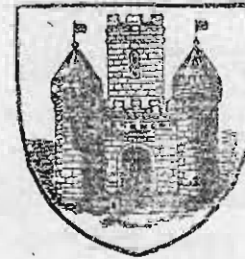


The Penvro

B. HUGHES FORM TVB



Pembroke Dock
County School Magazine.

No. 99.

JULY.

1946.

PRICE—SIXPENCE.

W. B. Sam

Pembroke Dock:
West Wales Guardian.
Bush Street.

COUNTY SCHOOL, PEMBROKE DOCK.

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Committee :

Editor : Mr. Davies.

Committee Members :

Miss Davies, Miss Thomas, Leslie Davies, Mary Lewis, Glenys Preece, Brian Arthur, Peter Maynard.

THE PENVRO

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EDITORIAL.

We are delighted to be able to offer our very sincere good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Haines on the birth of their daughter Angela on December 28th, and to Mr. and Mrs. Cottrell on the birth of their son Roger on June 9th.

The School was very sorry to learn that Mr. Haines is leaving us at the end of term to become Senior Biology Master at Gower-ton County School. He has not stayed long with us since his return from war service, but we realise that both he and Mrs. Haines will be much nearer their homes when they are at Gower-ton.

The girls, especially, will feel the loss of Miss Hobbs, who is also leaving at the end of the term. She took on the post of Games and Physical Training mistress with great energy, helping us out of a difficult situation. She is satisfying a long-felt desire to teach in France, and has found a post in a secondary school in Nantes. We are hoping to be able to establish contact with her new school. We wish her and Mr. Haines all success and happiness in their new posts.

The School has responded exceptionally well this term to the Committee's appeal for contributions. They were many and varied, and we have done our best to make the selection as representative and as varied in subject as possible. We print the two winning eisteddfod poems, with the addition of one entry for the Senior Poem which in our opinion is well worth printing for its own sake, as well as because it is an illustration of the many possible interpretations of this wide subject.

At the moment of writing the C.W.B. examinations have not started, but the hall is filled with well-spaced out desks, looking like silent monsters waiting to engulf their victims. As this ordeal will be ended by the time these words are read, we have no fear of frightening any of the "little victims" away. Let us end this sombre reference to a sombre subject by wishing all the candidates all that they wish themselves.

Many will be leaving us this term. We hope they will take happy memories away with them, and that they will come and see us as often as they can.

Barbara Owen (P.), C. Palmer (P.), Daphne Roch (G.), D. G. Jones (T.); Rosemary Young (T.).

III. ("The Correspondent of the 'Penvro' interviews the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe").—1, Vernice Evans (G.); 2, Betty Pawcett (T.); 3, "Punch." Commended, Barbara Waterman (G.), W. Smith (G.).

II. ("The Naughtiest Thing I ever did").—1, J. Greenwood (G.); 2, K. Catherall (P.); 3, Ann Cole (T.). Commended, D. Williams (G.).

OTHER ITEMS.

Prepared Speech, Open ("What Peace means to me").—1, Glenys Preece (T.); 2, A. Tilbury (P.); 3, G. Johnson (G.). Commended, Leslie Davies (T.).

Dramatics (Scenes from "Twelfth Night").—1, Glyndwr (produced by Audrey Finch); 2, Tudor (produced by Leslie Davies); 3, Picton (produced by Mary John).

ARTS AND CRAFTS.

Senior (Drawing from Life—Head or Full Figure).—1, M. Averill (T.); 2, C. Roberts (G.); 3, C. Palmer (P.). Commended, Daphne Weekes (T.).

Junior (Patterned Paper for Covering Cardboard Box).—1, N. Jones (P.); 2, Rose Collings (T.); 3, Joan Smallbone (G.). Commended, Pat Cullen (T.), Joy Horne (G.).

Open (Design in black and white).—1, C. Roberts (G.); 2, Elaine Preece (T.); 3, N. Jones (P.). Commended, Jeannette Greenwood (G.).

Open (Study from Nature in Water Colours).—1, Iris Thomas (P.). Commended, B. Bermingham (P.) and E. Pope (P.).

Open (Illustration of the life of St. David suitable for a stained-glass window design).—1, C. Roberts (G.); 2, B. Arthur (T.). Commended, Elaine Preece (T.), M. Cole (G.).

Open (A Renovation, knitted or sewn).—1, Betty Crutchley (P.); 2, Joy Horne (G.); 3, Joan Rees (T.).

Open (Patchwork Article).—1, Maureen Bermingham (P.); 2, Betty Brace (G.). Commended, Marion Davies (G.).

Open (Article made from string).—1, Ann Pullen (G.); 2, Glenys Hughes (T.); 3, Anne Thomas (P.).

Open (A Toy).—1, Ivy Scourfield (G.); 2, Pat Cullen (T.); 3, Maureen Bermingham (P.). Commended, Margaret Prout (P.), Joan Smallbone (G.).

Open (Model in Wood or Metal).—1, M. Averill (T.); 2, G. Griffiths (P.); 3, D. Rees (G.).

Open (Table Decoration).—1, Sylvia Pain (G.); 2, Pat Cullen (T.). Commended, J. Greenwood (G.).

Open (Stamp Collection).—1, K. Catherall (P.); 2, C. Sabido (T.); 3, Ann Pullen (G.). Commended, J. Walters (T.).

ADJUDICATORS.

Music.—Madame Lal Price, Pembroke Dock, and Mr. Ewart Lewis, Pembroke Dock.

Essays.—Rev. D. D. Bartlett, Pembroke Dock; Rev. A. Page, Pembroke Dock; Mrs. Nora Davies, Neyland.

Poems.—Miss Morwyth Rees, Manorbier.

Dramatics and Recitations.—Mr. T. Davies, Haverfordwest, and Rev. A. H. A. Cattnach, Pembroke Dock.

Crafts.—Mrs. E. M. Griffith, Manorbier, and Mr. S. T. Harries, Saundersfoot.

Art.—Mr. G. Davies, Pembroke Dock.

Prepared Speech.—Rev. D. D. Bartlett, Pembroke Dock.

The Compass Players

P R E S E N T

THE JESTER

Plays, Mimes and Dances
*selected to show the development
of the Drama through the
centuries, tracing the
influence in the Theatre
of the Fool, with a
special reference to
the characters of
the Commedia
dell'Arte*



DIRECTOR

JOHN CROCKETT

P R O G R A M M E

THE COMPASS PLAYERS

John Crockett
Maurice Daniels
Paula Rice
Anne Stern

The Production under the general supervision of R. H. Ward.

Mimes and Dances arranged by Paula Rice.

Stage Manager and Electrician : Hedley Drabble.

Costumes devised by John Crockett and executed by
Constance Ineson.

Masks by John Crockett.

The Music used includes works by Bach, Haydn, Holst and Rossini.

* * *

A MUMMING PLAY. *Traditional. Origins and Date unknown.*

Characters : Old Jane ; the Black Knight ; the White Knight ; the Doctor.

THE CHEATERS CHEATED. *A Sixteenth Century Jig by Thomas Jordan.*

Characters : Filcher ; Nim ; Mol Medlar ; Wat.

A COMEDY MIME. *Sixteenth-Seventeenth Century.*

Characters : Clown, Harlequin, Scaramouche.

INTERVAL

HARLEQUINADE. *Eighteenth Century.*

Characters : Harlequin, Columbine, Pierrot.

PUNCH AND JUDY. *Traditional. Late Eighteenth Century.*

Characters : Punch, Scaramouche, Judy, Jack Ketch, Old Nick.

FRENCH ROMANTIC MIME. *Early Nineteenth Century.*

Characters : Pierrot, an Old Woman.

A PANTOMIME. *Early Nineteenth Century.*

Characters : Harlequin, Clown, a Policeman, Columbine.

In this programme the development of the Fool in drama is traced from the Middle Ages until the last century. The Fool is seen in many guises, reflecting at all times the society from which he springs.

* * *

THE MUMMING PLAY, the first play in this programme, has its origins in ancient pagan rites, performed that good harvests might result. Through the centuries these plays have changed ; much has been added to them and much lost, but much that is significant underlies them.

THE CHEATERS CHEATED was first performed at a Feast before the Sheriffs of London. It is a typical example of an Elizabethan Jig, or play with singing and dancing, a type of entertainment very popular in Elizabethan times.

THE COMEDY MIME of the Sixteenth Century reconstructs the plays of the first Commedia dell' Arte Companies in Italy, and introduces for the first time some of their immortal characters.

THE 18th CENTURY MIME. After the Commedia Dell' Arte Companies fell into disfavour in France they were forbidden to use speech in their plays, and consequently developed a convention of miming and dancing which is still used in Ballet.

A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW. Mr. Punch probably needs very little introduction to most of our audiences. Mr. Punch, a direct descendent of the Commedia Dell' Arte family, was a firm favourite in the last century.

A ROMANTIC MIME. This is an example of the Mimes made famous in Paris in the first half of the Nineteenth Century, in which Pierrot was the central character. Debureau was the most famous creator of Pierrot. He died in 1864.

THE PANTOMIME, popular entertainment of early Victorian times, reached its greatest heights in the brilliant clown Joseph Grimaldi, who acted at Sadlers Wells Theatre.

A NOTE ON THIS PRODUCTION

The Jester is the result of the closest co-operation between the players, each of whom has made their contribution to the production, by arranging dances, writing some of the script, making the necessary researches into the history of the drama, designing costumes, etc. The results of their work have been co-ordinated and edited under the general supervision of R. H. Ward.

THE COMPASS PLAYERS

THE COMPASS PLAYERS were formed in 1944 to help in creating a living and representative theatre, a theatre which should belong to the smaller communities as well as the towns, and which should play its part in the community to keep alive human and spiritual values which must be continually reasserted if they are not to be lost.

The Compass Players is composed of professional actors and actresses who are concerned for the welfare of the drama and of the people through the drama. It is not a profit-making organisation, but is run co-operatively by its members, who all draw the same small salary. Profits beyond day-to-day expenses are used to cover the cost of new productions.



PAST PRODUCTIONS

ERNSHAW*	Wilfrid Gibson
HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND	Bernard Shaw
VILLAGE WOOING	Bernard Shaw
ABRAHAM AND ISAAC	Laurence Housman
THE SECRET LIFE*	R. H. Ward
THE FALL OF MAN	XVth Century Mystery Play
THE STROLLING CLERK FROM PARADISE	Hans Sachs
THE BEAR	Anton Tchekov
THE QUEST*	Charles Brasch
THE COCKLESHELL*	Wilfrid Walter
THE THREE MARIES	Ancient Cornish Miracle Play
BOX AND COX	John Maddison Morton
MALVOLIO MOCK'D	Scenes from "Twelfth Night" by William Shakespeare

* Indicates First Production.



The Compass Players Headquarters and place of rehearsal is THE WARREN, AYLBURTON, LYDNEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

All enquiries about the Compass Players should be addressed to

The Secretary, 5 VILLAS ON THE HEATH, VALE OF HEALTH, HAMPSTEAD, LONDON, N.W.3. - HAMPSTEAD 3280

THE POSTMAN.

Good news or bad news! rat, tat, tat,
Something from someone—Postman's knock,
And someone rushes down the stairs
Minus a slipper and a sock.

Parcels and letters sorted out;
This street, that street and so and so,
For all is ordered in the bag
When Mr. Postman's on the go.

Up street and down street, rat, tat, tat,
The hobnailed postman keeps the pace;
While every household knows his knock
A favoured few would know his face.

Good news or bad news? Who will know
What's from where by the Postman's Knock?
This street, that street and so and so
Meet his call with a quickening shock.

MORFYN HENRY (IIC).

BENEATH THE BRAMBLE BUSH.

The sweetest nest I've ever seen,
Is where the brambles grow.
It's made of moss, so soft and green,
All twisted to and fro.
It is so dainty and so sweet;
With sheep's wool everywhere—
Shall we take a little peep?
Oh, my! There's something there—
They're eggs—all three
As blue as can be,
Just glistening in the sun.
They are so tiny and so sweet
I love them every one.

JOAN GODFREY (IIC).

INEXPERIENCED.

He stood in the shadows, nervously fingering his tie and casting quick glances at his watch. Had he got everything? His gun?—Yes, that was in his pocket with the two letters. The gloves? Yes, he had those too. H'm, he had better put those on now; confound this nervousness! His fingers were all thumbs. How much longer? Five minutes, just time to run over everything again; it would help to clear his mind and prevent him from worrying too much. Now—first of all he had to enter the room by the left-hand door, lock it after him, then cross to the right-hand corner and wait for old Snellgrove to come in, not getting up until he had reached the middle of the room. Then—and this was the ticklish bit—he had to lock the door, face Snellgrove and give him the letter, telling him, "This is the goods"; and while the old man was opening it he had to take out the gun and shoot him in the right temple—he must remember that it had to be the right temple,

that was very important. Then he must place the suicide note on the table, put the gun carefully into the old man's right hand—first of all, of course, removing the letter—and then unlock the two doors and leave by the right-hand one.

Yes, that was perfect; he had rehearsed it so many times that nothing could possibly go wrong now. What would happen if the gun jammed? He had thought of that before and had taken every possible precaution: it was a thousand to one chance that anything like that would happen. If only he was used to this sort of thing, but, he supposed, everyone had to start once. Only one more minute to go. He must think about something pleasant, or else his nerves would give way completely. What about to-night? If everything went well—and it could not possibly be otherwise—he would hit the highlights. He and Stella would go to "The Orchid"; there would be champagne, oysters—

His reflections were interrupted by a gentle nudge. "Your cue, old man," someone whispered. "Good luck!"

GLENYS PREECE (VI).

SCHOOL NOTES.

At the beginning of this term there were 344 pupils in school, 154 boys and 190 girls. In addition there are four student teachers—Margaret Cunningham, Gwen Sutton, Nelly Voyle and Mavis Williams.

The Prefects are:—

Tudor.—Leslie Davies, Catherine Day, Glenys Preece, B. C. Arthur, R. E. Sabido, D. G. Roch.

Picton.—Peggy Athoe (Senior), Mary John, Jean Colley, E. J. Pope, A. Phillips, A. Moffat.

Glyndwr.—Mary Lewis, Audrey Finch, Betty Evans, C. A. Roberts (Senior), G. R. Brown, G. C. Johnson.

Congratulations to Daphne Weekes on passing the Preliminary Examination of the General Nursing Council early in the year. She and Mary John are both going to London Hospitals in the autumn, Daphne to Barts' and Mary to University College Hospital.

We also congratulate Leonard Cole on passing the Clerical Classes examination of the Civil Service, held early in the year. He was 1,222nd out of well over 4,000 candidates. There were 1,500 vacancies.

Marion Thomas of IVA is to be congratulated on being awarded the parchment of the Royal Humane Society "for resourcefulness and courage in saving the life of her friend."

In April Glyn Brown and J. D. Ross were picked to play for a Pembrokehire under-eighteen team in a rugby match against Carmarthenhire.

Owing to the fact that the Universities have to give a high priority to ex-service men and women, very few candidates are being accepted from the schools. The only one to be provisionally accepted so far is Leslie Davies, who hopes to go to Exeter University College next term. Clifford Roberts has been accepted at Goldsmiths College, where he is going to take the Ministry of Education Art Teachers' Diploma. There is almost as much difficulty in getting into training colleges, and so far only four pupils have been accepted, Megan Sutton and Mavis Williams at Swansea, and Aubrey Phillips and J. D. Ross at Carmarthen. Glyn Brown is going to the Chelsea Polytechnic to take a course in Pharmacy.

As usual, the Commercial VI. has been considerably reduced.

in numbers since the beginning of the year. In the last two terms eight have left. Edith Griffiths left at Christmas, as her parents were moving to Welwyn Garden City. At the beginning of the Spring Term Joy Maynard and Beryl Powell left, Joy to become School Secretary and Beryl for a post as clerk in Silcox's garage. A little later Maud Howells found a post in the Food Office in Pembroke. She was followed closely by Joyce Child who went to the Pembroke Dock Post Office, and by Maureen Watson, who became a clerk in the office of the Captain-Superintendent of the Dockyard. In the same term Terry John went to London to be trained in beauty culture, and Olive Kenniford left at the end of the Spring Term. She is helping at home while waiting for a post.

There have been a number of entertainments of various kinds in the last few months. On December 7th a party of Vth and VI. formers went to Milford Haven to see a performance of "Macbeth," by the Kete Players. It was a very pleasant trip and all thoroughly enjoyed the play. This was followed closely by the Christmas parties on December 18th and December 19th. Both were well up to our standard and everyone was reluctant to finish. Much of the credit was due to the M.C.'s—Mr. Devereux for the Seniors, and Mr. Haines for the Juniors. Term ended with a Carol Concert on the morning of Friday, December 21st. There was a very varied programme, carols being sung, under the leadership of Mr. Evans, in English, Welsh, Latin and French.

On Christmas Eve, in spite of bad weather, a party of about a dozen present and old pupils sang carols in the town, and as a result handed over the handsome sum of £2 2s. 6d. to the Meyrick Hospital.

The School enjoyed two film shows during the Spring Term. On February 1st a Ministry of Information official showed three films at school, one on building, showing a school for training boys in the building trade, another on the dangers of uncontrolled sneezing, and a third on road safety. The other show was at the local cinema where we had a special performance of "Henry V." on March 8th.

About a fortnight later, on March 20th, we were treated to a very interesting talk on China and the Chinese language by Mr. Beynon, a missionary who had spent twenty-seven years in the country.

During the Easter holidays Miss Hughes, in company with Miss Hobbs and Miss Rees, took a small party of the Vth Form to the upper part of the Neath Valley, in connection with their work in Geography. Unhappily the excursion came to an end on the second day, as Dennis Vaughan had a serious accident, fracturing his skull and having to be taken to Aberdare Hospital. He is now back at school, and seems quite recovered from his unpleasant experience.

We are very glad to be able to congratulate the Vicar, the Rev. D. D. Bartlett, on his appointment as Professor of Hebrew and Theology at Lampeter. He has been a governor since very soon after he came to the town, and has always been a great friend of the School. He will certainly be missed from the platform on prize-day. Some of us even considered that the one bright spot in the afternoon was when the Vicar got up to propose or second a vote of thanks!

Everyone was filled with curiosity at prayers one morning in March to see on the table a magnificent silver cup. It was soon learned that this was a gift from an old pupil, Mr. Rowland Rees, who had been a very prominent member of the Football XI. some years ago. It was thought that this trophy was much too fine to

be given just for one branch of sport. It is therefore to be awarded to the Champion House in all sports activities.

The table-tennis tournament held at the beginning of the Summer Term caused much excitement. Tudor won with 45 games, Picton winning 42 and Glyndwr 18. It was amusing (at least to the spectators) to see how some of the Juniors "put it across" some Seniors.

On June 1st the School was very fortunate to have a visit from the Compass Players, who presented four very interesting plays, representing European Drama from the XVth century to the XIXth century. There was a XVth century mystery play entitled "The Fall of Man," giving the story of the Garden of Eden, a XVIth century comedy of ordinary life by the German dramatist Hans Sachs, a Harlequinade, one of the most entertaining and effective of the mimes, and finally "The Bear" by Anton Tchekov, a most amusing comedy about the Russian bourgeoisie. The plays were all very much enjoyed by the School, and the players were afterwards sincerely enthusiastic about the support and attention they got from the audience. Pembrokeshire is very unfortunately situated with regard to the drama, so it is to be hoped that this company will succeed in their aim to revive the tradition of the strolling players and to bring the theatre to the people.

Mr. D. Brynmor Anthony, the Chief Inspector to the Central Welsh Board, spent a day at school on Thursday, June 20th.

On the afternoon of June 26th Forms II., III., and IV. and a few of the Seniors took part in the Singing Festival held in Wesley Chapel.

OLD PUPILS' NOTES.

In spite of the fact that the war has been over for a year, news is still coming in of honours won by old pupils in the services.

Two more old boys, Leslie Thomas and Hugh Baker, have been awarded the M.C. Thomas, who, when he called in school some months ago on leave from Germany, was an Acting Captain in the Royal Artillery, received the decoration for gallant and conspicuous conduct in Italy. He had served in North Africa and afterwards in Italy. Baker, who was in the Gordon Highlanders, Royal Armoured Corps, came safely through nine months of fighting in Burma with the Fourteenth Army, and was promoted captain for his good work in the field. He was awarded the M.C. for gallantry and distinguished conduct in this campaign.

Flt/Lt. F. A. Denney has been awarded the Croix de Guerre with gold star. He joined the R.A.F. at the beginning of the war and became an expert parachutist, taking an important part in the training of French personnel attached to Special Service units. It was for this work and for the part he played in subsequent operational sorties that the honour was conferred on him. He was very closely associated with the training of men of the French Resistance movement, and accompanied them as a dispatcher on their operational missions over Occupied Europe. The citation states that he was at all times an inspiration to the men under his command.

Flt/Lt. Kenneth Thomas was awarded the M.B.E. in the New Year Honours' List. He was twice Mentioned in Despatches and served for a considerable period in Egypt. His brother, Flt/Lt. Colin Thomas, has had two "Mentions." He served for three years in Malta.

Flt/Sgt. A. J. Monk, who joined the R.A.F. from School

seventeen years ago as an apprentice, has been awarded the B.E.M. In January, 1944, he was Mentioned in Despatches. During the war he served in France, North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Malta, India and Burma.

Capt. Jack Davies, of Neyland, was also recently Mentioned in Despatches. He was demobilised a short while ago.

Early in the year Colwyn Walters was promoted Sub-Lieut. in the R.N.V.R. He has since been demobilised and is now teaching at the Coronation School.

Diana Marendaz, who joined the W.R.N.S. in 1942, was promoted to the rank of Petty Officer early in the year. Later in these notes we record her marriage.

It was not until the beginning of this year that we learned that Trevor Hordley, who had originally been reported missing in 1944, was later reported killed in action. The bomber of which he was pilot was shot down by fighters over France on its return journey, the only survivor being the navigator, who was seriously wounded. Trevor is buried in a cemetery near Beauvais. His two brothers are both now demobilised and back at their civilian jobs.

Another old boy originally reported missing and later reported killed is Patrick McGrath, who held a commission as observer in the Fleet Air Arm.

Eric Hiatt left school some time before the war when his parents moved to London. We learned recently that he was stationed at Llanion Barracks for a short while during the war. He was then a captain in a Scottish regiment. His younger brother was in the R.A.F., and was trained at the same camp in Canada as Trevor Hordley.

Eric Pearce is another old boy who served in the Army during the war and took part in the invasion of France.

A letter was received from Fred Hughes early last term. He was then serving with the Field Security Section of the Intelligence Corps in Malaya.

Another old boy serving with the Army "out East" is Mervyn Howells, who was in India when we last had news of him at the beginning of the year.

Cecil Parry joined the R.A.F. about six months ago, and Eric Crsman joined the Army at the beginning of March.

John Mason was home in May. He was then just back from the Philippines, having been round the world with his ship. He is Fourth Officer in the Merchant Navy.

At the end of May we had a visit from Walter Mathias, who was home on leave from Luneburg in Germany, where he is serving with the R.A.F.

Eric Griffiths called in school in May during his demobilisation leave. He left in 1926 and was teaching before the war. He finished as a major in the Royal Indian A.S.C., having served four years in India and Burma.

We heard from Grahame Davies at the end of June. He is now a captain in the Hyderabad Regiment, and is at present acting as instructor at an O.C.T.U. in Staffordshire. He tells us that his brother Ralph is married and teaching in London. We had heard that his younger brother Colin had been reported missing, believed killed in 1943, and Grahame now confirms the fact that he was killed over Malta in that year, while serving with the R.A.F. Grahame himself is hoping to get into the Colonial Service when he is demobilised shortly.

Sylvia Canton is to be very heartily congratulated on winning

an exhibition of £40 a year at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, last December. It is very difficult to obtain admission to Oxford nowadays and competition for these exhibitions is very keen. Both she and Phyllis Morgan have been doing very well at Cardiff since last October. We have not heard their examination results yet, but we know that Sylvia has passed in Latin, and that her professor wrote to tell her that she had obtained "what must be a record high average."

Last December Edwin Lewis who had already completed his B.Sc. degree at Birmingham University, obtained Second Class Honours in Electrical Engineering. He was awarded a Research Scholarship of £200 a year.

Heartiest congratulations to Eric Thomas and Kenneth Carr who have both obtained Honours in Physics, Thomas with a First-Class, at Aberystwyth, and Carr with a Second (Division I.), at Swansea.

Bernard Garnett has been home in this country for a considerable period now. We are very glad to note that he gained his promotion to the rank of Consul about a year ago.

Pauline Thomas was recently appointed Domestic Science Mistress at Milford Haven Central School.

Roma Davies has been teaching at Lamphey School for some months now.

On Sunday, June 2nd, the Archbishop of Wales instituted the Rev. Frank Hobbs as Rector of Rhoscrowther with Pwllcrochan. He was ordained some years ago and was for a time curate in Laugharne. He joined the R.A.F. as a chaplain a few years before the war, serving in many places abroad. Later he was for some time chaplain at the local R.A.F. Station.

A few days later, on June 11th, the Rev. W. G. Morgan, M.A., was instituted to the parish of Ambleston with St. Dogwells. He went to Lampeter and Selwyn College, Cambridge, afterwards becoming curate at Laugharne. In 1940 he joined the Royal Naval Patrol Service as a rating, and served on the lower deck in minesweepers and on H.M.S. "Revenge" before becoming a chaplain in 1941. He recently returned from Japan after a period of service in the Pacific as chaplain to the N.Z. cruiser "Achilles."

The first re-union on pre-war lines was held at school on Thursday, December 27th. It was one of the most successful ever held, and was very well attended by old pupils of all generations, the total attendance being about 240. Mr. Cottrell was able to take the opportunity of announcing the decision to raise a fund of £2,000 to institute a War Memorial Leaving Scholarship. Most old pupils will now have heard of this fund, subscriptions for which may be sent to Mr. Cottrell or Mr. George at the school.

Cliff Gordon had another success a few months ago, when his musical play about Welsh life, "Choir Practice," was broadcast on March 7th. The "Radio Times" of June 21st, stated that he was shortly leaving this country to entertain British Forces abroad with the Combined Services Entertainments unit. This trip will take him practically round the world.

Enid Simpson, who entered the Civil Service before the war, has been in Germany with the Allied Control Commission for the past seven or eight months.

We congratulate Maisie George and Jack Blencowe on their engagement, announced in November.

Congratulations also to Mrs. Doris Huxtable (nee Johnson) on the birth of a son, on March 9th, to Mrs. Nancy Underwood (nee Castle) on the birth of a son, on March 25th, and to Mrs. Lily

Powis (nee Prickett) on the birth of a son on June 19th.

We congratulate the following old pupils on their marriage:

Dec. 21st.—Betty Perry to George Albert Barton.

Jan. 1st.—Evan John Gibby to Dilys Morris (both old pupils).

Jan. 2nd.—John Ronald Humber to Helen Ruth Bracher (both old pupils).

Feb. 2nd.—Capt. Douglas Thomas to Veronica Lewell, S.R.N.

Feb. 7.—Timothy W. Kelleher to Marcelle Juliette Flamant.

Mar. 5th.—Diana Marendaz to William Allen Gray.

Mar. 19th.—Sheila Apperley Jones to James Sanderson.

April 6th.—Joan Allen to Sgt. Raymond Ellsworthy, R.A.F.

April 6th.—Sylvia Allison to Maurice Gales.

April 23th.—Major Robert Hamerton to Margaret Rees (both old pupils).

April 15th.—Myfanwy Marendaz to Rev. Cyril G. James.

June 19th.—Brenda Phelps to W. Gibson Leadbetter.

June 25th.—Katie Martin to William Christopher Hughes.

SCHOOL SPORTS.

"Every man shift for all the rest and let no man take care for himself."—The Tempest.

HOCKEY.

Owing to rather bad weather during the Spring term several of the fixtures had to be cancelled. Of the matches played, the school team won three, and lost three.

The results were as follows:—

January 19th.—Whitland (home). Won 3—0.

February 16th.—Tenby (home). Lost 2—3.

March 2nd.—Narberth (home). Won 4—1.

March 9th.—Tenby (away). Won 5—3.

March 16th.—Whitland (away). Lost 0—3.

March 30th.—Milford (home). Lost 1—3.

On March 23rd Trials were held in Haverfordwest when a team was picked for Pembrokeshire. Congratulations to T. Sabido, who was chosen as the centre-forward and captain of the team, and to J. Child, who played in the first county match on March 2nd.

House matches were played as usual at the end of last term when Picton House was victorious. The results were:—Picton 3 points, Glyndwr 2, Tudor 1.

At the end of the winter term colours were awarded to T. Sabido, J. Colley and C. Day, and M. John received hers last term. The school team was chosen from the following: T. Sabido (captain)*, C. Day (secretary)*, J. Colley*, M. Cunningham*, M. John*, M. Elliott, I. Scourfield, H. Hughes, M. Lewis, M. Davies, B. Evans, M. Phillips, Z. Jermin.

* Old Colours.

On March 27th a junior team played Milford Central at home and beat them 6—2. In the return game at Milford, the score was reversed, Milford winning 6—2.

NETBALL.

Some netball was played during the term, including a practice game against a staff team. At the trials for the county team at Narberth, T. Sabido was chosen as Centre Defence for the Pem-

brokeshire team, and played in the inter-county tournament at Carmarthen.

FOOTBALL.

After the last issue of the "Penfro" in the Christmas term the School Football XI., played eight games, six at home and two away: of these, six were won and two lost.

The results were as follows:—

December 20th.—Old Boys (home). Lost 3—2.

January 12th.—A.T.C. (home). Won 3—0.

March 2nd.—Milford (home). Lost 1—4.

March 9th.—Narberth (away). Won 4—0.

March 16th.—Tenby (home). Won 3—0.

March 23rd.—Whitland (home). Won 6—1.

March 30th.—Tenby (away). Won 3—2.

April 5th.—Narberth (home). Won 4—0.

The team was selected from:—C. Roberts* (captain), A. Phillips*, R. Sabido*, G. Brown*, P. Maynard*, D. Williams*, A. Moffat*, J. Ross*, G. Lovering, J. Griffiths, K. Davies, A. Waterman*, D. Hayward.

(* Old Colours).

A word of thanks must be accorded to those masters who have refereed the school games, and also to the young ladies who have prepared tea after our home matches.

ROUNDERS.

Owing to bad weather conditions, we have played only two rounders matches, but we hope that there will be more to report in the next issue of the magazine.

May 25th.—Tasker's (away). Lost 3—6.

June 15th.—Milford (away). First team lost 0—1½.

Second team lost 0—1.

The teams were selected from the following:—First team: I. Garlick (captain), M. Elliot (vice-captain), J. Colley (sec.), C. Day, B. Evans, H. Hughes, M. Phillips, T. Sabido, M. Birmingham, Z. Jermin. Scorer, M. John.

Second team: B. Williams, M. Sutton, B. Griffiths, A. Pullen, G. Davies, L. Barker, P. Tucker, B. Davies, E. Goodrick, R. Thomas, I. Kenniford.

TENNIS.

Owing to the great shortage of tennis balls this year, we have not, unfortunately, been able to play any matches. However, arrangements have been made for the usual end of term tournaments. The School also hope to play a few matches before the end of term.

CRICKET.

This season has been a successful one for the Cricket Team, as so far five games have been played and only one of them lost.

The main feature in the matches has been the bowling of Roberts, as in the five matches played so far he has taken thirty wickets for an average cost of 2.03. The results of the matches were:—

May 25th.—Tenby (home). Won 21—11 (Roberts 6 for 2, Williams 3 for 4).

June 6th.—Combined Staffs of P.D.C.S. and Coronation Schools (home). Lost 56—54 (Roberts 24; Roberts 5 for 20, Roch 3 for 4).

June 15th.—Milford County School (home). Won 68—33 (Williams 23, Ross 21; Roberts 6 for 23, Phillips 3 for 8).

June 21st.—Milford Central School (away). Won 54 for 8 dec.—22 (Brown 20, Moffat 15, Roberts 7 for 8).

June 22nd.—Tenby (away). Won 28—15 (Phillips 10; Roberts 6 for 8, Moffat 4 for 5).

The team has been selected from the following:—G. Brown (captain)*, C. Roberts*, A. Phillips*, D. Williams*, A. Moffat, P. Maynard, J. Ross, J. Griffiths, D. Rogers, K. Davies, D. Hayward, D. Roch, K. Thompson, G. Lovering, R. Robinson, S. Jones;

* Old Colours.

5R. ABC

A is for Averill, who's ever so tall,

B is for Bailey, the shortest of all.

C is for Celso, who French oral took;

Said "Cows eat worms," did examiner look!

D is for David, Derek and Dilys,

Who, if they found us, would certainly kill us.

E is for Eduardo—you've met him before.

Under the name of C. for Celso.

F is for Fletcher and also for Fair,

G is for Griffiths whose mind's in the air.

H is for Harold, there's none in our class

I is for Ivy, a true farmer's lass.

J is for John, for Jones and for James,

K is for King, Bertel's one of his names.

L is for Lovering, the author maybe.

M is for Marion, and also Mary.

N is for Anyone, which may be you.

O is for Olive, once a queen too.

P is for Poulsen, Maths. is his meat

Q can't be found—it's got us all beat.

R is for Rees, who makes things in wood,

S is for Sylvia, at Latin she's good.

T is for Thomas, who comes under S.

U is for you, the authors to guess.

V is for Victory, we're quite near the end,

W's for Williams whose ways we must mend.

Y can it be that X is not here

We do not know, and we do not care!

Z is for Zoe and though it won't rhyme,

We cannot be bothered—we have no more time.

GRAND ET PETIT.

A VISIT TO THE POTTERIES.

During the Easter holidays I was staying near Stoke-on Trent, and we were given permission to go over one of the most modern of the potteries. It was a very fascinating sight to see our everyday cups, saucers and basins developing from the china clay to the finished articles in the beautiful showroom.

First we saw the materials used in the china process; kaolin from Cornwall, looking very rough and rather dirty, and the bone ash for the bone china.

The kaolin was crushed and mixed with water until it looked a grey mass. Huge magnets were then used to extract all stray

iron which was left, as it would cause blemishes in the finished articles. Much of the water was then squeezed out, and the mixture kneaded until it could easily be worked by the potter.

A girl stood by the potter and cut off pieces of this mixture, which he threw on to his wheel, controlled by foot pedals, shaping the clay skilfully with his hands. It was fascinating to see the rough substance change into beautifully shaped cups and fancy basins. The plates and saucers were shaped in a mould. Then all these shapes were placed on racks to dry. Girls and women moulded the handles and spouts, and other girls showed us how to stick them on the article.

The china was then ready to be "fired." In this pottery it was done in electric beehive shaped ovens. The shapes were put carefully on supports and packed into "saggers," which looked like large earthenware casseroles. The firing is done by experts, who are paid highly because of the very long hours they work. The china is fired for about two days and then left to cool for a few days. When the china is taken out it is called biscuit-ware, and is then sent to be decorated and glazed.

We saw the copper plates on which the designs were etched. Some designs were very beautiful and intricate. From these copper plates paper transfers were taken off and stuck on to the ware. Then women and girls painted the designs in the required colours. We were amazed to see how quick and skilful they were, putting a spot here, a line there, and passing the article on for another part of the design to be painted.

It was interesting to see the gold being put on. Pure gold looked black, and cheaper gold, brown, and black designs were blue before firing again.

Some of the china was decorated under, and some over the glaze. The glaze looked very much like water glass. The articles were dipped in by hand, given a skilful shake by men, and sent to the glaze kiln to be baked again.

And so gradually but with skill at each step, the finished china was produced, some simply and some beautifully decorated. Some were so lovely, it was hard to choose between them.

But only the homely white china was for us. The rest we saw being packed for export to India, China, America, Australia, Canada and New Zealand.

The owner of the factory told us that tastes differ in every country. India and Scotland bought the best, America the gaudiest, while Wales was content with—just anything!

BARBARA DAVIES (IIIA).

WARNING TO THE FIFTH FORMS.

(Tune—"Once to Every Man and Nation")

Mf	Once to every youth and maiden Comes the moment to decide For the Arts, or for the Sciences,
Lento et.	Now there comes the Great Divide.
Profundo.	Girls may wish to train as nurses,
Dulce.	Soothing many a fevered brow. Boys who want to become magnates.
Staccato	Start to type your letters now. If in Arts you plant your footsteps
Funeroso.	You will never live again As a normal human being— You'll have Bradley on the brain. French will e'er elude your mem'ry, Latin will confuse your mind,

Pizzicato.	You'll be pestered by the members Of the staff, who are so kind.
Triste.	If your choice lies with the Sciences, Form-mates will you henceforth run, For the scent of ancient dogfish.
Accelerando.	Forces e'en the brave to run, Fumes from Kipps and those from Chlorine Ever will around you hang,
Tremulo.	If you fiddle about with currents There will come a mighty bang.
Largo.	Let this be to you a warning Now to ponder over your fate, Pause now briefly and consider, Next term it will be too late.
Jocoso.	Think of all the tempting chances Woolworth's, Rates and Docks provide Evening free and no more homework, Twixt the two you must decide.
Maestoso.	

THE SIXTH FORM BARDS.

MUSIC.

Music is the hobby which I like best of all. I like it because it is such a fascinating subject when listened to in the correct way. It is a great accomplishment when you can play an instrument. Many centuries ago, if someone could not play an instrument, he was looked upon as low and common.

People get interest in Music in many different ways. I was first interested by listening to good music on the wireless, and on gramophone records. I felt that I wanted to hear more music, so I kept on listening, until I felt a desire to learn something of this art. And now I can say that I really love music.

Music is closely linked with literature in many ways. Probably, song was the earliest form of literature. The famous ancient Troubadors, of old-time France, were singers as well as poets.

The first musical instruments were no doubt based on the whistling sound; probably discovered when a primitive man blew into a hollow straw or reed, or perhaps on the sound given by stretched strings.

If you want to enjoy listening to good music, you must listen to it very carefully. If you do this you will find a new interest in music, and will be thrilled when you hear the sounds of the orchestra. You can hear each instrument giving its own special message. Each one, in its turn, will be heard to take up the melody. And all the time you can hear the melody through the riot of notes like a bright-coloured thread running through the forest of music.

Music is a world of its own. If you explore only a fragment of that wonderful world of sound, we shall remember for ever these happy hours.

DAVID HARRIES (IIIA).

A DAY'S FISHING.

Late one summer evening, a few years ago, George and I decided to go fishing the next day. So we rummaged around for a few hours, and found almost everything we wanted.

With the aid of an alarm-clock and plenty of will-power I managed to get up at half-past seven. I met George at eight o'clock. He was wearing his usual fishing hat, a black trilby, which had been battered about, dropped in ponds and often used to carry fish home. He always looked comical, but the hat added to the effect. We left in George's car—rather ancient, but it served its purpose—with the gear and the food in the back.

After a hair-raising journey, due to George's haphazard driving, we eventually reached the river. It was not a very large river, but it contained good fish. We unpacked the kit. This is the longest job. I always grow impatient, because the rod has to be put together, and a line attached, and I always want to start fishing. This day we were fishing for trout, so we had to fly-fish. A long, light, flexible rod, about twelve or fifteen feet long and weighing a few pounds must be used. A cast, usually about a yard of gut, is attached to the line, and a fly is joined to the cast. A fly consists of a small hook on which certain materials are bound or tied, to give the appearance of a fly. These can be bought and are made to represent different insects. However, they can be made, or tied, at home or on the river bank. I make my own flies to suit the surroundings and the type of fish. When the rod was assembled, I began to cast.

After about an hour I went to see George, who was further up the river. He remarked that we couldn't live by our fishing. This was obvious, as neither of us had a fish. However, as fishermen, we did not despair. George mumbled something none too complimentary about the fish in the river and started casting again. I had seen a few trout, so I tied a larger fly with blue wool, and gauzy looking wings.

With grim determination, I began casting once more. After some time a fish suddenly bit the hook. I was not expecting it and I nearly dropped the rod, but I drew the line in slowly and let it out again. I landed the fish and took it up to George. I could see by his expression that he had not had a bite. However, he was glad we had something to take home. I kept on casting and had three or four fish before dinner time.

George and I returned to the hamper and started to have our lunch. George had had no luck where he had been so he decided to move up-stream; I thought this was a good idea so I said I would go with him. We had a good dinner and a good rest. While we were eating I tied a fly for George, a similar one to mine.

We moved about four hundred yards up-stream and began to cast. Once I nearly caught the hook in George's so-called hat, so he moved a little further up the bank. We soon started getting quite a few fish. To his delight, George caught a few fish weighing about two and a half pounds. George did a war-dance when he caught the two and a half pounder, and he finished up with a victory roll that nearly landed him in the river. During the course of the afternoon, I caught seven or eight trout.

About five o'clock we decided to leave. We packed up everything and when I had pulled several hooks out of George's clothing, we returned to the car. Either the jubilation of catching such fine fish, or the thought of eating them, caused George to be even more haphazard in his driving than before. However, we managed to miss all the traffic and lamp-posts that we met and arrived home.

It had been an interesting day which provided us with good fun and a fine supper. I wish for none better.

PETER MAYNARD (VI).

MY VOYAGE FROM SINGAPORE

We sailed from Singapore in August. Our first call was at Colombo in Ceylon, where we changed from an ordinary steamer into the P. and O. liner Dilwara. Next we called at Aden for passengers, and went on to Suez. We were held up a week there until a convoy was made up. It was composed of about thirty ships, with an escort of one cruiser and a lot of destroyers.

We now sailed through the Suez Canal, and on our way to Gibraltar we were rammed amidships by a cargo ship. It happened about ten o'clock at night, and I remember how I woke up and heard the alarm-bell ringing. We rushed on deck, and had to sit in the lifeboats until it was found out that we would not sink, then we went back to our bunks.

The ship was laid up a week at Gibraltar to be repaired, and when at last we left we had a patch of steel plates over the hole. When we got into the Bay of Biscay it was very rough, and once I saw a ship's bows and keel out of the water. We then carried on to Southampton, where we landed. We had arrived home after two months and ten days at sea.

K. MacCALLUM (IIA).

"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD."

Her breath came in gasps; on her haggard face was a look of blank despair, and of such utter hopelessness and resignation that passers-by wondered whether they were looking on one contemplating suicide. Slowly and reluctantly she dragged her feet homeward, casting many a longing glance at the waters of the haven.

Two days—two short days—it was impossible to do it in time! What could she do—should she go away until it had blown over? No, that would be the coward's way out! She would stay and face her destiny "manfully." Of such stuff are heroes made.

The next day dawned—a perfect day. Alas! Not perfect for her: her destiny faced her at every turn. One day, one day only was left in which to do the task! Feverishly she thought—so hard indeed her brain creaked and groaned beneath the unusual strain. What should she do? The more she thought, the more hopeless seemed her task—she was as far away from completing it as ever.

Think of the disgrace if she failed! Slowly she went to her desk. The room was empty: she shut the door quietly. Furtively she opened her desk and pulled something out. With unseeing eyes she stared at it—so white and clean it looked. That was the trouble. If only it were covered with—, with—?

The awful task faced others too—that was a comforting thought. She gazed at the ghostly white thing on the desk. Nothing more than a blank sheet of paper—totally blank and white.

At last—hope—then achievement! The white is no longer white and ghostly. What has transformed it? This contribution to the School Magazine

GILLIAM DAVIES (IVA).

Elegy Written in Form V. Classroom.

The bell now tolls the knell of starting day,
The murmuring boys come slowly through the street.
The masters forward plod their weary way,
Making the town re-echo with their feet.

Let not Ambition mock their useless toil,
Their sportive joys, and future still obscure.
Nor parents hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple records of last year.

Some village Hammond, that with dauntless bat,
The big, fast bowler of some team withstood.
Some mute, inglorious Milton, here he sat,
Or some unfearful Admiral Hood.

Large was his Duty, and his soul sincere,
School did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to School, 'twas all he had, a tear.
He gained from school ('twas all he got) an end.

LE PETIT.

VICTORY DAY.

Victory Day started for me on Friday night, when I started off for London by road, with my father and two other relations. We stopped at Gloucester and set off again at about 10.30 p.m.

On arriving at the outskirts of London at about three o'clock, we could not help noticing that the lighting was brilliant. Once in the heart of London we tried to find a garage, but without success. With the help of a policeman we found one at last. When a car drove into this garage it went up a winding concrete road to the top of the building.

The tube trains did not start until five o'clock, so we walked the three miles to Hyde Park Corner. Just before we arrived there we stopped to watch a man who was drawing on the pavement, with coloured chalks, beautiful pictures, such as "The Laughing Cavalier." When we arrived at Hyde Park Corner there were crowds already, many having been waiting since the night before.

After a while we saw a hundred pipers marching through the Arch. They looked marvellous with their swinging kilts and white spats. Soon after this reinforcements of soldiers were sent down to one corner, as the people were surging out into the road. Monuments, roof-tops, and even chimneys were swarming with people. Then the real procession started. The King and Queen and the Princesses passed in the Royal Coach, guarded on all sides by many postillions. After this came a long wait, and one plane kept circling round and round; it must have had one of the B.B.C. commentators on board. Then came the Mechanised Columns, and all the famous generals and important persons, Mr. Churchill and Field Marshal Montgomery being outstanding. There was a roar of clapping and then we saw the heavy machinery, especially tanks. Then with the bands playing the march-past came, Indians with flowing robes that looked like ballet skirts, and representatives from nearly every country. I did not have a good view of this, for there was a huge crowd, and all I saw was heads and feet, and to make it worse it was pouring with rain. Then with a roar came the "Fly-Past." Planes of every kind whizzed past seemingly below the level of the roof-tops at a terrific speed.

Later on we went back to the garage, and as I was so tired I heard nothing more until my father said, "Come on, wake up, we're home."

ROSE COLLINGS (IIIA).

NASH VICTORY CELEBRATIONS.

We started our celebrations at 2 p.m. After a few games, the races began at 3 p.m., in one of which I competed. I thought I was unlucky because I was put scratch, but I just managed to pass one boy just as he was getting to the winning post. After the races we had tea. We ran for our lives to try and get first for tea, but I happened to be nearly last and had to sit by a girl, but I did not mind it much and got on with my tea.

After we had finished the cakes and the trifle (with cream on top), Mr. Saunders, who had given us the tea, gave us a flag, a V. beaker, and a V. badge. Then out we went to have a few more races and to dress for the carnival.

We had a grand carnival. Our servant boy had first prize as "Mother Riley—All Out For Peace." The second prize went to my friend as an Ice Cream Man with an Ice Cream Cart. I won the third prize as T.P.'s Circus, with a cat and a dog in a trailer and another trailer coming behind with a home-made lion. These three items were all made up from our clothes and trailers.

After the carnival we had the long jump competition, which I won by jumping thirteen feet, and in the high jump I won at 4ft. 4ins.

These exciting events were followed by an impromptu concert, in which we all joined—singing, reciting, and dancing, and songs by the Nash Choir (a big surprise). Then came the bonfire, the most exciting thing of the night. At about 1.30 a.m. I went home with the trailers (with the cat and dog inside), all towed behind my bicycle. I arrived home very tired.

T. P. WILLIAMS (IIA).

THE BADGER AND THE BEES.

Not far from where I live there is a wood; and running through the middle is a thick tangled growth of thorns and brambles. In this wood is a badger's sett which has at least twelve separate openings. In these burrows the badgers have reared families for many years, but they do not seem any more numerous.

In this lonely spot last summer, when crossing the wood late in the evening, I peered through the brambles; and to my astonishment there were three badgers close to a burrow. I stopped and kept quiet to see what would happen.

Suddenly, one of these sandy grey creatures took one of the well-worn tracks along the wood to a cluster of fir trees, and stopped. He stood motionless for a time, without even blinking an eyelid, and then I noticed a swarm of bees buzzing around him. They had been roused from their nest which, unluckily for them, the badger had noticed near the foot of one of the fir trees. I crept towards the tree silently without being noticed, thus getting a better view. The badger, by digging and biting with his strong jaws, pulled off the bark covering the nest. This enabled him to reach the nest and ravenously feast on the honey.

While this was going on, the angry bees buzzed round the robber's head, trying to drive in their stings. The badger, heedless of this, kept on eating, and at that rate he must have devoured as many bees as honey. Suddenly the badger darted to his burrow, and to my astonishment he did not come out again.

I afterwards realised that my moving must have been the cause. I waited for about ten minutes, but it was all in vain, as "Brock" did not return.

GLYN BROWN (IVA).

A VISIT TO PLYMOUTH.

The first morning after my mother and I arrived, we took a bus through the city to the harbour. On the way we saw lots of damage, and the ruins of houses and shops which had been bombed. At last we reached the "Barbican," as this is what the harbour is called. We saw the "Mayflower" stone where the Pilgrim Fathers' left this country.

From the Barbican, we now walked up to the Hoe. I was very disappointed when I found that the aquarium had been bombed, and had not yet been repaired. Then we went up on to the Hoe, and had a look at the statue of Drake and other statues.

After dinner we again went up to the Hoe. This time we visited the lighthouse, which has been built on the Hoe. When you enter the lighthouse you go through a thick door of oak. Then you go up some stairs and come to a store room, and so on until you come to the light room, which is the most interesting. There is a man there who explains how it works. After coming out of the lighthouse we visited the bathing pool. After this we returned home.

The next day we went down to the Barbican again; a motor launch was taking people on a trip round the dockyard. We went on this trip and saw many battleships in the docks. After the trip was completed, we returned to the Barbican, and from there took a bus home.

On the last day I went for a cycle ride with a friend. We went across to Cornwall on the Saltash ferry. As Drake's house was on our route we went in. It was very old, and we spent a long time in the house. We then resumed our ride and came to Bouts Fleming and bought some fruit: we then came home again. It had not been a very long holiday but I enjoyed it.

JOHN GRIFFITHS (IIIA).

THE GHOST OF MARLEY MANOR.

Marley Manor is an old, grey, Victorian building, surrounded by gnarled old oak trees. For many years it had the reputation of being haunted. On misty nights it was said that a human shape walked around the garden. A pale white light shone from it—and then suddenly disappeared. This story was told by the villagers in such a way that Marley Manor was avoided whenever possible. Not believing in ghosts myself, I decided to watch.

I set out when it was dusk, and after walking the half-mile to the manor my nerves were not in the same state as they had been. The long wait did not improve them, or my temper, and the still darkness frightened me a little. But it was the last straw when I saw the figure that was so much talked about in the village. The pale light, and the way it glided across the lawn—and its supernatural disappearance, terrified me. That ended the night of ghost watching; but before I went to sleep I resolved to try again the next night.

Nine o' clock next night came, and I felt much braver. This was due to a small automatic I kept in my pocket. At the time I did not realize this would be of no help to me if my friend did belong to the other world.

After a long vigil, out came the ghost. It glided across the grasses towards some bushes, and then disappeared. This time I was determined to follow. Giving my friend a good start, I crossed the lawn to the bushes. Although I was cautious, I fell into a hole and made the same disappearance as the ghost! I followed the passage

which I found, and it led to the house. I found this out when I crept through the trap-door at the end. It was lucky I had my revolver in my hand, for in the room was the ghost and two other men.

"Hands up!" I commanded, and every hand went towards the ceiling, the ghost still clutching his shroud, which I afterwards found was a shirt covered with luminous paint.

How I got the three men to the police station is unknown to me. But when they were in prison the old manor was searched, and the reason for the ghost was discovered. It was a very clever idea to frighten people away, while they stored jewellery smuggled into the country.

Before I returned to school I had the pleasure of seeing the ghost facing the judge. I am sure he would have given much to disappear then. But being flesh and blood, and having no underground passage, it was quite impossible.

PAMELA DAVIES (IIB).

VIEWS OF THE POETS.

The Board Room:

"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."—Dante.

Mr. N*g*e:

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."—Goldsmith.

C.W.B. Results:

"Perhaps it will come tonight. Perhaps it will come next week. Perhaps it will never come."—Churchill.

French Oral:

"Oh! I would that my tongue could utter,
The thoughts that arise in me."—Tennyson.

School Dinners:

"Oh! the little more and how much it is,
The little less and what worlds away."—Browning.

Mr. C*t*r* 1:

"His state is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed"—
Milton.

VR Maths:

"A poor thing, sir, but mine own."—Shakespeare.

After potato picking:

"And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me
Where hast thou been?"—Shakespeare.

To the Staff:

"Never . . . was so much owed by so many to so few."
—Churchill.

Social Service Fund:

"In frolic dispose
Your pounds, shillings and pence."—Anon.

Fifth Form Woodwork:

"Give us the tools and we'll finish the job."—Churchill.

Stock Room:

"What ain't missed ain't mourned."—Sir A. Pinero.

On leaving:

"Fare thee well!
And if for ever,
Still for ever!
Fare thee well."—Byron.

M. A.