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THE PENVRO



SPRING 1957

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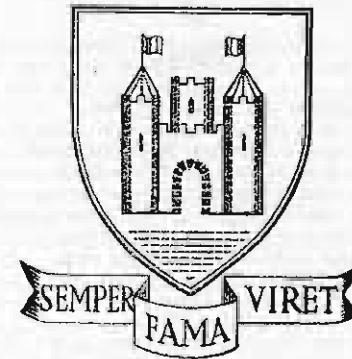
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THE PENVRO

No. 120

SPRING

1957

Editorial Board : Mr. Gammon, Eira Brickle, Suzanne
Brown, Ruth Cole

EDITORIAL

THE first "Penvro" of 1957 appears when the School is expanding in every way. Each term the number of boarders at Bush House increases, and this year's Sixth form must be one of the largest in the history of the School. Yet it still looks as if the editorial board of the "Penvro" has still to rely for material for the Spring number on the original work competition and for the Summer number on the Eisteddfod entries. Is there no one ambitious to see his or her name in print? We are glad, however, on this occasion to publish an article (unsolicited) from a member of the Science Sixth—and we hope it will be a forerunner of many more. In fact, the Science side seems to be becoming more active and articulate all round: the Science Society has been very active this year.

We are impressed, too, by the way the Field Society is becoming more or less pupil-administered—a healthy symptom when there has been so much easy acceptance as of right, and so little initiative in the body of the School.

Since the last "Penvro" appeared, Mr. Sydney Evans, who has served the School for so many years, has retired. We wish him well, and expect him to return to visit us whenever he is able. Meanwhile no less than four new members have been welcomed to the staff. Miss Cynthia Jones has joined the mathematics department, Miss Rowlands will teach biology and Mrs. Shepherd is involved in a new field for this School: Rural Domestic Economy. Latest of all, Mr. Whitehall from Haverfordwest Grammar School has taken Mr. Evans' place. We wish them all success.

Grey

All things that wait are grey :
 The mist that tucks the sun away,
 The quiet dew that feeds the earth,
 The seed before its lovely birth,
 The clouds that cover April skies,
 The heads of those grown old and wise,
 A tree that's silvery with spring,
 A nest of sparrows born to sing,
 A budding branch, a dawning day
 All the things that wait are grey.

All the things that wait are grey ;
 The trees that sigh and gently sway,
 The forest glades all dark with moss,
 The angry waves which break and toss,
 The moon before she starts to rise,
 All the things we dearly prize,
 A waking child, birds on the wing,
 The banks of butterwort and ling,
 The bursting buds, a morn in May,
 All the things that wait are grey.

PAULINE ARMITAGE, VI Science.

On The Set

POSSESSING a keen interest in both amateur and professional cinematography, it has always been my strong desire to visit a professional film studio. The additional fact that a distant relative is a film editor probably contributed to the fulfilment of my desire. Thus, while in London last August I arranged, by telephone, to meet my enviable relation (Jack Slade) on Monday, August 20th, at the Elstree Film Studios. On that morning I eventually arrived, as instructed, at Boreham Wood, where the studios are situated. It was at this stage of the journey that I became aware of the fact that I did not know to which studio I was to go: Associated British or Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer? Typical of my judgment, I chose the wrong studio, and was told bluntly by the receptionist at Associated British that no-one by the name of Jack Slade was there. Needless to say, I left the studio and made my way to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios situated about half a mile away. The receptionist, with whom I had to reluctantly deposit my camera as photographs were strictly prohibited, directed me to the Editing Theatre where Jack Slade—a medium-sized man with the facial features of the actor David Farrar—had been expecting me. (Jack has edited such films as "Morning Departure" and "H.M.S. Gift Horse.")

The editing theatre could be described as a room of approximate dimensions 40ft. x 25ft. (breadth) x 15ft. (height), with a screen along one 25ft. face and a sound-proof cubicle situated in a corner of the opposite face. I sat down at the back of the theatre while Jack returned to the sound-proof recording cubicle. At that moment the process of re-recording the dialogue for film scenes which were shot on location at Trinidad was in progress. The dialogue for these scenes had to be added separately, as the words recorded on location were indistinct due to the background sounds also recorded during the filming. The film being made at the studio is "Fire Down Below," with Robert Mitchum, Rita Hayworth and Jack Lemmon, and which they hope to finish just after Christmas this year (1956).

The same scene would be projected on to the screen (from the projection room at the back of the theatre) several times in succession, each scene lasting for only a few seconds, while Bernard Lee repeated the same lines each time, corresponding to his lip movement shown on the screen, into a microphone connected with the recording cubicle. The sound was recorded each time and the best recording was added to the film. Often there were as many as ten recordings made for each scene.

After a while (when Bernard's voice began to show signs of tiring by continually breaking down in the middle of a word) a break was called and I then recognised the person sitting next to me, as I had seen him at Fishguard filming "Moby Dick." He was Edric Connor, the negro actor and singer. Jack then introduced me to him and Bernard Lee. I spent most of the morning in the theatre and in the recording room, watching scene after scene, recording after recording, as Bernard Lee and Edric Connor recorded their scenes. I left the editing theatre with the lines of their script echoing through my brain and I still know a large portion of their scripts by heart.

I lunched with Jack in the studio restaurant. Two tables away sat the ex-production chief of Ealing Studios, Sir Michael Balcon. Most Ealing technicians moved into these studios when their studio was recently taken over by the B.B.C. Jack had seen the director of "Fire Down Below," Robert Parrish (he directed "The Purple Plain" for the Rank Organisation), who had granted me permission to visit the "set" during the course of the day.

The establishment where the actual filming takes place is divided up into several spacious studios by thick metal partitions which slide open to give access to each "stage." In the story of "Fire Down Below" there is an explosion on board ship, and it is the scene inside the ship after this explosion had taken place that was being filmed that afternoon. The setting was in the hold of the ship, and a very realistic "hold" had been constructed in the studio with girders, drums, hanging ropes and other "wreckage" strewn about the set. To provide the drama of this scene, actor Jack Lemmon (who usually plays light comedy rôles) was "trapped" beneath the wreckage, realistically made up with "blood" and grease. In the background propane burners were spaced, hidden among the "wreckage," while a steam jet was concealed in the foreground, a little to the side of the camera, all of which gave the effect of fire and smoke. The whole set was floodlit from a battery of lamps arranged on platforms surrounding the set from above. Robert Parrish, a cool, fairly young man with a quiet American drawl, ordered: "Everyone quiet, please! Light the propane higher! Steam! Camera!" The cameraman moved closer with his camera, took some shots of the background and wreckage, then moved up to obtain a moderate close-up of Jack Lemmon's pain-stricken face. Suddenly the latter yelped as the steam jet slipped and it was directed towards the seat of his thin trousers. Parrish yelled: "Cut!" while everyone on the set did their utmost to prevent their sides from splitting. Parrish kept calm, and the procedure was repeated, this time filmically successfully. I watched the filming from a small platform concealed by wreckage, just inside the entrance (from the companion-way) to the hold, about a foot above and three feet behind the cameraman.

Parrish was obviously satisfied with the scene and proceeded to prepare for the next. I had to move from my vantage point as it was being used in the filming of this next scene. Parrish ordered: "Get Mitchum down for this scene!" Robert Mitchum, the six feet three inches tall screen idol, soon appeared on the set made up with thin, torn seaman's clothes similar to those worn by Jack Lemmon. This scene had apparently been rehearsed well and Mitchum was ready for the shooting immediately. During this scene he had to lift Jack Lemmon over the wreckage, up on to my late observation post and through the exit (to the companion-way).

While Mitchum was regaining his breath (Jack is no light-weight, although Mitchum dwarfs him) I went through to the next stage, which whisked me away from the wrecked ship to a street scene in Trinidad. The set was constructed with amazing precision, and the floodlighting (which, when lit, generated hundreds of thousands of watts) adequately resembled daylight. Naturally, as the scene was not then being filmed, this amount of lighting was not required and a more economical quantity was employed. I stood, motionless, observing a ravishing redhead rehearsing a dance routine. It was Rita Hayworth. She is shorter than I had imagined, but though not very young, is still very beautiful and exceedingly charming. Her dancing was very interesting (in many ways) and I watched her rehearsing for some time. At first, I had the impression that she seemed a little uncertain of her dancing, but she swiftly gained confidence, giving a very entertaining performance.

On returning to the shooting set I found Jack Lemmon passing the time by playing the piano situated in one corner of the studio while preparation was in progress for the next scene to be shot. Jack is a thoroughly nice "ordinary guy," with a wonderful sense of humour typical of that portrayed in his light-comedy rôles. (He recently starred in "It Should Happen to You" with Judy Holliday). Bob Mitchum, on the other hand, is a mysteriously quiet man who is hard-working, but "easily flies off the handle" as one technician aptly described it. He is rarely seen around the set unless he is before the cameras. Bob Parrish and he are great friends, however, and this fact is a tremendous asset when Parrish is directing him.

However, time was running out, and I returned to the editing room (or cutting room) which is Jack's "laboratory." In this film editor's paradise numerous lengths of film, each of several feet (most of them containing one scene only) were arranged around the room. All irrelevant matter contained in these strips has to be removed and the selected scenes are joined together, eventually creating the story. When the process is completed, the film is stored in air-tight storage cans each containing a spool of capacity usually up to a thousand feet of film. (The average feature film contains over ten thousand feet of 35 m.m. film).

The evening closed in too soon, however, and I took my leave of the studios and prepared myself for the two hour journey to my residence. Outside the studios I paused and looked back through the massive gates, taking a last look at the establishment with the great M.G.M. clock towering over it—that same establishment from which emerged such spectacular films as "Ivanhoe" and "Beau Brummell." Finally, my eyes came to rest upon the words inscribed over the gates—the words which so often present themselves to us on the screen—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

KENNETH MacGARVIE, Upper VI Science.

The Sea

The sea came over the golden sand,
The foam was white and curled,
It lined the coast like a blue-green band,
Round the edge of the rocks it whirled.

Nearer and nearer the upturned boats
The sea creeps up the shore,
It fills the children's castle moats,
And back it flows once more.

Cruel and ruthless when the wind is loud,
The waves like mountains high,
Then sparkling and calm, when scarcely a cloud
Ruffles the summer sky.

SALLY BROWN, IIIA.

Suid-Afrika

THE two months tour of South Africa by us—the "Young Dragons"—was the first tour to be undertaken by a national Rugby side in Great Britain, and what a wonderful experience it proved to be. At the beginning of the tour a passport was mislaid by one of the party: this was the start of many such incidents that were to occur.

The sea voyage was uneventful, but had its lighter moments, especially when we were allowed to spend a few hours ashore at Madeira Island or when we joined together for singing practice, whereon all the passengers would flock around and listen to our Welsh airs, while the people who were up at the unearthly hour of 6.30 a.m. must have been very amused to see us tramping the decks for training sessions. The weather was excellent throughout and at times we were forbidden to sit in the scorching heat, hence the time set for our training sessions.

At Cape Town we were all very impressed by Table Mountain and with the rugged but beautiful country surrounding the Cape. Here we were besieged by press photographers and news of our arrival appeared in leading newspapers, for our visit was to be taken very seriously in South Africa. After a civic reception and luncheon with the Mayor, we toured Cape Town and left for Port Elizabeth, only six hours after our arrival. Our forty-hour journey was not enjoyed and no more complaints of British Railways will be voiced by us.

At Port Elizabeth we had our first experience of South African hospitality and it proved throughout the tour to be second only to that of Wales. It was here also that I had my first taste of shark fishing, but, as usual, my luck was out. We were also invited to the first of many "braaivleis," where lamb chops are cooked in the open and eaten with the hands in barbecue fashion. This is typically South African and was enjoyed immensely by us. In our first match against Eastern Province before a crowd of twenty thousand we were well beaten. The game itself proved to be a great deal faster than any game at home, due to the excellent conditions we were playing in. As we left Port Elizabeth we broke into song, as we did at each place in South Africa. At Bloemfontein we were hit by our first real injury, when the scrum-half broke his collar bone, but we managed to draw with the Orange Free State. This was my second game and I was now getting used to the unusual conditions, especially the hard grounds. This game proved to be the turning point of the tour and from here we never looked back and were triumphant in our remaining six games.

One of the highlights of the tour was our visit to the Kruger National Park; here we saw big game at close quarters in their natural environment. Some of the animals came a little too close and this proved to be both exciting and nerve-racking. One particular incident occurred when someone was daring enough to lean out of the car window to take a photograph of a lion. He was taking his time focussing through the view-finder when he looked up suddenly and saw the lion not ten yards away (as in the view-finder), but two yards away! In fright he dropped his camera and hit his head in his struggle to get back into the car; and it was some time later that he retrieved his camera.

This short rest did us a lot of good and at Ermelo we thrashed E. Transvaal 33—3 and thus produced our first win. Here I stayed on a 12,000 acre farm and spent a great deal of time horse riding, although the scenery did not impress me because everything was brown and bare in the hot sun. Sheep farming and not mixed farming was the main occupation here which surprised us all. In the Transvaal we stayed for a week at Springs, where I was able to meet some of the South African boys who had played at Tenby. I was also one of the lucky few who saw a warrior war dance performed, and this will always remind me of the true natives of South Africa. We ended our stay here by beating Eastern Transvaal again before a large crowd.

At Potchefstroom, after beating Western Transvaal 8—3, I managed to secure a match ball and this remains one of my most treasured possessions. The climax of the tour was reached when we returned to Johannesburg to play the Transvaal at the notable Ellis Park. The day before the match we had a taste of official functions, three in all, and this was voted the most boring day of the tour. Maurice Palmer and I were delighted at our selection for the game, while the non-playing members took it in excellent spirit. (This team spirit was noticeable throughout the tour and had a great deal to do with our success). With the largest crowd ever, 25,000, we produced our best form to win easily 21—3. This proved a shock for the critics at home, who had previously forecast that the tour would be a "flop." That night we again had a wonderful send-off and sang before the vast crowd. A general remark was that we had become more like a Covent Garden Opera Company than a rugby touring side.

With a further two days travelling, we arrived in the diamond area of Kimberley. Tired and worn out, we were taken at seven o'clock in the morning to see the "Big Hole," which is the largest man-made hole in the world. I must admit it certainly woke us up, as it is quite unbelievable and difficult to describe—however, the statistics are that the area of the surface is 30 acres, the perimeter being one mile, the depth of the whole is 1,300 feet and the amount of earth excavated is 25 million tons, while three tons of diamonds have been produced. The town of Kimberley was disappointing because everything was covered with red dust, but we had an interesting time touring a mine and I managed to handle £10,000 worth of diamonds. After leaving the mine one of the party was thought to have a diamond in his possession, and it took quite a lot of convincing to some that it was a piece of glass. These practical jokes woke the party up, especially before a match, and thus we pushed aside pre-match nerves with general laughter. Our record improved by our win over Griquas, and after a hard match we left for Wellington in good spirits for our last game.

Wellington to us could not have been a better place to end our tour, not because it is a wine producing area, but because of its beautiful scenery; the high, snow-capped mountains which stretched as far as the eye could see was indeed the most impressive sight seen on the tour. This part of the country was more like Switzerland and we spent many days touring. In the match against the Boland Province we were blessed by our first soft ground, and although we did not play so well we won 8 pts. to nil. This ended for us a truly remarkable playing record of six wins, one lost and one drawn, and the South Africans were quick to see what we had accomplished. We had almost become as popular as the recent "British Lions." Throughout South Africa we were continually besieged by autograph hunters and press photographers, while the hospitality was wonderful, most of us gaining a lot of weight.

At Cape Town, before a gathering of wellwishers—we left as we had arrived—singing—and from every "Young Dragon" came the phrase "Taut Seis" (good-bye or see you soon).

J. EBSWORTH.

Birthday Surprise

MY mother and father told me that I was going to have a wonderful surprise present for my birthday. I was informed that my father was going by bus to Haverfordwest to fetch it.

When my birthday came I had the biggest surprise of my life. The mail came that morning with birthday cards and parcels. I got very excited over the biggest hamper. It was a large box with "Livestock" written on it and a big pink bow tied round it. I left the parcel to open until last. When it was open a sandy pop-eyed Corgi jumped out. My

mother told me that it was born in a dustbin, so I decided to name it Binnie.

Binnie was three months old when I had her. She has very sharp eyes rather bulging like Eddie Cantor's. Binnie loves to go out for walks and is very naughty, so I have to put a lead on her.

The Corgi had to have a kennel, so I asked my brother if he would help me to make one. We planned the kennel, but when it was finished it looked nothing like what I had intended it to be. We laid felt on the top of the roof to make it weatherproof and put an armful of hay inside to make it snug. I painted the kennel over in brown paint. When it was finished it did not look so shabby.

One day I took Binnie for a walk across the beach. As it was her first walk on the sands she kept on jumping up excitedly at me and digging very dark, deep holes in the golden sand. She was very frightened of the foam, and every time it trickled onto her paw she ran a long way back up the beach in fright.

One very sunny morning Binnie broke away from her kennel and went into the street. She found a very scruffy dog and played with it all the morning. I could not find Binnie anywhere as she was playing down by a river. Spot, the dog that Binnie had been playing with, had fleas. Binnie caught them off him and we could not get rid of them. We decided that she must have a bath, into which we put a little disinfectant. Although the water was quite warm, Binnie shivered and whined. With relief she burrowed into the warm towel with which my mother wiped her, and when she was quite dry we dusted her with insect powder and put a bright blue ribbon round her neck. She could not have known how nice she looked, for she kept on trying to bite the ribbon off.

There came a morning in August when Binnie could not be found. There were no traces of her anywhere. Carefully we searched everywhere for her. We imagined all sorts of things that might have happened to her; worst of all that she might have been run over. We went all along the street asking the neighbours if they had seen Binnie. My father, who was as worried as any of us, went to the police station to see if she had been brought there. Nobody had seen her. We spent a couple of miserable hours wondering what had become of her. A week later we found out that Binnie had a double. One morning there came a knock on the door. I answered it and discovered a woman standing at the doorstep with Binnie in her arms. She had taken Binnie home thinking it was her own pup.

SUSAN SAUNDERS, Form IIA.

The Sea Shore

I love to sit beside the sea,
And watch the waves come rolling in,
They seem as if they run a race,
And each one does its best to win.

I lift my eyes and look across,
The far horizon's distant view,
And watch the ships go sailing past
To far off lands of old and new.

The sea-birds wheeling overhead,
Their sharp, shrill cry my peace disturbs,
I sit and watch their graceful glides,
Those shrieking! screaming! lovely birds.

Time passes on and I must go
Back to the city's ceaseless din,
But I will come another day,
And watch the waves come rolling in.

ROGER HORGAN, IIIA

Achievement

He had always been alone,
So death could not hurt him.
Death with it's meanness,
It's loneliness,
It's forgetfulness ;
Life had been lonely and mean,
Lonely, with people milling around,
Misunderstanding.
Mean, a nightmare world of
Watching eyes.

Now he would find out.
His mind fatigued
With the never-ending
Harassing and haggling ;
The keeping up of appearances,
The striving for success,
The failure and frustration.
Rest in death—
Death was dark :
Death was peace.

YVONNE RICHARDS—Upper VI Arts.

The Sale of Work

A SALE of work is usually thought of as a buns, tea and embroidery affair for stuffy old ladies who wear fox-furs and cameo brooches. Such sales are launched under slogans like "Save our tower" and "Five thousand urgently needed for repairs on Saint Margaret's." This is not true of the annual "Dock Leaves" sale. There is something for everybody here ; some excellent handy-work is for sale ; this is a sale of **work**. Work is a good thing where a sale is concerned, for several reasons. As much of the goods for sale are made by the proprietors, the sale is not too expensive to "put on." Secondly, it provides occupation and the joy of achievement. This sale is on a large scale, with a large number of helpers and a nucleus of enthusiasts, who give all their spare time to the project. It helps to publish the work of young poets, a worthy cause, which hopes to prove the pen to be mightier, not just than the sword, but than the television screen, the cinema and the juke box.

I have been curious for some time as to how this machine works "on the day." However, I have never had an opportunity to be at the actual sale. I have given what support I can to the cause, and this year provided vegetables which my brother had helped to grow. I think they can be called "our own work."

What I saw of this year's event impressed me. I arrived in a considerable hurry for the Colts game with Tenby County Primary. I galloped down the hill towards school, my hair in my eyes, red-faced and panting. At the main entrance I hastily stopped, stuffed my cap into my pocket, took two steps forward—and then stopped, even more abruptly. A large banner in livid red and yellow made sure that no one did not know about a games section. From Room Two "Davy Crockett" was replaced by "Rock and Roll." By way of contrast I noticed a cabinet full of exquisitely-dressed dolls. I suddenly remembered that I was in a hurry and plunged down the steps to the dressing-rooms. I felt that I would have liked to have been to the sale, but I had to go home for lunch, and all other front row forwards will appreciate what I mean when I say that a return trip would have been very uncomfortable.

I promise myself, however, that I will make a more serious attempt to attend next year's sale. I want to see what results these second-hand books, these hand-made lampstands and my own contribution have. I am interested to see how many people come to the sale. I should like to see what they buy and how often they buy. Above all, I should like to see what kind of showmen my friends are—would they call me "sir?" I should like to think, too, that my money was going to people I know, for a cause which I am familiar with. Schoolboys are very fond of the phrase, "You should've been there," and I have been told of things that I should like to see for myself. The "supernatural" powers of Madame Fifi might prove interesting on investigation. I should like to be in the bustle that follows such a function. I should like to think that I was justified in taking a share in the pride which the organisers of the sale have in their cause and their work.

J. LEWIS, V Remove.

The Village Gossip

SHE was, what men call, a typical woman, garrulous and fussy. Her rôle of "village gossip" had been bequeathed to her by a spinster aunt, who had, it was rumoured, talked herself to death. But that was many years ago and it was now Miss Eliza Prattle who held the reigns of the gossip which galloped around the little village of Much-Muttering.

If you were an inhabitant of this village, you would be well acquainted with the bustling figure of Miss Prattle, or "Gossipy Liz" as the cheeky schoolboys called her, often behind her back, but more often to her face. It was hard to forget her beaky nose, her large mouth, ever voluble and dark, yet shrewd eyes which found their way into everybody's business. For she always seemed to know everything about everyone, and counted it a personal insult if anybody told her something to which she could not answer "I know!"

She prided herself that she was a mine of information, and enjoyed a certain amount of limelight a few years earlier, when she was the sole witness of an event which shocked the village. For months, perhaps years, after Miss Prattle would enjoy telling about "the time the school ma'am ran off with the butcher's boy." Being a lover of scandal, she would reel off the story, each time adding something more, unaware that her fellow villagers, who could also recite the story almost backwards, were bored to the point of exasperation.

After a time the children of the village ceased to stare goggle-eyed at her as she told them of the elopement in a dramatic voice, her hands gesticulating wildly like those of a tic-tic man at the races. So she had to confine her performances to the current gossip of the village, stifling her desire to rake up the forgotten "skeleton in the cupboard."

However, the time when she was allowed to talk as much as she liked was at the weekly sewing classes held in the Church Hall. An intruder would be able to see her, seated in the midst of a large group of young mothers and maiden aunts, nodding her head vigorously as she reached the climax of her story. Her voice would get higher and higher, like the wail of a siren, until, nearing the end of her tale, she would stop, keeping her listeners in suspense as long as she dared and would then whisper the final tit-bit of gossip which all the women had been craning their necks to hear, their needlework forgotten.

Eliza Prattle really enjoyed these sewing classes, where she had the power to enthrall the scandal-mongers of the village, yet there was another favourite pastime which she pursued with enthusiasm. She liked to stand behind the curtains of her front room and observe how many callers Mrs. So-and-so had or who was Miss What's-her-name's latest swain. Then she would ruminate over these latest nippets of scandal,

exaggerating here and there, until she had composed a suitable story to tell her colleagues.

Lately, however, the village had been seething with gossip about the notorious Miss Prattle herself. It was rumoured that she was fond of the young curate who had lately been installed under the watchful eye of the Rev. Biggs. At least she could be seen every Sunday night, sitting in the front pew with a rapt expression on her face as she listened intently to the words of the new curate.

It was only in church that her tongue was still, for she even talked in her sleep; at least, her neighbours had reported that they had heard strange sounds issuing forth from her room at dead of night. Some bold little boy did venture to suggest that it was Miss Prattle practising "Rock n Roll," but since it was generally known that she did not hold with "such debased forms of physical jerks," this idea was squashed.

Altogether, "our Miss Prattle," as she was affectionately known, was a remarkable woman. Each day she could be seen shopping in the village street, always wearing the same hat, a battered old straw one with a bird perched precariously on top, and the same navy shawl, which she insisted on wearing although she maintained she was modern in outlook. Her body, though rather plump, was supple, while her hands were most eloquent, as she strove to emphasise her tales; her ceaseless nattering was well known in the village, while she had a reputation for criticising everyone behind his or her back, and yet Miss Eliza Prattle was loved by all and was always the life and soul of the community, or, as one bright spark said, "a jolly good 'un!"

ANNE CAMPODONIC, Upper VI Arts.

A Dream

One day in summer when the leaves were green,
And the flowers were bright and gay,
I went for a walk through the beautiful fields,
As there was no one with whom I could play.

I felt so tired at the end of the day
That I lay down on the grass to rest.
I felt so comfortable, I was soon fast asleep,
And I dreamed of the life I like best.

I dreamt I was a sailor,
And I sailed the wide blue sea,
My rank was that of a Captain.
It was just the life for me.

My crew was the best in England,
My ship looked so very grand.
I was proud to be in the Navy
And to have visited every land.

I sailed through foreign waters
And visited many strange lands.
The scenery was all so wonderful,
And the natives were dressed so grand.

One day I sailed back to the land of my birth.
I was glad to be home it may seem.
When the ship gave a lurch! I awoke with a start.
It had all been a wonderful dream.

ANTHONY BYWATERS, IIIB.

The Gateway to the East

THIS rather romantic name has long been given to the Suez Canal, and with justice because it joins the Mediterranean Sea to the Red Sea and can truthfully be said to link the East and West. It was built by a Frenchman, Ferdinand de Lesseps, and is 103 miles long.

One of my earliest memories is of the Suez Canal, because I passed through it several times on journeys to Ceylon. It is difficult to forget the scene looking over a ship's rail into the far-distant desert. The sand stretched away on either side as far as the eye could see, quite flat except for scrub and barren rock in small mounds. The road to Ismalia runs parallel with the Canal on the Egyptian side of the water, and at that time convoys of Army trucks and lorries were constantly rumbling down the road and looking strangely out of place among the palm trees.

As the ship sailed slowly along we passed small groups of houses where the men who looked after the canal lived. They rushed out to wave and dived like arrows into the water. Further south the banks grew more desolate and the only signs of life were squatting Arabs beside their camels. They added a picturesque note to the desert scene, but when we shouted and waved they did not even raise their heads and men and beasts seemed like statues gazing into space.

During these last few weeks I have thought many times of my voyages through the Suez Canal, and wonder if I shall ever see it again. If I do, many changes will probably have taken place.

DAVID FRASER, 3A.

Saturday

SATURDAY, as most words, has its origin in an ancient language. Saturday gets its name from the Latin word Saturnus, meaning Saturn, who was the ancient Roman god of seedtime and harvest. Saturn was identified by the Romans with the Greek god Kronos. Saturn was said to have civilised the people of Italy by instructing them in agriculture, hence his reign was known as the "Golden Age."

All this, I expect, means more to the historically minded than it does to me. I do not think of Saturday as such. I think of Saturday as a day to look forward to all the week when there is no school. Not that I dislike school, but it is a change from the drab routine of the week.

We depart from school on Friday, whether we leave "Footsteps in the sands of time" I do not know, with satchels loaded with homework and ambling along like worn-out nags; but knowing that it does not have to be done until Monday morning, which is two complete days away. I always look forward to Saturday for another reason, apart from it meaning no school. Saturday is the day the hockey teams are "on the war-path."

I am quite pleased with myself and because I have been promoted to the second eleven. Promoted may remind some people of ranks in the army. It means just as much to me.

Saturday may mean late rising for some people; but although I have to get up quite early to be at Llanion by 9.30, the usual summons, I am always wide awake long before there is any need to get up. In the week I still "have" to get up; but to school, not to hockey. I "love" hockey. When there is a prospect of a hockey match I forget all the troubles of every-day life, Colonel Nasser, the Suez Canal, and think only of the match.

One Saturday that I will always remember regarding hockey was quite recently. As I play right-half in the second eleven I naturally have to play a defensive game. Therefore it is not my place to score goals.

However, "feeding the forwards," as Mrs. Ebsworth describes it, can get quite a tedious job and quite a few times, in a vain attempt at goal, I have "broken the ranks" and tried my hand. Quite a few times the ball has gone between the posts, but there is always something like being outside the circle which prevents it from being a goal. However, this particular Saturday the forwards had quite a few vain attempts at goal, so I "slogged," and lo and behold it was a goal! What excitement for me, and, greater still, it was in a match against the second eleven. Since then I have had two more!

After consideration, I do not think that I like Saturday so much. I enjoy it and feel that I have not done as much as I should and would have liked to have done, but by Saturday evening I feel tired out and glad that there is only one day until we return to the fun of school life.

DOROTHY LEWIS, V Remove.

Is the Bible out of date?

The Bible or "the most beautiful book in the world" as it has often been described has long been criticised as being old and archaic and out of date. We must consider this serious allegation against this widely-read book, for it has long been regarded as a gem in the world's heritage.

The keynote of this allegation is, I think, a result of the decline in appeal of the Bible to the ideals of the public of this modern, scientific or "Rock 'n Roll" age, call it what you like. Our ancestors were thoroughly steeped in the language of the Bible and the family Bible was treasured above all other books. Today the rigid observance of reading part of the Bible each day, has slackened off. No longer do we find many people who can quote large passages from the Scriptures.

What they found in the Bible, and what we should find today, is the constitution of God's government of the world. We find the root character of man and the world, the problem of getting a living out of the ground and the relations of competition and co-operation which men must enter when they get their living out of the same ground. We are told also of the sin of exploitation and misuse of power, about constitutional government. These are the fundamental problems of our present-day life—the basis of modern economics and politics. They are found in the books of the Law in the early part of the Bible. The latter books of the Old Testament—the books of the Prophets—record a struggle between the people, who wanted to forsake God's plain will for the social life, and the prophets, who insisted that they obeyed it. In the New Testament the Rule of God comes right among men in the person of Christ. A new nation and a new community are formed.

This and more is the Bible. Above all, the Bible answers for us the question "Why?" Science can only answer to the question "How?" This is because the Bible is the revelation of eternal Truth. In the history of the World through the ages civilisations have progressed from strength to strength. Always there has been a constant advance of civilisation—from primitive man down to the Commonwealth of Nations. Surely there has been a creative power behind all this. Yes, of course there has. And to read the heart of this creative power, we must look to the Bible.

During this constant advance there were originally twenty-one civilisations. Fourteen of these have been completely destroyed. Why, you may ask, have they fallen? The Roman Empire rose to its topmost pinnacle, and then fell. Why? Because up until the time that it reached its "Everest" it was fulfilling God's purpose, and when it did not do this, God saw fit to destroy it.

Up until today there has been continual striving in the world of nation against nation. The coming of nuclear fission in the present day has filled men full of fear—the fear of total annihilation. It is this fear in

the world which may be the means of drawing men together again into a perfect unity with God.

In "The Dead Sea Scrolls" by Edmund Wilson is found the story of the finding and the significance of these very important documents. These writings challenge a variety of rooted traditions and dogma in matters of religious history. They contain passages that are a prototype of the Sermon on the Mount. Above all, these writings dispel all rumours of inconsistency in the language of the Bible.

It is true to say that on almost every page of the Bible a modern man may find some message for his life and work today. St. Paul gives us such advice as "Walk in the Spirit." Again, "Take heed for the morrow." In the Book of Proverbs we are confronted with such stimulating writing as "Give instruction to a wise man; and he will be yet wiser." Such advice as this will surely last through all generations.

We say that the Bible is God's message to the world, but we do not mean that the actual words of the Bible were dictated verbatim, as it were, by God. The writers of the different books of the Bible were men, even as we are—and just as capable as we are of making mistakes. Once this fact is realised, all foolish theories about the Bible will be dismissed, which serve only to make most people dismiss the idea of the inspiration of the Bible as mere childishness. This fundamentalist attitude is all too common with the public of today.

General Gordon once said: "There is something wrong with the man who prefers his newspaper to the Bible." But we must not forsake our newspapers, for in the newspapers are found facts for modern living which we will never find in the Bible.

It is as we "search the Scriptures" that we notice what perfect English our Bible has been translated. Such passages as the Sermon on the Mount which has become part of our heritage, possess a "curiosa felicitas" of diction. Without an appreciation of the language of the English Bible we cannot truly enter upon our rightful heritage of the tongue of Shakespeare and Milton, of Burke and Macaulay, of Eliot and Churchill. Recently a volume entitled "The Bible designed to be Read as Literature" became a best-seller. Indeed, in such books as Corinthians we find some of our finest passages of rhythmical prose. But it is not only for its literary value that men treasure their Bible; it is also because it contains God's own personal message to the men of all ages.

GRAHAM PHILLIPS

The Fair

Hurrah! Hurrah! the fair is here,
And off we go with laughter cheer,
Up the street and down the street,
And up the street again,
On and on and round about
In sunshine and in rain.

Swing high! swing low! what fun and mirth,
To the heavens swing, then down to earth.
On the Noah's Ark we ride
So gaily round and round,
Pop the cork to win a prize,
Oh what is this we've found?

Toffee apples and candy floss,
Coconuts brown by winning a toss,
Coloured balloons, fancy hats,
Music, gay-coloured lights,
Oh the fair! the jolly fair,
Happy days and merry nights.

GILLIAN E. ROBERTS, IIA.

A Wind and Reflections stemming from it

The lonely tick of a silvery prosperous clock,
Shining with the sheen and brilliance of polished oak.
The musical reminiscent chirping of a small round bird in turquoise cloak,
Coated with mottled feathers as patterned as a cracked and riveted rock.
The drowsy warmth of a little furnace in cherubic glow,
And so a still slumber steals in a subtle luxurious flow,
Of thoughts submerged in a river of warmth and softness.

Suddenly through the thick subconscious brain
Whistles a long, thin, drawn-out howl,
Of a blast of wind caught in the compressed agony of a revolving cowl,
Shot forth like the funnelled smoke of a train,
A wind which like a connecting chain links up the centuries gone by
Whose character's pitiful ambitions now in graveyards lie.
But awake from these morbid precincts of thoughts sunk in lifelessness.

Is not life a subsidiary theme?
A trial ground for the world ahead.
When we must rise above our dreams,
And the narrow walls of a life premeditated.
So rise up hope and life together
And live in peace and tolerance forever,
For a wind is an omen not of despair, but of eternal gloriness.

My head began to nod again,
That precious gifts from heavenly courts,
Was stealing over my drowsy thoughts,
Yet the wind had not awakened in vain,
For it had brought humbleness in its wake,
And had left a lesson from which we must make
And glean our purpose in this everlasting timelessness.

JOHN TRICE, Lower VI Arts.

"The Importance of Being Earnest"

THAT the Camp organisers wish me to point out the success of this year's third International Camp or to elucidate the Camp's motto is not the reason behind this entry into the world of journalism. What is required is not a resumé of the camp activities. Rather my purpose is to ask the question, "Was it all worthwhile?" and, presumably, to supply the correct answers. This is the sixty-four thousand dollar question.

The aim of the Camp, as should be well-known by now, is to foster international relations among students of all countries of the world. Race, colour or creed is not the distinguishing mark by which to judge or to treat people: "above all nations, humanity." Party, government, or "-ism" of any kind is, in fact, unimportant. Ideologies have come to rule the world; they have also divided its democracy versus communism, East versus West, and so on. This century should have seen the highest development of man in the evolutionary scale of things. Whether we are progressing or not, one might distinguish this century from the preceding ones in many ways, and at least one distinction is that wars are now world-wide, and they have become battles of ideas. According to the romances of the Middle Ages and before, men fought as glorious knights in armour for the privilege of a fair lady's hand. Today it is Marxism fighting "big-business." We, the younger generation, have been bequeathed a world of conflict; we are now trying to break down such barriers; and it is my personal opinion that it is not idealistic to think that we might help to attain this. Governments are impersonal and

objective; they have to be, since they are supposedly representative. Men, on the other hand, are essentially subjective, and we must put away the masks of government and come face to face with reality. It was the reality we encountered at the camp this year—the real Self behind the Mask, the true identity.

How can one learn more about the different peoples of the world without coming into direct contact with them? When one learns a foreign language in school one is also improving and extending one's knowledge of the people speaking that language and of the country in which they live. For a still fuller understanding it is necessary to live with them for a certain time, to work with them and to enjoy oneself with them. Clearly, the best way is to go and live in that country itself. This International Camp is the next best thing; it brings young people (from fourteen different countries this last summer) together for a fortnight. My sole grumble is that it is too short. Not that it is too short a time to get to know the person snoring next to you, nor too short to discuss many, if not all, the innumerable points of issue one wishes to raise. However, it was a situation rather like that of the donkey being prodded along, urged to move by a carrot temptingly dangled in front of its face. And that, I imagine, is one of the many purposes of the Camp: to stimulate a desire to travel and for increased knowledge; in short, to shake the complacent British out of their insularity, and, in so doing, create a generation of young people who have experienced and appreciated, and will want to preserve, friendly international relations.

Let no person come away with the impression that this was a Camp based on an "airy-lairy" idealism. It is not idealistic, in my opinion, to treat men as men rather than in terms of blocs or races or beliefs. I should like to quote from a letter I received from one of the Yugoslav students at the Camp, Ranko Bugarski (I hope he will not mind my quoting him); he writes: "Even if it would do justice to label you as 'Capitalist' and me as 'Communist' and forget that there is a great deal more to a man than his political beliefs, religious denomination or nationality, I still think that an abundance of common ground would be preserved on which to take a firm hold in our efforts to learn about one another and work together. I strongly believe that the world would be a better place to live in if more people from all parts of the world were sufficiently intelligent and educated to realise this simple truth." I am in complete agreement with him. Certainly this Camp showed many of us that those from Communist countries were also people like ourselves. One is reminded of Shylock's famous speech on Jews in "The Merchant of Venice." Too many lose sight of this in the world today. One almost expected the Yugoslav students to be monsters. Yet they even acted in similar ways to ourselves—one even "rocked and rolled" better than we did—though we did not always agree on everything. How boring it would have been if we had! Moreover, I feel it would have been a false and solely external agreement. It is of supreme importance that one should retain one's nationality and individuality, and especially one's own language. The Camp was not set up to impose a set of ideas upon those attending it, nor to impose a "lingua franca" nor an Esperanto, nor to aid and hasten the formation of a World State. It was formed in order that young people of different nationalities might meet and create a better understanding among the nations of the world than has existed in previous ages. Previous generations, if they have any conscience at all (which I doubt) should suffer from guilt-complexes. They have provided us with two world wars within a half-century; they have given us political and economical and cultural barriers. We cannot afford to be smug and sit down and think of changing the world situation. It is an approach which must be made now, and is being made within the little world of the Pembroke Dock International Friendship Society. Perhaps they at least have a conscience? Certainly it would be idealistic for the Society to claim that its scope is anything other than limited—at the moment. Certainly it would be idealistic to envisage an immediate

reversal of the world situation due solely to the Camp organisers and the Society. No one claims this. Nevertheless, it would be unrealistic for anyone to doubt the influence this, and other similar camps such as the Urdd Gobaith Cymru or, say, the German Camp at Sonnenberg, is having in improving international relations between students and young people. No one could have attended the Camp concert or the dances or any activity without noticing the co-operation between the campers, a real co-operation, a real friendship which does not last for a fortnight a year. One cannot shut real friendship on and off like a tap. It is something which grows; to speak figuratively, let us hope it has the tenacity and persistency of an obdurate weed.

Peaceful co-existence was thrown at us as the saviour of mankind, but I always tend to think of this in terms of a rather uneasy tolerance of one another, a kind of truce. If this is so (and I am not sure that it is—certainly someone will oppose me), then this is obviously not what is wanted. An uneasy truce is useless; it is merely a breathing-space. What we want and desire with all our hearts is a lasting peace when all men can work and live together minus the restrictions which hold us back at present from this Utopia. Utopia is most descriptive, but it does not prevent one from making such an ideal real. It is descriptive because we have few words to substitute in order to describe such a world situation, because in the history of mankind there have been few, if any, such occasions lasting for any great period of time. Yet one need not be pessimistic or fatalistic. We cannot afford to lose the breathing-space we exist in today before being shattered by the latest horror of mankind—the hydrogen bomb. One fortnight a year cannot hope to withhold the advent of war, but it can create sympathy, understanding and friendship—these are immeasurable and incomparable values desirable at all times, even more so in these war-scarred years.

In writing this article I have been forced to be serious and sincere, which is why I have cribbed the title from Wilde. Before I close, however, I should like to point out that although several eminent and distinguished persons lectured to us and provided us with many discussions and private debates lasting until early hours of the morning, it was not all serious talk. Some of the opposite sex even thought it worthwhile to display certain intimate and personal garments of male campers and allow them to float from the balcony in the hall where the “innocents” below were dancing. What a way to create better international relations!

The question I posed at the beginning was whether the Camp and the Society as a whole was worthwhile. I strongly believe that it was an invaluable fortnight and I hope I have convinced you; it was full of memorable occasions, an unforgettable experience, but oh! no holiday for the idle.

BRIAN JOHN.

This is an extract from a letter received from Ingrid Ticmanis, a Latvian refugee who is now living in Germany:

“Living in exile now for more than ten years, we, the D.P.’s., either adopt the ways of life of the country we are living in, which is good to a certain extent only, or always keep thinking of what we have lost, and that there is no proper place in the whole of the world to live in apart from our country. This Meeting showed me that there is an in-between, that all people who still keep up the ideals of friendship and understanding belong to a greater community, and that we, too, belong to it.”

This is an extract from a letter received by Mr. Griffiths from a young German girl who has spent some time at our school and who visited the International Meeting:

“... But the happenings in Hungary and Egypt in the last weeks have shaken this belief in me (the belief in an ultimate world

peace). I once read in a book by Stefan Zweig, who worked all his life for peace among the peoples, and who realised in 1939 that he had not achieved anything and that everything had been in vain, that there will be a war if only a few politicians want it, and that we can not hinder them. I think this is terrible, and I do not want to believe it, but I am afraid it is true. But in spite of everything that has happened I do not believe it. And now my question is: Could you tell me anything which I could do, what anyone, who has as little power as we have, could do to work for peace in the world? But I am afraid there is no answer to that, as not even the powerful politicians in the U.S.A. and other countries seem to be able to help. When I heard that the Soviet troops were fighting against the Hungarians, I was convinced that Mr. Eisenhower had the right to send troops and help the Hungarians. But now I know that he would have started a third world war by that, and that he would not have helped the Hungarians much by bringing the most terrible war on mankind. I feel guilty to sit here in a warm house, to have enough food and be safe, and not do anything for those poor people. We went collecting money from house to house, my parents gave some money and clothes, but I feel that that is nothing at all.

“There is still one other thing on my mind for which I, myself, can find no answer. Our country is now building a new army, and up to now I was against any army at all. But now I ask myself: Is it really right to refuse to go into the army? A country without an army can not exist in this world. I know that it is not right to kill anyone, and that those soldiers who are fighting against us are our brothers and do not like war either. But suppose a country, for instance, the Soviets, start a war and want to conquer the whole world. Have you not to fight for your freedom then? Would it be right if a whole country or the whole western world would let them do what they like?

“I do not know what to think and what to believe, and nobody I have asked so far could give me an answer”

United Nations Week

THIS year, United Nations Week in the School was celebrated in a different way. Suzanne Brown, the head prefect, read an account in Assembly of the plight of refugees and the effort which was being made by the United Nations Association on their behalf. It was decided that the most worthwhile contribution we could make would be to support the local effort on behalf of refugees.

Miss Joyce Johns, an old pupil, opened the fund by giving an illustrated lecture on her work in a displaced persons' camp in Germany. To publicize this, Form III divided the borough and the countryside around into districts and arranged that a pamphlet was put into each house. It was decided at the meeting to make a house-to-house collection. Many adults helped, but the brunt of the work was borne by the School. Form III again arranged that every house in the borough received an envelope and some literature. The collection of the envelopes was carried out mainly by Form VI and a tribute must be paid to them for the thoroughness and keenness with which they carried out this work. It was heartening to see that much of it was done by the boys of Form VI.

This collection was made before the horrors in Hungary broke out and it is encouraging to realise that it did not need this immediate and recent catastrophe to awaken the imagination of the School to our responsibility towards the problem of the refugee.

The total collection was over £188.

The Songs of Birds

I SHALL always remember the wonderful morning when I awoke under canvas just as the sun was spilling his golden light over the lip of the horizon. As the faint morning mist began to disperse a robin near at hand started his gay "pip-pip," "tic-tic" in welcome to the dawn. Gradually, perhaps awakened by this blythe messenger of the day, the others of the pinioned host took up the song, swelling into a mighty and wonderful chorus. I can almost hear them now in full song.

Thompson called the lark the messenger of morn in "The Seasons," but I most often heard this tiny songster when I climbed the Blackford Hill of Scott's "Marmion," on the outskirts of Edinburgh, to lie on the sweet-smelling grass at its top with the sun beating down from a clear summer sky. As I gazed up at the tiny, singing black speck in the heavens it was not difficult to realise why Shakespeare wrote in "Cymbeline."

"Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings." But I think that the wonderful, heart-rending song of this tiny pilgrim of the sky is best expressed in Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark," where he talks to the bird as a spirit:

"That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

The silent hawks, wheeling around, would swoop down towards the pond at the hill's foot where children used to feed the wild ducks swimming on its calm waters. The soft murmur and the grating "currah" of the tufted ducks, bobbing on the surface like corks or diving suddenly in search of succulent weeds, mingled with the cries of the children. The handsome Mallard drakes preened their greenish-black feathers on the banks, muttering to themselves, while the little brown ducks pursued one another with loud "quacks," or called their ducklings to them with gentle and soothing "dreeks." On one bank the mute swan would build her nest each year and stand guard with her mate, fiercely hissing at any who dared approach too close to her chosen nesting site. It is perhaps odd that such a graceful and beautiful bird should have for song merely a grunt or angry hiss. It would seem that beauty in form and feathers cannot combine with a beautiful song.

If I descended on the side of the hill away from the city I would find myself in the cool walk among the tall trees of the Braid Valley. Somewhere among the leafy roof above the "caw" of rooks and the drowsy "cooing" of wood pigeons provided a pleasant accompaniment to a Sunday walk, broken only by the loud laugh of a green woodpecker, or the harsh chatter of a magpie as it fled from the approach of human steps.

I can remember many years ago wandering alongside a narrow, sluggish stream whose green waters were bordered in places by tall reeds. A moorhen hastily left the reeds, squawking at my approach and calling her brood to follow as she swam swiftly upstream. The bubbling note of a sedge-warbler filled the air, vying with the amazingly loud trills of a tiny wren who had built her nest in a nearby wall.

Always, whether in country or in town, we have the birds singing at our back doors. The merry twittering of the little brown sparrow has always filled our ears through all the seasons of the year. On days when soft rain washes the green leaves in summer, the blackbird, his black feathers glistening, will sit on a tree branch and fill the air with his exuberant song. This can be matched almost by the singing of the mistle-thrush or "storm cock," so called because of his habit of sitting in the topmost branches of a tree during a storm, singing. I have heard this song often and on calmer days the song is taken up by his smaller cousin, the song thrush, whose greater variety of song is more beautiful, but no less wild pleasure. In various places, enjoying a free walk through fields, I have heard the cuckoo in a tree, the lapwing in the fields, the thrush's joyous

thrice-repeated song and the blackbird's notes issuing from a mass of bramble. This latter reminded me of Burns' words in "Alton Water":

"Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild-whistling blackbird in yon thorny den."

At approach of evening the birds gradually become silent as they seek the safety of tree branches to roost. The nightingale and the blackbird alone remain, the latter to sing a last song before dusk. The plaintive cry of a curlew floats over the moors as the red rim of the sun at last vanishes from sight.

Now the nocturnal birds hold full sway in the woods and fields and I have often lain awake into the night listening to the distant, eerie hooting of a tawny owl as it seeks its prey, or heard the low purr of a night-jar lulling me asleep.

ELEANOR BIRRELL, Upper VI.

REVIEWS

Whizz for Atoms

GEOFFREY WILLARS and RONALD SEARLE

Max Parrish 9/6

"WHIZZ for Atoms" or "A guide to survival in the 20th century for fellow pupils, their dotting maters, pompous paters and any others who are interested."

All those intellects who have a luv for classical literature will probably hav read and appreciated "Down with Skool" and "How to be Topp." Nigel Molesworth's two super smashing (hem-hem) works, and will be familiar with Peason--Molesworth's grate frend, Molesworth 2, his bro, fotherington Tomas, whd hav a face like a litel gurl and is a wet and a weed.

Our author, Nigel Molesworth, gives us a spirited "Guide to Gurls," in which he informs us that "all gurls are soppo"—a fact known to all boys. "But," sa fotherington Tomas, "gurls can be very interesting companions as you will find when you gro older.

However, Molesworth thinks that the only bond between boys and gurls is that the skools they go to are SIMPLY SHOCKING.

What will the terrible future bring. Will we become Oeufs as Molesworth predicts, or shall we learn to have more culture and a cleaner brane and become a Young Elizabethan.

One of Molesworth's helpful hints is the Molesworth Master-Meter (a very useful article for young, up and coming schoolboy villains to make). Masters are everywhere. Chiz! Curses! A machine like this is a pressing need, for it tells you when Masters are prowling around (Nota bene, scientists—there will be a grate demand for this soon).

Molesworth has an idea that "All books which boys have to read are wrong"—an idea shared by many schoolboys of today, and one which has to be quelled by masters.

Why should school boys be down trodden? Fill in the end-of-term Report on Beaks, and get your revenge.

"Fellow-weede," sa Molesworth, "Have you thort wot will become of you? Have you tried yore best? No! Have you been well mannered to beaks? No! Wot is going to become of you?"

Perhaps the Prophet Molesworth will find an answer soon.

In writing his book, Molesworth hav tried to show you all his xperiences at skool, and all the wheezes which take place. He wold like to thank all those who hav helped him rite HIS BOOK.

ROSEMARY ANDREW, Lower VI Arts.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor"

THE lapse of two years had brought some extra nerves, perhaps. Some additional wondering whether the pool of experienced players had dried out at the edges and we might be stuck for a bit player here and there. Wondering too whether metropolitan audiences would try our wilderness for four nights walking. And a difficult play—no poetry and a lot of straw for the groundlings. It was a time perhaps for bitten finger-ends.

But curtain-up!—and what did we see? Players something under-rehearsed, maybe, on the first night (which in the auditorium was also the thinnest), but improving in individual interpretation with each performance, so much so that any visitor on the Friday and Saturday might well be forgiven for wondering at the facility, confidence and cohesion of the cast together. Of the set much might be said in exploratory praise: it was colourful, ingeniously convenient (as Mr. Cooper's creations always are) and at the end gloriously knotted and boled. Could one get nearer the forest than this? Mr. Lloyd and his gnomes made not merely trees walk, but leaves in carpet rustle. Branches jagged the skyline. Windsor Castle itself broke through the gloom like a topographical voice of comfort.

Of the production again much might be written. Briefly, its great virtues were speed—O thrice blessed he whose intervals are short and whose apron is much used—good crowdwork and confidence (not unconnected with the provision of satisfactory business for each character who needed it) and judicious cutting. If there be criticism, it may be directed against the actual speaking of players other than those most experienced (but what producer for time's sake has not to sacrifice something?) and this may be the place to offer them a word of counsel. A critic of a recent production of Shaw's *Pygmalion* acidly observed: "Mr. Doolittle was played by a natural comedian, but he could have reinforced his gifts with a little more attention to enunciation." From this the eye is not far to Windsor. More than one of the players imagined a funny manner sufficient. I would suggest that even comedians—and perhaps comedians more than anybody—need to learn to speak properly (and I am not here referring to any kind of accent) before they can work their material to maximum effect. Is there any reason why the audience should not know the whole of what they are being funny about? But enough!—lest I give the impression that such strictures apply to the cast in general. Which would be wate of the truth.

The play's real weakness comes at the end. What to do about the feeble scene under Herne's Oak which makes of Sir John Falstaff such a dolt that he can best be played like a pantomime Idle Jack? Here I would have suggested that the only hope is to speed and fantasticize: let Sir Hugh Evans be fey enough for ten of his train, let the dancers circle too quickly for the eye, mazing both Sir John and the audience; and let the entire company disguise and fantasticize their voices, not out of recognition, but out of the heavy awkwardness of the rest of the play. This may be asking a lot, simply in order to cover a Shakespearean defect that many do not notice. But dramatically the change is very marked, and this production did not entirely escape it. The fairies, though undeniably handsome, were equally obviously solid, and Mistress Anne Page looked not a little embarrassed at having to play Fairy Queen to them. The Musical Comedy effect is not a matter of lighting or staging; it is in the nature of the text and no School production need be blamed for sagging a little where professionals have reached the prone.

This apart, the performance left no room for quibble. Its general level was admirable, and most of the main players deserve very high praise indeed. *Sir John* first, by right of sheer weight. David Thomas squeezed out of him whatever this butt has left, this name-figure from the liverier Falstaff of *Henry IV, Part 1*. For some he did not bellow enough; he could perhaps have prayed for his sack more loudly. But continual bellow-

ing is a strain both to player and audience, as David discovered. Every night his performance developed, grew subtler and softer; no wit that he could extract did he miss. And if in the end he was still something of the "mechanical, salt-butter rogue" that he called *Ford* (what is a salt-butter rogue anyway?) I hold Shakespeare to blame for that. It is a central but underwritten part.

Next I take *Sir Hugh Evans* and *Dr. Caius*, as the supporters, heraldically, of the central weight of folly. Kenneth MacGarvie's *Sir Hugh* was played a trifle too straight for my finicking (I should have preferred him less solid and venerable, more ferrety-faced and queer), but there was never any doubt of his command of the stage nor fear that he would fail to point a line. I do not argue the veracity of his accent, whether of Pontycymmer or Pontllanfraith (should it have been Fluellen-Welsh anyway?): he sang to himself in so grievous a voice that all the Celtic fringes shook and only Gallia stood firm. This was a fine, clear rendering. *Dr. Caius*, on the other hand, was from another dimension. Gordon Rickard played him magnificently and out of reason. I heard it said that his French accent couldn't be understood. I give not the proverbial two hoots. People who couldn't understand the spirit and gist of his words wouldn't see the Eiffel Tower from a couple of miles off. *Dr. Caius* was military, tense, absurd and entirely laughable. This was a first-class performance.

On *Ford*, that curd of jealousy, collects much of the plot's whey. Stephen Brown girded well and gnashed; his soliloquies were particularly good (indeed part of the trouble with the Herne's Oak moonshine is that *Ford* is in the joke by that time): as *Brook* he made *Sir John* the longest and most difficult speech in the play with a clarity of emphasis that was a model for all. Only once or twice did I wish that he had varied his tactics more—sneered occasionally with lip sinister rather than bawled allargando. But a very good performance, on which much depended.

The ladies, whom I lack chivalry to have left so long, were collectively no whit behind. Pride of place must go to Eira Brickle as *Mistress Quickly*, if only because her contact with the audience was absolute. Nobody was in doubt for a second of what was afoot when she was on stage. Miscast, perhaps? Too graceful, ladylike? Not enough of the common go-between? But a clear, forthright performance that well deserved the acclamations it received. Suzanne Brown's *Mistress Ford* comes second only because she had less to do. For an unforced, stage-easy and faintly rustic interpretation this was really excellent. I had no care except to wish her longer. *Mistress Page*, though less central to the action, is considerably more verbose. Eleanor Birrell largely overcame a tendency to hurry, and the outlines of her characterisation needed no improvement. Here and there, however—and especially in the Herne the Hunter speech—there was a lack of attention to emphasis which lost her performance a point or two.

The lesser characters offered greater variety. Christopher Law as *Page* looked well but spoke less smoothly than he looked. Michael Willis as *Slender* was within reach of being very good. A tendency to hurry, both in word and effect, just spoiled some of his longer appearances. William Tucker's *Fenton* was clear but hardly impassioned, and Yvonne Richards's *Anne Page* rather disappointing for one of her experience. The part may appear nothing but sweetness and light. Close attention to the text, however, can (and should) produce greater variety. From the first brush with *Slender*, off whom she never took her eyes—and this was surely wrong—Yvonne looked decorative but rarely happy.

David Griffiths's *Host* was something of a mystery. Often athletically comic, he occasionally made the most of his lines. On other occasions he swallowed them. He is promising enough to need (and, hope, heed) advice about concentration and enunciation. Rodney Cook (*Nym*), who is in something of the same case, managed to be very funny when he had the chance and almost persuaded me once that it was possible to pad

The Bard. David Pearson as *Pistol* was more careful but also more wooden. Much can be made of *Simple* and Malcolm Morgan made some of it. But there is no substitute for audibility, a fact which Eric Golding as *Shallow* also needed to mark. Excellent in mannerism and improving in voice, he was still liable to let drift scenes which he should have managed more clearly. John Trice as *Rugby* and Graham Phillip as *Bardolph* did well all that was expected of them.

If playgoers who enjoyed the performances without reservation find criticisms such as these unnecessarily searching, I would remind them first that they are made for the future guidance and benefit of the performers. In the second place, very few, if any, of the shortcomings noted scarred the play seriously. Almost every scene was *managed* by the chief players, and it was only in odd moments when the plot brought together two lesser wights that an occasional lack of expertise could be observed. Undoubtedly the producer deserves very high praise for managing so many for so long and to such good effect. I wager that many parents and friends who beforehand thought rather glumly of their Shakespearean evening had not expected to be so entertained both by voice and spectacle. If the School Play never falls below this level, it will have a very great deal of which to be proud.

But what about one hundred per cent. support next year, School? There were three good houses and one not so good. Why not four full? Or even five?

The producer was Mr. G. S. Shaw, and the residue of those in the cast or behind the scenes was as follows:—

Children of Windsor: Sandra Bradshaw, Maureen Campodonic, Ann Deveson, Jacqueline Evans, Jane Evans, Marion Gough, Sally Jones, Suzanne King, Joan Morgan, Peggy Prout, Susan Saunders, Audrey Thomas.

Singers: Joan Allington, Anne Campodonic, Rhona Gassner, Margaret Thomas.

Set: Designed and painted by Mr. K. A. Cooper, with the assistance of Jennifer Jones, Janet Saunders, Geoffrey Bettison, Eric Golding and Michael Willis.

Dance in Act II arranged by Miss M. J. Jones.

Stage Manager: Mr. D. E. Lloyd, with the assistance of Norman Mowlam, Tony Smith, Michael Dyson, Jeffrey Owen, Nicholas Tebbutt, Keith Lewis, John Pritchard, William Watson, John Hammond and Richard Morgan.

Lighting: George McLean, James Croft.

Wardrobe Mistress: Miss A. R. Lewis Davies.

Make-up: Miss J. Bishop, Miss C. E. Brown, Mr. C. Gammon.

Business Manager: Miss H. Hughes.

Prompter: Margaret Thomas.

Costumes: Charles Fox Ltd.

" Much Ado About Nothing "

MORDANT and incisive criticism had predisposed us to endure for art's sake an unenviable afternoon's Shakespeare. But whether it was our proximity to the stage which dazzled our critical faculties, or the masterly way in which the well-known lines were delivered, we thoroughly enjoyed the Old Vic production of " Much Ado About Nothing."

Barbara Jefford and Keith Michell as Beatrice and Benedick bickered pleasantly throughout; no one will deny that Benedick's " eavesdropping scene," although requiring more than usual " willing suspension " of



Miss Dora Lewis and Mr. T. G. Michael present tennis trophies to Eva Buhk and Margaret Thomas.



ROUNDERS TEAM, 1956

Standing—Rae Gammon, Sheila Jones, Rhona Gassner, Delphia Welham.

Sitting—Mrs. Ebsworth, Jean Crutchley, Suzanne Brown, Jean Devote, Mr. Mathias.

In Front—Gwyneth James, Margaret Thomas.



1st CRICKET XI, 1956

Standing—George Jones, John Carr, Eilwyn Morris, Michael Owen, Ivor Davies, Bryn Price, Malcolm Davies, David Morgan.

Sitting—Mr. Devereux, George Reynolds, Stephen Brown, Clive Harkett (captain), John Jones, Keith Smith, Mr. Mathias.



Mr. Hunt, the farm bailiff, shows some of the boys from the Agricultural stream methods of raising turkeys under infra-red lamps.

disbelief, was entirely successful, due to the uproarious silent acting of Benedick, who, in this respect, surpassed Beatrice's acting in her corresponding scene.

Of the minor parts, the character of Ursula springs readily to mind—for what, in the text, is little more than a nonentity, became, in the skilful hands of Rosemary Webster, a fluttering, affected and striking chit. John Fraser, in the part of Claudio, never really came to life, and slipped with apparent ease from the love of the insipid Hero to disbelief in her, until the last uncomfortable scene at the churchyard. But here, one felt, the fault lay with Shakespeare alone.

The two "shallow fools," Dogberry and Verges, brought visual comedy to their lively acting and the scene of investigation, with Dogberry's persistent "I am an ass," remains pleasantly in the mind as does Don Pedro's authentic Elizabethan pose. Borachio and Conrade brought a rather dull scene into perspective with their comic portrayal of drunkards.

Despite sustained performances from the whole cast, it is to Benedick that most of the praise must fall. His vitality, which he succeeded in infusing into the rest of the cast, can be best summed up in Shakespeare's own words:

"From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth."

R.C. and J.G.

School Notes

At the beginning of the year the Prefects were:—

Glyndwr:

Suzanne Brown (Head Prefect), Delphia Welham, Awena Jones*, Ann Woolnough*, Gordon Rickard, David Weale, Christopher Law, Fred Breese*.

Pictou:

Jennifer Gordon, Pat Kavanagh, Margaret Thomas*, Clive Harkett (Head Prefect), Jeremy Gordon, William Tucker, David Thomas*.

Hywel:

Sheila Donovan, Yvonne Richards, Eleanor Birrell, Beti Evans*, Stephen Brown, Kenneth McGarvie, Graham Phillips** George McLean*.

Tudor:

Ruth Cole, Joan Carr, Eira Brickle, Pauline Armitage, Jean Devote*, Ann Campoionic*, Georg Grossmann, William Watson*, Robert Howe*.

* Sub-prefects.

The following have entered University Colleges:—Gillian Lewis, Michael Owen (Cardiff), Davina Evans, Sheila Donovan (Swansea); George Reynolds (Jesus College, Oxford).

The following have entered Training Colleges this term:—Joan Lewis (Wrexham), Margaret Phillips (Swansea), Margaret Scarr (Hereford), Mary Phillips (Newton Park, Bath).

National Service has claimed the following:—Michael Thomas, Bryn Price, David Gwyther and John Thomas.

Valmai Jones has entered St. Godric's Secretarial College and David Horn is now at Chelsea Art College.

Fredrica Bearne is now a probationer nurse at the Meyrick Hospital, Pembroke Dock. Timothy Mason is doing one year's agricultural work on Stackpole Home Farm preparatory to going to Seal Hayne Agricultural College. Malcolm Davies is having one year on a farm, then going to Aberystwyth to take the N.P.P.

Two German pupils have spent the term with us, Brigitte Vogk and Hartmut Gabler, from Stuttgart. We hope they have enjoyed their stay with us.

SCHOOL DIARY : AUTUMN TERM, 1956

Tuesday, 4 September :—	Term began.
Monday, 10 September :—	Visit of Ballets Minerva.
Wednesday, 19 September :—	Arrival of Brigitte Vogt and Hartmut Gabler.
Monday, 1 October :—	Lecture by Rev. W. E. French, of the Baptist Missionary Society.
Thursday, 4 October :—	Lecture by Mr. A. S. Ryan on Jamaica.
Friday, 5 October :—	School photograph taken by Buchanan Ltd.
Wednesday, 10 October :—	Concert by Madame Marianne Mislak-Kapper (mezzo-soprano).
Wednesday, 24 October :—	Visit of representatives of the Central Youth Employment Executive.
Thursday, 25 October :—	Barnardo Box-Opening. Arts Council Art Films. Assembly: Anne Campodonic spoke on "Ferdinand de Lesseps." A party visited "Iolanthe" at Haverfordwest.
Monday, 29 October :—	
Friday, 2 November :—	Half-term.
Thursday, 8 November :—	Assembly: Kenneth MacGarvie spoke on "Dr. John Dalton."
Monday, 19 November et seq :—	Medical Examination by Dr. Harrison.
Wednesday, 21 November :— for four nights :—	School Play: "The Merry Wives of Windsor."
Thursday, 22 November :—	Talk by Mr. John Barclay on International Help for Children.
Friday, 7 December :—	Prize Day. Guests of Honour :—A. B. Oldfield-Davies, C.B.E., M.A., B.B.C. Controller, Wales, and Mrs Oldfield-Davies.
Monday, 10 December :—	IInd Form Party.
Wednesday, 12 December :—	IIIRD Form Party.
Thursday, 13 December :—	IVth Form Party.
Friday, 14 December :—	Young Farmers Club Party.
Monday, 17 December :—	Senior Party.
Tuesday, 18 December :—	Urdd Party.
Wednesday, 19 December :—	Term ended.

W.J.E.C. Results, 1956, Ordinary Level

V Remove

Rosemary Andrew—English Language, English Literature, French*, Geography, Cookery.
Ann Bainbridge—English Language, English Literature, Welsh*, Scripture, History, Geography.
Hazel Davies—English Language, English Literature, Welsh*, History, Art.
Mary Jones—English Language, English Literature, French*, History, Geography, Mathematics.
Yvonne Mansell—English Language, English Literature, French*, History, Mathematics, Cookery.
David Pearson—English Language, English Literature, German*, Scripture, History, Geography, Mathematics.
Denise Tyndall—English Language, English Literature, French*, History, Geography, Mathematics.

VX

Leonard Allen—English Language.
John Berridge—Special Examination in Arithmetic.
Glenys Cole—German, Needlework.
John Gough—English Literature, Geography, Biology, Woodwork.
Robert John—Woodwork.
Jennifer Jones—English Language, French*, Biology, Art, Needlework.
Margery Paine—Biology, Cookery, Needlework, Homecraft, Special Examination in Arithmetic.
Gillian Preece—Art.
Gregory Ralph—Woodwork.
Patricia Roberts—English Literature, Needlework.
Keith Smith—Woodwork.
Mary Thomas—English Language, English Literature, Scripture, Cookery.
Joyce Willoughby—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Cookery, Homecraft.

VO

Charlotte Ambrose—Scripture, History, Mathematics, Art.
Olive Binger—English Language, French*, Mathematics, Cookery, Commercial Subjects.
Graham Campodonic—Geography, Biology.
Gretel Charles—French, Scripture, Art.
David Darlington—English Literature, History, Geography, Woodwork.
John Ebsworth—History.
Paul Evans—English Language, Geography, Biology, Woodwork.
Rae Gamman—English Language, History, Geography, Commercial Subjects.
Valerie Gough—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Cookery, Needlework.
Brian Griffiths—Welsh, Mathematics.
Doreen Harris—Geography, Mathematics, Biology, Needlework.
John Jenkins—English Language, Geography, Mathematics, Physics.
David John—German*, Geography, Woodwork.
Cyril MacCallum—English Literature, Biology, Homecraft, Special Examination in Arithmetic.
Rhona Miller—Scripture, History, Economics, Special Examination in Arithmetic.
Bernadine Murphy—English Literature, Economics, Biology.
John Ougham—Mathematics, Chemistry, Geology.
Edgar Owen—Mathematics, Physics, Biology.
John Phillips—English Language, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Biology, Woodwork.

Olive Rees—English Literature, Geography, Scripture.
 Janet Saunders—English Language, English Literature, French*, German*, Art.
 Joan Thomas—English Language, English Literature, Welsh*, Music, Needlework.
 Cyril Williams—Homecraft.

VR

Geoffrey Bettison—English Language, History, Geography, Art.
 Pamela Brown—English Language, English Literature, French*, German*, History, Cookery.
 Moire Carolan—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Cookery, Needlework.
 John Carr—French*, Geography, Chemistry, Biology, Woodwork.
 Veronica Collins—English Language, English Literature, French*, Scripture, Geography, Biology, Art.
 Ruth Dony—English Language, Welsh*, French*, Geography, Mathematics.
 Ann Fraser—English Language, English Literature, German*, History, Geography, Cookery.
 Eric Golding—English Language, Welsh*, Geography, Mathematics, Art.
 Patricia Greenhow—French, Scripture, History, Geography, Art.
 Alun Griffiths—English Language, Welsh*, History, Geography, Art.
 Robert Lloyd—History, Art.
 John McNally—Welsh, History, Geography, Mathematics, Art.
 David Morgan—French, History, Geography, Mathematics, Woodwork.
 Malcolm Morgan—English Language, Welsh, Mathematics, Physics, Woodwork.
 Eilwyn Morris—English Language, English Literature, Welsh*, History, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry, Woodwork.
 Patricia Oliver—English Language, French*, German*, Geography, Mathematics, Cookery.
 John Rees—Welsh, History, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics.
 Ann Roberts—Latin, History, Geography, Mathematics.
 William Scone—History, Geography.
 Maxwell Smith—English Language, English Literature, French*, History, Geography, Mathematics, Art.
 Barbara Thomas—English Language, English Literature, Biology, Cookery, Homecraft.
 John Thomas—English Language.
 Margaret Thomas—Latin, History, Geography, Mathematics, Art.
 John Trice—English Language, English Literature, French, History, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry, Art.
 Dorothy Uphill—Biology, Human Biology, Homecraft.
 Marina Watkins—English Language, English Literature, Welsh*, French*, History, Cookery.
 Michael Willis—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Art.
 Ann Woolnough—History, Geography.

Commercial VI :

Julie Berntzen—Commercial subjects.
 Rhona Gassner—Geography, Commercial subjects.
 Vivien Paine—Mathematics.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

Julie Berntzen—Book-keeping and Typewriting, Stage I.
 Olive Binger—Book-keeping, Stage I.
 Rae Gamman—Book-keeping and Typewriting, Stage I.
 Rhona Gassner—Book-keeping, Stage I.
 Vivien Paine—Book-keeping, Stage I.

LVI :

Frederick Breeze—Mathematics.
 Ann Campodonic—Latin.
 Malcolm Davies—General Science.
 Christopher Macken—Economics.
 Timothy Mason—Agricultural Science.
 Richard May—Mathematics.
 Bryn Price—Economics.
 Margaret Scarr—Economics.
 David Thomas—Physics (Ordinary), Pure Mathematics (Advanced), Applied Mathematics (Advanced).
 Michael Thomas—Geography, Physics.
 Delphia Welham—History.
 Georg Grossmann—Mathematics, Chemistry, Practical Plane and Solid Geometry.
 George Jones—French*.

ADVANCED LEVEL**Upper VI.**

Pauline Armitage—Botany (Advanced), Zoology (Advanced), Chemistry (Ordinary).
 Eira Brickle—English (Advanced), Welsh (Ordinary).
 Stephen Brown—Pure and Applied Mathematics (Advanced), Physics (Advanced).
 Suzanne Brown—English (Advanced), Welsh (Ordinary), History (Ordinary).
 Joan Carr—Botany (Advanced), Zoology (Ordinary).
 Ruth Cole—English (Advanced with Distinction), French (Ordinary), History (Ordinary).
 James Croft—Botany (Ordinary), Zoology (Ordinary).
 Sheila Donovan—English (Advanced with Distinction), History (Advanced), French (Ordinary).
 Davina Evans—English (Advanced), Art (Advanced), Scripture (Ordinary).
 Jennifer Gordon—English (Advanced with Distinction), History (Advanced), Latin (Ordinary).
 Jeremy Gordon—Physics (Ordinary), Botany (Ordinary).
 Clive Harkett—Pure and Applied Mathematics (Advanced).
 David Horn—Geography (Advanced), Art (Advanced).
 Awena Jones—English (Advanced), German (Ordinary).
 Valmai Jones—English (Advanced), History (Ordinary), Biology (Ordinary).
 Gillian Lewis—Botany (Advanced), Zoology (Advanced), Chemistry (Ordinary).
 Joan Lewis—Welsh (Ordinary), Scripture (Ordinary).
 Sandra Loveluck—English (Advanced), Scripture (Advanced).
 Kenneth MacGarvie—Pure and Applied Mathematics (Advanced), Physics (Ordinary).
 George McLean—Pure and Applied Mathematics (Advanced), Physics (Advanced), Chemistry (Ordinary).
 Michael Owen—Pure and Applied Mathematics (Advanced), Physics (Advanced), Chemistry (Ordinary).
 Margaret Phillips—Geography (Ordinary).
 George Reynolds—Pure Mathematics (Advanced), Applied Mathematics (Advanced), Physics (Advanced).
 Yvonne Richards—English (Advanced), Scripture (Advanced).
 Gordon Rickard—Pure and Applied Mathematics (Advanced), Engineering Drawing (Ordinary).
 William Tucker—Botany (Advanced), Zoology (Advanced), Chemistry (Ordinary).
 David Weale—Pure and Applied Mathematics (Advanced), Physics (Ordinary), Chemistry (Ordinary).
 * With oral proficiency.

The School Farm

As this is the first account of the School Farm to appear in "Penvro" it would be well first of all to introduce to you the various animals. We have a good collection of cattle, pigs, sheep, poultry and turkeys, but no horses. Working horses are no longer of much importance in Britain, where the farms are the most highly mechanised in the world and in great contrast to European countries where not only the horse, but the bullock is still used as a draught animal. If we had a horse on the School Farm we would be at a loss to find work for it, as everything is designed to work off the tractor.

Most important among the animals are the cattle. Our herd of pedigree British Friesians was established in 1955 by the purchase of ten cows from well-known local breeders. These are no ordinary nondescript cattle, but aristocrats with a recorded ancestry extending back over many generations. However, they are not valued only on pedigree, but also on ability to fill the pail every morning and evening. Up to date our best cow, Bierspool Sheena, has given 1,544 gallons of milk in ten months, which is worth about £250. Soon after the cows arrived on the farm they gave birth to six heifer and four bull calves. But so far this year we have not been so fortunate, having one heifer and five bull calves! We hopefully look forward to having some heifer calves from those cows yet to calve.

Every pedigree herd bears a distinctive name or prefix, which in our case is "Wogan"—suggested, of course, by the Wogan cave close by.

As we did not select the native cattle breed of Wales for the School Farm and not wishing to appear unpatriotic, we choose the native breed for our pigs. The Welsh pig, until recently, was not well known outside Wales, but is now increasing in popularity. The Farm has a small but select herd, the breeding sows being the daughters of the supreme champion at the Royal Welsh Agricultural Show at Haverfordwest in 1955.

At present, Betina is the favourite among the pigs. She is a well-mannered matron and when stroked will lie down and grunt with pleasure. She is due to give birth to a litter of pigs in the near future. Betina is an excellent mother and has already reared litters of 12 and 10. This is what we call prolificacy!

The traditional method of rearing pigs is to allow them to suckle their mother for about two months, and the sow is expected to produce litters every year. With the latest method, however, the pigs only suckle their mother for 10-14 days; they are then fed with a special powdered milk substitute containing, among other things, penicillin or aureomycin. They are given water to drink and are kept warm by means of infra red lamps. The advantages of this method are that the pigs grow faster and the sow produces three litters in 14 months instead of two in 12 months.

Judging from the sale of eggs from the Tuck Shop, the laying hens seem to be much appreciated. Hens are interesting creatures—they simply eat and lay eggs and cackle incessantly when they are happy. They are very nervous and before entering the hen house the poultryman must knock on the door to announce his presence, otherwise they will fly about the house in fright and the result will be fewer eggs the following day. So you see, as with everything else on the farm the method of approach is very important.

The turkeys are of a very different nature. They have a lower I.Q. and only think of food—and their fate this Christmas!

Recently we purchased twenty lambs which are being fattened for sale early in the new year. We are looking forward to purchasing some breeding ewes next year and in the spring of 1958 to seeing some newly born lambs frisking about on the School playing-fields. When this has been accomplished we will have a comprehensive selection of livestock on the School Farm and it will provide a wonderful opportunity for the close study and observation of farm animals.

FINAL HOUSE POSITIONS—1955-56

		G	H	P	T
Academic	(30)	27.8	30.0	26.0	21.7
Sports	(20)	20.0	15.2	17.2	18.0
Rugby	(10)	10.0	5.0	2.0	5.0
Hockey	(10)	6.0	1.0	10.0	2.0
Cross-Country	(5)	4.9	5.0	4.4	3.8
Eisteddfod	(20)	27.9	17.1	30.0	23.2
Drama	(5)	3.0	5.0	1.0	1.0
		<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
		99.3	78.3	90.6	74.7
Detention		-10.0	-6.8	-6.8	-9.7
		<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total		89.3	71.5	83.8	65.0

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

Y.F.C.

THIS term the School has started a "Young Farmers' Club" and the Club now has a membership of approximately thirty.

The Club meetings are held every fortnight, but the attendance of the members varies according to the type of the meeting which is being held.

So far there have been three meetings, the first just a matter of form to elect committee members. The other two meetings, however, were both very interesting, although the first of the two, a talk by Mr. Jenkins on exporting pedigree stock to Spain was not so well attended as it might have been. The second meeting, however, a film shown by the Fison's representative, Mr. Philpin, was very well attended. This film called "The A.B.C. of N.P.K." (nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium), would have been very interesting had it not been for certain "sound effects" which issued forth from the loud-speaker. Mr. Philpin, however, made up for this loss by giving us a very interesting lecture on some slides plainly demonstrating the need for the correct use of fertilisers and sprays.

Later on this term Mr. Davies intends to take the Young Farmers' Club on visits to some of the interesting modern farms in this area.

As well as the farming side, the club also intends to run a social group, and some time in the near future it is intended that a Young Farmers' Club social will be held in order to raise funds.

Science Society

THE Society has had a flourishing start this term. At the beginning of the term the following officials were elected:—President, N. H. Greenwood; Chairman, J. Gordon; Vice-chairman, D. A. H. Weale; Secretary, G. D. McLean; Committee, P. Armitage, W. Watson.

The first talk was given on October 12th to an attentive audience by Pauline Armitage, who spoke on "Science and Survival." With many

touches of satirical humour, "Would you rather die painlessly now or painfully in ten years?" her talk was a great success.

At the second meeting George D. McLean gave a paper on "Navigation at Sea." He divided his talk into two parts, (i) "The history of the growth and development of the mariner's compass"; (ii) "Modern Aids to Navigation."

Future meetings arranged include talks on the growth and development of Cinematography, Photography, Life on Other Planets, etc., and we hope that we will see larger audiences attending what promise to be very interesting talks.

Debating Society

THIS term the Society has been making up for last year's inertia, and so far there have been two meetings. At the first it was decided that the officials who remained from last year would continue to hold office. Two vacancies were filled, so that the Committee consists of:—Chairman, Eira Brickle; Vice-chairman, David Thomas; Secretary, Anne Campodonic; Committee, Pauline Armitage, Patricia Kavanagh, Jennifer Gordon, Christopher Law, Stephen Brown and Rhona Gassner. The first meeting held on the 27th September was a light-hearted debate, the motion being that "The education of girls is a waste of time." Speakers for the motion were Mr. J. Thomas and Stephen Brown, while Miss C. Brown spoke against it. The motion was rejected by 21 votes to 8. The second meeting held on the 24th October took the form of "Any Questions?" and the panel consisted of David Thomas, Eleanor Birrell, Pauline Armitage, Michael Willis and Christopher Law. Both meetings were well enjoyed and it is hoped to have a more serious debate before the end of term.

The Urdd

THE first meeting of the Urdd this term was one of the most interesting and inspiring we have ever had. Miss Marion Jenkins, an old pupil of the school, who is now teaching at a blind school on the borders of Wales, told us something of the problems of teaching blind children. The talk was very well illustrated and she brought with her all the specialised apparatus used to teach these children. Many of the members had an opportunity afterwards to try their hand on braille frames. We saw the type of football they use and there were several examples shown of massive books written in braille. It is a pity that more of the upper school were not present to hear Miss Jenkins speaking because it is certain that this work would appeal to many of the pupils who intend taking up teaching as a career.

In the second meeting Mr. L. Thomas showed us his own coloured films taken during a long visit he spent in Germany. The photographs showed great skill in photography and his commentary on the ordinary, every-day aspects of life in Germany, which was the subject of many of the films, showed a kindly, sympathetic and appreciative attitude towards the people of that country.

Ducking-apple night was as usual a wet and boisterous affair.

The school was fortunate in being paid a visit by Mr. Challe, a school inspector from Tanganyika, who had come to see how the technical part of the school is being run. We took advantage of this and invited him to talk to us about his own country. It is refreshing during a period when oppression and the trampling under foot of human rights is the order of the day to hear a testimony like his from one of the most backward of African territories. He spoke of the way in which his fellow-countrymen

are gradually being taught the art of living, how doctors and missionaries from this country are gradually healing and curing the many diseases which ravage his country. The body of the African, as he stated, is "a walking zoological garden." He left with us a challenge when he asked: "How many of you, boys and girls, are going to come out to Africa and to Tanganyika to help us?"

There was also an evening when two films on Wales were shown: "Heritage" and "Song of Wales." There will be the usual Christmas party.

In future it is the aim of the committee to make the Urdd stand for more than what it has in the past and to give members more responsibility.

SCHOOL SPORT

CRICKET — SEASON 1956

THE School was at a great disadvantage throughout the season in having no ground. All home matches had to be played on borrowed grounds. In this connection thanks are extended to the Headmaster, Coronation Secondary School, Pembroke Cricket Club and S.A.A.A., Manorbier, for the loan of their respective grounds.

No ground meant no match practice and no fielding practice, and the result was clearly seen in the performances of the team. For part of the season three concrete practice wickets were in use, but even these could no longer be used after half-term. It would therefore be unfair to criticise the team's performance too severely. Harkett proved an excellent captain and was well supported by J. R. Jones (Vice-capt.) and S. F. Brown.

The Staff Match this year made history, as for the first time the Staff defeated the School. This success was almost entirely due to a fine all-round display by Mr. Hewish, who shared the wickets with Mr. J. L. Williams in the School innings, and went on to make a splendid 51 not out. The best performance by the School was the defeat of a strong Old Boys' XI by 9 wickets, after some sound batting by S. F. Brown and M. Davies.

C. Harkett, J. R. Jones, S. F. Brown, G. Reynolds and K. Smith played in the Pembrokeshire Secondary Schools' XI.

Colours were awarded to: C. Harkett, J. R. Jones, S. F. Brown and G. Reynolds.

The following boys represented the School during the season:—C. Harkett (Capt.), J. R. Jones (Vice-capt.), S. F. Brown (Committee), G. Reynolds, D. Morgan, M. Davies, E. Morris, K. Smith, G. Jones, B. Price, J. Carr, J. Gordon, I. Davies, J. Gough, G. Rickard, B. Griffiths.

Record for Season:

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	
	9	2	6	1	
Averages:					
Batting:					
	Innings	Runs	Not out	Average	
S. F. Brown	9	82	0	9.1	
E. Morris	8	54	1	7.7	
C. Harkett	9	66	0	7.3	
M. Davies	8	42	1	7.0	
J. R. Jones	9	48	1	6.0	
Bowling:					
	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
C. Harkett	27.4	7	74	11	6.7
J. R. Jones	25	7	72	10	7.2
B. Price	54.2	19	112	15	7.5
D. Morgan	49.4	22	91	8	11.4

Rounders, 1956

BECAUSE of bad weather conditions many of the rounders fixtures could not be played, but the 1st and 2nd IXs were successful in winning five out of the six matches played. The 1st IX was captained by Suzanne Brown with Jean Crutchley as vice-captain and secretary and Ann Wright was captain of the 2nd IX.

In the matches that were played Rhona Gassner and Jean Crutchley were the highest scorers with fifteen and eight rounders to their credit respectively. The 1st IX scored 44 rounders throughout the season, but the excellent fielding of Jean Devote (back stop), Margaret Thomas (1st post) and Delphia Welham (4th post) prevented opponents scoring more than eight rounders between them. There was keen competition in the inter-house and inter-form matches, but the focal point of the season was the staff versus school match at the end of term. Although superior on the hockey field the staff met their match in the 1st IX, who both out-fielded and out-batted them, winning by five rounders to two. Mr. Hewish and Mr. Mathias scored for the staff.

Teams his year were chosen from :—

1st IX : Gwyneth James*, Jean Devote*, Margaret Thomas*, Rhona Gassner*, Rae Gamman*, Delphia Welham*, Sheila Jones*, Suzanne Brown*, Jean Crutchley*, Gillian Garnham*, Eleanor Birreil, Jacky Hay, Joyce Willoughby*.

* Old colours. There were no new colours awarded this year.

2nd IX : Jacky Godfrey, Audrey Higgs, Myra Cook, Ann Wright, Verona Fox, Stella Donovan, Pat Bellerby, Gillian Garnham, Pam Clarke, Joyce Willoughby.

Game played were :—

1st IX

April 21st	Milford Haven G.S.	Away	Won	21½—4
April 28th	Narberth G.S.	Away	Won	13 — 0
May 5th	Tasker's H.S.	Away	Won	8 — 0
June 9th	Carmarthen G.S.	Away	Won	13½—4

2nd IX

April 21st	Milford Haven G.S.	Away	Won	11½—0
June 9th	Carmarthen G.S.	Away	Lost	1 — 6

Other Matches :

April 24th	Form 3 v. Form 4. IIIrd form (0), IVth form (8½).
May 4th	Form 4 v. Form Up. IV. IVth form (3½), Up. IV (8½).
May 10th	1st IX v. 2nd IX. 1st IX (2), 2nd IX (2).
June 5th	3rd Form IX v. Coronation 3rd Form IX. Won 9—3.
July 14th	1st IX v. Staff. Won 5½—3.

House Match Results :

Picton retained the cup presented by Rev. Garfield Davies, with Tudor as runner-up and Glyndwr and Hywel third and fourth respectively.

RUGBY RESULTS

1st XV (to date) :

September—						
25—Pembroke Dock 'A' (home)	Won	11	—	3	
29—Pembroke 'A' (home)	Won	15	—	0	
October—						
6—Haverfordwest G.S. (home)	Lost	0	—	3	
13—Aberayron C.S. (home)	Won	23	—	0	
20—Ardwyn G.S. (home)	Won	27	—	3	
27—Tenby G.S. (home)	Won	25	—	0	
November—						
10—Whitland G.S. (home)	Won	28	—	3	
17—Carmarthen G.S. (away)	Lost	5	—	15	
24—Aberayron C.S. (away)	Won	3	—	0	
December—						
1—Llanely G.S. (away)	Lost	0	—	24	
8—Gwendraeth G.S. (home)	Lost	0	—	11	
15—Cardigan G.S. (home)	Won	12	—	0	
19—Old Boys (home)					
Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Pts. For	Pts. Against	
12	8	4	0	149	62	

2nd XV :

September—						
22—Haverfordwest G.S. (away)	Won	6	—	3	
October—						
13—Fishguard S.S. (away)	Lost	3	—	9	
20—Ardwyn G.S. (home) — Cancelled.					
27—Tenby G.S. (home)	Won	19	—	0	
November—						
10—Pembroke Dock Youth (home)	Won	9	—	6	
17—Carmarthen G.S. (away) — Cancelled.					
24—Fishguard S.S. (home)	Lost	0	—	12	
15—Cardigan G.S. (home)	Won	3	—	0	
Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Pts. for	Pts. Against	
6	4	2	0	40	30	

OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

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

Chairman: Miss Kathleen Rouse. Vice-Chairman: Mrs. Eileen Macken.

Secretary: D. F. Hordley. Treasurer: M. G. Thomas.

Committee:

Miss Joan Tucker, Mrs. Joan Sudbury, Mrs. Joyce Hall, J. H. A. Macken,
John Ross, Dennis Lloyd, David John.

Magazine Editor: E. G. Davies.

AT the end of December the School suffered another severe loss when Mr. Sidney Evans followed Mr. George into retirement. It will be extremely odd to see someone else playing the piano for the choir on Prize Day and on other similar occasions. Who, too, will play for the "Policeman's Holiday," and so many other musical games, with such willingness at school parties? And where will the staff hockey team find such a goal-keeper, or the staff cricket team such a wicket-keeper? What is concerning the male members of the staff at the moment of writing is—who is going to pour out the tea at the break?

This seemingly facetious paragraph will, we hope, serve to show Mr. Evans's versatility, and the many sides of school life in which his presence will be missed. May we, on behalf of all Old Pupils, wish him a long and happy retirement, and invite him to visit the school whenever he can find time.

We have received an interesting article from Bernard Rouse, which we publish in this issue. He is now a Master-at-Arms in the Navy, and is at present serving on the aircraft carrier H.M.S. Eagle.

The Penfro is still lacking in news, more particularly of the older generation of Old Pupils. We appeal to our readers to pass on to us any news of themselves or of their friends. They can be quite sure that it will be interesting to many of their contemporaries.

A Bus Trip round Istanbul

SEEN from the Bosphorus, Istanbul is a mixture of old and new, Orient and Occident, with its Mosques and Minarets contrasting with the architecture of the ultra modern Hilton Hotel and like structures.

We landed at the Dolmabahce Jetty which is adjacent to the magnificent Dolmabahce Palace. This was built in 1857 by Sultan Abdulmecit to replace the old Seraglio Palace which is now a museum. The bus that I was to travel in was the outside one of a row, ancient and modern, all waiting to convey five hundred sight-seeing sailors. I was fortunate to be in a modern one with the added attraction of a female guide. A gentleman from Cook's boarded the bus and made the introductions, "Thissa your guide for today." A smile in return, a word to the driver, and off we went. There is no speed limit in Turkey, apparently, and seemingly no traffic regulations either, so with the comfort of cobbled streets, sudden stops and a hooting horn we made our way to the first place of interest, the Galata Bridge. This spans the Golden Horn and is the starting place for six ferry services. What Eastern seaport would be complete without ferries going hither and thither all day laden with jostling humanity? After crossing the Galata Bridge our first stop was at the Hippodrome Square which was laid out by Septimus Severus in 203 A.D.

At one end is the Kaiser Wilhelm Fountain, constructed in 1895 by Sultan Hamit II; on it the monogram of the Sultan and the Arms of the Kaiser can be seen in mosaic. In the Hippodrome Square are three objects of interest, the Obelisk of Theodosius, the Serpentine Column of Delphi and the Built Column. The first is the oldest historical monument in the city, originally erected in Heliopolis by Emperor Thutmarsus in 1471 B.C. and transported to Istanbul by Emperor Theodosius in 390 A.D. It is a single block of pink granite about eighty feet high covered with hieroglyphics. The Serpentine Column is of bronze, but now only the lower half remains; no doubt the upper half was removed by early Eastern "spivs." The Built Column was set up by the Emperor Constantin Porphyrogenet VII in 811 A.D. and was originally sheathed in bronze.

A short walk took us to the Sultan Ahmet or Blue Mosque. This magnificent building is the only Mosque in the world with six minarets; its name comes from the blue mosaics with which the interior is decorated. It is still in use, so before entering we removed our shoes. The paved floor is entirely covered with beautiful Persian carpets, some past their first flush of youth. The original oil lamps, like huge chandeliers, are now lit by electricity.

From there we walked to the Museum of Saint Sophia, originally the Church of Saint Sophia. This beautiful Church was built by Emperor Justinian in the sixth century and has the second largest dome in the world. It was used as a church up to 1453 and then became a Mosque; it became a museum by order of the Kemal Ataturk. Inside can be seen a number of beautiful mosaics, the best being one of the Virgin Mary and the Infant Jesus receiving the church and the city from Emperor Justinian and one of his ministers. The interior is not crammed full of "objets d'art" as one might expect, the main items of interest other than its architecture being the Devil Marbles, a pair of curiously marked marble slabs showing the head of the devil, a round marble water jar about three feet in diameter, and the Weeping Column. This marble column absorbs water from the foundations, and occasionally it seeps out above the level of the paved interior. At one time it was said that this water would restore the sight. In consequence a hole has been worn in the column and through the bronze sheath around it by the faithful anointing their sightless eyes. It is interesting to note that this Church was the centre of the Christian Church centuries before Saint Peter's of Rome was built.

Our next stop was the Seraglio Palace Museum, which was reached not without incident. To enter, one has to pass through three gates, the first being passed by bus. We approached at speed; we all closed our eyes. I feel sure our driver did also, the brakes were applied suddenly and we eased through with inches to spare. After parking outside the second gate, leaving all our cameras in the bus, we entered. We walked through an avenue of cypress trees flanked by rose gardens, and arrived at the third gate and passed within. Immediately inside was the Throne Room, with a verandah where visitors were received by the Sultan. To prevent unauthorised persons hearing State secrets this was surrounded by noisy water taps. The first section to be visited was the Caligraphic, where some wonderful examples of Arabic Caligraphic art were on view. Almost all the writings were extracts from the Koran, executed on vellum, parchment, leather and paper, surrounded by geometrical and floral designs. Moslems never copy humans or animals in their designs; the flowers mainly shown are tulips and carnations. In the Dress and Embroidery Section could be seen priceless robes and embroidered cloths, some hundreds of years old, many being jewelled as well as embroidered. The Porcelain section contains the most remarkable collection of Chinese Porcelains in the world, dating from the ninth to the thirteenth century. The Armoury had a priceless collection of bejewelled quivers, scabbards, pistols, muskets and swords, not to mention breastplates of gold. A suit of chain mail dating from the Crusades was also to be seen, together with a sword about eight feet long. The Treasury was absolutely fabulous, the item that took my eye

most of all being the Pearl Throne, which has two thousand five hundred matching pearls sewn on cloth of gold. A natural emerald as big as an egg was the largest gem on view. It would no doubt be impossible to assess the value of all the treasures we saw, but it would surely run into many millions of pounds. A display of jewelled and enamelled snuff-boxes was worthy of notice, as was one of the medals and decorations of past Sultans.

Our guide then got us together very quickly by saying that we would visit the Harem, and having done so dashed our hopes by saying that it was no use seeing a Harem without its inmates, but she assured me that it was vastly different from the Hollywood version. It certainly looked it, being bounded by high walls and barred windows.

Our next stop was the Underground Cistern or Reservoir. This was built by Justinian the Constructor in 532 A.D. to supply the city in time of siege. The roof is supported by three hundred and thirty-six columns, its length is three hundred and eighty-four feet, the width is one hundred and ninety-two feet and it is between twenty and thirty feet deep. There is now only about three feet of water, which collects by infiltration; it was originally supplied by aqueduct and in peace time was used to water the Palace Gardens.

From the underground Cistern to the Bazaar our journey turned out to be one of thrills. Our way led up a steep incline with a sharp turn to the left at the top. On taking this sharp turn we found our way blocked. At this our driver threw up his hands and uttered either an Islamic curse or prayer, grabbed the wheel and applied the brakes sharply. Owing to slight clutch trouble we were unable to re-start on the gradient, so had to reverse down the hill; this we did at about thirty miles an hour on the wrong side and after doing this three times some of us were prepared to walk. Our successful run uphill had to be seen to be believed. We rushed up the hill, swung to the left, and found our path almost blocked. Anyone but our driver would have reversed again, but not he; wheel to the right, wheel to the left, wheel to the right, and then we were through with forty ghostly passengers and a stream of curses behind from cab, car and lorry drivers, not to mention a donkey and cart on the pavement. After we had parked we walked a short distance to the Bazaar, where one could buy anything from the proverbial pin to a motor car (in bits). It is the largest covered Bazaar in the world and houses three thousand five hundred shops under one roof. It was originally built by Sultan Suleyman the Magnificent in 1548. It was destroyed by fire and rebuilt in 1898. After another fire in 1954 only one-third now remains. Here one can see oil lamps (Victorian vintage) rubbing shoulders with fluorescent tubes, charcoal heaters with electric fires, the old and the new in one vast pot-pourri of merchandise. After spending one hour in the bazaar purchasing curios and looking at whatever took our eyes, we made our way back to the bus and so to the jetty. When we had had our photos taken with our guide we said goodbye, regretfully to our guide and thankfully to our driver.

I remember my first bus ride vividly; I shall always remember this one, not only because I thought a number of times that it would be my last, but because the beauty and magnificence of the places visited left me spell-bound so many times.

BERNARD ROUSE.

News of Old Pupils

PEGGY Athoe (1939-46) resigned her post at Princess Helena College, Hitchin, Herts., at the end of the summer term. She has been accepted for training as an officer in the Women's Royal Army Corps, and joined the service at the end of September, for her basic training at the W.R.A.C. Depot, Guildford. After her recruit training she worked in the Depot's Education Centre until December 5, when she went to the Officer Cadet Wing of the W.R.A.C. School of Instruction for a three-month course.

Maureen Bermingham (1943-49) has been appointed as Domestic Science Mistress at Oxhey Secondary Modern School, near Watford. She began work there in September.

At the end of September we had some news, from her home in Norway, of Juliet Berntzen, who spent the year 1955-56 with us learning English and Commercial Subjects. She had then been in Paris for a fortnight, and was to spend six months there studying French. She will then go out for a couple of years on her father's ship, which is now being built in Glasgow.

John Bartlett (1943-46) completed his degree last summer at Jesus College, Oxford, with Honours in Jurisprudence. He is now articled to a solicitor in Chester.

David Beynon (1948-53) is in the R.A.F. Police, and was, when met in October, stationed at Goete in Germany, near the Dutch border. He has signed on for three years.

Richard Brown (1946-52) is serving with the R.A.F. at Aden, and has been there since the late summer of 1955. He is due out in February, and hopes to enter a training college next session.

Alec Carpenter (1939-44), who is working under the Military Attaché at the British Embassy in Dublin, was home on leave at the end of September with his wife and baby daughter. He expects to be moved from there at any moment now.

Jim Smith (1931-35), who is a Regimental Sergeant-Major in the Royal Corps of Signals, was home on leave in August after two years in West Africa. He was posted to Germany in September.

There was some news of the Satherley family in the local paper in September. At that time Geoffrey (1924-28) was a Squadron-Leader serving with a R.A.F. mission in Belgium; Tony (1926-31) was a Flight-Lieutenant in the R.A.F., serving in Ceylon; Edward (1933-34) was an assistant librarian in the Isle of Wight.

Gerald Thomas (1950-54) was posted to Christmas Island for service with the R.A.F. at the end of the summer. He was later transferred to Cyprus.

Alan Tilbury (1944-50) completed his two-year course at Trinity College, Carmarthen, last July. He obtained the Teachers' Certificate and began teaching last September at Hillendon Secondary Modern School in Uxbridge, where he is teaching History.

Mrs. Inez Panton (née Threlfall, 1946-51) was appointed in June as the first Occupational Therapist to the Pembrokeshire County Council.

David Thorne (1951-55), who was transferred to Huntingdon Grammar School when his parents moved there, passed the Cambridge G.C.E. examination last summer in seven subjects, and is now in the Lower VI.

Jim Thomas (1928-34), formerly of Neyland, gave us some news of himself and his sisters in a letter written at the end of August. To use his own words, "I came out of the Navy in 1945 (with a brace of D.S.C.'s and a mention!) and married my wife Ulla, whom I met in Copenhagen when I took my flotilla over there just after the liberation. After various moves I got a job as buyer with Bourne and Hollingsworth, and moved from there to the John Lewis group. I have now been a central buyer for about five years. We have two daughters, of seven and four, who speak Danish far better than I ever shall." His sister Marjorie (1917-24) is Senior Mistress at Daventry Secondary Modern School; Marion (1919-27) is married with one son of twelve, and lives in Luton, where her husband is Inspector of Taxes. Doris (1919-24) is teaching music at Wellingborough High School.

Alan K. Williams (1937-42) was appointed to the staff of Neyland Technical College last September.

David L. Williams (1947-53) was demobilised from the R.A.F. on December 7, after spending nineteen months of his period of national service in Germany. He has now returned to his previous employment with the Customs and Excise in London. In May he intends trying the

Officer of the Customs and Excise examination, in the hope of getting a post nearer home.

Marion Davies (1942-48), who was formerly on the staff of the Employment Exchange at Haverfordwest, left the town in the summer to take up another Civil Service appointment at Dartford, in Kent.

Derek Davies (1943-50) was demobilised from the Royal Engineers in the summer. He was now entered his father's outfitting business.

Miss Christine A. Davies (1908-11) retired at the end of August after completing forty years' service as a postal and telegraph officer with the G.P.O. She served for eighteen months as a postal clerk at Droitwich, but for the rest of the time had been on the staff of the Pembroke Dock Post Office. At the beginning of December she was presented with the Imperial Service Medal.

Among new members of staff appointed to the Coronation Secondary Modern School for the beginning of September were Molly Davies (1927-34), Mrs. Norma Shaw (née Shears, 1942-48), Aubrey Phillips (1941-46), and Ashley Davies (1938-44).

Three Old Pupils are officials in the St. Patrick's Badminton Club, Pembroke Dock. Roma Davies (1936-37) is secretary and team captain; Dorothy Shears (1944-50) is treasurer; and Valerie Heath (1946-53) is a member of the committee.

Ruth Dony (1951-56) has been accepted into the Civil Service on the result of the G.C.E. examination, and has a post in the Ministry of Pensions in London.

Roy Eynon (1943-49), who has been in the Merchant Service since leaving school, began a First Mates' Navigation Course at the Cardiff Technical College last September.

John Furlong (1940-43) has an appointment at Harwell. He was on holiday in Pembroke during the summer.

Pauline Francis (1947-54) was appointed to the new Pennar Infants' School at the beginning of September.

David Gwyther, who left school last July, and is now in the R.A.F., is being posted to Germany in January.

Jim Griffiths (1942-49), who is on the staff of Bewdley County Secondary School, near Kidderminster, is refereeing in the Worcester F.A. League this season. At the beginning of the season he was upgraded from a class three to a class two referee.

Pat Greenhow (1950-56) began work on October 8 as a junior clerk in the Accounts Department of the South Wales Electricity Board at Tenby.

John Gray (1936-43) is now travelling for a firm of pharmaceutical chemists.

His sister Margot (now Mrs. Cameron-Miller) (1928-33) is living in London, where her husband has a post, under the Ministry of Works, at Buckingham Palace. They have two sons, and Margot herself is doing a full-time job as dispenser at a London hospital.

Fred Hughes (1938-44) is still on a rubber plantation in Malaya, but has moved from Sungei Patani to another part of Kedah, to the Malakoff Estate, near Kuala Ketil, where he lives with his wife and small daughter Megan.

David J. Harries (1944-50) took part in a musical programme on the Welsh Home Service on July 10, given by students from the University College, Aberystwyth. He played two of his own compositions on the piano, and accompanied the choir.

David Harries (1949-53), who joined the R.A.F. early last year, was sent out to Hong Kong a few months ago.

Kathleen Hughes (1950-56) began work as a clerk in the Wayleave Department of the South Wales Electricity Board in Tenby on August 20.

Brian Jancey (1946-52), who was stationed at the local R.A.F. station for a long time, was posted to Norway last summer.

Two Old Boys are taking part in the London production of Dylan Thomas's "Under Milk Wood" at the New Theatre. They are Cliff

Gordon (Clifford Moses, 1932-37) and Raymond Llewellyn (Raymond Jones, 1940-47). Good reports have appeared in the Press about both of them.

Joyce Johns (1931-38) arrived home from Germany on October 3. She had spent two years at a large camp for refugees at Varel in North Germany; during the whole of this time she did wonderful rehabilitation work in her own profession of Occupational Therapist. After her return she addressed several meetings in the district, at which she explained the work she had been doing and appealed for help for the unfortunate inmates of the camp. Early in November she went to the Liverpool College of Occupational Therapy to take up a post as Chief Lecturer.

The "Western Mail" of November 8 carried a photograph of the Baroness P. Hajduk (née Phyllis Johns, 1934-38). The photograph showed her in charge of the office in the Edgware Road, London, of the committee in the United Kingdom for the assistance of Hungarian fighters. Her husband was formerly a lecturer in English at Budapest University, but came to this country eight years ago as a political refugee.

Roger Lloyd (1951-53) has now passed in various subjects at Advanced Level in the school at Salisbury to which he transferred on leaving here. He is hoping to get a cadetship at the R.A.F. College at Cranwell.

Kathleen Lockett (1947-54) completed her training at Trent Park College last summer. She was appointed, for the beginning of September, to Holy Trinity with St. Paul's Secondary Modern School, in the Harrow Road, London.

Dennis Lloyd (1940-45), who gave such valuable service at School last year when he was substituting for Mr. Humphreys, went to Loughborough College in September to begin a year's course in Physical Training.

Mrs. Wendy Weaver (née Lees, 1949-53) is now living in Singapore with her husband, Flt./Lt. John Weaver. A letter from her dated August 20 gave much information about her life there. They appear to be very comfortable, and have plenty of opportunity for swimming, squash, and so on. She says that a few weeks before she had met Evan Evans (1948-54). He was then serving with the Army in Hong Kong, and had come down to Singapore for a few weeks on a course. She also gave some news of her brother Karl (1949-53), who entered Dartmouth Naval College from School. He is now a Sub-Lieutenant, and was supposed to be coming home from Malta then to go to Greenwich in September.

The "West Wales Guardian" of September 8 carried a story about Lloyd Hughes (William J. Lloyd, 1926-27), who is now a variety entertainer. He took up this work some six years after leaving School, and later toured with ENSA for five years. After the war he toured with Albert Sandler, and later with Big Bill Campbell. Last summer he was appearing at the Little Theatre, Tenby.

Elwyn T. Mears (1931-36) is now a police constable in Leeds. On leaving School he served for fourteen years in the R.A.F., and was in Malta during the period of heavy attack in the last war. He came out of the service as a Flight-Sergeant, being an Inspector of Fitter-Armourers and a qualified Inspector of Explosives. He was married in June, 1945, and has two children, a daughter born in May, 1948, and a son born in March, 1952.

Kenneth MacCallum (1945-51), who entered the Merchant Service with the British Tanker Company on leaving School, obtained his Second Mate's Certificate last summer.

Patrick McCloghrie (1949-53) returned home from Singapore in July, having been demobilised from the Royal Corps of Signals. Unfortunately, like many others, he was recalled soon afterwards because of the situation in the Middle East. He was finally demobilised in November and has now obtained a post with the London and South America Bank. He begins six months training in London on February 1.

John Maynard (1943-50) has now obtained the degree of Ph.D. at

University College, London. He was also awarded the Ramsey Memorial Medal and Prize for outstanding research in Chemistry. This follows on a brilliant career at the college. He entered with an Open Scholarship from School in 1950, and three years later completed his degree with First Class Honours in Chemistry, and was awarded a £400 scholarship by the British Celanese Industry. He now has an appointment as Scientific Officer with the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, at the Radiochemical Centre in Amersham, Bucks.

His elder brother Peter (1940-48) has developed into a very enthusiastic teacher of backward children at his secondary modern school in Royston, Hertfordshire. He was inspired to take up this very difficult work by another Old Boy, Capt. Elmer Jenkins (1938-44), of the Army Education Corps, under whom Peter served for a while when doing his national service.

The youngest of the brothers, Alan (1947-51), is now doing his third year of an Honours French course at Kings College, London, which he entered with a State Scholarship.

Frank Manning (1945-51) completed his national service in the R.E.M.E. at the beginning of December. This month he starts work as an industrial chemist in a factory making plastics at Sully, Glamorgan.

Bernardine Murphy, who left last summer, has been accepted for the Civil Service on the result of her G.C.E. examination, and starts with the Inland Revenue Department in Cardiff this month.

Marjorie Philpin (1945-50), who is a S.R.N., was on the nursing staff of the Meyrick Hospital for some months last year. She has now gone to the Cheltenham General Hospital for casualty and out-patient work.

Mrs. Olwyn Padmore (née Phelps, 1924-26) came home in the summer from British North Borneo for a long holiday. Her husband is Director of Education at Sarawak, and they live at Brunei.

Mary Phillips (1943-50) left her post in North Wales at the end of July; in September she took up a new appointment in Romford, Essex, at a Grammar/Technical School where she is teaching mathematics.

Devan Preece (1946-54) has completed his national service, and is hoping to go to a training college next September.

In a letter dated November 20, written from Blakang Mati, Singapore, David Phillips (1947-54) tells us that he was to have flown home on the 28th of October, but that this was cancelled because of the Suez canal crisis. He was to leave Singapore on a Norwegian ship on November 30, but was not expecting to arrive in this country until the middle of January. A few months before writing he met Owen James (1947-55), who was spending some leave there.

Bryn Price (1949-56) called in School at the beginning of December. He was then on leave prior to going out to Tripoli.

Terrence Panton (1947-55) took part in the college production of Shakespeare's "Richard II" at University College, Cardiff, in December.

The Silver Wedding was announced recently of Mrs. Kathleen E. Clementson (née Previer). They were married on December 26, 1931.

Valerie Roch (1946-52) is working in the offices of Imperial Airways at Croydon. Her elder sister Daphne (1943-47) is in the offices of one of the factories at Kingswood.

Ben Riches (1945-50) has been posted to Christmas Island for duties with the R.A.F.

Arthur Richards (1942-49) started as Woodwork Master at Millford Haven Secondary Modern School at the beginning of September.

George Reynolds, who entered Jesus College, Oxford, last October, has already been awarded his college colours, a great distinction for a freshman.

David Rogers (1943-47) is teaching at a Church of England school in Birmingham, where he has held a post of responsibility since last September. Owing to the great difficulty he has had in finding accommodation he is now seeking another post.

Lawford Siddall (1920-27) moves to a new headship this month, the school being, as he says, "right on the Oval".

Derek Scone (1948-51) took up an appointment last summer with a firm of civil engineers in London. He served his articles with the Haverfordwest R.D.C., and afterwards took a course at Brighton Technical College.

Glyn Smith (1947-50), who is serving in the R.A.F., was posted to the Pembroke Dock R.A.F. Station last summer.

We offer our congratulations to these Old Pupils on their engagements:—

August—Derek Davies (1943-50) to Marion Williams, of Pembroke Dock.

September—Peter Nutting (1944-52) to Rachel Francis, of Tuxford, Notts.

December—Valerie Morse (1945-49) to Roy Paley, of Leeds.

We congratulate these Old Pupils on their marriage:—

July 4—Lawrence Edward Courtenay Price (1938-43) to Marjorie Rose Burton, of Stackpole.

July 7—Dr. Glyn Thomas Brown (1943-50) to Dr. Nancy Graham Campbell, of Smethwick, Birmingham.

July 21—Edgar James Nicholls (1939-44) to Constance Dorothy Wootton Thomas, of Llandaff.

July 28—Elizabeth (Betty) Evans (1944-49) to Sgt. Peter Rowland Sanderson, R.A.F., of Feltham, Middlesex.

August 8—Janet Rees (1945-51) to Derek Llewellyn, of Haverfordwest.

August 22—Joyce Horn, S.R.N. (1945-50) to Stanley G. Putnam, B.Sc., of Southsea, Hants.

September 1—Gwynne Lewis Davies (South Wales Borderers) (1942-45) to Patricia Mary Burden, of Reading.

September 5—Brian Anthony Johnson (1944-50) to Marion Ann John, of Pembroke Dock.

September 22—Olwen Elizabeth Jones (1943-47) to Derek John Reeves, of Leytonstone.

September 29—Geoffrey Polhill (1943-47) to Margaret Eileen Phelps, of Saundersfoot.

September 29—Mary Margaret Jenkins (1947-54) to Derek Lindsey Crowther, of Penarth.

October 6—Anne R. Evans (1949-52) to David Brian James, B.A., of Haverfordwest.

October 6—Norma May Howells (1948-52) to Henry Owen Canton, of Stackpole.

October 20 (at Tanga, Tanganyika)—Mary John, S.R.N., S.C.M. (1940-46), to Cornelius Strydom, of Natal, South Africa.

October 27—Elizabeth Lyndon (Betty) Bowling (1938-44) to David Glyn Lawrence, of Johnstone.

October 27—Petty Officer Derek George Strachan, Fleet Air Arm (1946-51), to Chriszena Joan McLennan Pask (1948-51).

December 29—Michael Burchell Davies (1949-52) to June Mavis Strachan (1944-51).

January 1—Frank John Manning, B.Sc. (1945-51) to Anne Marion Thomas (1943-47).

January 12—Jean Christina Hicks (1946-50) to Richard Colwyn John, of Carew.

We have pleasure in recording the following births:—

October 2—To Eluned (née Evans, 1940-44), wife of Bill Barnikel (1943-47), a daughter, Susan Mary.

October 10—To Pamela (née Crook, 1942-48), wife of Capt. Bernard Fullerton, R.A., a daughter.

October 12—To Ena, wife of Kenneth Davies (1942-46), a son, Andrew.

October 18—To John and Hilary (née Whitelock, 1946-48) Thomas, a daughter.

October 23—To Lilian, wife of Bill Price (1936-41), a daughter, Fiona Lilian Jane.

October 23—To Vera, wife of Dr. W. Edwin Lewis (1934-40), a son, Jeffery Huw.

Nov. 4—To Ivy (née Scourfield, 1941-48), wife of Ralph Brace Castle (1938-45), a son, David Robert.

December 12—To Margaret, wife of Geoffrey Denner (1929-35), a daughter, Judith Mary.

Penfro Dramatic Society

Chairman : Mr. E. G. Davies.

Secretary : Miss Peggy Thomas. Treasurer : Mr. Aubrey Phillips.

Librarian : Miss Grace Kenward.

IT is with regret that we announce the resignation of Mr. Mervyn Thomas from the treasurership of the Society. Mr. Thomas was a fine example of the type of "backstage" worker who strives industriously and unselfishly for the success of a production. Although he studiously avoids the glare of the footlights and the accompanying glamour, he may rest assured that his work was fully appreciated and that without him many shows would not have gone on. To him and his wife and family go our sincere best wishes.

At the same time we have pleasure in welcoming Mr. Aubrey Phillips as his successor. We look forward to a long and active association both on and off the stage.

Our autumn production was "Dial 'M' for Murder" by Frederick Knott. This marked a departure from comedy and was our first attempt at a thriller. The production was appreciated by larger audiences than expected, but perhaps it should be added that a more conventional approach would have pleased audiences better. We are indebted to Mr. Dennis Dean, of the Haverfordwest Society for contributing the accompanying notice of the play.

Members of the Society are now occupied with three one-act plays, two of which it is hoped will be entered for competition. Now that the stage is fully equipped we have been able to invite the county festival authorities to present the competition at Bush. We hope that this venture will be as well supported as our own productions are.

We hope to complete the season with another full-length production, details of which will be announced later.

Having been honoured by the invitation to do a "write up" of "Dial 'M' for Murder", I immediately lost all human feeling and became the "Carping Critic" with a satanic desire to rend the whole production. In this role, I took my place on Saturday evening in that most excellent Grammar School Theatre, with little hope of enjoying the play.

Surprisingly enough, I became engrossed right from the start, and—almost—became one with that large and appreciative audience, who, to judge by its reactions, had a thoroughly enjoyable evening. There is no doubt that the play was well presented, lacking only that final polish and spontaneity which only a longer and more intense period of preparation could have given.

The setting was excellent, and its peculiar colour scheme fitted remarkably well, giving a background every bit in keeping with the play. Full marks go to Kenneth Cooper for this effort. The work of the Stage Manager, Emlyn Lloyd, and his assistants was well carried out, although a little more attention to detail—(position of standard lamp (deplorable)—empty glasses carried over from Act II to Act III, etc.) would have improved their work. Lighting (George Maclean), despite the lack of equipment, was very good, particularly the moonlight effect. Effects, Noises off, etc. (Robert Holmes) were very natural. Prompting (Tumbles Pearce) was practically inaudible in the front row of seats. Make-up (Ray Sandell) was on the whole very good, but perhaps the disparity of ages between Tony and Capt. Lesgate could have been less pronounced.

The cast certainly pleased the audience, and generally enacted their various roles satisfactorily. I was particularly impressed by the murder scene between Sheila Wendice (Diana Gray) and Captain Lesgate (Windsor Devereux), which was so realistically portrayed that the audience literally held its breath. Roy Haggart (as Tony Wendice) is to be congratulated on putting up such a good performance. Admittedly, a little more expression both in voice and gesture would have enhanced his performance, but since he had only three weeks in which to learn such an exacting part he did

extremely well, and is undoubtedly a great asset to the Society. Diana Gray (Sheila Wendice), the lady of the beautiful voice, pleased the audience greatly, but, nevertheless, apart from her brilliant acting in the murder scene a little more feeling for the character portrayed would have made all the difference between very good and excellent. Kenneth Cooper (Max Halliday) was good when Sheila was absent, but was too casual for a lover—a little more ardour, both in inflection of the voice and spontaneous gestures, would have emphasised his position as Sheila's paramour. Windsor Devereux (Captain Lesgate), who acted so excellently in his murder scene, was a little too stiff both in movement and expression during his scene with Tony. Nevertheless, a useful man to have, and I look forward to seeing him again. Aubrey Phillips (Inspector Hubbard) played his part well, but he too could have benefited by being less stiff and more emphatic—particularly in that scene with Max and Sheila (Act III)—one up stage and two down—three static figures!

Stuart Shaw, the Producer, did a very good job in getting the show on in 6 weeks, and I am sure that another week or ten days would have ironed out most of the above criticisms which all savour of under-rehearsal. Audience reaction implies that his next production will be eagerly awaited, and I am sure it will be worth waiting for!

To sum up, I greatly enjoyed the show, which was great entertainment and on the whole very well acted. But to you all I would say please do try to acquire a greater depth of feeling in your various parts. Remember "Ars est celare artem" and this can only be achieved by **becoming** the character portrayed. Be that person and your Producer will have a much simpler task to weld you all together as a smooth and natural whole.

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