

GRAIG SCHOOL MAGAZINE

THE GRAIG COMPRÉHENSIVE SCHOOL,
PWILL LLANEELL DYFED.

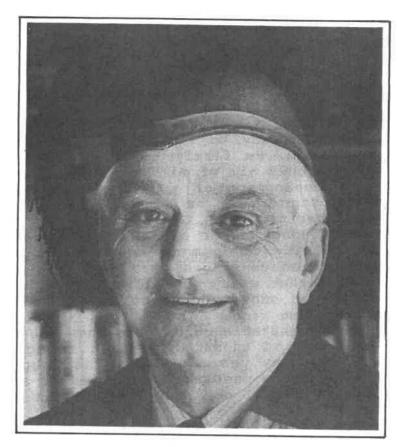


AT REST In Memory JUSTAN EDWARD And the second s

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GOODBYE, MISTER CHIPS



R. I. DENIS JONES, Esq., J.P., M.A., Dip.Ed., F.C.P., F.I.B.A.

At the end of the term, Mr Denis Jones retires from his post as Headmaster, thus ending an association with this school which stretches over many years: first as a pupil, then as a member of the teaching Staff and finally as headmaster of the school.

As an Old Boy of what he has always maintained to be one of the finest schools in the country, his appointment to be its Headmaster gave him the greatest pleasure possible, and we all know how well he has maintained the high reputation of the School, by always insisting on the highest standards in every sphere of activity.

Mr Jones graduated with First Class Honours in Welsh in Aberystwyth, and later gained the Degree of M.A. After a period of teaching in Ogmore, he came back to his old school, the Llanelli Boys' Grammar School to teach Welsh, and his drive and enthusiasm impressed everyone. His great love of Wales and the Welsh Language was communicated to his pupils with great success and he became deeply involved in the activities of the Urdd, both in and out of school.

Promotion came to Mr Jones when he was appointed Headmaster of Burry Port Secondary Modern School, and this was followed by his appointment to Stradey Modern School as Headmaster. After a period there, he was appointed Headmaster of the Queen Elizabeth Grammar School for Boys, Carmarthen, where he made a very great impression in the short time he was there. With the sad and sudden death of Mr.J.V.Harries in 1972, the post of Headmaster of his old school became vacant and he was appointed to take charge from September 1973.

From that date until now, he has given outstanding and dedicated service for which countless boys and girls have cause to be grateful. He has laboured tirelessly and conscientiously for the good of the School, never sparing himself in any way, always leading by example. He never asked anyone to do what he

himself would not do, - and that he did willingly.

Mr Jones is a man of strong views and is a deeply committed Christian who has always tried to instill his Christian principles in those under his care. A very strict disciplinarian, underneath that stern discipline he has always shown a deep compassion and feeling in all his dealings with his Staff and Pupils. He is always ready to listen and give advice to those wishing to consult him. He firmly believes that the pursuit of knowledge is not the only aim of education. Equally important, in his view, is the development of a person's character, based on the highest moral standards; on honesty and on integrity; on compassion and on charity.

Holidays to Mr Jones never signified the end of the term's work but the opportunity to do more work in the peace and quiet of his study. He never considers that the year's work is done until he has ensured that every pupil leaving school has gained a place in University or other source of Further Education or has

found employment of some kind.

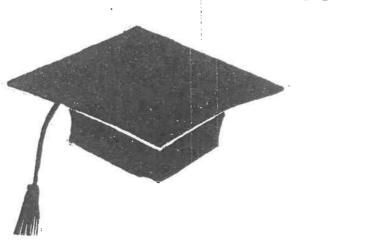
Mr Jones has a remarkable memory for the faces and names of his pupils - not only of those at present in school, but also those who have left many years before. Past pupils are often surprised, and pleased, on meeting Mr Jones after a long interval of time, that he can recall not only their names but also their school records.

As President of the Old Boys' Union and now the Former Pupils' Association, Mr Jones has been most assiduous in attending all meetings and functions, and has been foremost in keeping alive the link between the present and the past.

During the 17 years he has been at the helm, Mr Jones has proved himself to be an outstanding Headmaster, one who has won the respect, affection and admiration of Staff, pupils and parents.

He is a man of great dignity and integrity, imbued with compassion and humanity, whose high moral standards and wise guidance must have had a lasting effect on the pupils of this school over the many years during which he has been associated with it as a member of the teaching staff and as Headmaster. He has himself set a worthy example for others to follow and has striven with the utmost vigour to ensure the well-being of his beloved school and all those connected with it.

We wish him a long and happy retirement. May he be blessed with good health to enjoy his retirement for many years.



(D.A.T.)

THE WAY WE ARE

THE GRAIG COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL

Pwil, Llanelli, Dyfed, Wales.

SCHOOL GOVERNORS

Councillor S.C.James; Councillor H.S. Peregrine; Councillor G.J. Williams; Mr. Robert John; Mr. Peter Christopher; Mrs. Moira Keddie; Mr. Alistair Crawford; Mr.R.I. Denis Jones; Mr. Meirion Rees; Mr. Eric Lewis; Mr. E. Keith Samuel; Mr. Alun D. Lewis; Mrs. Diane Mansel-Thomas; Mr. Tudor Price; Mr. George Parker.

STAFF

Headmaster: Mr. R.I. Denis Jones
Deputy Headmaster: Mr. Dafydd L.Smith
Deputy Headteachers: Mr. Phillip Wrentmore; Ms. Jane Rosser
Senior Teachers: Mr. J. Penri Williams; Mr. John R. Ellis
Mr. Edward Ephgrave
School Bursar: Mr. David Webb

Mr. Adrian Davies; Mr. Brian Darby; Miss Colette Davies; Mrs. Caroline Burgess; Mr. Geoffrey Parker-Davies; Mrs. Anne Kormylo; Miss Sara Davies; Mrs. Frances Richardson; Mr. Mike Evans; Mrs. Linda Sidgwick; Mr. Anthony Harries; Mrs. Patricia Davies; Mrs. Elizabeth Hopkins; Mr. Barrie Harding; Mr. Eric Lewis; Mrs. Cecily Lloyd; Mrs. Irene Clarke; Dr. Terry James; Mr. Adrian Morgan; Mr. John M. Morgans; Mr. Keith Mitchell; Mr. Goronwy Owen; Mr. T. Wynne Owen; Mr. Wyn Oliver; Mr. Dennis Phillips; Mr. Alan Rees; Mrs. Angharad Rhydderch; Mrs. Delyth Reed; Mr. Meirion Rees; Mr. W. Noel Rees; Mr. T. Meyrick Richards; Mrs. Helen A. Smith; Mrs. Jean Thomas; Mr. Alun W. Williams; Mrs. Frances Williams; Mrs. Rosemary Williams; Mrs. Jackie A. Watson; Mr. Christopher Tubb; Mrs. Susan Leah; Mrs. Anne Priest; Miss Moira Evans; Mrs. Awen Evans; Mr. Dafydd Roberts; Mrs. Susan Palmer.

PREFECTS

Head Girl:-Clare Carpenter

Deputy Head Girls:-Delyth Evans Susan Roberts Head Boy:-Robert Stroud

Deputy Head Boys:-Gareth Fowler Adrian Gray Gareth Leyshon

Emma Chin; Lisa Christopher; Karen Cole; Kathryn Davies; Wendy Harries; Ruth Henwood; Clare Holland; Helen Howells; Emma Jones; Jacci Kent; Ann Pearce; Rachel Rees; Rebecca Roberts; Joanne Robinson; Julie Sheen; Abigail Tiencken; Angela Tyler; Marie Williams.

Curtis Allen; Christopher Bates; Neil Corner; Mark Davies; Rhydian Davies; Patrick Dunleavy; Gareth Emmanuel; Darren Evans; Wayne Evans; Jason Hiorns; Adrian Jenkins; Richard Jones; Wayne Jones; Andrew Keddie; James Lee; Mark Lewis; Richard Lewis; Peter Mainwaring; Vivian Morgan; Jeffery Newman; Scott Rehwald; Robert Williams.

School Administration Officer:

Mr. C. Keith Walters

Office Staff:

Mrs. Gwyneth Thomas, Mrs. Eira Jenkins, Mrs. Eiryl Williams, Mrs. Linda Corbett Mr. William Davies

Laboratory Technicians

Mr. Tony Chin, Mrs. Cheryl John

School Nurse

Mrs. Janice Davies

School Patrol Officer:

Mrs. L.A. Northeast

School Caretaker:

Mr. Charles Hopper

CANTERN

Mrs.Sandra Thomas, Mrs.Nalda Howells, Mrs.H.Kavanagh, Mrs.M.R.Williams, Mrs.B.Probert, Mrs.M.D.Lloyd, Mrs.J.Roberts, Mrs.S.Adler, Mrs. Y.Jones, Mrs.D.Beynon, Mrs.S.P.Evans, Mrs.M.E.Thomas, Mrs.E.Jones, Mrs.A.M.Davies, Mrs.M.Saunders, Mrs.A.J.Roberts.

CLEANERS

Mrs.J.Peregrine, Mrs.M.Williams, Mrs.H.A.Roberts, Mrs.J.Cutler, Mrs.L.Glassco, Mrs.B.John, Mrs.P.Jones, Mrs.G.Feltwell, Miss.Sharon Feltwell.

EDITORIAL

Illustrations by GARETH FOWLER and JACCI KENT.

Jokes provided by WAYNE EVANS, PATRICK DUNLEVY and GARETH LEYSHON.

Cartoons by ABIGAIL TIENCKEN and ADRIAN GRAY.

Titles by Mr. EDWARD SKINNER.

Typing by Mrs. GWYNETH THOMAS and Mrs. LINDA CORBETT.

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Magazine Coordinator - Mr. W. NOEL REES.

BIENVENU:

WELCOME!

WILLKOMMEN

CROESO!



Kevin Brookfield; Jessica Brooks; Claire Carter; Tonia Carter; Mathew Cole; Scott Ellerton; Angela Evans; Simon Heffernan; Elaine John; Tracy Jones; Andrew Keeley; Samantha Lawson; Simon Morgans; Gareth Muldoon; Tina Newman; Kenneth Popham; Peter Roberts; Andrew Thorne; Donna Williams; Mark James.



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Adele Bamborough; Lucy Brooks; Stephen Cowern; James Evans; Christopher Gray; Richard Hemar; Andrea Howells; Andrew Jones; Michelle Jones; Simon Jones; Leon Kearney; Kevin Parry; Claire Rawlings; Lyndsey Rees; Rachel Rees; Mark Standen; Andrew Williams; Roger Worsley; Sandra May; Darren Clark.

7M

Steven Andrews; Danielle Arnold; Paul Ashford; Craig Bourne; Jamie Bowen; Eva Capel; Andrea Davies; Joanne Davies; Richard Esney; Rachel Godridge; Paul Huckridge; Paula Hulings; William James; Odette Liiv; Claire Neal; Colin O'Sullivan; Dean Rees; Jenny Rees; Gavin Rowlands; Lana Treharne.

7R

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Anna Stallard; David Thomas; Rhian Thomas;
Linsey Wilkins; Christopher Davies;
Christian Maliphant.

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Lisa Bonnell; Andrew Bowen; Mateen Butt; Eleanor Carcoran; Jason Daniels; Ellen Edwards; Karen Evans; Kim Evans; Michelle Evans; Wayne Francis; Tristan Goodridge; Cheryl Jones; Stephen Jones; Fatima Khandakar; Jonathan Lewis; Sharon Ley; Jonathan Mathews; Rachel Phillips; Stuart Rawlings; Clair Rees; Leigh Rees; Gemma Roberts; James Smith; Charles Wiggins; Lyndon Cater.



Clare Arlene Davies; Patrick Dunleavy; Christian Francis; Ruth Henwood: Donna Thomas; Chantelle Maliphant; Craig Humphreys; Rebecca Onslow; Anne Kozok; Darren Clark; Rachel McDonald; Ivor Baker; Catherine Thomas; Malcolm Davies; Steven Wray; Paul Watts.

GOODBYE ...

Mr. PENRI WILLIAMS

MR. J. PENRI WILLIAMS. Some are born musicians; some achieve musicianship; and others have music thrust upon them. Mr. Penri Williams, B.A., L.R.A.M., who takes early retirement this term, is surely a born musician.

A native of Pwll, he retires after twenty-six years as a teacher in this school during which time he became Head of the

Music Department and Head of the Sixth Form.

Mr. Williams is a proud 'Old Boy' of the Llanelly Grammar School and, after graduating from University College Cardiff, he taught for a brief while in North Wales. The rest of his teaching career he spent in Llanelli Boys' Grammar School, and latterly at the Graig Comprehensive.

His contribution to the school has been tremendous. The School Concerts and Carol Services have always been of a high standard due to his careful training of the forces taking part. His conducting and preparation of the School productions was

always enthusiastic and meticulous.

Not for Mr. Williams the perfunctory or 'second best.' tackled everything with seriousness and candour; not least, of course, the hundreds of testimonials he has written over the years for Sixth Form leavers. There is ample testimony of how his assessment of pupils helps to get them placed at Universities, Colleges and in work situations.

Early retirement for Mr. Williams sounds good but he is not the type to sit around. He has his conducting of Gymanfa Ganus all over Wales; he is the Deputy Conductor of Cor Meibion Llanelli; he is a Chapel organist and he takes a keen interest in matters literary and theological. We feel sure Mr. Penri Williams is retiring to a full and busy life style and we wish him every happiness and good health.

Mr. Willaims retires with our grateful thanks and best

wishes.

Mrs. GWYNETH THOMAS and Mrs. EIRA JENKINS

It's said that all good things come in two's and in Mrs. GWYNETH THOMAS and Mrs. EIRA JENKINS the school has two of its best and most popular members. As well as being work colleagues they are very good friends and so an air of a happy working environment always pervades the School Office.

The way in which they conduct their secretarial duties is of the highest professional standards; they are the epitome of tact; they have an abundance of understanding and good humour; nothing is too much trouble for them and they are trusted friends of staff and often school-mothers to many younger pupils.

They are retiring at the same time and the Graig School Office will never be the same. We thank them for the hours of patience they have given us, for their care, their concern and

their help.

We wish them good health and a happy rest from the hub of Graig School. They will be sorely missed.

Mrs. DELYTH REED

MRS. DELYTH REED leaves the Graig this term to take up a new

appointment at St. John Lloyd School in Llanelli.

She will be seeking pastures new and Mrs. Reed takes with her a wealth of valuable expertise and dedicated professionalism which she has always given to the Graig School since she joined the staff on Comprehensive reorganization.

Her unassuming and sincere manner will be much-missed; she has served both the English and Religious Education Departments vigorously and successfully; she has been a genuine friend to

the less-able and our loss is certainly a saintly gain.

For your many years of service, please accept our sincere thanks and very best wishes for your future career, Mrs. Reed.

Mr. MIKE EVANS

MR. MIKE EVANS leaves this term to develop an educational role in which he has already been involved part-time over the past year.

As from September, Mr. Evans becomes a County Advisory Teacher for C.D.T. and he will be travelling around the county's schools in an advisory capacity. We feel sure he will visit the Graig often and he will always be a welcome guest.

Mr. Evans has never confined himself to his classroom duties; he has coached and participated in school sports and was a valuable member of the school production back stage team. appreciate his many services to the school.

His outgoing and helpful personality, together with his gregarious nature has made him a popular figure on the staff and

he is sure to succeed in his new position.

We congratulate him on his appointment and we send him out into the wilds of the county with our best wishes for every success.

Mrs. ANNE PRIEST

MRS. ANNE PRIEST has been a long-term supply teacher in the Physics and Mathematics Departments this year. She is no stranger to the school and her bright, outgoing personality is very welcome in classrooms and corridors. She has been eververy welcome in classrooms and corridors. She has been ever-conscientious in her duties and we appreciate and thank her for her service to the school over the past months and we feel sure that it won't be too long before Mrs. Priest is back with us in some capacity.



MUSICAL NOTES by Peter Mainwairing



It has been a particularly busy year for the Music Department. The School Orchestra has appeared in both the Christmas Carol Concert and Prize Day. This has been possible due to the enthusiasm and outgoing personality of Dr. Terry James.

The Carol Concert was a great success with the discovery of a new up-and-coming pop star, who delighted his audience with an invigorating arrangement of the Shakin' Stevens hit "Snow is

falling" [

The Annual School Production owes its success not only to the actors and actresses but also to the people that are in the background. Each year, the Music Department always plays a major role in the preparation of a school play and without the committment of both Mr Penri Williams and Dr. Terry James, the school play "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" would not have been the success it was.

The school has also produced its fair share of musical talent this year, with John Hooper qualifying to become a member of the Dyfed Youth Orchestra. Peter Mainwaring will be going to Norway on tour with the National Youth Brass Band of Wales in August.

To end, for his years of dedicated service we must wish Mr Penri Williams good luck for the future and hope that he will have a happy and healthy retirement. A special concert was arranged for the summer term in his honour. What a fitting way to end a successful career, with past pupils dedicating their work to him.

"Pob lwc Mr Williams a phob dymuniad da i'r dyfodol."

SPORTS' DAY

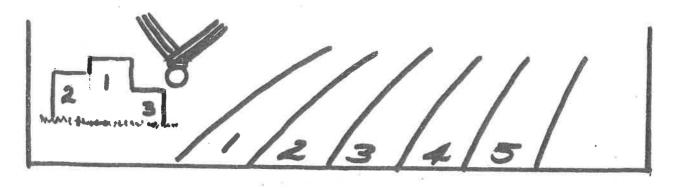
On May 10th Sports' Day took place and again the event showed everybody what potential Graig pupils have.

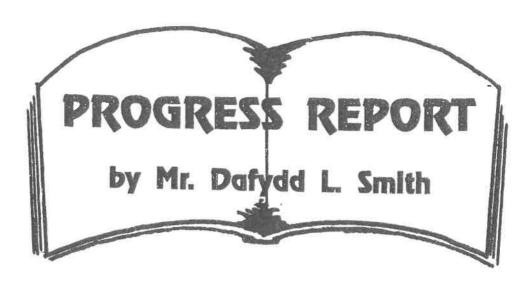
There was a friendly air of competition as well as some exciting fights for first place in the competitions. pupils competed just for fun while others participated more keenly so that they could go ahead to the competitions in Stebonheath on June 12th and at Bryngwyn on June 14th at the Llanelli Amateur Athletics Meetings.

Unfortunately the weather proved the usual handicap! However this did not prove too much of a problem and the events were only postponed for a short time. No rain could dampen

Graig's spirits!

All pupils who came first or second in their events on Sports' Day represented Graig School against the other schools in Llanelli in an attempt to get through to the next competition in Carmarthen - this time pupils having to compete against rivals from all over the county of Dyfed.





Last year I expressed the hope that all the changes that are occurring in Education at the present time would not lead to change in relationships. There can be no denying that schools must change and adapt if they are to meet the challenge of preparing pupils for life in the 21st century. However, it would be tragic if the pursuit of the wholly commendable aim of making our educational system more effective should result in our schools becoming soul-less institutions.

Graig Comprehensive School has always taken pride in the fact that it is a community where commonsense and compassion, count for more than rules and regulations, and where people are more important than educational strategies. Therefore, I feel constrained to focus upon people rather than innovations and to discuss the contributions made by pupils, teachers, parents and members of the community at large to the life of the school.

Mr. Stanley Rees, a former headmaster of the Boys' Grammar School once observed that during their time in school, boys doubled their height and tripled their weight. In this sense we are certainly in a growth industry. But we are also in a growth industry in a much more significant sense, for it is our business to ensure that our pupils develop their personalities intellectually, socially, culturally and morally in a manner which matches their physical growth. I begin my report by giving some account of the activities and achievements of the pupils of the school during the past year.

As a result of the 'A' level examinations 20 pupils left the school to enter Universities and Polytechnics, and another seven went to colleges of Higher Education. There were a number of fine individual results with pride of place going to Andrew Prickett who obtained three 'A' grades and who will be going to Cambridge next September. The G.C.S.E. results were also pleasing with the result that no less than 81 returned to school to enter the Sixth Form. This means that despite falling school rolls we still have the largest Sixth Form in the Llanelli area and are able to offer no less than twenty two 'A' level subjects.

Further academic success has come to the school in two nationwide competitions. Last summer, Graig was selected by BP/Kings College, London, as the only school from Wales, to participate in a pioneering Technology project. The school received £300 to launch this cross-curricular project which was masterminded by Mrs. Ann Martin-Jones, and involved third year pupils in the design and production of a variety of artefacts, making use of techniques such as computer design and colour printing. Just before Christmas we were thrilled as a school to learn that Gareth Leyshon of the first year Sixth, had been successful in a Physics competition organized by the Science and Engineering Research Council. As a result, Gareth was invited to visit CERNE in Geneva and received £100, worth of books as an additional prize.

The past year has also been a busy one socially for our pupils. Mrs. Cecily Lloyd took a party of 42 pupils to Fontainbleu in the summer and then another group to Agen for the twinning celebrations. A party of girls led by Miss Colette Davies and Mrs. Frances Williams has been on tour in Holland to play Netball and Hockey; and during the past Easter holidays, Mrs. Caroline Burgess took a party of pupils out to Germany. Educational visits have also been made to theatres and to universities for lectures, and our pupils have been involved in social work and numerous fund-raising activities for charity. Sums of £400 have been raised for both "Comic Relief" and "Children in Need," and over £600 has been presented to the Disabled Drivers Association and the Gateway Club. Pupils have organized discos, and participated in sponsored walks and a sponsored swim to raise funds for these charities. Yet another aspect of the charitable work of the school was the Thanksgiving Service which was organized by Mr. Philip Wrentmore in October and which resulted in over fifty parcels of food being distributed to the Aged and Needy of the local area.

This year's Annual Production was the show 'Seven Brides for Seven Brothers' which was produced with all his usual flair by Mr. Noel Rees and staged in the Entertainment Centre under the fine musical direction of Mr. Penri Williams and Dr. Terry James. The cast provided us with a feast of colourful and lively

entertainment and it was a great credit to all concerned.

The Annual Carol Concert also was most successful and gave the pupils of the school an opportunity to demonstrate their instrumental and vocal talents. The school has a flourishing orchestra and large numbers of pupils from all sections of the school sang in the various chorus.

The Welsh department has also been very active this year with pupils competing in the Urdd Eisteddfod and going to Urdd camps. St. David's Day services and a St. David's Day concert have been organized, and a party of pupils was taken to

Llangrannog for the weekend.

Rhyw fis yn ol bu un o'r arolygwyr yn ymweld a'r Adran Gymraeg a da oedd clywed hi'n rhoi canmoliaeth uchel nid yn unig i safon y gwaith a fewn yr adran ond hefyd i'r naws gymreig oedd yn yr ysgol. Gresynwn yn fawr oherwydd ein bod wedi colli gwasanaeth Miss Bethan Clement a Mrs. Nia Morgan a lafuriodd mor galed dros buddianau'r Gymraeg, ond teimlwn yn hyderus y bydd eu

dylanwas yn para.

Pupils from the school have also been very successful in a number of different sporting activities. Scott Quinnell has been selected to play rugby for the Welsh Schoolboys Under 18 team on a number of occasions and scored a try on his debut. He will be touring in New Zealand with the Welsh Schoolboys team. Darren Thomas played for the Welsh School Cricket Under 14 team, and Rupert Davis, Christian Roberts and Andrew Neal were all awarded County Cricket caps. The Form I soccer team were the Dyfed Under 12 County champions and represented Dyfed in the Welsh School Championships losing to Tonypandy in the semi-finals.

The girls gymnastics team has had a highly successful year. Lindsey Colarusso won the under-13 Dyfed championship and Lindsey and Clare Stanlake have been selected to represent Dyfed in the Welsh Schools' Championships later this month. Another fine performance was that of Lindsey John who won the Llanelli Schools' Cross-country Championship and two of our girls gained sponsorship to sail on the Malcolm Miller Training Schooner.

It goes without saying that the activities and achievements to which I have referred were the result of a great deal of time

and hard work freely given by the teachers of the school.

If the pupils are the most important people in a school then its teachers are the school's most important resource. During the past few years teachers, as you well know, have been bombarded with new initiatives and changes to established practice. Nobody denies the desirability of many of these changes but even the Government seems to be realizing at last that they are putting teachers under great stress and that they could well be counter-productive if they result in the supply of well- qualified and dedicated teachers drying up.

We certainly cannot complain on that score at present. The school has more than its fair share of able and well-motivated teachers. One indication of the calibre of our staff is that four of them were appointed to important posts in other organizations during the past year. Mrs. Kathy Bell who gave such stirling service to the school as a Deputy Headteacher is now the Headteacher at Peterfield School in Hampshire. Mrs. Ann Martin-Jones, who was one of the school's Senior Teachers, has been appointed an Advisory Teacher in West Glamorgan. Miss Bethan Clement Head of the Welsh Department, has joined the staff of the National Foundation for Education Research in Swansea and Mr. Heard, Head of the Economics Department has obtained a post with the Curriculum Council for Wales. We thank them all for their efforts on behalf of the school and its pupils, and wish them well in their new posts.

Lest you should fear that the school has suffered a serious brain drain with the loss of so many excellent teachers, let me assure you that we have secured high calibre replacements for them. Mr. John Ellis who was appointed to replace Mrs. Ann Martin-Jones as Director of Studies; Miss Jane Rosser has been appointed as the new Deputy Headteacher to be in charge of Pastoral matters; Mr. Dafydd Roberts as Head of Welsh and Head of the Lower School; and Mr. Christopher Tubb as Head of Economics. They all come highly recommended and I am confident that they will make a positive contribution to the life of the school.

In addition to the promotion of Mr. John Ellis there have been a number of other important internal promotions this year: Mr. Dennis Phillips was created Head of Science; Mrs. Awen Evans became Deputy Head of Science; Mr. Keith Mitchell was appointed Head of Technology; Mrs. Cecily Lloyd became Head of Language, Mr. Meirion Rees heads the Humanities Faculty; Mr. Noel Rees is responsible for Community Links and Mrs. Helen Smith was made in charge of Information Technology. These appointments mean that a faculty structure has been created which has streamlined the academic administration of the school in readiness for the National Curriculum and the Local Management of Schools.

Last September saw the introduction of the National Curriculum in Mathematics and Science, in Form One now renamed Year Seven. Also in September we embarked upon the new T.V.E.I. curriculum in Form Four, with a new Technology course replacing the traditional craft subjects and Balanced Science replacing the three separate Sciences. Preparation for these new courses involved members of staff in many hours of planning meetings and the preparation of a great deal of new teaching materials. It is a great tribute to their professionalism that the new courses are up and running.

Having mentioned the academic structure of the school and referred earlier to many of the extra-curricular activities, I feel that I must refer briefly to the work of the pastoral staff. In a rapidly changing society such as ours, young people find themselves exposed to all kinds of pressures and influences: Peer Pressure, Media Pressure, Changing Patterns of Family Life and Social Deprivation can lead to disturbing consequences for youngsters. Guidance and counselling are necessary not only for

young people to get the most out of school but also out of their adult lives subsequently. The "Link" programme has been devised to provide pupils throughout the school with a coherent and structural programme of instruction in life skills 'such as decision making, relationships and health education. Year tutors and form tutors are also involved in the administration of the school's new assessment procedures. Fourth Form pupils have received an interim Record of Achievement which augments the information given in a traditional report by reporting on skills and attitudes which would not otherwise be recorded. Much of the value of such an innovation lies in the formative process in which pupil and teacher meet to review progress and set targets.

which pupil and teacher meet to review progress and set targets.

Having acknowledged the work of the teaching staff of the school, I would like to personally thank my two fellow deputies and the school's four Senior Teachers, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Ephgrave, Mr. Webb and Mr. Penri Williams, for all the support and assistance they have given me once again this year. I am also conscious of the great contribution made by members of the clerical, technical, kitchen and cleaning staff and, of course, our caretaker Mr. Hopper. They are all part of the team which

strives to ensure that the school runs smoothly.

Every team, however, needs a captain and we have a captain par excellence in our Headmaster, Mr. Denis Jones. His vision, his integrity and his enthusiasm have been the bedrock upon which the Graig has stood firm since it was first established 13 years ago. Mr. Denis Jones believes in leading by example and nothing is ever too much or too menial for him to do. A strict disciplinarian, certainly, but one who has the rare gift of confining firmness with humanity and compassion. I'm certain that Mr. Jones could have become a fine actor or indeed a superb detective, but he chose to become a headmaster and he has filled the post with great flair and distinction. Mae Mr. Denis Jones wedi llafurio'n ddiflino dros fuddiannau plant, rhieni a holl staff Ysgol Gyfun y Graig ac mae ein dyled iddo'n un anfesuradwy.

Parents are another important group and their support is vital for the success of the school. Here in Graig School we aim to foster an open and frank relationship with parents. The new entrants Parents' Evening in July is always well- attended and in addition to receiving essential information, parents are given an opportunity to ask questions and meet key members of staff. Parents' Evenings are held at various times of the year for all the year groups. Some of these evenings are very well attended but in others attendance is not so good due, we are told, to many parents being happy with the way things are going. June a special Parents Evening was held to explain to the parents of Form Three, the changes that would be taking place in their children's education as a result of T.V.E.I.(E). As is often the case when changes are being made, this aroused a lot of interest and was a very lively and stimulating evening. Yet another opportunity for parents to ask questions and voice opinions is in the Annual Meeting of the Governing Body with Parents which is held in September. Last year only 45 attended including governors but it is to be hoped that more interest will be shown this year bearing in mind that the Governing Body will play a more significant role in the affairs of the school once Local Management of Schools comes into force.

Parents are encouraged to visit the school whenever the need arises: indeed, sometimes they are requested to do so. It is clearly understood that parents expect the school to provide a secure and orderly environment for their children. However, it is axiomatic that this expectation can only be met if parents cooperate in supporting the school in it, insistence upon reasonable and responsible standards of behaviour.

We are extremely grateful to all parents who co-operate in this matter and recognise that school rules are designed to protect the pupils and their property, from their own and other people's folly.

The Parents' Association is another medium for forging links between parents and the school. The association remains active in raising much needed funds for the school and on Saturday July 7th held its Summer Fayre in the school. One is very appreciative of all the hard work undertaken by the members of the committee and grateful to all parents who respond to appeals to buy raffle tickets or contribute saleable items to jumble sales. It should not be forgotten, however, that the association also organizes social events to encourage parents to socialize together and they would be very pleased to see more parents attending these functions.

I have already referred to some of the many great changes taking place in Education. Today as a result of the Educational Reform Act and other initiatives, this is not so. New subjects have appeared on the curriculum and the element of choice has Marks and grades are out and levels of achievement diminished. Work Experience, Records of Achievement and J11G-CAL are in. have been introduced and the Sixth Form is soon to be replaced by a Tertiary College. I'm not suggesting that these changes will not be beneficial to pupils but I'm sure that they must be confusing to many parents since they are alien to their own experience. It is therefore, even more important now to keep parents informed and for parents to seek to understand the nature and purposes of the changes being made.

Before concluding, I must make some reference to the proposed establishment of a Tertiary College on the site of Graig School. The Director of Education has consulted with parents and a working party is now in the process of drawing up detailed plans. However, one thing is certain, whatever the final shape of things to come, Graig, like the other schools of Llanelli, will remain a 11-18 comprehensive until Tertiary Education is introduced. Indeed it could be argued that Graig pupils will have an advantage over those from other schools since they will be the only ones who do not have to move from one site to another

when they enter the Tertiary College.

So it's very much business as usual as far as Ysgol Gyfun y Graig is concerned for the next few years, and there will be no planning blight. We shall continue to demand high standards of behaviour; to encourage achievement and effort; to provide a range of cultural, social and sporting activities; and to care for our boys' and girls' welfare.



THE THREE BEARS by Amy Doran, Debbie Franklin, Sarah Davies, Rebecca Onslow and Catherine Thomas

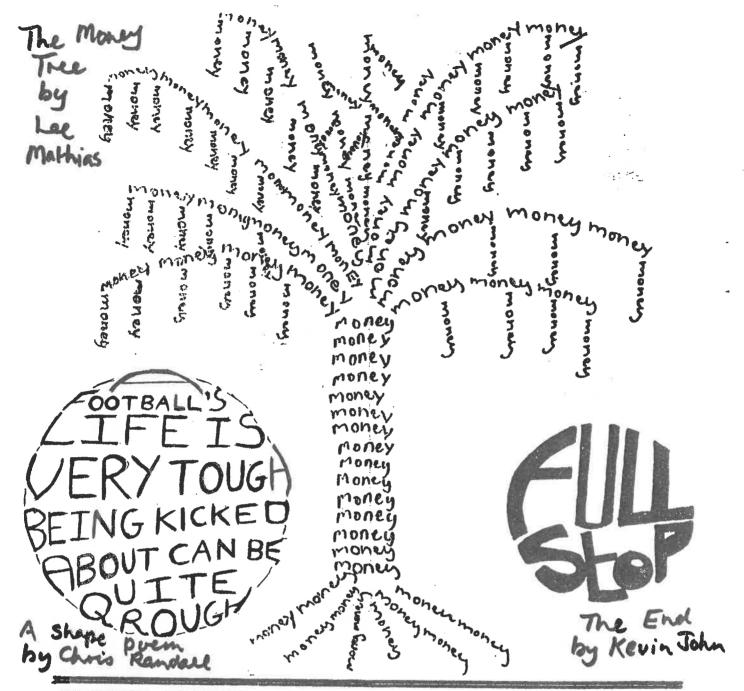
Once there was thrine fierce bears. Who dwelled in a cottage North East. A mater et pater et cub Who eateth their porrige by rub. Whilst walking one day in thine wood, Cos thyne porridge was hot and nay good, A daried young maid'n wiv fair golden locks Dressed in fine silk and ribbons with striped twinin socks Stumbled upon thyn cottage North East And smelted the smell of thyne porridgy feast. She smote gently once upon yon door No answer so she smote once moor. Peeped did she in the cottage so small. By jove there wast no one there at all! In a minuit she tasted the first bowl of porridge And found to her dismay that Pater's was horrid. On to the second she stepped with light feete But alas that bowl was far too sweet. In despair she eated the third It tasted of weys and of curd. "Wowe," she said, "Yumme, Yumme." And she laughed as she rubbed at her tumme. Her legs they felt weak and so so tired So sattest she on a chair that was highed. It was far too hard for her little botty So she sattest on chair with cushin so spotty. But alas she was sinking aloft Cause the chair that she sat on was far too soft. She said to herself, "But I am a fool I will sit on the baby's stool." The stoole was so nice et so soft et so comfe, Our maidn she soon felt so sleepy Sost on to the bedroom she stumbled. "My I am tired," she mumbled. On to thine firste bedd she sanke Gadzooks, 'twas as hard as a tank! Onto the second she did trouncy But my, 'twas far too soft and too bouncy. In despair on thine thrine she did lay Twas as comfe as clouds and of day And as soon as you could utted "My Godde" Goldilocks was in the land of Nod. Now into the door came three bears so hungry They sawest the bowls and my were they angry. They sawest the stools and baby's was bust Now pater bear revenge did he lust. On to the bedroom, where baby's tum grumbled And on to Goldlocks had the bears stumbled. Oh she awoke as if inst a dream When she sawest the bear she let out a scream. Uppest she jumped and ran far away. And the bears have not seen her still to this day.



PRIZE DAY 1990: Speaker, Professor Vernon Morgan and Mrs. Jean Morgan, who presented the prizes, some of this year's prize winners and Headmaster, Mr. R. I. Denis Jones.



School's Scott Quinnell, capped for the Welsh Secondary Schools' Rugby, pictured with the Headmaster, Mr. Goronwy Owen and Mr. Wyn Oliver.



GREEN GRAIG

It seems that at last pupils of the Graig Comprehensive School are taking some notice of this environment lark. Some may say that they can't help not taking notice. These days, due to the media, we eat, sleep and breathe green issues. Now, we get it in school, preached in assembly, in the classroom and even in the school magazine! In time, won't we get tired of being forcefed, "Greenpeace," "Friends of the Earth," "Save the Whale," etc?

The bare facts are that we are destroying our planet at a tremendous rate and most of us are so ignorant and selfish that we will not stop and take a look around us, and see what we are destroying. If everyone did their bit for the environment then it wouldn't be a problem and "environment problems" wouldn't be force-fed to us every day. Even by bringing in a few drink-cans and depositing them in the Recycling Can Bank it would be a help and a start. It is such a waste to see these cans lying all over the school fields and there is nothing worse than litter everywhere.

So why aren't we doing anything about it? I certainly want a planet to live on in fifty years' time. I hope that at last the Graig Comprehensive School is going green!

Editor's Note. A can bin has now been provided.

FROM THE INNER SANCTUM Ms JANE ROSSER

MS. JANE ROSSER was born at an early age in Aberystwyth. She is one of those lucky people who celebrates a birthday every year on May 23rd. Her star sign is Gemini and is single for the time-being. She claims that she is available for offers. Many pupils have become friendly with her dog whose name is Toby Tawe Tobias Oakland Rambler.

She adores T.V. wildlife programmes as well as Harrison Ford, Richard Gere and all the other hunks! She likes her food well-seasoned and her special favourites are chilli, and genuine home-cooked Chinese and Indian dishes.

Musically-speaking she enjoys pop, jazz and classical and her hobbies include playing hockey, golf, gardening and walking the dog.

She came to us from Maesydderwen Comprehensive School and she likes the friendliness here at the Graig. She has always enjoyed working with young people and she hopes that in her career she can help as many people as possible. She is a member of Greenpeace and the R.S.P.B. We assume she earns a lot of money because she quotes the West Indies and Barbados as favourite holiday destinations.

Mr. DAFYDD ROBERTS

MR. DAFYDD ROBERTS is a native of Wrexham, North Wales, where he was born in the vague fifties. He is married with one child and on leaving school, he graduated at the University of Cardiff in a combined Honours Degree in Welsh and Welsh History. His first, and only, teaching post before he came to the Graig was in Newport at the Llysweri Comprehensive School.

Mr. Roberts is very involved with the Urdd Movement and he has spent many enjoyable holidays at both Glan Llyn and Llangranog.

During his spare time he enjoys gardening but his real vice is collecting rock videos, expecially those by Bob Dylan. In fact Mr. Roberts is such a fan of Bob Dylan that he even has Bob Dylan pen-pals from overseas with whom he exchanges tapes and news items about their hero.

He is often to be seen at live rock concerts and recently attended the Rolling Stones concert at Cardiff Arms Park. He's also attended live concerts by The Who, Pink Floyd, and The Beatles.

He's been kept constantly busy since he arrived at the Graig but has settled down well and claims the school is "amazing and truly great."

Mr. CHRISTOPHER TUBB

MR. CHRISTOPHER TUBB was born in Royal Windsor under the sign of Leo. Although an Englishman, he had the good sense to marry a Welsh girl and his acquired love of Wales has brought him to work here as the Head of Economics.

His last school was in Orpington, Kent, and he has recently bought a house just the other side of Loughor Bridge. His wife is also a teacher and they have a black and white cat called Minstrel.

He enjoys T.V. sport programmes and his most enjoyable film recently was "Shirley Valentine." He has catholic tastes in music and his favourite pop-star is Pavarotti. He loves Ronnie Barker and Jessica Lange. His favourite footballer is Trevor Senior of Reading F.C.

His favourite sport is golf and the U.S.A. is a popular holiday destination for him. If he were not teaching he would most like to be a professional golfer.

Dr. TERRY JAMES

a Cardiff and Oxford graduate , has travelled the world in search of work. His work is music - be it classical or modern.

Terry James has been described as a "Wild Welshman" and, in contrast, "The most versatile of our contempory composer-conductors" - the latter, I think, being the more accurate.

The versitility he shows is seen by the variety of music which he is able to perform. For instance, Dr. James has arranged songs for Led Zeppelin, the Moody Blues, and The Cream - "I feel free."

However, his talents exceed the pop scene - he has also written musical scores for films - "The Minstrel"; theme tunes for television - "Starsky and Hutch"; and songs for the stage - "Cato Street."

Dr. James is also an extremely well-known and respected conductor. He has worked with many top classical orchestras, - including the BBC Symphony Orchestra, the Lenningrad Ensemble, the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, and the English Chamber Orchestra.

These tremendous achievements indicate that Dr. James is a well-travelled figure and, indeed, he is. Although brought-up in his native town of Kidwelly, Dr. James has lived in Los Angeles, London and the Bahamas - where he still keeps a cottage.

Many honours have also been steeped upon this "musical genius." Perhaps the greatest of all occurred in 1988, when Dr. James was honoured by the University of Doctor of Laws for services to music in that State and the United States of America.

However, for all his international adventures - most noticably in the U.S.A., he is remembered best in Wales for his conducting of the now legendary recording of "A Nation Sings."

He is, nevertheless, known to us in Graig for his enthusiastic and enjoyable approach to music in the school. He is indeed an asset to our school community, and one who is willing to share with his pupils and friends, stories of his fascinating career and life.

We congratulate him on his appointment as Head of the Music Department and we hope that his stay at the Graig will be a long and happy one.

INFOFILES

by Helen Howells, Sasan Roberts, Adrian Gray and Gareth Fowler

LIBRARY NEWS

Note that the school library, situated at the end of C corridor, is open for the loan of books every break and on Thursday lunchtimes. Books are normally issued for two weeks; fines will be charged as follows:

One week overdue - no charge Two weeks overdue - five pence Three weeks overdue - ten pence

Add ten pence for each subsequent week.

Records will be checked before the end of term, and people who have not returned their books after a significant time will be brought to book. If you are in our bad books, we will throw the book at you!

HELLO, SAILOR by Delyth Evans



Each year, the school, in collaboration with the Carmarthen Sail Training Association Schooners branch, offers two pupils in the Lower Sixth the chance to go sailing on one of the STA's schooners. Anyone accepting this offer receives a £200 grant to help to pay for the costs.

About one month before Easter, Miss Colette Davies told year 12 of this offer and after discussing it with my parents, I accepted. I went sailing on the "Sir Winston Churchill" over the

Easter holidays.

We arrived at Southampton on the Sunday morning and everybody was nervous and shy. We all signed on as crew members and were split into three groups: Fore, Main and Mizzen, named after the ship's mast. I was in Mizzen with twelve others with our watch leader and watch officer in charge. We would look after the Mizzen sail at the back of the ship, the largest and heaviest sail on the ship.

By the end of the first day we were all friends and knew what each person was like regarding of whether we could remember

their names.

The next day we set sail.

For the first half of the week, it was very hard work. Our hands were in a terrible state after pulling countless numbers of ropes; we were wet more often than dry; and most of us were tired

as we were not used to sleeping at any time.

By the time we reached our first harbour, no one could wait to get off the ship and we spent the rest of the day and most of the night in the French port of St.Malo. By the time we left, most of us had forgotten what it was like on the boat, but by the end of the day, we had all settled back into the routine of watches, some getting up at 8, some at 12 o'clock and some at 4 o'clock. Within a few days we had sailed around the coast to Brest, and spent a day there. As it was Easter Sunday, it was mainly all closed, so we spent the afternoon phoning home.

After leaving Brest, and with only one week left, we sailed out into the Atlantic. We then tacked back to reach the British coast and, within a few days, we had docked just outside Falmouth. As we were just outside, a "ferry service" was arranged for us using the ship's lifeboats to take us to and from the

town. For us the first stop was Tesco's!

That evening, the crew brought down refreshments and several song books. We had a quiz, in which we came second, and had a sing-song which lasted hours. The next morning, we left Falmouth, hoping to go to the Channel Islands if there was enough time, but, unfortunately, the ship's engine and generators broke down so we headed for home in Poole. To make up for the missed day, a picnic was arranged for us on Brownsea Island.

The last night was celebrated with the "Sod's Opera". This is when we all sing funny songs, do sketches, etc. It was great fun. The mate also announced the watch who had won the competition and we were awarded our prize - a crate of beer!

The next day, we all packed up and signed off, exchanging addresses with all our new friends. Although it was hard work, we all loved it and long to go back.

Since then, I have been invited back to another sailing to act as Bosun's Mate, which is something I look forward to in the MARINER SEE REFERENCE

by Jackle Pike

and the supplied in a first of the respective largest process from a plane of the last

Agen, a town in the south-west region of France was twinned with our own town of Llanelli in a marvellous ceremony in the Selwyn Samuel centre on July 1st, 1989. The twinning was part of an aim to promote international friendship and understanding. These are precisely the aims, which the sixth form 'A' level students from Llanelli set out to achieve during their ten day visit to Agen last October.

The trip began in the early hours of the morning - Sunday, October 29th. The group, consisting of the second year 'A'level students from all the Comprehensive Schools in Llanelli, travelled to Heathrow Airport. We flew to Bordeaux. We were all nervous, to say the least, for in two hours' we were to meet the families with whom we were to spend the next ten days. What would they be like?

I stayed with a girl called Elizabeth Trammond who was a twenty-one year old student. She studied Tourism and English at a College in Agen and I stayed with her in her flat in the centre of the town. I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity of visiting Elizabeth's family in the country.

They lived in an old, rambling house, right in the heart of the countryside, with nothing but fields and trees surrounding it. Therefore, I was lucky in so far as I had experienced two completely different aspects of French lifestyle: the hustle and bustle of the town; and the peace and tranquility of the French countryside.

However, there was more to our ten-day trip than staying with our French families. We had to work!

Each of us had to work for five days in certain areas of work. There was a large variety of work placements including a Travel Agency; Tourist Information Office; various shops; a bank; and newspaper offices.

I worked in "La Depecho", a newspaper office. I was very nervous at first as they all spoke so quickly and all seemed to be extremely busy. However, by the second day I felt part of the team, so to speak. The staff, consisting of journalists, photographers and secretaries, were kind and helpful. They did their level-best to make me feel at ease and they went out of their way to be friendly. The most difficult, but at the same time the most important, part of the experience was 'having to speak French' all day, every day.

All things considered, it can be said that the ten days in Agen was a valuable experience to all.

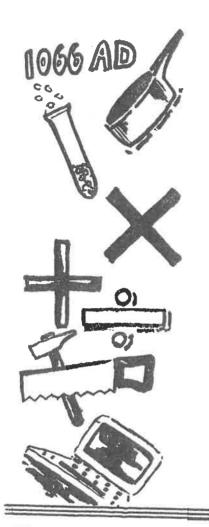
The language barrier had been a difficult obstacle to overcome because speaking French in a classroom is completely different from speaking it in French society. But, by the end of the week, everyone had overcome their initial fears and was able to speak with confidence and ease.

Being "thrown in at the deep end" enabled us to broaden our horizons with the result that everyone felt as though they had become a great deal more independent and also more mature.

The ten-day visit ended with a farewell dinner organised by the Council of Agen. During the course of the evening, we were to receive our certificates for the completion of our work experience in the town. These certificates were kindly donated by the Council of Agen and presented by the Mayor, Paul Chollet. The presentation caused everyone in the party to feel a glow of pride not only because it was a recognition of our hard work during the previous week, but because it recognised the achievement of our aim - to promote international friendship and understanding.

I hope that the Agenais pupils who come to Llanelli for their turn in the reciprocal agreement, will feel as rewarded by their experience as I did.

SUBJECTS! by Sarah Harries and Lucy Thomas



ENGLISH lessons are number one, Often we have lots of fun. MATHS we don't know what to say, We wish those sums would go away! C.D.T. is one big thrill,
Only when using a pneumatic drill! HISTORY, whether fiction or fact, Our dates have got to be exact. DRAMA acting out a play, As long as we know what next to say. SCIENCE, what we do care? We only wish it wasn't there! GYM is tiring but fun As long as we can have a run. LANGUAGES - hard to understand Lingo from another's land. ART is drawing - takes the biscuit Will we ever be artistic? COOKERY with pots and pans and tins When dishes often end in bins. COMPUTERS are boring, our eyes get sore, Adjusting machines for evermore. GEOGRAPHY is called humanity. SCRIPTURE'S also called R.E.

> REALLY, SUBJECTS,

> > SCHOOL LESSONS, WHO NEEDS THEM?

We do!

ST. JOHN AMBULANCE by Simon Standen

I am a member of the St.John Ambulance and I joined in 1987. I was only ten at the time and a friend persuaded me to join. My first night there I made many friends. Before I went I was thinking "St.John's, Oh! No! A funny uniform all the time!", but when I joined, I thought quite differently.

You have to take a first aid exam before you become a proper cadet, but once you have done that, you can take part in the real fun, and worthwhile activities.

We do all sorts of activities such as orienteering and camping or trips to pleasure parks or maybe even on special camps with cadets from Coventry, etc.

We also do special proficiencies to receive a badge for the uniform you are provided with. There are over fifty subjects to choose from such as Ambulance Aid, Fire Fighting and Camping.

The uniform consists of:-

BOYS.

Black beret with badge Black jumper with badges Black trousers Black shoes

GIRLS.

Black nurse's hat with badge Black jumper with badges Black skirt Black tights or white socks and white shirt with black tie. Black shoes and white blouse with black bow.

Every cadet carries a first aid kit.

PERYGL YN YR OGOF

gan Clare Holland

Hwn oedd y dydd mwya ofnadwy yn fy mywyd i,a fyddwn ni ddim yn ei anghofio. Roeddwn i ar fy ngwyliau gyda fy ffrindiau, -Phil, Mike a Joanne. Aethon ni i'r Ogof Fawr yn Miami, yn yr Amerig.

"Mae'n well gyda fi DISNEYWORLD. Mae'r lle yma yn ddiflas,"

dywedodd Phil yn bigog. "Rydw i eisiau antur."

Yn sydyn, digwyddodd pethau. Dechreuodd yr ogof grynu fel jeli ar SPRINGS, ac yn fuan roedd y lle dan ei sang gyda phobl wedi marw.

Dywedodd Mike, "Mae rhaid i ni fynd allan oddi yma yn fuan. Felly, fe gychwynon ni gerdded drwy'r ogof. Cyn bo hir daethon ni at bont rhwng creigiau uchel.

"Rydwn i'n mynd yn gyntaf," dywedodd Phil. Felly, aeth e

dros y bont.

"Byddwch yn ofalus" gwaeddodd Joanne.

Yn fuan, roedd Phil wedi cerdded drosodd yn ddiogel. Es i drosodd nesa, ac wedyn Mike. Ond pan geisiodd Joanne groesi fe dorrodd y bont, ac fe gwympodd hi i lawr i'r creigiau o dan y bont. Roedden ni'n gallu gweld ei bod hi wedi marw.

"Go fflamia!" criodd Phil yn drist. "Fe ddylwn i fod wedi

croesi drosodd gyda hi."

Fe aethon ni'n bellach i mewn i'r ogof, ac fe ddarganfuon ni bod rhaid i ni nofio o dan wal fawr o greigiau cyn ein bod ni'n gallu mynd ymlaen. Aeth Mike yn gyntaf. Ond roedd ofn ar Phil doedd e ddim yn gallu symud.

"Beth sy'n bod? Ti sy nesa, Phil," meddwn i. "Dydw i ddim yn gallu nofio," sibrydodd e. "O na! Wel, bydd rhaid i ti geisio," meddwn i.

"lawn, 'te. Ond fe fydd e'n anodd," meddai yn ansicr.

Wel, fe geisiodd e, ond pan oedd e hanner ffordd drosodd fe aeth i anhawster. Roedd hi'n amhosibl ei achub e, ac fe foddodd. Pan nofiais i o dan y creigiau fe welais i ei gorff yn y

dwr. Pan gyrhaeddais i'r ochr arall gofynnodd Mike,

"Ble mae Phil?"

"Wel.... mae e wedi boddi, achos doedd e ddim yn gallu nofio," sibrydais i.

"Beth.....mae Phil wedi marw?" Roedd Mike wedi cael sioc ofnadwy.

"Ydy. Mae'n ddrwg gyda fi. Dylwn i fod wedi ei achub e!" fe griais yn drist.

Pan roedden ni'n dau yn teimlo'n well fe gawson ni ychydig o fwyd. Roedd rhaid i ni fod yn ofalus o'r bwyd oedd ar ol gennyn ni, achos doedden ni ddim yn gwybod pa mor hir roedden ni'n mynd i fod yn yr ogof. Yna, fe gerddon ni nes roedden ni wedi blino'n lan, ac felly, fe arhoson ni yn agos i'r llyn.

Y dydd nesa, codais i'n gynnar. Roedd Mike yn cysgu, felly es i nofio yn y llyn. Roedd y dwr yn hyfryd a thwym, ac fe syrthiais i i gysgu.... ac wedyn i foddi....

Yn sydyn, teimlais Michael yn fy achub i. Cariodd fi i lan y llyn, a rhoddodd fi i lawr yno.

"Wyt ti'n well nawr?" gofynnodd e. "Dyma ychydig o gawl twym i ti."

"Diolch, Mike," dywedais i'n ddiolchgar. "Sut achubaist ti fi?"

"Wel, pan godais i, clywais i'r dwr, ac wedyn gwelais i ti yn y dwr. Es i i'r llyn mewn pryd.

Yn ddiweddarach, fe gychwynon ni ar ein ffordd eto, ac yn fuan gwelodd Michael ychydig o oleuadau.

"Edrych!" fe waeddodd. "Rydyn ni'n ddiogel!"

Digwyddodd yr antur yma tua deg o flynyddoedd yn ol. A nawr, - beth ydych chi'n feddwl tybed? Ar ol ein hantur yn yr ogof, mae Michael a fi wedi priodi.

Rydyn ni'n hapus iawn, ond weithiau, pan rydyn ni'n meddwl

am Phil a Joanne, rydyn ni'n teimlo'n drist.

DYDDIADUR O GYMRU



Codais am tua hanner awr wedi saith, ac es i lawr i agor fy anrhegion. Ces i lawer o deganau, gan gynnwys doli gyda llygaid brown. Ces i hosan yn llawn o siocled, cnau a ffrwythau.

Yn ddiweddarach, gwyliais y teledu tan ûn o'r gloch. Gwyliais adroddiad teledu o Ethiopia. Roedd yn ofnadwy, ond rydw i'n byw yma, yng Nghymru, dim yn y Trydydd Byd.

Ar ol y rhaglen, gwaeddodd mam o'r gegin - "Dere nawr, mae

dy ginio yn barod!"

Rhedais i mewn i'r ystafell ginio. Wel, roedd yr arogl yn hyfryd! Roedd y twrci yn jiwsi, a roedd y tatws yn dwym, a roedd yr erfin a'r llysiau yn flasus, ond y grefi oedd y gorau!

Ond allwn ni ddim gorffen y pryd. Teimlais i'n euog, ond dydw i ddim eisiau bod yn ddrwg dros y Nadolig, felly ces i dipyn bach o'r pwdin Nadolig.

Ar ol y bwyd, es i am dro i'r parc gyda fy ffrind, Elin. Dangosodd hi ei hesgidiau newydd, a dillad eraill i fi. Mae dydd Nadolig yn oer ac yn wlyb iawn. Pam dydy i hi ddim yn dwym?

Pan gyrhaeddais i gartref, roedd rhaid i fi eistedd wrth y tan, ac yn ddiweddarach chwaraeais i gemau gyda'r teulu. Gwylion ni The Wizard of Oz ar y fideo. Wedyn, ar ol brechdanau twrci, es i'r gwely, wedi blino'n lan, ond yn hapus.

DDIADUR O'R TRYDYDD B

Codais gyda'r haul am chwech o'r gloch. Roedd llawer o gler yn yr awyr a miloedd yn disgyn ar bawb.Does dim pleser mewn cael cler yn cerdded dros eich corff. Cler ar eich Îlygaid, cler ar eich ceg, cler ar eich pen, a chler ar eich bysedd. Roedd yr arogl yn ddrewllyd, yn enwedig o'r anifeiliaid, a doedd rhai pobl ddim llawer gwell. Criodd fy mam, "Dewch i warchod eich brawd bach". Roedd e fel doli - doli gyda llygaid brown.

Yn fuan, sylweddolais bod llawer o ohebwyr wedi dod i gael cyfweliad. Siaradais a'r gohebwyr am y broblem. Dywedais, "Mae

chwant bwyd arna i. Rydych yn gallu gweld fy esgyrn".

Wedi'r cyfweliad, ces i blatiad o gyw iar, pys a thatws. Roedd yn hyfryd, ond allwn i ddim cael digon. Ces i far o siocled hefyd. Dyna'r peth gorau yn fy mywyd. Tybed faint o blant fydd yn gadael eu bwyd heddiw? Dydyn nhw

ddim yn gwybod sut rydw i'n teimlo.

Yn ddiweddarach, es i am dro gyda fy mrawd i nol dwr i'r teulu. Roedd fy nhroed yn brifo achos does dim esgidiau gen i. Mae hi mor dwym a sych yma. Pam dydy hi ddim yn bwrw glaw?

Cyrhaeddais i yn ol am bedwar o'r gloch, ac ar ol gorffen fy ngorchwylion, es i'r gwely heb swper, wedi blino'n lan ond yn

hapus.

PENWYTHNOS YN LLANGRANOG

gan Rachel Bowen a Emma Lewis

Yn ystod gwyliau'r Hanner Tymor Mis Chwefror, aeth grwp o blant ysgolion Cyfun Llanelli i Llangrannog am benwythnos. Aeth grwp o blant dosbarth Wyth gyda Mrs Sidgwick a Mrs Morgan. Cawson nhw lawer o sbri.

Cyrhaeddon ni am tua pump o'r gloch, ar ol egwyl yn Aberteifi. Aethon ni i'r cabanau. Am swper cawsom ni sglodion, ffa pob, spam a hufen ia. Ar ol swper, cawson ni twmpath dawns a gwasanaeth. Roedd hi'n sbri. Aethon ni i gysgu am tua chwarter i ddau yn y bore.

Yn y bore, roeddwn i wedi blino'n lan. I frecwast, cawson ni creision yd, rice crispies neu Alpen, a cig moch a tomatos. Ar ol brecwast, aethon ni i sglefrolio a trampolino. Roedd hi'n wych.

Tua hanner awr wedi unarddeg, cawson ni chwaraeon yn y gampfa. Roedd hi'n flinedig. I ginio, tatws, pys, moron, blodfresych, phei cig a grefi, a eirin a hufen.

blodfresych, phei cig a grefi, a eirin a hufen.

Yn y prynhawn, aethon ni i ferlota ar y ceffylau. Brocyn oedd enw fy ngheffyl i. Aethon ni i sgio am tri o'r gloch. Roedd hi'n newydd i fi, ond roedd hi'n sbri. I de, cawson ni bara menyn, creision a bisgedi. Yn y nos, aethon ni i'r ddisgo. Tua hanner awr wedi ddeuddeg, aethon ni i gysgu.

Yn y bore, ar ol brecwast (Alpen neu rice crispies) pacion ni. Am ddeg o'r gloch, aethon ni i ferlota, a sglefrolio a trampolino. I ginio, cawson ni grefi, tatws, moron, cig a stwffin, a pastai afal.

Aethon ni gartre am ddau o'r gloch. Roedd y penwythnos yn Llangrannog yn sbri a gwych.

THE GHOST OF A MOUSE by Lacy Thomas and Rachel Bowen

I opened the door; it creaked.
I trod on a mouse; it squeaked.
It lay on the floor,
Living no more.
It was there 'till the end of the week.

I went back to the old haunted house, And there saw the ghost of the mouse, As much cheek as you please, It was eating some cheese, And feeding the rest to its spouse.

From the corner, the ghost of a cat, Watching the mouse on the mat, A meow, then a squeek, From the floorboard a creak, And the mouse on the mat was sent flat.

If you visit a haunted house late, Don't go in to investigate, Because, if you do, The prey might be YOU, And that's not a very nice fate.



THE PLAY'S THE THING or SOME ADVICE FROM A TROUPER by Rachel Rees

Each year the school puts on a school production, usually at Theatr Elli in the Entertainment Centre in town. The school has an excellent reputation for its performances and usually puts on a production which is new to Llanelli.

Last year, the school performed the musical "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" which was enjoyed by both young and old alike. There's always a lot of organisation involved and last

year was no exception.

In mid-September auditions are held. During these general auditions, all you are really required to do is to sing in a group and occasionally on your own. You sometimes are asked to read a passage from the script in the required accent. I always feel nervous during this part as all my friends are watching, but it helps to remember that they are there for exactly the same reason as you and they are probably feeling just as nervous.

After the main audition, you will be asked if you wish to audition for a speaking part. If you do, then you will have to go through the same procedure again but this time, there won't be so many people present so you won't get bored while they are auditioning and you shouldn't feel so nervous. Whereas the first audition would be held during the dinner hour, this one will probably be held after school, so make sure you notify your parents and arrange some sort of transport home. Don't worry if you don't want to have a speaking part though, because productions usually involve quite a large chorus; there's usually room for everyone who wants to take part.

Rehearsals for the "principals" usually start about a week after the auditions and the first rehearsals usually consist of just a basic 'run-through' of the script. As the weeks progress, songs have to be learnt and dances introduced into the main pattern of the show. This is when all the chorus start to become involved. A professional choreographer is hired by the school and she teaches the cast dances that fit into the show but which also match the talent of the dancers. There is nothing worse than dances that are too difficult to perform properly! Rehearsals with the choreographer usually take place during the dinner-hour and after school with the occasional "all-day"

session. Be prepared to work hard on these days.

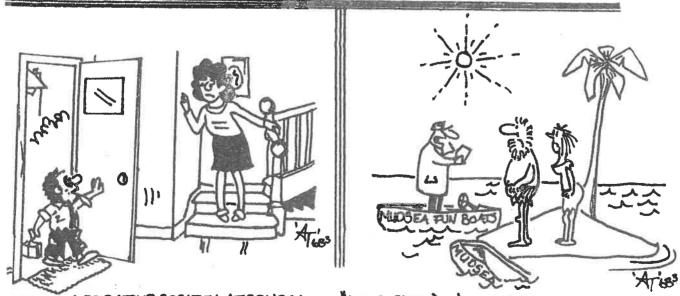
About a month before the show, the principals are measured for costumes. Principals' costumes are often hired but the chorus usually have to make their own. Don't worry about that because you will be given a sheet explaining what is required. The hired costumes arrive a week before the show, giving you just enough time to give them a quick press and a good airing. The first dress rehearsal will be about then as well and probably from then on all rehearsals will require the wearing of costumes because this helps you to get into your character much better. The final rehearsal is usually about a day before the first performance and takes place in the theatre itself and now the nerves really descend on you!

If you don't wish to appear on the stage, though, there are number of things associated with the production with which you can become involved. For example if you play a musical instrument you can join the orchestra - provided you can play it A good balance in an orchestra is always essential and the school always chooses the best talent that it has available within the school. However, sometimes the orchestra needs to be supplemented with musicians from outside school to bring it up to the standard required. It's good to see that many of these players are usually former pupils of the school and are very willing to help out. The school usually sends away to Samuel French in London for the scores and then these are distributed within the orchestra. The orchestra usually has about four or five "bands calls" (although this can vary according to the different needs of the music) and then one full day in the theatre with the cast before the actual performances.

However, if you're not interested in acting and you can't play a musical instrument, there's still plenty for you to do behind the scenes. There's scenery to be made and painted, props to be arranged and sorted, sound and lighting to be operated and pasically, things just have to be organised. If rolling up your sleeves and getting covered in paint appeals to you, then you can just go along and get stuck-in! Every little counts and no-one jets turned away.

There's a side to the school productions however, that you vill not see - the cost. For " Godspell," the total cost was 4,645 of which £1,250 was just for hiring the theatre for a veek! At the end of the show, £5,000 had ben made by the Box)ffice making a profit of about £300 which will probably be used to buy more equipment ready for the next school play!

Taking part in a school play is a lot of hard work and organising it is even harder but you should get a lot of personal atisfaction from doing it. So far, Graig Comprehensive has performed the following plays:- "Treasure Island," "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat," "The Wizard of Oz," "Smike,"
Tin Pan Ali," "Half a Sixpence," "The Sound of Music," "Hans Inderson," "The Boyfriend," "Jesus Christ Superstar," "The latchgirls," "Godspell" and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers." So ith a past such as that, you should also feel very proud to participate in the next school production.

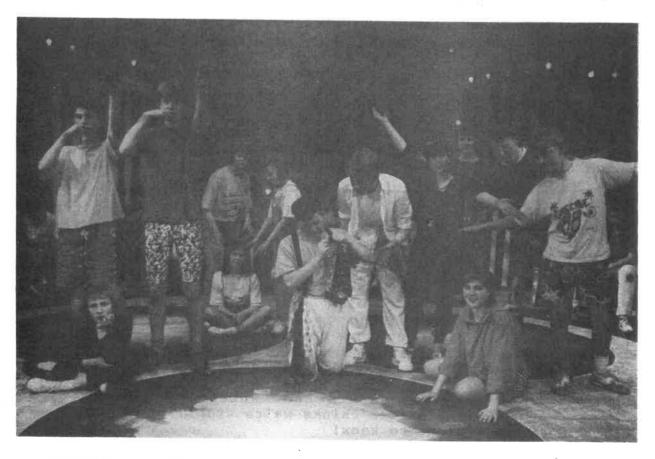


FORMED A DEBATING SOCIETY ATSCHOOL- "LETS SEE NOW- THREE YEARS AND SIX AND I WON!"

MONTHS AT FIFTY PENCE PER HALF HOUR!"



"Come and get it!" A scene from Graig School's production of "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" at Theatr Elli.



"The Parable of the Sower" as interpreted by Graig School in a colourful and meaningful production of the rock musical "Godspell"

. Asses

POINTS OF YOU

I wish to complain about the lack of activities in Llanelli for teenagers. In the nights benches and street corners are full of bored youngsters with nothing to do. Llanelli Beach is packed with teenagers who have nowhere else to go.

No wonder public houses are full of under-age drinkers: there's nothing else to do during the weekend.

What we need is a club for 14-18 year olds. At least there won't be so much vandalism and hooliganism on the streets of the town. The old Tesco Bulding would be the perfect place for teenagers to go. We could have a Wimpy, Nightclub and arcade in the same bulding. It's big enough so why don't they do something with it? Something for us to do, and somewhere to go.

No-one cares about the teenagers of today. They think we're

vandals and wasters.

But it's not true, please give us a chance to prove ourselves.

"I think that in the Summer we should be able to wear our own Summer clothes or at least have a Summer uniform. And in the Winter the Girls should wear trousers."

"A Summer uniform should be introduced because it is very uncomfortable wearing dark trousers and skirts on boiling hot days. Our ties irritate us. We should wear shorts and T-shirts.

"We should be able to wear shorts. For the girls, navy culottes, and T-shirts would be very smart. This uniform is okay but it's not fashionable. Why can't we wear trousers in the Winter? it will stop our legs going purple anyway!"

"In the Summer our navy or black skirts attract too much sun and they then tend to stick to you which becomes very uncomfortable. The shirts stick to you because of the material, so we should have light shorts or culottes and light Summer T-shirts."

"I think we should be allowed to wear small gold stud earrings to school. We shouldn't be allowed to wear long, huge earrings so small studs wouldn't do any harm. We should also be allowed to wear one ring. Other schools are allowed to wear jewellery so why can't we?"

What is the point in having Profile Week? We don't need it: one whole week of filling-in our Records of Achievement. We could be doing something far more amusing, like writing about "Macbeth" in English or even doing Algebra in Maths.

All the paper is destroying frees about which this school is

very concerned. So why waste paper on these scruffy yellow books?

You don't understand it; it's too hard to understand; there's not enough room in the grids to put all the teachers' initials so it all gets mixed-up.

You don't know which teachers signatures are which because it all looks like one big squiggle.

How are we supposed to know which teacher thinks we're amazing and which teacher thinks we're stupid?

We have a right to know!

It seems that most of Form 4 want Profile Week to disappear from our school because it's disturbing the routine of our work.

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

There was an Irishman, an Englishman, a Scotsman and a Welshman standing by the side of a shark-infested swimming pool. The Englishman pulls out a crisp £50 note and offers it to the first man to swim ten lengths of the shark-infested waters. The Scotsman, being eager to get his hands on the money, jumps in and does half a length before being eaten by one of the sharks. Then a Welshman jumps in and manages two lengths before being eaten. The Englishman laughs as the Irishman jumps in but his expression turns to shock as he watches the Irishman perform 20 lengths of the pool, gliding effortlessly around the sharks. As the Irishman jumps out and takes the money, the Englishman says, "Hey Paddy, what's your secret, why didn't the sharks eat

says, "Hey Paddy, what's your secret, why didn't the sharks eat you?"
To that, the Trishman takes off his inglest to recent a recent

To that, the Irishman takes off his jacket to reveal a rugby jersey with this message on it......

" WALES TO BEAT IRELAND IN DUBLIN 1990 "

The Irishman laughed and said "Who could swallow that? "

Paddy and Murphy are working up scaffolding on a building site. Suddenly, Paddy accidently saws his ear off and it falls two floors to the ground. Everyone on the site stops work to look for Paddy's ear. After a few minutes, one of the men shouts "Here it is" and walks over to Paddy carrying an ear.

"Oh no - sure that can't be mine" exclaimed Paddy.

" Why ever not Paddy?"

" I had a pencil behind my ear!"

Murphy goes for an interview on a building site.

BOSS: Can you make tea?

MURPHY: Yes.

BOSS: Can you drive a forklift truck? MURPHY: Why? How big is the teapot?

BOSS: Okay, you've got the job. You'll get paid a week Friday.

MURPHY: I'll start a week Thursday...

An Irishman was walking down the street with a sack over his shoulder when a friend approached.

"What have you got in the sack, Mick?"

"Chickens, Pat, and I'll tell you what - if you can guess how many I've got, I'll give you both of them."

Pat answered - "Three."

There is a story about the Irishman who drowned while he was digging a grave for a friend. He'd wanted to be buried at sea!

How do you burn an Irishman's ear? Ring him up while he's ironing.

How does an Irish firing squad line up?
In a circle.

1st MAN: "I'll never work for that horrible man again after what

he said to me."

2nd MAN: "What was that?"

1st MAN: " Adrian you're fired!"

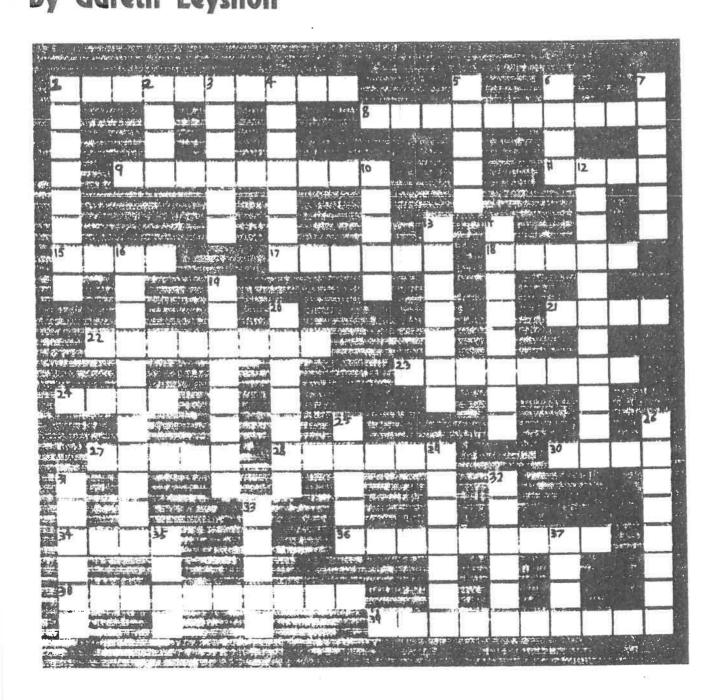
A man went into a field to milk a cow.As he sat down, the cow moved. So he picked up his pail and stool and followed. But the cow moved again, and again he followed with the stool and pail. Just as he sat down, the cow wandered off again. Exasperated, the man called out -

"What do you think you're doing? "

The cow replied,

" About three miles to the gallon."

GRAIG SCHOOL CROSSWORD by Gareth Leyshon



ACROSS:

- See 16 down. 1.
- 8. In charge of the school. (10)
- School subject to make you worldly-wise. (9)
- When the tide flows back, someone must compile the school 11. magazine. (4)
- 15. Found the solution to this? The litmus is in the pink! (4)
- A carpenter in a fried-fish shop? (6) 17.
- It was called the School Quiz in 1988. What was it in 18. and 90? (5)
- One of the ones in maths, of the seconds in science and 21. might you do it in Textiles, too? (4)
- Surname of Adam, Benjamin, Caleb, Daniel, Ephraim, 22. Frank(incense) and Gideon. (8)
- 23. as mule. (8)
- 24. Does this type of drama leave the Small Hall silent, or is it just a charade? (4)
- and 34 across. To take without permission from the non-27 aluminium recycling bin? (5,4)28.
- pinta milka day. (6)
- Llanelli journal where successful Graig pupils shine. 30. (4)
- 34. See 27 across.
- Tiny moles change round for a reverent, sad evening meal. (9) 36.
- Might a teacher working in D1 be this with the truth? 38.
- Does Gordon the Gopher have a canine friend in a Little 39. House on the American plains? (7,3)

DOWN:

- 1. Day on which the school library opens during the lunch hour.(8)
- The place where cookery and needlework are economical. (4) 2.
- Charles Darwin's "of the Species" and point 0 or (0,0) on a 3. graph. (6)
- Maritime matters to do with the Atlantic or Pacific? (7) 4.
- 5. Perfect milk in H.E.1; flawless gas in Phys.2., and I do it with cards? (5)
- Place to find a castaway in the traffic, or Irish emeralds, 6. perhaps. (4)
- 7. A modern native of the UK, whose ancestors battled the invading Romans. (6)
- High-pitched sounds made by dog in pain. (5) 10.
- On your mettle? A DCT technologist would work with these two 12. aspects. (6,5)
- School secretaries, or monkeys who accidentally produce 13. Shakespeare. (7) 14.
 - What senior staff put together at 8.40.a.m.
- and 1 across. Pupils taking computers study IT. (11,10) 16.
- 19. A device for holding A4 paper- or a nail trimmer round the earhole? (4,4)20.
- LPs of achievement for Form Ten ? (7)
- A metalwork teacher has more of these than virtues. (5) 25.
- Education for an engine driver, or an "inset" T? 26.
- Branch of mathematics as easy as a,b,c. (7) 29. 31.
- Enid Blyton's Seven won't tell us anything. (6)
- Age level of the C-corridor labs? 32. (6)
- School subject in which you might say Aaah for Dr James sol 33. fah, so good? (5)
- Washbasins fall to the sea-bed? (4) 35.
- Science Lab's test container on the London Underground? (4) 37.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION. ACROSS:

- 1. TECHNOLOGY.
- 8. HEADMASTER.
- 9. GEOGRAPHY.
- 11. EDIT. 15. ACID.
- 17. CHIPPY.
- 18. SQUIZ.
- 21. UNIT.
- 22. PONTIPEE.
- 23. STUBBORN.
- 24. MIME.
- 27 AND 34. STEEL.
- 28. DRINK A.
- 30. STAR.
- 34 AND 27. CANS.
- 36. SOLEMNITY.
- 38. ECONOMICAL.
- 39. PRAIRIE DOG.

DOWN:

- 1. THURSDAY.
- 2. HOME.
- 3. ORIGIN.
- 4. OCEANIC.
- 5. IDEAL.
- 6. ISLE.
- 7. BRITON.
- 10. YELPS.
- 12. DESIGN CRAFT.
- 13. TYPISTS.
- 14. ASSEMBLY.
- 16. INFORMATION (TECHNOLOGY)
- 19. CLIPFILE.
- 20. RECORDS.
- 25. VICES.
- 26. TRAINING.
- 29. ALGEBRA.
- 31. SECRET.
- 32. JUNIOR.
- 33. MUSIC.
- 35. SINK.
- 37. TUBE.

JACKE AND THE BEANSTALKE by Robert Pike and Darren Mutter

Inne countrye farne there liveth a ladde Who was, I wyst, neither of good nor badde But liveth with his modre in poore wyse And Jacke his name was without no lies. His modre doth send her son tae ye campe And on the trayle, Jacke saw a ragged trampe "Well met," cheered you trampe, who was fatte He was dressed on nought but ye dooor matte. "To what towne is that beast being dragged? I'll swap it with some beans that are bagged." "What is so super about those beans?" "I'm not a conman, I am nort mean. These are magic, these are fine. And if planted shall sproot a winding vine." "That sounds joyous. I'll swap you my beaste And t'nite we'll have yon celebratory feaste." So off Jacke trundled to his humble abode And when his modre found the beans, she beat him hard

She tossed ye beans oot ye winda And said if they grew her name was Jim

For it was really Linda.

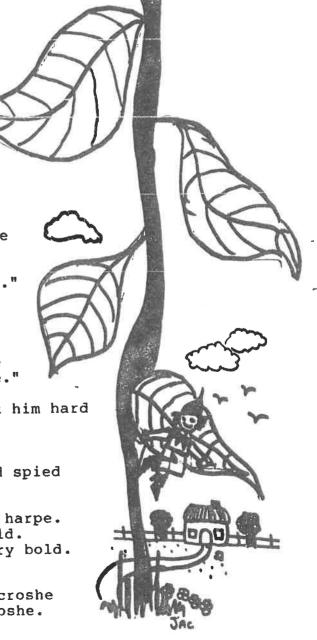
Morne came and Jacke looked oot ya winda and spied A twangly, raggly sort of vine He ventured to climb it to the toppe

There he found a castle, and a giant with a harpe. He also found a lot of goodies including gold.

He stealeth these and was chased but was very bold.

He scuttled down the vine to the grounde, Seizeth ye axe which was lyinge arounde

And choppeth ye vine to the grounde with a croshe Thus killinge the giante and keepinge the doshe.



CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

by Ian Crocker

To find the clearest memories is to find memories of either extreme happiness or sadness. Usually both are linked with each other and a person who has meant a lot. This makes choice difficult, should one hear of how someone brightened one's day or of how one misses them, perhaps both these themes are the same.

As the memories are entwined in my mind I think they also

are in my story.

"Here they are." The brown, greasy chips fell out of the

upturned pan, onto my plate and the table.

"Oh Dai, watch what your doing!" There was anger, but also a distinct trace of humour in my gran's voice. The chips were quickly moved and all traces of grease wiped away.

"You lika ma chips, Ian?" I laughed, perhaps a polite laugh. I

hope not.

"Do you remember that, Vona?"

"Oh, stop pestering those kids with that daft story." She pulled her cardigan tighter and turned to watch the television, clearly impatient with her husband. My grandfather continued undisturbed, "It was on the ship to Belgium, and they had this cook, and every night I asked him for chips." He paused for a good breath of air.

"Well, by the end of the cruise, he was coming up to me in the night and saying, 'Chips for you, a know, you lika ma chips.'
"Oh really, Dai, don't go on!" The humour was gone, but he did

not snap back, he just ate his chips.

"These chips are lovely grampa," I spoke with a terribly highpitched voice.

"Haisht!" my grandfather silenced me with a word from his private language and pointed at the television screen. Wrestling was on, we always had to "Haisht" when there was wrestling on.

While my grandfather watched the wrestling, we watched him. He dodged blows, kicked out, slapped and cursed, all to our great amusement. Occasionally he caught us watching him and showed us great 'Cheshire Cat' grins, instead of embarrassment.

When my mother came to collect me that day, my grandfather was sitting in his armchair helping the jockeys in Newmarket. I kissed my gran goodbye, but my grandfather was too busy for kisses and only had time for a quick goodbye.

It was five to eight that night when their nextdoor neighbour phoned and my parents told me "Be good for Lisa." Something had happened to grampa and they were going to help.

When my father came home just after nine, my sister was fast asleep on the settee.

"Ian, come and sit on my lap." I went obediently, struck dumb,

but no tears flowing yet.

"Ian ... grampa's dead." I sensed that, but I hadn't wanted him to say it. If he hadn't said it, if he'd said, "Ian ... grampa's in hospital" then it would have been fine. Why? Why did he say it?

"He had a heart attack. He died instantly, no pain."

"Grampa's dead." I ran it through my mind again and again. Surely there was still time for him to tell me he was joking, to tell me which hospital grampa was in.

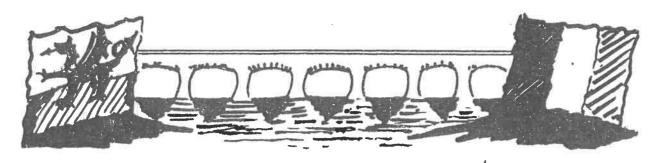
"Ian? Are you alright?" Still time.

I nodded slowly, then rubbed my nose along my arm.

"We're sleeping in Nana's tonight, so go and pack your pyjamas while I wake Lisa." Still time ... please!

He picked me up, put me on my feet and I immediately started towards the door. The time for my father to correct his mistake was gone.

Outside the door I started to cry.



ENTENTE CORDIALE

by Rebecca Claire Roberts

Because of Llanelli's recent twinning with the French town of Agen, a group of students who were studying Travel and Tourism at the College in Agen visited our town for a weekend in

February.

Being an "A" level French student, I felt I should volunteer to host one of the students to stay 'Chez Moi' for that weekend. I thought it would be a great experience, not only for me, but my French friend also, and we could then practise each other's language skills - they say the best way to learn a language is to converse with one of the natives.

So it was all arranged and our French counterparts arrived at Llanelli's Old Vicarage at six p.m. on 10th February, its participants eagerly awaiting their arrival. Once the fundamental task of grouping etc. was sorted out with the aid of Mr.Gwyn Ivor Evans, a former French teacher at Graig and now secretary of the Llanelli and District Twinning Association, we could depart with our new French guests. My guest was nineteen-year old Christelle Lauzely, who happened to speak very little English! This was going to be difficult......

After a hearty meal with compliments to my mother, I decided to show Christelle around Llanelli that Friday evening, but it

was home early as she had a long day ahead of her.

Saturday was fully planned for the Agen group, beginning with a tour of the Llanelli Travel Agencies, followed by some free time to browse around the town. Next, it was up to the Diplomat Hotel for some lunch and a tour of this recently refurbished hotel, complete with Health Club. The day also included a tour of Llanelli's other exclusive hotel, The Stradey Park. I'm pleased to say that Christelle's impression of Llanelli and its hospitable people was an extremely recommendable one.

That evening, the Diplomat Hotel very kindly allowed our French guests to use the New 'Chasens' Health Club, and later, they put on a disco, which didn't finish until the late hours of

the morning.

By now, I was adjusting to French conversation and I found it less difficult than I imagined speaking a foreign language to native speakers.

Sunday was ours to do as we pleased, and we decided to take Christelle to Swansea and the Gower. She was amazed by the beautiful beaches and pretty little villages on Gower and again, she was impressed with the Swansea Marina and Maritime Museum.

But soon, it was time to return Christelle to the Old Vicarage, where the Agen students were to meet. Following a succession of photographs and sad 'Au Revoirs', they departed for Ferryside, where they were to stay a few days before returning to France.

In October, I hope to visit Agen on an A-level work experience holiday and I'm sure I'll find as warm a welcome as

the French students received in Llanelli.

POEMS

by Rachel Dyer



THE NON-STOP EATER

The fire has a mouth like a bottomless pit, It crackles and sparks and even spits, It eats up all the coal and wood, It would eat the grate if it possibly could; It licks all the soot on the chimney-side And warms the home in which we abide.

If the fire gets out of hand,
It goes way out of our command;
It eats up everything in its path
And scraps are left in its aftermath.
If caught quickly, we can contain it;
Starve it of air, then you will maim it!



HAVE YOU EVER?

Have you ever seen a person Take eggs from a nest? A typical human is that! Have you ever seen children Chasing after a dog Or throwing some stones At a cat? Think of the creatures Who suffer from this. Have they ever Done such things to us? The last time you trod On a spider or ant, Did you hear them making a fuss? Imagine the shock If a snake threw a rock Or a spider caught you In its web. Well, remember these things Next time an ant stings And you accidentally Stamp on its head.

MONEY TALKS!

"Money doesn't grow on trees, My dad said. "The day it does I'll be way dead." "You want all the time," My mother cried. "It's fair and square," I replied. "You are so greedy," My sister stated. "And what about you? " I said as mum fainted. "Stop your quarrel!" My father quoted, "It's money to which" You two are devoted." The day that the world Grows trees full of money Just believe me That'll be funny!



IMAGINE THAT!

New-born babies What a palaver, But it's all the work Of the mum and the father. Imagine the result Of a pig and an ape: I don't know about size, But think of the shape! A brown, hairy, creature With big, buggy ,eyes When it's looking at you You'll get a surprise! A short, droopy, tail And a small wrinkled snout. But imagine its appetite Twice our amount! If such a creature Was born to be free, Think of its children Well! It beats me!





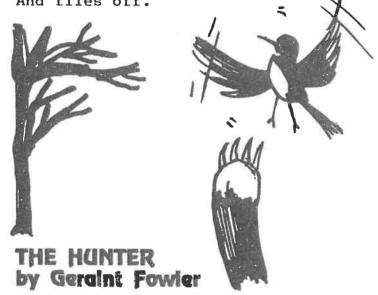
VARIATIONS

THE HUNTER by Chris Jones

The hawk sits on the branch of the tree. His sharp eyes look over the fields Waiting to attack. Then, suddenly, A noise below him Catches his attention.

He sees a small field- mouse running about. With one swoop
He lands on his prey
And carries it high up into a tree.

He rips the mouse apart
With his sharp claws and beak.
He keeps looking up
To watch for danger.
He swallows the mouse
And flies off.



Peeping, pausing, creeping, crawling, Ginger waits alone. Chirping, chanting, singing, dancing, Robin on his stone.

Poaching on another's ground Ginger does not make a sound. Robin Redbreast spots the worm Flutters down to take his turn.

Glaring, staring, almost daring, Ginger's ready to pounce. Robin Redbreast spies the stray, Ginger waits for another day, The hunter turns and walks away.

THE HUNTER by Richard Worner

The skilful lion stalks his prey, The vultures watch on high, A single zebra chews the grass, The lion's very sly.

The zebra soon becomes aware, The lion approaches slowly, For lion now has seen his chance, The zebra's afraid and lonely.

And now the lion begins to trot, The zebra looks around, It seems to sense that danger's near, The feet thump on the ground.

Into a run the lion breaks, Toward his prey at speed. Behind him, frantic track he leaves, The zebra sees his greed.

Meaning certain death, The lion attacks the throat, His fangs sink into the zebra's Thick and shiny coat.

Happy with his catch, The lion rips apart, The zebra's soft and tender skin, It was not very smart.

The lion has achieved his goal, He's pleased with this attack. He'd got what he had wanted, A quick and tasty snack.



2001Z '90

This year's intellectual battle between staff and pupils resulted in a staff victory; for the three years since the school quiz began, the staff lead by two games to one. Congratulations also to the winning pupils team, the Four Topps, and to all who entered this year's quiz.

* If you wish to enter Squiz '91, entry forms will be available from December. In the meantime, to test your wits, here are some questions that didn't get asked this year:

1) What line is marked in yellow on a London Underground map?

2) What are Fei-Fei and Xiao-Xiao?

3) Which oriental-sounding fungus is used in brewing and baking?

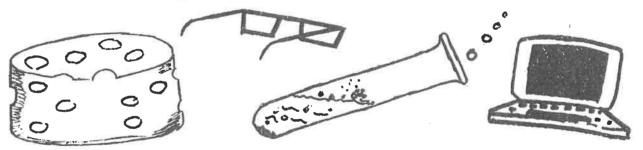
4) For what would a ship be awarded the Blue Riband?

5) Who were the "star-crossed lovers" of Verona?

6) Only pedigree dogs can enter Crufts. What is the alternative show for mongrels called?

(1) Circle; (2) Giant Pandas; (3) Yeast; (4) The fastest passenger-carrying crossing of the Atlantic; (5) Romeo and Juliet; (6) Scruffs.

A CHANCE TO BE LEAPT ON OR THE BIG CHEESE IN SWITZERLAND by Gareth Leyshon



As you know, I won a Physics competition last year, the result of which was that in February I travelled to Switzerland to see "the biggest scientific machine in the world."

The competition was sponsored by the Science and Engineering Research Council, SERC, which funds much of Britain's non-military science research. The Swiss institute was called CERN, which stands for its French name. English speakers call it the European Laboratory for Particle Physics. It is situated near Geneva, on the borders of France and Switzerland.

"The biggest scientific machine in the world" - the biggest machine of any sort for that matter, though it doesn't look like what we'd think of as a machine - is called LEP. It is known as a "particle accelerator."

What is a particle accelerator? You may not realise it, but you have one at home: your TV set. Its screen is the front of a vacuum tube. Tiny particles, called electrons, are fired through the vacuum from the back of the tube. When they hit the screen at the front, it gives off light radiation.

LEP is also a vacuum tube. Electrons are fired down it. But there is no screen for them to hit. The tube is a "steel doughnut" with a circumference of 27 kilometres. The electrons travel round and round until they have almost reached the speed of light.

Meanwhile, another section of CERN manufactures particles called **positrons**. These are antimatter electrons, the easiest sort of antimatter to make. They are fired into the same tube in the opposite direction. At certain points, near special detectors, they collide. Hence the name LEP - the "Large Electron-Positron collider." And as all you readers of sci-fi comics will know, when matter hits antimatter, you get a tremendous explosion!

Well, not quite. Electrons and positrons are too small for that. What you do get is a burst of energy like light, only much more powerful, called gamma radiation. This is similar to the radiation given off from radioactive material: LEP is housed in an underground tunnel (the depth varies between 50 and 150 metres) to shield the workers on the surface from the radiation.

"What's the point?" I hear you ask. One spin-off of the work done at CERN is medical technology. Various types of body scanner and radiotherapy for cancer depend on research done at institutes like CERN. But that is not the main purpose of the work. CERN is engaged in work at the frontiers of physics. The energy in the radiation produced is similar to the energy in universe during the first few minutes after the Big Bang. When we recreate these conditions, it helps scientists to understand how the universe itself works. We don't know how the knowledge will help us - but we want to know "because it's there."

Enough of the theory! I was asked to write about what happened when I was invited to visit LEP. The visit took place over the half-term holidays in February this year.

We (my Dad accompanied me) left Llanelli by train at about noon on Thursday 22nd February and arrived at Reading station about teatime. We were to stay in the Ibis hotel overnight - but first we had to get there. We hired a taxi, not cheap, but SERC was paying all our expenses, but the driver didn't know the way to the hotel. Its address placed it in Hayes, Middlesex, so we drove to Hayes town centre and were misdirected several times before discovering the hotel was just next to Heathrow Airport!

We eventually got to the hotel, where we met Geoff Heaford - SERC's guide who would accompany us. We also met Eithne Mitchell and her sister from Northern Ireland, the other outright winner. Also travelling with us were two of the three runners-up: Nigel Morton of Edinburgh, with a young friend, and Charlotte Hepworth from Warwick who was with her Dad. We enjoyed lunch together in the hotel restaurant, and turned in for the night, arranging early morning alarm calls because we had to check into the airport by 6.30.am.

I don't know about the others, but Dad and I tried to get to bed by half past midnight. I don't think we got to sleep until 1.30. am. We slept soundly until the alarm call. No - not the "time to get up" alarm. The fire alarm, which went off at 2.30. All occupants had to evacuate the hotel, and we shivered in the courtyard for an hour. The fire brigade arrived, found a small fire on the first floor and extinguished it. We were then readmitted and were on our way upstairs, when the alarm went off again. But it proved to be a false alarm. It took the management more than half an hour to reset it properly. We gave up trying to get any sleep, and stayed up until it was time to catch the plane.

We arrived in Geneva airport at 10.30. am. Geneva time is one hour ahead of Britain. There we met the third runner-up, Anna Stacey of London who had been ski-ing in France with her sister. A CERN bus took us on a five minute ride to the complex, where we met our CERN guide, Neil Calder.

First on our schedule was a lecture by John Ellis, a fairly famous particle physicist, followed by a short film. Then we went to the CERN visitor centre, a sort of "Science Museum" depicting their work. We didn't have much time to examine the exhibits, as by this time, a crew from BBCl's "Newsround" programme had arrived and we were asked to stand in various positions for them to get good shots of the party of winners.

Next we ad lunch, with a Nobel prizewinner, plus a bevy of other boffins. I was called from the table to give a telephone interview to Radio Wales, which was broadcast later that day.

The afternoon session was a visit to the "inner sanctum" of CERN: we were to be taken to the LEP tunnel itself. This is usually out of bounds as it emits radiation when running, but it was closed for maintenance during our visit. The bus took us across the border into France, where we entered a massive building which housed a lift shaft. The elevator was the size of a small room. It took us well over a minute to descend to the artificial cavern which housed one of the detectors which sits around the LEP tube. There is an emergency escape ladder - we were told that it would take a quarter of an hour to walk back to the surface!

We got out of the lift and went through a tunnel. The cavern was incredibly big. You can hardly appreciate the size without seeing it yourself, but to give you an idea of the scale, it was as if Swansea Leisure Centre swimming pool had been placed in a cavern, with the roof twice as high as normal. Galleries ran along one wall. Opposite, was a huge cylinder — a barrel of detectors around the LEP tube. Rooms of steel racks filled with electronics were clustered around it. We were split up into three groups and taken around the various sections; I won't bore you with the details.

Next, we were taken into the tunnel which carries the tube between detectors. After passing through a security door and negotiating thick walls of shielding, we found ourselves in something the size of a London Underground tunnel. The tube ran along one side. If you ever see it on TV, you will probably see one of the "interesting" parts, where it is clad with magnets and other devices. But the actual tube is not much larger than a jumbo-sized tin of baked beans, made of thick steel.

The BBC comprehensively interviewed each of the prizewinners in the tunnel. On the final broadcast, they just used one sentence from Eithne and another from Charlotte.

There are four detector sites on LEP: three of them were on the schedule and because the fourth is not directly involved with Britain's research, SERC wasn't particularly interested. We spent so long on the interviews that the second was axed from the programme. The third was much like the first in appearance. Finally, the bus took us back to the main Swiss complex, where we said farewell to our guide and were taken on to our Consum batal

said farewell to our guide and were taken on to our Geneva hotel.

We had supper with three of the scientists in a local restaurant after which we spent a peaceful night. Saturday morning was free to look around Geneva; we flew back that afternoon and split up from Heathrow Airport. We caught the train home from Reading. But a fault had developed and it would stop at Swansea rather than Milford Haven; BR laid on a coach to get us home.

Thus ended our brief tour of a leading scientific establishment. What had I gained? Talking to the experts was more interesting than seeing the hardware. I made friends with "scientists" in my own age group. And, despite the mishaps, I enjoyed the trip.

It's something to put on my C.V.; I've already been head-hunted by a GEC student research centre and Newcastle Polytechnic Computer Department's student admissions officer. It was, as I said, a "chance to be LEPped on!"



Last year's school excursion, organised by Mrs Lloyd, took us to Fontainebleau, quite a picturesque town situated towards the north of France, not far from Paris. We stayed at Fontainebleau for five nights.

We set off from Llanelli by coach, then by ferry from Dover to Calais and then to our destination, once again by coach. About fifty went on the trip, comprising both boys and girls between the ages of twelve and seventeen and five teachers: Mrs Lloyd, Miss Clement, Mrs Frances Williams, Miss Colette Davies and not forgetting Mr Noel Rees, whose linguistic "talents" were often put to the test.

The accommodation and food were excellent, although as you can imagine, the food wasn't to everyone's liking, but the hotel staff made us feel very welcome and tried not to laugh at our French pronunciation.

Since Fontainebleau isn't a very large town, we had some free time to walk about the town to visit places of interest and to do some shopping for souvenirs to bring back home. However, pupils were very well supervised during their free time as there was always a teacher or a sixth-form pupil near at hand.

We were very lucky during our stay in France as the weather was splendid. Only during one or two evenings did we have the occasional shower, which was welcomed by all as the heat did make it slightly uncomfortable to sleep. Unfortunately, the sun brought the mosquitoes with it and Miss Davies, as always - well-prepared, was often seen handing out cream for the bites. At least, we came back browner than when we left Llanelli!

As you can imagine, our trip was jam-packed with excursions, not only to places in and around Fontainebleau itself, but also to Paris and near-by places of interest.

Fontainebleau, if you don't know already, is famous for its chateau and that is where we headed for first. The chateau itself is very grand and beautiful, just as one would expect and the interior, including the furniture, was of the same standard. The chateau also had a considerable amount of grounds to its name, so much so, that we travelled on a Tourists' train in order to see the grounds in their glory. They were a sight to behold, especially the magnificent carp pool and the fountains. A succession of French kings came to Fontainebleau to hunt in the forest and to pursue other leisure activities! King Louis XlV, who must have got extremely irritated with the endless hammering of builders for fifty years at his palace at Versailles, and must have gone to fontainebleau for some peace and quiet!

If you have ever visited France, you will know that there are many churches, cathedrals and other religious buildings to see and during your stay, and we visited the magnificent cathedral at Chartres. It seemed as if we had been transported back to the Middle Ages. The architecture and the stained glass were breathtaking. Chartres is the only cathedral to have a triple doorway on each of its three fronts and is thus exceptionally rich in sculpture.

Next came the day to go to Versailles, which mean the magnificent palace of so many French kings and most famously renowned for Louis XIV and of course, Marie Antoinette. Versailles is enormous; there are miles of corridors and acres of

Visiting Versailles cannot really be done in one day, but we did a pretty good job of trying to do just that! As you can imagine, the palace itself was cram-packed with tourists- one could hardly move and one was glad to get outside for some fresh air, - not that it was any cooler outside. The Hall of Mirrors at Versailles was splendid; one huge room with mirrors on either side. No French workshop could supply such large mirrors and so they had to be imported from Murano, near Venice. The gardens too were out of this world, particularly the lakes and fountains and the Orangery, where some of the trees date back several centuries.

We spent our last day in the capital, Paris. Our first stop was, of course, at the Eiffel Tower. We had the choice on whether or not to go up the Eiffel Tower and many of us took it up. The view was spectacular, an experience you'll never forget. We travelled along the River Seine and visited the cathedral, Notre Dame, where a Sunday service was being held. The cathedral was packed to capacity and the singing, incense and flickering candles really added to the atmosphere of the building. Montmarte was next, where all the artists congregate to try and paint your portrait. Nearby, you'll find the Sacre-Coeur; again a service was taking place at the church, but the visit was still very worthwhile. Napoleon's Museum was also very interesting, which displayed all his belongings and mentioned all the wars that he fought in. The boys, particularly, were very interested, especially in Napoleon's horse and his dog.

As usual, the school trip to France proved to be a great success and everyone is now looking forward to going again this

year.

HAPPY TWINS by Melissa Davies

Saturday, the 1st of July last year, was a very important day in Llanelli. It was the day Llanelli twinned with the French town of Agen in South West France. This has created important links with Europe to take Llanelli into 1992.

The twinning ceremony was held in the Selwyn Samuel Centre and began at 10 o'clock. Every school in Llanelli took part as well as the Hywel Girls' Choir and the Llanelli Male Voice Choir. Graig's contribution was a Brass Ensemble and a Cyd-Adrodd party recited a Welsh poem called "Rhyfeddodau", which tells of the wonders of Science and nature.

After all the festivities were over, the mayors from both towns signed the twinning charters and made speeches. Our head girl, Trina Wilkins, made a speech of welcome to Dr.Chollet, Agen's mayor, which was then translated into Welsh and French.

All in all, a very successful day, which we shall remember for a long time.



IRISH MUM'S LETTER TO HER SON IN ENGLAND.

Dear Seamus,

Your dad had a shock in bed last night: he thought he had a hole in his heart. It turned out to be a polo mint in his pyjama pocket.

Your cousin, Ciaran has done his bit to prevent prison

overcrowding - he's escaped.

Last night your dad had an unfortunate experience in the pub. He met this chap who said he would hypnotise him into giving up smoking. He put your father into a trance and when he woke up, the fellow had gone off with his cigarettes.

Tommy from the Library died last week. As a mark of respect, everyone stood up and made noise for a minute. Your grandmother, Jessica, has her leg in plaster. She had chest pains and the doctor told her not to use the stairs for two weeks. She

broke her leg sliding down the drainpipe.

Your father went to see Ireland beat Wales in Dublin last weekend. He didn't have a ticket but was lucky he gave this man £20 and he let him in for free. Your father had an argument with the insurance man who wanted to insure our car for third party fire and theft. Your father refused saying, "Who would want to steal a burning car?"

No more news,

MAMMY.

A man reading a book of facts suddenly turned to a neighbour and said, "Do you know that every time I breathe, a man dies?"

"Very interesting" said the stranger.

"Have you ever tried changing your toothpaste?"

The Irish goalkeeper had travelled over by ferry to talk to Liverpool about signing for them. Paddy decided to walk to the stadium and on the way, his attention was drawn to a fire in one of Liverpool's many high-rise buildings.

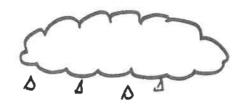
Out of curiosity, he joined the gathering crowd and saw, to his horror, a woman standing on a ledge ten storeys up, holding

an infant and screaming, "Save my baby, save my baby."

No-one knew what to do until Paddy stepped forward, calling, "Drop the baby and I will catch him. Don't worry, I am Ireland's international goalkeeper and I am about to sign for Liverpool. Your baby will be safe with me."

The anguished mother took some persuading until the situation became so hopeless that she sobbed her assent and relinquished her hold on the child, who floated towards the ground like a leaf in a gale. Paddy weaved from side to side trying to gauge the exact spot where the terrified child would land, moving from foot to foot to the accompanying gasps of the crowd. It looked as though he had got it all wrong until, at the very last moment, he hurled himself to his right and caught the baby in both hands. But just as the crowd were about to hail their new hero, their cheers were strangled in their throats as Paddy jumped to his feet, bounced the baby twice on the pavement and half volleyed it down the street.







While .

THE GRAIG SCHOOL SPORTS' DAY by Rachel Bowen

It was eight o'clock, I boarded the bus. Everyone there was making a fuss. For someone'd broken their arm, plus Today was the Graig School Sports' Day.

We arrived, people were raking the sand, Carrying benches and lending a hand. Everyone present was much in demand To help with the Graig School Sports' Day.

Over two hundred girls, it seemed a sin One tiny room, an awful din.
I'm sure the walls were closing in,
Getting changed for the Graig School Sports' Day.

At last, on the field, we went to see, The long-jump, a sand pit it seemed to me. And then I bought a choc-ice, or three, Before we started the Graig School Sports' Day.

Then time for events, both field and on track.

At the long-jump we queued, with me at the back,

And then I wished I'd brought my mac,

For it rained on the Graig School Sports' Day.

We continued. The rain, it started to pour, of I didn't like long-jumping any more. Three choc-ices splattered on the floor, I was sick on the Graig School Sports' Day.

The long hours drearily onward passed. A
In the events I entered, I was always last.
I ended the day so tired and harassed,
I was bored on the Graig School Sports' Day.

And so the Sports' Day on the tenth of May, Turned out to be sort of O.K., At least we didn't have any lessons that day, Which is welcome on Graig School Sports'Day.

A teddy bear got a job on a building-site and was told to dig a trench. When the hooter went he had his lunch and came back to find his pick-axe had been stolen. He looked everywhere, but had no luck finding it, so he went to the foreman and said that someone had stolen his pick-axe.

"Well," said the foreman, "didn't you know? Today's the day the teddy bears have their pick nicked."



SALESMAN: I've got a few chickens going cheap.

CUSTOMER: Well, what do you expect them to do, bark?

CHAP: I'd like my eyes tested please.

OPTICIAN: Why?

CHAP: Because I can't see very far.

The Optician takes the chap outside and points to the sky.

OPTICIAN: What's that?

CHAP: The sun.

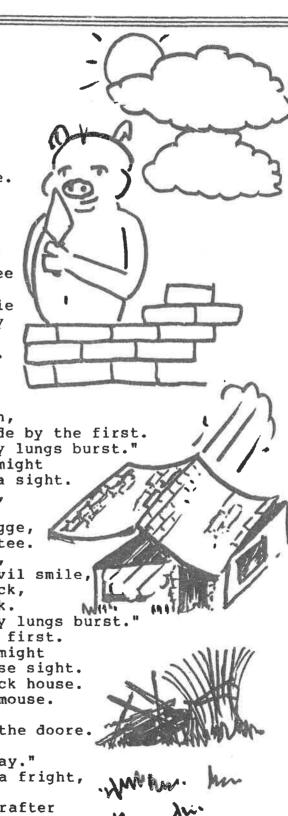
OPTICIAN: Well that's 93 million miles away. How much further do

you want to see?

THE LITTLE PIGGES THREE

by Emma Walters and Almee Thomas

Whylom, the little pigges three, Dwelled in the house with their mammy. But oon day she to themme ye spoke, "I say to thee and this is ne'er no joke, Go forthe from here you little pigges three. For never more can ye dwell with mee. And maketh you you're owne little place And keepeth it warm, and keepeth it safe. But beware my darling pigges three, Or the wolfe will eat ye for his tea." So off they went to build their houses three And to buildeth up their own familee. The first I tell ye and this is ne're no lie Quod he, "I'll build my house up to the sky I'll build a house of straw you'll see" And the little two pigs were no more three. The second made a house made of wood. And madeth it as best he could, The third little pig, the wisest one, Built his house of bricks in the summer sun, But oon day the wolfe went to the house made by the first. Quod he, "I'll huffeth and puffeth until my lungs burst." So he huffeth and puffeth with all of his might And the little straw house was oon neu of a sight. As if Satan himself hadde with evil powers, Wrought destruction upon't for houres To the house made of sticks this little pigge, Ran speeding to his bruder to beg for safetee. And togeder they liveth for a little while, Until the wolfe thenne appeareth with an evil smile, He crept up to the doore and gave it a knock, And the two little pigges had quite a shock. Quod he, "I'll huffeth and puffeth until my lungs burst." And the second little pigge held on to the first. So he huffeth and puffeth with all o' his might And the little stick house was an even worse sight. So the little pigges ran to the little brick house. And their little brudder was as snug as a mouse. Then along came the wolfe again once more And calmly strolled uppeth and knocked on the doore. "Open up, little pigges, open up I say Or your house, in shatters around you'll lay." So he huffeth and puffeth but hadde quite a fright, For the little house still stood upright So off went the wolfe ne're to be seen therafter And the little pigges were happy ever after.





A bevy of beauty with Mr. Jones from the Girls' P.E. Dept. From left: Charlotte McMillan, Michelle Matthews, Miss Colette Davies, Rachel Rees and Trudi-Ann Rees



Graig Schools' Year 7 Rugby XV with Headmaster, Mr. R. I. Denis Jones and Coach, Mr. Goronwy Owen.

SPORTSCENE

GIRLS' P.E.

The Girls' Physical Education Department has enjoyed a highly successful year and pupils have represented Llanelli and Dyfed Schools in each aspect of physical education .

Lindsey Colarusso won the Dyfed Under-13 Gymnastic Championship and Lindsay John won the Llanelli Schools'

Cross-Country Championship.

Delyth Evans and Melanie Lewis were successful in gaining sponsorship to sail on the Malcolm Miller Schooner. Delyth was such a fine student that she has been invited to sail as the Bosun's Mate on a future trip.

The School Dance Team was invited to produce the video for

the G.C.S.E. Physical Education Examination.

Two netball teams and a hockey team went touring to Holland. The players were coached and had several matches in their respective game. The stay in Holland was most enjoyable, rewarding and very exhausting.

BOYS' P.E.

SCOTT QUINNELL - Welsh Secondary Rugby Union Under-18 Captain; he played against Scotland, Welsh Youth, England, Ireland and France. He was selected to tour Australia and New Zealand.

VIVIAN MORGAN - Member of the Welsh Tennis Team.

ANTHONY ROTONDO - Welsh No. 1 in the 65 kilo class. He represented Wales Under-16, Youth and Under 21. He is going to Bulgaria and Canada at the end of the year and is a member of the Steadman Davies Judo Club.

DARREN THOMAS - played for the Welsh Schools' Under-14 and for the Welsh Schools' Under-15 against English Independent Schools. He will tour Yorkshire this summer with Welsh Schools.

NATHAN DAVIES and STEPHEN WILLIAMS gained their Under-14 Dyfed Soccer Caps and Nathan is also in the Welsh Schools' Football Association Under-15 Squad for next season.

ANDREW NEAL, MARCUS LEAF, JONATHAN CARPENTER and CHRISTIAN ROBERTS all gained their Dyfed Cricket Caps.

STEPHEN EDWARDS is in the Dyfed Gymnastics Team and in the Welsh Schools' Gym team. He was rated eleventh in Wales.

CHRISTIAN FRANCIS ran for the Carmarthen and Dyfed Harriers. He gained a Silver Medal in the Welsh Inter-Counties Championship and gained four County vests. He has also gained a Cross-Country vest and was selected to run in the Welsh A.A.A. Cross-Country Championships, where he gained a bronze medal.

A TESTING DANCE by Michelle Mathews and Rachel Rees

The Welsh Joint Education Committee invited our school to choreograph and participate in a video to be shown to all candidates sitting G.C.S.E. Dance last year.

Ours was the only school ever to be asked to perform such a task. Pupils who took part were Michelle Matthews, Charlotte McMillan, Rachel Rees, Trudi Rees and Wayne Cater.

The four girls took part in a group dance to the music, "Waltz of the flowers". Trudi Rees took part in a solo tambourine dance unaccompanied by music and Wayne Cater performed a mime dance to the music of "Kitten on the Keys".

Rehearsals took place in the Girls' Gym in the lunch-hours in the weeks leading up to the recording took place in the Main Hall. the recording. The actual

For the group dance, the four girls had to wear blue leotards, a black mini flared skirt, and performed in bare feet. For her solo dance, Trudi wore a pink leotard, white tights and pink ballet shoes. For his mime, Wayne wore a black T-shirt, black trousers, white gloves and black dance shoes.

Even though the work was extremely strenuous and took up a lot of time, it was a most enjoyable experience for all who participated. We hope the examination candidates all over Wales

enjoyed our interpretations of dance.

TOUR DE FORCE by Jackie Pike

The tour began at midnight when the coach left Llanelli for Valkenburg, Holland. After arriving at Dover in the early hours of the morning, we sailed to Calais. From there we travelled to Valkenburg.

We arrived at our hotel that evening. The hotel, we were soon to find out, had excellent facilities with everything from an indoor swimming pool to a sauna. The owner was Scottish, a genial sort of fellow and was very polite and helpful throughout our stay.

The following day began around 7.30. After breakfast both the netball and hockey teams were to learn of the rigorous fitness training we were to endure over the following three days.

It was rigorous to say the least! Each morning, we were undergo an hour of training and coaching, followed by matches later on in the day. The Dutch hockey players were superb, due to the fact that in Holland, they have organised leagues unlike here in Llanelli. By the evening we were all fit to drop. However, as the saying goes, "The show must go on."

"Sports Breaks", the firm who had organised the tour, had organised entertainment for every night of our visit. The other hockey, netball, soccer teams etc. from other schools in England, Scotland and Wales were there. Discos were held every night. On the last night of the tour, there was a special presentation evening in which the schools were presented with trophies and shields, commemorating our tour to Holland. A few girls from the Graig won trophies for their performances during the week in both hockey and netball.

Overall, the tour can be said to have been extremely enjoyable and beneficial to both the hockey and netball teams. We

received first class coaching from experts in the fields.

I can honestly say that we left Valkenburg with extremely happy memories of an unforgettable tour full of worthwhile activities.

NEWSROUND

GRAIG'S WINNING DESIGNER

To prove the worthiness of a design is to see it admired by others. This is why it is especially pleasing to Adrian Gray, Deputy Head Boy, who was one of the runners-up in a nationally-run design competition. The brief for the competition, which was sponsored by "The Sunday Times," "Rowenta" and "Designing"

Magazine, was to design a bedroom for a teenager.

Adrian's entry cleverly combined a bed, desk and cupboard/wardrobe storage area, all designed to fit into his bedroom. He also included a relaxation area that had a hi-fi system. As in designing any environment, he researched all the pertinent areas such as choice of colour scheme, the use of appropriate materials for poster display areas and the position of the lighting. All this research together with his final design solution was attractively presented in a design folio and was sent to the judging panel.

Adrian, who is taking 'A' level C.D.T., was presented with a Rowenta toaster and coffeemaker, items that will fit nicely into his bedroom at the present time. He hopes to continue with his design work after he leaves school and is busy at the moment preparing his major coursework for next year's 'A' level

examinations.

This type of competition will be tried again next year when the school will take part in the Dyfed Technology Initiative. This is a competition sponsored by British Steel Tinplate and will be aimed at next year's Year 9 and will offer cash prizes to the winner.

Further details will be available from the Design Technology Department as soon as they are announced.

B.P. PROJECT

Last July, Graig was the only school in Wales and one of only four in the U.K. to be selected to take part in the B.P./Kings College Project. This was a great honour for the school and attracted much interest from the local and national press.

Forty - five Third Year pupils were chosen to work on the project which spanned for a period of three weeks. The theme of

the project was "Colour in Society."

Pupils carried out a number of activities during this time and made good use of computers, machines and other technology loaned for the project by local businesses. The pupils designed and made T-shirts, shorts, furniture, games, protective clothing and accessories and also a large collage which now takes pride of place in the School Foyer.

Several visits were also made to local industries, including Veltec, Avon Inflatables and Treforest Textile Printers, where

pupils had first-hand experience of commercial processes.

After a lot of hard work and a lot of fun by pupils and Staff alike, the work was put on display in the School Hall in a 2-day exhibition.



"THE REST", PORTHCAWL

by Vivienne Jones

The whole idea and need for "The Rest" materialised largely due to the conditions of the early 1850's. The main area of employment at that time was the Coal Industry. However, as a result of factors such as coal dust and other bad working conditions, the miners were very susceptible to ill-health or broken limbs. This was not a good thing for a miner to fall ill and miss work, thus missing pay. They simply could not afford to be ill as the man of the family was usually the 'bread-winner'. If he didn't work, there was no money and so, no 'bread'.

At the same time, a man named Dr.James Lewis from Maesteg was becoming increasingly aware of this problem and his worries were supported and heightened by a cholera epidemic in 1849. He saw the need for these people to have somewhere to convalesce from their illness. He could, however, see that although they had to get better once and for all, they just could not afford to.

So Dr.Lewis decided to take positive action, buying three cottages in a place called Nottage, just outside Porthcawl. However, their popularity was so great that Dr Lewis found them too small: in just twelve months of opening, ninety-seven people had been admitted. Dr Lewis consulted a number of people about opening a big, purpose-built convalescent home - one of these people being none other than the famous Florence Nightingale.

One of the most important necessities was money, so local families were asked to contribute and some of the donators and benefactors included such families as The Margams and the Talbots.

As to the site, plans and design of this new home, much planning and consultation took place and Miss Nightingale was a great contributor and adviser as far as the needed information went. After 1875, the plans began to meet major financial difficulties, but the old Red cottages were still keeping up the good work. Finally, in July in the year 1878, the first patients were received at the new Home, and it has not looked back since.

As far as facilities go, today, in 1990, they are marvellous. The fact that 'The Rest' is a convalescent home and not a hospital should be remembered. However, there is a doctor on call as well as nurses and twenty-four hour care assistants on hand.

There are plenty of things to occupy your time: there is a library, a T.V. room, a lounge, a 'quiet' room as well as the newly-built sun-lounge. There is also a board-room and a room with a large snooker table.

As for meals, there is a restaurant with a kitchen as well as a bar. The sleeping arrangements are excellent, with 'ensuite' double or triple bedrooms. But, in my opinion, the most attractive feature of 'The Rest' has to be the grounds. With Rest Bay only a few yards away, the view from the balconies is magnificent. For the more energetic guests, there are many walks around the bay. Another popular event in 'The Rest' is the nightly game of 'Bingo', which is a definite favourite of the guests.

Over the years, there have been many changes and modernisations. For example, when it began first and up to only a few years ago, the residents slept in huge dormitories - separate ones for men and for women which can't have been very private. It must have been like a boarding school or a hospital.

Indeed, they were called 'Wards'. However, in 1987, "The Rest" encountered a huge piece of luck, when British Coal paid for an architect to work with "The Rest" for one and a half years. The architect was a great asset to them and his name was Mr.Brian Mountford and he was also a lay-preacher. He was a brilliant architect and he could visualize all the modernisations. It was due to his planning that all the separate bedrooms were built with a bathroom each.

Not everyone who uses "The Rest" is ill or disabled - some old people suffer great loneliness and come to "The Rest" for company and to make friends. Others just want to get away from everything and have, as the name suggests, a "Rest"! Anyone can go there but, in general, it is the elderly and disabled. The disabled have been specially catered for because since 1953, a special paraplegic bungalow, which had been converted from the former Recreation Hall. The Disabled Drivers' Association use it every year for two weeks.

However, "The Rest" is not a charity and charges are made, but most people, or groups are sponsored or subsidised by their various charities or clubs to which they belong. The charge for one week, which is the usual length of time spent, is £105 - which pays for care plus four meals a day. The true cost is £128 per head, all accounted for, which doesn't make it that bad a deal, keeping in mind that most people going there hardly pay anything towards it themselves.

Obviously, if only £105 is being paid, whereas the real cost of keeping them is £128, the remaining £23 has to be raised by "The Rest" themselves. How is this done? Well, mainly through donations. Many fund-raising events have raised thousands of pounds. An example of this fund-raising is when Mr Edward Ephgrave, our R.E.teacher, who is tremendously involved with "The Rest", took part in a bike ride from one end of Wales to the other, raising an enormous amount.

To organise all these events and generally to look after the running of the Home, certain committee members are needed. These include the President, which at the moment is the famous entertainer, Stan Stennet.

There is also the Chairman and Vice-Chairman. Then, the quite large Board of Management, comprising of twenty- four men and twenty-four women, all working on a voluntary basis. They all meet every two months for a meeting to discuss various matters.

There is an Executive Committee and sub-committees concern themselves with the building and fund-raising and staffing. They meet four or five times a year each.

However, there are eight people who are full-time staff, including the Chief Officer, who is now Mrs Jennifer Powell, and the Assistant Chief Officer. There are also three secretarial staff, two porters and one chef.

"The Rest" is open from March right through until November. But it is also open during the ten-day period over Christmas and the New Year. For the lonely and old, that is probably the worst time of the year, so they come along to "The Rest" for Christmas and have the best time of their lives.

But it is not easy for "The Rest". It is faced with a great many difficulties. One of these is to do with modernising the old buildings. There is always more to do all the time, even with everything that has already been done. All of these plans have to have financial backing ,of course, which leads us to the worst problem - debt. "The Rest" is currently £274,000. in 'the red' but hopes to reduce this figure to around £50,000 in this year. The people responsible for this debt are the trustees.

Most young people today don't like the idea of working for nothing, so getting youngsters involved on a voluntary basis is another difficulty. of course, one way of clearing the debt is to raise money, as I have said before, but fund-raising is a problem, too, and "The Rest" needs money very badly to survive.

The main reason that people use "The Rest" is for

The main reason that people use "The Rest" is for recuperation and a holiday. I think it is also important for people to visit "The Rest", to find out about it. Only then can one appreciate its value. It also encourages young people to get involved with voluntary organisations because they can see, by a visit, how important those workers are.

A lot of the helpers and people involved with "The Rest" are Christians and I think that their faith has a lot to do with their caring attitudes and feelings towards it. Some of the people get involved through various charities and organisations which maybe bring their members to "The Rest" for their annual holiday. Clubs such as PHAB, the D.D.A. and Gateway are just a few examples. Most of the helpers just enjoy coming and get a sense of fulfilment and happiness by helping other people. The main qualities I would consider to be needed would be just lots of enthusiasm and determination as well as patience and tolerance towards the ill or disabled.

Obviously, if you were one of the nurses, more detailed qualifications would be required, but for the ordinary part-time worker, all that is needed is the fact that they want to be there helping out of their own choice. "The Rest" has come a long, long way over the years, and its physical features have changed radically, but the same feelings are attached to it as Dr.Lewis had back in 1862, when he had purchased the Rest cottages: concern for those who were not as well off. Since then, its efficiency has grown dramatically. It now has a very tight budget, which is very important.

As to its value, that cannot be expressed in words, only in the guests who come back year after year. That in itself says it all. The Christmas period must be the most valuable time for lonely old people to come.

As far as satisfaction of the people actually involved in running the Home, it must be a very personal thing. Obviously, they must enjoy their work or they wouldn't stay. They are involved because they like "The Rest" and get a sense of satisfaction from helping others.

The years ahead see a challenging prospect as far as the financial side of "The Rest" goes. The debt must be cleared and new ones will undoubtedly be set up in the process of further modernisations. In th next five to ten years, it is hoped to raise one million pounds to develop amenities.

But "The Rest" will always be a popular place to come and have a 'Rest' in. The factors of a friendly atmosphere, good food and fresh sea air are all you could ask for on your convalescence - the doctor couldn't prescribe any better tonic!

I could see this clearly on my visit with the R.E. class back in February. It was a most worthwhile and informative trip. Before we went, I had heard vaguely of "The Rest" and I had thought it was a permanent Old People's Home, so I was very mistaken in that assumption because it is far from an Old People's Home.

We were given 'full run' of the Home and we explored the whole place thoroughly after Mr Ephgrave had given us a talk in the Boardroom. I and everyone else learnt a great deal about "The Rest" and I could not think of a better place to come to recover from illness, especially as now there is an increasing number of elderly people, and I can see how essential "The Rest" and other places like it really are.

GRAIG FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

President : Mr. R.I.Denis Jones, J.P., M.A..

Hon Secretary: Mr. Eric Lewis, B.Sc..

Hon Treasurer: Mr. Alan Jones.



The school's Former Pupils' Association continues to hold events which encourage ex-students to keep in touch with each other and the school.

Last Christmas' Annual Reunion Dinner again attracted a healthy number to the Stepney Hotel to enjoy the meal, the speeches, the reminiscences and the conversation. This year's Dinner will be on Friday, 28th December when the Guest Speaker will be Professor D.Q. Bowen, Director of the Institute Earth Studies at U.C.W. Aberystwyth.

For the last five years we have held a Leavers' Disco in September, just prior to students leaving for their colleges and work. Lat year's proved a huge success with nearly a hundred attending. We hope that this year's Disco at the Llanelli Wanderers' Clubhouse on 14th September will again attract support from our members.

The main purpose of the Association, in addition to providing a focus for ex-pupils to gather, is to assist the school, its pupils and former pupils in whatever way it can.

In the past year we have contributed £500 towards the running costs of the school's new stencil cutter/duplicator; we awarded our annual scholarship of £100 to Wayne Cater, to study drama at the Webber Douglas Academy in London; and presented our usual two awards at Speech Day.

We are able to make these financial contributions because of the money obtained from our annual Prize Draw, from members'

subscriptions and from the profit on our social events.

We encourage all former pupils to join the Association and give back something to the school when they leave. Many do, and we thank them for their interest and support.

Please join the Former Pupils' Association and help us maintain our support for the school. Full details are available from Mr. Eric Lewis on the staff.

THE WAR by Rachel Dyer

The war has now started Many families have parted. What are we to do? The gas-masks are waiting, Children are shaking, - Holding a suitcase or two.

Why has the war come " What have we all done? Ah well! It's Hitler, too. It's just fighting and killing Nobody's winning, There's nothing I could do.

I wish I was in London Back home again Baking a cake or two For if I was in London Back home again I'd save a place for you.

THE SEA by Tracey Hartwell

Animals play, Throughout the day, While waves splash on the rocks. The boats sail in, The boats sail out, Until they reach the docks.

I seemed so small, While a lighthouse so tall, Towered above my head. It all seemed so bright, But when it's shining at night, I am tucked up safely in bed.

When winds are at large Waves are in charge, Rising then falling to the ground. But once the sun shines, And lights up the skies, The sea hardly then makes a sound.



THE MOON AND THE STAR by Lisa Harman

The moon is shining in the sky The stars are very bright, It is so very dark and grim In the middle of the night.

The moon is shining through the glass, Casting shadows on my wall, Some shapes look so very thin, Others look so tall.

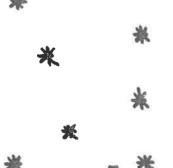
Like giants walking on my wall, They look so mean and strict, And when the sun at last appears, They vanish like magic.

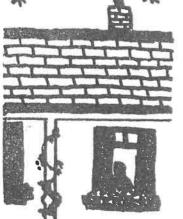
The stars shine brightly in the sky, And as I look they seem nearby, They shine like jewels overhead, They look as if they're dancing.

Twinkling, sparkling, round and round, They look as if they would touch the ground,

But when morning comes, they dance away, Leaving behind a Silver trail.





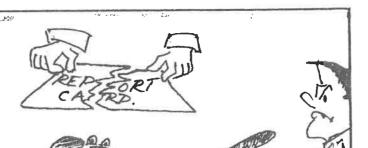








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A TEACHER'S LOT.....

by Tring Wilkins

Sploooosh! "Ha Ha" I cried as I made my revenge on the little brats who locked me in my cupboard yesterday. I can't prove it was them but they can't prove that I deliberately soaked them, either. People often get wet from puddles. I pulled up as near as possible to my regular parking place and found somebody had already parked there. I immediately assumed it was one of those supply teachers, - we live in fear of being replaced. Annoyed, I got out of the car and made my way up to the staffroom.

Day after day I go there and as soon as I walk in, I'm enveloped by clouds of smoke. Whisky odours taint the air. Most of the teachers are on the point of nervous breakdowns. I tried convincing myself that I wasn't going to lose my nerve as I lit my cigarette but had to extinguish it when I realised I already had two in my mouth.

I advanced towards my registration room armed with a steel-tipped umbrella and a brief-case filled with dictionaries for extra protection. Suddenly, the umbrella became a machine-gun, and the brief case, a bag filled with instruments of torture. I was brought back to the terrible reality by the headmaster bellowing "YOU WILL NOT RUN IN THE CORRIDORS, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?" I waited curiously to see which little terror would emerge and the Economics teacher came out. Surprising.... I thought it would been the P.E.teacher.

I continued along the corridor when I suddenly realised I was surrounded by pygmies all glaring at me contriving to pounce. I dived into the nearest classroom and found, to my amazement, that the children were all seated quietly. I knew that I must be hallucinating and I reached for my happy pills. I eventually discovered my classroom and was confronted by a boy identifiable only by his feet hanging out of the window. When I asked what he was doing, he told me that he was trying to get some fresh air. Relieved by his explanation, I thought he might have been trying to commit suicide. I turned my back for half an hour, and was awoken by a sickening thud as the boy hit the floor. The teacher on the first floor could telephone for a builder to repair the damage to the path anyway. So no real harm was done.

I returned to my dreams of the approaching Christmas holiday. I could even imagine the way the turkey smelt when I was rudely awoken by shouts of "Scrap! Scrap!" Two little boys began to pummel each other. One began to tear the other's hair as little children will have their fun and so I was loathe to stop them. As one knocked the other unconscious, I called the class to order.

They handed in their homework. The essay was entitled, 'What do you think of your teacher?" I picked up the first essay and began to read, "My teacher is paranoid about everything". I dragged the vicious detestable little creature to the front of the class to explain what he meant.

"What do you mean by suggesting that I am paranoid?" He said, "Get lost!"

I could see he was gripped by terror as he laughed hysterically..

"What have you to say for yourself, boy?" I demanded.

"Merry Christmas, sir."

"Ah well" I thought. Youngsters these days!

The bell signifying the dinner break rang ,interrupting the skirmish and the 'darling' children disappeared before my very eyes in eagerness to return for the lesson after lunch.

I, too, left soon and on entering the dinner hall, I had to dodge the flying fish fingers and the bouncing beef burgers. I arrived at the dinner queue. I received my dinner and my taster tried the scotch egg. It was edible but that is no guarantee in this school. The children have a nasty habit of spilling hemlock or deadly nightshade on your plate and some finds itself occasionally on your plate. If undiscovered, these nasty little pranks leave me with indigestion.

As I left the canteen, I inadvertently slipped on a tray which just 'happened' to be lying directly in my path. I tried to recall which member of my class I had seen earlier placing it there several minutes previously as I shot down to the opposite side of the room.

The bell rang; I got up, wondering who the next contender would be as I regained consciousness. I ventured towards my classroom-cum-prison. I tried to compose myself, reasoning it could not get any worse. The board and duster then fell and hit me. It had been balancing precariously on the sill above the door. The children then decided (as I lay unceremoniously sprawled on the floor), to practise their newly-learned art of resuscitation.

The ambulance came and tried to remove it, the pencil in my throat. An ingenious child had decided that in order to keep my air passages open, a pencil would do the trick. A small pencil lodged in one's gullet - can cause a little discomfort. When it was finally removed, I was asked by the headmaster that my presence would be required until the end of the day and said "A little sore throat never hurt anyone!"

Filled with relief at the thought of home, but burdened with the ever present fear of knowing that with tomorrow came the prospect of having to return home, I retreated to my car. Someone had put a crowbar through the windscreen. As I started the ignition, and contemplated the garage bill , an optimistic thought struck me: they could have planted a bomb.

At that moment, I became painfully aware of a tick, tick,

tick....





Who am I? What am I? Why am I here? How was I created? I seem to have a memory but I don't know anything. Have I done this before? Something feels familiar.

Lost in a floating capsule with a built-in instinct to get back... but back to where? I wasn't sure but I knew I had to get there.

The capsule was large and warm; I was aware of the dull, red walls and a gentle feeling of love surrounding me. I began to perceive the presence of another being; a sort of reflection of myself but with its own mental independence. I felt this being was also alive, also thinking, also sensing me as I sensed it.

As time passed by, this companion and I became more aware of each other's feelings and I discovered he also had the instinct to break out, but it wasn't time yet. I often wondered how I would know when it would be time to leave the spherical prison. This thought scared me but I had my companion to comfort me.

There had been a change in our position and I had also been felling the capsule start to shrink. Wonder and confusion were my thoughts. All I had was my companion who was entwined with me inside the nebulous machine. We were becoming impatient.

We often heard noises, rising and falling tones which would comfort us or scare us. Sometimes, we were probed by objects and sometimes then was silence.

We felt part of something or someone. Could the thing which contained us also think? Was this the being that gave us the feeling of being loved?

The capsule had shrunk to a size which made us very uncomfortable and we both knew it was time to evict ourselves.

My companion was lower down so it was he who was to leave first. There was a great feeling of excitement, the companion was beginning to leave, helped by pusher and squeezer from the capsule. Soon he had disappeared and I knew I had to join him....

I was forced down head first and there was a great pressure on my skull. Pain shot through my body. It seemed infinite; there were noises which sounded familiar.

The pain filled my heart; the pushing fitted every contour of my body. It was agony.

Bright white light was all I saw; sight was something I couldn't neatly exercise in the capsule. I was laid next to the companion and we were very glad to finish the journey alive.

I heard another familiar sound. "You've had twins, love!"

LATE NEWS

In the English channel last night a ship carrying red paint a ship carrying blue paint, in heavy fog. Both collided with crews are believed to have been marooned.

Here is the result of today's sheep dog trials: all the sheep were found not guilty.

In the weigh-in for tonight's big title fight between David and Goliath, David's manager was heard to say that the odd stone would make all the difference.

Following an incident in Chapel Square, involving ten young ladies and a policeman's truncheon, Mr Fred Whizzo, a one-man band has been charged with conducting himself improperly.

IT'S AN OLD GAME

by Gareth Griffiths

Nobody invented football. As soon as an Egyptian, Assyrian or Chinese first kicked or bounced or rolled a ball, the seeds of football had been sown. Once Greek war-games had been adapted to include a ball, all modern Football's principles had been established - that is a game, or conflict, in which one crowd of combatants forces a ball through the opposition's territory to a point guarded by opposing combatants. It's just as simple as that - always has been, always will be, whether Association Football

Rugby, American, Gaelic or Australian Rules Football.

It isn't particularly surprising that football grew at numerous points independently as, at its simplest, football is both attractive and instinctive. How many times have we, or have we seen, ourselves or someone kicking a can for no apparent reason? Both in China and in Mexico in ancient times a type of target football was played, aiming and kicking a ball through holes in a silk screen or hoops on a wall, usually as part of a religious ceremony, though the penalty for losing was somewhat harsh on-the-spot execution! A game still survives in Burma where men kick a wicker ball between them, never stopping or touching the ground - no goals, no winners, no losers - just applause, appreciation of the skill involved. It is, in fact, rather similar to a game played here in Wales; where a ball is kicked between children, and is only allowed to touch the ground once as the ball is passed between them, or kicked at each other. Slowly people drop out after making mistakes, until there is only one victor - the player who stayed out of trouble, or the one with the most skill. A game, originally enough, known as 'one-bounce'.

The war-games of the Greeks were very different in spirit; they were adapted, like so many things Greek, by the empire building Romans. Known as 'Harpastum', two teams on a rectangle of land tried to kick or carry a ball over their opposition's baseline; it became widespread among the empire - and so,

invariably, came to Britain.

The Britons and Celts adapted it to their own way. A legend says that the first football game played among Anglo-Saxons was a victory celebration, using the head of a dead Dane as a ball. And

so British football remained the same for 1,500 years. Every Shrove Tuesday at Ashborne in Derbyshire, they still play a ferocious cross-country village game that can be traced back to AD217. Hence the term for a game between neighbouring teams as a 'Derby'. Conflicts like this were very common and popular around Britain until uniform rules came into existence.

The Normans, too, had a tradition of football, adapted vaguely from 'Harpastum' which they brought over with their invasion. A small sacrifice for football! In medieval times, the game changed little, if at all. Skills took a poor second place to the ability to knock the living daylights out of your opponent, and no-one seemed concerned enough to establish rules of any sort. Twice, between 1280 and 1325, it is recorded that footballers died through falling on their daggers, though it isn't recorded whether they were part of the kit!

The game was banned several times, by several monarchs. These included Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth. They worried that their soldiers would be more concerned with playing football than training to skewer the French. It became a good target for religious Puritans and killjoys, attracting comments like it being a 'devilish pastime' and 'a bloody and murthering practice.'

But still, the game survived - soon it became part of the English scene on various holidays and festivals.

It was about the time that Football needed the shot in the arm that would make it, eventually, the most popular game in the world. The early 19th century saw a tremendous upsurge in the popularity of Public school education. The boys at these schools had little time (and even fewer facilities) for the more extravagant pastimes of old County living- fishing, horse-riding, hunting. But the principle of town games - where all that was needed was two teams, a ball and a playing area - soon caught on.

Conveniently for the game also, this lower class game's popularity also coincided with the peak in the career of the influential educationalist, Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby School. Although not a great supporter of the game's cult, seeing boys with such an obvious enthusiasm, inspired him to support the principles of football, as did Arnold's many followers. So now, after centuries of disapproval, people were actually encouraging boys to play football!

There was no stopping the game now. In every great Public School, football of some sort or the other became part of the tradition. However, the rules varied drastically in different schools. There were no inter-school games played, so there was no reason for universal rules, and some game rules were extremely bizarre. At Charterhouse, a 20-a-side dribbling game in the only available space, a brick cloister, was the order of the day: At Harrow, a running game was encouraged, and high kicking and catching (but not carrying) was allowed.

At Eton, the Wall Game flourished. They played on an incredible pitch. 120 yards long - 6 yards wide, and the game was played with a tree at one end of the pitch, a garden door at the other. It still continues today, of course, but tries (or as the Etonians say, 'shies') are rare - only two have been scored this century! At Rugby, the game also did well: a wide, running game with long scrimmages, 'offside' given against a player in front of the ball, handling only allowed for a fair catch...that is, until William Webb Ellis in 1823,in an act of defiance, caught the ball, tucked it under his arm, and ran on to score. This seemingly small act got people thinking at Rugby, and soon 'running in' became allowed as part of the game in Rugby - and a special type of 'Rugby Football' began.

All this disagreement was fine when it was only your own school rules that needed to be obeyed. But those men who had left school realised the need for all-encompassing rules. At that time, if two teams played each other, they would do so according to different rules, and a lot of correspondence was needed before, and often during, a game. Was handling allowed? How many players on each side? How long the pitch? How wide the goals? Would carrying the ball be allowed? (Yes, the Old Rugbieans, 'No,' everyone else.)

Games at this time would have been very boring for spectators. A few afternoons were set out for the game to be played over, a game which would consist of a seething scrimmage, the object being for a player to dribble solo to the goals. Tackles were murderously unceremonious, and often, whole scrums would attack the single opponent!

It came to be that someone had to invent decent rules. In 1848, fourteen men representing various public schools and universities like Eton, Harrow, Winchester and Rugby met at Cambridge, and after long deliberation, produced a set of "Cambridge rules".

Rules stated that goals were allowed for balls kicked between the posts and under the string (there were no crossbars until 1873); goal kicks and throw-ins were well used, much as today; catching the ball straight from a kick of the foot was allowed, but the ball had to be kicked immediately. It was now that the ball was finally allowed to be passed forward and Football was fully established.

Competition was at last possible between schools, with these new 'Cambridge rules' - and winning was important as inter-school matches flourished. Amid all this activity in the southern schools and colleges, out of the blue, came the first Football Club. The old, violent town of Sheffield, but in 1854, a member of Sheffield Cricket Club decided, with friends, to form a Sheffield Football Club. Playing a slightly rougher version of the Cambridge rules, within five years they were drawing crowds of 600 spectators a game against other newly-formed teams.

Back down south, at Cambridge in particular, things were moving again. In November 1862, a game played between two Cambridge University teams specified an 11-a-side game, with two umpires for each side and a neutral referee, goals 12 feet wide and 20 feet high, an hour and a quarter play only, and the usual 'passing forward' offside rule. Apparently, these rules worked very well, and were vital to the final and definitive Cambridge rules, which were drawn up in October 1863.

That same month, the Football Association was formed, though its creation was a bitter and ill-tempered one. The split between the Rugby and dribbling code at last became final. He wasn't running with the ball that particularly put the dribblers backs up, - it was the Rugbieans insistence that 'hacking'- tackling a man by hitting him hard in the shins - be allowed, because it was apparently 'manly and courageous'. On its rejection, the Rugby contingent declared the Football Authority to be cowards and left the Football Association forever.

By leaving the Association, soon all Rugby conventions were removed from the game. Only the goalkeeper was to be allowed to touch the ball, and only then in his area. By the 1870's, England and Scotland were playing internationals, and in 1872, the F.A. cup began; in 1888, the football league was formed, the first league championship being won by Preston North End F.C.

By 1923, and the first F.A. cup final in Wembley, a crowd of over 200,000 people attended a game of Football. Football was now well on the way to what it is now - the world's best-loved, popular and international game in the world.

And the rest is History.

- Where does an astronaut catch a train? 0:
- A: At a Space Station!
- Why didn't Ronald McDonald get wet in the rain? 0:
- Because he had a Big Mac! A:
- What do you do with a law-breaking biologist? 0:
- Put him in a cell! **A**:
- What do you get when you cross a prefect and a VDU? 0:
- A: A monitor!
- Q. What do you call a Welshman who marries a gorilla?
- A social climber. Α.

HOMETIME!

Of

A RUSH FOR THE BUS

by Donna Thomas

The teacher is standing at the front of the class, The children are on the edge of their seats, The bell's gone!

That's it! They're out of the door... Pushing, and shoving... But who's out first?

It's little William,

Leach is squashed under foot, Porter is racing ahead

Followed by

Spencer, Harris,

and Henderson.

Slim and Howells are neck and neck. Spencer has passed Porter and is making

A break from the rest.

Little William is lagging behind. Hang on! Who's that?

It's Chapman - he's racing ahead Past Howells, Harris,

Slim, Henderson, Porter

and even Spencer.

No-one can catch him - he's away and He arrives first at the bus Followed by

Spencer and Porter

Who take the second and third prizes.

But it's "Well done" To Chapman Who takes First Prize.



FINAL REPORT

by Mr. R.I. Denis Jones



There are two moments in a man's life when a door closes, never to be opened again. The first is when he finishes his formal education. The second is when he finishes his formal work, and very shortly, that second door will close behind me, as I am about to retire from the Headship of this great School.

By the end of this year, I will have been Headmaster for one

quarter of a century.

I have always considered it a great honour and privilege; the position has given me an opportunity to help young people. Throughout my stay, the welfare of the School and its pupils and Staff, has been my one over-riding concern.

I have always felt my task to be this:

to help to develop the creative power, personality and character of our pupils; to direct our activities and influences in and out of the classroom, so as to secure for our pupils the conditions under which they most completely develop; to help to lay the foundations for a happy and useful existence; to try to establish a community among us where there is give as well as take, a sense of responsibility and service, tolerance and integrity, a due consideration for the feelings, ideas, ideals and needs of others; and a training of body, mind and spirit, where as much importance is attached to values as to facts. Whether I have been successful, I shall never know.

D.H.Lawrence said - "You never know what you have done or if you have really done anything. Manual work is much more satisfying. You can see something for all your pains. You know whether you have done a job well or not, but with teaching, you never know."

I can't believe that there was ever a time when education filled so many pages in the press, or so many hours on the radio and television. And what seems so sad to me, is that all these columns of print, all these hours of words and pictures, seem to be concerned with the petty politics of education, and so few of them with the human beings who are involved in education: girls, boys, parents and their teachers.

I have been a schoolmaster for a very long time but I cannot remember being faced with so many distractions which do their best to prevent me from getting on with my work. We are here to teach our pupils. And not just to teach them reading, writing and arithmetic, but to teach them how to cope with living in the last decade of this century and for the first sixty years of the next. All the debating and the argument, about what schools should be like and what should and what shouldn't go on in them, almost smother the still, small, voice which whispers that the aim of education is the knowledge not only of facts, but of values and standards.

These last few years have seen great changes, but we have not forgotten our pupils in the whirlpool of changing examinations, of the National Curriculum, of projects, of coursework, of assessment and records of achievement, inservice training for teachers, G.C.S.E., Y.T.S., C.P.V.E., T.V.E.I. and all the rest of it, including innumerable committees. Pupils have not been overlooked in this school. Most people enjoy attendance at courses and conferences for the sharing of experience, exchange of ideas, etc. I have always believed that my place has been in the trenches with the troops - at the school with the boys, girls and Staff.

This school, in all the changes and chances that have been forced upon it, has been a great part of my life.Just'as I am passionate about it, I cannot look at it dispassionately. I can only repeat, in all humility, the Latin words which formed the epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral.-

"Si monumentum requiris circumspice".

"If you want a monument, look around you."

And when you look, I hope that you will see it as something good. That would be, for me, the greatest of all rewards.

It remains for me to express my cordial thanks to the Director of Education and to the Area Education Officer and his Staff at the Goring Road Office; to the Governing Body for their kindness, appreciation of the work done by the School, and for their wholehearted encouragement; to parents for their support and full cooperation, especially the active members of the Parents' Association; to the Old Boys of the Grammar School and to the Graig Former Pupils for their loyalty and help to their Old School; and above all - to the members of teaching staff, clerical, caretaking, cleaning and catering staff and technicians, past and present, for their devotion and their readiness at all times to further the interests of the school and the welfare of the pupils.

My last word is one of cordial appreciation of the boys and

girls of the school, in work and play.

Carwn ddiolch i bawb am bob cydweithrediad. Bu'n gyfnod hapus a llawn im, a gobeithio un ffrwythlon a llwyddiannus i'r ysgol.

I now wish my successor, Mr Dafydd Smith, good health and great success. He has already, over the years, earned the respect of his colleagues, for they recognise his absolute integrity, his managerial and administrative ability and his strong sense of duty. I know he will be an outstanding Headmaster.

