

School life was sadly disrupted

THE girls of Cowbridge High School put their thoughts into verse on the topic of the new by-pass. This was the contribution of Hilary Davies in the school magazine:

" THE BIRTH OF THE COWBRIDGE BY-PASS "

Thundering tractors rumbling down the hillside,
Scattering mud in the valley below,
Delving deep in the fields we once played in,
Creating the Cowbridge By-Pass.

Schoolgirls trudge cold from building to building,
Splashed, as they hurry, by teachers in cars.
Late and cold they arrive in their classrooms,
Cursing the Cowbridge By-Pass.

Suddenly 'midst the noise of the tractors,
Deafening explosion of dynamite roars,
Disturbing peace and shattering windows,
Creating the Cowbridge By-Pass.

But, in the not-too-distant days to come,
Townfolk, free from heavy lurching lorries,
In a peaceful and quiet street will live,
Blessing the Cowbridge By-Pass.

Ode to the by-pass

Down the hillside they come,
Great yellow monsters.
Devouring the virgin earth,
Plucking it bare;
Belching choking smoke,
Polluting the air.
Trampling on smaller things
—Trivial things.

Clanking cumbersome machines,
Cantankerous implements,
Churning up the soil,
Oozing glorious mud,
Creating great gaping gorges,
Devastating the country,
Constructing a new highway,
A new by-pass,
By-passing human suffering,
The cares of life.

These coughing, spluttering machines,
Croaking along.
Shatter the studious silence of school,
Oh for some respite.
Nowhere can we escape,
No oasis of calm;
No sanctuary, no peace,
Turmoil.

But still they roll over the hill,
Lumbering, prehistoric monsters,
These guttural, grunting machines,
Carrying mud.
Making the road slushy and slippery,
Don't we care about the debris.
The destruction?
Why don't we cry out against these invaders?
Protest?
Why do we countenance this destruction?
This devastation?
Why do we allow this rape?
FOR PROGRESS.

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