

THE PENVRO



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SUMMER 1957

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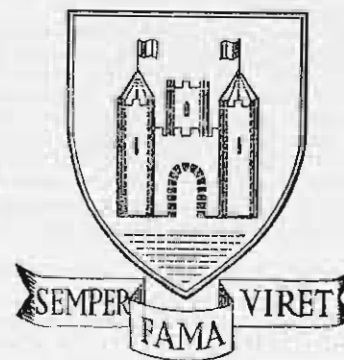
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THE PENVRO

No. 121

SUMMER

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EDITORIAL

AS we write, the genuine W.J.E.C. weather seems to have arrived—why a sub-tropical heat wave nearly always coincides with those tense weeks before the exam is hard to understand. But exams at Christmas would be even worse.

The end of term has been news-crammed. First we heard that Miss Brown had decided to leave to take a Social Science Diploma at University College, Swansea; next, that Mr. Urien Wiliam had been appointed to work at a research project in Educational Psychology in Flintshire, and that Mrs. Rowlands was from now on to devote herself entirely to housewifely cares. Mr. Jones, who has been with us for a term, is leaving this July also, and to all of them we wish success in their new spheres. Latest of all, the news came that Mr. Moses had been appointed to the headship of Presteigne Grammar School. We offer him our heartiest congratulations and our best wishes for success go with him.

As far as newcomers to the staff are concerned, the only hard news we have is that Mr. J. W. Bevan, of Ardwyn Grammar School, is coming to take the place of Mrs. Rowlands and that Mr. Dennis Lloyd will be back next term to teach Physical Education, this time permanently.

The school has enjoyed its triumphs this term. Most notable of all perhaps is the performance of John Trice in winning an essay competition prize concerned with the European Unity movement. This competition was open to school children from all over the United Kingdom and his reward of fourteen days holiday in Denmark in the summer is well deserved. In the field of athletics, the school nearly swept the board at the County Sports, returning its best record ever.

Since the last *Penfro* appeared we have heard with regret the news of the death of Mr. D. T. Jones, our Director, and of Mr. T. P. Owen, who has served the school as Clerk to the Governors for many years. Full tributes are appended below.

The Wind's Complaint

(From the Welsh of Sir John Morris-Jones)

SLEEP will not come to my eyelids
Only tears tonight.
By my window sadly complaining
The wind sighs its plight.

Its voice, in weeping, rises now
And sobs, and I know
On the glass it is hurling its tears
In its bitter woe.

Why do you come, O Wind, to weep
On my window pane?
Are you trying to forget your love
In the force of rain?

EIRA BRICKLE, Upper VI Arts.

In Memoriam

D. T. JONES, ESQ., M.A., LL.B.

THE sudden death of the Director of Education on February 27 last, while speaking at the Tenby Grammar School Prize-giving, was for all members of the education service in the County, whether teachers, executives or public representatives, an immense and vital break with the past. Mr. D. T. Jones (*D.T.* as he was called to his face by his intimates and as avidly *in absentia* by those who in public dared not presume so far) was an administrator who had no especial love for the administrative machine: he was made and engendered before such distant complications were thought either important or necessary. His was the personal touch, the at-homeness with teachers which he had never lost since his days on the staff of The Leys.

Yet his man-to-man speaking sprang from closer home than this. It was part of Wales, part of the Wales that is rapidly passing. Odd, then, that the first impression of him should have been one of unusualness. The tanned skin and grizzled hair, the downward, preoccupied look and the eyebrow occasionally cocked in deprecatory warning of a sally, these seemed at first sight alien and somehow alarming—like the presence of an African lion, momentarily peaceful, at large in a pen of bantams. But no one who could come in by the door of his sympathies forgot, after the first time, his roots in the terraced, precarious village of Ceinewydd or his close relationship to Towyn Jones, quicksilver orator of the *Annibynwyr*. *D.T.*'s stories had all lived on from those days of *parchedigion* and pulpit-voluntaries, when men were prostrated by eloquence rather than by comfort. And let no one think that their disappearance is entirely our gain. Much has been lost that our quicker, colder age may never foster again. *D.T.*'s passing epitomises that loss. His like as a speaker on the public platform is hard to find now in Wales, once the nursery of eloquence. Who can forget the indistinct rumbling with which he opened, the hesitant feeling after mood and manner, then the rapid grasp of the audience's pulse, and at the last, in the heart's uplift, the full flow of his faith in the promised divinity of man?

D.T. is gone, of a truth. But not into our forgetting. When in October 1955 this School was opened officially, the Minister of Education spoke at some length. It was his misfortune that *D.T.* had to speak after him. Of what the Minister said I remember not one word (except for the witty turn of phrase with which he granted us an extra day's holiday). But *D.T.*'s joyous belief in *people*, in the School that he himself had helped to fashion, in the religious values that for him underlay all true education—these fired the heart then and ennoble the memory still.

This is not the place to speak of his achievements as Director. The monuments of his intention stand throughout the County in buildings, curricula and equipment—and will stand. But his best memorial will lie for long in the hearts that shared his hatred of corruption, hearts that drew from his the generous conviction that boys and girls are more than buildings, more than statistics, more than publicly-held theories of education. They are beings after God's likeness, whom to perfect is often a devious but always a sacred duty. His remembrance will speak best in the true profession of men and women, sometime pupils in this and other Schools in the County. So speaking, it will live.

R.G.M.

In Memoriam

T. P. OWEN, ESQ.

THE School lost an old and valued friend by the sudden death on April 13 of Mr. T. P. Owen, the Clerk to the Governors.

It must be fifty years since he first attended the meetings of the Governing Body. He was at that time a boy in the office of Mr. H. A. Jones-Lloyd, the solicitor, who was then Clerk to the Governors. Mr. Owen often recalled how he came over to the old school carrying Mr. Jones-Lloyd's bag. He gradually took over the work until, on Mr. Jones-Lloyd's retirement from the office in 1930, he was himself appointed Clerk, a post which he held until his death. In fact he attended the last meeting only two days before.

The present generation of pupils, and those members of staff who have come during the last ten years, have had far less to do with Mr. Owen than their predecessors, owing to the change that took place in the educational administration after the war. Up to then pupils, and more particularly staff, had much contact with Mr. Owen in all sorts of ways. The older members of the staff were well acquainted with his cheerful and friendly personality, and missed very much the break that came with the new system.

It is a long time since the death of a well-known personality has caused such general consternation and genuine sorrow. In speaking of him it is hard to avoid clichés, for he most certainly "did good by stealth" and "hid his light under a bushel." Nothing was ever too much bother for him, and, more especially in his work as Justices' Clerk, he was always ready to give advice and to help people. Unlike many public men, he was so modest and unassuming that one feels a certain embarrassment in writing thus about him.

Those who knew him well were always amazed at the way in which he coped with his many activities. Although his professional work took up so much of his time, he somehow managed to do a tremendous amount of work as Churchwarden of St. John's Church, an office he had held for twelve years. Here again, only those intimately connected with him in this work realised how much time he had to spend at it, and how cheerfully and willingly he did it. As his fellow warden I shall always remember with affection and gratitude my association with him. His friendliness and helpfulness made him an ideal colleague.

Although nothing we can say can reduce the loss suffered by Mrs. Owen and her two daughters, Mrs. Beryl Roberts and Mrs. Barbara Harries (who are both Old Pupils), we hope that she will feel some consolation in realising the very sincere regret felt by all who came into contact with Mr. Owen.

E.G.D.

The Yellow Cap

IT was my last night at University. I had been to a party given by my fellow students, but all night at this friendly supper I felt strange. I couldn't understand it. I should have been on top of the world, having got my degree—a job to go to with my uncle and guardian, the promised holiday to the Austrian Tyrol, where I had always wanted to go, and my whole future assured. When I arrived back in my room I started to undress, thinking that when I got to sleep and woke in the morning I would be my normal self again. With it all I dropped off to sleep as soon as my head touched the pillow but was awakened by the sound of footsteps walking slowly but firmly on the tiled courtyard below. I listened for a while to the footsteps but what made me get out of bed was the whistling which went on underneath my window while the footsteps stopped. I looked out and there was a Tyrolean peasant, who smiled and waved in a most friendly way, his yellow cap shining in the moonlight. I shouted down and asked him if he wanted anything. He just waved again and smilingly walked on until the moonlight seemed to swallow him up.

I went back to bed and slept fitfully and by morning I had almost persuaded myself I had dreamt it, and had nearly forgotten all about it, in the excitement of saying goodbyes, packing and collecting my bits and pieces, and being overjoyed at the thought of my very first holiday abroad.

The Hotel Obergabelhorn was a friendly place, with about a dozen or so English people, who were most kind to a young Englishman, looking at everything with awe and wonder.

That evening, looking at the map, six of us between the ages of twenty to thirty decided to go the next morning to the three mile long Hochtogel Glacier. Its contours were widely spaced and it looked easy enough, at least to three of us who were novices. Contemplating the map I could see a vista of glittering snow clad summits, stabbing a gentian blue sky and began to look forward to my holiday.

The Austrian bus drove us through the village on this cold and sunless day. The village was half buried in snow, the church with the dome and spire were all loaded and embroidered with snow.

Eventually we reached the bottom of what to me was my great adventure. We were to have lunch at one of the huts one mile up belonging to the Austrian Alpine club. When we were half way there the sun that had started to shine had a growing haziness, and I could see our guide looking rather anxiously at it and he said he didn't like the unnatural puffs of warm air in the snow hollows. Myself I thought it all too wonderful for words, though half an hour later I could hardly see the rest of my party. A few yards ahead and hurrying to catch up with them, I caught my foot on a slippery piece of rock, and the others, who had begun to sing, didn't hear my one word of "Oh" as I slid down the other side until I landed shaken but unhurt a 100 feet down. I got up and decided I must hurry to catch them up, but after going on for what seemed to me hours I realised I must have gone in the wrong direction. The mist now was so thick I knew I was hopelessly lost. I was so exhausted and despondent after shouting I sat down feeling utterly and completely alone, when out of the mist I saw a peasant with a yellow cap whistling and waving to me. I got to my feet with thankfulness in my heart and stumbling behind him told him what had happened. He just smiled and whistling, we just trudged on happily, until after a while I heard voices and someone saying "There he is," and looking to my right saw the rest of my party. I turned to say goodbye to the peasant with the yellow cap but he was gone. I stood for a moment looking dazed and said to the girl next to me. "I've seen him before." "Who," she said. "We didn't see anyone, did you?" I wonder!!

GORDON RICKARD, Upper VI Science.

The Launching of the "Argonaut"

IT was Twm's idea. "A boat," he said, "that's what we need. Just think—scudding before the breeze over the foam-flecked waters of the Haven—you, Ieuan, spinning for fish whilst I skilfully handle the tiller to bring her to wind."

Between them the boat was duly purchased and installed in a shed for rigging (for she had no mast). "A fine shape she is" remarked Ieuan—"pointed at the front and blunt at the back."

Neither knew a lot about nautical affairs and so it was only natural that they should consult me. After all I had been out twice with my father-in-law at Margate in a dinghy and had "feathered" an oar on a Midlands canal many a time. I pointed out that a "centre plate" was needed—a sort of keel to stop her drifting—and strong string to hold up the mast. They skilfully did these things and after a lick of paint and a patch or two pronounced the "Argonaut" seaworthy.

Launching day was a Thursday evening. A remarkable structure consisting of a plank tied to two wheels supported her in the shed. The problem was how to move her the half-mile across the meadow and through scrub woods to the river. Idris, Dai and I volunteered for the big push.

The "Argonaut" rocked dangerously as we heaved her past crowds of curious heifers, through a barbed wire entanglement and blackberry bushes to the muddy river bank.

"Tide's just right" gasped Twm.

"Yes," breathed Ieuan.

"Well, who's going to try her?" asked Dai.

"You can do that, boys," said Twm. "After all we couldn't have got her here without your help."

I had an uneasy feeling that they were both rather doubtful about that large hole that they had made in her for the centreboard.

"All right, lads, here we go!"

The proud owners looked on admiringly as we skilfully rowed out into the deep channel.

"Thirsty I am," said Idris.

"Too true boy."

"Not far to the 'Fishermans Rest' is it now?" The rowing pace rapidly increased. The owners were now dim shadows in the distance.

* * *

Three wet circles appeared on the table mats in the "Fisherman's Rest." Then another three.

"Do we have to have navigational lights?" I queried.

"Good heavens man, tide's going out. We'd better move!"

The water was out considerably. The string that had held her to the quay had broken and she was being slowly lifted sharp end uppermost by the ever tightening chain. Quickly we leapt to action stations and cast off. Into the increasing haze we rowed.

"There's Ieuan!"

Sure enough he was there, dancing like a dervish on a mud bank. "Come on!" he yelled. "Tide's going down—can't beach her now!"

Luckily my navigational skill came to our aid. A twist of the tiller and a judicious choice of berth and we squelched to safety.

"Well" said Twm, "how did she do?"

"Wonderfully" hiccupped Dai.

"C"

[Editor's note: The above events are in no way connected with real life and the personages concerned, we are assured by the author, are fictional].

The Mouse

I SAW it in the pantry last,

A bit of fur that scampered past
The sugar and the logan-berries
To sniff snuff at the glacé cherries.
And when the creature saw me there
Two beady eyes gave stare for stare.

It must have wondered "Who's this giant?"
And then it seemed to get defiant.
It peeped at me from behind the flour
And would have done so for an hour.
Had not I thought "I'll salt your tail!"
I chased the mouse, but no avail.

The creature whisked from place to place.
I followed, hotly giving chase.
Between us we upset the spice,
The cinnamon, the tea, the rice,
The pickles and the piccalilli,
The herbs, the mustard and the jelly.

Suddenly I recalled my cat
And rushed to get her from her mat,
Where she lay dreaming of juicy mice
And raids on Mouseland, and everything nice.
I pushed her through the pantry door
And waited for the scuffle—but no
There came no sound, I peeped within.
There were cat and mouse,
Asleep in a tin!

SUSAN SAUNDERS, II.

Pictures in the Fire

A QUIET, peaceful winter evening; outside the air is cold and hard, like some invisible force that chills straight through one. Inside this room, beside a fire which warms the place to friendliness, I can sit here with my dog, his head on my knee, and be immune to all the cold and hardship of the ice-bound world outside.

If I gaze into the fire, I can, as the mood takes me, see in the flames the pinnacles of heaven or the very depths of hell. Beautiful scenes of countries far beyond our own are there, and I may soar across an ever-moving sea of fire to flame-coloured ships tossed on gigantic, flame-coloured waves, until those huge waves finally engulf the tiny, vainly struggling barques. Many more pictures can I see within this quickly moving kaleidoscope of worlds, of exotic plants, waving palm trees and wonderful coral in bays of unrivalled beauty.

I can enter a different world from my own, one which contains enormous mountains and long, winding valleys. From the mountains, steep cliffs slope to the valleys, and occasionally a spark will fall, like a fire from their brink to the rocks below. A wonderful world this, full of fearful chasms, avalanches and tumbling waterfalls. When I gaze at it everything, except what I can see there, fades into inconsequence. For this marvellous, inaccessible place has the power to make or mar a happy mood.

From this wonderful world of dreams I am roused by the restless stirring of my dog. He, too, is awake from his dream, though no doubt it was very different from mine, and he wishes for his walk. It is cold outside, but we shall not feel it; we have our world of dreams to return to; it is always there;

JOAN MORGAN, 3A.

Hieroglyphics *(From the French of Charles Cros.)*

I HAVE three windows in my little cell :
 Love, the sea, and death,
 Blood red, calm green, and violet.
 O woman ! my sweet treasury !

Cold casements, amber hues, bells,
 Feeling what pleases me,
 The sea, death and love.
 Woman. I see you clearly !

By golden September night eternal,
 Death, love and the sea,
 Drown me in complete forgetfulness.
 Woman ! Woman ! living death to me !

YVONNE MANSELL, Lower VI Arts.

The Return

ALL is still. The actors and their audiences have left. The theatre is empty and an air of peace reigns over all. The floors, which were strewn with litter during the performance, have been cleared, and the only sound in the theatre is the hooting of an owl in the moonlight night.

The theatre seems so silent, and the rows of crimson seats have a deserted, forlorn appearance. But wait ! What was that ?—the sound of a key turning in a lock. The door at the back of the theatre began to open slowly, creaking as it did so, and then, in the dim light the figure of an old lady appeared, dressed in old-fashioned but expensive looking clothes. She did not seem to belong to this era, but to some different age—a kind of ghost from long ago.

She closed the door silently behind her and began to walk very slowly down the centre aisle, looking about her as she went, as if she loved every single inch of the theatre. She came to the stage, and without hesitating, walked up the stairs to the stage, and pushed her way past the curtains backstage to the dressing rooms, where a smell of grease-paint was hanging around, and where costumes hung limp in cupboards and wardrobes.

The old lady went quickly down the corridor between the dressing rooms until she came to one marked with a silver star; tears glistened in her eyes as she stretched out her hand to touch it. For a while she seemed far away, but soon she took hold of herself, opened the door and went into the room. Without hesitating she walked over to the mirror and sat down in front of it, gazing at her reflection. Idly she took up some sticks of grease-paint and began to make up her face with a skilful hand. With deft strokes she made her face look young and smooth; and then, as suddenly as she had started, she put away the grease-paint and returned to the seats in front of the stage, where she sat down, as if waiting for something to happen.

Without warning, the moon began to stream through one of the windows, lighting up the stage with a magical, silvery light. The curtains suddenly rustled back, and actors and actresses of long ago appeared on the stage, acting with all the splendour of so many years ago.

The old lady watched them for a while, and then, without a word, was up on the stage with them. "I've come back," she said in a tremulous voice. "Just as I said I would."

And then everything faded away as quickly as it had come. The silvery light left the stage as the moon disappeared behind a cloud, leaving behind nothing but the memory of the old lady who was now back with her friends for ever.

ROSEMARY ANDREW, Lower VI Arts.

Reflections

I THINK. Alone I sit, but not alone

My thoughts are with me : "Come to me, O Friends,"
 To fill my mind with memories that are prone
 To bring both joy and tears, and which do tend
 To make one wish that one were young again,
 And once again could run one's earthly course,
 To turn to laughter thoughts that now bring pain,
 And use the gentle methods, not the force
 Which caused such grief. But all is not regret,
 Joy is there too ; forever she is there
 Sweet Joy remember, cruel Pain forget
 For all our lives, themselves, are filled with care
 So our reflections should be a clear sea
 To mirror our fair thoughts in beauteous shape,
 Bright birds, fresh flowers, slow streamlets, none will be
 Forgotten now ; for over them I'll drape
 The cloak of Memory, so that they will be
 Safe ever in my heart, eternally.

PAT KAVANAGH, Upper VI Arts.

AT the foot of the loitering lane,
 In the face of the placid pool,
 Fringed by the brown rush
 And ush weeds, I see
 On that glassy screen
 A painted panorama.

Pink-tipped fleeces of clouds glide
 Across that tiny sea,
 Whose depths echo cool blueness
 Of the evening sky,
 And the veined tracery,
 A swaying maze of beech sprays.
 And I, immovable, watch this picture
 Move and change
 To forms of fresh delight and brightness.

MARY JONES, Lower VI Arts.

Uneasy lies the Head

SIR Rhys ap Thomas, a Knight of the most noble order of the Garter and a knight with extensive lands, lay by a window in his bed-chamber at Carew Castle. It was a clear early morning, and a cool breeze was wafting through the window, making the small room cool. Yet the knight's forehead was streaming with perspiration; his clammy hands clutched his matted hair. His breath escaped in long, shivering gasps as his restless conscience dragged his confused mind back, over the events of recent weeks.

He recalled how he had knelt before Richard III, the cruel hunch-backed tyrant and sworn in fierce, ringing tones, "My liege, over my body shall this base Henry enter this country!" Then he remembered how he had scrambled hastily beneath Mullock Bridge as the invading Tudor led his small company past—to allow his new master to pass over his body and thus, in a sense, prevent breaking his oath. Rhys closed his eyes and clenched his fists, until his knuckles stood out as his head was filled once more with the clamorous din of Bosworth. Again Rhys heard the clatter as sword, battle-axe and mace met shield and armour. The neighing of chargers, and the screams of the wounded and dying, rose in a shrill, ghastly crescendo; but above them all rose the piercing scream of the murdered Richard, as he fell before the Welsh Knight's own sword. Rhys's eyes flashed in a terrible spasm of anger with himself as he remembered how he had plucked the Golden Crown from the dead king's head and had hung it on a thorn bush. Then he had pointed his sword to heaven and had roared, "God Save King Harry!"

At that time, his conscience had experienced no qualms, for he had organised a magnificent tournament in honour of Henry. A thousand knights and their ladies had camped in tents around the castle for many days, and not a single harsh word had been said. Rhys muttered to himself, "Would that I had been as faithful to my oath as these were to each other!" Rhys had presented the best jousting pair of golden spurs; and he thought of the two golden prizes that he had recently given: The Golden Spurs to the victorious knight; and the Golden Crown to Henry Tudor. He tried to reassure himself, for Richard had committed many awful crimes to win the crown, including the smothering of the two princes in the tower. He could not, however, by any means excuse himself of his broken oath, for as a Knight of the Garter, he was reputed to be a man of great honour. He gazed through his window, from a sitting position, and his gaze met the magnificent tower of Carew Church, which he had built. Not for miles was there so fair a tower. "This," thought Rhys, "is my monument. Many will look on it, and they will say, 'Who built that tower?' 'Rhys ap Thomas,' they will be told—'once lord of yonder castle.' If they should ask, 'What manner of man was he?' they will be told, 'He made kings—and he destroyed them.'" Rhys had earned a valuable friend in Henry Tudor; but if ever there was a man whose presence he should dread, then—alas! It was the King!

JOHN LEWIS, V Removc.

Escape

THE woman crouched in a ditch; the footsteps came nearer and nearer. She tensed herself, but the steady tread of the "comrades'" feet passed by and faded into the distance. For a moment she relaxed; escape was difficult with the Red Army pouring into Hungary and the constant patrols like the one that had just passed her, and now with the child to carry it was worse; but who could leave a child one found deserted on the roadside to the mercy of the red butchers especially when one hoped

for freedom oneself? So she had taken the child with her and after three days of hiding in barns and living on very little food she was not far from the Austrian border and freedom. But this was the worst part of the journey; guards were everywhere and with the child escape seemed impossible. If only there was a way to cross the last few yards; but how? By herself she could take a chance, but with the child . . .

Everything was quiet again and she moved on slowly, taking the child with her. It was beautiful; a little girl about two years old with fair hair and dark appealing eyes. It was her eyes that had first attracted the woman's attention: it was strange she thought that a common street woman who thought of no one but herself should suddenly take pity on a child which lessened her chance of escaping. But what was she to do now! She could attempt to cross the frontier by herself, but with the child! She crawled on along the ditch covered with sweat and mud. The child cried softly, but she calmed it—it was funny when she had always hated children that she should have grown to love this one.

Towards evening she neared the frontier and rested in a small wood that was within a mile of freedom. One thing now became clear to her: she could not take the child if she hoped to escape. The slightest cry and she would be dead; shot by those heartless "dogs" in uniform. She put the baby down and covered it warmly with her shawl. She hoped whoever found it would be kind and prayed it would not be a cruel blood-thirsty soldier. She turned to go. The child began to cry quietly as she went: it was the first thing that had ever wanted her; in her childhood she had lived in the back streets of Budapest. Her parent had beaten and kicked her and she had been forced to earn money in the only way she was able. Perhaps that was why she felt compassion for the poor helpless child that lay there in her shawl, for she knew suddenly that she could not leave it—she would take a chance and try to take it with her.

Suddenly she felt completely at peace and taking the child in her arms she kissed it gently. But she was tired and lay down to rest awhile before trying to cross to freedom. So she never knew what happened. The soldier who found them just thrust his bayonet through them as they slept. Their battle was over.

PAT KAVANAGH, Upper VI Arts.

Winding Roads

WINDING, wriggling, wastefully wanton,
The roads of life go on;
Twisting, turning in tortuous turmoil
And ever full of toil.
So must they seem to those unhappy men
Who know not where they go, nor why, nor when.

Those men who cannot breathe the heady air,
As up o'er crags so bare,
The winding roads climb onwards up and up.
How bitter is their cup!
Nor can they feel the tranquil, lazy calm
Of pasture broad, of wood and field and farm.

For far below in valleys green and brown
The roads meander down.
Curving chastely with a casual calm,
Which brings to life a balm
To heal the soul and rest the weary heart
Of one who in life's race has taken part.

JUNE MOSES, Aa.

The Sea Shore

THROUGH dried up sedgegrass sighs the wind,
 A scagull wheels with mournful cry,
 Or drives, or pauses motionless,
 Just he and I.

In fitful gusts the wind blows high
 And stinging sand grits in my face,
 And white-capped breakers crash around
 The proud cliffs' base.

Before my eyes a broad expanse
 Stretches the gleaming weed-strewn sand,
 And seaward lies a distant ship,
 So far from land.

This summer scene, the wind-swept shore,
 Is mine alone, till gathering clouds
 A blanket form, and all is lost
 In mist-like shrouds.

ANTHONY LANE. 4B.

Great Events from Little Sources Spring

THROUGHOUT the world, all our lives, we find verification of this statement. From the smallest origins we evolved the major events of the world. This is applicable, not only to National crises, but, also, to the smaller, more familiar happenings which affect mankind personally and intimately. In every degree of human life, from the eminent minister who lost his seat in Parliament because a slight mishap with his spectacles prevented him from effectively delivering his election speech, to the young man whose untied shoelace caused him to tumble at the feet of the pretty girl who later became his wife, the truth of this statement is continually and conspicuously revealed and is frequently to be found decorating the pages of the history of humanity.

An excellent example of this is the famous and much-coveted award which is presented annually to the person who has, in any special branch or by any means, contributed to the peace of mankind; for we find the origin of this great award in a humble laboratory where a young man experimented with a mixture of chemicals and sand. Upon applying a flame to the mixture, he found it to be highly explosive. Soon the great World Powers, at that time, had realised the value in warfare of the explosive, which they named "gunpowder," and then the peace-loving Nobell realised, with bitter remorse, that his invention was being employed in the destruction of human life which he held sacred above all else. So, upon his death, Nobell, who had during his life-time, amassed a great fortune, dedicated all his wealth to the annual awarding of the "Nobell Prize."

Thus it happened that this great national prize, this universal incentive to peace, evolved from a "blind" experiment by a young man who never dreamed, when mixing his chemicals, of the immense results which would, in time, spring from this obscure action.

Similar to this was a medical discovery made by a doctor during the eighteenth century. It differed, however, in the fact that triumph instead of regret, human benefit instead of human destruction, were derived from the accidental discovery of Dr. Edward Jenner.

At that time there was rife in England an almost unknown disease called small pox which, if not fatal, would leave the surface of the skin horribly disfigured and was greatly feared. Jenner overheard a conversation between two young women in which one proclaimed herself immune to the dreaded small pox because she had suffered a mild disease con-

tracted from close contact with the cattle and called cow pox. Thus the seeds of an idea were sown in the fertile mind of the doctor, who immediately began experiments which eventually proved that cow pox could be used as an efficient preventative for small pox.

This meant salvation for countless numbers of people and the disease was ultimately almost extinguished; all of which evolved from a fragment of conversation accidentally overheard by Dr. Edward Jenner.

Not only in the fields of scientific discovery has it been proved that great events spring from little sources; for, many years ago, in North Africa an ageing father, on the point of death, extracted from his young son a promise that the child would bear eternal antipathy towards the vast and formidable empire of Rome, hating all things Roman and working unceasingly for the downfall of Rome, with which power his country had long been at war.

Obedience to this promise, made by a child in all ignorance of the responsibilities of warfare and the horrors of bloodshed, became the axis of existence of the mighty Hannibal, who had grown to manhood possessed of a fanatical desire to compass the defeat of Rome. Hannibal having found direct sea passage to Rome quite impossible, took his vast Carthaginian army many arduous miles overland until, at last, having defeated cowardly treachery in the Valley of Isère, and having crossed the formidable range of Alpine mountains in North Italy with men, horses and even elephants, the Carthaginians were encamped outside Rome. Many lives, precious sacred lives of men and animals, had been lost during that terrible journey and many more were yet to be lost in the bitter defeat that followed and in the sacking of Carthage by Roman armies; yet, until his death, all that mattered to Hannibal was the fall of Rome.

So, all this bloodshed, death and suffering had evolved from a promise made by a boy scarcely old enough to realise the possible consequences of such an action.

Death has frequently resulted from the most insignificant and trivial incidents. A chance word or careless action has sent many a murderer to the gallows, many a spy to face a firing squad and has incited many a weak mind to suicide. The extra "one for the road" which, even partially, curtails the driver's mental alacrity and physical ability, has often proved fatal and not only the death of the careless driver ensues, but, quite frequently, the lives of other, innocent people are forfeited.

It is the old, old tale of the kingdom which was lost for lack of a horse-shoe nail, of the great oak which grew from a little acorn or of the one small straw which, by its addition to his load, broke the camel's back. So no-one can deny that great events from little sources spring.

JILLIAN BROOKES, Vo.

The Flying Saucer

PUDDLETHORPE was an extremely tall, anaemic-looking school-boy.

To say he was lean is perhaps exaggerating, for he was the skinniest boy we had ever seen. Besides having a mane of lank hair, which always seemed in need of a trim, he was burdened with a pair of huge, round, horn-rimmed spectacles, which gave his face an owl-like look. He really looked like a Billy Bunter who had been starved for weeks on end. Add to this an exceptional brain for science of any sort, and you have Marmaduke Archibald Puddlethorpe Minor, of "Garble's Grammar School for Boys," a secondary school of some repute (or should I say disrepute!)

I was Puddlethorpe's bosom-pal and so perhaps I have more authority than the others in our "gang" to tell you this story. Since "Puddy" (an inevitable nickname!) was scientifically-minded and

exceptionally brilliant at mathematics it is not surprising that he was my best friend, for I was ignorant of everything except cricket. Naturally I was particularly friendly and amicable towards him during such lessons as mathematics or chemistry practical.

Mistaking this friendliness towards him during science lessons for an interest in his personal experiments (carried on by the way in the cloakroom) Puddly would inflict on me, from time to time, a sermon on the various ins-and-outs of his latest theory to challenge Darwin or on the method of making an automatic-robot-for-doing-homework. That is how I came to learn about the saucer—pardon me, the FLYING SAUCER.

For a long time Puddly had been pre-occupied with Space Travel (I had gathered as much from the various comics strewn around the room), but it had never dawned on me that our dear old Puddly of the Lower Fourth was contemplating making a space machine. I was so excited by this piece of information, so casually hinted at, that I immediately informed the rest of our class.

After that poor Puddly was the centre of attraction for the Lower Fourth who either could not or would not swallow his latest inventive craze. He was mocked, laughed at, and joked about for several days, while he was constantly made the object of satirical questions from a superior-looking prefect who had got wind of THE SAUCER.

Discouraged by our undisguised disbelief, Puddly said no more about his saucer and many months passed and still no-one was invited to view the finished flying apparatus. We began to think that Puddly had really given up his space-travel notions, especially since the ceiling of the cloakroom had been blown off one day in a fit of "experimentalism" and Puddly had since conducted his experiments in our form-room.

Not until the illustrious November the Fifth did any thought of flying saucers come into our minds. That night the whole school was gathered together round a magnificent bonfire, while rockets and Roman candles soared into the night. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Puddly slink off from our group into the darkness. At that time I gave no more thought to it, although I hoped he was not going to set fire to any barrels of gunpowder, which he may have stored in the school cellars.

We never saw Puddly again! But next morning many inhabitants of our town saw a very unusual object circling above the houses—it looked very much like a Flying Saucer!! Perhaps poor Puddly is still rocketing ceaselessly around the earth!

ANNE CAMPODONIC, Upper VI Arts.

Through a Keyhole

I AM the rusty old key of an old theatrical store-room. As I gaze into the room I can see many and various things.

In the far corner I can see a lace mantilla; thoughts of sunny Spain sprang to my mind of señoritas and handsome matadors, the playing of guitars and senerades.

I see an old suit of armour—knights with flashing swords, white horses and fair ladies. An ugly, grotesque mask I now see takes me to Africa, and scenes of war dances, witch doctors and wooden gods in my thoughts. Directly in front of me I see a pair of ballet shoes, and so the scene changes to the stage, where the ballerina is dancing the beautiful "Swan Lake" ballet. A musical box conjures up a picture of a Victorian parlour with ladies and gentlemen elegantly dressed, quietly passing the evening away.

So quickly I pass my time until someone turns me to open the door, and my travels to many countries are over and I am brought back to reality, waiting till the door is locked once more and away again I go on my travels.

CAROL HUGHES, 2c.

International Rugby Trip, 1957

THE final Welsh Secondary Schools Rugby trial was over, and it was a question of whether my rugby ability warranted a place in the Welsh rugby side. I had kept my place in the previous trials and experienced the keen rivalry of fellow players and shared their determination to play for Wales. This year I fulfilled my ambition and was honoured by being selected to represent the W.S.S.R.U. against France at Toulouse on the 16th April.

Toulouse is well in the South of France and from London by sea and land the journey would have taken at least 24 hours. With the help of a twin-engined Dakota our party of 17 players and six officials was on French soil three and a half hours after leaving Rhoose Airport, Cardiff, on Sunday, 14th April. It was the first time I have flown and naturally I possessed some doubts which people, who are used to having two feet firmly planted on the ground, have. My fears were dispelled by a perfect take-off and a charming hostess. Once off the ground I felt no sensation of height or speed. At 8,000 feet the country really did look like that "patch work quilt" and I was amazed to find our air speed was just under 200 m.p.h.; it was more like being suspended and not flying, but as the Bristol Channel, the English Channel, and the Channel Islands passed underneath I could appreciate what actual distance was being accomplished. We followed the French coast as far as the Bordeaux Estuary and then a sharp turn inland meant that there were only minutes of flying time left. We touched down at Toulouse in the gathering dusk, and were welcomed by members of the French Rugby Union. This was the first test of our professed linguists; only one boy could understand, but what was more important, speak French with any ability. Needless to say he was unanimously voted interpreter. I had to rely on well tried gestures, which I, and in fact all of us, perfected in the days to come.

Last minute alterations by the French meant our game would be played at Foix and not at Toulouse. This entailed a long journey by coach farther South, into the foot-hills of the Pyrenees and not far from the Spanish border. It was dark when we arrived at Foix, our headquarters for the three day trip. Silhouetted against the sky was the great Castle of Foix which, built on a pinnacle of rock, seemed to rise up out of the town. The town itself was in darkness, all light cut off by the steep hills which rose almost vertically 600-700 feet completely surrounding the town. We were directed through the twisting narrow streets and installed at our hotels. A quick meal and a strict bed-time left little time for exploration. Foix was to remain a black mystery, at least until the morning.

I was, in fact, awakened by the babble of voices from the market square beneath. From my fifth story balcony, I could survey the industry below; the peasant women traditionally dressed in black, selling chickens, goats, rabbits or any thing which could exist on the barren mountains; the farmers came in their ox-drawn carts, with pigs and cattle. The more prosperous land owners blocked the streets with their lorries in efforts to negotiate the sharp corners; the place was a mass of activity and noises. Above the red tiled roof tops of the dilapidated houses, which formed an irregular sky line, I could see the Pyrenees, snow-bound and majestic in the distance forming an almost impenetrable barrier between France and Spain. Foix possessed all the characteristics of a country town: nothing was regular or planned, not even the streets or houses. Everything seemed to have grown up around the market squares where the street cafes and wine shops and bazaars formed the nucleus of life and trade of the town, and where the farmers could drink their wine and argue before leaving again for the mountains.

The French Rugby Union had arranged a full programme and they were determined to show us as much as possible during our short stay.

We spent Monday morning exploring caves at Labouiche, which were similar to those found at Cheddar, only far more extensive. The caves had been formed by the action of subterranean rivers which had hollowed out huge passages far below ground level. We travelled just under a mile by boat on one river; during the whole voyage we were 80 yards underground. The stillness of the caves was only broken by the continual drip of water, slowly forming the huge stalagmites and stalagmites for which the caves were renowned.

After a "Déjeuner léger" at Foix, followed a vigorous training session at the Rugby Stadium. It was essential to get used to the rather hard ground and "to get the feel" of the ball before the vital game. This practice inspired confidence and rather impressed a gathering of small French boys who had come to watch the "Les Gallois."

A trip to the Chateaux Foix after the practice was conventional, though not altogether appreciated. Mountaineering is not always a good policy to follow after hard scrummaging and "line out work." However, reflecting a little, the discipline amongst the members of the party was, at all times, first rate. We had come to Foix with a purpose and it was essential that we kept together as a team. Although this left little time for individual exploration and interests, it did, however, further the team spirit which is so necessary "on the field."

The French team arrived at Foix early Tuesday morning and were installed, appropriately, on the opposite bank of the river which ran through Foix. We did not meet them until 4 o'clock that afternoon when the two teams stood side by side as the band played the national anthems of the two countries. The ground was perfect, and the heat of the day was over, and the sun was beginning to set over the distant Pyrenees. The whistle blew and the traditional game of red against blue had begun. For those who appreciate rugby, it was not a spectacular game; the crowd of French enthusiasts had little to cheer about. Wales, except for a first minute interception by a French three quarter, was never really in trouble. I found the French forwards robust, but on the whole the packs were even. Time after time our backs looked like scoring, but but desperate tackling saved the day for France. We were beaten eventually 9-3, two excellent drop goals and one penalty goal by the French to our one penalty goal. I think it was an unfortunate result—but anything can happen in rugby. My memento of the game was a badly torn shirt, a sign of the hard fought battle!

The reception after the game was held in the "Municipalité." Together with the French team, we were congratulated by French and Welsh officials alike. Toasts were made for the prosperity of the two rugby unions. Training restrictions were lifted so we could sample the red wine, famed and produced in this part of France. The Mayor requested a few Welsh songs, and we replied lustily with "Calon Lan" and "Sospas Fach." Whether the ovation which followed our singing was worth it, was, of course, a matter of opinion.

For the French, the preparation and presentation of food is an art. The official dinner of eight courses was prepared in a lavish way. But I have long since wondered what was "Cervelle D'Agneaux Toulousaine." We duly attended the dance held in honour of the two teams—a good time was had by all. In the early hours of the morning we said goodbye to our newly made French rugby pals. And later that same morning we left Foix for Toulouse.

We had lost the match but had gained a knowledge of a part of France and the friendship of people who share the enjoyment of Rugby football.

DAVID WEALE, VI Science.

REVIEW.

INTRODUCING ALGEBRA

G. H. LESLIE—Odham's Press Ltd. 3/6.

IN the preface to his book, "Introducing Algebra," Mr. Leslie makes it clear that his aim has been to provide in graded form abundant exercises, and exercises only, on the use and significance of symbols and signs. To this end he has applied himself reverently, not sparing himself in his efforts to present to the student the various topics in an original and novel one.

Section I is a very extensive and detailed introduction to the most fundamental ideas of Algebra. If any query should arise in this section it will probably be whether the author is correct in introducing the exercise on expressing one symbol in terms of another before the solving of Simple Equations.

Section II introduces directed numbers for the first time and gives further revision of the ground covered in Section I. But is Mr. Leslie right in introducing Rectangular Co-ordinates at this early stage? Everything else in the book has an immediate practical application to everyday life, but many pupils will have much difficulty in grasping the practical significance of Rectangular Co-ordinates.

G. RICKARD, Upper VI Sc.

House Drama Competition, 1957

THIS competition was held on the last two evenings of the Easter term and provided entertainment of a high standard for the two large audiences.

More attention was paid this year to choice of play, all four houses presenting plays which were a worthy challenge to producers, designers and players. The challenge was boldly accepted and the result was a credit to all concerned.

Tudor House performed "Days of Grace" by David Forbes Lorne, a play intended for television. The producer did not quite succeed in coping with the several sets and lost the continuity and atmosphere by using the front tabs too often. His changes should have been simple lighting changes and where that was not possible he could have used the apron. However, the sets and costumes had been given thought and the acting was sincere. Robert Howe, Michael Willis, William Watson, Eira Brickle and Brian Griffiths all gave good performances.

Tchekov's "The Anniversary" was admirably done by Hywel House. This play demands speed and slickness of production and sophistication in the acting. Perhaps one could almost say that it was not an ideal choice for young actors. But the audience reaction suggested that it was. Kenneth MacGarvie as the harassed director of a bank gave the kind of performance one has come to expect of him. As his wife, Beti Evans postured nicely and Joan Thomas was the ideal contrast. David Pearson played the hypochondriacal clerk very convincingly and reminded us that he is an actor of promise. The set looked opulent, the designer having made use of rich crimson material to get his effect. The producer, Valerie Gough, made full use of the stage and the grouping was effective. More should have been seen of the earnest, myopic bank clerk who gave all would-be actors an object lesson in how to act without speaking a word.

A play with an unusual set was produced by Picton House. This and the excellent sound effects were the highlights of Eric Golding's production of "Davy Jones's Locker" by T. C. Thomas. To build a working signal box on a stage is no easy task and Geoffrey Bettison

succeeded admirably. John Jenkins managed to get all his train noises running on time. This well-known black-market comedy was well acted too. David Thomas, David Griffiths and Margaret Thomas were good partners in crime, and Clive Harkett and Cyril MacCallum wore their uniforms well. Malcolm Morgan and Rodney Cook caroused surprisingly and convincingly. The production had pace and kept the audience laughing, but there were one or two problems of grouping which would have been obviated had the door been downstage.

Finally, Glyndwr House gave Sladen-Smith's "Saint Simeon Stylites." This production looked good. The action takes place on top of a pillar and Suzanne Brown got a colourful effect by using luxuriant foliage and exotic blooms. Action is very seriously limited in such a confined space but one was never aware that the play lacked much movement. Christopher Law gave a good performance as St. Simeon and he was well supported by Jeffrey Owen, David Weale, Gordon Rickard and George Jones. Janet Saunders and Ann Woolnough must remember to speak up to be effective. The production by Suzanne Brown, who also played a flighty lady's maid, was mature and polished.

Miss Kit Hearn, herself an experienced and successful producer, made a return visit as adjudicator. Her criticism was sound and helpful and will be used to make next year's competition even more successful.

School Diary

Spring Term, 1957:

- 8 Jan. Term began
 9 Jan. Talk by Mr. Aneurin Hughes, American Field Society representative.
 21 Jan. Talk by S/L. D. H. Downs, Schools Liaison Officer, R.A.F.
 5 Feb. B.C.G. Vaccination. Film: **Children of Hiroshima.**
 8 Feb. Film: **The Young Dragons in South Africa.**
 14 Feb. Lecture by Mrs. Rutter on **New Zealand.**
 15 Feb. Film: **The Great Adventure** (Suchsdorff).
 18 & 19 Feb. Half-term.
 20 Feb. Eisteddfod Preliminaries began.
 21 Feb. Talk in Assembly by Pat Kavanagh on **T. E. Ellis.**
 22 Feb. Talk by F/O Fenwick-Webb, Schools Liaison Officer, W.R.A.F.
 27 Feb. **EISTEDDFOD DAY**
 1 March Talk by the Headmaster in Assembly on **Robert Roberts** (Y Sgoler Mawr).
 4 March Talk by George McLean in Assembly on **Baden Powell.**
 8 March Old Pupils' Association Dance (for the International Camp).
 11 March Talk by William Tucker in Assembly on **Von Liebus.**
 15 March Talk by Jennifer Gordon in Assembly on **Julius Caesar.**
 19 March Visit of C.Y.E.E. representatives, Mrs. Williamson and Mr. Christopher.
 20 March Talk by Christopher Law in Assembly on **Louis Kossuth.**
 22 March Lecture by Rev. T. M. Carr of U.M.C.A. on **Tanganyika.**
 28 March Lecture by Mr. Bernard Newman on **Spies in Fact and Fiction.**
 1 April A party visited the Taskers High School production of **Toad of Toad Hall.**
 4 April Admissions Examination.
 School Social.
 5 April A party visited the Fishguard Secondary School production of **The Mikado.**
 8 & 9 April **HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION.**
 9 April End-of-Term Concert.
 10 April Talk in Assembly by Anne Campodonic on **Herman Melville.**
 Term ended.

Summer Term.

- 30 April Term began.
 4 May School Social.
 7 May W.J.E.C. Welsh Oral (Mrs. M. Carter).
 8 May W.J.E.C. Practical Chemistry (Mr. W. J. Orville Thomas).
 The British Schools Exploring Society Film of **Lapland.**
 9 May W.J.E.C. Zoology Practical (Dr. P. A. Little).
 Lecture by Lt./Cdr. L. A. Wintle.
 10 May Talk in Assembly by Pat Kavanagh on **The Indian Mutiny.**
 15 May W.J.E.C. French Oral (Dr. F. W. A. George).
 16 May Lecture by Mr. J. P. Athisayan on **Singapore.**
 17 May W.J.E.C. Cookery Practical (Mrs. Burdon).
 20 May W.J.E.C. Botany Practical (Mr. I. Isaac).
 21 May W.J.E.C. Geography Practical (Mr. J. Oliver).
 22 May Talk in Assembly by John Trice on **The Act of Union 1707.**
 Oxford French Oral (Mrs. G. Gruffydd).
 23 May W.J.E.C. Needlework Practical (Mrs. E. Griffith).
 W.J.E.C. German Oral (Dr. A. Robinson).
 W.J.E.C. Physics Practical (Dr. Wright).
 27 May **SCHOOL SPORTS.**
 28 May Supplementary Admissions Examination.
 31 May W.J.E.C. Spanish Oral at Milford Haven Grammar School.
COUNTY SPORTS.
 1 June
 3 June W.J.E.C. Woodwork Practical (Mr. G. Hunt).
 10, 11 and Half-term.
 12 June
 18 June W.J.E.C. Examinations began.
 16 July End of term.

School Eisteddfod, 1957

MUSIC

- Junior Boys' Solo ("Across the Sea"—Alec Rowley): 1st, Ronald Starkey (T); 2nd, Raymond Thomas (T); 3rd, Kenneth Lewis (G).
 Junior Boys' Unison ("Heroes when with glory burning"—Handel): 1st, Trevor Jones's Party (G); 2nd, Michael Baldwin's Party (H); 3rd, John Evans's Party (P).
 Junior Girls' Solo ("Fairy Gold"—Ieuan Rees-Davies): 1st, Jane Evans (T); 2nd, Jean Shore (H); 3rd, Pat Hearne (G.).
 Junior Girls' Unison ("The Path to the Moon"—Eric Thiman): 1st, Jill Dickinson's Party (T); 2nd, Jean Shore's Party (H); 3rd, Pamela Rendall's Party (G).
 Senior Boys' Solo ("Westering Home"—arr. Hugh S. Robertson): 1st, David Griffiths (P); 2nd, Christopher Law (G); 3rd, Kenneth MacGarvie (H).
 Senior Girls' Solo ("The Poet's Song"—Hubert Parry): 1st, Anne Campodonic (T); 2nd, Joan Allington (P); 3rd, Gillian Teague (P).
 Senior Girls' Duet ("It is the Evening Hour"—Shena Fraser): 1st, Joan Allington and Margaret Thomas (P); 2nd, Patricia and Margaret Kavanagh (P); 3rd, Rhona Gassner and Anne Campodonic (T).
 Junior Welsh Solo ("Plentyn Breuddwydion"—arr. E. T. Davies): 1st, Jean Shore (H); 2nd, Jane Evans (T); 3rd, Joy Couzens (P).
 Senior Welsh Solo ("Morfa Rhuddian"—arr. Daniel Evans): 1st, Joan Allington (P); 2nd, Margaret Thomas (P); 3rd, Gillian Teague (P).
 Choir ("Tell me where is fancy bred"—Eric Coates): 1st, Tudor; 2nd, Picton; 3rd Glyndwr; 4th, Hywel.
 Junior Piano Solo ("The Bosun"—E. Maryham Lee): 1st, Joyce Simlett (G); 2nd, Maureen Campodonic (T); 3rd, Jean Shore (H).
 Senior Piano Solo ("Sarabande and Gigue"—Domenico Zipoli): 1st, Kenneth MacGarvie (H); 2nd, Shirley Dundas (T).

Junior Violin Solo : 1st, Marilyn Evans (G) ; 2nd, David Lloyd Williams (P).

Senior Instrumental Solo : 1st, Tom James and George McLean.

ESSAYS

Form II (Through a Keyhole) : 1st, Hilary Richards and Jillian Rich (H) ; 3, Carol Hughes (G).

Form III (Pictures in the Fire) : 1st, June Moses (G) ; 2nd, Joan Morgan (H) ; 3rd, Margaret Morgan (H).

Form IV (A Nightmare) : 1st, Pat Jones and Christopher Morgan (P) ; 3rd, Jillian Thomas (P).

Forms Upper IV and V Remove (A Red Letter Day in my School Life) : 1st, Richard Thomas (P) and Giselle ; 3rd, Shirley Dundas (T).

Form V ("Great Events from Little Sources Spring") : 1st, Jillian Brookes (P) ; 2nd, Richard Catien (H) ; 3rd, Pamela Myers (G).

Form VI (The Spirit of the Age) : 1, David Thomas (P) ; 2nd, Mary Jones (G) ; 3rd, Janet Saunders (G).

ORIGINAL VERSE

Form II (To a Mouse) : 1st, Sally Jones (G) ; 2nd, Jillian Rich (H) ; 3rd, Joyce Calver (H).

Form III (Winding Roads) : 1st, Ann Birrell (H) ; 2nd, Valene James (T) ; 3rd, Mary Woodward (P).

Form IV (The Sea-Shore) : 1st, Anthony Lane (T) ; 2nd, Rosemarie Rogers (H) ; 3rd, Elaine Stewart.

Forms Upper IV and V Remove (Echoes) : 1st, Andrea Jones (T) ; 2nd, Veronica Block (H) ; 3rd, Gordon Payne (H).

Form V (A Warning) : 1st, Olive Rees (G) ; 2nd, Pamela Myers (G) ; 3rd, Margaret Dean (T).

Form VI (Reflections) : 1st, Mary Jones (G) ; 2nd, David Thomas (P) ; 3rd, Pat Kavanagh (P).

SHORT STORY

Junior : 1st, John Lewis (H) and Margaret Morgan (H) ; 3rd, Jillian Thomas (P).

Senior : 1st, Gordon Rickard (G) ; 2nd, Rosemary Andrew (G) ; 3rd, Pat Kavanagh (P).

VERSE TRANSLATION

Latin : 1st, David Thomas (P).

German : 1st, Terence Thompson (P) ; 2nd, Nigel Phelps (P) ; 3rd, David Pearson (H).

Welsh : 1st, Hazel Davies (H) ; 2nd, Margaret Thomas (P) ; 3rd, Eira Brickle (T).

French : 1st, Anne Campodonic (T) ; 2nd, Rosemary Andrew (G) and Eleanor Birrell (H).

POETRY SPEAKING

Junior Boys (Death the Leveller—J. Shirley) : 1st, John H. Lewis (H) ; 2nd, Victor Catherall (P) ; 3rd, John Waller (H).

Junior Girls (The Blackbird—John Drinkwater) : 1st, Wendy Gray (T) ; 2nd, Jillian Thomas (P) ; 3rd, Anne Hall (G).

Senior Boys (Welsh Incident—Robert Graves) : 1st, David Thomas (P) ; 2nd, Clive Harkett (P) ; 3rd, Christopher Law (G).

Senior Girls (Warning to Children—Robert Graves) : 1st, Pat Kavanagh (P) ; 2nd, Eira Brickle (T) ; 3rd, Yvonne Mansell (G).

Junior Welsh (Yr Hen Delynor—T. Rowland Hughes) : 1st, Dilys Griffith (H) ; 2nd, John Evans (P) ; 3rd, Graham Phillips (H).

Senior Welsh (Gwenci—R. Williams Parry) : 1st, Margaret Thomas (P) ; 2nd, Eira Brickle (T) ; 3rd, Graham Phillips (H).

CHORAL SPEECH

Junior (A passage from "The Forsaken Merman" by Matthew Arnold) : 1st, Hilary Jones's Party (G) ; 2nd, Anne Birrell's Party (H) ; 3rd, Suzanne Kings Party (P).

Senior (A passage from "The Dog beneath the Skin" by W. H. Auden) : 1st, Picton House Party ; 2nd, Tudor House Party ; 3rd, Glyndwr House Party.

PREPARED SPEECH

"Is industrial development a good thing for South Pembrokeshire?" 1st, David Thomas (P) ; 2nd, Suzanne Brown (G) ; Eleanor Birrell (H) and Cyril MacCullum (P).

GEOGRAPHY

Form II : 1st, Jillian Rich (H).

Form III : 1st, Alison Telfer (H) ; 2nd, Mary Martin (H) ; 3rd, Anne Birrell (H).

Form IV : 1st, Terence Richards (P) ; 2nd, Gillian Cook (P) ; 3rd, Ann Bunting (H).

Form V : 1st, Geoffrey Bettison (P) ; 2nd, David Clay (H) ; 3rd, Janice Andrewartha (H).

Form VI : 1st, Graham Phillips (H) and Eric Golding (P) ; 3rd, Christopher Law (G).

NATURE STUDY

Form II and III : 1st, Jillian Rich (H).

Forms IV, Upper IV, V Remove : 1st, Diane Rogers and Kenneth Rogers (P) ; 3rd, Pat Waite (P).

Forms V and VI : 1st, Beti Evans (H) ; 2nd, Pauline Armitage (T).

STAMP COLLECTIONS

Forms II and III : 1st, Jillian Rich (H) and Heather Lomax (T) ; 3rd, Ann Birrell (H).

Forms IV, Upper IV and V Remove : 1st, Jillian Thomas (P) ; 2nd, Wilfred Bunyan (G) ; 3rd, Wendy Gray (T).

Forms V and VI : 1st, George McLean (H) ; 2nd, David Darlington (T) ; 3rd, Eleanor Birrell (H).

ART

Forms II and III : 1st, no prize awarded ; 2nd, Alison Telfer (H) ; 3rd, Jillian Rich (H).

Forms IV, Upper IV and V Remove : 1st, no prize awarded ; 2nd, Geoffrey Bettison (P) ; 3rd, Michael Willis (T).

WOODWORK

Form II : No prizes.

Forms III and IV : 1st, Kenneth Rogers (P) ; 2nd, John Nash (G) ; 3rd, Pluto.

Forms V and VI : 1st, Robert Holmes (G) ; 2nd, Robert Ferrier.

Open : 1st, Pauline Armitage (T) ; 2nd, Beti Evans (H).

AGRICULTURE

Junior Milking : 1st, Norman Fry (H) ; 2nd, Howell Woods (T) ; 3rd, James Gibby (G).

Senior Milking : 1st, Kenneth Rogers (P) ; 2nd, John Hammond (H) ; 3rd, Jeffrey Owen (G).

Junior Tractor Reversing : 1st, James Gibby (G) ; 2nd, Howell Woods (T) ; 3rd, Terence Threlfall (G).

Senior Tractor Reversing : 1st, Nicholas Tebbutt (T) ; 2nd, Robert Lloyd (G) ; 3rd, Norman Mowlan (T).

PHOTOGRAPHY

Novice : 1st, John Haggard (H) ; 2nd, Graham Phillips ; 3rd, Kenneth S. Lewis (G).

Junior : 1st, Heather Lomax (T) ; 2nd, Keith Russant (P) ; 3rd, Ann Parcell (H).

Open : 1st, Georg Grossmann (T) ; 2nd, Christopher Law (G) ; 3rd, Geoffrey Bettison (P).

COOKERY

Forms II and III :—Jam Tarts : 1st, Dilys Griffith (H) ; 2nd, Peter Thomas (T) ; 3rd, Dianne Mathias (P). Rock Cakes : 1st, Patricia Roberts (G) ; 2nd, Angela Hay (P) ; 3rd, Billy Kavanagh (P).

Forms IV and Upper IV :—Sausage Rolls : 1st, David Brown (P) ; 2nd, Heather Taylor (G) ; 3rd, June Herbert (H). Sponge Cake : 1st, Stuart Brown (H) ; 2nd, Ronald Starkey (T) ; 3rd, David Esmond (T).

Forms V Remove, V and VI :—Madeira Cake : 1st, Valerie Colley (P) ; 2nd, M. Williams (T) ; 3rd, Robert Ferrier. Bread : 1st, Eira Brickle (T) ; 2nd, Dorothy Anstee (G) ; 3rd, G's.

NEEDLEWORK

Forms II and III :—Nightdress Case : 1st, Myrtle Williams (T) ; 2nd, Avril Bush (T) ; 3rd, Jillian Rich (H).

Work Bag : 1st, Gillian Cook (P) ; 2nd, Pat Matthews (T) ; 3rd, Valene Jenkins (T).

Middle and Senior :—Sleeveless Blouse : 1st, Denise Tyndall (H) ; 2nd, Iona Jones (G) ; 3rd, Myra Cook (G). Pair of Shorts : 1st, Jennifer Jones (G) ; 2nd, Rosemary Andrew (G) ; 3rd, Jean Devote (T).

EMBROIDERY

Open : Table Runner : 1st, Julia Bush (T) ; 2nd, Awena Jones (G) ; 3rd, Marina Watkins (G). Apron : 1st, Rosemary Andrew (G) ; 2nd, Ann Bunting (H) ; 3rd, Jean Devote (T).

KNITTING AND FELTWORK

Junior :—Hotwater Bottle Cover : 1st, Audrey Phillips (H) ; 2nd, Gillian Roberts ; 3rd, Marilyn Bowers (H). Baby's Bonnett : 1st, Susan Saunders (G) ; 2nd, Janice Nicholas (H) ; 3rd, Caroline Folland.

Senior and Middle :—Gloves : 1st, Pamela Bumstead (H) and Ann Ferrier (G) ; 3rd, Daphne Jenkins (P). Sleeveless Jumper : 1st, Shirley Dundas (T) ; 2nd, Denise Tyndall (H) ; 3rd, Patricia John (P).

Open :—Toys : 1st, Jennifer Jones (G) ; 2nd, Pearl Williams (G) ; 3rd, Pat Waite (P). Radio Times Cover : 1st, Rosemary Andrew (G) ; 2nd, Shirley Dundas (T) ; 3rd, Yvonne Mansell. Egg Cosies : 1st, Mary Jones (G) ; 2nd, Pat Roberts (G) ; 3rd, Ann Ferrier (G).

TABLE DECORATION

Section A : 1st, Dorothy Uphill (P) ; 2nd, Rosemary Andrew (G) ; 3rd, Christine Nash (G).

Section B : 1st, Pat Harries (T) ; 2nd, Anne Wright (T) ; 3rd, Ann Bunting (H).

FOLK DANCING

1st, Picton House ; 2nd, Glyndwr House ; 3rd, Hywel House.

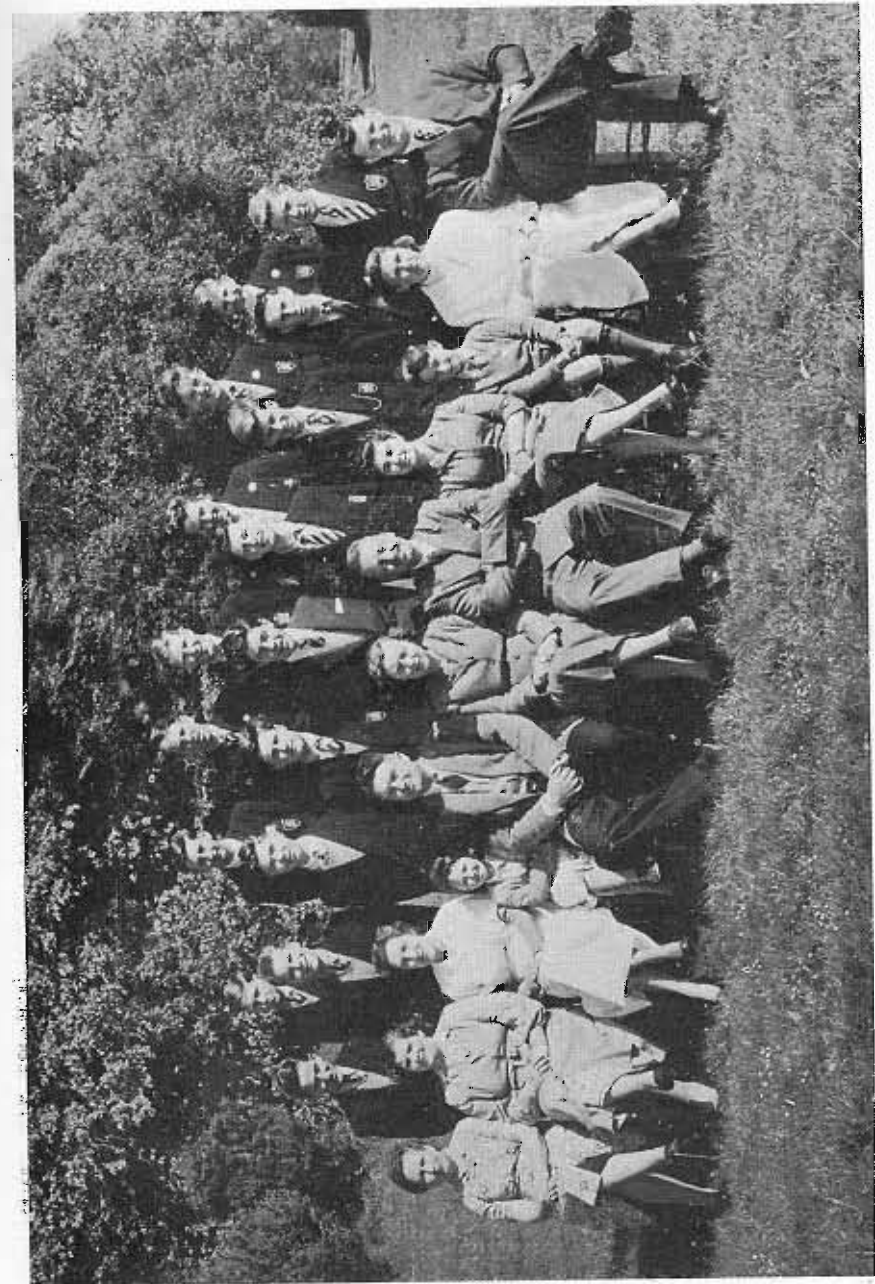
FINAL HOUSE PLACINGS

1st, Glyndwr, 914.

2nd, Picton, 857½.

3rd, Hywel, 822½.

4th, Tudor, 785.





FIRST HOCKEY XI, 1956-57

Standing : Joan Carr, Jacqueline Godfrey, Gillian Garnham, Rhona Gassner, Sheila Jones, Gwyneth James.
 Seated : Mrs. Ebsworth, Delphia Welham, Suzanne Brown (captain), Jean Devote, Mr. Mathias
 In Front : Rae Gamman, Margaret Thomas



1st RUGBY XV, 1956-57

Standing : Roger Davis, Georg Grossman, Cyril McCallum, Eilwyn Morris, Vernon Blackmore, John Dyke, Paul Evans,
 John Jenkins
 Seated : Mr. Mathias, George Jones, John Ebsworth, Gordon Rickard, David Weale, Fred Breese, Brian Griffiths,
 Mr. Cleaver
 In Front : Jeremy Gordon, Ivor Davies

Dramatic Society

OFFICIALS: Suzanne Brown (secretary); Members of the Committee: David Pearson, Eric Golding, Margaret Thomas, John Trice, Rosemary Andrew, Ann Woolnough.

This year the Dramatic Society only produced one play—a performance of the rather hackneyed "The Bishop's Candlesticks." The play was produced by Ann Woolnough and the cast consisted of Margaret Thomas, John Lewis, Ray Reynolds, Rosemary Andrew, Patrick McNally and Cyril MacCallum. Although there could have been much more put into the production, the play was well accepted when it was performed, and John Lewis showed considerable promise as an actor.

Although the society as it stands does provide experience for people (meagre though it is), performances of one act plays are not enough for a school dramatic society. The committee are told to get down to work, but there are never any lectures given to them and other people who are interested on such important things as stage production, scenery, make-up, voice production and acting.

Useful lectures on these lines—especially on costume would ultimately benefit the school because girls could be advised on construction of costume and gradually a wardrobe would be built up and thus alleviate the cost of hiring costumes for school productions.

Perhaps future years will bring more and brighter productions, because of some advice and tuition obtained from knowledgeable members of staff that will guide the producers. S.B.

The Field Society

THE Society covered a great deal of ground in both geographical and administrative fields this year. The main officials for this session were: Chairman, Ann Fraser; secretary, William Tucker; treasurer, Pauline Armitage, together with a large committee fully representing all age groups in the school. Teachers accompanying trips have been Mr. Lloyd, Miss Jones and Miss Bishop. It was decided that members should pay 1/- membership fee, benefits being eligibility for rare-specimen prizes and subsidies to costs for bus fares on trips.

We chose a sunny day in November for the first full-scale trip of the year, ambling down the valley from Castlemartin to the coast, which we followed around Linney Head as far as Warren. A social was held in January to replenish funds for a trip to St. David's which followed shortly including visits to local places of interest, and Abereiddi Bay, where many remarkable fossils were found. The long-awaited Prescelly trip occurred in May, when members were allowed to release school-pent feelings for a day. Mr. L——'s yodelling was a great success.

WILLIAM TUCKER.

Science Society

President: Mr. Greenwood. Chairman: J. Gordon.
Vice-Chairman: D. A. H. Weale. Secretary: G. D. McLean.
Committee: W. Watson, Pauline Armitage.

SINCE the last issue of "Penvro" the Science Society has been quite active.

On November 13th Kenneth MacGarvie spoke on "Going to the Pictures—a Course in Cinematography." He began by telling of the history



The School's two Welsh Caps: David Weale and John Ebsworth

of cinematography, describing the steps which were made towards the first moving photographs. Then he talked of the development of silent films. 2D, Cinemascope, Vistacision and Cinerama. He showed, by means of diagrams, the layout of cinemas adapted for various types of films. He went on to discuss the problems encountered by film editors and passed round photographs of "stills" and a film script.

November 27th saw the Chemistry Lab. well filled to hear Jeremy Gordon speak on "Steel." He told us of the manufacture of steel, the structure of steel and some of its many uses. After the speaker answered some lively questions on metal fatigue.

On December 11th David Weale talked about "Mars." He gave us a knowledgeable account of the possibility of life on that planet. It was decided that no life as we know it could exist there, except maybe for some tichen, that water is scarce and the "canals" are really rifts in the surface of the planet and are up to 200 miles wide. An exceptionally lively discussion followed when the audience attempted to contest the view of the speaker.

The first talk in the New Year was given by William Tucker on "How Men Made Gold." He began by explaining the history and possible origin of Alchemy. The Alchemists were very secretive about what they wrote, and many of their experiments are lost for ever as the "ingredients" they used cannot be deciphered from the experimenters' writings. Tucker further described the industrious disposition of the alchemists, how, with the increase of alchemy, came the increase of frauds and cheats who said they could make gold. He went on to tell how alchemy was gradually replaced by chemistry and helped to create the firm foundation of this science.

The last meeting of this series was held on 29th January, when James Croft spoke on "See How They Grow." He began by describing the importance and relationship of the planet to the soil, describing the various properties of soil, different kinds of soils, their peculiar properties and the results obtained from mixing sands, silts, loams and humus. The ideal soil was described, the importance of colloids and the P.H. of the soil. Croft talked also of the types and uses of manures and fertilisers.

When this meeting closed it was realised that this series of talks was the most successful in the history of the Society. This was due to the hard work which preceded the writing and presentation of the talks.

G. McLEAN, Upper VI Science.

The School Farm

SINCE the appearance of the last "Penviro" there has been a great deal of activity on the School Farm. Christmas came and 75 turkeys graced as many dinner tables. In recent years Pembrokeshire has developed into an important turkey producing county rearing many thousands of birds every year most of which are exported to London and South Wales markets. It is interesting to reflect on the reason for this development in a county which is traditionally important for its cattle and grain. It is probably due to the development of the early potato industry, which has become very important to the South Pembrokeshire farmer. The potato grower buys his seed in September and places them in special boxes which are then stacked in a well lighted building or glass-house to sprout. This has several advantages over planting unspouted tubers, the main benefit being that the tubers have the equivalent of 2-3 weeks growth on them when planted and as a result produce a much earlier crop. What has all this to do with turkey rearing? Simply that from early March, when the potatoes are planted, the sprouting or chitting houses are empty of potatoes and

the farmer who is a good business man does not like to see good buildings standing empty for six months. He cannot rear cattle or pigs in a glass-house but he can rear birds, and especially turkeys. There are tender creatures at first and the glass-house provides an ideal and cheap rearing house for the first 8-12 weeks, by which time they have developed into hardy creatures that can be reared with the minimum of shelter. This method was developed so successfully that many farmers increased their output tremendously, erecting additional buildings for the purpose.

Traditionally, of course, the turkey is a luxury bird and does not form part of the Christmas dinner of the ordinary family. This was because in the past the difficulty and uncertainty of rearing turkeys made them expensive to buy, but modern science has relieved the farmer of his worst fears, viz., diseases, by discovering new drugs. As a result, the turkey is a reasonably easy bird to rear and is a very efficient converter of food into high quality meat. Experiments have shown that in 18 weeks a good turkey weighing about 13 lbs. live weight can be reared for about £2, and sold to the customer for £2/10/0. This leaves the farmer a reasonable return and provides the customer with an excellent family size turkey for a similar price per pound as one would pay for the best joint of beef or pork. It is little wonder that many people are now beginning to develop a taste for turkeys all through the year and not merely at Christmas.

These notes are being written just before we start lifting the potato crop. The prospects of a good crop are promising this year following a month of ideal weather—sun, rain and absence of frost. Once the tubers start forming early in May, it is amazing how rapidly the weight of the crop increases. We found, for instance, by lifting sample plots that the yield increased by 400 per cent. for each of two consecutive weeks.

It is very interesting to observe the effect on the farmer of growing early potatoes. During the season and especially at lifting time, he seems to take on a new personality! It is little wonder really, when one remembers that it may cost him over £100 an acre to grow and that one night's frost in May could ruin his crop, or that too many foreign potatoes on the market at the same time may drastically reduce his own prices. Why, therefore, does he so willingly suffer this annual mental strain? Simply because in most seasons his crop is not ruined by frost or his prices undercut too drastically by foreign competitors and with a little luck a good grower can usually expect a return of £150-£200 per acre. The mental strain is worth while and it only remains to decide whether to buy a new tractor or a new motorcar!

Early in April one of our best cows gave birth to a heifer calf. We were very pleased about this because previously six bull calves had been born—and we were beginning to wonder about the balance of nature! As we thought so much of our heifer we decided that instead of rearing it on the usual economy diet of milk substitute (rather like National Dried Milk for babies) we would let it suckle a cow—and what a difference it has made! Instead of the usual dull rough coat, it has a very glossy, smooth coat and the bones are well covered with flesh. This difference is not due to the calf having more milk than we give of milk substitute; if anything it is receiving less. The milk substitute is claimed to contain everything necessary for the healthy growth of a calf. Why then is there such a difference between two methods of feeding? Many theories have been put forward, but none of them gives the complete explanation and in fact it still remains one of the minor mysteries of farming.

SCHOOL SPORT

D. H. WEALE

We are pleased to record again this year our third International in the person of D. H. Weale, who played against the French Secondary Schools at Foix on April 16th.

This achievement is all the more creditable for two reasons. First, because David was unable to play for almost two seasons on account of ill-health, and secondly because competition amongst prop forwards for places was particularly keen, since three of the front row forwards who had toured South Africa in 1956 were available.

Weale's consistently good play in the trials and especially in the Wales v Rest match in February, gained him a place in the team against the Welsh Youth. So well did the forwards play in that game that only one change was made in the team to play France. In the international at Foix, David's play was a credit to himself, his school and to Wales, and we congratulate him most heartily.

Our further congratulations are also due to John Ebsworth on retaining his place in the W.S.R.U. teams against both Yorkshire and England, thus maintaining his place for two seasons.

School Sports Results

Giving Placings, Houses and Times or Distances of winning competitors.

*—New Record

Event	First	Hse.	Second	Hse.	Third	Hse.	Winning Time or Distance
100 Yards—Boys							
Sub-Junior	John Nash	G	M. Hodge	G	P. Lewis	H	13.8 secs.
					D. Gough	P	
Junior	B. Anfield	H	S. Lewis	H	J. Scourfield	G	11.7 secs.
Middle	*R. Waite	T	J. Carr	T	T. James	P	10.8 secs.
Senior	J. Ebsworth	G	R. May	G	B. Griffiths	T	11 secs.
100 yards—Girls							
Junior	Pauline Canton	P	Sandra Bradshaw ...	P	Joan Morgan	H	13.8 secs.
Middle	*Susan Griffiths	G	Anna Livingstone ...	T	Jean Shore	H	12.5 secs.
Senior	Gillian Garnham ...	P	Jean Devote	T	Olive Binger	T	12.4 secs.
220 yards—Boys							
Sub-Junior	G. Jones	G	J. Nash	G	R. Reeves	P	30.9 secs.
Junior	B. Anfield	H	S. Lewis	H	P. Thomas	G	26.2 secs.
Middle	R. Waite	T	J. Carr	T	A. Butler	G	25.2 secs.
Senior	*J. Ebsworth	G	R. May	G	G. Grossman	T	24.5 secs.
220 yards—Girls							
Senior	*Jean Devote	T	Jacqueline Godfrey	P	Verona Fox	G	29.6 secs.
440 yards—Boys							
Junior	*D. Coles	H	P. Thomas	G	R. Reynolds	H	1m. 4.2 s.
Middle	*J. Carr	T	K. Smith	P	J. James	P	57.3 secs.
Senior	*R. May	G	C. Macken	G	D. Darlington	T	54 secs.
880 yards—Boys							
Middle	*K. Smith	P	P. Crotty	G	M. Morgan	P	2m. 17s.
Senior	*C. Macken	G	C. McCullum	P	D. Darlington	T	2m. 6.5s.

Event	First	Hse.	Second	Hse.	Third	Hse.	Winning Time or Distance
One Mile	*C. Macken	C	K. Smith	P	D. Darlington	T	4m. 39.6c.
					G. Grossman	T	
High Jump—Boys							
Sub-Junior	G. Jones	G	*R. Reeves (4' 2")	P	T. Jones (4' 1")	G	4ft. 2in.
Junior	*A. Scourfield	G	A. Lain	T	P. Ralph	H	4ft. 7in.
Middle	A. Butler	G	J. Pritchard	G	M. Jones	G	4ft. 5in.
Senior	J. Ebsworth	G	C. McCallum	P	G. Rickard	G	5ft. 3in.
High Jump—Girls							
Junior	Myrtle Williams	T	Sandra Bradshaw	P	Christine Swift	G	3ft. 8in.
Middle	Dorothy Lewis	G	Margaret Davies	H	Veronica Block	H	4ft. 3in.
Senior	*Gillian Garnham	P	Verona Fox	G	Margery Paine	P	4ft. 6in.
Long Jump—Boys							
Sub-Junior	M. Hodges	G	D. Neville	T	B. Rees	P	13ft. 8½in.
Junior	A. Scourfield	G			P. Ralph	H	16ft. 2in.
Middle	*Roland Waite	T	John Carr	T	Alan Butler	G	18ft. 2in.
Senior	*B. Griffiths	T	Fred Breeze	G	G. Grossmans	P	18ft. 10in.
Long Jump—Girls							
Junior	Pauline Canton	P	Margaret Morgan	H	Sandra Bradshaw	P	12ft. 8in.
Middle	*Susan Griffiths	G	Jean Shore	H	Valerie Colley	P	15ft. 3½in.
Senior	*Gillian Garnham	P	Jean Devote	T	Rhona Gassner	T	16ft. 0½in.
Hop, Step and Jump—Boys							
Sub-Junior	Gwyn Jones	G	T. Jones	G	J. Nash	G	27ft. 2in.
Junior	M. Edwards	T	C. James	P	T. Scourfield	G	33ft. 4½in.
Middle	R. Waite	T	D. Pearson	H	G. Paine	H	38ft. 6½in.
Senior	*B. Griffiths	T	Chris Law	G	Fred Breeze	G	40ft. 3½in.

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Event	First	Hse.	Second	Hse.	Third	Hse.	Winning Time or Distance
Hop, Step and Jump—Girls							
Junior	Pauline Canton	P	Pat Matthews	T	Christine Swift	G	27ft. 4½in.
Middle	Dorothy Lewis	G	Susan Griffiths	G	Margaret Davies	H	29ft. 4½in.
Senior	Rhona Gassner	T	Jean Devote	T	Jacqueline Godfrey	P	29ft. 10in.
Pole Vault—Boys							
Sub-Junior	G. Briggs	P	T. Durgnan	H	H. Owen	T	5ft. 2in.
Junior	*B. Owen	P	*R. Reynolds	H	*S. Brown	H	8ft. 2in.
Middle	*M. Knill	H	K. Rogers	P	J. Bowers	P	8ft. 10in.
Senior	G. Rickard	G	C. MacCallum	P	D. Weale	G	9ft.
Discus—Boys							
Sub-Junior	R. Morgan	H	J. Skone	P	G. Griggs	P	58ft. 11in.
Junior	Tom James	G	Charles Jones	P	M. Edwards	T	89ft. 7in.
Middle	G. Thomas	T	Michael Knill	H	E. Morris	H	109ft. 10in.
Senior	*C. Harkett	P	G. Jones	G	D. Weale	G	112ft. 5in.
Discus—Girls							
Junior	*Krystyna Rynduch	T	Myrtle Williams	T	Janice Nicholas	H	78ft. 6in.
Middle	*Dorothy Lewis	G	Elaine Stewart	H	Joyce Simleit	G	88ft. 0in.
Senior	Rhona Gassner	T	Edith Binger	T	Maureen Kenniford	G	76ft. 8in.
Javelin—Boys							
Sub-Junior	G. Jones	G	J. Skone	P	Roger Morgan	H	83ft. 10in.
Junior	M. Edwards	T	S. Lewis	H	C. James	P	118ft. 0in.
Middle	G. Thomas	T	T. D. Griffiths	P	G. Campodonic	T	146ft.
Senior	G. Rickard	G	F. Breeze	G	G. Jones	G	110ft.
Javelin—Girls, Junior							
Middle	*Leslie Phillips	H	Krystyna Rynduch	T	Myrtle Williams	T	39ft. 9in.
Senior	*Eileen Thomas	G	Anne Birell	H	Janet Warlow	T	67ft. 10in.
	Pamela Scourfield	P	Anne Frazer	T	Sheila Jones	G	60ft. 7in.

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Event	First	Hsc.	Second	Hsc.	Third	Hsc.	Winning Time or Distance
Shot—Boys Sub-Junior	J. Campodonic	T	T. Jones	G	J. Skone	P	5½in.
Sub-Junior	*B. Anfield	H	S. Lewis	H	I. Evans	T	41ft.
Junior	*C. Thomas	T	M. Knill	H	T. James	G	9½in.
Middle	*G. Harkett	P	J. Ebsworth	G	D. Weale	G	38ft.
Senior							5½in.
Shot—Girls Junior	*K. Rynduch	T	M. Williams	T	C. Evans	P	22ft.
Middle	*Susan Griffiths	G	Wendy Smith	T	Margaret Kavanagh	P	8½in.
Senior	*Rhona Gassner	T	Eleanor Birrell	H	Rosemary Andrew	G	27ft. 3in.
							26ft. 8½in.
Hurdle—Boys							
Sub-Junior	*R. Reeves	P	M. Hodge	G			13.8 secs.
Junior	*B. Anfield	H	A. Lain	T			12 secs.
Middle	*P. Crotty	G	G. Payne	H			16.4 secs.
Senior	*B. Griffiths	T	R. May	G	G. Grossman	T	15.8 secs.
Hurdles—Girls							
Junior	Christine Swift	G	Christine Lewis	T	Maureen Ferrier	P	16.1 secs.
Middle	*Dorothy Lewis	G	Valerie Colley	P	Wendy Smith	T	12.7 secs.
Senior	*Gillian Garnham	P	Penelope Grant	H	Veronica Fox	G	12.7 secs.
Relay—Boys							
Sub-Junior	*Glyndwr		Tudor		Picton		60 secs.
Junior	*Glyndwr		Hywel		Tudor		53.7 secs.
Middle	*Tudor		Picton		Glyndwr		51.3 secs.
Senior	*Glyndwr		Tudor		Picton		47.6 secs.
Relay—Girls							
Junior	*Picton		Hywel		Glyndwr		62.2 secs.
Middle	Glyndwr		Tudor		Picton		60 secs.
Senior	*Picton		Tudor		Glyndwr		

School Harriers Club

IN the Autumn of 1956 the Harriers Club was first formed from a handful of keen cross country runners. The main rival team in our fixtures was that of Carmarthen G.S., who have a good Harriers team which is fairly close at hand.

Saturday, November 17th—Carmarthen G.S. "B" Team (Away).

The School team won, holding 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 5th positions.

February 16th—Carmarthen G.S. "A" Team (Away).

The School lost, the team event having only 1st, 5th, 7th and 8th positions.

February 23rd—Carmarthen G.S. "A" Team (Home).

The School won, holding 1st, 4th, 6th, 7th and 9th positions. March 13th—H.M.S. Harrier, Kete (Away).

The School won, holding all the first positions except 4th.

On two occasions J. C. A. Macken and K. Smith ran for Carmarthen Harriers. In a three county event Macken held 10th position, and K. Smith did exceedingly well, holding 24th position after playing rugby for the School the same morning.

In the other encounter Macken held 2nd position and Smith held 9th position up against strong opposition.

The outstanding member of the team was J. C. A. Macken, who came 5th in the Welsh novices championships and later in the National Cross Country Championship of Wales he came 2nd, losing due to bad tactics rather than running ability.

On March the 9th Macken took part in the English Youths Cross Country Championship and did quite well, being up against some of Britain's best Youth runners.

The four mainstays of our team were: J. C. A. Macken, K. Smith, R. L. May, J. C. D. Jenkins.

Other members were: R. Lloyd, D. Darlington, M. L. Morgan, G. Macken and B. Griffiths.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Humphreys, without whose whole-hearted support the team could never have existed, and also wish him, on behalf of the team, every success in his new post.

JOHN P. OUGHAM.

RUGBY

Season 1956 - 57

1st FIFTEEN RESULTS Easter Term

January 12—v Gwendraeth G.S. (Away)	Lost	0—9
January 19—v The Lewis School, Pengam (Away)	Lost	3—25
January 26—v Pembroke Dock 'A' (Away)	Won	15—9
February 2—v The Lewis School, Pengam (Home)	Drawn	6—6
February 9—v Haverfordwest G.S. (Away)	Lost	0—9
February 16—v Whitland G.S. (Away)	Won	6—5
February 23—v Llanelly G.S. (Home)	Lost	0—3
March 2—v Tenby G.S. (Away)	Won	24—0
March 16—v Ardwyn G.S. (Away)	Won	6—0
March 23—v Carmarthen G.S. (Home)	Won	9—6
March 30—v Cardigan G.S. (Away)	Drawn	0—0
April 10—v Old Boys (Home)	Lost	3—8

Results for the Season:

Matches Played	won	lost	drawn	Points for	Points against
25	14	9	2	232	145

The following represented the first XV in one or more games: G. B. Rickard (capt.), J. L. Ebsworth (vice-capt.), F. J. Breese, G. B. Jones, C. McCullum, S. F. Brown, P. Evans, R. Davies, G. Grossman, I. Davies, E. Morris, J. Gordon, R. Waite, D. H. Weale, V. Blackmore, B. Griffiths, J. Dyke, J. Carr, K. A. Smith, J. Gough, C. Harkett, G. Macken, W. Scone, J. R. Jones, G. Thomas.

Season 1956-57 proved to be a very mixed one. The playing record was only moderately good, and the standard of play varied considerably from excellent in some games to poor in others. The side played best when the opposition was strongest, as for example, against Pengam and Carmarthen Grammar Schools at home.

The anticipated strength in the threequarters line did not materialise, so that towards the end of the season we had come to expect more consistent play from the forwards, particularly when David Weale led them.

From the beginning of the season we were aware of vital positional weaknesses, and unfortunately only one—that of scrum half, where George Jones improved wonderfully with each game—was subsequently filled adequately.

The most improved forward was undoubtedly Eilwyn Morris, who showed the right spirit and qualities in all games up to his injury. With a little more mobility he should improve still further.

Gordon Rickard was a conscientious and inspiring captain, whilst Stephen Brown proved himself to be an ideal secretary and statistician who took in all the responsibilities of his office cheerfully.

G. B. Rickard, J. L. Ebsworth, F. J. Breese, S. F. Brown, D. H. Weale, G. Grossman, K. A. Smith, V. Blackmore and J. Dyke played in one or more County games, whilst Rickard, Ebsworth, Weale and Breese also appeared in W.S.S.R.U. trial matches. The first three went through to the final trial, with Ebsworth and Weale eventually gaining places in the national side: Ebsworth against Yorkshire and England, and Weale against France.

Colours were awarded at the end of the first term to D. H. Weale, F. Breese and S. F. Brown, and at the end of the season to G. B. Jones.

Second Fifteen Results:

February 16—Fishguard S.S. (Home)—Cancelled.					
March 2—v Pembroke Dock Youth (Home)	Lost	3—8		
March 16—v Ardwyn G.S. (Away)	Won	16—0		
March 23—v Carmarthen G.S. (Home)	Lost	3—19		
March 30—v Cardigan G.S. (Away)	Won	3—0		

Results for Season:

Matches Played	won	lost	drawn	Points for	Points against
10	6	4	0	65	57

The following represented the Second XV: J. R. Jones (captain), J. Gough, G. Macken, M. L. Morgan, G. Payne, J. Jenkins, G. Thomas, P. Crotty, W. Scone, K. A. Smith, D. John, K. Thomas, R. Waite, J. Gordon, B. Griffiths, V. Blackmore, Robert Callen, J. P. Ongham, A. Butler, R. Parcell, J. Dyke, J. McNally, R. John, G. Phillips, P. Evans, G. B. Jones, C. McCullum, R. Davies, E. Morris, G. Grossman, A. Griffiths, N. Phelps, R. Holmes, J. Carr, M. Williams, Richard Callen and L. Coles.

The Second XV did reasonably well despite the fact that on occasion it was extremely difficult to field a side. Many times during the season the Second XV members were called upon to fill vacancies due to injury or illness in the first XV with the consequent weakening of the Second XV. However, the spirit was good and the games enjoyable. John R. Jones was a reliable captain and played some good games.

We would like to record our appreciation of the many years of service of Mr. T. G. Moses to school rugby in general and the Junior XV in particular. We were sorry to learn at the beginning of the season that his many extra duties compelled him to relinquish his coaching and responsibility for the Junior Fifteen. This proved to be a great loss to the team.

We recall with pride his invincible Junior team of 1952-53, and we would like to say how very much we appreciate all he has done for rugby in our school.

Colts XV

A GAIN we had a most enjoyable season with some very close and interesting games. Four or five of our biggest and ablest boys were drafted into the Junior XV early in the season, but in this spite of this loss the Colts performed very creditably and perhaps we developed more team spirit because we had no stars!

Roger Gibby as captain and David Ebsworth as vice-captain did their job well. Apart from leading their team on the field they took a fair share of the chores which have to be done off the field.

David Cole and Anthony Lain were useful forwards, though both of them must learn to use their weight and height to more advantage.

Gwyn Evans and Rodney Watson were sound players both in tight scrums and in the loose.

Brian Owen was a tricky little player at outside-half and combined well with David Ebsworth.

In the centre Stuart Lewis was our best attacking player, though his defence was not so strong.

For those interested in results, we won all but two of our games.

I know that the Colts boys, as well as those of the Junior team would wish me to thank Mr. Humphreys for the time he gave up to training teams and organising rugby in the Junior School.

R. HEWISH.

Junior Rugby XV

FROM the point of view of results this was a moderately successful season, the team winning half the matches played. They might well have managed a better score than this had not the County XV made such heavy demands on their players.

Terry James and Ray Reynolds proved effective leaders of the team on the field, and were useful assistants to Mr. Humphreys in organising junior rugby off the field.

Brian Anfield played in several different scrum positions during the season and performed very creditably in all of them. He was a regular member of the County Side, and as he will still be a junior player next season we expect great things of him.

Michal Knill made several appearances for the County Junior XV, which he captained and also got into the West Wales side for boys under 15.

Altogether nine members of our School Junior XV played for the County Junior side. These included Terry James, Michael Knill, Tony Scourfield, Keith Lewis, Brian Anfield, Michael Edwards, John Roblin, Stuart Lewis and David Morgan.

Six of the School Junior XV were awarded junior colours—T. James, M. Knill, B. Anfield, J. Roblin, Keith Lewis and R. Reynolds.

R. HEWISH.

HOCKEY

THIRTEEN matches played, thirteen matches won—and once more the 1st XI retained their unbroken record. Similarly the 2nd XI deserve equal praise for winning all their matches without conceding a goal, and also beating the 1st XI in a practice match! (The 1st XI did retain their glory by obtaining a 4—2 victory over them at a later date).

The standard of play by old and new members of the 1st XI was very high throughout the season; the forwards—especially Jean Devote and Margaret Thomas, who scored 25 and 24 respectively throughout the season—were fast and accurate, and the defence was steadfast and dependable.

The second XI had excellent half and full backs—which augurs well for the future 1st XI's—and promising Jacky Hay (who scored no less than 27 goals) showed excellent qualities of an inside forward.

Five members of the 1st XI are definitely leaving school this year—Rhona Gassner, Delphia Welham, Joan Carr, Jean Devote and Suzanne Brown. Each of these “long term members” have contributed greatly to the school's hockey in their own way—either in defence or goal getting, but special honours must go to Suzanne Brown, who has played five seasons, three as captain, and has scored approximately 100 goals for the 1st XI.

Once more the staff were too strong for the 1st XI but with such experienced and hardy players as Mr. Mathias, Mr. Hewish, Mr. Devereux, Miss Brown and Mrs. Ebsworth to represent them, the scores of 2—0 and 4—2 were honourable!

The 1st XI scored 86 goals and had five scored against them, and the 2nd XI scored 67 times without having one scored against them. The 3rd and 4th teams won all their matches but their programmes were rather restricted because of lack of opponents; however, their play and enthusiasm was promising on occasions when they did play.

Rhona Gassner, Rae Gammon, Suzanne Brown and Sheila Jones (reserve) were chosen to represent the County XI and Sheila Jones—called in at the last minute at the South Wales trial—was chosen as reserve right back for the Southern counties. Suzanne Brown captained the County XI this season.

For all the hockey players and the school it was a memorable season, and one that surely must encourage next seasons 1st XI (and the other teams) to retain the record of four unbeaten seasons.

1st XI colours were awarded to Gillian Garnham, Margaret Thomas and Gwyneth James. 2nd XI colours to Dorothy Lewis, Pam Schofield, Maureen Kenniford, Jacky Hay, Susan Griffiths and Wendy Smith.

Teams were chosen from:—

1st XI: *Joan Carr, *Delphia Welham, *Jackie Godfrey, *Rae Gammon, *Rhona Gassner, *Sheila Jones, Gwyneth James, *Jean Devote, *Suzanne Brown (capt.), Margaret Thomas, Gillian Garnham, Susan Griffiths, Pauline Armitage.

2nd XI: *Elizabeth Stamp, *Verona Fox, Eleanor Birrell, Wendy Smith, Susan Griffiths, *Pat Bellerby, Dorothy Lewis, *Pauline Armitage (capt.), *Audrey Higgs, Maureen Kenniford, *Anne Wright, Pam Schofield, Jean Shore, Margaret Davies.

* Old Colours.

3rd XI: Anne Mathias, Valerie Colley, Margaret Kavanagh, Christine Nash, Joyce Simlett, Christine Macken, Jean Shore, Margaret Davies, Elaine Stewart, Ann Deveson, Olga Preece.

4th XI: Pauline Jenkins, Heather Taylor, Ann Ferrier, Jill Dickinson, Christine Nash, Marcia Huntbach, Beti Evans, Jane Evans, Pat Harries, Anne Deveson, Valerie Gwyther, Olive Rees, Dianne Crooke, Anne Ferrier, Sandra Stevens, Gill Cook, Gillian Phillips, Olive Binger.

3rd Form XI: Helen Robinson, Krystyna Rynduch, Megan Thomas, Sally Brown, Margaret James, Pat Matthews, Christine Swift, Maureen Prebble, Myrtle Williams, Judith Williams, Toni Pearce.

4th Form XI: Anne Mathias, Gillian Phillips, Jane Evans, Jill Dickinson, Christine Nash, Dianne Crook, Jean Shore, Margaret Davies, Elaine Stewart, Ann Deveson, Heather Taylor.

Results as follows:—

	Matches				Goals for	Goals against
	played	won	lost	drawn		
1st XI	13	13	0	0	86	5
2nd XI	10	10	0	0	67	0
3rd XI	4	3	1	0	20	2
4th XI	3	3	0	0	8	0
3rd Form XI	2	0	2	0	0	2
4th Form XI	2	2	0	0	11	0

1956: FIRST XI

September 29—Carmarthen G.S.	Won	7—0	Home
October 6—Milford Haven G.S.	Won	4—1	Home
October 13—Haverfordwest S.M.S.	Won	4—0	Away
October 27—Kete Ladies	Won	10—0	Home
November 17—Fishguard S.S.	Won	6—0	Home
November 24—Milford Haven S.M.S.	Won	4—1	Away

1957:

January 19—Taskers H.S.	Won	3—1	Home
January 26—Swansea Training College	Won	5—0	Away
February 2—Milford Haven G.S.	Won	3—1	Away
March 2—Fishguard S.S.	Won	7—0	Home
March 13—Kete Ladies	Won	9—1	Away
March 16—Haverfordwest S.M.S.	Won	14—0	Home
March 23—Taskers H.S.	Won	10—0	Away

1956: SECOND XI

September 25—Coronation S.M.S. (1st XI)	Won	6—6	Away
October 6—Milford Haven G.S.	Won	5—0	Home
October 13—Haverfordwest S.M.S.	Won	9—0	Away
November 17—Fishguard S.S.	Won	7—0	Home
November 24—Milford Haven S.M.S.	Won	5—0	Away

1957:

January 19—Taskers H.S.	Won	8—0	Home
January 26—Swansea Training College	Won	13—0	Away
February 2—Milford Haven G.S.	Won	2—0	Away
March 2—Fishguard S.S.	Won	6—0	Home
March 23—Taskers H.S.	Won	6—0	Away

1956: THIRD XI

October 27—Tenby C.P.S.	Won	9—0	Home
November 24—Coronation Senior XI	Won	6—0	Home

1957:

January 19—Coronation 1st XI	Lost	1—2	Home
February 2—Coronation 1st XI	Won	4—0	Away

1956: FOURTH XI

November 24—Coronation 4th Form XI	Won	3—0	Home
January 19—Coronation 2nd XI	Won	1—0	Away

1957:

February 2—Coronation 2nd XI	Won	4—0	Away
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FOURTH FORM XI

1956 :
December 1—Tenby C.P.S. Won 6—0 Home

1957 :
January 12—Tenby C.P.S. Won 5—0 Home

THIRD FORM XI

1957 :
January 26—Tenby C.P.S. Lost 0—1 Home
March 23—Tenby C.P.S. Lost 0—1 Home

OTHER MATCHES

1956 :
December 13—1st XI v Rugby Boys. 1st XI (1); Boys (0).
December 18—1st XI v. Staff. 1st XI (0); Staff (2).
December 19—1st XI (Mixed) v Old Pupils (Mixed).
1st XI (1); O.P. (1).

1957 :
February 16—1st XI v 2nd XI. 1st XI (1); 2nd XI (2).
April 4—1st XI v Boys XI. 1st XI (2); Boys (1).
April 6—1st XI v 2nd XI. 1st XI (4); 2nd XI (2).
April 8—1st XI v Staff. 1st XI (2); Staff (4).
April 10—1st XI v Old Girls. 1st XI (4); Old Girls (0).
April 20—School (Mixed) v Old Pupils (Mixed).
School (1); Old Pupils (0).

HOUSE MATCHES

Competition was very keen this season, but surprises were not so numerous as last year! Glyndwr very deservedly won the senior cup, and also narrowly lost the junior cup to Hywel.

SENIOR HOUSE MATCHES

	Matches played	won	lost	drawn	Goals for	Goals against
Glyndwr	3	3	0	0	8	0
Tudor	3	1	1	1	5	4
Picton	3	1	1	1	8	4
Hywel	3	0	3	0	0	13

JUNIOR HOUSE MATCHES

	Matches played	won	lost	drawn	Goals for	Goals against
Hywel	3	2	0	1	13	4
Glyndwr	3	2	1	0	5	7
Picton	3	0	1	2	4	7
Tudor	3	0	2	1	2	6

With two points for a win, one for a draw, and nil for a lost game, the houses gained the following points:—

Senior :	Junior :
1st —Glyndwr—6 points	1st —Hywel —5 points
2nd—Tudor —3 points	2nd—Glyndwr—4 points
2nd—Picton —3 points	3rd—Picton —2 points
4th—Hywel —0 points	4th—Tudor —1 point

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.

Obituary

WE record with regret the death of Basil R. Hughes, aged 29, who was at School from 1938 to 1941. He was one of the victims of the disaster to the Milford trawler "Robert Limbrick," which was lost with all hands early on the morning of Tuesday, February 5. He was a native of Pembroke, but had been living at Milford Haven and working on the trawlers for some years. We offer our sincere sympathy to his wife and to his parents.

News of Old Pupils

PEGGY Athoe (1939-46) was one of eleven Officer Cadets of the W.R.A.C. to receive commissions from the Princess Royal at Huron Camp, Hindhead, Surrey, on March 5. After the commissioning ceremony she had a fortnight's leave at home, and at the end of her leave went to the Army School of Education at Beaconsfield for a three months' course. In a letter written in April she told us that one of the instructors there was Owen Wilson, whose wife Megan (née Sutton) was at School from 1943-50. A few days before she wrote Peggy had been with others to the Institute of Army Education at Eltham. There they had been taken round by Clifford Roberts (1942-47), who has a commission in the R.A.E.C.

Dr. Glyn T. Brown (1943-50) has been, since the beginning of January, in partnership with Dr. O'Connor and Dr. Eric Manning (1936-40). He completed his medical course at the University of Birmingham in the summer of 1955.

Keith Bowskill (1944-51) has been appointed, for September, Chemistry Master at Bedford Modern School. He has spent his period of national service as an Education Officer in the R.A.F.

Dr. J. W. Blencowe (1935-42) has given up his post as Senior Scientific Officer at the Rothamsted Experimental Station at Harpenden in Hertfordshire, and has been appointed Chief Pathologist to the West African Cocoa Research Institute in Ghana. He and his wife (née Maisie George, 1934-40) are leaving Liverpool with their small son John on July 11, on board the s.s. Apapa, for Takaradi, the port of Accra. The Institute is at Tafo, which is about seventy miles inland from Accra. He has signed a contract for four years, but may stay longer. Although Tafo is merely a village there are some eighty to a hundred Europeans at the Institute, so there should be plenty of social life. In the autumn another Old Pupil, a contemporary of theirs, will be in the same area. That is Mrs. Miriam Lakin (née Rogers, 1933-40). When she and her husband return from their present period of leave in this country they expect to be stationed some 120 miles from Tafo. As there is a good road between the two places, they can be said to be within calling distance.

Betty Blatchford, who moved to Edinburgh after leaving School last summer, has a post in the University there, as an assistant in the laboratory of the Department of Zoology.

Veronica Collins, who left School last summer, entered the Western Ophthalmic Hospital, Marylebone Road, London, in January, to be trained as a nurse. In a letter she wrote at the end of February she said that she found the work hard but interesting, and that everyone was very kind. She was home for a fortnight's holiday in June, and looked very fit and happy.

A. J. Carpenter, B.E.M. (1939-44) left the British Embassy in Dublin early in the year. He is now at the Headquarters of No. 47 (London) Infantry Brigade (T.A.), in London.

Lt. Gwynne Davies (1942-45), South Wales Borderers, was home on leave in February prior to leaving with his regiment for Malaya.

Marion Dix (1946-50) passed the final of the State Nursing examination in March.

Ashley Davies (1938-44), who is at present on the staff of the Coronation Secondary Modern School, has been appointed Headmaster of Lamphey School. He takes up his duties in September.

Frank J. Denzey (1931-37) took part in a television programme on various aspects of life in the Harwell Atomic Centre on March 1. He has been Headmaster of the Primary School at Harwell for the past seven years.

Valmai Folland (1947-54) has completed her degree at University College, Aberystwyth, with Second Class Honours (Division I) in English.

James Gaddarn (1935-40) has just been appointed Professor of Music at Trinity College, London.

John Gilder (1951-52), who entered the R.A.F. on leaving School, has written us two very interesting letters recently. In the first, written at the beginning of March, he told how, as a result of a three-month armament course at Blackpool in the previous year, he had been promoted to the rank of junior technician, and that in January of this year he was promoted corporal. The letter continued—"I am now attached to 240 Squadron of Coastal Command in Northern Ireland, and I shall shortly be going to Christmas Island to take part in the atomic tests. We shall be flying across the Atlantic to Canada and then across Canada to Edmonton. From Edmonton we shall fly into America and across the Rocky Mountains to San Francisco. The next part of the journey will be to Honolulu, where we are hoping to stay for a few days. The final trip to Christmas Island is only a short one. I shall be in Christmas Island for about three months, and then I shall return to Ulster." In this letter he tells us too that he became engaged last year to Miss Iris Matty, of Ashchurch in Gloucestershire. We offer him our congratulations and wish them every happiness. His second letter was dated May 22, and was written from Christmas Island. As it is very interesting we will quote largely from it. He writes—"I arrived here last Friday after flying out in a Shackleton aircraft of Coastal Command. Our route lay through Canada, America and Honolulu. We stopped overnight at Goose Bay and Edmonton, but we were too tired to bother much about looking around. We did take a quick look around a Hudson Bay Company store, and we were amazed at the wide variety of goods on display. The journey across Canada was very boring, because all we could see was snow, frozen lakes and flooded forests. The most interesting part of the journey was over the Rockies and down to San Francisco. The scenery was breath-taking and I don't think I shall ever see such a beautiful sight again as the sun rising on the Rockies. At Honolulu we spent three days, and we spent most of the time looking around the lovely island of Oahu. We were disappointed when we had to leave because we knew it would be the last we should be seeing of ordinary white civilisation for several months.

At the moment the rainy season is still in progress here on Christmas Island. It should have ended last month according to the experts,

but we still get soaked to the skin several times a day. Fortunately the sun is quite hot and we soon get dry. Most of the hard work is done at night when the temperature drops down to about 75 degrees. We work on a shift basis and we get very little free time. The normal working week is about 58 hours and there are no such luxuries as week-ends for us. The island is very healthy and there are no unpleasant insects except flies. The main pests here are land crabs, which are very numerous. They have pincers which will break pieces of twig in half as cleanly as an axe, and they are also poisonous. The swimming here is not very good close in shore, as the strong under-tow makes it dangerous to get out of your depth. Most people go swimming in the lagoon, which is five miles way on the other side of the island. The only danger there is from sting rays which kill you with a few hundred volts of electricity from their tails. Sharks never bother anyone unless attacked first. There is some very good coral here and I have picked up some very well-shaped pieces on the beach. There are plenty of coconut trees, but we dare not eat the nuts because the meat gives you a stomach upset; nevertheless we still break them open for the milk which makes a very nice drink. The only other vegetation is a spiky kind of grass and a low glossy-leaved bush."

Michael Gibson (1949-55), who joined the Welsh Guards as a drummer boy rather over two years ago, is now stationed at Scarborough, and is a member of the Prince of Wales Company.

Joseph Edward Gibby, O.B.E. (1919-23) was, at a Privy Council held on March 15, selected by the Queen as Sheriff for Pembrokeshire.

Bernard Garnett, O.B.E. (1923-27) was home on leave in April and May after completing a three-year tour of duty as Inspector of Embassies. On June 15 he and his wife left for Berlin, where he is to be a Counsellor at the British Embassy, his work being chiefly in the economic field.

Graham Harper (1946-53) has obtained a Second Class in the Diploma in Education at University College, Bangor.

Brian Jancey (1946-52) was home on leave in February from Oslo, where he is serving with the R.A.F. at the NATO base. He expects to be there another two years.

Brian Jones (1951-56) wrote from Halton in February to say that he had been in the R.A.F. for the past five months, and was doing armament training.

The twins Brian and Bruce James (1950-54) are clearly no less identical now than they were at School. The *Western Mail* of April 9 carried a story about the difficulty this is causing in the R.A.F. They joined together in 1954 and arrived at Locking, Weston-super-Mare, together to be trained in radio engineering. Next December they hope to pass out together as junior technicians.

David John (1947-54) has just completed the degree of B.A. at St. David's College, Lampeter. He will now go to St. Michael's College, Llandaff, for theological training.

George Lewis (1947-53) is now finishing his fourth year at the Swansea School of Art. He is a member of the recently formed Osprey Group in Swansea, the first Art Group in West Wales open to young painters. He has already had works selected for Welsh Exhibitions and has gained his National Diploma in Design.

Patrick McCloghrie (1949-53) was home on holiday at the beginning of June. He had finished his training period in London with the London and South American Bank, and was leaving on June 20 to take up duties at Pernambuco in Brazil.

Derek MacGarvie (1947-54) is just completing his training at Culham College, Abingdon. He has been appointed to teach general subjects with handicraft at a primary school in Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks., for next September.

Eric Morgan (1947-54) has completed his degree at Nottingham University with 1st Class Honours in Engineering.

Jane Pritchard, who was here for a while in 1952, transferred to East Grinstead Grammar School on leaving here. She completed her training at Redlands College, Bristol, last summer, and now has a post at a primary school.

Peter Preece (1946-54) took part in a programme on the Welsh Home Service on Wednesday, February 13, with a fellow-student and a lecturer from the English department at University College, Cardiff. Some of his poems were read, and the three discussed the work of young poets.

Major Neville Phelps, R.A. (1928-33) returned home from Malta last March, having completed his tour of duty. He is now stationed in the South of England.

Gordon Parry (1937-43) was elected president of the County Labour Party in May. He is prospective Labour candidate for Monmouth.

Janice Phillips (1946-53), who has just completed her training year at University College, Cardiff, has been appointed, for September, to a new grammar school at Romford, Essex.

David J. Rogers (1943-47) was appointed to a secondary modern school in Stevenage, Herts., at the beginning of January, to teach Geography. He was previously teaching at a Church of England School in Birmingham.

Dennis Rendall (1945-51) was demobilised in April after doing his national service in the Royal Engineers. He spent the last twelve months of his service in Cyprus. He now has a post as assistant civil engineer with the L.C.C., and is living at East Ham.

Mrs. Miriam Lakin (née Rogers, 1933-40) arrived home with her husband, Rev. J. A. Lakin, and their small son Andrew in May. They have been serving at a Methodist Mission at Sefwi-Bekwai in Ghana, and are on leave until the end of the summer.

S.A.C. Glyn Smith (1947-50), who was stationed at the local R.A.F. base for some time, left in February on being posted to St. Eval in Cornwall.

Coyeta Sabido (1946-53), who is at the Royal Infirmary, Cardiff, passed the State Registered Nurse examination early this year.

Christopher Skyrme (1948-53) is now serving with the Welsh Guards at the Guards Depot in Caterham, Surrey. He is clearly doing very well, judging from a letter received in May from his Commanding Officer, who says, "He has recently been appointed a Recruit leader, which means that he is doing particularly well, and is one of the best in his squad."

Brian Sherlock (1940-45) changed jobs some months ago. He now has a better-paid post as sales representative for a well-known textile firm. He recently completed a period of training at Leicester, and will be stationed in the London area.

David Thorne (1951-55), who is now at Huntingdon Grammar School, completed his matriculation requirements last November by passing in French at the Cambridge Local G.C.E. examination.

John Thomas (1948-54) was demobilised in February. He has been working for some time as a clerk at the Pembroke Dock Employment Exchange.

Muriel Trevena (1917-22) has been appointed to the headship of Albion Square Infants' School, and will take up her new duties in September. She has been on the staff of the school since 1942.

David L. Williams (1947-53) completed his national service in the R.A.F. last December, and has returned to his job with the Customs and Excise in London. When we heard from him last, some months ago, he was hoping for a transfer out of London.

Thomas Alfred James Warlow (1927-33) has been appointed Director of the Ministry of Education's Cost Investigation Unit, and is the first to hold this post. He is a graduate of Manchester University, and began work for the Manchester Corporation in 1933. In 1948 he became Education Accountant to the Salford Corporation, and since 1955 he has been Education Accountant and Auditor in the City Treasury, Liverpool. He is

married with three children and served with the Royal Pioneer Corps during the last war, reaching the rank of Major.

John Wilcocks (1947-52), who has been on the clerical staff of Messrs. Robinson and David since 1952, left in March to join their Neath branch.

Kenneth G. Tucker (1936-40), who is at present on the staff of the St. Francis Residential School for maladjusted and backward children in Birmingham, has been appointed headmaster of Hallmoor Junior Special School in Birmingham. He recently gave a series of lectures in Birmingham University on the development of children's paintings and the therapeutic use of drama.

Peter Williams (1945-53), who completed his degree at Swansea last summer with Honours in Mechanical Engineering, has a post with the Roils Royce Company in Derby.

Ann David has just completed her degree at University College, Cardiff, with Second Class Honours (Division I) in English.

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

January—Judith Miriam Travers (1948-50) to Colin Ian Campbell, of Coventry.

April—John T. D. Bartlett (1943-46) to Patricia Roberts, of Monks Risborough, Bucks.

May—Glenys Morwyth Preece (1942-48) to Colin Anthony Hunter, of Penn, Bucks.

We congratulate these Old Pupils on their marriage:—

November 10—At Ndola, Northern Rhodesia, Elwyn Hughes (1942-45) to Sheila Powell, S.R.N., S.C.M., of Falkam, Kent.

March 2—Ivy Mary Edith Flavell (1945-48) to Leading Cook Norman Clegg, R.N., of Wallasey, Cheshire.

March 2—Jill Elizabeth Field (1942-48) to Layton Frederick Curtis, of Donnington, Shropshire.

March 16—Eileen Sarah Anne Llewellyn (1948-54) to Daniel James Peter Hollis, of London.

March 16—Trevor David Rees (1945-48) to Grace Mary Smith, of Stafford.

March 16—Doris Sybil John (1946-51) to Stanley Howells, of Pembroke.

March 30—Josephine Shirley Swift (1944-49) to Anthony Robert George (1947-55).

April 2—Stephen M. Pickard (1947-53) to Joyce Morgan, of Carmarthen.

April 20—Leading Writer Edgar John Walters, R.N. (1943-49) to Doreen Gott, of Norton, Malton, Yorkshire.

April 23—June Saunders (1943-49) to Capt. Hugh McGregor-Oakford, R.A., of Cirencester.

June 1—Aetha Priscilla Johns (1947-53) to Geoffrey Mervyn Thomas, of Castlemartin.

June 8—Margaret Rose Beynon (1946-50) to Ivor Ronald Henton, of Bosherton.

June 8—Brian James Parcell (1940-41) to Margaret Rose Evans (1945-53).

June 8—Patricia Eirlys Mary Fitzpatrick (1948-53) to David Derek Folland, of Pembroke Dock.

June 8—Norma Margaret Evans (1950-54) to Cpl. Dennis Frank Thomas, R.A.F. (1944-1948).

June 8—Sylvia Williams (1950-54) to Robert Davies, of Pembroke Dock.

June 10—Joseph N. Taylor (1944-49) to Sheila John (1947-54).

We have pleasure in recording the following births :—

February 17—To June (née Glaister, 1943-46), wife of Ted Riley, a son, Shaun William.

March 4—To Marian (née Wells, 1945-49), wife of Clifford Skone, a son, Michael Thomas.

March 16—To Dilys (née Johns, 1940-45), wife of Robert Ridley, a daughter, Catherine Mary.

April 7—To Merwyth (née Davies, 1929-35), wife of Frank Meyrick Owen, a daughter, Elizabeth Meyrick.

April 17—To Marjorie (née George, 1933-39), wife of Stanley Nash, a daughter, Rosemary Kathryn.

June 15—To Marion, wife of Brian Anthony Johnson (1944-50), a daughter.

Penvro Dramatic Society

A PROGRAMME of three one-act plays was presented in the School Hall on 22nd March. The first play was Chekov's "The Proposal," produced by Stuart Shaw. This play, frequently performed by amateurs, presents a challenge to the producer in that there are few setting or costume difficulties and only three characters. The play therefore stands or falls by the acting and speed of attack.

Stuart Shaw was fortunate in having three competent actors who at no time let the play drag. Ashley Davies, as Stephen, gave a very good portrayal of an old man, his voice and gestures suiting the part admirably. Kenneth Cooper, as Ivan, the somewhat reluctant visitor, was a splendid mixture of timidity, excitability and querulousness. Jean Watkins as Natalya, made up for a rather inaudible start with a first-class performance as the daughter who is only too anxious to 'get her man,' in spite of several quarrels which threaten to upset the course of true love. During these quarrels the acting of Ivan and Natalya reached a very high standard.

This play was repeated at the Pembrokeshire Drama Festival in the School Hall on 3rd April, and won the trophy for the best performance.

The second play was "The Pigeon with the Silver Foot" by Johnson and Snow, produced by Peggy Thomas. The play is a fantasy, in which an old Venetian legend is brought to life in the imagination of two girl tourists and of the audience by the story-teller, a café waiter. The play has great production difficulties, particularly as it involves the use of three sets in one—a café terrace, a bedroom and a public square. These difficulties were largely overcome by the producer by effective lighting. The acting did not reach such a high general standard as in the first play, though Eiryth William, as Bianca, the central character, gave an outstanding performance. Her voice, movements and gestures all helped to capture the imagination of the audience, which was essential to the success of the play. She was well supported by Joan Sudbury as the Lady, Emlyn Lloyd as the waiter-storyteller, whose accent, if not genuine Italian, was at least consistent, and by Desmond Roch, who although not physically suited to the part and rather unsuitably dressed, used voice and gesture well in the part of Mario, Bianca's lover.

The third play was "The Singing Maid," produced by Aubrey Phillips. This play might be called comedy, farce or fantasy, or perhaps a mixture of all three. The scene is the palace of the Emperor of China, to whom the Story Teller, who is also the Prime Minister, hopes to marry one of his three attractive daughters. These daughters, played by Tumbles Pearce, Diana Gray and Nesta Millar, use their charms in vain on the somewhat taciturn Emperor, Dewi Elis-Williams, who is in love with a voice, that of the Singing Maid, Joyce Hall. From this point on the play becomes difficult to follow, but is none the less amusing. A six-foot tall Emperor of Japan, played by Paul John, arrives and produces an invisible gramophone on which he plays an inaudible record of the Singing Maid's voice! Perhaps this inaudibility only applies to the audience, however, because the voice has sufficient power to wrest the dying—or is it dead?—Emperor of China from the arms of the Angel of Death (Grace Kenward) and restore him to the arms of the Singing Maid.

It is difficult to decide what the author intended in this play, but at least it was good entertainment. The bright costumes, the music—mostly inaudible—of the Honourable Musicians and the constant flow of patter and jokes from that harassed father, the Story Teller, very well played by Clifford Davies, all helped to keep the audience amused. If this play was nothing else, it was novel, and it gave many hearty laughs to at least one member of the audience.

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