried look,
His opponent used every trick in the book.
He just sat in the woods as I walked away,
But I saw him again the very next day
With a book of Judo in his hand.
He sat in the woods at that very same spot.
The Judo book had taught him a lot,
For he had won a fight
Against a boy much bigger than the last
He knocked him out last night,
The expression on his face was changed,
A fight against the boy, who had beaten him before,
Had been arranged.
That night, at almost nine,
He met the boy by the railway line.
He threw him here and threw him there,
Because the boy had pulled his hair.
The strength of the boy was getting less
And he was in an awful mess.
The boy was thrown against a post
And there, for an hour, he was parked
And my young friend,
He was not marked.

And so my friend,
Who looked so sad,
Was filled with pride
And that's the end.

JAMES BEAVAN (IIIa).

THE CHAIR POEM

Hunger

I

Crouched in the glare of the pitiless sun
The child, his tiny hands raised up in prayer,
With swollen lips, cries to his God in pain,
Discovering the meaning of despair.
The pangs of hunger biting at his flesh,
He waits for help, that help which does not come.
Who now can not feel sorry for his plight?
What human heart can still stay coldly numb?
What human heart can still remain aloof?
Seeing the look of anguish on his face;
Anguish because he knows he has no friends
To give him food, this pauper of our race.
He hungers for food.

II

High in a penthouse in the heart of town
He sits, a symbol of our life and time.
Money, his God, controls his every thought,
And he, poor fool, believes himself sublime.
Those hands that laid a million bricks of woe
Are tightly clasped with grip of greed and hate.
His shoulders hunched like some great bird of prey,
He gives commands and men then know their fate.
With just one word he makes and unmakes homes;
For grief and pain he has no thought at all—
A Midas alone in a golden flat,
His whole world runs at his least beck and call.
He hungers for money.

III

To the people lost in wondering awe
The Leader speaks and all at once applaud.
No voice of protest raised against his views
Although their faces seem a trifle bored,
The same to him, whose passionate ideals
He holds them in his hand, their life and death
Inflame his mind and drive him to his aim,
To subject all—no sympathy he feels
For those he treads beneath him to the ground.
He knows he must have absolute control
To gain his ends — a status quite supreme
Where first he holds their life and then their soul.
He hungers for power.

IV

A lonely figure near his altar knelt
The parish priest devoutly bowed in prayer
For those poor souls he never even sees.
He prays for them; he takes them in his care.
Although they don't frequent his humble church
To him they rush in trouble and in need.
His trust in God is steadfast like a rock,
His whole life bound to serve that Holy Creed
Without a thought of strikes for better pay.
He loves his Lord with hopes that never fail
And though his office now is not revered
He knows that Justice always will prevail.
He hungers for Good.

TIMOTHY J. KING

"Silurian" records its appreciation of the willingness of the "Brecon and Radnor Express" to undertake the printing of the magazine at short notice because of the illness of Mr. Arthur Boxall, of Colwell and Son. We wish the latter a speedy and complete recovery.

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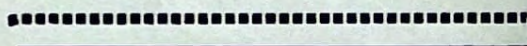
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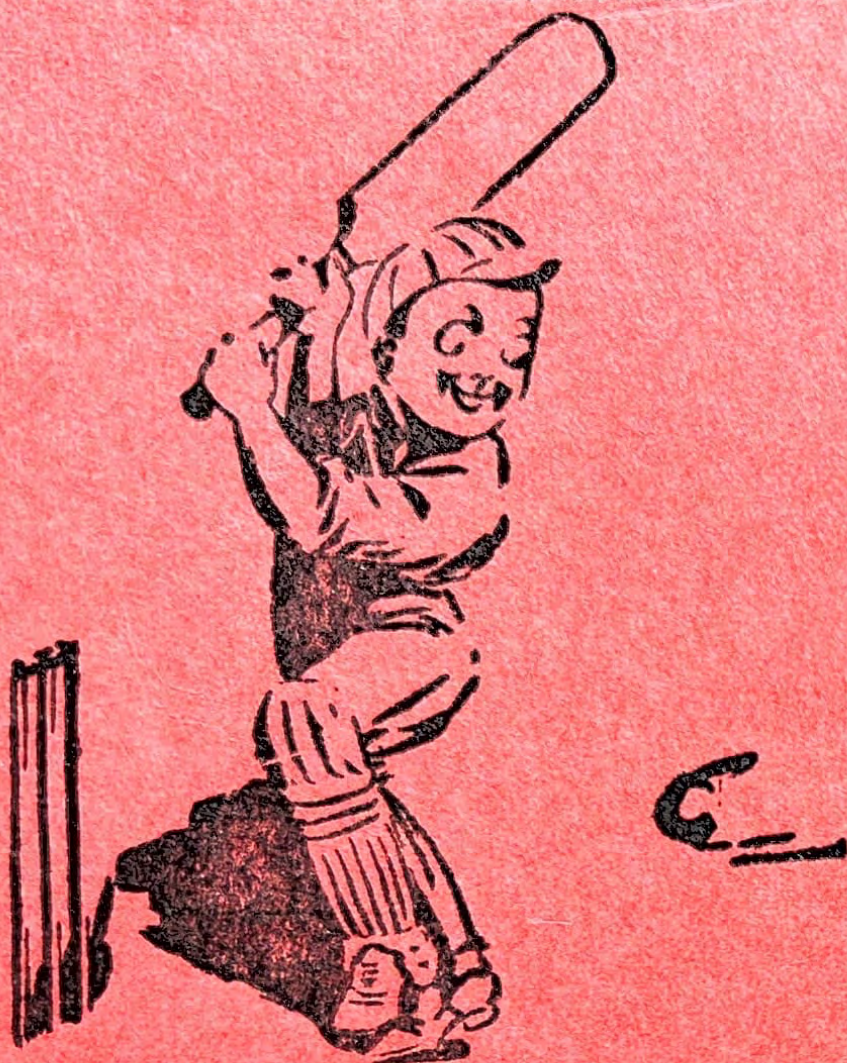
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