

THE SILURIAN



VOL. XXI

MAY 1970

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THE SILURIAN

VOLUME XXI

THE MAGAZINE OF THE BRECON BOYS' GRAMMAR SCHOOL

PRESIDENT: The Headmaster, Mr. Aneurin Rees, M.Sc.

STAFF EDITOR: Mr. A. R. Williams

SCHOOL EDITOR: Martyn Jones

COMMITTEE:

Owen Davies, Roger Foulkes, Chris Tomlinson, David Williams,
Anthony Woodcock, Gary Prothero, Eryl Edwards, Stuart Davies

TREASURER: Mr. L. C. Moses



EDITORIAL

THIS year, unlike previous years, this magazine has been assembled by a committee of Sixth-Formers—with some difficulty, I may add. We found that trying to compile an anthology of School Life, its ups and downs, its events and non-events and its humorous side and its serious side was by no means an easy task.

However, we pulled together to produce the "School's White Paper" on life with the educated: How we endeavoured on the field of play, on stage and finally in the classroom. By all accounts it has not been a bad year or a particularly good one, although it has been a memorable one for some of us.

Finally, a word of thanks must go to the Committee who strove under great pressure to bring this Magazine about, "without whose aid nothing was made that was made."

MARTYN JONES

THE CAROL SERVICE.

PERHAPS the non-event of the year was the Carol Service. It was so sluggish and unimaginative. However, two excuses for this year's comparative failure come to mind. "Oliver" rehearsals took up a vast amount of time, and, on the day, Mr. Beddows was absent, and so the guiding light of the orchestra was removed.

The service consisted mainly of community singing and the reading of the nine Lessons. The main events of the afternoon were P. G. Watkin's rendering of a carol in Welsh and Puer Natus, assembled, arranged and conducted by Christopher Elston. Mr. Kenny stepped in at the eleventh hour to conduct the orchestra and we are grateful to him.

Councillor W. T. Black, the Mayor, was present with his wife, the Mayoress. The number of parents present, increased from last year, and all seemed fairly pleased with the proceedings. However, it is to be hoped that next year's carol service will be produced with more punch and originality.

MARTYN JONES, 6 Arts.



REMEMBRANCE DAY SERVICE.

WE had gathered to remember the dead of two world wars. The solemnness of the occasion was evident as the service ran its course. The reverence of the idea of remembrance grew to its climax with the presentation of wreaths and the prayer of dedication.

The service was conducted by the Rev. Jeffrey Davies. Mr. W. I. Jones and Mr. L. Moses read the roll of honour. Stuart Davies, with a true touch of sentiment, read the tribute.

The service ended in quiet, but one could not help thinking that the dead were really forgotten by the majority of the boys in the hall should the remembrance service continue? "Let the dead honour the dead," wrote Louise Mac Niece.

MARTYN JONES, 6 U.Arts.

QUOTABLE QUOTES

For the Geography Department : "Did'st ever larn geography, no, nor no other corrupt practices." (Thomas Hardy).

Morning Assembly : "In a giggling peal young gold bronze voices hear." (James Joyce).

French Assistant : "Yes, she is very beautiful." (Henry James.)

Those who collect House subs. : "Of all men else I have avoided thee." (William Shakespeare).

SCHOOL PRIZE DAY

ONCE more the School was called to account for itself and its activities under the guise of a Prize Day, which had its venue in the Secondary Modern School hall.

Mr. Rees, who seemed to be acting as the attorney for the defence, laying down the school's achievements like a vast fereference—Fifteen former pupils graduated with honours degrees ; one became a doctor; five graduated as teachers and twenty-four boys passed their 'A' levels. In addition to examination results we heard about the undaunting sports record. All of which the "*B and R*" reported fervently, only leaving one line to say who the guest speaker was.

The guest speaker was, in fact, Mr. Roland Mathias, a man who had had a distinguished career in education until his retirement. He spoke about education in the 20th Century, and of how he saw it in the 21st Century. He laid emphasis on the idea, now popular, that education should become more general, appealing more to "intellectual" types and less to "book learners !" Mr. Mathias believed general study periods were of great importance—a view of certain controversy amongst both teachers and pupils.

The prizes were presented by Mrs. Mathias, and our congratulations go to all recipients

Perhaps the high spot of the afternoon was the musical interlude. Here everybody's favourite farmer songster, that "superb Watkins," unruffled by applause during his Welsh ditty, transfixed the audience in rapturous gaze. However, his glory was short-lived when Antony Woodcock and David Williams played the last Movement of Dvorak's Sonatina for violins and piano. One can only say this truly was the high point of that afternoon. The applause for Messrs. Woodcock and Williams was tremendous and would have drowned easily all other applause heard that afternoon in that hall, and it was well deserved.

The proceedings were presided over by the Chairman of the Governors, Mr. J. V. Like, in his usual manner.

Tea was served by the Sixth formers in the Grammar School hall, and an exhibition was staged in the gym.

Once again the whole day was a success ; however, one would, on reflection, hope in future years that the guest speaker should be given more time to expound his or her views.

MARTYN JONES, 6 Arts.

SCHOOL NOTES

Congratulations to :

Howard Parfitt, Swimming Trophy at Crickhowell Youth Club.
Phillip Ward, Robert P. Williams, John Hutchinson, Haydn Williams—Queen's Scouts.

Jeremy Andrew—Chief Scouts' Award.

MR. L. C. MOSES

MR Leonard Clifford Moses was born in Pontneathvaughan, Breconshire, in 1905. After attending Glynneath Council School and Aberdare Grammar School he entered upon an engineering apprenticeship with a Briton Ferry firm and subsequently worked as an engineer and later as a draughtsman at Morris Motors' London factory. Following a two-year course at Shoreditch Teachers' Training College, specialising in handicraft, he undertook his first teaching appointment at Holland Road Central School. In 1931 he was appointed as peripatetic teacher of handicraft for the Hay, Talgarth and Crickhowell districts, moving to Brecon Boys' Grammar School as a teacher of practical subjects in 1946.

This Summer, after 24 years of loyal service to the School, Mr. Moses will move with his customary calm into a well-earned retirement in which all who have known him will wish him well. Over the years he has been an energetic and conscientious member of the



Staff, carrying out always a variety of extra duties for which there have been no material awards. Many a boy who felt himself somewhat at sea in changing the bias of his studies from the academic to the practical side has found in him a friend as well as an instructor whose sound advice and patient teaching have enabled him to find his place in the world of work. He has taken an interest in every aspect of school life and given of his time and knowledge unsparingly both in and out of school hours.

In the Staff room he will be equally missed. He has been an amiable colleague who has injected many a sensible observation into the disorganised debates that sometimes occur. It is difficult to see how the staff will manage without the man who mended their children's toys or repaired their ageing cars, advised them on the

construction of a greenhouse or a garage, the choice of a fishing-rod or the best way to plant runner beans. There seemed to be nothing useful he didn't know, and little that he would not do if he had the time.

"Len's" retirement breaks a long-established link with practical education in Breconshire. Reluctant as we are to see him go, we wish him and Mrs. Moses every happiness and join heartily in the good wishes which now assail them on every side

A.R.W.

THE BRIDGE CLUB.

THE beginning of this year saw the inauguration of a Bridge Club. It was opened to 5th and 6th Formers, and enthusiasm ran high, seventeen appearing for the first two months. However, only eight now attend. Meetings take place in the maths room every Tuesday lunchtime. It is to be hoped that this year's fourth form will take an interest in this new activity next year; I recommend it as a pleasant pastime. Our thanks go to Mrs. Jinks who runs the club and instructs the players.

NORMAN SMITH, 5a.



SEVEN-A-SIDE.

Mrs. Evans, Miss Morris, Mr. J. Evans, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Bevan
Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Williams (captain)

CAVING

CAVING is the adventurous hobby of exploring the underworld, unknown scenery with its unknown church-like domes with their beautiful glass-like formations which often resemble waterfalls or waving satin curtains. There are small tubular passages filled with mud.

However, caving is not for the faint-hearted or something that should be entered upon lightly. Before you think of taking up caving, you need the right equipment: An electric cell lamp and a corlick or battery lamp for a spare; a strong miner's helmet is also essential and also a corlilina and safety line. Old clothes, strong boots, Pitons and wire ladders, ropes, strong arms, a love of damp, cold holes and a certain amount of courage.

Apart from sea caves most caves are found in limestone areas where caves have been formed by underwater rivers and lakes which have dried up, although streams run through them. Sometimes passages get blocked to the top with water. This sometimes makes caving dangerous and that is why it is advisable not to go caving during or after heavy rain. Despite these certain drawbacks, the enjoyment of the crawls, walks, clambers, rolls and climbs makes up for any of these drawbacks, and all this, plus the fantastic Gothic structures of the caves, makes it a worth while hobby.

G. JONES, 3B

CAREERS CONVENTION

SOLDIER, sailor, journalist, doctor, physiotherapist, engineer, and many other careers were well catered for at the Careers Convention held at Penlan on Wednesday, 15th October, 1969.

A very enterprising and successful undertaking it was, being for the first time shared between our School, the Girls' School, the Brecon Secondary Modern and Gwernyfed Secondary Modern. There were almost 70 advisers present so the whole thing was spread over the two schools on the Penlan campus.

The attendance was excellent and it has been estimated that there were well over 800 pupils and parents present, which was very good considering that the privilege was confined to Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Formers.

I am sure that every pupil who attended obtained invaluable advice from the well informed and understanding advisers and I would like, on behalf of the Brecon Boys' Grammar-Technical School, to heartily and sincerely extend our thanks to the advisers and to everyone else concerned with the organisation of a most informative Careers Convention.

ROGER FOULKES, 6.ARTS

"THE DAY I DISCOVERED A JUNGLE ON MY OWN DOOR-STEP" . . . OR . . . "THERE'S A CROCODILE AT THE BOTTOM OF MY GARDEN".

It was a comfortable house (one couldn't complain) with an old-fashioned English garden, but, on this particular morning, the trees at the bottom of the vegetable plot were festooned with creepers and Swiss Cheese plants!

I blamed it on the Irish Coffee, and slumped back into an easy chair. I gazed, for what seemed hours, at the potted *Monstera Deliciosa* on my left, and it appeared to stare back at me through the holes in its foliage.

The 'phone rang, and I immediately jumped up from my relaxed position. It was Gran, who asked me to pop in and have a look at her Nenus's Flytrap which was giving her trouble. She implied that it had already devoured the cat and budgie, complete with cage, but that she had managed to lock it in the bathroom out of harm's way.

I rummaged through my bookshelves and eventually found the book "Be your own House Plant Expert" by Dr D. G. Hessayon. I turned to the second chapter on insectivorous plants, but to my surprise discovered that the section on Nenus's Flytraps had been torn out.

Just then, there was a knock on the back door, and in burst Mr. Abbott. He tried to explain, in between gasps of breath, coughs and splutters, that his runner beans had grown to monstrous proportions and were blocking air traffic lanes.

This was something I just couldn't take even with a pinch of salt. I thought back to the previous oddities of the morning. There were the creepers, which strangled the trees, and the Swiss Cheese plants which pulled the plum tree to the ground.

Then, as we stood gaping at the incredible sight before us, the sound of a breaking pot filled our ears. We turned away from the kitchen window, and then we could see, through the open kitchen door, a mass of writhing roots.

It was the *Monstera Deliciosa*. Somehow, the metabolism of its cells had been speeded up to a fantastic rate; new leaves were being formed—one every five minutes—and the roots in their search for water, had expanded and broken the pot. They were now heading for the kitchen sink—"smelling out" the water.

I rushed out through the back door and dived into the shed. I picked up an axe, and, returning to the front room, thrust the axe down upon the plant's stem.

I had made a clean, slanting cut, and no more than ten seconds later the plant collapsed into a withering heap.

Suddenly, I felt a prickling sensation on the back of my neck, and then my heart missed a beat. Could this be so? Was I dreaming? For there before me was the *Monstera Deliciosa*, standing proud and

erect, just as it had done some hours previously! Then it struck me (not the plant!) that I had dozed off and the whole thing had been a myth. That's the last time I'll drink Irish Coffee so early in the morning!

C. J. MAYALL, L.6.Sc.

A VISIT TO GERMANY

THIS visit evoked so much interest in some members of the party that they started writing books about their stay in Germany. I certainly do not propose to do that, though the course was eventful enough for such an undertaking.

We stayed at Buxtehude, a small town in North Germany, comparable in many ways to Brecon except that it had the advantage of being larger, and was surrounded with folk tales and legends. Here, to our dismay, we were split up completely and we found ourselves having to travel up to twelve miles for our daily three-hour lessons, using a bus service which was very inefficient even by Welsh standards. The lessons, when they did take place, proved to be worthwhile and instructive. Our constant practice in speaking German saw our fluency progress rapidly and before we left we were able to make ourselves understood.

Probably the most interesting aspect of Buxtehude was the school itself which was an eye-opener for some of us. It had the dubious reputation of being one of the most forward-thinking schools of Germany. It was practically governed by senior students who called the school out on strike when they disagreed with its policy. For several days this made the front page of newspapers and was the cause of much embarrassment to local inhabitants. Besides this it played havoc with our lessons.

The local authorities however did all they could under the circumstances and we were lucky enough to visit the magnificent Hamburg Theatre where we saw a play which helped us to drop off to sleep long before the performance ended. We also visited most of the worthwhile sights of the area, but apart from these the social side of our stay was rather uneventful and even our farewell party had to be cancelled. Even our final get-together aboard ship was ruined by a gang of rowdy soldiers who took offence at the remarks of some of our members.

On returning to Britain we realized how deeply ingrained in our minds was the German language. In London we received some very blank looks when we asked for a cup of tea in German.

Besides being a great deal of fun, travelling, and living for a while in a foreign country is an enlightening experience. We were welcomed heartily and with genuine warmth wherever we went and we soon came to feel at home with our hosts.

GARY PROTHERO 6.ARTS

MY LITTLE "BLACK BOMB"

As most of you probably know, I was once the proud possessor of a Ford Popular car. The most remarkable thing about it was that it cost only £5. My dad spent a great deal more than that in putting it in good condition, however. The replacements were six new valves, a new petrol pump, a new voltage control, a new coil and a new exhaust system.

It was not a car for armchair drivers, though. For one thing, the steering was not exactly power-assisted, and while the seats were well sprung, the suspension was such that, if it went over a large bump, there would be a distinct gap between the driver and the seat.

Seat belts were therefore fitted. Any illusions from these of the "sports-car feeling", however, were quickly dispelled by the anything but instant response to the accelerator pedal.

Driving at night was particularly hazardous owing to the two candles at the front which bore the misnomer of "headlamps".

It did have, however, a fair turn of speed for an old car. It would do about 65 m.p.h. on the level and just about 70 m.p.h. downhill; although it was not wise to look down at the speedometer.

The excellence of the brakes has enabled me to be here to write this article.

The windscreen-wipers amused me the first time they were used. I didn't know it at the time but they were operated, not by a motor, but by compressed air from the engine, so that every time the accelerator was pressed down over a certain level, they would stop.

One day, three months and 3,000 miles later, I was driving home from School doing a steady 40 m.p.h. when I felt a slight wobble. I thought at the time that it was a steering defect and made a note to tell Dad when I reached home. I was proved wrong when a wheel fell off, causing the car to skid and roll over.

The breakdown-truck towed the remains away and a week later I sold it for £20.

The only person not to make a profit was my Dad.

Thus ends the tale of my little "Black Bomb"; gone forever to its peaceful tomb; never again to grace the highways, the pavements, the ditches and the byways. And though it only cost five pounds, those wheels they just kept turning round.

OWEN V. B. DAVIES, U.V.I.A.



A FRENCH VIEW OF US

I HAVE been asked to write an article about my first impressions as a French assistant in this School.

What do I remember? Let's go back some four months earlier. What did I expect before coming? Honestly, not much. Brecon

was a little spot on the map, a little town lost in the mountains, with sheep and cattle all around.

For a Frenchman, Wales is a wild and fierce country with sturdy men, hard rugby players or supporters, mostly, who speak a queer language.

The best thing to do was to go and see for myself, hoping for the best, expecting the worst.

On Monday morning, up the hill I went; I did not feel particularly reassured, especially as it was my first experience in the "teaching business" and with boys!

Dare I say frankly what impressed me most in the staff room? The untidiness! What a mess! May be, it's not typically British but essentially Brecon's Boys' Grammar School! Anyway, it was very nice. I had the pleasant surprise of being welcomed in the staff room by some "bonjour Mademoiselle" which sounded so sweet to my ears, with a bit of a Welsh accent and made me feel quite at home already; somebody was singing—on Monday it has to be seen to be believed and I nearly started singing myself! I shan't forget this happy and friendly atmosphere and of course the "nice cup of tea" during the break. I think I am going to miss it in France!

What about the boys now, these boys who run along the corridors like bees in a hive, all in their uniforms? They were very noisy and cheeky when they were all together; "Good morning, Miss"—which would have sounded even nicer to my ears in French—shouted in the yard or whispered in the corridor; but they were very shy and mute in class when I had only two or three of them at a time.

But after the novelty of the thing—me in this case—wore off, they became more self-confident and tried to speak French. We had quite interesting conversations. Sometimes though they must have been a bit fed up with my "pourquoi"! I have done my best to help them and to create a friendly though studious atmosphere during the conversations. I enjoyed the "entente cordiale" in the French department with Mr. Williams.

Let us finish with the lunch: you have to sit on a sort of dais with everybody watching you, expecting you to do something wrong—automatically I did so! I was a bit anxious before lunch and quite surprised after it: I had survived British food! I am sure you will agree with me on this point: I don't think that in any other country in the world, do people cook like the English (or should I say Welsh!).

Actually I should like to thank everybody for their kindness. The warm and friendly atmosphere has largely compensated for the coldness outside and has reminded me of my own country. That won't prevent me from hoping that France will beat Wales—fair and square—on a rugby field!

All my best wishes for the future success of the boys and the School.

Thank You and Au revoir,

CLAIRE ROUX.

SCHOOL RUGBY REPORT

Season 1969/70

This season has proved to be quite a rewarding one for the majority of the School teams, but not perhaps as rewarding as it could have been if we judge reward by results only. It was a very sad thing to see so many fixtures cancelled due to the freak weather we received in the latter part of the season, and due to other commitments—especially when the senior team was getting into its stride and beginning to show its true capability.

1st Fifteen

Master in Charge: Mr. A. J. F. Wyatt Secretary: C. J. Davies
Captain: S. R. Davies Vice Captain: M. G. Jones

The 1st XV record reads: Played 20. Won 8. Lost 10. Drawn 2.

This team started off the season badly losing its first five matches, but during these opening matches the potential to score points was well demonstrated but its lack of tightening up in defence, and its habit of giving away too many points at the start were exploited too often by the opposition. Worthy of mention in the first half of the season, a hard fought, drawn game with Merthyr County—when the School came back after being 19 points to 3 down at the interval, and a good win by 19-11 over a strong Bedwellty side.

It was not until after Christmas that the team showed its true capability following some positional changes in the strengthening of the three-quarter line. In fact after Christmas the School won its first six matches which included a 21-3 victory over Merthyr County and a 17-6 victory against Afon Taf, to whom the School had earlier in the season lost by 16-0.

The disappointments of the season were a 21-3 defeat by Christ College, and the loss of the last match of the season to Pontllanfraith by 14-11.

Congratulations to Robert Evans who in two seasons has not missed a 1st XV match and also to the 1st XV pack who "stole all the glory" this season and scored a record number of 36 tries.

Colours were awarded to: S. R. Davies, M. G. Jones, C. J. Davies, G. Prothero, R. Evans, E. W. H. Williams, R. P. Williams, J. Hutchinson.

2nd Fifteen

Captain: A. Turford. Vice Captain: R. J. East.

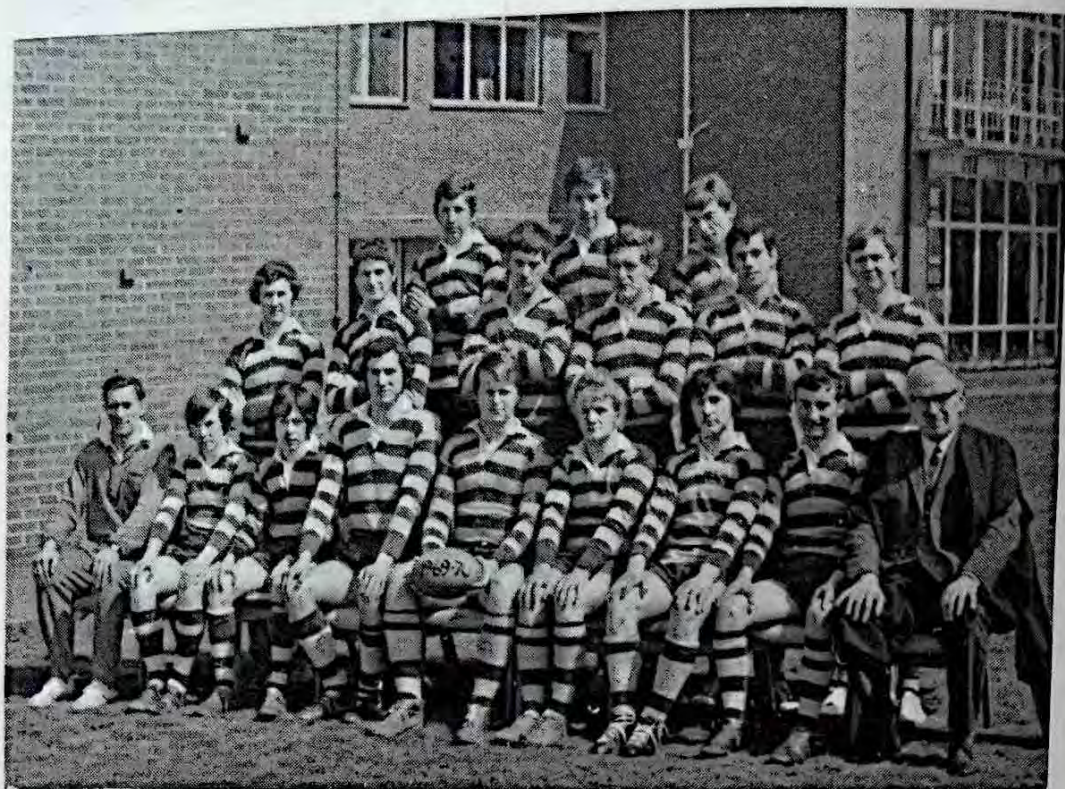
Master in Charge: Mr. D. R. Morris. Secretary: K. Howells

Its record reads: Played 17. Won 9. Lost 8.

This side improved as the season went on and they produced some very creditable rugby which leads to expectations of a good 1st XV next season. Singling out a best performance of this team then it

must be their victory at home by 16-3 against an Afon Taf side which had earlier in the season soundly beaten them. Congratulations to Elvet Thomas, a diminutive scrum-half on loan from the Secondary Modern School, who scored a total of 34 points, and, also, to a team who always tried its best despite frequent losses of players to the 1st XV.

FIRST XV.



Back row : R. J. East, G. E. Prothero, C. P. Williams,
 Second Row : R. P. Williams, P. F. Kedde, Huw Williams,
 J. Hutchinson, D. R. E. Evans, M. G. Jones
 Front row : Mr. Wyatt, H. W. Davies, M. Murphy, Haydn Williams,
 S. R. Davies (capt.), C. J. Davies P. D. Jones, M. J. Jones, Mr. Rees

Under 15 Fifteen

Captain: J. M. T. Andrew Vice Captains: D. M. T. Jones, J. N. Roberts

Master in Charge: Mr. P. O. J. Rowlands

The record reads: Played 15. Won 6. Lost 9.
 Points for 137; against 198.

This team, on the whole, did not enjoy a very successful season. Too often its members did not show the ability which they possessed and all too often they forgot to play as a team and depended on a few individuals to get them out of difficulty. Their best performances of the season were their return win over Builth by 29-3 and a hard fought encounter against Christ College, to whom they eventually lost by 12-6.

Under 14 Fifteen

Captain: O. Morgan. Vice Captain: J. Owens

Master in Charge: Mr. Rowlands

The record reads: Played 15. Won 13. Lost 2.

Points for 354; against 68.

This record speaks for itself and this team since its formation has proved itself to be very capable. It has a very strong pack which produced plenty of "good ball" for its three quarter line which was always prepared to run and score tries. This side was well lead by Owain Morgan, a 'nippy' outside half who scored a total of 105 points this season! Also worthy of mention is their scrum half D. Isaac who crossed the line seventeen times this season!

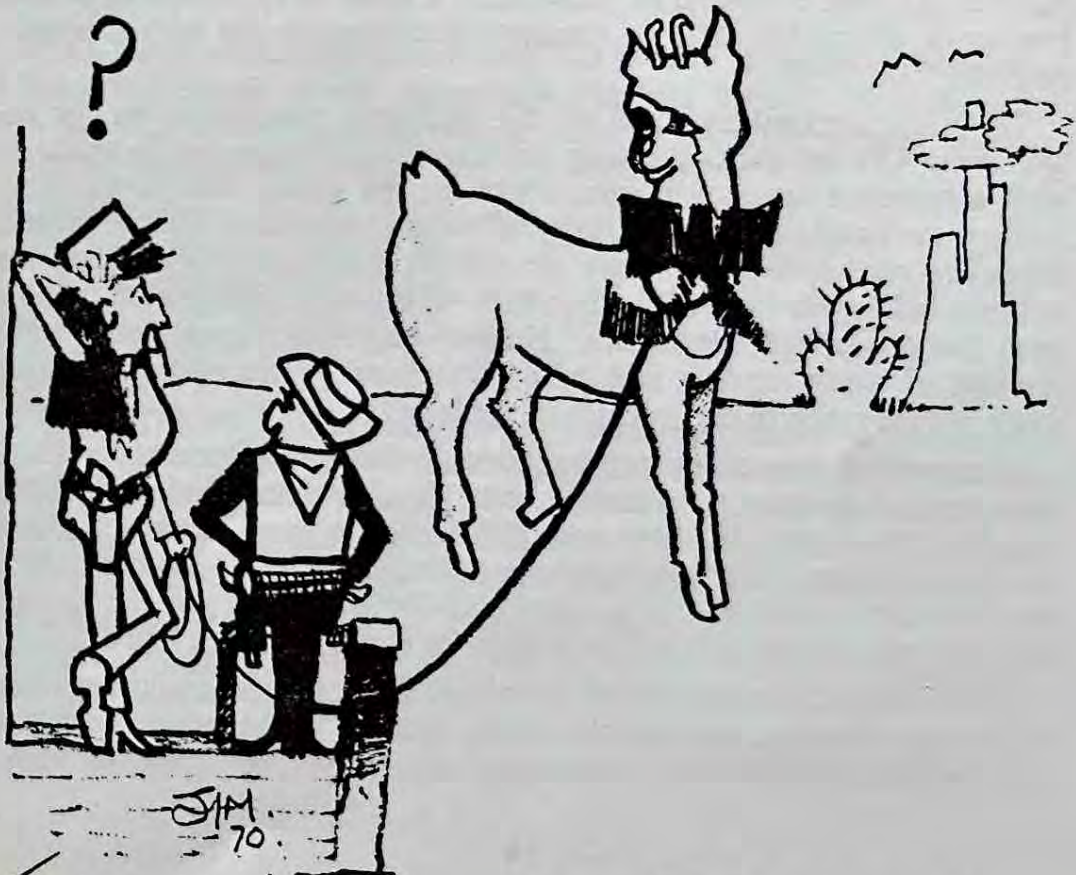
Under 13 Fifteen

Captain: Mark Wyatt Master in Charge: Mr. D. R. Morris

Record reads: Played 12. Won 8. Lost 4. Points for 182; against 75.

This side, like the under 14's, has produced an excellent season of rugby. It has an inspiring leader in the form of Mark Wyatt (must be a chip off the old block) who personally has set a good example by scoring over 100 points for his side. This side has produced some excellent rugby, considering its age group, and it is hoped that next season they will produce another good School under 14 XV.

S. R. DAVIES, 6.SCIENCE



J. Meredith G. All

"I just don't get it man"

SIXTH FORM HISTORY COURSE

IT would be a foolish mistake to assume that no one pays heed to the reports on various School activities included in *The Silurian*. In last year's issue Julian Gliddon warned of the hazards of history courses in Mid-Wales. His advice was obviously taken as pupils on last September's course came well-prepared with snacks, money and water-proof clothing (although there was a dire lack of umbrellas on several occasions) and the Upper Sixth declined to attend at all. I am assured, however, that the latter fact was not a result of former experience but simply that the course did not deal with the period under study. The Lower Sixth Arts, dealing with the same period, were delighted to learn that they were privileged to attend. In fact, the course, on historical buildings in Breconshire, had little to do with anybody's History syllabus and appeared mainly to have been devised for Art students, several of whom deigned to attend for the full week.

With such distinguished historians as Dr. Peter Eden, Mr. J. T. Smith and Mr. S. R. Jones leading the fray, we squelched through farmyards, clambered through dung-littered haylofts and picked unripe plums from the verges of private lanes. Our three tutors had displayed remarkable guile in placing the five lectures at the beginning of the week, at which time most of us had not lost the acquired art of eager-beaver faces, making murmurs of agreement at appropriate intervals during the talks. The colour-slides, however, were soon in short supply and large sheets of complicated diagrams on the structure of Tudor and Elizabethan houses were distributed in a hopeless attempt at a substitute. All that remained of these, after a week of energetic field- and bus-work, were a few tattered remnants peeping over the tops of breast-pockets.

We never seemed to reach all the buildings marked down for inspection. On one particular day we travelled all morning in order to visit a deserted farmhouse somewhere on the wrong side of the Elan Valley, exchanging the possibility of seeing several buildings nearer home for the sight of a sheep's carcass, strung upside-down from the beamed ceiling, in front of the hearth, cold blood dripping from its jaws onto the damp, grey flagstones. Nobody experiencing this gory sight seemed to worry unduly and, after a cursory glance at the building itself, we returned to the warmth of the coaches.

The weather was, of course, exceptionally bad and several expeditions were cancelled because of heavy rain. By this time the Lower-Sixth Arts boys were less delighted and didn't seem to mind too much about the cancellations. The reasonably good meals provided on the course played a part, I feel sure, in tempering ill-feeling; these and the various opportunities to take non-existent dogs for walks in places like Hay.

A few, more especially those for whom the course had given certain social opportunities, enjoyed the week; most of us, however, were not sorry to have to return to our normal time-table the following week.

This seems a pity when one considers the amount of money and organisation which must go into such a course: I feel sure that if there were *better* organisation—more collaboration between masters concerned over the period dealt with by the course, and the latter's being planned with the average sixth-former in mind, the courses would be more successful in their objective.

DAVID WILLIAMS, 6.ARTS



CROSS COUNTRY REPORT

THIS year, instead of the usual "Round the Groves" course, our School cross country took place around our playing fields. If anything, this made the run even more difficult, especially with the all-too-frequent patches of mud and water and the strength-sapping School bank. The School event was held earlier than usual so as to select teams for the County Championships, with the following results:

Junior: M. Wyatt (G) P. Jones (V)
Middle: K. Bowley (G) P. Byrd (G) E. Davies
Senior: G. Prothero (G) H. Rees (V) R. East (V)

Gam, who provided the individual winner in each section, won the House Competition, followed by Vaughan, Theo and Siddons respectively.

The County event saw us narrowly fail to take all three sections due to the good results of the Secondary Modern School. Nevertheless, ours was a noteworthy performance since we won the Senior Section and were close seconds in the other two sections.

Results: Junior: 4th P. Thomas	12th M. Wyatt
Middle: 4th H. Rees	5th R. East
Senior: 1st G. Prothero	7th R. Dawkins
8th C. Davies	9th C. Jones
10th J. Meredith	

These boys were all selected to represent the County at Newtown. Here the arduous course proved to be over a terrain very fitting for the National Championships, especially when covered with three inches of snow. Certainly it was a run few will forget. Unfortunately P. Thomas and C. Davies were unable to run. Results were as follows:

Middle: 27th H. Rees	29th R. East	
Senior: 8th G. Prothero	39th C. Jones	41st J. Meredith
57th A. Dawkins		

G. PROTHERO, 6.ARTS

PRESENTATION OF A FLAG

MEMBERS of the Sixth Form were unexpectedly told to assemble at the main doors. With one or two exceptions, no-one knew what to expect. Who would have suspected that we were about to witness the presentation of the Stars & Stripes to our School? In seven years at Penlan we'd seen some unusual things happen, but something like this was indeed a rarity.

Miss Mary Ellen Patterson spoke briefly, saying what a fine town Brecon was, what a fine site we had at Penlan, and how proud she was to present us with an American flag, which, incidentally, she claimed had flown over Washington D.C. Her accent and American mannerisms amused us and one has to admit that muffled giggling was heard from the back ranks, but we were all most interested. We were all moved by the sincerity shown to us by Miss Patterson. Her genuine friendliness and good-will was easily conveyed. I never knew before that October morning that I had brothers, sisters and cousins on the other side of the Atlantic; but then, the world is a small place.

"A memorable occasion" (as of course every school event is!)? Perhaps it was, but if so, I'm sure you'd have read a better report than this.

E. EDWARDS, 6.ARTS

MODEL RAILWAYS

GREAT BRITAIN led the way through Stevenson to the development of passenger rail transport, and the same country led the way in Model railways, although neither became popular till the turn of the century.

In the early days of railways, people who wanted models usually had to make them for themselves as it was not worth buying the models of those days because their quality was so inferior. In the early part of the twentieth century, German models were popular, mainly because they were cheap and easy to run. However, they tended to be "Tinny" and their resemblance to the real thing was only just credible.

The Golden Age of railway train models was from 1925 to 1935 when British manufacturers strove to produce first-class models, models that portrayed the trains of the Great Western and the North Eastern railways. The 1930's were definitely the age of mini-steam locomotives and I think it is true to say as the great steam trains were replaced by electrical trains so the interest in model trains has tended to wane with their decline.

ERIC JOHNSON, 3A

VIVE LA DIFFERENCE

THE purpose of life I have been unable to and probably will never be able to determine. There are so many mysteries that I am having great difficulty in finding a place to start my personal unravelling of life's mysteries. It seems to me that every time I am about to make some brilliant philosophical interpretation of one of life's mysteries someone or something comes along and destroys my theory. This can be most annoying, especially when those who claim to be mature and enlightened with understanding, fail to show any guiding light whatsoever.

I think that perhaps people themselves hold the key to the meaning of life. Yet when I try to *contact* a vast majority of them all they seem to be concerned with is "getting on in life" purely in the material sense. Of the two sexes, I find man more physiologically (perhaps physiologically is a rather pompous way of putting it) interesting. This may however be due to my lack of understanding of women. Either they are so spiritually above man as to be incomprehensible, or they are so irrational as to be completely alien to man's knowledge. Either way I have never met a man who has the slightest idea how women's minds work. It appears to me that "they never say what they mean and never mean what they say". Wilde says they are purely the decorative sex, perhaps true. But their beauty is often so completely lacking as to stir in man the idea of sterility being a good thing lest he bring into the world such a useless thing as an ugly girl.

So much then, for, dare I say, women's minds. Man I see as being a lot more rational, perhaps because I am one.

Man is quite often predictable while woman never is. Man is, or I have always felt from my friends, a more emotional being than woman and sometimes the difference between them is so vast as to lead one to think that they are two completely different animals. Man might have come from God while woman from the monkeys. That is not to say man is superior to woman, but man seems to be a more spiritual being, than woman. Man has many faults but perhaps his two greatest failings are his dependence on women and his lying. The latter would not be so bad if it were not for the fact that he lies more to himself than anybody lies to him. The result of this is man is his own enemy, as he lives one life and tells himself he lives another. The former fault, his dependence on women : they solace his woe, create his happiness and sadness. They invigorate him and inspire him and without doubt they perform a most wonderful gift for man; they bring him into the world. "Man is the child of the woman, so out of the physical comes the spiritual". Man has love, woman has the choice of love, and that is why woman has always controlled man and always will. Without woman there is no man and without man there is no life.

That life is dependent on both man and woman is, therefore, obvious. Man needs woman for her gracious gifts of womanhood, yet woman is man's downfall as he shall never attain the heights of spiritual satisfaction as long as he is attached to his material being, woman. However, I hope man never reaches these heights, as life's meaning would be found, and then life would become so boring. So I say Vive la difference.

MARTYN JONES, 6.ARTS

THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL FRIENDLY SOCIETY

If you're thinking of going to the proms, don't buy a seat; it's a waste of money. Not only are you unable to discuss the programme with your neighbour (it's just "not done") but you are unlikely to be at such a good listening point, if you were in the arena.

The concerts usually begin at 7.30 and it's necessary to queue from about mid-day to obtain a place at the rail in front of the platform. If the concert is a popular one, *e.g.* the Gilbert and Sullivan night, you have to join the queue at 9 o'clock in the morning to get in at all.

There are two queues for promenaders; the one is a clique of young fanatics who have, altogether, sent off a few hundred letters in order to obtain season tickets. As has so often been said before, "The Promenaders are a friendly lot." It's very easy to begin a conversation with your neighbour in the queue. I lent one promenader 10/- to get home, gave him my name and address . . . and never heard from him again.

A last word concerning the last night; if you want to go, be prepared to gamble at least 8/4d. on postage for letters for the ballot, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope each time. Although the B.B.C. in their single, unobtrusive announcement in the "Radio Times", about two weeks before tickets are distributed, advise against the latter, it is better to buy the extra 5d. stamps rather than lose a place to someone else as a result of the G.P.O.'s sorting methods. Tickets last year were in even greater demand than usual, it seemed, because of the promenaders' victory over "Auntie" in having "Land of Hope and Glory" included in the programme for the "last time".

However, the last night will have been the last, last night for many promenaders if "Land of Hope and Glory" is indeed barred from next years proms; so if it will be the first last night for you, and you don't wish to miss this patriotic community sing-song, do try for a ticket—it's still worth it.

DAVID WILLIAMS and ANTHONY WOODCOCK, 6.ARTS



FRENCH HORNS IN THE PHYSICS LAB.

TAKE a walk round the School during any lunch hour during the week and you might be surprised to hear the mellow tones of a French horn wafting through the air from the A-level Physics lab; or the tinny sound of a violin from the French room; or flutes and clarinets from the Chem. lab.; or again clarinets, oboe and bassoon in the History room. If you happen to have a prep. for certain periods and are in the lower School—hard luck! Because you're not likely to get much work done in the hall where trumpets and clarinets (those instruments again!) melt the atmosphere. As one upper-sixth-former was heard to reflect during one of his seemingly-interminable free periods in the library, "There's nothing but music in this School—anyone would think it was the Royal Academy".

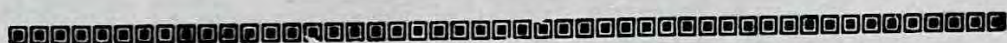
Leaving aside this controversial announcement, it might be of interest to some to know who is responsible for 5th-form French lessons being held in the M.I. room, Lower Sixth Arts being unable to make coffee in their form room, there being such a helluva noise coming from the music room during certain lunch hours; and why the Upper Sixth cannot use their common room on Thursday and Friday mornings.

The answer is the instrumental peripatetics (assistants to you) who do such a valiant job in attempting to knock some crotchet-sense into an increasing number of bewildered converts.

This month, one of the most courageous of these leaves the area in search of pastures new (actually, he's found them and I dare say there'll be a sizeable flock to greet him on his arrival) . . . Mr. T. Kenny. I feel sure that music-lovers and those more disillusioned amongst us will join me in congratulating him on his recent promotion and will wish him every success and continuing patience in his new position.

Amongst those continuing to brave the field are Mrs. E. Carden, Mr. P. Shilling and Miss J. Thomas, on strings; reinforced by Mr. J. Stuart and Mr. E. Smith on brass and woodwind—judging by the ever-growing list of successful candidates sitting Associated Board instrumental examinations, they would seem to be gaining ground . . . fast—so watch out you anti-Royal Academists. You must await the arrival of a new woodwind assistant with interest.

DAVID WILLIAMS, 6.ARTS



THE BEACONS IN WINTER

The morning was cold
When I became so bold
As to venture to the
Beacons in winter.

The ground it was white
At that terrible height
When I ventured to the
Beacons in winter.

Of life, there was none
My food, only a gun,
And that cold, unbearably bitter.

The poor sheep were dead,
They'd died in their beds,
As the cold was unbearably bitter.

MICHAEL WRIGHT, 1a.

MY FIRST FORM MEMORIES

The first day was, to begin with, overwhelmingly exciting. At 8 o'clock and, yes, still at 9 o'clock, we were big boys. We were something special now that we had reached Grammar School. There was a certain mystery and exciting quality about the School which was, however, soon to be dulled.

Of course, we were quickly *pegged down* from that top notch and made to feel the underdogs. Only the headmaster was sympathetic; staff, boys and even big brothers were out to teach us a lesson. We were soon to learn that "passing the scholarship" was no great achievement which was to excuse us from work for a few years or so. This was, as one and all soon came to realise, only the beginning of the great feat of growing up and establishing a recognised position in society. The gun had been fired, the "Rat Race" had begun for us.

However, the enthusiasm was not destined to die as quickly as the excitement. The enthusiasm, *stirred* by the prospects of mysterious subjects such as Geometry, Physics and French, and also encouraged by shiny new shoes, long trousers and smart black blazers, was not to be dulled as quickly as those shiny faces, sparkling teeth and sharp new pencils.

The feeling of apprehension evoked by a gigantic headmaster and quick-tempered teachers, was soon unnoticeable and we soon came to realise that a short sharp sensation of pain was infinitely preferable to pages and pages of irrelevant mottoes, termed lines. Soon, however, even the enthusiasm disappeared, only to be renewed about two weeks before those deadly exams which were to be the downfall of many of us.

My experiences were that on the results of our first Christmas exams everyone who had done well or reasonably well (including myself) automatically bragged that he had done little or no work. Also, it was inevitable that those who did badly groaned that they had done little or no work. This attitude was born to persist right through the School life of the majority as it was only those of us who produced a mediocre standard of work who appeared to grow out of it.

After Christmas, we felt like old-timers returning to this familiar building which was to be a shadow dominating the lives of many of us for the next six-and-a-half years. We began to relax, thinking we knew it all, daring to cheek the prefects, both the benign few for whom a certain respect was held, and the others who *vented* their sadistic streaks on poor innocent little boys like us. The teachers were still somewhat distant figures to us, though, the deputy headmaster *establishing his trade mark* as one of the most feared and deeply respected men in the School.

He seemed to be different from the others; a dignified figure whose calm collected nature, and sarcastic, embarrassing comments are enough to make any misbehaving first former, and indeed anyone up to the Sixth Form, want to stick his head in a desk and remain unseen for a few days until everyone has forgotten his humiliation.

CONFUSION.

I asked him if he went to see
The film called Royal Family,
He answered, "I'm not going to go
Till yesterday." "Oh is that so?"

"But that's nonsensical to say,
I'm not going till yesterday!"
"I know," he said, "you think that's so"
"But how do I know you know I know?"

"Because it's plain to think you see
The meaning. Do you follow me?"
"Not quite," I said, "because I find
It's driving me out of my mind."

He said, "I was going to say before
That one and two make three not four,
Or was it one from three make two?
But now I'm probably confusing you."

"Yes, you are, so just be quiet
Before there's going to be a riot."
He said, "Let's just start again,
And then we'll be as right as rain."

"I wonder if you went to see
The film about the pedigree
Of the Queen's dogs, or was it cats?"
He said "Oh, no, please don't start that."

I said, "The film's about the Queen."
He said, "Oh, look, the grass is green."
Said I "Now that's a funny line."
Said he, "Oh! It was just to rhyme."

This conversation's getting worse,
I think I'd better get a nurse,
"There's nothing more to day," he said,
"I'll go and see the film instead."

JONATHAN MATTHEWS, 3a.

ATHLETICS, 1670

SCHOOL SPORTS

THE School sports, blessed with fine weather, gave some idea of the potential which would form the basis for our teams in the County Sports. This year, several new events found their way into the programme including a steeplechase for Inters and the hammer for Juniors and Inters. The tug-o'-war competition proved as popular and entertaining as ever. There was a spate of records this year, especially on the track since this is only the second time for which the metric system has been in use.

Among the most notable achievements of the day was Paul Keddle's record in the high jump where he erased the familiar name of D. F. Jones from the record book. Other noteworthy performances came from N. Evans (Minor), G. Hall (Junior), P. Byrd, W. Garnett and W. Jeanne (Inters), and C. Eales. Besides these there were the fine achievements of the Victor Ludorum winners in their respective sections.

Minor : M. Pugh with a record in the 80m and 1st and 2nd in Long Jump and 200m respectively.

Junior : M. Cumbes with wins in 100m, high jump and javelin.

Middle (shared) : K. Bowley, 1st 200m and 2nd 400m ;

O. Morgan, 1st 100m and 1st high hurdles. Morgan was junior winner last year.

Senior : G. Prothero won for the second year with wins and records in the 400m, 800m, 1500m and 5000m.

The aggregate cup was again won by Vaughan, who had amassed an unassailable lead in standard points, encouraged greatly by the efforts of R. Evans and H. Williams. Behind them came Theo, closely followed by Gam, with Siddons fourth.

COUNTY SPORTS

Unfortunatley this event clashed with the eliminations and so practices were difficult to arrange for the senior school. Nevertheless the School finished the day with great credit winning the Junior, Senior and Aggregate trophies. The standards of the Junior team especially augurs well for the future.

Individual winners were :

Junior : D. Isaac (pole vault), E. Davies (Discus), M. Cumbes (javelin), J. Watkins (200m, triple jump) and R. Jones (400m).

Middle : I. Morris (pole vault and high jump.)

Senior : M. Jones (hammer), A. Brown (pole vault), G. Prothero (with two new records in the 800m and 1500m).

G. Prothero was elected County captain.

Several other boys also represented the County with varying success in a County match where the competition was particularly stiff.

D. Isaac and P. Keddle competed with distinction in the Welsh Open Championships. Isaac won the pole vault and Keddle placed second in the high jump. I. Morris did well to come fourth in the javelin.

Colours were awarded to : O. W. Morgan, I. Morris, P. Keddle, P. Byrd, H. Rees and R. East.

Re-awards : G. Prothero, A. Brown and M. Jones.



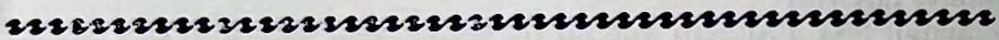
STAFF CHANGES.

We extend a belated welcome to :—

Rev. J. Arter, Vicar of Llanddew who is assisting in the teaching of Scripture Knowledge and sixth form Greek

Mr. John Edwards who came to us from Hywel Dda School, Cardiff is assisting with Geography, Welsh and Games

Rev. E. T. Owen, who previously taught at Tonypandy Grammar School and Pembroke Dock Secondary Modern, has joined the English department as a part-time teacher shared with the Girls' School.



DO NOT CRY.

Do not cry ; do not cry into the dusk
That I should feel the night crawl on,
But smile for me, against the glowing of the sun.

Do not sigh ; do not sigh into the stars
That I feel the shiver of the night
But smile for me, into the sadness of my sight.

Do not weep ; do not weep into the waves
That I feel the lapping waters chill
But smile for me, into my softly sighing laughter,
My softly sighing laughter.

Just smile for me—

ROGER FOULKES, 6a Arts.

"OLIVER!"

THE most important event in the School Calendar of the past year has been the very ambitious production of Lionel Bart's musical, "Oliver!" by the Brecon Secondary Schools' Amateur Dramatic and Musical Society.

With the cast composed of Staff and pupils from the town's three local Secondary schools numbering 177, one of the main problems to be overcome was that of costumes for the large cast. However, with various oddments of material and clever seamstresses, costumes proved to be a strong point in favour of the cast, being very colourful and in keeping with the Dickens period.

Starting at 7.30 p.m. each night, the play was enacted four times altogether, from Wednesday, March 18th to Saturday, March 21st, finishing each night at approximately 10.30 p.m. Rather a long show you may say, but this was partly because of long scene changes during the two acts. A fifteen minute interval between acts also added to the running time. However, critics stated that excellent singing and acting more than made up for this.

A capacity audience filled the Secondary Modern School Hall on all four nights. Facing the large stage, the audience found the orchestra to their right and to the left the tiers of benches upon which sat the costumed members involved in crowd scenes and semi-chorus activities.

"First night nerves" were occasionally noticeable in the Cast at the Wednesday performance, but they soon settled down, to their job of providing an excellent entertainment. One noteworthy point is that when all the front of house and stage lights were on, a lone actor or actress on stage was faced with a black abyss extending from the edge of the stage where the audience lurked, their presence being confirmed by the occasional glint of reflected light from highly polished spectacle lenses or a perspiring bald head in the rather warm Hall. Quite an ordeal for some of the inexperienced cast, although some of them do belong to local drama organisations.

Oliver Twist, aptly portrayed as the cheeky orphaned pauper by Stephen Evans, became bolder in his performance each evening, though his solos were sometimes nervously quavery.

Paula Guy, as Nancy, maintained the family tradition of singing, for her strong voice put heart and soul into her songs, letting everyone at the back of the Hall hear.

Surely, even the film version of "Oliver!" would not better Mr. S. Foulkes' brilliant and entertaining role as the tight-fisted Fagin, leader of the gang of boy thieves.

Phillip Clarke, as the Artful Dodger (I wonder if the script's Dodger was deep-voiced and six feet tall!) maintained a Welsh-cockney accent throughout his lines, and seemed quite used to large audiences.

The character of Bill Sykes was played by two Sixth-Formers. Kevin Kenny put across the image of a fierce and brutal man, while



“OLD





VER"



Philip Parfitt aired his vocal chords and did not wreck them like the former.

Slightly slimmer than Mr. Secombe, Trevor Davies, in excellent tenor voice, was the star of the male side of the singing, and did justice to the part of Mr. Bumble. (Mr. Secombe sent a letter to the School from his home address in London, wishing everyone concerned the best of luck, and saying how much he had enjoyed making the film.)

Rehearsals commenced many months before the opening night and the show was made possible with the help of such people as scenery changers (mysteriously nicknamed "the Black Gang"), make-up and wardrobe personnel, and lighting technicians. Construction of scenery and "props" was begun months before the production was completed, and involved a great deal of hard work.

Congratulations must go to the producer, Mr. Aneurin Williams, for his continuous hard work resulting in a most memorable four nights of enjoyable entertainment, and to Mr. S. P. Beddows, the Musical Director, for without the excellent forty-eight-strong orchestra and his leadership "Oliver!" would not have been possible.

Casting a critical eye over the production, one notes that when the Finale was over and all the Cast had trooped off the stage, Mr. Beddows continued to conduct while the audience made their exit. There was no well deserved applause for the Producer or Musical Director at this time, surely very unfair after such hard work.

From the successful past, thoughts are now turned to the ambitious future. Perhaps "West Side Story" or the "Sound of Music" ... Time will tell.

A. V. JONES, L.VI.Sc.

TROUT FLY TYING

THE initial cost of making your own flies (not zip variety) is rather large, but once you have obtained the necessary equipment, (which should last you your lifetime) you will be able to tie your own flies at one fifth of the retail cost.

The equipment consists of: a small table vice (costing approximately a pound); silk of different colours at about a shilling a roll; hackles (there are two types of these—cock hackles for dry flies and hen hackles for wet flies.) Hooks and hackles pliers are also necessary as well as other types of feathers for tails, bodies, etc. All this equipment is available at any good fishing tackle shop.

How to Tie a Trout Fly

First place the hook in the vice so that the shank (the straight body of the hook) is in a horizontal position. Then start winding the silk, keeping it taut, from the eye towards the end of the shank (hook end).

Then take two or three fibres from a large, stiff hackle, usually the same colour as the shoulder hackle. The fibres should be a half an inch or three-quarters of an inch long. Take the fibres and place their end where the silk ends, then tie one or two turns of silk over the fibres and then tie one turn of silk underneath the fibres. This will give a neat lift to the tail. Then tie a half-hitch to secure the whole.

Body: For this a peacock quill is often used. However in many flies there is no quill, instead, a different bodywork is used.

First strip the quill of excess fibres, then tie the narrow end of the quill to where the tail joins the shank. Now wrap the silk towards the eye, then wind the quill around the shank towards the eye, overlapping each turn slightly. The bi-coloured quill gives a good imitation of the tibiae of various beetles, etc. When the quill is within one eighth of an inch from the eye, tie it off with the silk, this completes the body—cut off excess quill.

Hackle: For a dry fly, as already mentioned, use a cock hackle or a hen hackle for a wet fly.

Take a hackle and trim the downy parts at the base. Now tie the base of the quill to the shank, fairly close to the eye, and fix it firmly with a figure of eight knot. The outside (shiny side) of the hackle should face the front, edgeways to the shank. Take the tip of the hackle in the hackle pliers and wind it in a clockwise direction around the shank two or three times. Allow the weight of the pliers to keep the hackle in position by letting them hang. Then secure the hackle. To complete the fly, wind the silk back through the hackle towards the eye. Wind it round the shank just before the eye, taking care not to cover the hole up, to give the impression of a head. Tie off with a half-hitch and then cut off the remainder of the silk. Then varnish the head, taking care not to block up the eye or cover hackle in varnish. Leave to dry.

Dubbing Body: A dubbing body consists of wool or fur spun onto the tying silk which is then wound round the shank of the hook from tail to shoulder.

Points to remember while spinning fur on the silk:

1. See that the tying silk is well waxed.
2. Use only a small amount of fur.
3. Roll the fur round the silk only in one direction.
4. Keep tying—silk taut all the time.

Procedure: Place the necessary amount of fur and spread it on the ball of the left thumb, then start to spin it onto the tying silk after having tied the tail on. Spin the fur on the waxed silk in a clockwise direction. Then repeat the process until enough silk has been covered. Then wind it onto the shank for the body. Tie off with a half-hitch.

We hope fly-tying will give you hours of fun and entertainment as it has us. If you require further information we suggest you read John Venierd's book.

T. J. P. COLBERT, and I. A. P. BEDDOWS, 5.A

THE INTER-SCHOOL FESTIVAL

THE Annual Bacchanalian revelry, officially known as the School Party, reared its time-honoured head.

The *auspices* of entertainment and party spirit were placed onto the four-man hierarchy of the boys' Academy, due to the previous year's total success, with those damsels of the £25 worth of "EATS" providing a cuisine which put Fanny Craddock to shame.

The scene of the crime was the Secondary Modern Hall. Even though a last minute decree changing festivities to the girls' School placed the party in jeopardy, arrangements stumped ahead. A word of thanks is relevant here for Dr. Thomas whose efficiency and assistance *revived* our fading faith in authority. Lighting had to be positioned and even though we had a surplus of science students it took some of the arts geniuses to show how such technical matters were perfected.

In an attempt to inject a sense of old world romance, dancing classes were arranged. Alas, the intricacies of the Tango escaped the hairy, heavy feet of those stalwarts of intellectual thought, the First XV.

The actual night dawned with an air of affluence. After-shave and suits abounded, even among the female section. Those who turned out effected a vast change in the world of high fashion, from gold lame kilts and astrakhan slippers, to vast areas of exposed skin and whalebone corsets.

I feel a mention of our "hostess with the mostest" and her assistant is needed. Namely Lona Lewis and Glynis Francis. This "dynamic duo" joined with Martyn Jones to give a rendering of the "Hokey Cokey" which must rank with one of Verdi's operas. Despite the lack of the previous head boy (whose rendering of "Amen" has gone down in history) the fervour for the unofficial School song reached the heights of the Halleluia Chorus performed by the massed chorus of the Wormwood Scrubs Knitting Society, 12,000 occupants of various B.B.C. owned islands and their "discs" plus the Llanfrynach cast of "Hair".

To add to the people to be thanked: Backstage—on lighting effects—David Fenlon (who should have remained anonymous) and his assistant Michael Andrew (Micky). On records, continuity and amazing film effects—Paul Stuelb, and finally Pamela Williams, who is no relation of Mr. A. Williams, whom we wish to thank for lending us his funny films.

PAUL STUELB, 6.ARTS

MISS HAZEL JENKINS

Appointed, officially, as Laboratory Assistant, last September, Miss Jenkins has generously exceeded the terms of her employment, gaily assisting everybody in everything connected with the School. Thank you, Hazel, and good luck.

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE BOYS' GRAMMAR SCHOOL

By one who was a Pupil

I HAVE not been able to find any written records of these early days. I have to rely on my recollection. I doubt if there is anyone now living who can correct me if I am wrong.

The School was opened in 1896 and met in Dr Coke's Methodist Church in three rooms. The Head Master was Mr Nathan John, B.A., who came from Pembrokeshire. The second master was Mr Thomas Butcher who had no degree but was a born teacher. He had a private school in the town before he joined the School. I do not know if there was a third master in the first year but in the second year Mr J. J. Morgan, B.A., was appointed.

I became a scholar in the third year of the School. There were only four scholarships given to the Hay & Talgarth school district in that year. I was fortunate to get the fourth place. The scholarship was worth £5 a year and if the pupil was poor a bursary worth £3 could be granted. I think private pupils were accepted on payment of £5 a year. When I entered, I found already in the School two outstanding Talgarth pupils, Jack Kennedy and Rhys Prytherch. Jack Kennedy, in his fourth year, passed the Welsh Matric., but owing to ill health he was not able to proceed to the University. He lived to be an old man but became very deaf. Rhys Prytherch was in every sense a character. Destined by his parents to enter the Calvinist Methodist Ministry he duly entered the University and took his B.A. He then went to Carmarthen Theological College and he received in due time a Call to Hay but did not prove a conventional Minister. He became an unpaid Chaplain to tramps.

In those days there were many on the roads. When the first War broke out he volunteered for the Army but was rejected because of a T.B. hip. He was offered a Chaplaincy but refused because he wanted to work with the private soldiers. He was later taken into the Pioneer Corps. He was soon stricken down with illness and died and was buried in France. Other pupils were: Garnet Morris, later to become Alderman and Chairman of the Governors; two brothers from Abercrave, Tom and Rhys Davies, later to become High Sheriffs of Brecknock. I do not think my year produced any outstanding pupil*.

In the lower forms in my fourth year were William Havard, afterwards Bishop of St David's; William Rees, now Emer. Professor, late of Cardiff University College; William Rhys Thomas, still with us and known as Dr. Thomas, for many years a member of the Mental Board of Control; also David Lewis whom we remember as Chairman of the Brecknockshire Education Committee.

Among the Masters during this period were a Mr. Davies, later a Ph.D., who became a Lecturer in Glasgow Technical College. I spent three years at Dr. Coke's.

At the beginning of my fourth year, I moved to Cradoc Road. The new School was opened by Mr. Charles Morley, the Liberal M.P.,

who had subscribed £100, a large sum in those days. It had cost £2,500, the price of a small house today. The sum of £600 had been collected by private subscriptions. The Masters came and went; none seemed to stay very long except the two Heads. I remember the names of Mr. Todd, Mr. Ramsome and a Mr. John Williams who was not popular with the boys. A cadet corps was formed when we went to the new School. Mr. Butcher was the Captain.

The Talgarth boys had to catch a train at 7.15 a.m. and a train from Brecon at 4.15 p.m. Season tickets were cheap, not more than £1 per term. There were no school meals and no clothing grants for poor pupils. The games at School were Soccer in Winter and a little cricket in Summer.

W. IVOR JONES

* A matter of opinion. At 84 Mr. Jones can look back on a record of public service including Governor of Brecon Grammar Schools since 1930 and activities in Local Government, the Magistrates Association, the Congregational Association and the N. H. Service.

SENSED YOU COME AND SENSED YOU GO.

Saw you walk into my life,
Heard you talk with mellow glow,
Smelled the newness of Spring,
Tasted the richness of the air,
Felt the sunshine on my face.

Saw your eyes reflect the light,
Heard the wind rustle through your hair,
Smelled the incense of your perfume,
Tasted your kiss upon my lips,
Felt your body close to mine.

Saw you eyes inflamed with anger and despair,
Heard you cry for lost emotion,
Smelled the Autumn's frosted air,
Tasted your kiss grow sorrowful,
Felt your hand drop from mine.

Saw your back in turning as you walked away,
Heard that crackle of leaves under your feet,
Smelled the smoke of something burnt and gone,
Tasted bitter-sweet remorse,
Felt my heart break a little and make a little.

MARTIN JONES, 6 Arts.

HOW TO CONSTRUCT YOUR OWN V.H.F. RADIO

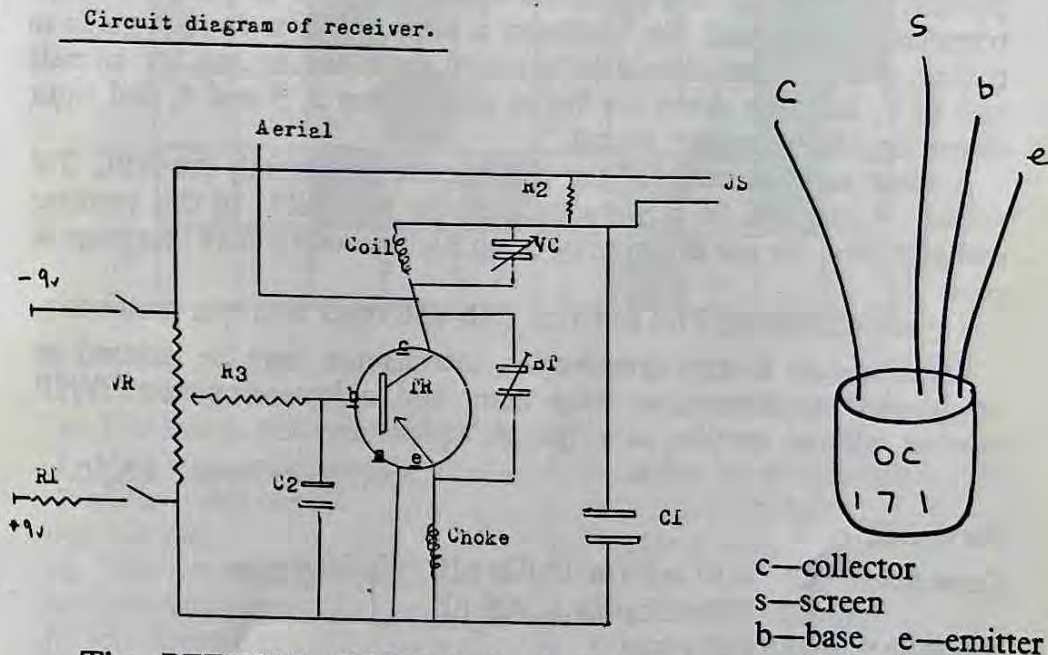
THIS receiver, depending upon the coil, covers a frequency of approximately 40 to 170 Mc/s. It is therefore possible to receive Police, Aircraft, Mobile radios, Radios 2, 3 and 4 and also B.B.C. television sound, and may be constructed by anyone with a little electronic knowledge. All parts may be obtained from companies who deal with electronics, and who frequently advertise in such periodicals as "Practical Wireless" and "Practical Electronics".

Assembly Instructions:

Study the diagrams carefully before starting. Clean all leads and tags until clean and shiny. However, do NOT clean the transistor leads. A soldering iron is required, with a supply of solder, such as "Multicore" 18 s.w.g. 5-core solder.

Construct the chassis to the approximate size shown. Drill three small holes in the front panel and secure the tuning capacitor (VC), jack plug socket (JS) and the variable resistor (VR) with their locking nuts. Glue the terminal block at the centre of the base, numbering the metal tags 1 to 5 as shown in the diagram. Using the notations supplied, assemble components as the diagram shows, taking care to connect each component correctly. Use thin plastic covered wire for connections.

Circuit diagram of receiver.



The BEEHIVE TRIMMER (BT) is an adjustable capacitor, 3-30 pF, whose top cup-shaped portion unscrews from the base. Solder a wire from tag 5 to the bottom fixed spindle of the trimmer. Solder another wire from the left hand tag of the tuning capacitor to the tag from the side of the trimmer.

The COIL consists of 8 turns of thin enamelled wire on an eight mm. plastic sheath containing an adjustable core. The choice of coil deter-

mines the frequency covered by the receiver. Thus, the coil should be ordered to suit the constructor's needs.

The CHOKE is a coil of enamelled wire, 8 mm. in diameter, consisting of 9 turns.

The battery should be of 9 volts. Try an Ever Ready PP3, as it is a convenient size. Make sure that the positive and negative poles of the battery are connected correctly with the 680 ohm resistor.

Take care when connecting the transistor. Careful examination of the OC171 transistor shows that the gaps between the four leads are not uniform. Thus, the correct symbols may be given to the four leads as shown below.

The largest gap is found between *c* and *s*. When soldering, avoid excessive heat passing through the transistor, therefore ruining it. Use a pair of pliers to dissipate the heat. Connect *c* to tag 4; *s* to tag 3; *b* to tag 2, and *e* to tag 1.

This set uses an earphone or headphones (250 to 1000 ohms.) or can be used with an amplifier and speaker. The more ambitious may build an amplifier into the circuit.

Operating Instructions:

Turn on VR to its maximum, screwing the beehive trimmer right down. A hissing sound should be heard through the earphone/headphones. To tune in to a particular signal, adjust VC. As the beehive trimmer is unscrewed, the frequency is adjusted. For a rough guide to tuning, the trimmer should be screwed right out on top for aircraft and ITV, half-way down for Police and Radios 2, 3 and 4, and right down for BBC television sound.

A good aerial is essential for this receiver, especially for BBC TV sound. A case can be constructed and the portability of this receiver makes it ideal for use at airports, or on high ground where reception is good.

Try experimenting with different coils and other four-pin transistors.

Caution—At certain frequencies, interference may be induced in neighbours' appliances, so take care, and enjoy using your VHF receiver without spoiling other people's pleasure.

ANTHONY JONES, L6.Sc.

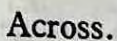
Parts List:

Capacitors:	C1	0.01 mF (or 10,000 pF)	} Disc type.
	C2	200-225 pF <i>e.g.</i> 220 pF	
Resistors:	R1	680 ohms	
	R2	470 ohms	
	R3	180 K ohms	
Transistor:		4 pin OC170 or OC171.	
VR:		Variable Resistor, 47 Kohms to 50 Kohms, with on/off switch, five tags.	
VC:		Tuning Capacitor, single gang, 40-50 pF.	

Jack plug socket and jack plug, or two separate sockets and plugs.

Connecting wire. 6 Volt Battery. Choke.

(A capacitor may be called a condensor.)



1. The sixth form spirit.
3. The insane end of Brecon.
5. One who is not literate.
7. Away from school.
10. Censor.
12. Miss Jones's right hand girl.
14. Definitely not out.
15. Exclamation.
16. Everything.
17. Iron raw.
18. The Red Baron.
19. Initials : Young eyes see.
22. Extrovert.
23. Not civil defence.
24. Not mathematics.
25. R A C .

27. Rugby : No 8 missing a 'T'
28. Famous city backwards.

Down.

1. A teacher's son and name-sake
2. Superman's butt.
4. Hopping man.
5. X Film.
6. Scientists' play room.
8. Might be heard at bull fight.
9. Map symbol.
11. Skinny.
13. A French dish.
14. Of red variety.
20. Natural fuel.
22. Peruvian Indians.
26. Not affirmative.
29. He exists.

ATLANTIC COLLEGE

THE World College of the Atlantic at St. Donat's Castle in South Wales, generally known as the Atlantic College, was opened in 1962 and was intended to be the first of a number of international colleges to be established in several countries, designed to offer to students of different nationalities a two-year academic course immediately before entry to University.

The Project has two main aims: first, to promote international understanding through education; second, to provide a pattern of education adapted to meet the special needs of our age.

St. Donat's castle is an ideal site for a college. The castle was extensively modernised by William Randolph Hearst and later new dormitory blocks, a Science block, Language Centre, and Mathematics block have been completed on the 150 acre estate. It is intended to add new buildings for Applied Science and Technology, Music and a Theatre.

The college aims at and achieves high academic standards but resists excessive specialisation as a matter of educational principle. In terms of study and social organisation, it accords more with a university than with a school. There is a close liaison between staff and students.

Students live in Houses mixed nationally and sexually under the supervision of a married Housemaster, and each student shares study and social facilities with students of other nationalists.

All the activities in the college—clubs, societies and rescue services are under the guided control of the students. The Students' Council, composed of elected representatives of each national group, meets regularly to discuss matters of internal school policy.

The boys wear an open-necked shirt and sweater and jeans during the day and similar but more formal clothing in the evening with navy blue levi cords and an open-necked white shirt. The girls also wear a similar costume with skirt or cords, as they prefer.

It is a matter of principle that the majority of places in the college should be open to all, irrespective of parental income, and so most students' are holders of grants. I received a grant from the Breconshire Education Committee for the two years. The average age at entry is 16½.

The basic unit of a college day is a 45-minute teaching period. There are five such periods in the morning, followed by a two hour session of activities. There are two more periods between tea and supper, except on Mondays when this time is given over to Current Affairs. After supper the evening is free for private study. This has recently become voluntary.

Students are expected, during their stay, to study at least three subjects to Advanced level and five subjects at Subsidiary level. I am studying Chemistry, Biology and Mathematics at "A" level and Spanish, Astronomy and Choir as subsids. All students are expected to take "A" levels, International Baccalaureate and the American College Board Scholastic Aptitude and Achievement tests.

A programme of lectures, discussions, debates and meetings of the many college societies is organised on Monday evening and Wednesday evening. Many well known speakers have attended the college. A major conference is organised once a year for three days on a subject of current international significance. This year's conference was on "Industrial Management and other Problems of Industry". About 30 people from industry were invited down including well known managers and Trades Unionists.

Each student chooses his activities programme for four afternoons a week. All interests are catered for and if a student's particular interest is not catered for, he is able to start his own activity.

The College provides rescue services covering 15 miles of the Bristol Channel coast from Aberthaw to the mouth of the Ogmere river. The second year students instruct the first year students in the skills of their chosen rescue service.

The Beach Rescue Unit is affiliated to the Royal Life Saving Society, the Surf Life Saving Association and the British Canoe Union. We patrol the local beaches in the summer and are trained in swimming, surf canoeing, malibu board and ski-handling. We send teams to both the Welsh and the National Surf Life Saving Championships. Last year we won both. We also send canoeists to the National Surf Canoeing Championships at Bude each year, where this year I achieved a 2nd, a 3rd and a 4th place.

The Cliff Rescue Team are skilled rock climbers with H.M. Coast-guard equipment, Land Rover and Winch, etc. Many cases occur of people getting into difficulties or being trapped by the tide. They are also skilled in fire fighting.

The college is a station of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. The inshore rescue boats, inflatable rescue craft designed and built at the College, are concerned with safeguarding of sailing boats and accidents occurring within a few miles of the coast.

The College Rescue Services have answered nearly forty emergency calls in seven years and nearly thirty lives have been saved at sea, on the beaches, or on the cliffs.

Nearly a quarter of the School prefer social work in our area. Assistance is given in local homes, in youth clubs, to old people and to handicapped children.

In the above I have hoped to give a fairly accurate picture of life at and the aims of the College, and hope to have stimulated sufficient interest for someone to take up the Breconshire Education Authority's very generous grant next year.

My time at Atlantic College has been both interesting and instructive and these are two years which I shall never forget.

DAVE WINSTONE

FOOTBALL REPORT 1969-70.

UNFORTUNATELY, this has not been a successful year for soccer in the school. Although there is great interest in the game on the part of many boys, this enthusiasm has been reflected by results on the field of play. However, this is not solely due to lack of playing ability—far from it. The loss of both Mr. Lee and Mr. Humphries has hit us bitterly, to the extent that since their departure not one school fixture has been fulfilled. Obviously, to produce a successful side, responsive leadership is necessary. Also, at Penlan, it is a pity that only one soccer pitch is provided. On average this patch is used six to eight times per week. It is therefore hardly surprising that by mid-November conditions are far below the required standard. But it should also be taken into consideration that many boys who would have represented the school play regular local league football. Naturally, the thought of two hard games on one day is not encouraging and the zeal for playing schools football is somewhat lost. In fairness I must admit that this has been particularly so in the senior school.

However, a few matches were played earlier on. Our 11-15's lost to Kington 6-3 and 4-2. These results are not too discouraging as Kington is a soccer stronghold and the standard of play very high. We also had a runaway victory over the Sec. Mod. by 11-1 but lost the return by 4-2. At senior level the only result was 5-1 victory over the Old Boys in the annual Easter fixture. This result in itself proved the potential of our 1st XI as the Old Boys team was quite a strong one.

In conclusion I must thank Mr. Donald Davies and Mr. Wyatt for taking charge of us and controlling our games.

Footnote—On the bright side I am very pleased indeed to report that three of our senior pupils have been invited for trials with football league clubs. Gerald Morgan (O.B.) and John Skinner (5a) both went to Swindon Town. Norman Welch (O.B.) visited the Dell for a trial with Southampton. At the time of writing the results are not known but we certainly wish all three the best of luck. Also, Kim Bowley went to Newport County's Somerton Park as a trialist for the Welsh Youth XI. Amongst those present were several football league managers including Stan Cullis, Jimmy Scoular and Bert Tann.

E. EDWARDS, 6 Arts.

THE UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

Now that my undergraduate metallurgy career has finished, I would like to take my final opportunity of explaining to members of the Upper School the meaning of the word metallurgy, the aims of a degree course in metallurgy, and the position of the graduate on completing his course. The article is intended especially for the science student undecided about his future career. I am not going to sell metallurgy. Metallurgy is one other science or engineering subject that should be examined by the student before he finally commits himself.

To most people, the word metallurgy conjures up pictures of a frighteningly massive furnace, of a "little man in a tin hat and a donkey jacket", of tin cans and table forks. While it is true that this is one aspect of metallurgy, it is also true to say that modern metallurgy was born in the twentieth century, in the 1950's.

Metallurgy incorporates and involves parts of many other disciplines, chemistry, physics, mathematics and the engineering. It is the great variety in the proportions of these ingredients that gives metallurgy its main attribute—variety.

A metallurgist is a scientist that understands why materials display the physical properties they do. He understands the general theories that relate these properties to the bulk and fine scale structure of the material. He knows how to determine the properties of the material, and how to examine and deduce its structure.

How then is the undergraduate trained as a metallurgist?

First, his understanding of the basic tools, chemistry, physics and mathematics must be developed. Since he will not need detailed knowledge of these subjects, these are not pursued very vigorously.

Then the student must learn to understand how material properties are characterised, and how these parameters can be measured. He will learn to describe completely a material, from its hardness value to its superconductivity. Simultaneously he will learn how to determine and interpret the structure of the material. The metallurgist may need to use a hand lens or an electron microscope—he must know both, and others.

Finally then, what is the position of the graduate on leaving University?

I have mentioned the word variety. This can no better be illustrated than in the diversity of careers followed by metallurgy graduates. Some graduates decide to continue their academic training, and may eventually pursue an academic career. Others leave for research laboratories. The research may be of a fundamental nature or on the lines of trouble-shooting, or even the more mundane process control and plant development. Many metallurgists later move into the management sphere, and with their general, but complete, scientific background are capable of doing extremely well.

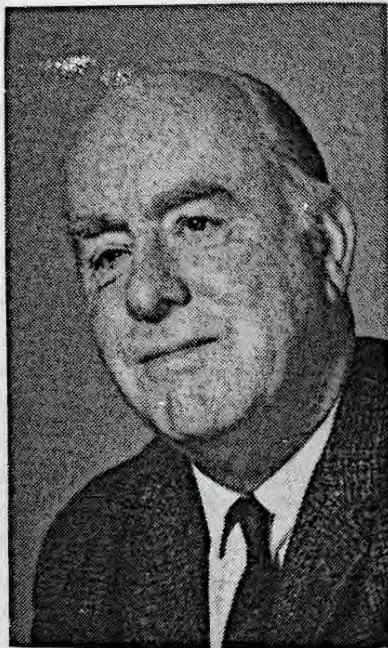
I would never be so presumptuous as to advise any students to take up metallurgy. I can only indicate that metallurgy, the science, does exist. Finally may I wish you all well?

D. G. MORRIS.

OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

THIS year has been an important one in the history of the Association and the coming one requires an important decision which will determine the future of the Association.

At the Annual General Meeting Mr. H. Prosser-Roberts was elected President. This was a fitting tribute to our founder-secretary, since it meant that he was the President at the 21st Annual Dinner. This was attended by over 100 people and this year wives were invited. It was good to see a number of recent Old Boys at the Dinner. Instead of an outside guest speaker, three members, Mr. W. I. Jones, Mr. H. Prosser-Roberts and Mr. Peter Powell, covered the history of the School. Everyone present enjoyed the event and perhaps a similar evening will be arranged in the future.



President : Mr. Prosser-Roberts

The Education Authority has decided that the School shall become a part of a Mixed Comprehensive school at Penlan. Obviously, the Association can continue to function as a male only organisation, but some members feel that we should join with the Girls' Association and create a Former Pupils' Association. This will require some amendments to the constitution, but it could be done. In September, your Committee will meet to discuss this issue and invites your comments in order to give them a guide as to the feeling of the members.

At the A.G.M., Mr. John Golesworthy proposed that the L.E.A. be asked if the Association could be represented on the School Governors. Unfortunately this request was again rejected by the L.E.A.

During the year, the President, Mr. Roy Davies, attended all school functions and laid the wreath at the Annual Remembrance

Service conducted by Rev. Geoffrey Davies. Members expressed their thanks to the Headmaster for the manner in which the service is conducted every year.

The usual games have been played against the School and the 5th Annual Golf Championship was won by Mr. J. Ewart Davies.

Finally, the Association would like to thank and congratulate the School for its part in the production of "Oliver." This was an event much talked about in Brecon and brought great honour and credit to the whole school.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. Gareth J. Davies—Head of Art Department at Burton Comprehensive School.

Mr. Gwynfryn Davies—Commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant at Mons. Officer Cadet School.

Mr. Geoffrey M. Powell on appointment as Regional Manager, Trustee and Income Tax Services, Northern Region, of the N.P. Bank.

Phillip H. Powell on 1st Class Honours in Anatomy.

Phillip Watkins—1st Prize Boys' treble solo at Flint National Eisteddfod, 1969.

Mr. Glyn Davies, on election as Chairman of West Breconshire Farmers' Association.

Peter Hudson—Honours B.Sc. Imperial College of Science attached Atomic Energy Authority at Windscale for M.Sc. studies.

Raymond Dunning, second class Honours, National Diploma in Design.

Mr. Gerald Phillips, appointment as County Welfare Officer.

Mr. Jack Hubbard, appointment as Chief Clerk in the County Clerks' Department.

Mr. E. B. Powell, M.B.E., Chairman of the Trustees Savings Bank.

Rev. David Wilkinson, ordination as Deacon.

Roger Hausheer—1st Class Honours in German and French with Distinction in oral proficiency.

D. G. Morris, 1st Class Honours in Metallurgy (Birmingham).

Mansel Jones, 1st Class honours in Mathematics.

Geoffrey Barrington—2nd Class Honours History

Gerald Williams, 3rd class Honours in Modern Languages

We regret the omission in our last issue of congratulations to Mr. Richard Griffiths on degree of Bachelor of Medicine.

BIRTHS.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Tucker, a son, 21.7.69.

Mr. and Mrs. Emrys Davies, son, Martyn, 22.7.69.

Tony Shellard, a son, Andrew David

Peter Rowlands, a son, David Elliott, 27.9.69.

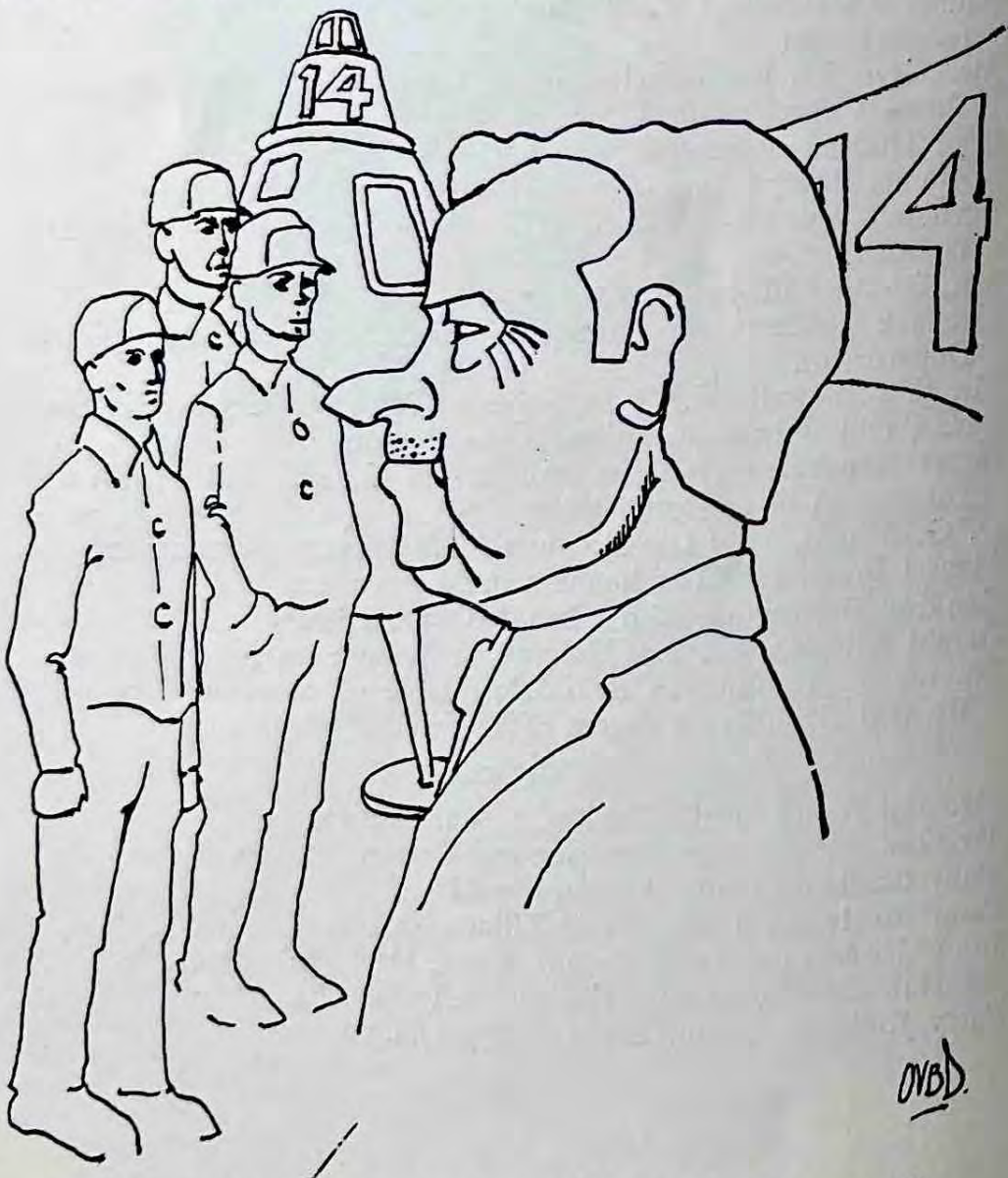
John Griffiths (at East London), a son, David John, 10.12.69.

Winston Griffiths, a son, Gareth, Neil, 29.12.69.

Parry Richards, a son, Bryan Parry, 27.4.70.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. John Roderick and Miss Gwen Williams.
Mr. Geoffrey Stroud and Miss Sandra Mary Chick.
Mr. Vincent Jones and Miss Cheryl Lewis.
Mr. Gareth John Davies and Miss Jennifer E. Herrington.
Mr. Patrick McDonough and Miss Christine Hughes.
Mr. Russell Rees and Janet Poole.
Mr. Geoffrey Powell and Janet Warman.
Mr. Keith Price and Miss Mareth Christine Price.
Mr. Peter Gordon Powell and Miss Vaynor Vivienne James.
Mr. Adrian Morris and Miss Joyce Anne Pacey.
Mr. Eric John Lewis and Miss Ethwyn Ann Lewis.
Mr. Brychan Williams and Miss Jacqueline Salen.
Mr. Robert Palmer and Miss Gwyneth Bowen.
Mr. Allan Richard Powell and Miss Christine Joan Davies.
Mr. Derek Peter Massocchi and Miss Gwyneth Eleanor Evans.
Mr. W. Graham Powell and Miss J. Owen.



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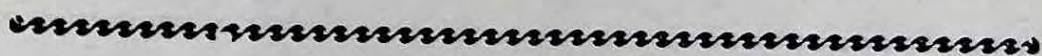
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