

THE PENVRO



JANUARY 1954

PEMBROKE DOCK GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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Editorial

It seems opportune once again to call attention to the long tradition of this magazine. It has appeared without a break, through three wars, and in the reigns of six monarchs, since 1897. During the last war we trembled for our life, as it were, when reputable periodicals were folding up and dying all round us because of extreme shortage of paper and high costs. But—albeit reduced to a meagre twelve pages—the “Penvro” continued to appear, and has grown in stature since the war. Unfortunately, however, it now costs almost exactly ten times as much to produce the present magazine as it did to produce the modest twenty-page issue of pre-war days. To economise, we could reduce the present size considerably, and do without photographs, but that would be a sad thing after fifty-six years of progress. It would help very much if the magazine were bought by one hundred per cent. of the pupils, instead of about eighty-five per cent. as now. Instead of sharing a copy with your brother or sister, get one for yourself. It costs only a halfpenny per week.

We welcomed with pleasure three new members of the staff in September, Miss Brown, Miss Jones and M. Béside, a worthy member of our already long line of French assistants. It is a pleasure, too, to welcome yet another Old Pupil, Miss Hilda Thomas, as School Secretary.

There has been another addition to the staff in an indirect manner, but in the direct line of succession. Our heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Griffith on the birth, on August 9th, of their daughter, Enid Monica. She, too, is to be congratulated, on being born into such a pleasant little family.

It is our great pleasure to publish a short article by Mr. Simmons, who was Mr. Greenwood's immediate predecessor at the head of our Science department. We have not lost touch with Mr. Simmons, as he regularly receives the “Penvro,” and we receive copies of “Wildern,” the magazine of the Hedge End Secondary School at Southampton, of which Mr. Simmons is Headmaster.

We are glad to congratulate another former member of staff, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, on his appointment as Vice-Principal of Swansea Technical College. Mr. Lewis, who was Physics master here from Easter 1932 until July 1936, and, incidentally, took away our then P.T. mistress, Miss Vera Lewis, as his wife, left us to become a lecturer at the Technical College in Swansea.

In the last “Penvro” we reported that Ald. W. J. Gwilliam was to have the Freedom of the Borough of Pembroke conferred upon him. This was done at a ceremony held in September. Alderman Gwilliam has also been elected Chairman of the Borough magistrates. At the same magistrates' meeting, Mrs. J. L. Jones and Mr. W. A. Colley were re-elected Vice-Chairmen of the Pembroke Court, and Miss A. M. K. Sennett as one of the two vice-chairmen of the Pembroke Dock Court. It is pleasing to read of important offices such as these being held by Old Pupils of the School, and past and present members of the Governing Body.

The Paper Seller

London at night, her heart aglow,
 Between the dusky sky and river flow,
 The streets a gleam with raindrops falling;
 A paper-seller vainly calling—
 In rags she stands beside the curb,
 Her age apparent, her voice unheard.
 Against the din of lighted streets,
 The crowds all hurrying far and near,
 They hear her not, they see no fear,
 She turns away, her wares unsold,
 Into the darkness, alone and old.
 For London, like all cities great,
 Leaves the lonely to their fate.

ANN FRASER, IVa.

The Welsh National Sports 1953

I was first told that I would represent Pembrokeshire in the High Jump at the National Sports at Aberystwyth five days before the sports. I felt that it was a great honour to represent Pembrokeshire, and I immediately determined to do my best. After the six of us boys were given all the information that was needed, we were told that we would stay at Haverfordwest for the Friday night before the sports. I stayed with a very nice family and we spent the evening looking around the new Secondary Modern School, instead of going to the cinema, as we had at first intended. Our general comment was that the school was excellently built and situated.

We were late starting for Aberystwyth on Saturday morning; breakfast was delayed. At last that seemingly never-ending journey came to an end only 20 minutes before the sports were due to start. I, to my horror, found that my event was first. I soon got over this feeling after finding that the bus journey had had no effect on me at all.

When I changed into shorts, I was disgusted to find that only the Pembrokeshire boys were without track suits. I spoke to every boy that I was competing against—eleven in all—and found that the boys who came from North Wales were very quiet and seemed shy. To be quite honest, I did not feel very cheerful.

It did not take long for the first few boys to fall out, and then the height neared my usual failing height. I found that I had luck with me, and I jumped $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches higher than usual. At last the event came to a close and the winner, a boy from Bridgend, jumped the magnificent height of 5ft. 3ins.

The journey back proved enjoyable. We came out at Fishguard to stretch our legs; I was very interested in the Royal Oak Inn there. I was back home at 10.30 p.m. on Saturday night, without a penny in my pockets, but presents for all.

MICHAEL GIBSON, V0.

Revisiting Pembrokeshire

After eight years absence from Pembroke Dock we heard from friends that they had placed their caravan at Bosherton. We hastened to book it for part of August 1953. As we approached via Brecon and Carmarthen we were excited at the thought of a holiday in that care-free county and wondered what changes we should notice. The caravan was almost on the edge of the cliff at Trevalian Farm and from it we renewed acquaintance with St. Govan's Head, Huntsman's Leap, Stack Rocks and the Cauldron. (How terrifying this!) We played cricket at Freshwater West, looked for the Editor of "Penvro" playing French cricket at Freshwater East; years ago he was always there on August mornings. We never discovered the predilection of the French Master for French cricket! We visited Mr. Garnett's bungalow, but he was not at home. We crossed and re-crossed the bridges over the lily pools—new bridges now—not the rather broken down ones of the war years. We visited Manorbier and had supper at a new and bigger Dak Café, and as a climax to our stay we visited Pembroke Dock. How different it looked. No corrugated iron with peep-holes for shop windows now; real plate glass. Real roofs on houses, everything looking spick and span and as clean as a new pin.

We knew the girl behind the counter in the Post Office and then met Mr. Evans in Meyrick Street. Happily we talked of our reminiscences of choral efforts at the school with selections from Handel's "Messiah," yours truly singing "The Trumpets shall Sound." Then on to the school, but unfortunately all locked up—the caretaker away, too—we were looking forward to a chat with him. Then to De Valance, London Road, to look up old friends, but again no one at home; similarly at Mr. Davies' house on the top of the hill. We did find Mr. Garlick in. He had been such a help to us here in our production of "Murder in the Cathedral" and I was delighted to meet him. It was also a pleasure to meet Karen Davies (I cannot remember her married name) in Dimond Street, and chat over old times. I believe I used to teach the girl in the chemist's shop in Pembroke, but again names fail me.

A happy day for us, although I wish I had met more people I knew. And so back to Bosherton, spending an hour on the way exploring Pembroke Castle; to the wind and the waves and the sea looking a blue that we never see in this part of the south coast.

Au revoir Pembrokeshire—we shall come again.

H. W. SIMMONS

(Science Master 1943-45).

County Secondary School, Hedge End,
 near Southampton.

Dylan Thomas

The premature death of the Anglo-Welsh poet Dylan Thomas is a loss to English poetry which cannot yet be measured. He was born in Swansea in 1914, and his poetic gifts came to light at a very early date, for at the age of ten his first poem was published in the "Western Mail." After his education at Swansea Grammar School, he became a reporter on the staff of the "South Wales Evening Post." Reporting, however, was not suited to Dylan's highly erratic nature, and so he departed for London. As a comparatively poor young man he dedicated

himself to poetry, and it was not long before he was recognised by Edith Sitwell, the famous writer and literary critic. She read his first book of poetry, "Eighteen Poems," which was published in 1934, and she realised that Dylan possessed tremendous genius and ability. His rise to literary fame, however, was not meteoric but it was very steady. With the publication of "Twenty-One Poems," "The Map of Love," "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog" and "Deaths and Entrances," his fame was completely ensured.

Why, then, is Dylan's poetry great? He was by no means a "popular poet," for much of his work is difficult in that it is so highly original and exuberant. There are several essential factors which contribute to his greatness and which make him the poet of poets.

Dylan loved life, he gloried in his existence and he delighted in every form of creation. This is clearly shown in his Preface to his "Collected Poems," where he said that he wrote out of love for man and for the glory of God. This was the source of delight in his poetry. He was not concerned with any intellectual and social questions, and so he was not committed to anything except human experience and an apprehension of glory. He was essentially a poet of faith, for he was indeed a deeply religious poet—religious in the way in which he saw the relation between God and himself.

Dylan Thomas possessed a wonderful organ-like voice and this, combined with excellent qualities of mimicry, made him a brilliant speaker. His radio scripts were hardly less remarkable than his poems and stories, and showed the same astonishing felicity in the use of language. Indeed, so remarkable was his versatility that he wrote not only poetry, prose and radio scripts, but intended to write a libretto for an opera by Stravinsky.

More than any other poet since Gerard Manley Hopkins, he infused a new fire into English poetry. Now the name of Dylan Thomas can be added to the great trio of Welsh religious poets—Herbert, Vaughan and Donne.

DEVAN PREECE, Upper VI Arts.

A Small Boy's Idol

Silver dream of a designer's perfection,
Sleek dog of war! fighter jet,
You race, faster and faster,
O'er earth's green sod, and then
No longer earthbound you leap
To meet the sun!

Tense spectators watch you;
You loop, now swoop, dive now climb,
Miraculously keeping airborne,
Reverberating echoes
Of your shrill whine
Remain when you have gone—
Disappeared from sight.

Now, low over the airfield you fly,
Throttle back, and return
To earth.

DAVID THOMAS, IVa.

Here and There

What a glorious week it has been! Here in our village of Llanreath, we have been off each day with axes, cutting down furze bushes for the great day, November the fifth. Then at night we all sat around a small camp fire, roasting potatoes on long sticks. One of the boys strummed out "Sweet Violets" on an old drum and in the firelight glow we imagined ourselves real cowboys. A shout from our parents disturbed our dreams. Smelling of smoke, soot covered, we trudged happily home. Back to school on Monday, with happy memories.

PAUL CROTTY, IIB.

On a beautiful sunny Saturday afternoon, I went to the Grammar School, where a sale of work, in aid of "Dock Leaves" (a review in English of Welsh Arts and Letters) was being held. The opening ceremony was performed by Miss G. L. Taylor, M.B.E., J.P., of Manorbier. Before I had a chance to start looking round I was cornered by Miss Patricia Kavanagh (our champion ticket and programme seller), who persuaded me to part with a shilling of my money to buy a ticket for the cake weight guessing competition.

Upon looking round the hall, I was greatly impressed by the attractive way in which all the stalls were dressed. On one of the stalls was a beautifully smocked apron in black and white check. As the price of this was a little more than I intended to spend, I went to have a look to see if there was anything else I fancied. However, I finally went back to the stall to buy the apron, but to my disappointment it had just been sold. I then looked at a stall, which was completely covered with dolls, large and small, ranging from quaint Duchth dolls to beautiful fairies. The "under sixes" looked longingly at a large bride doll—beautifully dressed by Chriszena Pask—which formed the centre of the stall. Mr. R. Mathias was on a most intriguing stall. For here were many kinds of plants and cuttings. Mr. Mathias was doing a brisk trade, and one could occasionally get a glimpse of him out over the foliage. To the left was a bookstall, round which a number of people were clustering, obviously finding it very interesting. I had a dip in the Bran Tub, and received a lovely little pin cushion. Mr. George had a turn and was quite embarrassed when he had a frilly lady's handkerchief out of his parcel, and he quickly got rid of this by giving it to a little girl who was standing near.

In one corner of the hall was a really lovely lamp shade, which was a delicate pink in colour and was most artistic. This had been made and presented to the sale by Mrs. Sidney Evans. I was hoping very much to win it, for both mother and I bought several tickets, but we were disappointed. Another thing which I also admired was a hand-turned wooden bowl made by Graham Tregidon. I then went and had a cup of tea and one of the home-made cakes. I sat down and listened to the music of the harp. This was the first time I had heard a harp, and I thought how lovely it must have been in the days of David, when the harp was played so much more than nowadays. It was now getting late, and I left after a lovely afternoon.

MARY PHILLIPS, V Remove.

Clerihews From IVB

If I was not me
I should like to be
President Ike
Whom I well like.

Jean Flavell.

Good Queen Bessie
decided that as she
had mucked up Raleigh's cloak
"I'll knight this bloke!"

Janet Saunders.

Alfred the Great was baking cakes,
Instead of flour he used soapflakes,
Instead of sugar he used cement,
Which explains why his teeth were bent.

Pamela Goodrick.

There was once a boy named Jones
Who liked to chew ham bones;
When there weren't any to spare
He chewed the leg of a chair.

John Phillips.

Graham had a wonderful car
In which he used to journey very far.
He used to skid around the corners;
Now I am one of the chief mourners.

Arthur Heggie.

If you drink ginger beer
Your head will stay clear,
But cognac
Gets its own back.

Christopher Addison.

1,200 Mile Trip

It was hard to believe that barely 30 minutes ago I was in England, and now stepping out of the plane and going through the customs, ready to start out alone on a cycling tour along the west coast of France from Cherbourg to Bordeaux.

Early on my journey, I was soon reminded by angry shouts from within passing cars that I was riding on the wrong side of the road. Arriving in Cherbourg, I luckily found someone to change my travellers' cheques, for the banks were closed. On leaving, I asked a man, whom I found could speak English, the way to Valognes. Climbing up a steep hill, I met a French boy, going from work, also going to Valognes. He could speak no English; I could speak no French; but with the help of an Esso book he was able to direct me to the best and nearest hotel, for it was now getting late. Here I had a great deal of trouble getting the girl to understand, but in the end I managed to secure a room, went to

the bar to sign my name and have my passport checked. Here I met a man who could speak English. He offered me a beer and we went round the town together.

Morning came; a French breakfast of rolls and coffee; the day was hot, and as I passed through the towns the only danger was riding over the cobbles. Outside Avranches, I met Manuel, a Belgian boy, also touring, so we went together. That night we slept in a farmer's barn, a thing I do not want to do again. Straw was all I had to sleep on and to cover me. Next day, after washing under a pump, we headed for Le Mont St. Michel, a very historic place, famous for its cathedral. We made our own dinner, after which Manuel and I parted company. He was going round the coast of Brittany. I started for Rennes, which is the capital of this part of France. Here I stayed at an "Auberge de la Jeunesse (Youth Hostel), where I met some American boys and girls. All the days were hot, and before an hour's riding I was sweating. The next town was Nantes; the hostel was rather better. I met some English boys and we went round the town together. Here I saw Louison Bober, winner of the Tour of France. When leaving Nantes, I knew I was in for a hard time, as I had to do 150 kms. if I wanted to get to Bordeaux in three days. The day was boiling hot, but the country was marvellous, and I was going at a good speed. I arrived at La Rochelle at 8 o'clock, where, instead of going to a hostel, I camped in a tent. I had no blankets or anything to cover me. I looked round La Rochelle, which is a very interesting and beautiful place.

As I had done 256 kilometres in 2 days, to-day I was only going to Saintes, and met two French boys who could speak English. We went round the town and did not get into the hostel until eleven o'clock. On leaving Saintes I was going to Bordeaux, my final point. The days were now scorching and I was getting very burnt. I went over some marvellous bridges. At Bordeaux I was very thrilled, because now I would see Yurg, my pen pal. On finding his house, imagine my disappointment when I found he was away, so I had to go to a youth hostel. Here I met a Swedish man who could speak English. Now at the hostel I marked out my journey to Le Havre—next stop on my list.

Riding is very boring by myself, but it cannot be helped. My next stop was at Angoulême, and here the hostel was right up the hills, where I went for a swim. On to Poitiers, where I met some English teachers, one of whom was at college with my sister. There were some English boys here from Liverpool, who were going the same way as I. Nothing happened on the road, but it was interesting. At Tours the hostel was a chateau, and we slept in a bell tent. That night it was really freezing. We were up quite early and made our way to Chatandaun, where there was a super hostel. We had several rows from a fellow for using a race course for racing with our bikes.

Chartres was to be the next stop, and as it was only 40 kms. away we took our time. The cathedral was marvellous. There was a good crowd at the hostel. The Liverpool boys left me here, as they were going to Paris, but I met another boy going to Le Havre. We had breakfast at a café, and started for Loviers, where we played table tennis with people from Dublin at the hostel, which had just been built and had every modern convenience. In the morning we set out early for Le Havre. At Rouen we went to the burning place of Joan of Arc, and had dinner by it. Now they sell flowers there. At an Englishman's shop there I bought a French costume. It started to rain, and before we got to the hostel at Le Havre we were soaked. It rained all night, but in the morning it had stopped and I started to go to friends of my mother's. They did not

My Impressions of the Urdd Camp

I think the things that impressed me most during my stay at the Gwersyll yr Urdd, Llangrannog, was the friendliness, the activity, the organization, the discipline and last, but certainly not least, the swyddogion (officials), more commonly known as the "swogs." From the very first evening everybody seemed to fall into the routine as if this life was the one they had always lived.

Organization was predominant, campers answered the bell (especially the meal bell) and the whistle like dogs when they are called to heel. Hikes across the cliffs and bathing were planned to the last detail; a table tennis tournament, and a very popular treasure hunt put everybody in a happy rollicking mood which made them sing no matter what they were doing. If you were not ready for a song or a smile at any time of the day you were thought miserable. I think everybody knew that old saying that "Welshmen carry a tune everywhere, at work, at a rugby match and even on the bus."

The gwersyll was one hive of industry, there was dancing and table-tennis, bathing and the inter-house games (in these I do not know who made the most noise, the players or the spectators). The Noson Lawen, and the Eisteddfod were favourites with everyone, and also the Twenty Questions, but I think the reason why everything went down so well was that everyone joined in. No one need be able to sing to make a noise over "Ging Gan Gwli Gwli Gwli Wosh Wosh," that poor piece certainly went through it at Camp. It was sung at meals, in the gymnasium and even in the middle of the field.

Discipline was essential and almost everybody abided by the rules (if you did not you had to wash dishes). Definitely I think the thing which impressed me most—and I certainly hand it to them—were the swyddogion. I know my mother gets annoyed with two children round her feet, but not once did I see a "swog" angry and they had one hundred and fifty children to look after.

Yes! The Camp certainly was excellent. Everything went with a swing, competition was keen but was taken in the right spirit. When I asked a fellow school friend what impressed him most, his answer was, "Well, the food was smashing." This and everything else, not forgetting our wonderful scenery, added up to make the perfect holiday.

SUZANNE BROWN, VI.

First Time at School

When I started in the Grammar School, I was so nervous and excited that I put my shoes on the wrong feet, and had to change them back to the right feet. . . . Hockey is great fun, and I cannot see how anyone could not like games. . . . I like words describing beauty, wonder and longing, like "The red globe of the sun dipped low in the azure sky, and all creatures, perceiving that night was creeping on, lay down with a contented sigh and slipped slowly into oblivion." . . . I like drawing maps. . . . If you learn poems, you will be able to remember them long after you leave school. . . . My term at this school was not as nice as at my old school. It's been no fun. They don't play jokes on the teachers or anything much. The time I enjoy best here is when a prefect (we call her Jesobelle) comes into the room on wet days. She gets cross with us

sometimes, but that's sure enough our fault. She can take plenty of jokes, "BUT" we're not allowed to scream and yell. I am dying for next term, to go down a class and then I can pick up. I've moved such a lot, and by magic I find myself here. . . . It is coming near the end of term, and believe me, it has went like wildfire. . . .

Dear Mr. Toad, you stubborn beast,
You never know your mind;
If I were you (thank God I'm not),
I'd live like Ratty kind.

O Toad, he is a glamorous fellow,
And a glamorous fellow is he!
He's the talk of the woods; he's the talk of the dales;
Such an elegant toad is he!

All the folk of the river bank talk of him all day;
First he has a caravan, with colours painted gay;
Next he has a motor-car, a brand new Oxford Nash,
Look!! he's coming down the road! Too late! a smash and crash!!

Dear Mr. Toad, you are such fun,
To read in "The Wind in the Willows."

Extracts from Terminal Examination—IIa

Trip Adran yr Urdd

Y flwyddyn hon penderfynodd yr adran ddilyn enghraifft Cymdeithas y Cymrodorion a mynd ar drip i ogledd y sir. Yn y diwedd darganfuom ein hunain yn ne Sir Aberteifi, yn Aberporth end yr oedd hynny ar ddiwedd ein taith a gwel i mi ddechrau yn y dechreuad.

Cawsom daith bleserus yn canu caneuon Cymraeg ac yn edmygu'r golygfeydd prydferth nes i ni gyrraedd Abercych lle'r aethom o'r bws i lan yr afon. Yma yn oedd dau ddyn yn aros i ni. Cyryglwyr oeddynt a dywedasant wrthom sut ac o beth y gwnaethpwyd eu cyryglau. Yna aeth rhai o'r parti am dro yn y cyryglau ar yr afon Teifi ond dim ond Mr. Wiliam a gafodd fynd ar ei ben ei hun.

Ar ol tynnu lluniau aethom ymlaen i le arall ger yr afon i gael ein cinio ac yna ymwelsom a hen ffatri coed. Yno gwelsom llwyau a llestri a ffyn yn cael eu gwneud gan y turniwr coed.

Wedi gadael Abercych aethom dros y ffin i mewn i Sir Aberteifi ac ymlaen i Aberporth lle yr aethom i mewn i'r mor. Ar ol cael te a chwarae ar y traeth, daethom adref ar ol diwrnod hapus iawn.

DOROTHY THOMAS, Dosbarth 6 Isaf.

Round the World

On a fine sunny July day we set out from the River Mable in the Solent in an eleven ton ocean cruiser "The Thistle." We got to Dover by nightfall, where unfortunately we had to anchor for four days because of the bad weather. We crossed the channel without mishap, staying for the night at Dunkirk, then crossed the North Sea into Holland. After the customs officers, in green uniforms, had inspected us, we cruised

along the canals from place to place, staying at Rotterdam for a week, then making our way to Amsterdam through the Merwede canal. Five days later we put into Cowes safe and sound.

MAURICE EYNON, IIIb.

One of the things that will always remain in my memory is the little church of St. Andrews at Les Vauxbelets in Guernsey. It is one of the world's smallest churches, and it was designed and built by Frère Deodas from broken coloured china and glass to seat 15 people. From the interior one descends into a chapel of the Virgin Mary and a subterranean crypt. Outside, below the main building, is a reproduction of the grotto at Lourdes. It fully deserves to be situated in the beautiful grounds of Les Vauxbelets College.

JOAN MORGAN, V Remove.

In February, 1950, my mother and I started from Norwich to sail to Germany to join my father. Settling down for the night in our cabins, we put our watches an hour forward, and arrived at the Hook of Holland for breakfast, whence we took the train to Utersen, a small town 50 miles from Hamburg, where we stayed for twelve months. During that year we spent our summer holidays at Nordeneey, one of the Frisian islands. We spent the second year at Gütersloh, where I learnt to swim in a very large swimming pool. For our summer holidays this time we went to Erwald in Austria, in the heart of the Alps. Here we climbed part of the way up Zugspitze mountain, finishing the journey in mountain chairs. On the very peak was a gigantic golden cross, from which you could see five different countries—Switzerland, Italy, Bavaria, Austria and Germany. While we were there I bought a mountain walking stick and collected badges to nail on to it with the names of all the places I have seen.

DAVID WISBEY, IIa.

I jumped out of bed flinging my hands above my head, for this was the day I was going to start a much longed-for holiday in Cyprus. I tried to visualise Cyprus, hoping it was not like Egypt, where I lived. We were going to Port Fuad, where we were to stay while waiting for the boat. Even after the long, tiring journey, we felt energetic enough to explore Port Said across the harbour, and for two days thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. On board the corvette, I settled myself down by the railings to watch the sea slowly change from a dark grey-blue colour into a lovely royal blue. Porpoises and dolphins tossed and turned in the sea; brightly coloured flying fish skimmed over the surface, and large purple jelly fish floated on the top.

The next day Cyprus slowly appeared on the horizon. Far away in the distance we could see our destination, the mountains. On one side of the port of Famagusta there is an old ruined town and on the quay-side the people rushed around. I wondered where they got their energy from, because it was so hot. The Cypriots wore their native costumes; the men, enormous baggy trousers with innumerable pleats, full-sleeved shirts and battered old hats; the women, gaily coloured long dresses and large shawls.

After disembarking, we were bundled into a battered army truck, but we were glad to shelter from the merciless sun. The air was refreshing and cooler when we got to the mountains. There were many frightening hair-pin bends, and the roads wound up and down the mountains through some beautiful scenery, lovely greenery, waterfalls and little

villages in the valleys. Sometimes you could see the outline of the land and sea merging into the sky. Higher and higher we climbed; it was getting dark and cold, but at last we arrived at the camp situated half-way up the highest mountain, where, to my delight, I found we were to sleep in tents surrounded by conifers.

From the next morning to the end of our holiday, we never kept still. We went all over the island except the East. I shall never forget the freezing Caledonian Falls, and a sweet little village at the bottom of Mount Olympus, where we used to get ice-cold fresh milk and delicious ices. This was a luxury to us, because in Egypt we had to live on tinned milk. We visited a fairy-tale castle ruins called Hilarian Castle, built by the crusaders up the side of a deep rock. There were many monasteries, one especially miles away from anywhere in the midst of the mountains, and only got at by going along a stony one-way track, dropping in places on both sides, but it was worth it when we got there to see the lovely building, the little springs and the wonderful chandeliers and carvings in the chapel. I saw many ruined abbeys and went down an asbestos mine. One hot day we walked up the long dusty road to the top of the mountain, where we could see the sea all round and Turkey far to the right. We went to the potteries and watched the skilled potter making the pottery and then a girl painting native scenes on it. Down in the village an old man cleverly carved animals and other things out of wood. This holiday was the loveliest and most enjoyable I have ever had. The air was healthy and I went home a new girl.

JENNIFER RICKARD, V Remove.

When living at the R.A.F. camp at Ismailia four years ago I was taken one day to the station in Cairo. I was surprised to see how clean it was, but my guide, an Arab foreman, told me it was state owned and therefore had to be kept clean. The third class waiting rooms were packed with Arabs, Greeks, Frenchmen, Italians and several other nationalities, all talking at the same time, and the smell was unbearable. The train arrived roaring like a pre-historic monster. It was filthy. In Egypt it is cheaper and healthier to ride on the outside of a train, but as there are no tunnels it is quite safe to sit on the top. Coal being too dear to use, the engines burn oil (more dirt), and as it hardly ever rains, they are left out in the open. The third class compartments have just bare wooden benches and no lights. For days after my journey to Cairo, the Arab was telling his men how he took the Bash-Shaweesh-el-wallah-Mahatta-wa massar (meaning me) to Cairo station.

DAVID GWYTHYR, V O.

Skool Daze

"Down with Skool." Geoffrey Williams and Ronald Searle. Max Parrish 8/6d.

Ronald Searle and the inmates of St. Trinian's are already familiar figures. Now, in this latest book, we are given a boy's eye-view of the fabric, headmasters, masters, boys and parents of St. Custard's.

The book gets off to a good start with its front end papers, which have the appearance of any ageing school text-book. They announce that this book belongs to N. Molesworth St. Custards England Europe the World the Universe Space. Then there are the inevitable, intricate "drawings" of spiders' webs, dive-bombers, battleships, parachutes, Union Jacks, skulls and, of course, the suggestion that Botany stinks,

Mr. Searle's drawings throughout the book are excellent, and at times perilously and riotously true to life. His boys are the enfants terribles that all masters know; his masters are the unnecessary weeds that all boys know. There are many useful hints to masters (Table of Grips and Tortures for Masters) and boys (The Molesworth-Pearson Lines Machine). The artist's satire on the school prospectus must be seen to be believed.

The publishers' blurb asks us to "read" the book. So, dutifully, we look at the table of contents: "Boo to Sir or Are Masters Nesessary," "A Tour of the Cages or Masters One by One," "Skool Food or The Piece of Cod which Passeth Understanding." We are sufficiently interested to read on. But immediately we find it heavy going. The speling and gramer is atroshus and ekseedingley overdon. Much of the material is by no means new and gives us the feeling that we are reading a compendium of clichés about school.

So Ronald Searle's illustrations win the day. To boys they will be encouraging and amusing; to parents and masters, a terrible warning.

G.S.S.

Recollections of India

India—to most people the name conjures up visions of jewel-bedecked Rajahs, stately elephants in gorgeous trappings, snake charmers, turbaned figures, the bazaars, the palaces, colourful motley throngs and all the mystery and glamour of the Orient. So it was once with me, but not any more.

I had my first sight of the mysterious East at eleven years old, when I entered Bombay, with its small boats bobbing alongside filled with native pedlars selling a great variety of wares—strange fruits, carpets, leatherwork, shawls, trinkets and many examples of native craftsmanship from the bazaars; the busy crowds swarming along the quay-side; the bhunda boats, dhows and other strange native boats flitting across the harbour, white sails gleaming; the large hawks and vultures lazily circling the sky, as they have for thousands of years past.

While waiting for the train at Bombay, I saw the less glamorous side of native life. The platforms were crowded with beggars—maimed, mutilated, blinded—all begging for "Baksheesh" from the travellers. But the travellers themselves provided greater interest: tall bearded Sikhs, turbaned Mohammedans, Hindoos, in native and European dress, white "Sahibs" attended by porters and surrounded by beggars with the wail "Baksheesh! Baksheesh!" following them; picturesque native policemen carrying revolvers and heavy truncheons, a company of British troops entraining, slinking Chinese and, above all, the babble and clatter of a dozen different tongues.

The three day journey from Bombay to Karachi gave me a greater insight into Indian life. My most vivid recollections are those of an elephant pulling a plough across a small field; large monkeys sitting on the roofs of stations and running around the platforms; the strange fruits—pomegranates, mangoes, tangerines, guavas, tasteless green oranges and pineapples, offered for sale at every stop by a dusky, grinning youth; the flocks of sheep and goats herded across the Sind desert; the strings of heavily laden camels and little trotting donkeys; the water buffalo wallowing in the mud holes; the sacred cattle wandering unmolested; native porters balancing huge loads on their heads and moving at a shambling trot; and the hot sun blazing down from a cloudless sky.

Our house, situated on the outskirts of the comparatively modern city of Karachi, was quite near the sea. But this was no great advantage, for the sea was tepid, and it was no pleasure to swim in it. One felt just as listless coming out of the water as one felt before going in. The sand was of a black colour, and had the additional property of sticking to the body and needing several showers to remove it. Across the road was a large Maharajah's palace, which looked as one would expect a palace to look, with domes and minarets pointing to the sky. The romance of the situation was somewhat marred by the fact that the Maharajah kept a large herd of cows in the front garden and the place had quite a distinctive odour.

Karachi is a modern city with tall white buildings and wide streets, but there is a bazaar section, which was more interesting. Here one could see the native craftsmen at work in their open shops; the shoe-maker making the peculiar backless Indian shoe; the carpet-maker weaving his carpets from camel and goat-hair; the metal worker with his open charcoal furnace, and the tailor sitting cross-legged, stitching in front of his shop. Here were narrow streets in which the motor-car was never seen and even a bicycle was a rarity. Often a string of heavily-laden camels would pad softly past, taking up most of the way and gazing down contemptuously on the world. Native barrow boys were plentiful, pushing barrows laden with fruit, while beggars were more numerous here than anywhere else. The strange smells from the open charcoal cooking fires, the numerous tongues, the high-pitched nasal Indian songs, the passing throng, all leave strong impressions on one's mind.

The ensuing months passed pleasantly enough, with school only in the morning. Afternoons and week-ends were spent fishing and sailing around Karachi harbour (a vast land-locked lake except for one small entrance) in a bhunda boat, which is a native boat with a huge lateen sail and is balanced by a plank run out on one side, and on which the crew sits. Whenever the boat changes direction, the plank is hauled in and run out the other side. I could never understand why they did not use two planks, but I suppose life would be too lethargic without the excitement of hauling in the plank and running it out the other side.

Another favourite occupation was visiting a narrow strip of land known, appropriately enough, as Sandspit. On one side was the calm waters of the harbour and on the other great rollers from the Indian Ocean pounded the shore. This was the only place where one could have an exhilarating swim, and surfing was a popular sport. There were small bungalows on the ridge and week-end visits were common. One could sail in the harbour, swim, surf, go for camel rides for miles along the shore, and at night stroll along the water's edge and watch the turtles come up out of the sea to lay their eggs in the sand.

But this pleasant state of affairs was rudely interrupted by that dreaded word—partition. As the memorable month, August, 1947, drew near, tension mounted and all British families and most of the troops in the area were moved to Malir cantonment, a vast store-house of troops and ammunition that sprawled for fifteen miles across the desert.

The journey between Karachi and Malir in an army lorry provided many interesting spectacles. The road passed Karachi Airport with the huge hangar built for the airship, R101. Herds of goats, sheep, camels and cows were continually on the move in the everlasting search for food. I remember seeing a dead camel by the side of the road surrounded by orderly lines of vultures, each waiting its turn at the carcass, and watching the huge camel carts laden with cotton from higher up

we have nice weather we go or drive to the swimming baths, or sometimes to a football field and play a little football. But that is not real sport. Every month we have a so-called "work day," when the different classes go for a walk through the country or go to museums, etc. The lessons here are different, too. Here, some of the teachers come in and talk the whole of the lesson, but at home we have to ask them questions as to how the work is done and they explain. The marking system is also different. We have only six marks, which are called "Noden" (Points). The best mark is one, and the worst six.

If I had to say which school I liked most, then I would say the German School. We have to learn in our school every kind of subject—German, English, Latin, French, Biology, History, Geography, Music, Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry. When I have passed my examination I shall know a little about everything, and then I can go to the University and study what I want.

WILHELM LEUCHER, Lower Vith (Science).

"The Old Man of the Mountains"

by Norman Nicholson

This, the second modern verse play in five years to be performed by the School Dramatic Society, was certainly sufficient contrast with last year's *Judgment Day*. It had indeed little in common with any previous production. No one who pressed its claims was unaware of the restriction both of its theme and of its likely appeal to the public. On the other hand, its two-colouredness, whether of tumult or calm, its simple recreation of the Elijah story in the mountains of Cumberland (with social and economic conditions modernised, it is true, but without any of the historical or philosophical accretions of the last two thousand years, without even Christ and his revolution) made it possible for the first time since 1948 to provide a cast entirely devoid of Members of Staff. This reversion to an older practice makes it difficult and unreasonable to try comparisons with any of the play's immediate predecessors. It was good—let there be no doubt of that: the almost unanimous verdict of those I have met establishes it. But how good? It would be well, perhaps, to regard *The Old Man* as a pioneer and ancestor of many. *How good* will only appear if and when his progeny grow.

This was a play in verse, in verse with a strong sun-and-Bible flavour, rich with roots and crops and miraculous essences, at times, too, bleak and sudden like a glimpse of blotted-out fells or rude with labourers' laughter. It was inevitable that a cast everywhere under eighteen should most fall short in holding and savouring the poetry, in giving the words their full and clotted value, in having nerve enough and command enough to let the language lord it over contingencies. Jest, conversation, cut-and-thrust came through the critic's guard well. Of this sort there was attack in plenty. When the stage was crowded there was no need or place for fears. But of the more solitary voices only those of "The Beck" had worn away the words into channels and rhythms to which they seemed native. This was fine choral work, and only very occasionally was the leader lashing the stones a dropfall ahead.

What was short in the measure of the verse was, in any case, a shortage of years and experience. Few *young* players could have done better. If there were longueurs in Part III, the play's structure here was

in question. If the climax seemed uncertain, that was perhaps because the characters were dependent upon effects of sound and light to clarify their relationships. Almost all that the cast did was rich with promise, and the producer's decision to make their clouts Edwardian was a happy means of suspending disbelief over their patent youth. Only once did I feel a lack of life in them, and that during the wait for the storm and the actual downpour of rain. Here even Ben's little dance with Martha seemed odd and done to numbers. There was no leap and enlargement of heart.

On Terence Panton as *Elijah* lay the mantle that made the play, and well he wore it. Not once was he out of his old man's gait, and never did any histrionic indulgence deprive his bearing of full sincerity. He spoke well, and if an adult of experience would have held, played with and polished more the rhythms and consonants of his speeches, there is no knowing but that by this means the prophet might have struck less fire and failed his own simplicity. As it was, this *Elijah* had the heart of the matter. It was a performance carefully and reverently conceived. Squire *Ahab* (Ralph Davies) used an incisive voice to command the stage. His speeches were almost always effective and well-judged. But he was too fond of the hand-on-hip posture, and he not infrequently forgot to go on acting when he stopped speaking. The powers were there in plenty, but they needed *constant* application.

The widow *Ruth*, who lived by the beck, was intelligently and sincerely played by Valmai Folland. If one was conscious occasionally that there was a point in emotional self-forgetfulness beyond which she could not go, at least within her range no serious criticism could hold. Part I, which depended almost entirely upon *Ruth* and *Elijah*, I found very moving. Sheila Smith as *Martha*, *Ruth's* gossip, had plenty of confidence for one so young. She had also some of the most awkward lines in the play to deliver. It was not, perhaps, surprising, therefore, that her intonation was occasionally wrong. But it was a good beginning and augurs well. I liked the *Rebecca* of Norma Evans particularly. Sinuous and domineering of speech, she impressed in word control and movement, and it was the greater pity that one or two lapses marred what was otherwise an excellent performance. *Obadiah*, the half-and-half, was not the easiest of the parts, but Karl Lees made few mistakes in it. If he had a fault, it was to offer quietness only for both irresolution and reverence. But this is to cavil unnecessarily at a very sound performance. *David* (Stephen James) could hardly go wrong, and rarely did, save that occasionally his acting seemed to terminate with his lines. Nevertheless, the rich Lamphey earth in his voice was fine ground for a laugh. Young *Ben*, immeasurably assisted by the natural pathos of his knickerbockers, came to life in John Trice's appealingly precise little boy, though occasionally I felt, as did Browning's Arab physician about Lazarus, that he had not returned in full and spirited measure. But that was perhaps the play. John did very well indeed for one so young, and would have done superlatively but for a tendency to deliver too many speeches *away* from the audience.

It was a clue to the producer's mind on this play that *The Raven*, the voice of God, should have been given a country accent too. Peter Preece spoke well out of his Burra black, albeit too quickly on occasion. I should have preferred to hear his words dropped roundly, translucently into the beck, timed with a rigidity from which his eternal implications must escape. No easy part this, whether behind the wall or in front, but effectively done except in the longer speeches.

For once the photographs did less than justice to a divided set, designed by Mr. Cooper and painted by him with the assistance of

Wendy Lees, Mary Jenkins, Stephen James and Fred Utting. Real branches hung from the winged trees, a brown fell burst upwards in the distance beyond the cottage wall, and in the left foreground there was the homeliness of a kitchen interior, with plates, flour, milk, washing and the little nearnesses of the day. It was a scene to conjure the imagination, its lines tailing towards eternity. If the sacrifice on Carmel ran with water rather than blood, and the priests of Baal neither called or died, it was, this play, a real sacrifice nevertheless—by producer, cast and that host of helpers who stretch away beyond the credit titles—and productive of life for Elijah in a new age and against a milder season. If "owt" of it moves in time to come strong among nearer memories it will be the freshness and achievement of the players. What will be missing it was not in the elements to maintain.

R.G.M.

Somerset Trip

This year, again, saw a school party of three members of staff and thirty-two pupils make for "fresh woods and pastures new." A trip to Somerset conjured up visions of coal mines and Cheddar cheeses, Stone-age ruins and Bronze-age homes, bishops' palaces and ships and Roman baths, battlefields and cathedrals, butterflies . . .

Our headquarters for our stay was Penscot Guest House (the Adult School and W.E.A. Guest House of the West Country). Penscot—in the heart of the Mendips—combines the charm and dignity of a bygone age with modern comforts, central heating and every recreational facility, including a hard tennis court, croquet lawn, miniature golf course and an indoor games room.

Penscot is only one mile from the highest point of the Mendips and centrally situated for visits to many famous places. In fact we found that it was difficult to find time to see all we wanted to see. The following programme, varied and interesting, covered as many aspects as possible and produced a very full and exhausting tour:—Axbridge—Church, King John's Hunting Lodge; Bristol—Suspension Bridge, Avon Gorge, Cathedral, Cabot Tower and Zoo; Burrington Combs—beautiful scenery, and site where the hymn "Rock of Ages" was composed; Cheddar—Gorge, caves and prehistoric remains; Glastonbury—Abbey ruins and Tor; Crook's Peak—Famous for its views of country, sea and Welsh mountains; Bath—Spa, Abbey, Roman baths and Georgian architecture; Wells—Magnificent cathedral and famous clock; Wookey Hole—Caves and subterranean river; Weston-super-Mare—Modern seaside resort.

Each of these places deserves an article to itself—Cheddar caves with their dazzling beauty, a miracle of loveliness; the picturesque old-world village of Cheddar itself. The lead mining settlement of Roman times at Charterhouse; at Glastonbury the magnificent ruins of one of the finest abbeys to be destroyed during the Reformation.

Each member of the party found something of particular interest and said farewell to Somerset with regret.

Yr Urdd

The Christmas term meetings began with the showing of a film-strip dealing with the history of the Urdd movement. At this meeting we wished well to two of our most faithful members who were leaving school—Margaret Nicholls, last year's secretary, and Evan Scone.

The next meeting was arranged by those members who had attended the Urdd camp. They sang and danced and told us something of what happened at the camp. The officers of the society for this year were announced. They are: Chairman—Dorothy Thomas; Secretary—Suzanne Brown.

Ducking Apple Night was conducted with no less enthusiasm than last year. Stories were told and we also saw a short sketch by Upper IV A.

At our next meeting we were able to welcome our German visitors—Rotraut Kudicke, and Wilhelm Leuchter. Rotraut described for us the home of Goethe in her home town of Frankfurt, and told us something of that great German poet, and Wilhelm introduced us to his home town Hochein; and his life inside and outside of school there.

During the next week Dylan Thomas died. The Urdd commemorated him in a number of readings from his works which were introduced by Mr. Garlick, and presided over by Mr. Mathias.

Foreign Tour 1953

The foreign tour by bus with Mr. Harries as driver and the school party augmented by friends from the district has now become an annual event. This year it was decided to cover completely new ground and by means of short daily runs to make the journey to our destination in Pau in the French Pyrenees as enjoyable as possible for the driver as well the party. Unfortunately for Mr. Harries, the roads in the North of France proved very bad, and the weather, except for two days on the return journey, very hot. For long periods he was the only one who managed to keep awake. Our sincere thanks for his good nature and powers of endurance. We should also like to thank all adults for their indulgence on some exasperating occasions. Considering everything that could have gone wrong, there were very few, and I hope, quickly forgotten, periods of irritation.

This year also, for the first time, the school party stayed in French Lycées wherever possible. The French Ministry of Education are to be congratulated on the efficiency of their organisation. Food everywhere was good, and plentiful, and accommodation varied from good in Pau and Bayonne, to excellent in Paris and Blois. In the two latter places we were better off than we could have been in any hotel.

As the following extracts from the children's accounts of the trip show, these foreign tours, as well as being a holiday, do serve a real educational purpose. We should like to see more children able to take advantage of the facilities such as are provided in France for a comparatively cheap holiday.

D.E.L.

At Poitiers we went first to the cathedral, which was very different from Notre Dame and Chartres. Its exterior was very irregular and it was set below the level of the street. It was built in a white pale limestone which was very clean and bright. When we went inside we were surprised to find that this whiteness and brightness prevailed; decoration was very simple, but very beautiful, and in spite of the fact that the windows did not conform to it, it was a wonderful example of perpendicular, and I have never seen a building so truly before. There were several wall paintings which both by their style and condition indicated great age. The other church was absolutely unique—I have never seen anything to compare with it before. It was built in the

Romanesque style for the most part, but with gothic additions on the southern side. The whole of the interior was painted in bold colours and patterns, e.g., there was much of the chevron. Its exterior is the strangest I have ever seen.

The next stage of our journey, to Bayonne, took us through the "Landes." We stopped at a café for a drink and gave an impromptu concert of Welsh folk songs, finishing with an exhibition of the "Police-man's Holiday," and "Mae Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau" and the "Marsaillaise." Quite soon, with the memory of the astonished faces of the waitresses still fresh, we arrived in Bayonne and dined well at the cloistered school, which was later to be voted our best stop by all.

At St. Jean de Luz we saw a small harbour full of Basque fishermen mending their nets and landing a terrific catch of tunny-fish. The beach where the school bathed was that one specified for family parties, and we were not backward in pointing out to our elders and "betters" the notice "Respectez les enfants." After the bath we were taken to see an old Basque church. Its interior was like that of a chapel with galleries all round the nave, which had no aisles. We were told by a toothless, garlick-breathed octogenarian (at least) that it was the custom that the ladies sat down-stairs and the men in the galleries.

ANN DAVID, VI.

The next day we went to Bagnères-de-Bigorre in the afternoon. It is a mountain resort, situated in the centre of the Pyrenees on the banks of the river Adour, and is one of the oldest spas in the world. This attractive, well-kept town, with its thermal park, its clean streets, flanked by rushing streams, is built against the mountains.

MALCOLM JOY, VR.

After an inspiring and breath-taking journey into the very heart of the Pyrenees, along roads which hung over precipitous ravines and overpowering snow-capped mountains, we finally arrived at Gavarnie. No description would do justice to the wonderful sight of this little village, cut off from the surrounding world by the mountainous amphitheatre on one side and the great mountains on the other. On one side of the amphitheatre a shimmering waterfall cascaded down the sheer sides and the water formed a fast flowing river which rushed through the village. The blueness of the sky was a perfect contrast to the colour of the mountains.

As we walked farther in along the banks of the river, the mountains seemed to swallow us up. A very careful watch had to be kept for the thundering, snorting donkeys, carrying their elderly passengers much farther than we could hope to walk. How I envied the young climbers who returned triumphantly from the mountains carrying bunches of the elusive Edelweiss. But on considering the difficulties which they must have experienced, I was glad to sit down on the bank of the river and leave their hazardous journey to people who did it for a living.

STEPHEN GRIFFITHS, VI Arts.

The Grottes de Bétharram are, by the unique variety of their galleries, curiously placed one upon another like the floors of a house, and by the extraordinary richness of their calcareous formations, without exaggeration, the most beautiful caverns, not only in the Pyrenean district of France, but in the whole world.

The vast "rooms" of the Grottes are adorned with innumerable hard stalagmites, assuming all the odd and original forms that are given

to them by thousands of drips from the cracks in the mountains. The walls and ceiling of the Grottes, which rise in places to 150 feet or more, seemed to have been eaten into and then decorated by a profusion of sculptural forms of surprising beauty and originality.

When we followed the guide, he pointed out to us shapes appropriately called "The Bell," "The Elephant," "The Living Stalactites," "The Sumptuous Chandelier Room," "The curious Sphinx Window," "Joan of Arc," and "The Pulpit," and many other dazzling creations. Then we went down to the lower galleries. Before embarking on the underground river, we stopped on "The Platform de Cloitre." Here, the stalagmitic architecture is of the middle ages and the intelligent planning of the light gives a magical effect.

The crossing of the river was made by boat, gliding silently on the dark water. Our journey finished by going through the tunnel which led us to the exit with the friendly but anxious voice of the guide singing out "N'oubliez pas le guide!"

DAVID JOHN, VI Arts.

In the evening of our visit to Lourdes we stood and watched the torch-lit procession of pilgrims slowly encircling the illuminated cathedral. Thousands and thousands of men and women formed a continuous movement around the cathedral. Each one carried a lighted candle, and as they slowly shuffled on they chanted the "Ave Maria." We stood at the side, intermingling with the rest of the crowd—and the picture of those myriads of lights—those flickering candles—which could be seen stretching like a fiery snake on the hillsides on the far sides of the great cathedral, held so reverently by those devout pilgrims—was an unforgettable one.

It was such a moving sight that we felt like joining in with this wonderful singing—and indeed some of us did. I do not know how long we stood there, in the darkness, in the rain—it may have been an hour, perhaps two—all I know is that, as I climbed wearily back into the coach—I knew that I should never experience anything so awe-inspiring again.

RALPH DAVIES, Lower VI Arts.

Llanelly v New Zealand

On Tuesday, November 17th, about sixty boys from school went to Llanelly to see the "Scarlets" play the New Zealand touring side. The result was Llanelly three points, New Zealand 17 points. Here are some comments.

"... it is on these occasions when I hear the community singing of thousands of fervent Welshmen urging their team to victory that I glory in the name of "Cymro." Back in the bus the usual remorseless dissection of the game took place."

GEOFFREY WAINWRIGHT, Lower VI Arts.

"Looking back now, I realise what I should have missed had I not gone that Tuesday. We witnessed that day, not only a good display by Llanelly rugby players, but also a great show from the Llanelly supporters, people who obviously love the game, eat the game, sleep the game, play the game, and know all about the game... The excitement in school reached its peak that morning and I am sure that no-one who was going on the trip took in a word of what any teacher said that morning. We

left the Form rooms amidst glum looks from all the girls . . . Two bus loads went—Seniors in one, and Juniors in the other. I went in the Juniors' bus, and it was obvious that the Seniors were trusted more than we were, because the two greatest "monarchs of the peace," Mr. Cleaver and Mr. Moses, came into our bus . . . those who did not go missed not only a great match, but a great inspiring display of Welsh rugby enthusiasm."

GEORGE REYNOLDS, Lower VI Arts.

"The journey to Llanelly was quite uneventful and the boys were thrilled at the novelty of travelling in a Silcox bus with cushioned seats . . . at long last the final whistle went, and the packs managed to drag themselves off the field."

DEREK BLAKE, Lower VI Arts.

"The game began and ended on a high note. The highlights of the game were a magnificent 45 yards penalty goal by the New Zealand left wing, Ron Jarden, and a fine burst of scoring by the New Zealanders in the closing minutes of the second half, which seemingly pulverised the Llanelly backs. Of the New Zealand backs, the outstanding were:—Scott, Jarden and Elsom, who ended up with three tries to his credit.

EVAN EVANS, Lower VI Science.

The New Forest Trip

We arrived at our log cabin camp at 10.30 p.m. The next day, after doing our chores, we went to Winchester, and went round the Cathedral. I have never seen such beautiful carving before; the ceiling was beautifully carved and parts of it were painted. We then crossed a courtyard and entered the Public School. Here we saw boys in gowns and boys in straw hats. We saw also the oldest schoolroom in England and many old things over 700 years old.

The college has two chapels, one for the senior boys and one for the juniors. In the dining hall, the tables and benches were of oak, many centuries old.

YVONNE RICHARDS, IVa.

The first day we went to Winchester and visited the Cathedral. This great church (the second longest in Europe) was built within thirty years of the Norman Conquest. The architecture is wonderful; it consists of Norman and early English perpendicular style, the nave column being Norman core. At the west entrance one sees a Norman building, built by Bishop Wakelin, the first Norman bishop, and dedicated in the year 1093, when William Rufus was king. The stalls and screenwork (about 1310 A.D.) consisted of beautifully carved wood. The stone screen filled the arcade, both North and South side, and was built by Bishop Fox only fifteen years before the Reformation.

MARGARET THOMAS, Upper IV.

The great event of the day was Winchester, a very nice, old comfortable and graceful town with a marvellous cathedral and a very famous school. At the school we walked round the courtyard and entered two chapels. Everywhere on pillars and walls former scholars had engraved

their names, and many an Old Boy was buried in the school ground according to his wish.

On the second day we went to the Isle of Wight. Freshwater Bay was really lovely. Beautifully shaped rocks alternated with pure white chalk walls, and the sea was unbelievably blue. Some went for a swim; others just looked at the waves—it was wonderful for everybody.

Thursday morning—time to leave. I don't believe anybody honestly wanted to go home. It was a lovely day and the forests looked more alluring than ever. We passed Salisbury and visited Stonehenge. I had been very curious to see Stonehenge, because we had spoken about it in school in Vienna; I was quite surprised when I saw what it was actually like; I had expected to find a large, cohesive monument, not scattered blocks of stone. After getting used to the picture, I found it marvellous indeed that man had been able to produce it in such ancient times, and a peculiar feeling seized my heart when I thought of the people of those ages, men as we are, and what their fundamental thoughts and feelings were.

GERTI ADAMETZ, Lower VI.

The next day I was really thrilled when I heard that Winchester Cathedral was our aim. The Gothic and Norman architecture of this building is indescribable. The builders of this masterpiece must have been great Christian people, thinking always that nothing whatsoever is too good for a house of prayer. The tomb and window of the great novelist Jane Austen stands near the main entrance in silent glory near the memorial of a fellow novelist, Francis Francis. It was well worth the time we spent there to see all the names of those who perished during the wars.

The following day my dearest wish was fulfilled. It was neither chance nor craft that set Prospero on an island; Shakespeare knew how magic is nowhere so strong as within a circle of the sea. To cross to any isle is to enter a charmed ring. There is a sense of voyaging, of landing on another shore; and the ever-present awareness that with the sea behind, it also lies ahead. One of the greatest charms of the Isle of Wight is the enjoyment won by even the shortest stay. We left on the steamer again for the mainland, but not without an air of having sailed overseas and answered Ariel's call to the yellow sands, or taken tea in Paradise.

Our last evening at the camp was rather sad for some people, who had made new friends, but for others there was still the thrill of a new day's adventures. What did to-morrow have in store for me! A visit back through the ages at the sight of the immense structures at Stonehenge, and proceeding a little further in time and in imagination, I saw the Romans going around, spotlessly clean and healthy after their morning dip at Bath.

PAULINE FRANCIS, Lower VI.

Examination Results

G.C.E. Advanced Level

Nigel Albury—Pure and Applied Mathematics; John Brooks—History, Geography; John W. Davies—Woodwork; Roy Haggart—English (distinction), History, Geography; Graham Harper—French, History; Megan Harries—Geography; Mary Jenkins—Art; Brian John—English, French, History; Karl Lees—Physics; George Lewis—History,

Art; Patrick McCloghie—Zoology; Eric Morgan—Physics, Chemistry; Margaret Nicholls—Welsh, Latin, History; Janice Phillips—English, History; Peter Preece—English; Gerald Thomas—Chemistry; Graham Tregidon—Woodwork; Shirwen Tucker—Geography; Peter Williams—Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.

G.C.E. Ordinary Level

Valerie Albury (1); Raymond Angle (4); Marie Bearne (5); Alan Bermingham (2); Derek Blake (5); Jean Bowen (2); Eric Brown (4); Suzanne Brown (4); Ruth Cole (6); John Cornwell (5); Lilian Cresswell (1); Anthony Colridge (3); Ann David (1); Ralph Davies (7); Kathleen de Candia (2); Sheila Donovan (6); Evan Evans (6); Patricia Fitzpatrick (4); Una Flint (1); Sheila Francis (1); Joan Goddard (7); Jeremy Gordon (5); Jennifer Gordon (7); Mary Griffith (1); David Griffiths (5); Elizabeth Griffiths (1); Stephen Griffiths (8); Megan Harries (2); Pamela Hay (2); Eileen Harvey (4); Stephen James (2); Owen James (2); David John (5); Alethea Johns (3); Gillian Jones (1); Noreen Jones (4); Wendy Lees (5); John Lindinburgh (2); Eileen Llewellyn (3); Edna Lloyd (1); Kathleen Lockett (3); Sandra Loveluck (2); Gwyneth Macken (1); George McLean (4); Megan Morgan (4); Julie Nicholas (3); Michael Owen (6); Dennis Pascoe (6); David O. Phillips (2); Joyce Phillips (2); Janice Picton (2); Jeanne Puleston (5); Jennifer Pulford (1); Richard Rees (3); George Reynolds (7); June Roderick (1); John Rouse (4); Peter Ryerson (1); Evan Scone (3); Dorothy Thomas (7); Gerald Thomas (1); John Thomas (1); Mary Thomas (4); Margaret Uphill (2); Frederick Utting (6); Geoffrey Wainwright (5); Jean Watkins (3); Joan Webb (1); David Ll. Williams (5); John Williams (1); Marjorie Williams (4); Annette Williams (4).

Special Examination in Arithmetic

Ruth Cole, Joan Goddard, Pamela Hay, Gillian Jones, Edna Lloyd, Gwyneth Macken, Megan Morgan, Jennifer Pulford, Joan Webb.

Royal Society of Arts

Julie Nicholas—Book-keeping (with credit); Shorthand, 60 words per minute (with credit).

Librarian's Report

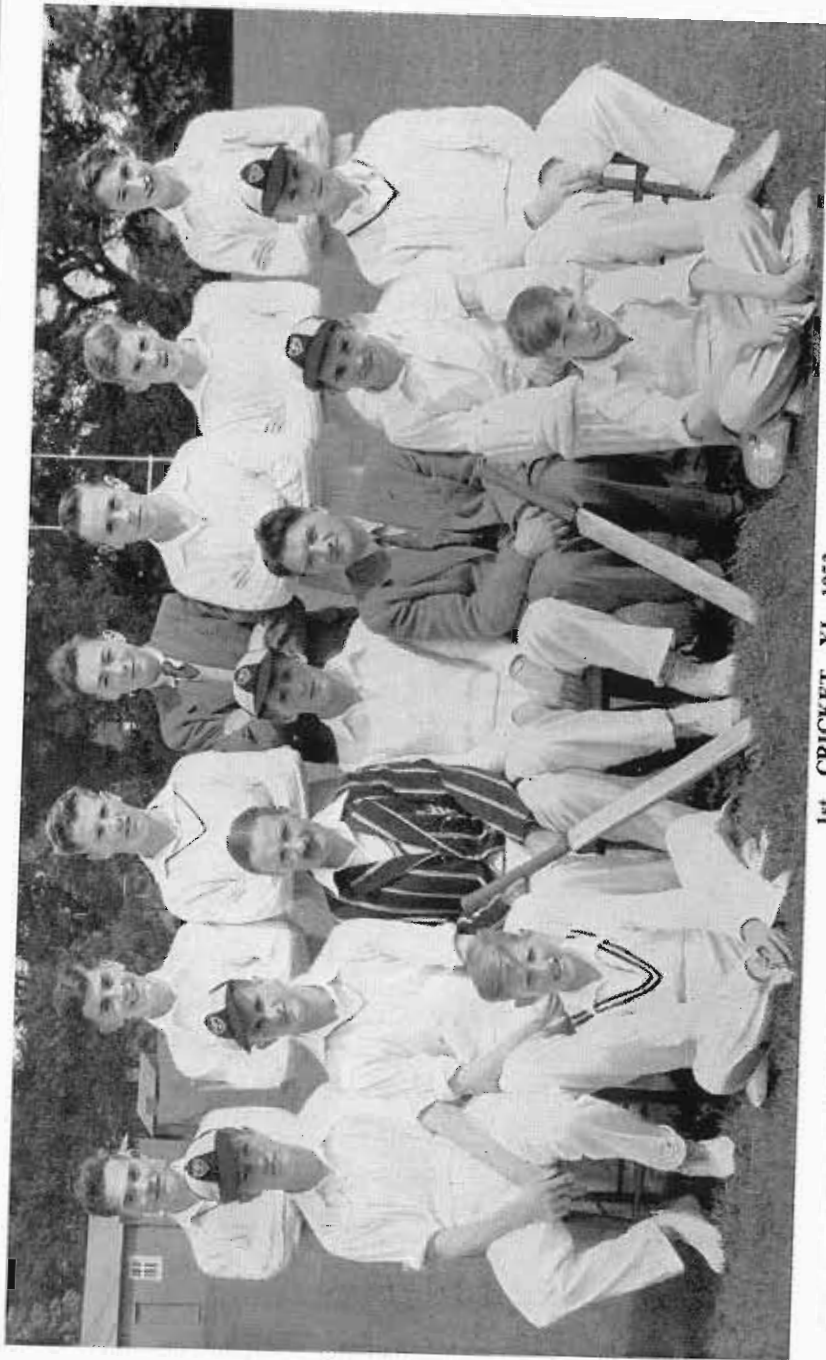
Some 445 books have been borrowed from the Library this term, in the following dispositions:—

Fiction and Travel	143
Literary Criticism	58
Welsh, British and European History	56
Anglo-Welsh	49
Biography	23
Drama	19
Biblical Studies	18
Classics	16
Poetry Tests	15
Painting, Music and Ballet	15
French	8
Welsh	6
Crafts	6
Journals and Diaries	3
Education	3



"THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS"

Back Row—Jennifer Gordon, Kathleen Lockett, Michael Willis, Ann Semmens, Rae Gammon.
Second Row—Miss A. R. Lewis Davis, Stephen James Karl Lees, Norma Evans, Peter Preece, Mr. R. Garlick.
Front Row—Sheila Smith, John Trice, Terence Panton, Valmai Folland, Ralph Davies.



1st CRICKET XI 1953

Back Row—Malcolm Joy, Derek Cousins, Evan Evans, Alan Bermingham, Stephen Griffiths, Christopher Macken, Eric Brown.
 Second Row—David Beynon, John Davies, Mr. A. W. W. Devereux, Peter Preece, Mr. R. G. Mathias, Graham Tregidon, David O. Phillips.
 Front Row—John Jones, John Carr.

Sport	3
German	2
Topography	2

The following donations have been made to the Library since the beginning of this term and are gratefully acknowledged:—

Anonymous:—£3 3s 0d.

Mrs. Bleddyn Howell:—Eight vols. of "Cassell's Book of Knowledge."

Gertrude Adametz:—"The Book of Austria."

Norman Nash, Esq.:—"Illustrated History of Europe" (six vols.).

J. H. A. Macken, Esq.:—Gift of an 1824 "Bible" to the School.

"John O'London's Weekly" has been added to the periodicals available at the Library reading-desk.

Continued thanks are due to Graham Phillips and Billy Tucker who, as Library Assistants, have again given willingly of their time to the day-to-day duties involved.

Prize Day

The prize-giving ceremony was held in the School Hall on Thursday, 10th December, 1953. The guests of honour were Professor R. F. Treharne, M.A. Ph.D., F.R.Hist.S., Vice-Principal and Professor of History, University College, Aberystwyth, and Mrs. E. Treharne, M.A., J.P.

The Headmaster, at the end of his report, said that the school's academic discipline must not be allowed to waver and weaken. Boys and girls must learn how to work at their studies. But concentration on this main objective should never make it impossible to acquire a primary interest in a great many cultural subjects, even if time were lacking for a full follow-up. To study only with vocational ends in view was inadequate. It was a fault in many University students. If the school taught a pupil, not only a certain area of fact, but how to think, how to appraise, how to select, how to criticise, and had besides made him or her feel, not how much was already known, but how much more there was to know, then it should be satisfied. The years of school should provide learning for life.

In her speech, the Chairman of Governors, Mrs. M. V. Jones, J.P., said how important it was that a child should be well trained and fitted to face the complicated state of modern society. There were three great agencies which contributed to this training, the home, the school and the church. Mrs. Jones stressed the parents' responsibility. Far too often the school was blamed for shortcomings which were due to parents' negligence. To take a child away from school too soon was an injustice to the child, the school and other children. The church, too, had an essential part to play in preparing a child for life. The importance of a spiritual life was often overlooked by parents.

Professor Treharne said that the subjects studied in a grammar school provided the equipment for life, not the means for earning a living. He pointed out carefully the contribution made by each subject: English was the fundamental study; Welsh should be studied in a school such as ours; foreign languages were important for a person pursuing a University course; Scripture, often the Cinderella of all subjects, played a very important part in the training of a child. It gave one something to

treasure for the rest of one's life; the sciences exercised the reason and developed habits of precision. The speaker said that he hoped specialisation was not introduced too early in the pupil's career, and that when it did finally come that it was not too drastic.

The speaker felt that at the present time there were too many children in grammar schools. Many children would benefit more from the type of education offered by secondary modern schools. The grammar school had to provide the academic training and could not, therefore, do justice to many children within its walls.

In his appeal to parents, Professor Treharne suggested that harder work was necessary for pupils in a grammar school. It was not enough merely to scratch the surface of subjects by doing homework, but to delve deeper by reading round the subject. Learning by heart, he thought, was neglected in schools. It trained the memory; it provided that good body of factual knowledge which was essential for everyone.

Finally, Professor Treharne underlined Mr. Mathias's statement that a person should leave school capable of criticising, with a sense of judgment and, above all, prepared for life.

Mrs. Treharne presented the prizes. During the ceremony musical items were presented by the senior girls, the senior choir, Kathleen Lockett, Ann Lloyd, Joan Lewis, Megan Morgan, David John, Stephen Griffiths and Graham Tregidon.

Votes of thanks were proposed by the Rev. J. Garfield Davies, M.A., and W. A. Colley, Esq., J.P.

PRIZE LIST:

- IIC—1, Ivor Davies; 2, Rodney Cook.
 IIB—1, Edward Goddard; 2, Ann Ferrier; 3, Joan Allington; 4, Robert Ferrier.
 IIA—1, Mary Jones; 2, Denise Tyndall; 3, Robert Holmes; Good Progress Prize—David Pearson.
 IIC—1, Joan Thomas; 2, Malcolm Evans; 3, Keith Smith.
 IIB—1, Pat Greenhow; 2, John McNally; 3, John Phillips.
 IIIA—1, David Thomas; 2, Ann Campodonic; 3, Robert Jones.
 IVC—1, Ann Semmens.
 IVB—1, Jennifer Rickard; 2, Janet Nicholas; 3, Grace Edwards.
 IVA—1, Pauline Armitage; 2, Roger Lloyd; 3, John Jones; Welsh Prize (given by Ald. J. R. Williams)—Eira Brickle.
 Upper IV—1, Davina Evans; 2, Margaret Thomas; 3, Christopher Macken; Good Progress Prize—Awena Jones.
 V Remove—1, and the History Prize (given by the Rev. Lewis G. Tucker)—George Reynolds; 2, and the English Literature Prize—Jennifer Gordon; 3, Sheila Donovan.
 V0—1 (given by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Phillips, in memory of Mrs. Phillips' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lewis)—Dennis Pascoe; the Williams Prize for Cookery (given by Miss B. Williams, in memory of her mother, Mrs. W. Williams, the first lady governor of the School)—Margaret Uphill.
 VR—1, David John; 2, and the Mathematics Prize—David Williams; 3, and the Welsh Prize (given by Ald. J. R. Williams)—Dorothy Thomas; English Language Prize—Ruth Cole; Woodwork Prize (given by Mrs. David, in memory of her father, Mr. W. N. Grieve, J.P.)—Stephen Griffiths.
 Commercial VI—1, Julie Nicholas.
 Lower VI—The Alice Mary Rees Prize (given jointly by Ralph Llewellyn Rees and Morwyth Rees, in memory of their mother)—shared between

Valmai Folland and Eric Morgan; Science Prize (given by Mr. J. H. Garnett)—Terence Panton; Language Prize (given by Mrs. Nora Davies)—Marie Bearne; Needlework Prize—Gwen Evans; Cookery Prize—Elizabeth Griffiths.

Upper VI—1 (given by Mrs. E. C. Powell Rees)—Roy Hagggar; 2 (given by Ald. B. G. Howells), and the Latin Prize—Margaret Nicholls; 3, Brian John; Art Prize—George Lewis.

The Chairman of Governors' Prize for Service to the School—Peter Williams and John Davies.

Prize for the Spoken Word (given by Miss E. M. Young, in memory of her father, Charles Young, J.P., Governor of the School)—Roy Hagggar.

Prizes for Original Work, whether in prose or verse—Valmai Folland; Ann Fraser; David Thomas.

CUPS:

The Senior House Rugby Cup, given by Mr. W. R. Davies, of Neyland—Glyndwr House.

The Junior House Rugby Cup, given by Lt.-Col. P. R. Howells, of Tenby—Glyndwr House.

The House Hockey Cup, given by Miss M. Mathias—Tudor House.

Tennis Cups, given by the Old Pupils' Association—Girls' Singles: Dorothea Pausschardt; Boys' Singles: Stephen Griffiths; Mixed Doubles: Elizabeth and Stephen Griffiths.

The Pennant Cup, given by Dr. D. H. Pennant, in memory of his son, Pilot Officer John Pennant, killed in 1945, to the Victor Ludorum at the Athletic Sports—John Ebsworth.

The Pembroke Cup, awarded to the Victrix Ludorum at the Athletic Sports—Janice Phillips.

The South Pembrokeshire Cup for Athletic Sports—Glyndwr House.

The Rowland Rees Cup for the Champion House—Glyndwr House.

School Diary

- Sept. 1. Winter term begins.
 Sept. 8. Talk by S/Ldr. Gregory to the Upper IVths on the Royal Air Force.
 Sept. 11. Our new Bell-Howell sound film projector delivered at School.
 Sept. 14. New inner proscenium curtains fitted on the stage.
 Sept. 18. Visit of the Ballets Minerva.
 Sept. 21. Exhibition of the work of Kyffin Williams set up in the School Hall.
 Sept. 30. Performance of the "Merchant of Venice" by the Western Theatre Company.
 Oct. 9. Lecture by Miss J. E. Rees, B.Sc., of the R.S.P.C.A., to the IInds and IIIrds.
 Oct. 12. Concert given by the Misses Elizabeth Bowen and Phyllis Ash-Child, of the Welsh National Opera Company.
 Oct. 13. Mr. Idris Thomas brought his collection of moths from Malaya to School, and spoke about them to some members of the IIIrds and IVths.
 Oct. 26 to 30. Half-term.
 Nov. 2. Karl Lees spoke in Assembly on Henry J. S. Smith.
 Nov. 5. Eric Morgan spoke in Assembly on James Gregory.
 Nov. 18 to 21. "The Old Man of the Mountains."

- Nov. 23. Norman Phillips spoke in Assembly on John Wallis. Miss Margaret Haig and Mrs. Gertrude Trede gave a lecture-recital on "Music, Poetry and Costume through the Ages."
- Dec. 8. Urdd Party.
- Dec. 10. Prize Day.
- Dec. 11. Form II Party.
- Dec. 14. Form III Party.
- Dec. 15. Form IV Party.
- Dec. 16. Senior Party.
- Dec. 17. End of Term.

School Notes

We began last term with 468 pupils, 236 girls and 232 boys. This is slightly less than the corresponding total for September, 1952.

The prefects are:—

Tudor—Valmai Folland (Head Prefect), *Gwen Evans, Nigel Albury, Norman Phillips, *Terence Panton, *Devan Preece.

Picton—Marie Bearne, *Ann David, *Marjorie Williams, David John, *Raymond Angie, *Jeremy Gordon, *Stephen James.

Glyndwr—Megan Harries, *Pauline Francis, *Mary Jenkins, Kathleen Lockett, Graham Tregidon (Head Prefect), Peter Preece, *Eric Morgan.

Hywel—Betty Morgan, Una Flint, *Noreen Jones, Karl Lees, Derek McGarvie, *Tony George, *David L. Phillips.

*Sub-prefects.

Hazel Newton and David L. Williams were sub-prefects, in Tudor and Picton respectively, until they left in November.

A much larger number than usual of last year's VIth formers entered various colleges at the beginning of last term.

Six entered universities. Margaret Nicholls and John Brooks are at Aberystwyth, where Margaret will specialise in Latin and Brooks in History; Brian John and Graham Harper went to Bangor to specialise in English and French respectively; Janice Phillips is at Cardiff, where she hopes to do Honours English; and Peter Williams is doing Engineering at Swansea.

Elizabeth Griffiths and Frances Rixon are following courses in Domestic Science, Elizabeth at Totley Hall, Sheffield, and Frances at Cardiff.

George Lewis has begun a course leading to the A.T.D. at the Swansea College of Art.

Five girls entered training colleges: Shirley English and Margaret Evans are at Swansea, Mary Phillips at Barry, Valerie Heath at Cartreffe College, Wrexham, and Sheila Randell at Fishponds College, Bristol.

Pamela Hay is taking a course at St. Godric's Secretarial College, London.

Hazel Newton and David Williams will shortly be entering the Civil Service, in the Clerical Grade. David Williams passed the examination held in September, and Hazel has been appointed direct on the result of her performance at the W.J.E.C. examination.

Eight boys who left last summer or since are now in the Services. Patrick McCloghrie and Sherwin Tucker have signed on for long service in the Army, in the Royal Corps of Signals and the Essex Regiment

respectively. Gerald Thomas has also signed on for long service in the Army. John Davies and Roy Haggart are doing their national service in the Army also, but intend to go to college afterwards, John to Loughborough and Roy to Birmingham University to study law. The three others—John Williams, Evan Scone and Gordon Cole—are in the R.A.F.

It would be impossible to record the names of all the others who have left school since the July "Penvro" appeared, but they can be assured that they carry with them the best wishes of us all.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Karl Lees on passing the entrance examination to the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth. This is no mean achievement. He takes up his course there in January.

An incident occurred at the Pennar Regatta in September which, as well as being amusing, reflects great credit on the participants. Four of our boys—Malcolm Evans, John Bowers, Glyn Macken and John Crabb—who just happened to be present at the revived Regatta Sports, got together as a team and won the new Regatta Shield. Their names, as holders, will be engraved on it.

Two items of scouting news concern our boys. On Saturday, September 12th, a patrol from the 1st Pembroke Dock Troop, consisting of David and Chris Horn, Mervyn Griffiths, Malcolm Morgan and John Ougham, won the Pembrokeshire Boy Scouts' Camping Shield. Then on Friday, September 18th, among seven members of the same troop who were officially invested as Senior Scouts were five of our boys—Eric Morgan, Derek Blake, Daniel Stewart, David Horn and Mervyn Griffiths.

Eric Morgan was notified in November that he had been provisionally accepted by the British Schools Exploration Society as a member of their 1954 Expedition to Newfoundland. There is always tremendous competition for inclusion in these parties, and he is the first Pembrokeshire boy to be so selected.

We were very pleased to welcome Rotraut Kudicke and Wilhelm Leuchter in September, and we hope they enjoyed their term with us.

School Activities

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Three meetings of the Society were held during the term. At the first meeting the business consisted of the election of officers for the year, and resulted in the election of Devan Preece as Chairman, Terence Panton as secretary, and Pauline Francis, Marie Bearne, Karl Lees and David Thomas as Committee members.

The second meeting of the term took the form of a Debate (run this year according to the rules of a new constitution) on the subject that "This House approves of Sponsored Television." Two Staff speakers, Mr. Devereux and Mr. Rees, under the efficient chairmanship of Mr. Moses, argued the pros and cons with great persuasion, and were ably, if nervously, supported by Wendy Lees and Marie Bearne. The motion was ultimately defeated by twenty votes to eighteen.

The third meeting found a panel of speakers, namely, Rotraut Kudicke, Ann Campodonic, Wendy Lees, Tony George, Eric Morgan and David Thomas, most discreetly governed by Mr. Shaw. The meeting was officially called an "Open Forum," and a very lively discussion took place on a number of varied topics, such as, for example, that school uniforms should be compulsory, and that

children should be seen and not heard. It should be mentioned that the speakers did not agree with the last named subject!

The meetings were on the whole well attended, and one feature which may augur well for the future was the fact that a large proportion of the audiences at the meetings were drawn from the lower forms of the school.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The officials this year are:—Secretary, David John; Committee: Ralph Davies, Jennifer Gordon, Dorothy Thomas, Mary Jones, Pamela Griffiths, Charmaine Ellis and Jennifer Rickard. During the term only one play has been acted, while the second is to be shortly put on. The first one, called "Summer Vacation," by Stuart Ready, was performed by the seniors of the school. Credit for her performance must go to Wendy Lees, who portrayed her part exceptionally well. Others taking part were: Charmaine Ellis, Dorothy Thomas, Jean Watkins, Ann Fraser and Pamela Brown. The play was produced by David John, who wishes to thank the following people for their invaluable help: Eric Morgan, Annette Williams, Mary Jenkins, as well as the members of the cast. The next meeting is to be in two parts; the first part to be given by the senior pupils; the second part by the second formers.

MUSIC SOCIETY

President: Pauline Francis; Chairman, Gwen Evans;

Secretary: Valmai Folland.

The first meeting of the Music Society this term was on October 1st. The programme began with Mendelssohn's overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream"—this was much appreciated, as was Sparling's "Take, Shepherd, take thy prize," sung by Joan Lewis. Megan Harries played Paderewski's "Minuet" delightfully and it was well-liked. Mr. Mathias then sang Broughton's "Song of Lyonesse" and Bizet's "Serenade"—not at the same time—and perhaps he sang them with the next item in mind; anyway, the boys of the rugby team insisted on singing in unison (?). We hope they will oblige in future: did someone say "by keeping away!"? Sheila Smith then sang "The Harper's Song" (Schubert), followed (the song, not Sheila) by "Der Wanderer"—again by Schubert. The staff sang "All in the April Evening"—name of song, not time of performance—by Robertson. The last item was a solo by David John, "The Damask Rose," by Handel.

The second meeting was on November 4th—it being thought too dangerous to hold it the following day. The well-liked part two of "William Tell" was played on records at the beginning. Then followed the main item of the evening—a talk given by David John on "Ivor Novello—his life and music." It was interesting and illuminating. Malcolm Davies sang the well-known "Road to the Isles" and the IInd Formers the delightful Schubert song, "The Fishermen." The octette (Vth and VIth Formers), "Linden Lea," was sung well and much applauded. John Thomas gave us "Beautiful Dreamer" (thank you!), and it was no reflection on his singing that this was immediately followed by "The Lost Chord" (Sullivan) sung by members of the senior school.

All in all, these meetings were enjoyable even though, as Pliny would say, "ad audiendum pigre coitur."

SCIENCE SOCIETY

The first meeting of the Science Society for this year was held on the 7th of October in the Assembly Hall. The meeting took the form of a Brains Trust and the questions were sent in by members of the school. The Trust consisted of Norman Phillips, who acted as chairman in the absence of Nigel Albury, Eric Morgan, Karl Lees, Terence Panton, Raymond Angle, Jeremy Gordon and David Phillips. The meeting was a lively one, the members of the team disagreeing on every issue and nearly coming to blows but for the intervention of the chairman. It was noticed that there was a much larger audience present than is usual at Science Society meetings, owing, perhaps, to the fact that the meeting was held in the Hall and not in the Laboratory.

The next meeting was held in the chemistry laboratory on the eleventh of November. A paper was given by Nigel Albury on "Explosives." He described the preparation and uses of all types of explosives and explained the principle of rocket propulsion. Unfortunately the response to this meeting was very disappointing and only a small number of boys was present. It is a pity that all meetings cannot be held in the Hall, as that seems to attract larger audiences.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

Secretary, Terence Panton; Committee, Eric Morgan, Michael Owen, George McLean.

This term the club has extended its activity nights to Tuesdays and Fridays of each week. The club is receiving very good support in the lower school through the encouragement of the activity class. The support from the upper forms (V and VI), however, has not been very encouraging. It has been decided to introduce an extra competition in the Eisteddfod in the form of a "Novice's Competition," which is for the benefit of the lower school.

On Sports Day two short cinê-films were taken of different events of the sports. Though not up to newsreel standard this was an interesting and instructive experiment. There is a good attendance on both club nights, and Eisteddfod entries are well under way.

Sports Day

In addition to the usual senior, middle and junior sections of the sports, a further group of sub-junior boys was included this year. The age groups for the girls remained as before, but in order to give an indication of the athletic talent available for next year's county competition the age groups for the boys' events were changed to:—Sub-junior (under 13 years), junior (13 yrs.—14 yrs.), middle (14 yrs.—16 yrs.), senior (over 16 yrs.). Though this increased the number of events, the final relay finished to time with Glyndwr House once again winning the day quite easily.

The standard of competition was higher than last year and there was a considerable increase in the number of standard points obtained by each House. This was, to some degree, the result of improved individual technique in certain events, but was mainly due to greater interest shown in entering for standards by the lower school. If this interest could be extended to embrace the whole school, and maintained in after-school

practice during the early season, there is no doubt that the school would be able to achieve better success in the County Sports. Many of our competitors last year were content to rely on their natural ability, whereas had they improved their skill with assiduous and sustained effort the school would have won three trophies instead of losing them by a very narrow margin of points.

SCHOOL SPORTS RESULTS

House Competition :

1st Glyndwr	400 pts.
2nd Picton	346 pts.
3rd Hywel	326 pts.
4th Tudor	275 pts.
Victor Ludorum : John Ebsworth,	39 pts.
Victrix Ludorum : Janice Phillips,	36 pts.

EVENTS

100 yards Sub-Junior Boys : 1, Rowland Waite (T); 2, Brian May (G); 3, Clay (H).
 100 yards Junior Boys : 1, Roger Lloyd (H); 2, Patrick O'Brien (G); 3, John Jones (G).
 100 yards Middle Boys : 1, John Ebsworth (G); 2, Derek Cousins (T); 3, John Cornwall (H).
 100 yards Senior Boys : 1, Brian John (P); 2, Stephen Griffiths (G); 3, Graham Harper (H).
 100 yards Junior Girls : 1, Pauline Armitage (T); 2, Rhona Gassner (T); 3, Irene Platt (P).
 100 yards Middle Girls : 1, Jean Crutchley (P); 2, Margaret Phillips (H); 3, Suzanne Brown (G) and Sylvia Williams (H).
 100 yards Senior Girls : 1, Janice Phillips (P); 2, Gwyneth Macken (P); 3, Elizabeth Griffiths (G).
 220 yards Sub-Junior Boys : 1, Brian Hay (G); 2, Rowland Waite (T); 3, Robert Jones (P).
 220 yards Junior Boys : 1, Roger Lloyd (H); 2, John Jones (G); 3, Patrick O'Brien (G).
 220 yards Middle Boys : 1, Derek Cousins (T); 2, Ralph Davies (G); 3, Daniel Stewart (H).
 220 yards Senior Boys : 1, Brian John (P); 2, Stephen Griffiths (G); 3, Graham Harper (H).
 220 yards Senior Girls : 1, Janice Phillips (P); 2, Gwen Evans (T); 3, Elizabeth Griffiths (G).
 440 yards Junior Boys : 1, Roger Lloyd (H); 2, Patrick O'Brien (G); 3, Snook (P).
 440 yards Middle Boys : 1, John Ebsworth (G); 2, Derek Cousins (T); 3, Ralph Davies (G).
 440 yards Senior Boys : 1, Eric Morgan (G); 2, Karl Lees (H); 3, George Lewis (T).
 880 yards Middle Boys : 1, Derek Cousins (T); 2, Rowland Smith (P); 3, David Horn (G).
 880 yards Senior Boys : 1, Graham Tregidon (G); 2, Evan Evans (T); 3, Shirwen Tucker (P).
 One mile Senior Boys : 1, Evan Evans (T); 2, Karl Lees (H); 3, Shirwen Tucker (P).
 Hurdles Sub-Junior Boys : 1, J. McNally (P); 2, G. Campodonic (T); 3, John Crabb (H).

Hurdles Junior Boys : 1, Roger Lloyd (H); 2, John Gough (P); 3, Peter Evans (T).
 Hurdles Middle Boys : 1, Gordon Rickard (G); 2, Derek Picton (P); 3, Malcolm Davies (T).
 Hurdles Senior Boys : 1, Eric Morgan (G); 2, Patrick McCioghrie (P); 3, Graham Harper (H).
 Hurdles Junior Girls : 1, Irene Platt (P); 2, Pauline Armitage (T); 3, Sheila Jones (G).
 Hurdles Middle Girls : 1, Sylvia Williams (H); 2, Ann Semmens (P); 3, Pamela Griffiths (G).
 Hurdles Senior Girls : 1, Gwyneth Macken (P); 2, Annette Williams (G); 3, Hazel Newton (T).
 Discus Sub-Junior Boys : 1, E. Morris (H); 2, G. Thomas (T); 3, R. Jones (P).
 Discus Junior Boys : 1, John Chilton (H); 2, Peter Gibby (G); 3, S. Brown (H).
 Discus Middle Boys : 1, G. Thomas (H); 2, John Cornwell (H); 3, J. Thomas (P).
 Discus Senior Boys : 1, David Williams (P); 2, Roy Haggard (H); 3, Brian John (P).
 Discus Junior Girls : 1, Rhona Gassner (T); 2, Ann Woolnough (G); 3, Irene O'Brien (G).
 Discus Middle Girls : 1, Jill Bloomfield (H); 2, Jean Crutchley (P); 3, Joan Webb (H).
 Discus Senior Girls : 1, Gwyneth Macken (P); 2, Frances Rixon (H); 3, Gwen Evans (T).
 Javelin Sub-Junior Boys : 1, Rowland Waite (T); 2, Moore (H); 3, Stace (T).
 Javelin Junior Boys : 1, Patrick O'Brien (G); 2, John Chilton (H); 3, MacCullum (P).
 Javelin Middle Boys : 1, G. Thomas (H); 2, Malcolm Joy (P); 3, David Weale (G).
 Javelin Senior Boys : 1, Evan Evans (T); 2, Derek Blake (T); 3, Roy Haggard (H).
 Shot Junior Boys : 1, John Chilton (H); 2, Peter Gibby (G); 3, S. Brown (H).
 Shot Middle Boys : 1, John Cornwell (H); 2, G. Thomas (H); 3, Malcolm Joy (P).
 Shot Senior Boys : 1, Peter Preece (G); 2, Stephen Griffiths (G); 3, David Williams (P).
 High Jump Junior Boys : 1, Cyril MacCallum (P); 2, Graham Phillips (H); 3, John Riley (H).
 High Jump Middle Boys : 1, John Ebsworth (G); 2, Daniel Stewart (H); 3, Brian Constance (T).
 High Jump Senior Boys : 1, Eric Morgan (G); 2, Graham Harper (H); Patrick MacCloghrie (P).
 High Jump Junior Girls : 1, Rhona Gassner (T); 2, Pauline Armitage (T); 3, Irene Platt (P).
 High Jump Middle Girls : 1, Margaret Phillips (H); 2, Jean Crutchley (P); Davina Evans (G).
 High Jump Senior Girls : 1, Janice Phillips (P); 2, Hazel Newton (T); 3, Gwyneth Macken (P).
 Long Jump Sub-Junior Boys : 1, Rowland Waite (T); 2, Robert Jones (P); 3, Malcolm Evans (G).
 Long Jump Junior Boys : 1, Christopher Law (G); 2, John Riley (H); 3, John Jones (G).

Long Jump Middle Boys: 1, John Ebsworth (G); 2, Derek Cousins (T); 3, John Cornwell (H).

Long Jump Senior Boys: 1, Brian John (P); 2, Graham Tregidon (G); 3, Evan Evans (T).

Long Jump Junior Girls: 1, Pauline Armitage (T); 2, Pat Nicholas (P); 3, Rhona Gassner (T).

Long Jump Middle Girls: 1, Margaret Phillips (H); 2, Irene Edwards (G); 3, Jean Crutchley (P).

Long Jump Senior Girls: 1, Janice Phillips (P); 2, Gwyneth Macken (P); 3, Wendy Lees (H).

Hop, Step and Jump, Junior Boys: 1, Christopher Law (G); 2, Cyril MacCallum (P); 3, John Jones (G).

Hop, Step and Jump, Middle Boys: 1, John Ebsworth (G); 2, John Cornwell (H); 3, Derek Picton (P).

Hop, Step and Jump, Senior Boys: 1, Graham Tregidon (G); 2, Evan Evans (T); 3, Stephen Griffiths (G).

Hop, Step and Jump, Junior Girls: 1, Rhona Gassner (T); 2, Pauline Armitage (T); 3, Doreen Harris (T).

Hop, Step and Jump, Middle Girls: 1, Margaret Phillips and Jean Crutchley (P); 2, Joan Webb (H).

Hop, Step and Jump, Senior Girls: 1, Janice Phillips (P); 2, Annette Williams (G); 3, Gwen Evans (T).

Relay 440 yards Sub-Junior Boys: 1, Tudor; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Picton.

Relay 440 yards Junior Boys: 1, Glyndwr; 2, Hywel; 3, Picton.

Relay 440 yards Junior Girls: 1, Tudor; 2, Picton; 3, Hywel.

Relay Middle Boys: 1, Glyndwr; 2, Hywel; 3, Tudor.

Relay Middle Girls: 1, Hywel; 2, Picton; 3, Glyndwr.

Relay Senior Boys: 1, Glyndwr; 2, Picton; 3, Tudor.

Relay Senior Girls: 1, Picton; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Tudor.

School Sports

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

TENNIS

From the standard of play shown throughout the term, the school should have proved themselves worthy of more than one win out of the four matches played. At the beginning of the term we welcomed Dorothea Pauschardt, a German student, who soon found her way into the school team. Her stylish play was much admired and she proved herself a great asset to the team. The team was captained by Elizabeth Griffiths with Marie Bearne vice-captain and secretary.

At the end of the term, colours were awarded to Dorothea Pauschardt, Elizabeth Griffiths and Betty Morgan.

The following represented the school:—Elizabeth Griffiths, Marie Bearne, Jean Watkins, Betty Morgan, Dorothea Pauschardt, Janice Phillips, Rhona Gassner, Noreen Jones and Hazel Newton.

Results:—

May 9th	Tenby G.S.	Home	Lost	5—4 sets.
June 6th	Pembrokeshire County Sports.			
June 13th	Tasker's H.S.	Away	Lost	53—28 games.
June 27th	Tenby G.S.	Away	Won	6—0 sets.
July 4th	Milford G.S.	Home	Lost	5—3 sets.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The tennis tournament which was played during the summer term attracted fewer competitors than last year. Fourteen entered for the Girls' Singles, twenty for the Boys' Singles and three couples for the Mixed Doubles. As in previous years, the cup holders and more experienced players were handicapped. It was unfortunate that Gordon Rickard, who put up such a game fight last season, had to withdraw from the first round because of an injured leg.

Davina Evans, who shows much promise as a tennis player, lost the semi-final to Dorothea Pauschardt 6-3; 8-6. Dorothea beat Elizabeth Griffiths in the final. It is the first time that a visitor from abroad has won a cup in this tournament.

Left-handed Stephen Griffiths, who was the winner of the Boys' Singles in 1952 and reached last year's finals, proved his ability by winning that cup once more. For the second year in succession, Stephen, with the help of his sister Elizabeth, won the Mixed Doubles tournament. The cups were presented by the Old Pupils' Association.

The finalists and results were:—

Girls' Singles:

Elizabeth Griffiths)	Dorothea Pauschardt
Dorothea Pauschardt)	6—3; 6—4

Boys' Singles:

Ralph Davies)	Stephen Griffiths
Stephen Griffiths)	6—2; 6—4

Mixed Doubles:

Christopher Macken and Dorothea Pauschardt)	Stephen and Elizabeth Griffiths
Stephen and Elizabeth Griffiths)	8—6; 2—6; 6—3

At the end of the term the Staff made a valiant attempt to play the School in a Mixed Doubles Match. Their efforts, however, were in vain, the School again proving the superior team.

The following represented the School:—Elizabeth Griffiths, Dorothea Pauschardt, Jean Watkins, Gordon Rickard, Ralph Davies and John Thomas. The following represented the Staff:—Miss Hughes, Miss Birmingham, Miss Ebsworth, Mr. Mathias, Mr. Humphreys and Mr. Shaw.

ROUNDERS

In spite of a full fixture list for the season, only five matches were played. Great disappointment was felt when some opponents caused cancellations of fixtures, but in the case of two matches they were cancelled owing to adverse weather conditions.

The team's fielding and batting was a marked improvement on that of the previous year and they were most unfortunate not to have scored more rounders. The most dependable scoring batsmen were Jean Crutchley, Suzanne Brown and Irene Edwards, with Jean Devote a sound back-stop and Gwen Evans an excellent performer at first post. Other members of the team gave a reliable performance. The team was captained by Gwen Evans and the vice-captain and secretary was Frances Rixon.

The following girls represented the School:—Valmai Folland, Jean Devote, Gwen Evans, Marilyn Mackeen, Joan Webb, Jean Crutchley, Frances Rixon, Suzanne Brown, Mary Jones, Delphia Welham, Rhona Gassner, Nanette Brickle, Irene Edwards, Irene Platt, Milly Lewis and Marie Bearne.

The Second XV has not played as many fixtures as usual due to lack of suitable opposition. It has performed creditably to date and in the home game versus Pembroke Dock Youth, the forwards were hopelessly outweighed. The team will miss a loyal and whole-hearted player in scrum-half Karl Lees, who leaves this term to enter the R.N.C., Dartmouth. The best wishes of the 1st and 2nd XV are extended to Karl and may he enjoy much good rugby in future.

RUGBY—JUNIOR XV

With only three of the previous year's team available, our hopes for a successful season were not very high when the available talent was surveyed at the beginning of this term. Fortunately a likely combination was got together very soon, and with few changes, settled down into a competent and workman-like team. With few calls from the County XV, and good fortune in the way of injuries, the team has played continuously, and it is a pleasure to record that "team-spirit" has been the secret of its success.

Emphasis, too, has been placed upon attack, and rarely has the defence been really tested. Records are not always good, but the fact that the team has not conceded a point this term is strong proof again that "attack is the best defence."

The results to date are as follows:—

PLAYED—10, WON—10, POINTS FOR—210, POINTS AGAINST—0.

The following have represented the Junior County XV:—J. Gough, B. Griffiths, F. Breese, G. Reynolds, C. Macken, D. Weale, P. Gibby, D. Evans and C. Harkett.

The above, with the undermentioned, have played in Junior matches:—B. Hay, J. Jones, S. Brown, V. Blackmore, J. Riley, D. Phillips, M. Tee, I. Davies, M. Evans, E. Morris, R. Davies, P. O'Brien and C. McCallum.

Results :

Sept. 12 (A) v. Whitland G.S.	Won	9—0
Sept. 19 (H) v. Rest of County.	Won	12—0
Sept. 26 (H) v. Haverfordwest G.S.	Won	29—0
Oct. 3 (A) v. Tenby G.S.	Won	18—0
Oct. 10 (H) v. Haverfordwest Secondary Modern.	Won	59—0
Oct. 17 (H) v. Whitland G.S.	Won	23—0
Oct. 24 (A) v. Llanelly G.S.	Won	14—0
Nov. 14 (H) v. Haverfordwest Secondary Modern.	Won	22—0
Nov. 21 (H) v. St. Michaels, Llanelly.	Won	15—0
Nov. 28 (A) v. Haverfordwest Sec. Mod.	Won	9—0

210—0

The 210 points for are made up of 62 tries (186 points), of which only 12 were converted (24 points).

OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

President : R. G. Mathias, Esq., M.A., B.Litt.

Chairman : J. H. A. Macken.

Secretary : W. J. C. Price.

Treasurer : M. G. Thomas.

Committee :

Mrs. J. H. A. Macken, Miss Kathleen Rouse, Miss Mary Phillips.

Magazine Representative : Miss Kathleen Rouse.

We echo here the appeal made in the Editorial for a larger circulation for the "Penfro." Too many Old Pupils have fallen into arrears with their subscriptions, in spite of appeals sent out last time. They are in consequence not receiving a copy of this issue.

May we appeal to them through any of you who may know them to renew their subscriptions soon, so that we may print a larger number of copies of the July issue.

News of Old Pupils

John Maynard (1943-50) was awarded First Class Honours in Chemistry last June at University College, London, where he has been since 1950 Andrews Science Scholar. As a result of his final examination he has also been awarded a £400 scholarship by the British Celanese Industry, with a view to financing him for research for a Ph.D. at the University of London. The industry makes no further claims on him in return for this scholarship than that he shall first consider any posts they may have to offer him. He has further distinguished himself in that his piece of undergraduate research (for the first time in the College history a student did research in his last year) has been accepted by the Chemical Society for inclusion in their Journal, a unique honour to be paid to any undergraduate. He has also begun work on his post-graduate research. The subject of his investigations is "The Stereospecificity of Elimination Reaction of Groups." This he describes as "not a very difficult piece of work."

A. G. Moffatt (1943-47) completed his degree at Swansea last June with Second Class Honours (Division I) in Economics.

F. G. Lovering (1943-48) also completed an honours degree at Swansea, with Second Class Honours (Division I) in Civil Engineering.

David E. J. Williams (1940-48) completed the degree of B.A. at Swansea last June.

Three Old Pupils completed degrees at the University of Bristol last June. Zina Judd (1943-50) obtained Second Class Honours (Division I) in English. She is doing her training this year at the University of Nottingham. Mary Phillips (1943-50) got Second Class Honours (Division II) in Geography. She is doing her training at Bristol this year. Cecil Parry (1941-43) got Second Class Honours (Division II) in English. He was appointed, in September, Senior English Master at the North Oxfordshire Secondary Technical School, Banbury.

David Harries (1944-50) passed the Final examinations in Theory of Music and Composition at Aberystwyth last June. He was one of two

students selected to return this session to do Honours. This term he has written the incidental music for the University Players' production of Jean Anouilh's "Antigone," which took place in November.

Brian Arthur (1940-45), who is at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, has been awarded Second Class Honours in the School of Modern Languages (French). He is doing his Teachers' Training Course at Oxford this year.

Neville G. Long (1942-48) obtained a Second Class Honours in History at University College, Cardiff, last June.

At University College, Swansea, last June Sheila Whitford (1945-51) passed the Final examination in German, and Ricardo Sabido (1939-46) passed Final Geography and Final Geology.

Frank Manning (1945-51) passed his examinations at University College, Hull, last summer.

At University College, Cardiff, Kenneth Catherall (1945-52) passed all his first year examinations, and Brian Bowen (1945-52) passed the Subsidiary examinations in Physics and Chemistry.

Gillian Davies (1943-51) passed Final Geography and First Year Honours History at Aberystwyth last June.

John Greenwood (1945-52) passed the Intermediate L.I.B. at the University of Birmingham last June, with Second Class Honours. In spite of this success in his legal studies, he has found time for many other activities. He is a Cadet Pilot in the Birmingham University Air Squadron, R.A.F.V.R.; he did his first solo flight at Dice, Aberdeen, during the summer squadron camp, and has now done over fifty flying hours. During the summer vacation he spent six weeks holiday hitch-hiking through seven countries—Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy and France. On two occasions he has taken a leading part in University debates.

Terry Darlington, who spent three years—1946 to 1949—here before his parents moved to Cardiff, has been awarded a State Scholarship at Whitchurch Grammar School.

Gwynne Lloyd (1936-41) has passed the Final examination in Chartered Accountancy.

Both Kenneth I. Thomas (1927-30) and his brother Colin (1931-34) were promoted Squadron-Leader in the Royal Air Force last July.

In June David Lovering (1944-49) obtained his National Certificate in Mechanical Engineering, with a First Class pass, at Cardiff Technical College. He is apprenticed to a firm of Consulting Engineers at the Abbey Steel Works at Margam.

Major Wilfred Burke (1924-5), of the Royal Corps of Signals, was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel in September.

Albert Barnikel (1941-45) was commissioned in the Royal Air Force some months ago.

Inez Threlfall (1946-51), who is doing a course in Occupational Therapy, passed in both her subjects in July—Anatomy and Physiology, and Departmental Management. She is at the Occupational Therapy Department, Lancaster Moore Hospital, Lancaster.

Inez's papers were marked by an Old Pupil, Joyce Johns (1931-38), who is Head of the Occupational Therapy Department at Lancaster, and is now an Examiner for the O.T. Association.

Mrs. Miriam Lakin (née Rogers, 1933-40), who was married on July 22nd to the Rev. J. A. Lakin, sailed with her husband on September 10th for the Gold Coast to take up missionary work.

Mrs. Clarice Hill (née Thomas, 1938-41) returned from Canada at the beginning of August to spend a holiday with her parents. She went out to Vancouver with her husband seven years ago.

Edward Nevin (1936-41) was, in August, appointed Chief Administrative Officer to the European Economic Corporation in Paris. As we have mentioned in previous issues he holds the degrees of M.A. and Ph.D., and was a lecturer in Economics at Aberystwyth before taking up his present appointment.

Edward Canton (1933-38) was home on leave from mid-June to mid-September. He served with distinction in the war, during which he held a commission in the R.A.F. and was awarded the D.F.C. for his work in piloting a Halifax bomber in many operational flights over Germany. After the war he returned to the Civil Service, which he entered on leaving school, but after four years he took a short-service commission in the R.A.F., and was soon sent out to Southern Rhodesia as a flying instructor, where he spent two years, returning in June this year. He now has a permanent commission as a Flight-Lieutenant. On the conclusion of his leave in September he was posted to the R.A.F. Station at Little Risington, in the Cotswolds.

Gordon Cole (1949-53) entered the R.A.F. Technical Training School at Cosford in October.

Gordon Parry (1937-43) is now on the staff of the new Secondary Modern School at Haverfordwest, where he teaches English. He took a principal part in a performance of "The Quaker Girl" at Haverfordwest, and acquitted himself very well indeed.

W. T. J. Cox (1932-38), who was awarded the B.E.M. in the Coronation Honours List, was presented with the decoration on October 5th at Haverfordwest by the Lord Lieutenant, Col. L. H. Higgin.

Roma Davies (1936-43), the County Ladies' Singles Champion, was selected to play in the South Wales Badminton team against Cornwall on October 24th. She also played for Pembrokeshire against the Rest of Wales at Haverfordwest on September 19th. This county team contained four other Old Pupils, Harry Macken (1920-27), Joan Tucker (1927-34), Dorothy Shears (1944-50), and John Ross (1940-46).

Elwyn Hughes (1942-45) left the town in October to take up a post as Assistant Inspector in the Northern Rhodesian Police Force. He was formerly a clerk at the Mines Depot, Milford Haven. He played rugby for Pembroke.

Ernest Finch (1911-16), who 29 years ago scored the try which gave Llanelli victory over New Zealand, was guest of the evening at a special "eve of the match" broadcast from Llanelli on Monday evening, November 16th. Although this was his first broadcast, he seemed perfectly at home, and gave a graphic account of the famous match.

W. F. Grimes (1922-23), who, besides being Director of the London Museum, is Secretary to the Council for British Archaeology, was interviewed recently by a London paper concerning work being done to plot the trade routes of the Stone Age in Britain. Examination is being made of a very large number of stone axes, and, as Grimes says, "at one time it was believed that there was a limited trade in the implements of that

age, but now we have discovered axes made of Welsh stone as far away as S.E. England. They could not have got there by natural means. They must have been brought by man."

Among those competing at this year's "Daily Express" car rally, which began on November 11th, was L. E. C. (Toby) Price (1938-43).

George Milburn (1915-20) was home on holiday from Merthyr Tydfil in November. He is a bank cashier there, and has represented the town at both tennis and football.

Valerie Morse (1945-49), who transferred from here to the Southern Grammar School at Portsmouth, has entered Hertford Training College.

Thelma Phillips (1946-51) has qualified as an Assistant Home Service Demonstrator with the Wales Gas Board, and is a member of their Cardiff Showrooms Staff.

Noel Jones (1943-51) has been demobilised from the R.A.F. and has entered Loughborough College.

Derek Scone (1948-51), who was an articled pupil with the Surveyor to the Haverfordwest Rural District Council, has begun a three years' course of study for the Diploma of Civil and Structural Engineering at Brighton Technical College.

Rev. R. F. Johns (1921-24) has moved to St. Philip's Mission, Grahamstown, South Africa. He has been doing missionary work in Africa for seventeen years, and was until recently at St. Luke's Mission, East London.

June Strachan (1944-51) was seriously ill during the summer, and spent some time at Tumble Hospital. She has now recovered and has been appointed to the staff of Albion Square School.

Barbara Davies (1944-51), who has completed two years at University College, Aberystwyth, is spending a year as assistante at the Collège de Jeunes Filles at Cholet, Maine et Loire, France. Before going to Cholet she attended the course for British assistants organised by the British Institute in Paris. She lived for a week in the Collège Franco-Britannique of the Cité Universitaire, and some of the lecturers were from the Sorbonne. Last June she passed Final Education and First Year Honours French.

John Gilder (1951-52) wrote in October to say that he had passed the R.A.F. examination. He is now living in Northern Ireland. He tells us that he has not given up his interest in singing, and has taken part in several festivals.

Reginald Winter, B.A. (1934-37) was on holiday at Llanstadwell in the summer. He is an Executive Officer in the Civil Service in Whitehall.

Margaret Perkins (1944-49), who finished at Padgate Training College in July, joined the staff of North Road School, Milford Haven, in September.

Derek Davies (1943-50) was taken very seriously ill this summer with a severe attack of glandular fever. We are glad to know that he is very much better now, although not really quite fit yet.

Mrs. Gertrude Mary Woodward (née Roblin, 1922-27) is now living in Pembroke again after an absence of some years. She taught for eleven years at St. Bride's, Kensington, Hospital School, and was married in 1941. She lived later in Bromsgrove, and in 1950 became a class teacher in an Independent Mixed School, where she taught until circum-

stances made her relinquish the post to make her home in Pembroke once more.

Mrs. Pamela Fullerton (née Crook, 1942-48) is living in Hong Kong, where she is an announcer on the British network.

Josie Swift (1944-49) gave up her job in the Inland Revenue at High Wycombe last March, and returned to Pembroke Dock. She is now working in the R.E. Office at Hobbs Point.

Her brother Derek (1948-52) is at the Army Apprentices' School at Chepstow. When he called in November he was on sick leave. He was then returning for a three-month probationary period to see whether he would be able to carry on with his trade.

Olive Scurlock (1943-50) finished at college in July, and passed out successfully. She is teaching Domestic Science at the Secondary Modern School at Nantwich in Cheshire.

In a letter to the Headmaster dated August 28th, the Rev. Albert Gibby, minister of the Anerley Methodist Church, London, S.E.20, gave some interesting news of himself and some of his contemporaries. He entered the School in the early days of Mr. Trevor Jones's headmastership. He tells us how during the last war he was stationed at Pontypool, and there met Mr. Ivor Jones, Headmaster of the West Monmouthshire Grammar School, who was at school at Llandovery College with Mr. Jones. We give the rest of his information in his own words. "For nearly forty years I have 'travelled' as an itinerant Methodist preacher. Some of the most happy moments of my life have been those when I have met Old Boys of the 'Inter.' In Yorkshire I met E. A. Phillips, then Mathematics Master at Conisbrough School, near Doncaster (he has now retired). Later, in Monmouthshire, I met Harry Petty, who, with E. A. Phillips, played in the School's First XI. His sudden death came as a great shock. After the war we lived for six years in Bristol. It was an Old Boy, Harold Rees Phillips, Manager of Lloyds Bank, who wrote the letter to the Bristol Press inviting Pembrokeians in the city to get together. He was virtually the founder of the Bristol Pembrokeshire Society. He is still President. On the committee there were several Old Pupils. For three years I had the honour of being Chairman of that Society. Here in London I have had the great pleasure and privilege of meeting two Old Pupils of the School whom I had known only by repute, the Rev. and Mrs. Bertrand Smith. He is a really distinguished Methodist Minister who has now retired from active work. Over fifty years ago he taught me in Albion Square School when he was a pupil teacher."

A. J. Carpenter (1939-44), who is a W.O. II in the Army, and a holder of the B.E.M., wrote from Khartoum in the summer to acknowledge the "Penvro." He tells us that when he received it he sat down and read it right through there and then, while his "in" tray overflowed and his Sudanese clerks were getting more and more desperate. He has been since April a Sudan Government official. "Until a few weeks ago," he says, "I was the only British clerk here at H.Q. However, things are a little easier now . . . We get very little chance to go out 'on trek' and visit other parts of the Sudan . . . My aim is to go down to Equatoria, where our largest corps is, and see some of the big game that abounds in the Southern Sudan . . . My main job in this new force is the supervision of some thirty-five Sudanese clerks and also to look after the welfare and personal problems of some thirty British officers and twenty-odd W.O.'s and sergeants . . . If I can arrange it I hope to be home in early February."

We quote also from a more recent letter from him, dated November 25th. He says "I myself am very busy at the moment and have been for some weeks now . . . Everything seems to happen at once and I must be a good fortnight in arrears with the normal routine work which falls on my shoulders due to the departure of the Brigadier on leave . . . I have convinced the General that I should depart on leave in the first seven days of the opening of the season, and I therefore look forward to climbing aboard a plane before the 7th of March next year. I must admit that I am feeling the strain after almost three years out here . . . I hope that when I do arrive I shall be able to say that I have been to at least one of the Corps Headquarters and tell you of some other part than Khartoum. To-day, as you no doubt know, is Election Day here in Khartoum. I think that most of us expected trouble in the form of marches through the streets, stone-throwing and such like, but up to now—a quarter to four—all appears to have gone off quietly . . . In addition to my work as a clerk, I am also the secretary of the Mess, and you can imagine that I have my hands full there at this time of the year . . . I mustn't forget to mention another of my headaches at this time of the year—the meeting of children coming out to join their parents for Christmas and seeing that they get the right plane or train at the right time . . . The weather here has cooled down somewhat, thank goodness—it is really surprising how much better one can work when it is cool and fans are not going full speed and blowing papers all over the place. Last week it was very cold indeed for four or five days, the temperature in my room dropping from 85 to 72 overnight, which is a big drop in this country."

The silver wedding was celebrated on August 28th of Hilda May Williams (1918-19) to Edgar Isaac Thomas. They are now living in Portsmouth.

Mrs. J. Davies (née Dilys Davies, 1901-7) paid a short visit to the town in July. She and her husband were on holiday from Winnipeg, where she has been living since 1947. Before going to Canada she was for many years Senior French Mistress at Grove Park School for Girls, Wrexham. While in this neighbourhood Mrs. Davies stayed at Houghton with her sister, Mrs. Doris Mason. Her other sister, Gwyneth, is a masseuse in Bexhill-on-Sea, where she went after a course at the Liverpool Physical Training College, and Guys Hospital, London. They are both Old Pupils of the School.

Roy Puleston (1948-50) called when on leave in September. He is now an L.A.C. and was still stationed at Wahn, in Germany.

Mary Lewis (1940-47), who completed her degree at Cardiff in 1950, and her training course a year later, is still teaching at the Westcliff Girls' School, Weston-super-Mare.

Cyril O. Thomas (1921-27) was here on holiday in the summer. He has been History Master at Bristol Technical School for the past fourteen years. He is married and has a daughter aged ten and a son aged eight.

James Gaddarn (1935-40) was the conductor at a performance of "The Great Bell of Burley," a new opera written by Dr. C. Armstrong Gibbs, given in July at the Dalston Girls' Grammar School by Chartesey Secondary School, London, N.I.

Mrs. W. Thomas (née Joan Wallis, 1931-5) returned this summer from Ceylon, where she and her husband had been living since June, 1951.

Mr. Mathias tells us that on July 5th he met, at Hook, Mrs. Thomas (née Margaret Esmond, 1903-9), now living at Park Villa, Llangwm. She is the mother of Mr. Llewellyn Thomas, of the "West Wales Guardian" Office, Pembroke Dock, and the aunt of Pauline and Sheila Francis. Once of Foxhall, Burton, she belonged to a generation of pupils whose like we no longer have.

Alfred Panton (1944-49) was demobilised in June, and has returned to his work in the Engineering Department of the Post Office.

Margaret John (1947-51) passed in all the nine subjects which she sat at Ordinary level at Greenhill School, Tenby, last June. She is now working in a bank in Tenby.

Desmond Roch (1939-46) finished his national service a few months ago, and has a temporary post as Mathematics Master at Haverfordwest Grammar School.

Through a new boy—Tony McTaggart—who entered the School in November, we had news of three Old Pupils to whom he is a nephew. They are George McTaggart (1911-12), now working for the G.P.O. at Narberth; John McTaggart (1914-18), who is employed by a Steel Company at Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire; and Isabella McTaggart (1925-32), now married and living at Arundel in Sussex.

A letter was passed on to us recently from Mrs. Barbara Brewer (née Elsdon, 1933-38), who is living at Veret, Fishoek, Cape Town. She had recently received a copy of the "Penvro," and the following extracts from her letter encourage us in our efforts to collect news of Old Pupils, and to issue the magazine to as many Old Pupils as possible. "I opened it just as I finished lunch, and there I sat and read it from cover to cover, even before I had removed the dirty dishes from the table. It was about 2.30 p.m. and I was still sitting among the dirty crocks . . . After that I had a wonderful time turning back the pages of my school memories. I wandered through each classroom, and saw all the familiar cupboards and pieces of equipment."

John Rowlands (1944-48), who has spent a year with the R.A.F. in Aden, was posted to the R.A.F. Station in Pembroke Dock in November.

John Gareth Matthews, who spent a year with us from 1949 to 1950 before transferring to the Amman Valley Grammar School, was awarded a State Scholarship there last August.

John W. Blencowe (1935-42), whom we recently congratulated on the award of the degree of Ph.D., has just spent about ten days in Holland, where he has been studying serological techniques used there in plant virus research.

David R. Phillips (1943-47) arrived home in October from Korea, where he had served nine months with the Royal Field Artillery Before going to Korea he had been stationed in Hong Kong, and had spent altogether nearly nineteen months of his two-year period of national service overseas.

Neville G. Williams (1942-47) went, on leaving school, as a student-apprentice (electrical engineering) to Messrs. Crompton-Parkinson, Chelmsford. In 1951 he took up extra training for the British Institute of Management examination, and passed this examination in 1953. In September, 1953, he was called up for National Service, and in November passed the War Office Selection Board for Officers, being one out of only

four successful candidates out of 73. He is now training at Eaton Hall, Cheshire.

A. Winston Thomas (1920-25) recently wrote and gave us some news of himself. He tells us that he played for the 1st XI in soccer for two or three seasons, some of his team-mates being Sidney Evans, Ivor Williams, Harry Macken, Cyril Preece and C. W. Wells. Two other boys left at the same time as he did to enter Barclays Bank. They were F. C. Brown, who is now in the Maidstone district, and Ivor Gibbon, who is at the Ashtead, Surrey, branch of the bank. Thomas himself began as a junior clerk at Westcliff-on-sea, and then was ledger clerk and cashier at Guildford for ten years, becoming then cashier at West Byfleet. In 1941 he obtained a commission as an Accountant Officer in the R.A.F. He served 2½ years in Fighter Command in the Home Counties and in the Orkneys, and the same period in the Mediterranean. He was R.A.F. Field Cashier in Corsica just before the South of France landing. Whilst in the R.A.F. he came across another Old Boy, Group-Captain V. S. Bowling. He returned to the bank in 1946, and is now back in Guildford as Assistant Manager. He tells us that Guildford has many happy memories for him as he met his wife there and set up home in 1935. His brother, G. S. Thomas, is also an Old Boy, some three years his junior. He is now Signals Officer at the R.A.F. Station, Waterbeach. He joined the R.A.F. from school, and has seen considerable active service as air crew and in seaborne commando landings in North Africa, Sicily, Italy and the South of France.

We offer our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Gladys Martin (née Fraser, 1913-16), on the death of her husband, Mr. Jack Martin, who died in November at the age of 51.

The Women's Institute County Competition for Historical Scrap-books (judged by Professor David Williams) in 1953 was won by the Angle Institute, whose book was compiled by Mrs. Violet Wisbey (née Watkins, 1915-20). The winning entry was adjudged to have reached a very high standard.

News of these engagements has reached us since our last issue:—

In June: Cecil Parry (1941-43) to Betty Mason (1937-42); Neville Gwyn Long (1942-48) to Betty Ellen Richardson, of Wimbledon.

In July: James Reynolds (1941-43) to Pamela Sturley, of Pembroke.

In September: Eric Jones (1938-42) to Elsie Burton, of Stackpole.

In October: Mary Phillips (1943-50) to Brian Ingham, of Bridport, Dorset.

In November: Derek Scone (1948-51) to Edna Williams, of Prendergast, Haverfordwest; Maureen Morgan (1945-50) to John May, of Hove, Sussex; Betty Brown (1947-51) to Anthony Parsons, of Taunton; Colin Palmer (1943-49) to Norma Watham, of Skewen.

We congratulate these Old Pupils on their marriage:—

June 20. David Ramsey Rogers (1943-47) to Mary Hughes, of Stinchley, Birmingham.

July 18. Olive Winona Kenniford (1941-46) to George Alfred Cole, of Lamphey.

July 22. Miriam Rogers (1933-40) to Rev. John A. Lakin, of Walton-on-Thames.

- July 25. Audrey Blanche Finch (1939-45) to John Keay Corbett, of Rothesay, Scotland.
- July 25. William Frederick Barnikel (1943-47) to Eluned Evans (1940-44).
- Aug. 1. Valerie May James (1944-49) to Petty Officer John Evans, R.N., of Cardiff.
- Aug. 12. Arthur George Thomas Skone (1943-49) to Mary Violet Delves (1942-48).
- Aug. 15. Cpl. Terence Llewellyn Clague, R.A.F. (1943-44) to Patricia Margaret Davies, of Pembroke Dock.
- Aug. 22. Iris May Watts (1945-49) to Derek Haynes, of Hayes, Middlesex.
- Aug. 29. Muriel Elizabeth Cooper (1947-51) to Terence Morgan, of Merthyr Tydfil.
- Aug. 29. Glyn Rabey Brown (1941-46) to Anne Northam, of London.
- Sept. 9. Dorothy Clark Thomas (1946-50) to Michael W. Davies, of Pembroke Dock.
- Sept. 25. Jean Audrey Picton (1945-48) to Eric Henry Davies, of Milford Haven.
- Sept. 26. Margaret Sheila Hughes (1945-48) to Edward Vernon Pegge, of Burton.
- Sept. 26. June Carter (1944-46) to Charles James, of Pembroke Dock.
- Oct. 31. Margaret (Peggy) Fletcher (1940-46) to Kelvin Jeffries Waters, of Pembroke.
- Nov. 14. John Roblin (1934-39) to Gertrude Teresa Evans, of Saundersfoot.

We are happy to record the following births:—

- April 18. To Patricia (née Jefferies, 1944-49), wife of C. I. Richards, a son, Charles Irwin.
- June 28. To Patricia (née Morris, 1939-44), wife of Glyn Merriman (1941-43), a son.
- July 13. To Valene Smith (née Bowling, 1931-37), a son, Thomas Peter.
- July 19. To Patricia (née Clarke, 1939-44), wife of George R. Davies (1936-43), a son.
- Sept. 12. To Sheila (née Jones, 1933-40), wife of James Sanderson, A.S.P., a daughter (in Singapore).
- Sept. 20. To Betty, wife of Philip Rogers (1941-46), a son, Simon Philip.
- Oct. 17. To Glenys (née James, 1939-43) and Dennis Headley, a son, Greig Thomas Arthur.
- Nov. 8. To Madge (née Johns, 1930-38), wife of the Rev. Vernon Johns, a son, Peter Gwyndaf.
- Nov. 19. To Nancy (née Castle, 1934-39), wife of Basil Underwood, a daughter, Susan Marian.
- Nov. 21. To Daphne, wife of John Russell (1937-41), twins, Jane and Michael.

Dramatic Society

All the efforts of the Penvro Players in recent months were concentrated upon the successful production, in collaboration with the Pembroke Dock Dramatic Society and the Pembroke Arts Club Dramatic Society, of "The Clandestine Marriage" in October. For this purpose the three societies assumed the name of the Unity Players. A production of this magnitude necessitated heavy expenses, so it is not to be wondered at that there was no "balance in hand." As, however, it had been decided, at a joint meeting of the societies, that a contribution would be made to the Ken Phillips fund, the Penvro Players decided to give £5 5s. 0d. out of their own fund to this cause.

As the majority of the members of the Pembroke Dock Dramatic Society are Old Pupils, a merger between the two societies was suggested. This has now been agreed upon in principle, and it is hoped to call a joint meeting soon to discuss the details.

We print below an account of "The Clandestine Marriage," contributed by Miss Morwyth Rees.

"The Clandestine Marriage"

The three amateur dramatic societies of Pembroke and Pembroke Dock have joined together in this Coronation year to present, as the Unity Players, "The Clandestine Marriage" by George Colman and David Garrick. This is a much more difficult play than could normally be tackled by a small dramatic society; but the pooling of resources made an ambitious effort possible, and provided a well-balanced company of players. The smaller parts in this production were unusually well played, and contributed in no small measure to the success of the performance as a whole.

The play was produced by Stuart Shaw, and performances were given on October 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th at the Pembroke Dock Grammar School to appreciative audiences.

In an eighteenth century comedy of manners the players have the initial advantage of wearing graceful and attractive costumes, and the sets, designed by Kenneth Cooper, displayed these to perfection. There are many different scenes in this play; and praise must be given not only to the planning which made rapid changes possible, but also to the work of the stage hands which so much helped the continuity.

As often happens in plays of this period, the hero and heroine are gentle, rather insipid people who serve as a focal point for the passions of older and more lively characters. Fanny (Noreen Jones) is secretly married to Lovewell (Aubrey Phillips), her father's poor but well-connected clerk. The secret is shared only by the faithful Betty (Joan Sudbury), Fanny's maid. Lovewell, fearful of discovery, confounded by events and overawed by everybody but Fanny, tackled a difficult part well. Fanny herself was altogether so charming that she made the plot credible, for it was no wonder that so many people fell in love with her. Diana Gray, with the natural disadvantage of looking too pleasant for such a thoroughly nasty young woman as the elder sister, Miss Betsy Sterling, did contrive to be fairly shrewish, though she might perhaps have been more bitter and less shrill. Their father, Sterling, the prosperous city merchant, was con-

sistently well played by Evan G. Davies. His sister, Mrs. Heidelberg, that lover of "the quality," was excellently presented by Mary Holmes.

The play really came to life (as its author meant it to do) with the arrival of Lord Ogleby. This part, written by Garrick for himself and made famous by him, was played with magnificent abandon and great success by Roland Mathias. Windsor Devereux as Canton, Lord Ogleby's Swiss attendant, was also extremely good and contributed much to the humour of the scenes they played together. Also in Lord Ogleby's retinue were his quiet, serious nephew, Sir John Melvil, ably played by Kenneth Cooper, and the valet Brush (Glyn Moses). Brush and his amorous dallyings with the Chambermaid (Joyce Hall) added much to the gaiety of the play. The most was also made of the parts of Serjeant Flower (Reg C. Paine) and the other lawyers.

In such an ambitious production there were bound to be some small defects. Some of the women, for instance, were restless, using their hands too much and relying too little on facial expression. Some of the asides were too quick, and may have been missed by the audience. But here on the whole was good entertainment, well produced and satisfying to watch, working up steadily from its rather tame beginning to the triumphant humour of the final scene. The experiment of Unity Players was a success that we hope will be repeated.

Badminton Club

The Club has many new members this season, but there is still room for any old pupils who would like to join. No matches have been played this season, but two of the Club's members represented the County against the South Wales team at Haverfordwest earlier in the season. The officials of the Club are: Chairman, Mr. D. Hordley; Secretary/Treasurer, Mrs. B. Arnold. Club nights are Tuesdays and Fridays.

Hockey

This season the club is running a men's team only. It is now affiliated to the Pembroke-shire Hockey Association and through that to the Welsh H.A. Mixed hockey is not recognised by any official body, and therefore the sooner it can be replaced by all-men's or all-women's teams the better will it be for the standard and status of the game in the county.

The season has been a successful and enjoyable one so far. We have been fortunate in being allowed to use the excellent ground at Llanion for most of our home games, and for this our thanks are extended to the Commanding Officer, 139 Bty. R.A. We are also grateful to the Headmaster for the use of various school facilities.

Several new members have joined this season and the team has been considerably strengthened. We are still hopeful, however, of interesting more Old Boys in the game.

Results —

Sept. 12.	R.A.F.	Away	Lost	0—1
Sept. 19.	H.M.S. Goldcrest	Home	Won	6—2 (Morris 5, Lawrence)

Sept. 26.	Lamphey	Home	Won	3—0	(Morris 2, Morgan)
Oct. 10.	H.M.S. Harrier	Home	Won	6—1	(Morris 4, Rendall, Morgan)
Oct. 17.	Trinity College	Away	Won	2—1	(Morris, K. Williams)
Oct. 24.	S.A.A.A., Manorbier	Home	Lost	0—2	
Oct. 31.	R.A.F.	Away	Lost	1—2	(Nevin)
Nov. 14.	139 Bty. R.A.	Away	Lost	1—2	(Lawrence)
Nov. 28.	Trinity College	Home	Won	3—0	(Howard, Rendall, K. Williams)
Dec. 5.	H.M.S. Harrier	Away	Won	2—0	(Howard, K. Williams)
Dec. 12.	R.A.F.	Away	Won	2—0	(Rendall, Morgan)