

THE SILURIAN



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THE SILURIAN

VOLUME XXII

THE MAGAZINE OF THE BRECON BOYS' GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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EDITORIAL

ONCE more we at Brecon Boys' Grammar School extend greetings through *The Silurian* to parents and old boys all over the world. Although it is regrettable that such an institution should die a year after its twenty-first birthday we could see no reason why it should end its life in a funeral calm of reports and obituaries. Thus we aimed at making *Silurian* '71 a bumper issue: the result you may judge for yourselves. In our endeavours we received invaluable assistance and encouragement from Mr. Aneurin Williams. Thanks must also go to those few members of the "Magazine Committee" who persevered in their attendance at meetings and who did most of the work in collecting the extra advertisements whose revenue made possible the extra pages.

We sincerely hope that a magazine will be produced in the New School to carry on the purposes of *The Silurian*. In what thinkers take a naughty delight in calling the permissive society there is room for such stoic literature as School Magazines.

DAVID WILLIAMS

MR. J. H. WILLIAMS, B.A.

FORTY-THREE years of service in the same school is a record not easily to be surpassed and the year 1928 seems in retrospect a very long way off. For Mr. John Williams, however, the years cannot have seemed half so long; time never drags for a busy man, especially for a schoolmaster whose mind and heart have been devoted to his subject and to those who study it. Not that Mr. Williams's dedication has ever been narrow or isolated in terms of subject or place. At some time or other his contributions to the corporate life of the school have included every feasible activity. It was because of his enthusiasm as much as anyone else's that the House system took firm root in its early stages. His twenty years as House Master of Theophilus continually reinforced the spirit of that House as well as the effectiveness of the system as a whole.



Mr. Williams was for two lengthy periods in charge of school games and many will remember his cheerful and efficient conduct of teams to such outposts as Trefecca, Llandrindod and even Ystradgynlais.

Today Continental excursions are taken very much for granted as part of the language teacher's extra commitments, but in the years between the wars Mr. Williams was, in Breconshire, a persistent pioneer in such aids to language proficiency, organising school parties on five occasions to Paris and twice to Ostend. It was Mr. Williams, also, in collaboration with Miss Enid Luxton, who first organised the Inter-School Discussion Groups which finally fractured the monastic isolation of the Boys' and Girls' Grammar Schools. He still found time to act as Treasurer of the School Magazine.

Of Mr. Williams's contribution to the general life of the community this is not the place to speak but there is scarcely any civilised activity in the town on which he has not left his mark. His impact on the traditions of the School and on their continuity cannot be

estimated. For the past thirteen years he has carried the considerable burden of Head of the French Department and Deputy Head with dignity and certainty, responding with all the resilience of his equable temperament to the changing pressures wrought by time.

When he passes into his fully earned retirement this July he carries with him the admiration as well as the envy of colleagues, the respect and affection of three generations of schoolboys and the general thanks and good wishes of everyone who has had any connection with the School since his first appearance on the scene.

Those who have thought him strict have always found him fair. His patience, his persistence, his regard for the feelings of others and his deep-rooted love of teaching, his determination not to lower his own standards in the face of changing levels of morals and manners, make him well-nigh irreplaceable.

SURVIVAL

Words no longer come easy,
The slag turning away daylight.
The plaintive wail of the wind,
Moaning the end of day.
Heavens dimmed to black velvet.
In the darkness,
Water drips from a branch,
Kisses the sodden earth.
A few rank sedges bend,
And fight the Wind.
Wet, grey stone walls,
A world of sombre thoughts.
Dissolving into the inky
Depths of the valleys below.
Grudgingly we must live as beasts,
This a curious spectacle,
Of a pitiful disposition.
More like the cattle of the field,
We're gradually losing the language of mankind.
Like a slow meticulous routine,
Our society a relentless prejudice,
These, unmoved elements.
The ebb and flow,
Of changing civilizations.
The bride of black despair,
Fed on hate and vengeance,
Claw,
The chess board of our lives,
A flood of warm tears,
Oh pitiful World.

Must we submit to age-old elements,
Love, Hate;
Peace, War,
Let them all walk side by side,
Along the avenue of eternity.
The heavy soil clogging to the feet,
Entangling the passer by,
Engulfing the World.
The will to live,
Slowly dwindling to bitter despair.
This a limitation of our power,
Awake!
Free yourself,
Movements impeded with drowsiness,
Gradually out of the night loom,
The nocturnal outlines of trees,
Bottling in a constant fight against the wind,
Tangled, misshapen in their campaign.
Humanity distorted beyond a tangled,
And misshapen "tree".
You ride high in your saddle,
Unyielding to there thoughts.
A cross looms out of the darkness,
The everlasting darkness of death.
The cross a symbol of the past,
A symbol of the dead,
Of a desolate religion
A faded light
Of a new dawn
Still faint on the horizon,
The horizon of a new future?

"Every day my dog and I go for a tramp in the woods."

"Does the dog enjoy it?"

"Yes, but the tramp is getting a bit fed up."

Police want a tall handsome man for assault on young woman.

"What's the salary."

"Doctor, my hair keeps falling out. Can you suggest something to keep it in?"

"How about a cardboard box?"

An office layabout was staring out of the window. When asked what intrigued him, he said, "I've been watching that road digger for 20 minutes and he hasn't done a stroke."

THE CHESS CLUB

THE bell rang—lunch hour at last! I stuffed my books in my bag and escaped into the utter chaos of the corridor. As I had lost three chess games the previous day (and was winning the fourth game when the bell rang!) I was anxious to regain confidence.

We chess-nuts always (well, almost always) agree that to improve, you must play against someone with a more advanced knowledge of the game (I hate to say “better than you”). But, of course, there are always those who will complain that there is no one more advanced available—G. Davies for example.

As I came into Room Five, Colbert pounced on me demanding sixpence in chess subs, as if *he* had any authority in the matter (please note), I had already paid twice that term). “I’ve paid,” I told him with the most innocent expression I could muster. “Pay by tomorrow or you will die the agonizing death of a thousand chess-mates” he said with a sadistic look in his eyes.

His last comment, I think, was to do with his being called “the Red Baron”—He sometimes sits in a corner (by the radiator of course!) With a gruesome looking contraption made up of several thick rubber bands, a chess board propped up at both ends, and a Queen, which is the heaviest piece.

When he sits there, his eyes all glazed and matching his hair, woe betide any unfortunate victim who dares to throw a chess piece. At least when COLBERT is there the chess-room is, for some reason, not so crowded.

I managed to secure a game with John “Cretis” Curtis. I then went in search of the missing black knight through a forest of chair and table legs. While (carefully) searching the cluttered floor, I bumped heads with Gerwyn Davies. He said that he was looking for a black bishop and that he wasn’t sure there was one. I told him that I didn’t believe in religious racial discrimination either, but that I had seen one under the last table.

Meanwhile, back at the Chessboard, Cretis was having a hard time defending the pieces we already had. (As you might have guessed, we have a shortage especially of black knights). I finally located a black knight and we began. I played fairly well and after much tit-for-tatting I achieved a stalemate, I was, however, absolutely slaughtered in the second game with him.

If this chess club is to make any reasonable progress, we must have more chess sets and some sort of badge or dated membership card to keep non-members out. Then *all* will have to pay to get in—therefore, more money for chess-sets!

M. M. BERROW, IV.A

SCHOOL NOTES

Congratulations to:—

Eric Johnson and Stephen Anthony—Chief Scout’s Award.

AT THE CENTRE OF THINGS

IT WAS seven o'clock on Saturday morning, when the unwelcome voice of the landlady blared over the intercom : "It's seven o'clock, breakfast will be served at 8.30." With great discontent I got up, and looked out over Paddington Station to see clouds of dirty smoke rising from innumerable trains.

It was my big day; the highlight of my career as a boy soprano had come. It was the day of the London Welsh Society's Annual Concert in the Albert Hall held on Saint David's Day. I did not feel like breakfast, but I was keen to get on with rehearsals. So I was escorted by my mother to the Albert Hall where I nervously walked about waiting for my call. I had never seen such a vast hall in my life before and the fact that it could seat eight thousand people bewildered me.

Rehearsals commenced to the sound of the not-so-popular "God Save the Queen," which was played on one of the largest organs in the world. I was billed fifth in the first half of the programme, where I was to sing two numbers consecutively, and in the last spot of the second half, in which I was to sing the first verse of "Unwaith Eto Yng Nghymru Annwyl" while the chorus was sung by the triumphant audience after Wales's victory at Twickenham.

During the rehearsals I felt very much alone while the powerful public address system projected my voice to every corner of the hall, and I was sometimes distracted by B.B.C. technicians placing their sensitive microphone in front of me. Once or twice during my performance I had to stop and complain that I could not hear the organ because I think the organist was afraid that he would drown me with too much volume; but eventually we decided on a suitable balance. The morning rehearsal was a complete shambles but the afternoon's was much more organized; by the dress rehearsal everybody knew where he was to be and when he appeared.

At half past six, whilst I was enjoying last minute nerves, the Albert Hall was invaded by triumphant Welsh folk, and at seven-thirty the concert commenced. I anxiously awaited my spot feeling very nervous, but when my cue light flashed I felt much more confident. Once I reached the stage the first thing I thought was "Thank goodness I can't see the audience" because the sight of eight thousand people would have frightened me; all that I could see were the spot-lights blazing into my eyes like ray guns.

It was after my first song that I realized that there *were* eight thousand people in the hall because the applause was somewhat deafening, which caused me to feel highly delighted. After my first spot I retreated to my dressing room, feeling rather fatigued, and listened to the concert by means of an extension speaker. I now had to wait until the last item of the concert before performing again. This made me feel a bit on edge.

The time came, and I went on stage to receive a welcoming applause by the audience. This immediately put me in a more

optimistic frame of mind, and I thoroughly enjoyed performing the item.

The concert came to an end to the deafening sound of our National Anthem, and I can assure all the readers that it is well worth going to London on March 1st, especially to hear our anthem being sung with the vigour and dedication of true Welshmen.

P. G. WATKINS, L.VI.A

MY HOBBY, MODEL MAKING

MY HOBBY, as you can probably tell from the title, is construction kits. I prefer to make models of aeroplanes because I like to fly and 'planes always fascinate me. So far I have collections of about thirty-two 'planes, three ships, and a few army vehicles. Most of my models are the small, three-shilling Airfix planes, but I have a few larger ones such as a Sunderland flying boat, a Wellington flying boat, a Wellington bomber, a Catalina flying boat and a few others.

I have two 'planes of the Australian Air Force, six American 'planes, three Russian 'planes, one Japanese, three German, whilst the rest of them are British. Model making is fun. Usually, the 'plane I make has swivelling turrets that don't swivel, (my fault entirely), wheels that won't go round and propellers that don't propel. I usually paint my model 'planes green and brown, with sky blue underneath, unless they are night fighters when I paint them black. If you want to, you can attach string of different lengths to the wings and tail, making it look as if its diving or climbing. It is well worth taking time over building a model as you will see when you have finished building your model. (If you ever make one, that is.)

DAVID PRICE, 2.B

LAST CAROL SERVICE

THE Christmas Carol Service was the last for the Brecon Boys' Grammar School. The usual lessons were read and the usual carols sung, accompanied by the orchestra, with Philip Parffit, an old boy, on the organ.

Under the excellent guidance of Mr. Beddows the choir and orchestra were, apart from the few unnoticed dischords, very good, and the whole school breathed a sigh of relief when, for the first time, the brass section successfully played the link in "Oh Come All Ye Faithful"!

Lastly, I will mention the main reason for such a memorable service. Bless the couple who were married in the morning: the church was warm for once!

PETER EVANS, V.A

CANADA '70

THE occasion was a visit to Canada, the time—the 1970 summer holidays. Never having flown before, the first thrill to be encountered by my cousin and myself was the air flight from London, England—Montreal, Canada. My father had flown several times before so he knew what to expect! But this was an experience I shall never forget; the mighty engines of an Air Canada DC8 thrusting us up over the roof-tops of London, over England and out over the Atlantic Ocean.

By flying West we had gained five hours in time when we landed at Montreal. From the airport we took a bus into the city and spent the rest of the day and the following one in sightseeing.

Vancouver, British Colombia, 3,000 miles distant on the further side of the great land mass, was our next destination. A journey on the Trans-Continental Train proved to be most exhilarating and we met many different sorts of people; there were students with guitars and sleeping bags who slept on the floor under the seats at night, while we slept in our reclining seats—yet another experience. As we left the Canadian Shield and crossed the prairies, the scenery increased in grandeur and magnificence, rising in a crescendo of splendour to the awesome majesty of the Rocky Mountains. Then we rolled gently down the enchanting Frazer Valley to arrive, four days later, at Vancouver Union Station.

Here, our first task was to check on our hire-car, a Ford Galaxy 500 with a V8-engine and automatic gears. After checking in at a hotel in down-town Vancouver, we went to visit some relations who live in the suburb of Barnaby. Later that evening a cable-car took us to the top of Grouse Mountain from which there was a splendid view of the city lit up with all the colours imaginable.

But we wanted to move on, and so, next day, we hired a tent and made for further parts of British Columbia and, eventually, Washington. Ossoyos lake, on the Canadian side of the border between Canada and the U.S.A. was our next stop. The weather was superb and setting up camp was quickly accomplished. When it came to buying provisions, however, it came as quite a shock to find that the smallest measure of milk available was half a gallon: Sightseeing forgotten, the rest of the day and all the next day was spent swimming in the lake and relaxing on the sand at its edge—indeed, it seemed warmer in the water than out!

Moving on, we crossed the border of B.C. into the Evergreen state of Washington U.S.A. and passed sites like the Grand Coulee Dam—the largest mass of concrete in the Western World—which holds back the Rosevelt; the mighty Columbia River, which stretches 150 miles back to the Canadian border; and Dry Falls, which in centuries past, when the Columbia River flowed over them, had a water velocity 40 times greater than that of the present Niagara Falls. Sun Lakes National Park, one of the largest in the U.S.A., was graced with our presence for one night—here, the temperature during the day was a cool 90°F in the shade!

SPEECH DAY

IN THE life of an average pupil of the Boys' Grammar School seven of these ceremonies are suffered. They follow the same well-worn pattern. First we have the Head Boy's speech, then the Head's speech. After this we have the distribution of prizes and after this we borrow some scholastic gentleman, from wherever scholastic gentlemen are found, to speak to us on the subject from which he thinks we will benefit the most. However, this year differed from all the rest, in that the school took this opportunity to thank Mr. J. H. Williams for his many devoted years of service. This unique occasion was the most sincere "thank you" that the School has ever given and I know that all the boys who have been lucky enough to benefit from Mr. Williams' wisdom have a deep and lasting respect for this dignified figure.

However, to return to the more mundane account of the "service". It was started off with the traditional procession (known to the fraternity as the trooping of the colour). The gaily coloured staff proceeded down the aisle with a solemnity becoming the ordination of a bishop and one would not have been surprised to have heard choruses of Ave Maria echoing throughout the cloisters of the Secondary Modern.

After the opening address of the Head Boy, the Sixth form, knowing what was to come, prepared themselves for their annual lapse into the comatose state which this year lasted 32 minutes 18 seconds. Following the Headmaster's speech came the distribution of prizes, at which time the staff took time out to watch the different approaches of boys going up to receive their prizes. The main methods are listed below.

(1) *The Scuttle*

Here the boy shuffles up the four steps, and scuttles across the stage, grabs his prize and then retreats at a terrific velocity clutching his book (which probably came from the School library) firmly.

(2) *The Swagger*

In this case the recipient slowly saunters across the stage, and has a few words with the gracious lady, flashes a smile and then swaggers back to his seat lapping up all the applause on the way.

I myself used the Dumb Scientist approach in which I inadvertently stumbled onto the stage and from there carried on, in rather a dazed fashion, towards Mrs. Lewis.

This year we were lucky enough to have Mr. Dyfed Lewis, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.I.C., who talked to us about university time and used what little time *he* had well.

This was followed by an excellent vote of thanks which was proposed by Ald. E. R. Morgan and seconded by Col. Miles.

We must thank Mr. S. P. Beddows B.Mus., L.R.A.M. who together with his orchestra provided a musical interlude.

Thus ended an era of Speech Days for the Boys' Grammar School. We hope that the longstanding traditions of our School will not be lost in the academic cauldron of the Comprehensive School.

T. J. COLBERT, L.6.Sc.

THE SCHOOL PARTY

ONCE more the wheels of time had turned and we were again faced with the prospect of the School party (heavily disguised as "The School Dance") which again took place in that remarkably adaptable edifice, the Secondary Modern School hall.

It was indeed unfortunate that the one and only microphone refused to work until about three-quarters of the way through the evening, by which time it was too late even to think about keeping to a programme which had already been sadly neglected. As always, the competitions ran on too long throwing everything off balance and splendidly helping to consolidate the chaos already produced by the lack of verbal communication between the organizers and the remainder of the two Schools.

The main "attraction" was the group, consisting of K. Frazer (lead guitar), J. Beavan (rhythm guitar), R. Mellor (bass guitar) and A. Turford ("vocalist").

They played two sessions, one before the break, and one before the end of the dance which was, however, suddenly aborted through interference from one of our guests.

As always, "Olde Tyme" dancing was performed, and although unwilling to participate at first, by the end of the evening everyone was joining in with such pieces as the Gay Gordons and Paul Jones, even if the intricacies of Waltz and Quickstep were above them.

This year the Girls' School was responsible for the catering and it managed to produce some remarkable dishes (though of dubious origin) which were (I think) enjoyed by all.

Anthony Jones must be praised for struggling manfully through the chaos produced when all his months of planning and preparation were devastated in one fell blow by a certain aforementioned microphone. Also a quick "thank you" to Jean Davies for all the help and co-operation she showed.

Thinking back, despite the pitfalls, the party seemed to go down quite well with the *populus* (who probably failed to realise anything was wrong anyway) and was enjoyed by all who attended.

KEITH HOWELLS, U.VI.Sc.



An Englishman watching a Chinaman scattering rice on a grave sarcastically remarked, "Surely you don't expect your friend to come up and eat that rice, do you?" The Chinaman replied, "Well do your folk come up to smell the flowers?"

An Irishman, on being informed by an ironmonger that a certain kind of stove would save half the fuel replied "I'll take two of them and save it all."

THE JOYS OF WINTER RUGBY

IT WAS a freezing November Saturday morning as we gathered at nine o'clock in the Cattle Market to board our bus which would take us to play our weekly rugby match.

That week we were playing away at Afon Taf, which for the non-geographically minded is a few miles past Merthyr at Aberfan. So, wrapped in layers of thick overcoats, we rattled and rolled our way past Storey Arms and down the Taf valley. Then, just past Merthyr, we were told that we were not going to play on the Afon Taf School pitches because they were all water-logged after a week of rain. Instead we were to play on ordinary public pitches and so we pulled off down a turning to draw up outside a block of changing-rooms.

Reluctantly we allowed ourselves to be herded off the comparatively warm bus and out into the freezing air. We dashed for the changing rooms, where we all agreed to take our time getting into our kit. It was not until a half-hour later that we emerged, and started to make our customary inspection of the pitch. Only then did we discover that there was only one pitch in sight, and Mr. Wyatt told us that we Under-15's would be playing just a short way down the valley. Well, we had agreed that the solitary pitch was not up to our standards and we were quite glad to leave it to the Under-13's, so we set ourselves against the wind and trotted off after some wild looking individuals whom we identified by their rugby-jerseys as some of our opponents. As we set off we heard Mr. Wyatt shout "Cheer up boys, the run to the pitch will help warm you up!" Well the first hundred yards might have helped warm us up, but the next half mile did not! !

We were just wondering where on earth the pitch was when our "guides" indicated to us an area which we had at first supposed to be waste-ground, but on which we were able (after close inspection) to make out a pair of roughly H-shaped posts. However, the ground between them could hardly be described as a rugby-pitch—one end was a small hillock with bushes growing on it—the opposite dead-ball area was covered by reeds and criss-crossed by drainage ditches—the centre of the pitch displayed depths of water varying from a surface film to six inches. About fifteen yards in from touch and parallel to it was a strip of water about fifty yards long, five yards broad and, we were assured, over one foot deep. As we stared wistfully into the icy depths one of our boys exclaimed that he had seen a fish down there. He was told not to be stupid, no fish could survive at temperatures that low! The pitch markings had been done in Diesel oil (a fact that drew remonstrations from irate mothers when it came to kit-washing time).

After exposure to the cold wind our legs had changed colour dramatically—they had taken on a reddish hue with orange shading interlaced with blue and purple lines—very attractive.

The Ref. eventually drew up in an extremely warm-looking car and strode over to us and cheerily said "Come on boys, this isn't cold.

I've played in much colder weather than this!" (A statement which we took with a large pinch of salt as *he* was wearing at least two jerseys under his woolly tracksuit). Without wasting time we gathered at what was considered to be the centre of the pitch and, as all the players of either side who seemed to be involved in the game had arrived, the Ref set about the Toss. This took a little time as, whenever he threw the coin up it would bury itself in the mud. Eventually our captain, who is well-known for his "original" jokes decided "We'll play with the tide in the first half!"

So a match totally unlike any other I have ever known was kicked off on a quagmire of a pitch, in a wind which drove freezing rain at us, and with a solitary spectator—who soon disappeared. It was unlike any other because there was no handling whatsoever as the ball was so greasy that it could only be kicked and hacked through the mud. This primitive type of football was not so devoid of skills as might be imagined for the canniest players always aimed their kicks to land in the deeper puddles, a tactic which threw the opposition into confusion and gave the attackers time to catch up with the ball. Several times the Ref. had to stop play when the ball came too close to the larger stretches of water as even good swimmers could be drowned quite easily by being held under in a loose scrum.

About half way through the second half one of the opposition suddenly realised that the smallest member of their team was missing! After a quick search the little winger was found buried in mud and apparently quite willing to stay there out of the biting wind.

Towards the end of the match it was openly stated that the Ref., in our view a confirmed sadist, was never going to blow the final whistle. That was the first time I had ever wished for the end of a match while still behind, and we ended losing 6-3 after leading most of the way.

At the whistle we ran back to the changing rooms—perhaps faster than we had ever run in the match—and got ready for a good hot shower. Before we could get into the showers we had to overcome the difficulty of removing our boots. The laces had become almost impossibly tangled and our numbed fingers were not equal to the task of untying them. Eventually, the Under 13's reserve (bless the lad) managed to untie everybody's laces. But, alas, the showers were not working properly and it was another long five minutes before the hot water came through and we were able to restore some feeling to our numb bodies.

On the way home we had just about thawed out, and our spirits having been improved by an excellent meal at Afon Taf School, we cheerfully discussed the stories we would be able to tell about that terrible match. Some things we disagreed about but on one point, at least, we all agreed—we might have been frozen, near drowned and thoroughly bruised, but we wouldn't have missed it for the world!

P. YOUNGER, 5A

"C'EST SIMPLE COMME BONJOUR . . ."

YOU MAY know the (funny? heart-rending?) story of the Frenchman who is travelling in a British train and who, as the train is about to go through a tunnel, hears a peremptory "Look out!" and obediently leans out of the window so as . . . to look out.

"Do not break your head!" as we say in French ("Ne vous cassez pas la tete!") to mean: "Don't worry!" for—may it comfort you!—that is the sort of blunder you never make twice . . . Nevertheless, you can at least try to prevent such misfortunes by getting more or less acquainted with a few of those linguistic booby-traps, before going abroad.

As a matter of fact, if you intend to go over to France in some weeks, several well-known words, such as "Bonjour, S'il vous plait, Merci . . .", will of course, be very useful to you to make your way about. But, let us assume that, unexpectedly, while enjoying any moment of your stay in that dear country, you are told, "Faites gaffe!" You will make at once a hasty translation of these words into English, and you will then realize that you are asked to "make a blunder!" Believe me, in such a case, do not puzzle out too long your excellent literal translation, and remember that "Faites gaffe!" is the best French equivalent to your "Look out!" Act accordingly. . . .

It may also happen that you find yourself in an awkward predicament. In this case, any Frenchman will understand your situation if you tell him: "I am in fine sheets!" ("Je suis dans de beaux draps!"). Then, if "he has a good heart" ("s'il a bon coeur"), in other words if he is kind-hearted, he will propose to help you in these terms: "I am a musician, moreover I have a long arm."—an asset to play darts?—"Je connais la musique, et, en plus, j'ai le bras long"). However valuable such talents may be, you'll wonder, perhaps, if they can be any help to you, won't you? Set your mind at rest, for your friend is precisely telling you that "he knows all the tricks to get you out of that fix, and is moreover a man of wide influence."

I shall not question the sally of wit according to which the British eat to live, whereas the French live to eat (Who is right, after all?), and it is true that the latter are fond of good cheer. From time to time, if not more regularly, they feel like going to a renowned restaurant, and there they offer themselves a gastronomical meal. But, sometimes, they just forget that their wallet is not quite in proportion to their appetite, and, in the end, they can hardly believe the figure on the bill they are shown to be so astronomical. That is what they call "to be shot at" ("Essuyer un coup de fusil")—to be fleeced.—But they still prefer that to "eating on their thumb" ("manger sur le pouce"), which is obviously not so nice, and consists simply in having a scanty meal, let us say a few sandwiches for instance. They are sort of allergic to such snacks actually, and, if they have not been able to feed themselves otherwise, do not be surprised if they tell you in confidence that they "feel out of their

dinner-plate" (—"je ne suis pas dans mon assiette"), by which they just intend to say that hunger makes them feel giddy. If you had guessed it, let me compliment you on your shrewdness of mind.

Quiz:

Nevertheless, I propose, by way of conclusion, to put your perspicacity once more to the test. Try and guess the exact meaning of the following French idioms, after their literal translation into English:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| 1. Ramasser une buche | "To pick up a log of wood." |
| 2. Etre dans le vent | "To be in the wind" |
| 3. Ecraser le champignon | "To crush the mushroom" |
| 4. Faire marcher quelqu'un | "To make somebody walk" |
| 5. Vendre la meche | "To sell the wick" |
| 6. Prendre la mouche | "To take the fly" |
| 7. Tenir tete a quelqu'un | "To hold somebody's head" |
| 8. Mettre les pieds dans le plat | "To put one's feet in the dish" |
| 9. Faire la pluie et le beau temps | "To make the rain and the fine weather" |
| 10. Donner sa langue au chat | "To give one's tongue to the cat" |

ANSWERS: 1. To come a cropper; 2. To be with it (up-to-date); 3. To step on the gas; 4. To pull somebody's leg; 5. To give the show away; 6. To take offence; 7. To brave somebody; 8. To put one's foot in it; 9. To be all-powerful (to rule the roost); 10. To give it up (with reference to riddles).

PHILIPPE LESSELLIER



OH FOR A FAG

There he goes, the stupid fool—
Off to the bushes for a quick drag.
His mother disagrees and when he gets
Caught, there'll be hell to pay.

As an ex-smoker, I can stand
And laugh, as there's no worry
Of my being caught or seen
Smoking, on the bus.
There's no scrounging for the
Odd whole—but mainly
Half-smoked-cigarette.
No hiding the matches or half-empty
Packet as you enter the house.
Just solitude when all your mates,
Light up at a dance.

J. MEREDITH, 4.A

SLEEP

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,
O you . . . whoever you are,
And let no mournful yesterday
Disturb your peaceful heart.

Nor let tomorrow scare your rest
With dreams of coming ill,
Your Maker is your changeless friend,
His love surrounds you still.

Forget yourself and all the world,
Put out each gleaming light,
The stars are watching over you;
Sleep sweetly, then, Good Night.

STEPHEN WHITTLE, 2.B



THE ART OF WINEMAKING

FOR those who, like myself, are not always able to afford the best in table wines, the alternative is to make your own. Of course, for those who do not see the fun in winemaking and are only in it for the material benefits, there are concentrates which may be bought quite cheaply, but these, to my mind, put winemaking on a par with building model aircraft.

Although many people do not realise it, wine can be made from almost anything—from parsnips to rose petals. The first stage in the process is to extract the natural juices from the fruit or vegetable selected. This may be done in two ways; either by adding boiling water to the fruit and pressing, or by boiling the fruit in water. The fruit must, of course, be neither bad nor unripe. When the boiling water has been added, the mixture is left to infuse for a few days and when this time has passed the liquid is strained off and measured. Ingredients such as sugar, lemon juice, ginger and yeast are then added according to the quantity of liquid obtained. It is then placed in a large glass jar fitted with an airstick to control the escape of carbon dioxide and to prevent the entry of fungi from the atmosphere. The wine is then left to ferment, a process taking any length of time from about three weeks to three months, dependent upon the variety of wine and the temperature at which it is to be stored.

Once fermentation is complete the wine is syphoned off from its sediment and stored in a similar jar, preferably in a cool place. Then, in a few months the wine is ready to be filtered and bottled.

The main expense with winemaking is the initial purchase of equipment which can be quite costly. However, much of this

equipment may be improvised, with a little imagination, from household articles. After the initial expense, however, the price of a bottle of wine usually works out at about 10 n.p. and beer at about 3 n.p. a pint, both considerably cheaper than retail prices, and equally good to drink.

Things do, however, occasionally go wrong and the liquid you end up with tastes like something which belongs on chips rather than the vintage hock you had been hoping for, but if you are careful enough you should have a reasonable success and finish up with a perfectly drinkable wine. Cheers!

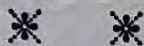
KEITH HOWELLS, U. 6.Sc.

SEE HOW THEY RAN

MR. REES	Super Sweet
REVD. ARTER	Sunday Wit
MR. BEDDOWS	Sharp Rumour
MR. GILES	Smokey Rocket
MR. OWEN	.. All Joy
MR. A. R. WILLIAMS	Paradise Lost
DR. WILLIAMS	Horty Bill
MRS. JINKS	Crooked Deal
MISS RICHARDS	Joy For The Boys
MRS. HARRINGTON	Hello Dolly
MRS. NASH	.. Little Tot
MISS HARVEY	King's Lady
MISS LLOYD	Jungle Girl
MR. P. EVANS	Master Rembrandt
MR. WYATT	Hard Slipper
MR. V. DAVIES	Chop and Change
MR. J. H. WILLIAMS	Mon General
Mr. A. V. JONES	Royal Slave

Conjuror: Now I want a wee laddie to assist me . . . Ah! that's right. Now you've never seen me before, have you, young man?"

Youngster: No father."



Magistrate (to witness): "Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"

Witness: "Oh, yes, sir; I see him there every night."



Farmer: "Where do you wash?"

Camper: "In the spring of course."

Farmer: "I said 'where' not 'when'."

SCHOOL RUGBY REPORT

Season 1970/71

DUE TO the fine weather this winter, more matches have been played this year than ever before. In fact, the 1st XV has played a record 30 matches. The fine weather also led to more boys attending training sessions which helped increase team work. Consequently many teams had better results to show.

1st Fifteen

Master in Charge: Mr. A. J. F. Wyatt Secretary: Nigel Weale
Captain: Malcolm Jones Vice-Captain: Andrew Turford

This year's team has been comparatively young, and, with only four regulars leaving, the prospects for next season look bright. Although the team lacked great physical stature this has been overcome by its tackling, mobility, and honest endeavour. Even when losing, the team never gave up and was always prepared to fight back even when the odds were heavily against it. Matches worthy of mention are the games against Christ College, which was won with a drop goal in the final minutes, and the return game against Abergavenny, which was won by 6 points to 3 points after a defeat in the first match at Brecon. In close defeats against Mountain Ash and Tredegar, the team played excellently and showed much promise.

The highlight of the year came in March when thirty-two boys of the School, together with members of the Staff, went to Paris and the 1st XV beat Lycee Voltaire by 6 points to nil.

Provided the team stays together and trains hard, next season should prove to be an exciting one for the 1st XV.

Record:

Played 30; Won 16; Drawn 1; Lost 13.

Points for 299; Points against 259.

Colours: J. Cooke, P. Keddlle, R. East, C. P. Williams, E. Thompson, M. J. Jones, M. Murphy, G. F. Morris, W. Garnett, R. Powell, D. H. Williams, A. Turford, H. Rees, I. Hill, P. D. Jones, N. Weale.

2nd Fifteen

Master in charge: Mr. Wyatt

Captain: Nigel Weale Vice Captains: I. Perry, G. Griffiths

The season has not been a particularly successful one, although the players have always tried hard and given of their best. The side is inexperienced and most of the players are in their first season of senior school rugby.

Nevertheless, during the season the side has obtained a number of notable victories, particularly the away wins over Afon Taf

(18-0) and Hereford High School (8-5) and the home victories over Bishop's Hereford 1st XV (16-3).

The side has, on numerous occasions, lost the services of the better players to the 1st XV, and this has undoubtedly weakened the side.

Perhaps the highlight of the season was the final match against an exceptionally strong combined Staff and Old Boys' XV when the Staff were hard-pressed to retain their unbeaten record and perhaps were a little lucky to gain a draw (17-17)!

As so few players are leaving the 1st XV this year the 2nd XV should do much better next year.

Record:

Played 19; Won 5; Drawn 1; Lost 13.
Points for 135; Points against 280.

Under 15 Fifteen

Master in charge: Mr. Rowlands

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

Willingness to train brought success to this team for the third consecutive season. An additional factor this season was that several players improved and came into the reckoning for the first time, which introduced a greater element of competition for places — always a good thing!



G. R. Price, S. Anthony, M. Cumbes, K. Francis, D. Isaac, P. Younger
M. Powell, S. Roderick, J. A. Watkins, J. Owens, M. Whittingham, G. Evans, Mr. Wyatt
Mr. Rowlands, M. Perry, D. Holmes, P. W. V. Thomas, W. O. Morgan (Capt.), J. Lewis,
G. J. Price, V. Jeffries, Mr A. Rees

There were several very convincing victories, but most real satisfaction came from two close-fought matches against Afon Taf (3-6 and 3-0) and the victories over Abergavenny (23-16 and 16-3), not to mention a drawn match with our near neighbours on Penlan in which no points were scored.

Tribute must be paid to the leadership of Owain Morgan and John Owens which seldom failed to kindle the fire so essential in the game.

Record:

Played 18; Won 13; Drawn 1; Lost 4.
Points for 279; Against 75.

Under 14 Fifteen

Master in charge: Mr. Rowlands

Captain: M. Wyatt

Vice Captain: K. Williams

The fortunes of this side tended to fluctuate wildly in the early part of the season. After Christmas, however, the improvement was considerable and the play far more consistent. The most marked improvement was shown by those players who trained regularly—a fact not without significance.

The team did well to defeat a strong Lampeter XV in October and also to win the return match with Vaynor and Penderyn towards the end of the season. It was in a narrow defeat at the hands of Pontllanfraith (3–6) that the best performance came.

The personal example of Mark Wyatt and Kevin Williams helped a great deal in developing good spirit in a team much hit by injury and illness. Credit is due to the many reserves who were always at hand.

Record:

Played 17; Won 9; Drawn 2; Lost 6.
Points for 229; Against 106.

Under 13 Fifteen

Master in charge: Mr. D. R. Morris

Captain: Peter Jeffreys

Vice Captain: Peter Jones

This has been a successful year for a very enthusiastic team, which improved rapidly as the season progressed. One of the most pleasing features was the strength in depth of the side, no fewer than twenty-five boys having played at some time or other. Competition for places was very keen and a rota system had to be employed to make sure that every promising player had the opportunity to show his paces. Notable victories were obtained over Afon Taf, Merthyr County and Abergavenny G.S., but perhaps the team's most outstanding achievement was in holding to a draw a powerful Pontllanfraith G.S. side, which until then had won every game.

The team was well led by Peter Jeffreys and the diminutive Peter Jones, the latter revealing ubiquitous qualities on the field and the ability to turn half chances into scores. Nicholas Evans, another outstanding member of the side, in addition to scoring 24 tries, did some sterling work in defence, particularly in those matches against the stronger school sides.

Record:

Played 17; Won 11; Drawn 1; Lost 5.
Points for 318; Points against 86.

Under 12 Fifteen

This year the under twelves have played two games, beating the Secondary Modern school by six points to nil and drawing 0-0 with Pontllanfraith.

Two boys from this team, Alun Davies and Adrian Whittal have appeared regularly for the under thirteens and the prospects for next season's under thirteens look very promising.

M. JONES, U.6.ARTS

HOUSE RUGBY

FOR THE first time for many years a house rugby competition has been run throughout the School. These matches were played during games lessons and aroused much enthusiasm among the boys. The eventual winners were Siddons with Vaughan as runners up.

FOOTBALL REPORT 1970/71

Captain: N. Welch

Vice Captain: J. Meredith

AS IN previous years, there has not been a glut in football fixtures, with only three matches played and two matches being postponed against Aberdare Grammar School. Nevertheless, the School retained a hundred per cent record in winning the three matches! The first fixture was against the Old Boys in December and although it was not the strongest Old Boys' team, due to the university tour, it was nevertheless a notable win, the final score being 5-2 to the School. In the Spring Term there was a house soccer competition with Gam and Vaughan overall winners with 16 points; next came Siddons only a point behind with 15 points, and last was Theo with 13 points. The competition was keen and nothing was given away during these matches. I would like to thank Mr. Wyatt and Mr. Edwards for refereeing these games and for adapting so quickly from the more familiar rugby rules to the those of soccer.

In the same term, the School played the Secondary Modern and despite a weakened team they overwhelmed the opposition 5-1. The final game was against the Old Boys at Easter and again the team was weakened with three of its regular players playing for the Second Rugby XV. The Old Boys' team was much stronger than the one at Christmas, and J. Meredith led the team admirably in the absence of N. Welch. I would like to take this opportunity to again thank the Staff and the Groundsmen, and to wish the teams the best of luck in the changeover to the Comprehensive system in the coming year.

N. WELCH, U.V.ARTS

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" AT STRATFORD PLAYHOUSE

(September, 1970)

I THOUGHT when I saw the stage that it would be some time before the performance could start because it was completely bare and the only scenery visible was the three white canvas walls which surrounded the stage. Then, to my surprise, someone started frantically beating drums—not in the usual Shakespearean manner but in a way which sounded like Ginger Baker playing one of his more complicated solos. It was then that Theseus and Hippolyta entered through a cleverly-concealed swing door in one of the canvas walls. It was by then, obvious that this play was not going to be what I thought it would.

The actors seemed to be able to extract much more humour from the play than can be appreciated by simply reading it. There was no scenery as such, but there were a few contrivances designed to represent various objects. For example, trees and bushes were represented by loose coils of wire which were thrown down from the top of the two side walls. These coils were attached to fishing rods and lines, and when woodland scenes were finished they were wound out of sight with the fishing reel.

The costumes were startling, especially that of Puck who was dressed in a loose-fitting bright yellow trouser suit with red slippers and a dark green skull cap. The fairies were very amusing though they were rather crude and muscular. It was one of the "fairies" who stopped everyone in their tracks as they were going out during the interval by hailing them with a loud whistle. Everyone turned around and just stood and smiled.

At the end of the performance several actors, including Puck, jumped off the stage and ran about like fools in the audience. Puck managed to find his way to our balcony and our German student was honoured to have his hand shaken by him.

We left the theatre feeling very satisfied with what we had seen and looking forward to any future trips to Stratford.

BRIAN PRICE, U.6.A

A Flying Instructor was sent to help a pupil who radioed that he was having to make a forced landing a few miles from base.

The Instructor soon spotted the plane standing in a field small enough to present a real challenge to his professional reputation. With determination, full flaps and engine just about stalling, he manoeuvred brilliantly into the field.

Climbing out of his aircraft he shouted angrily to the pupil, "How the devil did *you* get into such a small field?"

"I landed in the big field over there," explained the pupil, so as to leave room for you, and I got the farmer to tow me in here."

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SCHOOL EISTEDDFOD 1971

ONCE again St. David looked down from our gymnasium wall upon the patriotic Welsh masses, composed of pupils of the school and their parents and guest dignitaries. In the tradition of years gone by the Eisteddfod was not held on the first of the month but, this year, on Wednesday the third.

Despite many new items in the repertoire (which included a much-appreciated delivery of "When the Saints") and in contrast to many eisteddfodau of previous years, the day's events finished on time, when Gam emerged as the victorious house. It was generally agreed that the standard of entry was high and in keeping with our efforts in the past. Ceremoniously, and in true olde Welsh druidic style, Huw Williams was chaired as the last Bard of the School for his interpretation of the subject, "Survival."

Thanks must go to the familiar faces, our musical and literary adjudicators, Mrs. Ogwen-Thomas and the Rev. Tom Richards who, throughout the years, have been willing to give their time to officiate at our functions. We thank them for their help in the past.

A. V. JONES, U.6.Sc



SNOW AT CHRISTMAS

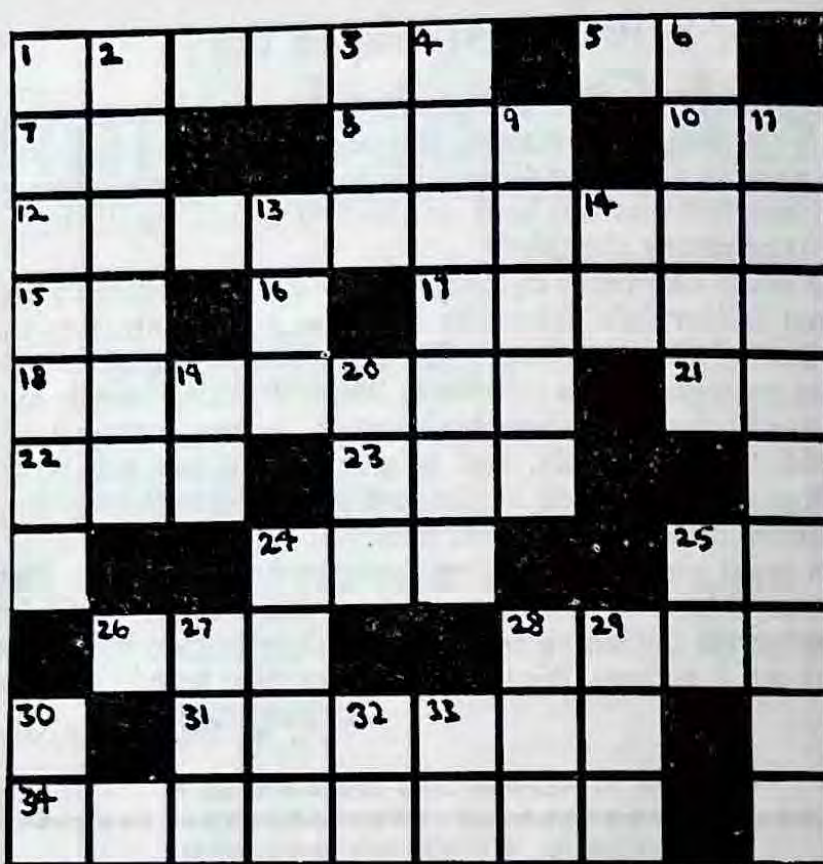
The snow falls from the sky above,
Which most of the small children love,
It covers the earth with such a bright white
Making the ground look gay and bright.

The snow comes down on Christmas Eve.
That means that Santa Claus must leave,
Toys, Games, Teddy Bears,
Miniature Cars and Model Fairs.

After the snow has vanished from the ground,
You can see again for miles around
The bright green grass of the country side
And people going for a gay spring ride.

Winter has gone for another year again
And now it is time for it to rain.
But how much I miss that wonderful sight
Of the Christmas snow which lay there gay and bright.

DERRICK C. DAVIES, 3.B



There will be a prize of a year's subscription to *The Silurian* for anyone who completes the crossword.

ACROSS

1. Usually foreign.
5. American soldier.
7. Intelligence
8. French name
10. Therefore.
12. Bounces with health.
15. Mr. Morris's sphere.
16. Indefinite article.
17. Sorcery.
18. One word for another.
21.Lawrence.
22. Chinese herring.
23. Tariq and Mohammed.
24. North Sea Variety?
25. German Secret Agent.
26. Deputy on the Arts' side.
28. Cut short.
30. Ego.
31. English—off the cuff
34. This is it !

DOWN.

1. 6th-form Common Room?
2. Of horses.
3. Singular.
4. Perpendicular to tangents.
5. Acceleration due to gravity.
6. I remarked that.....(2 words)
9. Beach in America.
10. Thursday morning melee.
13. Some kind of joke
14. Baby's horse.
19. "In the year of our Lord."
20. Egyptian Sun God+A.
24. Opposite of "pretty mixed up"
25. New units.
27. Assistant Scout Leader.
28. Miss World '69.
29. Welshman
30. Exists
32. In the reign of Elizabeth.
33. Backwards, that is.

PENLAN Y.F.C. REPORT 1970-71

Club Leaders: Dr. W. Ll. Williams and Mr. I. Bowen

Chairman: Malcolm Proud Vice-Chairman: Anthony Jones

Treasurer: David Prytherch Secretary: Gareth Griffiths

THE Club has enjoyed yet another successful year with a continuation of the increase in membership experienced in recent years. This increase is reflected in the success of teams entered in county competitions and this year Penlan Y.F.C. are the proud winners of the County Quiz and Under 17 Reading trophies while finishing a close third in the Under 14 Reading competition. The Annual Rally which is held this year in Libanus is eagerly awaited with clubs' sights set on winning the "School Clubs" Cup in this the final year of Penlan "Boys" Y.F.C.

The Club's activities include the construction and distribution of fifteen bird nesting boxes in addition to the meetings held in the Biology lab. Members are indebted to Dr. W. Ll. Williams for his foresight and authority in leadership and also to Mr. Bowen whose presence in meetings this year has been obviously missed.

It is hoped that in the Comprehensive School an amalgamation of Aberhonddu and Penlan Y.F.C.'s will produce a strong united and successful Club playing an active role in County Competitions in the spirit set by Penlan Y.F.C. since its formation in 1958.



SOUNDS AND EMOTIONS

The clear, cool, mountain water,
Rumbling and tumbling down myriads of miles,
Laughing down rocks like a schoolgirl,
Silently mellowing into pools, like an old man,
Sparkling and shining in the dancing sun,
Grey, reflecting the hurrying clouds.

From mountainous passages
To low meadow fields
Twisting and turning, limping and dying
Into the sea which opens its arms
And accepts the gift from the springs,
Swelling its pride and its conscience.

Kissed by moonbeams, chased by sunbeams,
Gurgling and laughingly playing,
Caressing a part of nature.
Swelling so sudden like a tormented beast,
Then steaming its way to the sun,
The clear, cool, mountain water.

R. A. MELLORS, U.6.ARTS

THE GERMAN EDUCATION SYSTEM

FOR THE past eight months I have been in this Grammar School as a German assistant and I have had the opportunity to associate with the pupils and with the members of staff. That has been of great value to me since I have learned a great deal about classroom teaching and about the British school system.

I have been asked to make a contribution to this edition of *The Silurian*. I would like to give a brief report about the present school and university system of the Federal Republic of Germany (B.R.D.).

Every child in the B.R.D. has to attend school for at least nine years. On an average a child enters the Grundschule at the age of six and will stay for four years. After that period the child's parents have to decide to which of the three types of secondary school they want to send their son or daughter to, viz.:

- (a) The Hauptschule from 10 to 15, mixed.
- (b) The Realschule from 10 to 16, mixed.
- (c) The Gymnasium from 10 to 19, mixed.

At the end of their six-year course in the Realschule the pupils sit a week of examinations the standard of which may be compared with the G.C.E. O-level.

At the end of their nine years of secondary education students of a Gymnasium have to pass a comprehensive examination, both written and oral, called the Abitur.

Everyone who wants to go to a university in the B.R.D. must have passed the Abitur. Having done so, a student can apply for a place in any university of the country. Apart from certain subjects like Medicine and Mathematics, a university cannot limit the number of students who want to attend a particular course. This has, in many universities, led to a very unpleasant and unsatisfactory situation for the students and their teachers. There are instances of lectures being held in front of 1,000 students!

Now I want to point out some of the most urgent problems in education which have still to be solved in the B.R.D.

- (1) It will be remembered that children in the B.R.D. enter school only at the age of six. Many parents, teachers and scientists say that children should attend Infant Schools from the age of four, but at present there is only a very limited number of experiments going on in this field.
- (2) In the B.R.D. there are three types of secondary school, with different standards. Once a child has been sent to the Realschule it is very difficult for that boy or girl to switch over to the Gymnasium even if he or she turns out to be very brilliant. One way to overcome this situation is to form Gesamtschulen (Comprehensive Schools). Gesamtschulen have been established in West Berlin but elsewhere in the country you will find them outnumbered by the traditional schools.

- Those of you who will return to School after the summer holidays will find yourselves in a Comprehensive School. May you find School life as enjoyable in the Comprehensive School as you will certainly have found it in the Grammar School.

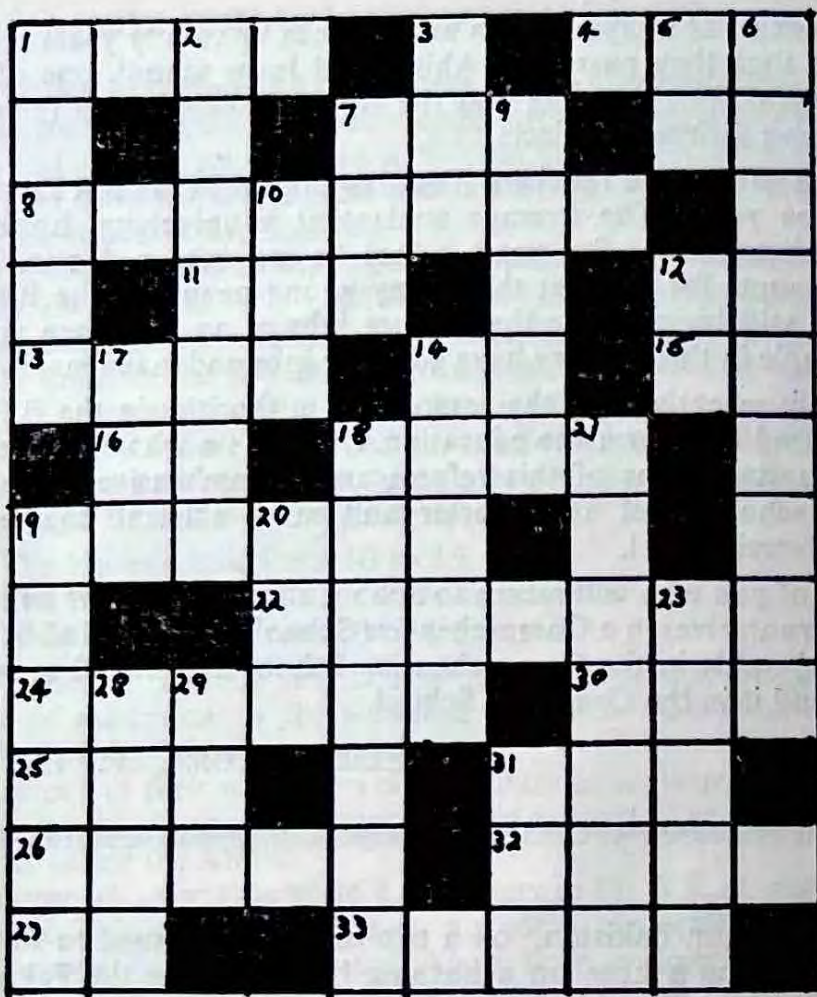
[illegible]

Some minutes later a car rushed on to the scene and a fire brigade Superintendant leapt out. He glared at the Pakistani and barked "And where the devil are you from?"

"Begorra that's quick," said the Super. "the boys from Ballynafeigh aren't here yet!"

"It does not," stated the customer seating himself in the chair. "It needs cutting nicely. You cut it badly last time."

Small Boy: "Yes sir—but I don't live here."



ACROSS

1. Group of three.
4. Plan of country.
7. Engineering Union.
8. Hard, fine-grained wood.
11. Tail-less monkey.
12. Elvis's subject ?
13. What is owed.
14. Mountain
15. Breconshire may lose it.
16. Women's Institute.
18. Marsh plant.
19. 1 of 26.
22. Deaf without this.
24. Lemonade and beer.
25. Vaughan's captain.
26. Makes you cry.
27. North Dakota for short.
30. Usually made of tin.
31. Wales's colour.
32. Not new.
33. Yellow and blue.

DOWN.

1. Easily frightened.
2. To dwell in.
3. Lives in a pod.
5. Ante-meridian.
6. Z-Cars.
7. To grow old.
9. To join together.
10. To choose
14. Jolly
17. Lady sheep.
18. Large railway junction.
19. Not liked by schoolchildren.
20. 24 old.....new.
21. Bishop's district.
23. Not unladen.
28. One on each arm.
29. French for friend.
31. French for street.

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FRENCH RUGBY TRIP—EASTER 1971

AT 4.30 P.M. on Wednesday, 26th March, 1971, thirty-two boys, accompanied by Mr. Tony Wyatt, Mr. John Edwards and M. Philippe Lesellier, together with Mrs. Wyatt, set off on their trip to Paris. The trip to Southampton proved uneventful but soon revealed the bad travellers.

Fortunately, the crossing to Le Havre was smooth. Several members of the party tried (and a number succeeded in) spreading the good-will of the Welsh to other passengers on board. As the night progressed, many boys had found new friends and the strains of "Sospan Fach" and other songs traditionally attributed to the Welsh rugby fraternity could be heard over the noise of the ferry engines and the rowdy men at the bar. In the early hours, more boys fell asleep and a hush fell over the ship.

Towards six in the morning, half-opened eyes in half-awakened heads appeared, and the ship's cafeteria gradually filled up with the noise of croaky conversations and the tinkle of cups of strong coffee.

We docked smoothly and after going through the formalities of customs and passports we sped off towards Paris. During this trip through flat, uninteresting countryside most of the boys tried to get some sleep to fortify themselves for the day ahead.

Accompanied by much enthusiasm from the pupils, Paris was reached by midday. That afternoon a trip by coach around Paris was arranged, taking in all the main sights such as l'Arc de Triomphe, the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, Notre Dame Cathedral, the Sacre Coeur and Montmartre. After the evening meal in a cafe some 200 yards from the hotel some of the boys explored Paris and surprisingly found some new sights in the Rue Pigalle which the bus had not visited.

On the Friday morning, after the traditional French breakfast of rolls and coffee, we set off for Lycee Voltaire, against whom we were to play that afternoon. Here we found complete bedlam and apparently no discipline at all. After lunch at the School we watched an Anti-American demonstration in the middle of the road outside and also participated in an exchange of words with the inmates of the School who enjoyed throwing firecrackers.

At the Bois de Vincennes, on the outskirts of Paris, where we were to play our matches, the pitch resembled the top of a slag heap—it had virtually no grass on it.

Watched by a large crowd which had a peculiar desire to stand on the five-yard line, both teams played creditably-well against two improved French sides.

That night the boys again amused themselves, several of them finding themselves in an unusually-friendly discotheque. Most of us, however, went to cafes, although some went to the cinema. After our return to the hotel, the clerk played an involuntary game of tag with the boys before they went to bed.

Saturday morning was free and we were told to meet at the Place de la Republique at noon. That afternoon we went to see the Welsh—

French international at Stade Colombes. Wales won and it was a happy band who trooped out of the ground after a minor disagreement between Welsh and French supporters as to the shape of the tricolour.

All were up early for the return journey on Sunday. It was a beautiful day and the journey was thoroughly enjoyable. Many presents were bought on the boat and, surprisingly, we were not stopped by customs.

All of us who went on the trip should like to thank the School Governors and the Headmaster for allowing the trip to take place; Mr. Wyatt, Mr. Edwards and M. Lesellier for organising everything and Mrs. Wyatt for looking after the three teachers. Also a special mention must be made for Miss Harvey who helped do a lot of organising in the way of telephoning, etc. and without whose help the trip would not have taken place.

NIGEL WEALE, U.6.A

"Inspector, how long will the next bus be?"

"Thirty-two feet six inches, sir."

THOUGHTS OF A CHICKEN AT FULL-BACK

"Shove! Don't let them heel the ball-back."

Oh, they have, call themselves a pack!

The way they try to ruck is really worth a laugh,

Now the other side is passing to that massive outside-half. . .

Look here he comes; side-steps and body-swerves.

His long runs are getting on my nerves,

Now he's really got our boys in a fix;

Look out, here comes one of his big kicks.

Yes, here it comes; look at that ball climb,

It'll land behind me, near the 25 line;

Where are you winger? That ball's yours,

I suppose you'll leave it to me, of course;

Listen to the sound of those pounding feet,

As soon as you catch that ball, they'll flatten you, Pete!

And they're pretty nasty tacklers by all accounts,

Come on, if I try, I can get that bounce . . .

Yep, got it, and their forwards are chasing so fast,

That as I turn sharply, they charge on past.

Now I've no-one to pass to, Gawd, dunnit make you sick!

Their centre's getting close, so I'll really have to kick,

Oh blow, I've sliced, that's gone and done it.

"Sorry lads, I s'pose I should have run it."

P. YOUNGER, 5A

HASSLES

FORMING a band can be great but it isn't all plain sailing (Edward Heath take note). There are many difficulties to be overcome before you obtain any measure of success. Perhaps the most important of these is the initial financial outlay which can be extremely high these days. This outlay can be split up into the following divisions:

Amplification: This is the most expensive item. Ideally each instrument should be amplified separately but this involves an expensive outlay if you have a big band. With a separate amplifier for each instrument the distortion level is greatly reduced and the cleaner the sound the better the gig. These days more and more bands are putting their instruments through a P.A. system but for a small band you need only a few "mikes" for the vocals. A good balance is essential and you should have someone out in the audience checking the balance. This can make all the difference between a good gig and a bad gig. Good instruments (e.g. Fenders) need good equipment for them to sound any different from cheaper models (e.g. Rosetti Airstream III) so think seriously before purchasing your equipment.

Instruments: Buy the best instrument within your means even if it is second hand. If you are buying a guitar, try getting one with a curved fingerboard. This increases the speed and control over the instrument. (It must be pointed out, however, Ken Frazer has little control over his "Fender" Rosetti Airstream III). Experiment with different types of strings because everybody has different tastes. (Ken likes Fender "Rock 'n' Roll", James Beavan likes the cheapest, and Bob Mellors specialises in buying tow-ropes for his bass). This gives rise to assorted reproduction from the sound the Severn Bridge makes to high pitched dog-calls.

Gigs and Practice: Gigs are important financially and musically; experience is all important. Before you do gigs, however, you *must* practise, both together and individually, as often as you can. Practice makes perfect. Always try to improve on what you did before and when you can't get any better you'll be earning £2,000 a gig.

When playing a gig try to make your stage presentation interesting to the audience as well as listenable. Don't stand like a stone Guru (like James) and don't fool around so much you can't play properly (like Ken, who can't play properly most of the time) or just rock back and forth like you are going to sleep (like Bob), and, if you are vocalising, caress the mike and fall in love with it (like Turf—call him a "vocalist"?).

Play as many gigs as possible because it improves the group in every facet—you learn more from a gig than from a jam. Try to play as much original material as possible unless you are forced to play tunes that are known. If you need a lyricist apply to Bob

Mellors! . . . and if you need someone to adapt another group's song and give it a new twist (which he calls original) apply to Ken Frazer . . . !

An important thing in a gig is choice of material. If you are going to play heavy all night there'll be an exodus in the wrong direction. Try to vary your programme but don't play something because the audience or management wants you to (unless you are doing a Christmas party).

Timing and co-ordination are very important. If your bassist needs a metronome attached to his guitar sit him down in front of the drum (as long as the drummer can keep time and as long as you have a drummer). Co-ordination is essential for a good gig.

For bookings you want someone with a telephone, either in the band or a friend. "Managers are not needed"—Frank Zappa, as long as you are willing to ask around your friendly dancehall man. The best group is one that is together with no individual taking the limelight or taking on all the hassles. Everybody has to pull together and this is the only way your group will work.

When on the stage you should think guitar; think of how you can improve it, not think of how you are going to make it with that blonde in the hot pants. The creative mind must be active at all times (I take no part in the last statement—Bob).

Effects such as Wah-Wah, Fuzz, Psycho-lights etc., can be used but in moderation, not as gimmicks but as an integral part of the whole theme. If you want to do a "Hendrix" "Star Spangled Banner" then be prepared to ruin your speakers, amps and constitution.

Groupies, we have little knowledge of—Brecon is singularly lacking in these great servers of music. Any out of work groupies apply to . . .

We've tried to give you a comprehensive account of the trials and tribulations, and in doing so we have used words that may seem strange. For those people who cannot understand this jargon here is a glossary:

BAND	..	Elasticated wave lengths.
GROUPIE		Free entertainment for the entertainers.
GIG	..	Where the group shows off its talent.—Used to be called a dance—now you just stand around looking intelligent and/or stoned.
JAM	..	Sticky mess where no one knows what the next person is doing.
HASSLES..		Problems of the unmathematical kind.
P.A.	..	Public Address (who wants to dress the public?).
LYRICIST		One who makes a conglomeration of syllables, called a "song".
VOCALIST		Definitely not Turf.

R. A. MELLORS, U.6.A.
F. A. FRAZER, U.6.SC.

ATHLETICS

Master in Charge: Mr. Wyatt Captain: P. F. Keddle

SCHOOL SPORTS

THE last "School Sports" was blessed with superb weather and a high standard of competition, particularly between Vaughan and the eventual winners, Siddons. The Trophies were presented by the Mayoress of Brecon, Mrs. C. R. Rich, and by Mr. J. H. Williams, retiring Deputy Headmaster and announcer extraordinary at School and County meetings, as follows:

"Minor Cup": Vaughan; "G. Davies Cup": Siddons; "D. G. Powell Cup": Gam; "Staff Cup": Siddons and "L. Lewis and Dr. G. Price Cup": Siddons.

The winners of the Victor Ludorum awards of the Old Boys' Association were: N. Crocker (Minor), N. Price (Junior), P. Byrd (Intermediate) and P. F. Keddle (Senior).

New records were set by the following:

B. Jeffreys (100m. Hurdles, Inter.); D. H. Williams (400m., Senior); M. Whittingham (High Jump, Middle); C. J. Davies (Hammer, Junior); N. Price (100m., 200m., and 800m., Junior); Siddons (Junior Relay); Vaughan (Intermediate Relay) and Gam (Senior Relay).

COUNTY SPORTS

The last appearance of the School as such at this meeting did not yield a "grand slam", but the Middle and Senior Teams won their respective trophies and Maesydderwen pipped Brecon by a half point for the Aggregate Cup. Place points were gained in all but two events.

The most noteworthy performances were:

Lower Junior: D. P. Thomas Cricket Ball (2nd).

Junior: N. Price, 200m. (3rd); M. Wyatt, Pole Vault (1st); 800m. (3rd); N. Evans, High Jump (1st), 400m. (3rd); M. Guest, Javelin (1st).

Middle: K. Bowley, 200m. (3rd); P. Byrd, 400m. (2nd), Long jump (3rd); W. Jeanne, 800m. (3rd); B. Jeffreys, 100m. Hurdles (2nd); O. Morgan, 400m. Hurdles (1st); M. Whittingham, High Jump (3rd); D. Isaac, Pole Vault (2nd); W. Garnett, Discus (2nd) and J. Owens, Hammer (2nd).

Senior: G. Williams, 100m (3rd), 200m. (3rd); D. H. Williams, 400m (1st); P. F. Keddle, 800m (1st); High Jump (1st); Triple Jump (3rd); H. Rees, 1500m. (1st); R. Powell, 400m. Hurdles (2nd), Javelin (2nd); R. East, Steeplechase (2nd); I. A. D. Morris, Pole Vault (1st); G. Abell, Discus (2nd) and A. Turford, Hammer (3rd).

Selected for the Counties' Team for the National Sports at Haverfordwest were:

Junior: N. Evans, M. Wyatt and M. Guest.

Middle: O. Morgan.

Senior: D. H. Williams, P. F. Keddle, H. Rees and I. A. D. Morris.

School Colours in Athletics were awarded to:

D. H. Williams, P. Keddle, H. Rees, I. A. D. Morris, O. Morgan, R. Powell, R. East, G. Williams, P. Byrd, K. Bowley, W. Jeanne, B. Jeffreys, M. Whittingham, W. Garnett, D. Isaac, J. Owens and E. Thompson.

THE ROMANS MARCHED THIS WAY

Stand for a moment in the autumn slush;
Stand beside a road
Running straight and purposeful.
Watch the flow of modern traffic—
Here is speed and urgency
On this, the unending way of the road,
Look back,
Look two hundred years;
The slower pulsating beat of
The rhythmic drone of horses' hooves,
Mail and Stage coaches
That rattle along their way.
Look back further
Into the dim light;
We see pack horses, riders
And pilgrims on foot.
The Roman Army marched this way.
If you stand on a quiet night
You can almost hear
The rattle of chariot wheels
And the steady tramp
Of a Legion on the march.
You can see them march past—
Shadows in time—
You can see them march away
Away
Away into the all-engulfing dusk.

Inspector (examining a school at Salisbury): "Can anyone tell me what 'vowels' are?"

A boy put up his hand and answered "Vowls, zir? Vowls be chickens."

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FROM CONSTRUCTION TO DEMOLITION

(In seven easy paragraphs)

THE story you are about to hear is a strange one. It tells of disasters—natural and human—of great magnitude; it also tells of human endeavour and how man's will to survive is ultimately a force of great metaphysical verisimilitude, without parallel in the world of living things as we know it.

One upon a time, some people were playing on the sands near an estuary. They were making sand-castles. However, as the tide came in, it was discovered that, even though the water sometimes did not have enough time to actually reach the castles, the latter were caused to disintegrate into their component parts all the same. One of the people decided that this was probably the result of the incoming tide's permeating beneath the surface of the beach and so causing structural faults below the buildings: the people had made the mistake of not providing adequate foundations (a treaty on this topic in relation to modern living and the Housing Problem in Northern England will be found on p. 51). In future it was decided to build sand castles on the rocks.

To test this theory we must follow our control group to the S.E. face of Mount Everest. For three days they have suffered icy blizzards with a maximum temperature of -12° C. Their only comfort is the fact that tomorrow's weather forecast for the area is "fine with blustery showers." Perhaps they will now have an opportunity to experiment with the 20 tons of crude sand they have lugged up with them from the estuary.

Meanwhile, back in Britain, educationalists estimate that if a child is brought up to sleep, suspended by his knee-joints from the boughs of suitable trees in the vicinity, the habit might prove of inestimable value in later life, (should the specimen ever find himself with no sleeping accommodation but a convenient nearby tree to provide alternative comfort). So far experiments have been effected on three primary school children in the Dollis Hill area of North London: one has contracted double pneumonia but the other two are reported to be doing well.

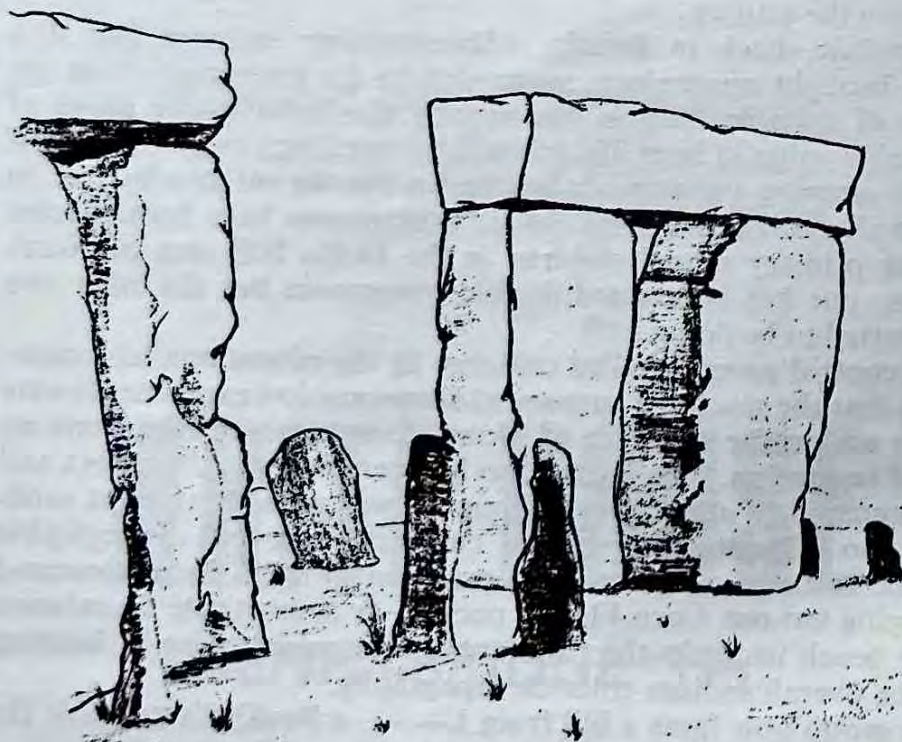
Our control group levelled criticism at the educationalists, maintaining that the results of suspended-sleep-position experiments were of little use on the S.E. face of Mount Everest where there were no signs of vegetation. They themselves had persevered in their work and were prepared to admit that although it was possible to erect sand-castles on Mount Everest, the end-result proved of negligible aesthetic value as a result of the prevailing winds. They advocated employing cut-out Corn-Flakes packets as a substitute foundation on the beach instead—the resultant effect seemed more in keeping with the overall sodium chloride topography.

The group now faces a bill from L——s Parish Council for the removal of twenty tons of sand from the council-house estate.

Battling on in the face of such financial difficulties, the group

does a deal with the educationalists and is swollen by the addition of the two Dollis Hill primary school children to their research party. The next job to be dealt with was the demolition of a recently-built Sound Block, which had reared its ugly head over the primitive inhabitants of Aberllysyl thanks to the misguided policies of a Communist-infiltration Select Committee. Matters had been made appreciably worse of late by the fact that 23 per cent of the total population within a two-mile radius of the S.B. had been rendered totally deaf and thus unusable. Any approach to the S.B. was rendered practically lethal as the excruciating decibels could scarce be tolerated outside a 1,000 yard area. After much serious debate it was resolved that the only sure way of ending the audio terror was to annihilate the Master-Ears, who slithered a slimy existence inside the heart of the Sound. Here, the Dollis Hill guinea-pigs came into their own. They found it comparatively easy to worm their way into distasteful friendship with the ever-scheming M.E. and, wearing suitable protective plugs, were admitted to the building carrying two lethal explosives inside some pre-fabricated sand-castles — they were prepared to sacrifice themselves for the benefit of Aberllysyl and its people (they weren't much use anyway as they could only sleep upside-down). Two minutes after their entrance to the S.B. an agonising wave of sound seared the void. M.E. and his S.B. were broken.

Yet one more shattering success for the Group's activities. It now intends going into the export business. Anyone want to buy a Japanese inflatable plastic igloo?



Is Stonehenge an anachronism?

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A MUSICAL MEMORY

ENTHUSIASTICALLY everybody clapped as the balding gentleman in the light grey suit made his way to the microphone. Surely this quavering specimen was not the conductor? Alas, no, it was the welcoming speech that was delivered from between his lips, this being read from a shaking piece of paper, folded many times. Introductions and the welcome completed, a very large gentleman proceeded to make his way through the orchestra to the rostrum. Where was the celebrated Andre Previn? All was soon revealed by this rotund substitute conductor, Mr. Arthur Davison, who explained that Mr. Previn was suffering from a slipped disc; no details were given as to how this occurred. Could Mia or the twins possibly be to blame?

The famous London Symphony Orchestra began with Walton's "Fanfare" (with which the medieval announcement of royalty entering the camp or an arrow separating two cider bottles on a cask sprang to mind), following which everyone, including the orchestra, stood for the rendition of "Mae Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau" and "God Save the Queen".

For many the event constituted their first glimpse of a full symphony orchestra and several were surprised to see just how much artists put into their work. The strange antics of a certain cellist; the insane glint in the performers' eyes as they were carried away by the piece they were playing; and the continual breaking of bow-strings by the first violinist (he must use a bow a concert!) all added to the atmosphere created.

Between each of the works Mr. Davison informed the audience of the composer and gave a precis of the content of the piece about to be performed. Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture was beautifully delivered with the leader of the orchestra, Mr. John Georgiadis, sawing his violin so violently at times that his bow frequently moulted a shower of silvery strands which were snatched away at the earliest possible instant by this very able and brilliant performer. Symphony No. 29 in A, by Mozart followed, then the very spirited storm sequence from Britten's opera "Peter Grimes".

When one is sitting in the hall, concert music adopts an entirely different guise from the living room radio or record player. Even if the latter is a stereo machine one cannot experience the depth of sound experienced with a live performance by an orchestra.

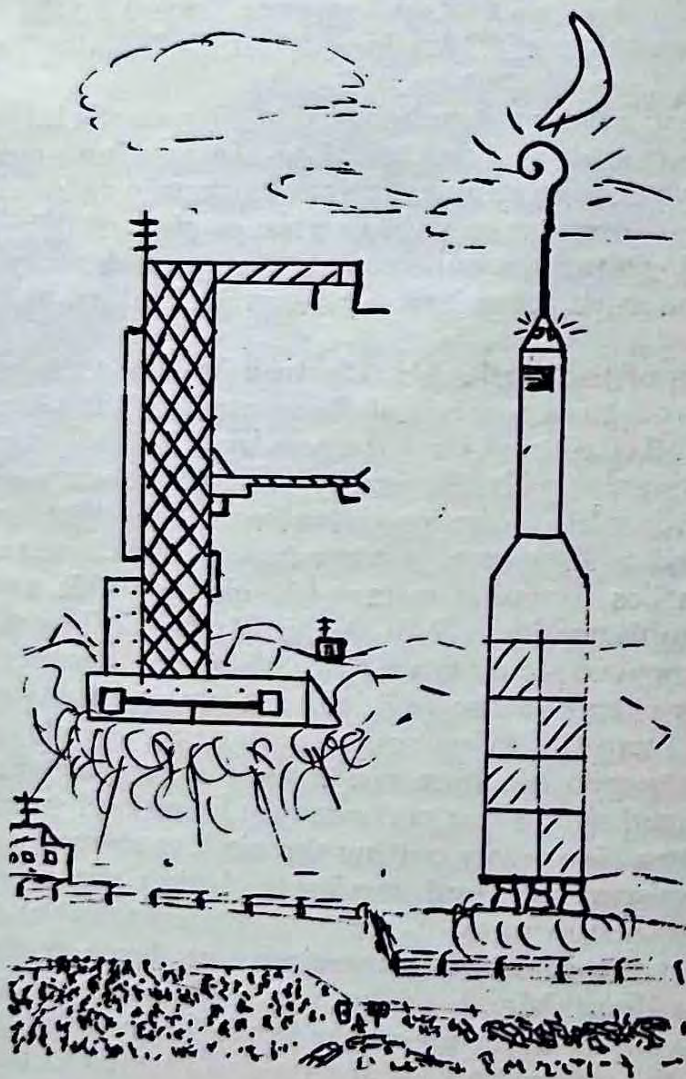
With his baton vigorously cutting the air just above the violinist's head, Mr. Davison perspired profusely during the more spirited works, his head acquiring a reflective sheen towards the end of the concert. Amidst the genuinely-appreciative applause at the end, the by-this-time brilliant Mr. Davison made his exit, to return after several seconds much dryer about the head. Yet another encore was to follow with the orchestra bobbing up and down and much hand-shaking between leader and conductor, the latter of whom kept turning up like the proverbial bad penny.

On reflection it seemed a little disappointing that we had not been graced with the presence of the famous Mr. Previn. However, we *had* seen and heard the much-travelled L.S.O., an experience many from the School did not attempt to take the opportunity to gain, but which, for these of us who did go, will remain an unforgettable experience.

ANTHONY JONES
KEITH HOWELLS, U.6.Sc.

"Police are looking for a man with one eye called Murphy."
"What's the other eye called?"

"There's a man outside with a nasty look on his face."
"Tell him you've got one already."



5 - 4 - 3 - 2 - 1 Blast Off !

STRANGERS IN SPACE

NUCLEAR WAR! The threat hung (menacingly) over the world. The earth's two biggest nations, America and Russia were throwing bitter accusations at each other. Each had lost space-ships and each had blamed the other: now when all radio contact with America's latest space station had been severed, the whole world tottered on the brink of disaster.

In London, the Prime Minister tried desperately to avert the coming onslaught: the peace talks he had so hastily arranged were making matters worse instead of better.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, please, order!" cried the Prime Minister. "I suggest that we send up a rocket to investigate the space station."

"Whose rocket, though?" queried the American diplomat.

"Ours," said the Prime Minister, "While you two countries were sending up rocket after rocket of the same design, we British developed a space ship which is, if you will permit my saying so, far better than any of yours." The Russian grunted in disagreement, but, as if in answer to him, the Prime Minister signalled to Flight Commander Peter Forest to take a piece of material off a glass box. Peter did so, and revealed a shiny model of a spaceship "H.M.S.S." (Her Majesty's Space Ship) "*Dove*. Flight Commander Forest will answer all your questions," said the Prime Minister. "I shall leave you to their mercy now," said he to Peter and left the room.

For the next threequarters of an hour Peter was bombarded with questions. Finally, the diplomats were satisfied and gave the O.K. for blast off.

"On one condition," said the Russian diplomat, "that one of the crew members is Russian."

"Well, in that case, the second crew member must be American, otherwise, no deal", said the American sharply.

"All right one Russian, one American and one Briton," said Peter, "but I insist that I be the Commander." To this, the two nations in question agreed, and eventually the crew was formed. One Russian, Serge Nevsky, one American, Al Dean, and one Briton, Commander Peter Forest.

TEN-NINE-EIGHT . . . the crew were all ready to go, the final seconds were ticking away . . . THREE-TWO-ONE! Blast-Off.

The crew could hardly keep conscious as the tremendous force of gravity overtook them, as they neared escape velocity; finally they were free of the Earth's gravitational field and they were floating—weightless—in space.

As they had to go almost all the way to Mars, Pete, Al and Serge were instructed to refill their nuclear reactor with cadium at the International Space Refuelling Station 28. This they did, and with full power, they set course for the space station.

At first sight everything appeared normal, but, as always, they

took with them their 'Shnaedr' Ray guns. Pete and Serge were going to investigate but as Al was so keen to go, they all went.

As soon as they got inside they knew something was wrong. There was no sound of the air-purifying plant—audible throughout the station. Then as soon as they entered the space-suit bunk, a ghastly sight met their eyes. Out of the heap of space suits, gleamed a human skeleton hand. Similar sights met their eyes in other rooms.

Then as they entered another one a host of faces met them. These people wore space suits, but everyone, without exception, had interior lighting in it. Al took a step toward them, but then he saw a ray-gun being levelled at him, and the trio swiftly darted out of the room. The ray hit the steel-plating in the fast-closing door and slivers of metal sprayed off the door into the room. Pete and Co, meanwhile were darting down the corridor as fast as their cumbersome space-suit would allow them. After what seemed half a mile of corridors later they stopped in a doorway. Soon some metal disintegrated off the wall beside them and not many yards away stood the strangers.

Not one of the pals had heard any footsteps. Serge fired at the leader with a ray-gun but the ray went straight through him or shall we say *it*, and didn't harm it at all. The trio decided to make themselves scarce, and darted. They ran round the station looking for a hiding place. The air-purifying plant was eventually chosen and there they held a council of war. Al complained of a headache, Pete said it was because of the light, somehow it seemed different from ordinary light, then Serge stumbled upon the answer.

"I've got it" he cried, "the light casts no shadows." It dawned on them that when they were in the doorway they had seen no shadows of the enemy. Furthermore, it was the same type of light that was in the space-suits of the enemy. Suddenly Pete came up with an idea.

"Look, none of them is without that light, and why did they have to change the lighting system! It must be their source of life! Let's seek out the source and destroy it!" The others greeted this with hearty approval. Then they all lapsed into thoughts of how the light could be stopped.

"Hey, listen!" shouted Pete and they all could hear the faint but steady hum of machinery. It was nothing to do with the air-purifying plant because that was clearly completely destroyed, but after a brief search, the crew found the machine. It was clearly temporary and only big enough to be the light generator. The crew smashed it with any piece of metal, or other weapon they could find. When they got outside, they could see how lucky they had been. The strangers were outside the door, but all on the floor—lifeless. Their lighting had failed them, and not a moment too soon.

"There!" said the Prime Minister, after signing a lengthy report. "Now gentlemen," he said to the diplomats, "you can see who was behind the trouble all the time. We can say that the space station was annihilated by," he paused and then added "by some—strangers from space."

JOHN HOPKINS, 2.B

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OBSERVATIONS

IF YOU were the most wanted man in the world, what would you do? The most logical and quite natural answer is to hide. A dramatic image immediately springs to mind. The fugitive, hidden in a lonely retreat, miles from anywhere, eating cold meals from tins in a ramshackle cottage. So much for fugitives. You must consider them very tedious company (the anti-social sort are all the same) and return to the subject of this observation—"building houses without foundations in very sandy places". Impossible! you may think, but consider first the latest innovations by Prof. Horace Orgasm, B.Sc., who has spontaneously and scientifically devised an efficient method:

- (1) A very sandy place must be found.
- (2) A building firm contracted to provide useful labour.
- (3) A large pre-fabricated house must be driven to the site.
- (4) A large, very powerful hovercraft engine should be fitted to underneath of the house.
- (5) The above-mentioned provides a sufficient amount of air to lift the house off the treacherous sand.

"Which" magazine reviewed this revolutionary building technique, sending the very beautiful Felicity Purgewater to spend one week in the building. (The glamorous 22-year old Miss Purgewater was recently married to the multi-millionaire Strawberry-grower, Mr. Angus Nose, and they are now living happily in a very select area in Merthyr. We include her report:

"I arrived at the house during the morning, Prof. Orgasm having provided me with the key and necessary provisions (to my surprise these included a large cot, 14 lbs. of Asparagus Tips, and 10 Turkish cigarettes.) The house provides one with a somewhat alarming picture. Powerful engines whip up the sand into blinding clouds and if it had not been for my goggles and special clothing provided I would have been at a loss. Before climbing the steps to the house, my poodle, affectionately called "Sandy," was sucked into the powerful motors and sliced into many hundred pieces. The house itself was immensely comfortable, affording every possible modern convenience: The house rotates quietly and slowly but people of a poor nervous condition should not be encouraged to dwell here because of the following disadvantages:

- (a) The very sudden high pitched sounds emitted by the powerful engines beneath the house at infrequent intervals.
- (b) The whistling sandstorm outside does not provide a panoramic view and would worry people with claustrophobia.
- (c) The large 3 ft. sq. holes (six in all) scattered about the house (two in the bathroom) would cause the less sprightly, in particular the elderly, to be sucked through the walls into the powerful engines."

Thank you Felicity! Could this be the important break-through that the housing minister has been waiting for? Could this solve Britain's chaotic housing problem? Could we see huge blocks of flats in the greater London "very sandy areas?" The powerful engines enable the houses to be taken wherever needed. So could we see quietly rotating flats and houses crossing Britain, or crossing, whole continents to the poorer areas of this world? We can but wait.

ANTHONY WOODCOCK

THE ASTRONAUT.

To the moon he will go,
Like an arrow from a bow.
Do not worry about him now,
He can cope and he knows how.

This is the greatest challenge of all,
Oh! The man looks so small.
Quite a small step for man, in my mind,
This is a large one for all mankind.

See him digging at the ground—
There could be minerals to be found.
Bring that rock back if you please,
Even if it's only cheese.

Now he returns in his moon bug;
He can sleep, nice and snug.
Will he land in the sea?
Or will there be a Catastrophe?

Oh, he has landed! What a thrill!
Now he goes through his drill,
Disinfection and quarantine,
For three whole weeks he won't be seen.

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STAFF CHANGES, 1971

THIS year there have been hardly any Staff changes. The major change was the appointment of Mr. Vernon Davies, from St. Paul's School, Cheltenham, as head of workwork and metalwork department in place of Mr. Len Moses who retired at the end of the Summer Term 1970. Mr. Davies, who is an old boy of the School, has settled in very well and has played an active part in the work of the School this year. His qualities as a teacher were exemplified by the standard of work practised by his pupils, which made a valuable contribution to the School exhibition on Prize Day. A French and a German student arrived at the beginning of the year to assist the teaching of their native languages. Both Herr Dreuer and Mon P. Lesellier have been well accepted by both pupils and Staff and I am sure that everybody who has been taught by them will be sorry to see them leave at the end of this term.

Also, in February, Mr. M. Proud, an old boy of the School, was appointed to the invaluable position of laboratory assistant.

LLANFAIR P.G.

(With apologies to our Friends across the Atlantic)

A FEW facts about our famous Welsh station have been brought to my attention, and only now, after careful scrutiny, these facts are to be published in a magazine which is increasing in its popularity. (With my grandad the number of readers will be swollen to a record breaking 9!)

Llanfair P.G. (I shall have to have a word with the publishers for not publishing the name in full, lazy people! These abbreviations get on my nerves. Don't snigger Pearson!). . . As I was saying, Llanfair P.G. is, or was, a station used by British Rail and members of the public have been informed that it was closed down by British Rail because it didn't pay its way. Don't believe a word of it. All that's left of the station is the twenty yard long signpost, and some of the letters off that are missing. The rest, lock, stock and barrel has disappeared over the years in the pockets of men wearing ten gallon hats and Japanese cameras hanging round their necks. No offence to any such readers, but if there are no American tourist readers, disregard the first part of this sentence. Tickets from the station were no less than six inches long and there are usually groups of children (highly ingenious locals) charging tuppence ha'penny to tourists from across the Atlantic for recitals of the fifty-eight letter words "How cute," said one gentleman in sunglasses, pressing a lump of chewing gum into the hands of the sniggering children. At this juncture I would advise any members of the military to take note. This multisyllabic barriage can be used against any enemy speaking a foreign language, English included, for the sound of the name of the station (or what's left of it) being blurted out in 2½ seconds flat

causes acute brain damage and the unfortunate listener immediately reels in a faint from which he will be lucky to recover. This phenomenon has been proved on numerous occasions by Welsh tourists in European countries and was the chief reason for our magnificent team's victories this season. Some of our opponents are still in a trance.

In recent weeks people have been rather worried at the way tourists in the immediate vicinity of the signpost have been staggering around sweating profusely, and on the verge of collapse. They realise the cause, however, when they see Ted's souvenir shop which sells lettered rock of Llanfair P.G. at 5p a kilo—that's the weight of one stick of rock. The tourist on average buys 6.389 sticks, according to statistics, hence the agony in carrying it home. The shop is owned by a certain member of Parliament who likes to wear a sailor's cap and play with little sailing boats in his bath. The trade is booming and this is how Britain's economy will soon be on the mend, according to the notice board in the blue and white striped shop. Finally, you dear reader, are informed that this information is costing you. Now you know why you had to pay your house-subs. Contributions from military sources should be sent to:

THE SILURIAN OFFICES,
384, MILTON AVENUE,
BOMBAY 316.

ARTHUR JACKSON

Four men met in the bar of a pub. See if you can sort them out and answer the questions at the foot of the clues.

Mr. Gibson is a hairdresser.

The Engineer ordered a rum.

The Farmer has a green suit.

The man in the navy suit ordered a whisky.

Mr. Barton lives in Bridgford.

Mr. Harris has a grey suit.

The Man in the green suit comes from Sherwood.

The Hairdresser comes from Carlton.

The Company Director has a navy suit.

The man in the brown suit ordered a port.

The name of one of the men is the same as the name of his occupation.

- Questions:*
1. Which man lives in Mapperley?
 2. Which man ordered the beer?

Answer below

Answers:

1. Mr. Harris comes from Mapperley
2. Mr. Farmer ordered the beer.

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AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT—
THE FINAL EPISODE OF

“THE BAND OF YIPPSIES”

ONCE upon a time, a long, long time ago, Ken Kinsey, a band of Yippsies, and a yellow-striped bus were travelling down Highway 144, North Carolina, when, suddenly, above the pop-filled din they heard the rasp of a police siren. Ken Kinsey, thinking quickly, ejected all the grass out of the window. However, Ratstails, who was completely zonked, was driving this dilapidated automobile and consequently, being in such a state, he decided to turn up the freeway. The pigs gave chase and owing to their twin-cam Chevrolet they soon overhauled the speeding bus and forced it to a halt.

The cops, who had two labradors with them, rounded up the family and inspected the vehicle. Unfortunately, they found fourteen joints wrapped up in silver paper under the seat of the chemical toilet. At this point 161 Hell's Angels burst on the scene on their 1,000 c.c. Harley Davidson choppers. Because they knew this band of Yippsies, they immediately smashed up the pigs' faces and also the radio-car and knifed their labradors.

After that the Hell's Angels formed a guard for the yellow-striped 1951 Oldsmobile Omnibus. Ratstails sped on to the next town where they took part in an Acid Test.

The Dead arrived and started heavy vibes going. Ken realized that it was time to put the acid into the Kool-aid so that everybody could share in the traumatic experience and set the whole world alight. After all in the room had got completely stoned the Dead packed up and left the crowded, acid-filled atmosphere.

The cops, having just learnt of the goings-on, decided to step in and bust up the scene. Ken and his band decided it was time to make their getaway and with six groupies, who would spend the early hours of the morning with them, they embarked on a further trip. Because of the state they were in they did not realize that one of their band was missing.

However, they could not wait around for him so Ratstails engaged gear and in a shower of sparks they rocketed away to a new asteroid.

Whilst they were travelling through South Georgia they all got high on pot. Ratstails took a particularly large joint and whilst speeding down a one-in-nine gradient he realized through the misty echelons of his befuddled mind that he would never get around the next corner in time.

The yellow-striped bus plunged into the unknown depths of the fiery, Georgian ravine and burst into day-glo flames. Thus this merry band of Yippsies, who had often frightened the square world were at last dispersed.

Written by STEPHEN MORRIS, U.6.ARTS, with a little help from the ram and the Woolfe.

A COUNTRY WALK

IT WAS a beautiful winter's morning. The whole world slept under a snowy white blanket, that reflected the warm comfort of the sun as if it were a golden lake rather than snow. Overhead, the hungry birds glided down like butterflies to the bread and seed that I had put out for them.

I decided this was just the right sort of crisp, fresh, frosty morning for a walk in the country. So, I set off down the road that was as winding and slippery, as an evil snake. There was a gate at the bottom of this hill, and as I entered a whole family of wild rabbits disappeared down a honeycomb of warrens, their white tails looking just like ladies' powder-puffs. As I walked alongside a bubbling mountain brook, a raucous jay flapped clumsily into a nearby wood, squawking his defiance, while a squirrel, awake from his long, long hibernation, searched frantically for the nuts and acorns he had buried so carelessly the previous autumn.

After a while I decided to cross the stream and return home on the other side. Eventually I came to an old ford and decided to wade across here. As I reached the middle a sudden flash of brilliant blue and turquoise flashed passed me at an incredible speed. It was that feathered angler, the kingfisher. Further downstream, I tiptoed past another angler, again not human. A heron stood crouched in the middle of the brook, and two beady, but hungry eyes scanned the cold water. After a while I reached my home, after a very enjoyable walk in the winter countryside of Breconshire

MICHAEL WRIGHT, 2A

At a meeting to discuss the route of a proposed ring road, the highways committee chairman said: "We intend to take the road through the cemetery, provided we can get permission from the various bodies concerned."

NON-SMOKER

FIT, he strides the mountain edge,
Whilst far below, much-laboured breath
Is hard drawn, through smoke-crustured lungs.
There struggles one who does not know
What it can be, to see
Across hard tramping snow,
The Sun, above, yet down beneath
The squalor of the Vale of Neath.

MILES NEWMAN, 4.A

H. W. & B. E. MOGG

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AN ENCOUNTER

"Will you get the thing I have asked for?" the blob of protoplasm from outer space enquired in perfect English.

"You must admit it's a strange request," I replied. "Just what are you going to do with it?"

"You realise, foolish earth-man, that inter-planetary travel is impossible without speeds either equal to or greater than that of light. The starship in which I arrived can reach these high speeds but only with the object I have asked you for. Now, I plead with you to get it for me."

"All right, but I still don't think it will work, but I will get it," was my reply.

It was fifteen minutes before I returned.

"Where have you been?" asked the alien, sweat pouring down his face, which was like a sieve with little holes all over it. I handed it to him.

"My mother wanted to know what I needed it for, so I made up an excuse and ran out of the house."

"Yes, it will fit nicely, so good-bye and thank you."

These words were muffled as I was moving back from the space-ship as he went inside. All sound seemed to be cut off as his machine lifted off the ground; no motors could be heard, and then a sudden flash across the sky. Other people saw it too, but thought nothing of it. I knew, however, that it was the alien going across the sky in a space-ship with power coming from the sixty-watt bulb from my mother's kitchen.

PETER JONES, 3.A

NOTIFICATION

People
Who walk
Off pavements without
Looking, are cooking
Their own
Goose.

NEWPORT COUNTY JOKES

County fan rang club and asked, "What time was the kick off?"
Reply—"How soon can you get here?"

Newport County has the safest ground in the whole of the Football League—One crash barrier to every spectator.

Yesterday Newport County tried out new tactical moves against eleven strategically placed oil drums. The result after extra time was a 0-0 draw.

Two yokels who had never seen golf played before were watching a fat, unskilled player at work in a bunker. The sand flew in all directions, but not until the player had taken eight strokes was the ball lobbed up onto the green, where it rolled gently to the pin and settled in the hole.

"By gum, lad" said one yokel "he's got a devil of a job on now."

Waiter: "How did you find your steak, Sir?"

Diner: "A fly found it for me but I managed to stop him flying off with it just in time."

PEACE

A mystic vapour, dull and sluggish,
The after-dream of the opium reveller,
The bitter lapse into everyday life.
A hideous dropping of the veil,
Then nakedness realised, in dreariness of thoughts.
No goading of imagination,
A mystery all insoluble,
Perhaps a fourth dimension.
An unsatisfactory conclusion to life,
A nine to five horror,
And down the pub till closing time,
To perish in deplorable folly.
"Support the country," they say,
Like some bonded slave,
Dutiful destroyers of our Race,
Influenced by Heaven and Hell.
Surrounded by amplification of abstract effects,
A grim and artificial existence,
For ever,
In the city of the Sun.

Q. If you stuff a turkey with sausage meat what do you stuff a parrot with?

A. Pollyfilla.

"Do you serve crabs?"

"Take a seat sir. We serve anybody."

First Man: "I must inform you that in certain parts of Canada every third child speaks French."

Second Man: "It must be confusing for the parents."

OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

DURING the year the usual activities have been held.

The Annual Remembrance Day service was conducted by the Rev. Geraint Hughes and the Association's wreath was laid by Mr. H. Prosser-Roberts.

The 22ND Annual Dinner was held at the Wellington Hotel, on Friday, April 2nd, when the Guest Speaker was Mr. Caerwyn Roderick, M.P., a former member of the Staff.

The 6TH Annual Golf Championship was held at Buith in September. The winner this year was Gareth Williams (Talybont).



MR. DAVID HATTON

During the year the Association asked the Education Committee for representation on the School Governors. This request was again rejected by the L.E.A.

The School is to become part of a comprehensive school in September. At the A.G.M. the members present passed a resolution that "The Association continue as at present and that the situation be reviewed annually". Members felt that it was not up to our Association to suggest a new association, but that this request should come from the new school.

This will be the last Magazine that you will receive. If enough members send information concerning marriages, births, degrees, positions and promotions, etc., then it may be possible to send a circular concerning Old Boys' activities to members.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moses, twins.
Mr. and Mrs. R. Samuel, a son, Gareth Wyn.
Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Powell, a daughter, Simone.
Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Bastin, a daughter, Deborah.

MARRIAGE

Mr. Peter Ian Hudson and Patricia Ann Ballinger.
Mr. Timothy Evan Powell and Denise Kathleen Evans.
Mr. Norman John Gittoes and Christine Cokeley.
Mr. David Alan Thomas and Irene Holden.
Mr. Stephen Roderick and Barbara Imogen Hollingdale.
Mr. D. H. Price and Leslie June Pope.
Mr. Peter Evans and Gwynfa Mary Elizabeth Evans.
Mr. David Clegg and Louise Straughan.
Mr. David George Powell and Gail Parlane.
Mr. T. Gwyn Powell and Carol Davies.
Mr. Raymond John Jenkins and Joyce Frances Evans.
Mr. Andrew John Malham and Elizabeth Lorraine Phillips.
Mr. Keith Evans and Marilyn Price.
Mr. Robert L. Grant and Barbara June Jasper.
Mr. Andrew George Moy and Miss Maria Pescha.

CONGRATULATIONS

Phillip Malham—Senior Award as Musician of the Year in Brecon's Military Band in the form of the Borderers' Cup.
Mr. Eric W. Smith—Manager of National Westminster Bank at Barry Dock.
Mr. Roger Jinks on the award of The Civil Engineering Trust Scholarship.
Mr. David Morgan as National Savings District Commissioner.
Mr. Leonard S. Davies as Headmaster of Talgarth C.P. Junior and Infants School.
Rev. David James Wilkinson on being ordained priest.

There was a young fellow of Perth,
Who was born on the day of his birth,
He was married, they say,
On his wife's wedding day,
And he died when he quitted the earth.

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