

June 14—Gwynneth Macken (1947 - 53) to Dennis Barry Owen Reynolds, of Freshwater East.

June 21 : William G. Smith, B.A. (1944 - 51) to Anne Lovett, of Kingston upon Hull.

June 21 : Joan H. Morgan (1950 - 55) to Robert Steptoe, of Morden, Surrey.

June 21—John Pendell (1948 - 51) to Wendy Margaret Knowell, of Tenby.

July 9—Derek Davies (1943 - 50) to Marion Williams, of Pembroke Dock.

We have pleasure in recording the following births :—

February 15th—To Ruth (née Morse, 1940 - 41) wife of Nick Ludbrook, a daughter, Denise Francis.

April 3—To Betty (née Mason, 1937 - 42) wife of Cecil Parry (1941 - 43) a daughter, Dilys Christine.

April 20—To Hilary (née Whitelock, 1946 - 48), wife of John Thomas, a daughter.

John Langdon

THE PENVRO



SUMMER 1958

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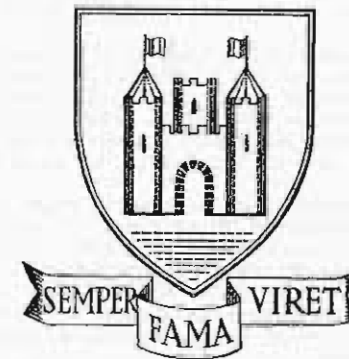
STAFF

Headmaster: R. G. Mathias, B.Litt., M.A. (Oxon).

Senior Mistress: Miss A. R. Lewis Davies, B.A. (Wales), Dip. Ed. (Edin.)
Senior Master: E. G. Davies, B.A. (Wales).
Head of Agricultural Department: B. J. Davies, B.Sc. (Wales).
H. Rees, M.A. (Wales).
A. W. W. Devereux, B.A. (Wales).
I. G. Cleaver, F. Coll. H.
J. L. Williams, B.A. (Wales), P.C.T.
Miss H. Hughes, B.A. (Wales).
N. H. Greenwood, B.Sc. (Birmingham).
K. A. Cooper, A.T.D.
D. H. Lloyd, B.A. (Wales).
S. Griffith, B.Sc. (Wales), A. Inst. P.
I. Griffiths, B.A. (Wales).
G. S. Shaw, B.A. (Leeds).
Miss J. Bishop, B.Sc. (Wales).
D. M. Elis Williams, M.A. (Wales).
Mrs. M. M. Ebsworth.
Miss M. J. Jones, B.Sc. (Wales).
C. Gammon, M.A. (Wales).
Miss M. Cleevely, B.A. (Wales).
Miss C. M. Lewis, B.A. (Wales).
R. Hewish, B.Sc. Econ. (London).
L. M. Thomas, D.L.C.
J. A. G. Thomas, B.Sc. (London).
Mrs. J. D. Morris, B.Sc. (Lond.)
Mrs. C. M. Shepherd, Diploma in Domestic Science (Gloucester).
W. H. Whitehall, B.Mus. (Manc.), F.R.C.O.
D. H. Lloyd, D.L.C. (P.E.).
D. V. Llewellyn, H.N.C., C.E., (Huddersfield).
J. W. Bevan, B.Sc. (Wales).
Miss N. Phillips, B.A. (Wales).
Miss B. Jones, B.A. (Wales).
I. Lloyd, M.Sc. (Wales).
Mrs. G. H. Hollick, T.C.D.S. (London).

OTHER STAFF

School Secretary: Miss H. N. Thomas.
Farm Bailiff: J. H. Hunt.
Matron: Miss N. M. E. Brown, S.E.A.N.
Canteen Supervisor: Miss J. Gwynne, I.M.A. (Bath).



THE PENVRO

No. 123

SUMMER

1958

Editorial Board:

Mr. Gammon, Rosemary Andrew, Eira Brickle, Mary Jones,

Kenneth MacGarvie, John Trice

Editorial

SINCE the last "Penvro" appeared, changes of great importance have occurred in the school staff: not only are a number of members of considerable seniority leaving, but we are to lose our Headmaster as well. In all there will be seven newcomers to the school in September, including Mr. T. C. Roberts, now of Fishguard Secondary School, who is to be our new head.

Most of you know that Mr. Rees and Miss Davies, after long service in teaching, are retiring; and that Mr. Mathias is to take up an appointment as head of a large Grammar School in Derbyshire. Miss Bishop is to teach at a new school in her home town of Port Talbot and we are also losing the services of Mrs. Shepherd, Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Hollick. Mme. Bianchi, too, has left for home to take an examination. To all of them we wish the very best.

As far as we know at the moment we expect to meet next term, as well as our new Head, Mr. Lloyd Lewis, to teach mathematics; Mr. Brian Howells (who is an old boy of the school, originally hailing from Lamphey, who will take History); Miss Sonia Boyle for English and Miss Muriel James for R.D.E. Since Christmas, too, we have welcomed Mr. Illyd Lloyd, M.Sc., who has taken over the direction of the Mathematics department, and who, at the time of writing, is filling Mr. Moses' familiar rôle in the hall at W.J.E.C. time.

Since the last issue, the school has gained some distinctions and some new trophies. In December, John Trice won an Exhibition in History at Gonville and Caius, Cambridge, and Anne Campodonic gained a place at St. Hugh's, Oxford. This was followed in February by Heather Lomax winning an open scholarship to Headington School, Oxford. Lately we hear that Tom James has won himself selection for the National Youth Orchestra. All four have our warmest congratulations.

Notable among our benefactors this term is Mrs. J. Lockley, who has not only presented us with a picture by Kenneth Hauff, but has given us a prize for Music or for Art to be competed for annually; and preserving their loyalty to the houses to which they once belonged, Miss Hylda Thomas has presented an Eisteddfod cup to Picton, and Miss Joan Lewis has done the same for Tudor. We thank all three sincerely.

The term was marred, however, by the sad news we had of Eilwyn Morris of the Upper Sixth, who, we learnt, was suffering from osteomyelitis which has necessitated a most severe operation. He has the deep sympathy of all the school, and we hope now that things will go better for him. Some weeks later we heard that another Sixth Former, John Dyke, had been found to have a spot on the lung and would have to go to hospital. He, too, has our sincere wishes for a quick return to health.

THE RAINBOW

O multi-coloured arch,
A halo in the sky.
A promise made by God
That we should never die.

Perhaps along your path
Come flowers in the Spring
From Heaven down to earth,
A thought to make one sing.

Were you in Jacob's dream?
The ladder made of gold,
The way from earth to Heaven
Of which the Bible told?

KATHLEEN BROWN, UVib.

R. G. Mathias, B.Litt., M.A. (Oxon)—

Headmaster 1948 - 1958

When Mr. Mathias became headmaster of this school in September, 1948, the school had been passing through a rather unsettled period of about seven years. Mr. Trevor Jones's long tenure of the headmastership had ended in 1941, and in the years between the school had seen two headmasters come and go, the second, Mr. Cotterell, having left in December, 1947. For two terms Mr. E. G. Davies, the Senior Master, had been in charge of the school.

To a young man entering on his first headship this lack of continuity in direction may have presented grave problems—on the other hand it gave him the necessary freedom to build up his own policy and to make his own impression on the school. It was soon clear that Mr. Mathias does not see a grammar school as simply an academic factory, but rather as a community which should be as wide as possible in its interests and activities, while at the same time striving for a high academic standard.

How far has Mr. Mathias succeeded in his aims during the past ten years? On the academic side the school's achievements have grown steadily. The Sixth Form has at least doubled in size, and a large number of pupils each year goes on to the universities and other places of higher education. Results at both levels of the G.C.E. have been generally satisfactory, and several distinctions in the form of open scholarships and State Scholarships have been won.

Mr. Mathias's stay at Pembroke has been marked by several innovations affecting various sides of school life. In 1949-50 the school had its first French assistant, and since then the French department in particular and the school in general have benefited from the presence of these young men and women. It was Mr. Mathias, too, who first arranged for foreign children to spend a term in the school as full-time pupils. Each term foreign pupils, mainly German and Austrian, have come to follow a full school course and take a full share in school activities. Their contribution to school life has been particularly great in the musical sphere, many of them having been excellent instrumentalists. It should also be remembered that the school tennis championship has been won on two occasions by German girls. Mr. Mathias can be proud that in about 50 foreign homes the school is remembered with affection by young people who have spent a happy term here. The fact that many of them have revisited the school since, either on holiday or as members of the International Camp in the summer, is proof of this affection.

Unfortunately, opportunities for our pupils to spend time in foreign schools are not so great, but thanks to Mr. Mathias many of them have been able to pay their first visit abroad on one of the annual school trips to different parts of Europe, from which they have brought back many happy memories.

Another school activity to which Mr. Mathias has given the greatest encouragement is dramatics. School plays had been presented for many years before his arrival, but there is no doubt that the high standard achieved in recent productions is largely due to Mr. Mathias's enthusiasm, which in the early days he showed by giving talented performances in several parts which were at that time considered to be beyond the ability of a pupil. Today the Drama has become a school tradition and both the school play in the autumn and the house drama competition in the spring are events looked forward to and enjoyed by pupils and public alike. It is doubtful whether any other school in the country is able to stage a drama competition of such a standard as ours, in which the pupils receive no help from the staff in their productions.

Mr. Mathias has always taken the keenest interest in school games, and in 1948 he took the important and somewhat controversial step of introducing Rugby football as the school winter game. The game is now well established in the school, three Welsh international 'caps' have been won and the school is proving an invaluable nursery for the local Rugby clubs.

In October, 1955, Mr. Mathias faced a new challenge when the school moved to Bush and became something of a novelty in educational establishments—a grammar school with an agricultural side. Mr. Mathias confidently and successfully directed the move, the re-settlement and then the reorganisation in the new school, all tasks which demanded conscientiousness and ability.

In spite of the rise in school numbers, Mr. Mathias has never failed to get to know, and to take an interest in every individual pupil, and he rarely loses contact with them when they leave school. That this interest is mutual is shown by the considerable correspondence he carries on with Old Pupils and by the number of Old Pupils who regularly visit the school.

Always busy, yet always approachable by any member of the school, Mr. Mathias has identified himself with every side of its activities, and on leaving it for his new post, he may feel with satisfaction that, whatever its faults and shortcomings, the school he has directed for the past ten years is a versatile and happy community. Its members, both pupils and Staff, while wishing him every success in the future, will greatly miss the Headmaster whose industry, breadth of interest and enthusiasm have been largely instrumental in creating that community.

MR. HERBERT REES

Mr. Herbert Rees joined the Staff of the Pembroke Dock County School in September, 1920.

Those who were pupils during the '20's well remember the enthusiasm with which he took charge of games and P.T. Every Saturday, winter and summer, saw him with the teams, usually acting as referee and umpire. His l.b.w. decisions are still discussed when members of the teams of those days get together. Under him the school enjoyed a long period of sporting success which has never been equalled.

"Herbie" Rees became one of those round whom school life revolved. His enthusiasm for his subject History was communicated to his pupils and his happy knack of putting a thing over stamped him as a born teacher.

Results in Examinations alone must give him great satisfaction but he can derive much greater satisfaction from the loyalty with which he has served the school he has loved so well and from the affection and regard with which he is held by all with whom he has come in contact.

When he retires at the end of this term he takes with him our very sincere wish that he will long be spared to enjoy the cultivation of his garden and our thanks for the loyalty and love he has given to the school and its pupils for 38 years.

MISS LEWIS DAVIES, B.A.

Miss Lewis Davies, who has been our Senior Mistress since September, 1945, came here from St. Davids Grammar School where she had taught English. Here, too, she had charge of the English department and interested herself in its allied activities—she edited the "Penfro" for instance, from 1947 to 1954, and in the same period produced no less than six school plays: "Julius Caesar," 1947; "Saint Joan," 1948; "The School for Scandal" (with Mr. Garlick) 1949; "Murder in the Cathedral" (with Mr. Garlick) 1950; "Branwen," 1951; and "The Old Man of the Mountains," 1953. As well as the main school production, Miss Davies has organised the Dramatic Society from 1945 to the present time, and has arranged several excursions to the Memorial Theatre at Stratford.

But her main interest has been in the teaching of English and the training of pupils to express themselves well and with originality. This is clearly reflected in the delightful introduction to her anthology for schools "Up the Airy Mountain," which she published last year, which expresses also her life-long belief in the virtue of committing to memory as much English poetry as possible.

But Miss Davies's activities extended far beyond the range of her subject: old pupils and present ones will recall the dynamic quality of her appeals for jam and jam jars, woolies, tray cloths and blackberries for the "Dock Leaves" sale; her organisation of Red Cross appeals; her activities as distributor of material for summer dresses (Peter Pan collar and seam down the front, please!). In all these the school felt the impact of her personality.

It is ironical that at the leave-takings that will take place at the end of the term, Miss Davies will not be able to give the staff the benefit of her dry and lightly emphasised wit that has characterised these occasions in the past: this time, alas, she is leaving herself. The school will lack not only one of its most colourful personalities, but one of its most devoted servants.

HAPPINESS

Cheerful blaze of fungi
Beneath the bare trees' spread;
Flocks of chequered plover
Turning strangely overhead.

Deft fingers on the keyboard
Filling the wind with calm,
Thrushes' tree-top rapture
Spilling April's balm:

Boy's Love and Lavender
Carnation, Pink and Roses,
Jasmine and Chrysanthemum
And all fragrant posies:

Fiery August sunlight
On the brown skin glowing;
Heavy rush of breaker
Over the body flowing:

Spurting purple juices
From the perfect fruit
With all pleasing savours
That the palate suit:

These are few fragments of my pleasure—
O God, I thank Thee in full measure
For the right to share Thy treasure.

MARY JONES, UVJia.

The Pyramid of Cheops

Ptolemy shut his eyes, clenched his teeth, dug his bare feet into the sand, and heaved. Something cracked beneath his shoulder-blade and a stab of sharp pain shot across his back. The overseer threw his whip from one hand to the other and barked, "Come on, 'woman,' earn your keep—we'll have to dispose of you if you can't pull a rope properly!" Ptolemy grimaced and he and the other slaves responded reluctantly, and the great stone began to move slowly but steadily, up the side of the great Pyramid of Cheops. The sun was setting rapidly behind the sand dunes of the Egyptian desert, and the slaves would soon be returning to sleep in their huge wooden compounds, so this must be the last stone for today. Whatever ideas the slaves might have had about spending a peaceful night were soon shattered by the overseer, a bull-necked giant who roared, "Tonight I shall make sport, I'm coming to your compound to choose three men. I'll wrestle them and show you lice that I'm the strongest man in the world!" Ptolemy flexed his mighty arms, "I'll fight you first!" he called boldly. The huge overseer snorted in what was meant to be contempt, but jealously showed in his dark, piggy eyes. "I don't fight women, I choose my sport!" he replied.

That evening, the men in Ptolemy's compound talked of nothing but the overseer's words. Some were terrified that he would choose them and others hoped feverishly that he would provide them with an opportunity of venting their hatred upon him. "The Ox," as he was called by the slaves, came to the compound near midnight and chose three men, none of whom was particularly strong, and fought them by torchlight outside the compound. The slaves cheered expectantly when the first man drew blood from "The Ox's" nose. The other overseers were there in force, however, and they encouraged "The Ox" noisily. The three unfortunate men were eventually beaten, to the intense amusement of the overseers, two slaves being seriously injured.

This sadistic "sport" took place every few nights for months, while "The Ox" became even more brutal towards the slaves and continued to insist that he was "the strongest man in the world." He persistently showed his intense jealousy for Ptolemy's mighty frame by flogging him, with or without an excuse and by giving him the absurd nickname of the "Woman."

Eventually, the great Pyramid neared completion. Ptolemy studied "The Ox's" features closely, promising himself that if he got away from Cheops alive and were ever to meet him in later life, he would give all his attention to ensuring that the huge overseer died a terrible death. At nights, the slaves would not sit listlessly, staring miserably into space, but would sit in groups, discussing their plans for the future, should they ever get away from Cheops. For the first time, they felt some cause for hope. At nights, Ptolemy took no part in the fanciful conversations but sat dreaming of how he would inflict two scars upon "The Ox" for every one which he bore on his own back.

At last, the day came for the last stone of the great pyramid to be put into place. Ptolemy was one of the slaves who had to move it, and "The Ox" was supervising them. As they toiled up the side of the pyramid he tormented the slaves worse than before, realising that it would be his last opportunity of doing so. He used his whip mercilessly, especially on poor Ptolemy. As the great stone was sliding into place he spat in Ptolemy's face and drew a knife saying, "Now you may have your fight, 'woman'!" Ptolemy had his back turned towards the cavernous black hole in the pyramid, and dodged as the overseer lunged at him. The huge man managed to check himself on the brink of the gap, but his whip, with which he had lacerated the backs of many men better than himself, became entangled in his legs, and, with a shriek, he vanished into the darkness.

JOHN LEWIS, VR.

A WITCH AND HER HOME

In a cavern dark and drear,
With a cauldron boiling near
Sits a witch, with emerald eyes,
At her feet, a black cat lies.

See her lips and fingers moving,
Round the room, her eyes are roving;
Whispering words of deep desire
Into the bubbling, boiling fire.

Toads, and frogs, and writhing snakes,
From an oaken box she takes;
A pile of peat lies on the floor,
In a corner, near the door.

On a dusty, musty shelf
Lies a book, mid'st broken delf;
This magic tome, all black with age,
Bears a spell, on every page.

So she's lived for many a year,
In that cavern, dark and drear;
There she lives, and there she'll stay,
For many a long, and eerie day.

JENNIFER MORGAN, 2A.

Boxes I have opened

Rain was hammering against the window panes, and outside everything looked bleak and desolate. I had exhausted all my jig-saw puzzles and tired of all my games, I was bored. I racked my brains to think of something exciting to do, then I remembered the attic. That surely was exciting, with its creaking floor-boards, scurrying spiders, and curios of every description. At this point, I feel I should mention that our house has been in my mothers family for hundreds of years. In such a house the Brontës lived. I reached for another sweater, found a torch, climbed the rickety stairs and scrambled through the trap door of the attic. I was surrounded by trunks, chests, and boxes of every shape and size. The walls were decked with tapestries and against one wall were stacked many paintings. Yes, I remembered, my great-great-great-uncle Silas was a, not very successful, artist.

In one nook stood a shallow, dust-covered box. I brushed the dust away. The lid was beautifully carved, and expertly inscribed on the one corner was the name, 'Emily.' I lifted the lid, and raised the contents from the box. I was awe-stricken. What I held in my hands was a gorgeous, rose-pink crinoline ball gown. It was exquisitely embroidered in a charming trailing design. With it were a pair of matching satin slippers, and elegant gloves. A vision of Emily, sweeping gracefully down the staircase, flirting with her beaux, waltzing gaily around, being the 'belle of the ball,' came to me. Perhaps she had worn it for her first ball, for the dress would, fit me. I could see hanging chandeliers and a maze of swirling skirts. I could hear the strains of soft music, smell sweet perfumes, and feel excitement fluttering within me.

Reverently I replaced the gown in its home for so many years. Next to it I spotted a second box. This was long and slim, too richly decorated. I eagerly undid the catch and removed the lid. There, silk surrounded, lay a silver riding whip. Gently, but with trembling hands, I picked it up. Engraved on it were the words 'To my dearest brother Charles, on your twenty-first birthday, Emily.'

I pictured Charles and Emily thundering across the moors. I saw the manes of their horses, and their tails flying as they galloped on. Heard hooves pounding the ground, and exhilarating shouts rent the air. I could feel the wind rushing past me, making me feel a joy in living.

Not trusting myself to hold the shining object longer, I slipped the whip into its silken bed and closed the lid. It was as I closed the lid that I saw, behind the two, a casket. This was devoid of decoration, and looked as if it had been hidden. It was small, very small, and securely locked. As I handled it I must have touched some secret part, for a drawer, which I am sure had been closed for many years, opened. In it lay a tiny key. I fitted the key in the lock. I hesitated, for even my prying fingers seemed reluctant to discover the secret. Without realising it, I turned the key. Inside lay a beautifully bound book. It was red. Emily's diary. I started to read, ashamedly at first, and then fascinated, I read of Emily's father, stern foreboding, of her dead mother, her kind-hearted brother, and of her poor sweetheart, George, whom her father had forbidden her to marry. I read an account of her seventeenth birthday party, where she had worn a new rose-pink gown, and danced all night with George. She wrote of secret meetings with George, of trips to London with Charles and of one journey to Scotland with her father. Her horse, black as jet, was called 'Thunder,' her maid, pretty as a picture was named 'Simone.' Then suddenly, in the middle of November, the entries stopped. I could not believe that it was only through Emily's lack of interest that she had stopped her records. The fact depressed me, indeed the fact scared me. I sat transfixed, gazing down at empty pages.

My solitude was shattered by a shout.

"Jill! Jill! Come out. It's stopped raining!"

JILL COOK, V Remove.

The Foreign Tour

As we drew out of Dover harbour many eyes were turned towards those white cliffs, our last glimpse of the fatherland for twelve days.

We were a happy party as we turned our rather tired faces to the horizon, thinking of the new experiences which we were about to encounter. I said, rather tired faces, because we had travelled through the night to London. Because it was rather rough however, our spirits did not brighten again until we saw the very straight and flat coastline of Belgium on the starboard side of the ship. Our ship drew up at the Quayside at Ostend, and after we had progressed through the Customs we went to the hotel Istanbul for dinner.

We had no chance to explore Ostend because at 8 o'clock next morning we began a journey which was to take us through the countries of Belgium, France, Luxembourg and part of Switzerland. It was a great experience, travelling along the autobahn to Brussels. The long, straight road, with flat country each side and fly-overs at intervals along the way, made our 'rolling English road' seem very small and insignificant. We saw an occasional windmill and a peasant ploughing with oxen, in contrast to the very modern roadway. As we journeyed we captured a Continental mood and chanted to the music of the French broadcasting service, given over to us by the radio in the coach.

When we reached Brussels we were like a pack of schoolboys looking at a cream bun in a shop window; for the World Trades Exhibition did not open until the next week. We gazed in admiration and awe at the great Antonium and took treasured photographs of all that we could possibly lay our eyes on.

Continuing our journey, we stopped at Dinant for lunch and in the afternoon travelled through the Ardennes, very picturesque, snow-covered mountains, while along the roadside, as we weaved our way through the

mountains, were tall pine trees. We crossed the border from Belgium into Luxembourg and stopped in the very beautiful city of Luxembourg to admire the scenery. I was reminded of Hans Anderson's fairy stories when I saw the pinnaced houses with small windows, seemingly to have jumped out of the story book.

The next border we crossed led us into France, where the country was not particularly inspiring, but nevertheless, it was new to us, so we enjoyed the experience immensely. It was rough country here and the houses were rather dilapidated, paint-lacking, shuttered structures. The inhabitants, however, of town and country, gave a broad smile and gesticulated madly, as if they were waving to a team of footballers returning from a victorious game.

We stayed at the town of Nancy that night, and continued our journey again early next morning. Our route led us through the Lorraine and Vosges Mountains, where we were again confronted by snow, which made the roads rather dangerous. But our driver and guide, Jaques, with whom, by now, everyone was well acquainted, brought us safely through the mountains.

When in the heart of the mountains we stopped for a while to stretch our legs and, for the first time, we felt the scrunch of frozen snow beneath our feet. Trying to get rid of the last of our Belgian money, we bought souvenirs and badges from a little shack, where we were greeted by a very pleasant Frenchman.

At lunch time we arrived in Basle, on the borders of France, Germany and Switzerland. After the ritual of the customs, where everybody felt anxious as to whether we would be roped in by the grim customs officials, we had lunch in Basle and then continued our journey through Switzerland.

I had seen many photographs and pictures of the scenery of Switzerland, but when I was confronted by all this beauty my breath was taken away. The chalets on the mountain-sides, the snow-capped summits, the tall pines, the rivers rushing down to the blue lakes, all combined to print a picture on the minds of us all.

Luzern, a very picturesque city beside the Lake Luzern, was our next stop. Beside the lake-side was a beautiful fountain which added to the charm of the lake, bedecked with little craft.

At 9.30 p.m. a tired but excited load of holidaymakers cheered as they entered the little village of Schüpfheim, snuggled in the mountains, which was to be our residence for four days.

Next morning we were all up early and dressed quickly, for the keen, fresh air did not allow us to dawdle over this operation. Everyone enjoyed the breakfast of typically Swiss rolls with jam. The cordiality with which we were greeted by our Swiss hosts and hostesses was most sincere, and they made us feel quite at home by bedecking the dining room with Union Jacks.

On one of our day excursions we visited the 'Gletschergarten' or Glacier Garden in Luzern. The garden contained remains dating from the Great Ice Age, all very 'beautiful and eloquent witnesses of the glacier period.' A Museum, connected to the Glacier Garden, contained many interesting models and pictures of skulls and bones of cave men, models of Swiss chalets, old Swiss maps, models of birds and animals and many other discoveries. On the right of the Glacier Garden was a lion dedicated to the memory of the Swiss Guards of Louis XVI and represented their bravery when defending the Tuilleries at the Revolution in Paris 1792.

Our visits to Berne, the capital of Switzerland, was well rewarded by the view of the magnificent Parliament buildings. A cheese and fabric factory was scrutinised by many eyes. Aldorf, where the statue of William Tell is to be seen, and many other picturesque towns and villages were raided by our happy band.

One evening, back in Schüpfheim, we were entertained by a party of Swiss yodellers. Dressed in black trousers and little black velvet coats and hats braided with red material, they presented a most inspiring picture. We

felt almost that we were in the heart of the mountains as their voices echoed in wonderful harmony, ever to ring in our hearts. A little boy, attired in similar costume to the yodellers, blew the long mountain horn in loud, clear tones.

On the last day of our stay in Switzerland we went up Mount Pilatus in a cable car. Below us was Lake Luzern, above us mountain slopes dotted with skiers and pine trees covered with snow. On the summit of the mountain we gazed in awe and admiration at the mountain peaks, seeming to be so near to us. Below the great mountain slope disappeared into the mist.

All too soon we were packing our bags for the return journey, and it was with very deep regret that we were waving goodbye to our Swiss friends.

Our journey home took us through the Vosges Mountains again, and once more we spent the night at Nancy. The next day our route took us to Rheims where we visited the beautiful cathedral.

Finally we arrived back in Ostend and the next morning we said our last farewell to the Continent. The crossing was calm this time and everyone rested in peace with a heart full of happy memories.

I know we should all like to thank Mr. Williams who organised and led this foreign tour. His careful preparation ensured for us a trouble-free trip, and his cheerful leadership did much to weld us into a happy party.

Oh to return to that beautiful country of Switzerland, where the air is so sweet, the mountains so beautiful, the lakes so picturesque and the people so friendly! But, as we all admitted 'it was a really wonderful holiday,' but there is 'no place like home.'

OLIVE REES, L VIA.

THE RAIN

Pitter, patter, pitter, patter
 Splish, splash, splosh.
 The rain comes down in torrents,
 And the pavements are awash.

A paper boat goes sailing,
 Like a storm-tossed ship at sea.
 Along the swollen gutters,
 An awesome sight to see.

A child goes scampering homeward,
 He runs, as well he might.
 At last he sees the lights of home,
 His shelter for the night.

How I love the wind and rain,
 A challenge bold it be.
 To conquer or be conquered,
 Like a storm-tossed ship at sea.

CAROLYN FOLLAND, IIB.

A View from my Window

Neither the snow-capped peaks of Kilimanjaro, a peacock strutting with the dignity of a Spanish grandee on a terrace walk, nor a city shopping centre bustling with its teeming humanity, can be seen from my window, but my garden, my neighbours' gardens, and the distant, brown ploughed fields sloping down to a wooded copse. Not a scene, perhaps, to inspire an artist to transfer to canvas, for it is not at its best at this time of the year. As an actor between performances, so the gardens, robbed of their Autumn tapestry, rest, awaiting the Spring fiesta.

"A garden is a lovable thing, God wot"

No flowers lend their colour to the sleeping brown earth. A robin poses an instant against the craggy grey wall, the red of its breast like a gay waistcoat, and the timid blue-tits pirouette cheekily in the apple trees. Poor trees! So drab and bare, in their nun-like Winter habits, but soon Nature will revenge herself and cover their skeleton frames with foliage and blossoms.

I know too, that at the foot of the cooking-apple tree clumps of snowdrops are waiting their time to burst through in all their 'window-tested' whiteness, and dance in the Spring breezes. The lawn will foster crocuses, and the borders become a riotous blaze of daffodils and tulips. Yes! In the stillness of the earth a great competition is being held for the first to greet the sunshine at the shrill note of the blackbird's whistle, which acts as a starting signal.

Above ground, too, a great competition is going on, for it is Monday, washday, and the battle of the suds has commenced between my two neighbours. This weekly race is fought out with soiled clothes, boilers and pegs as weapons and the clothesline as goal, the target being the first to hang the washing out, and the winner, having gained her victory, will brew a cup of tea as consolation prize to the vanquished.

In a far garden, a few reprieved prisoners of the Christmas dinner table huddle in their concentration camp, very different from the smart aviary, well equipped with modern appliances, of another neighbour's pampered budgerigars. Flashes of brilliant plumage, blue, yellow, and green, arrest the eye as these vain beauties preen themselves in mirrors placed for their vanity. They prove a great fascination for our ginger tom, too, I have noticed, for he spends long hours in fruitless watchings, then comes home in disgust and eats heartily of fish, as though the thought of poultry never enters his murderous mind.

My garden is divided into a top and bottom half by a fence, the former being used for flowers, and the latter for vegetables, so that the common cabbage does not offend the eye. A rambling rose scrambles its perfumed way over the trellised fence in Summer.

Well! This is the view from my window. Not spectacular, but I like to kneel up in bed in the mornings and see this view bathed in the infancy of day. Last thing at night, the chimney-pots are silhouettes against the black sky spangled with stars, and a big amber moon shows the stillness of the earth. A lone aeroplane, man-made bird, drones monotonously through space.

"And the glory of the garden, shall never fade away."

HILARY RICHARDS, IIBC.

The Door

It was six-thirty on a cold, bleak, winter evening in Birmingham. Mr. Danvers-Walker was going home. He was a small, thin little man who badly needed a hair cut. The wispy ends of his uncut hair blew like dirty cobwebs from under his bowler hat. But in spite of his worn appearance Mr. Danvers-Walker was happy tonight. He was not usually happy as he returned from the office, because he was a perfect example of the 'hen-pecked' husband. But tonight, after a reasonable successful day, he hummed a little tune as he picked his way among the busy crowds of hurrying workers. Even the thought of Matilda with her domineering ways was softened by the thought that he was returning to a warm house, where there would be an excellent supper, for although Matilda had many faults he could find none in her housekeeping.

Mr. Danvers-Walker was, in spite of his wife, a peaceful man. He lived a very ordinary life, but, as he was growing old, was not bored with it. He was satisfied in his job, which earned him eight pounds a week, he had a comfortable home and that was all. It would not seem much of a life to

the onlooker, but it was all Mr. Danvers-Walker had been used to, and so he was content. He had been going back and fore to his office day and night for the past twenty years, except for a month when he had contracted pneumonia. He had to pass one of the war-damaged parts of Birmingham on his way to the office, and at first had been appalled by the damage done to these once smart little houses. He had felt a shiver of disgust every time he passed these ruins, their brickwork lying stark and open to the sky, barely discernible as houses. But this feeling had soon worn off, and now the little bombed heaps were as much a part of his existence as his wife.

It was 6.30. Mr. Danvers-Walker shivered, and quickened his steps, turning up his greasy coat collar against the penetrating cold. He was returning from the office again, the only difference being that, as before it had been Monday, it was now Friday. Another week had passed in our Mr. Danvers-Walker's life. He scurried on past the huge buildings of Morris's stores, which were throwing a warm, welcoming light from their two huge windows. Then on, into the dark, unwelcoming space which marked the bombed site. The wind was coming up and was moaning between the perished brick-work and rustling, like so many gibbering demons through the grass and dandelions which grew in profusion where once there had been neat, white house-fronts, with gay curtains in the windows. Mr. Danvers-Walker stopped; the wind howled around his legs, making his coat blow up to reveal his black and white pin-striped trousers flapping in the wind. There was something different about that house, or half a house surely. Now what was it? Mr. Danvers-Walker stared and stared at it, and then at the other houses, looking like a startled spectator at a tennis match, in which his favourite player was unaccountably losing.

"It's got a door," he whispered to himself, "A door!"

Mr. Danvers-Walker's astonishment was not unfounded. These bombed houses were devoid of any sort of door. All they had were the tottering remains of a doorway where once a gaily-painted door had opened to visitors or the shining door-knocker been banged cheerfully by the postman prior to letting his white load fall on to the shining tiles inside. But now there were no doors and this was a door right enough. The middle house in a row of about eight houses, had a door and it was tightly shut. If it had been swinging crazily on broken hinges or even lying rotting on the ground it would not have been so strange, but this door . . . it was as if someone still lived there. Mr. Danvers-Walker continued his interrupted journey home. But that interrupted journey was, as it were, the beginning of the end for Mr. Danvers-Walker.

Mr. Danvers-Walker became a nervous wreck. No more did he hum tunes under his breath as he made his way home at 6.30. He shuffled along, more like a ghost than a man, so pale and drawn that people turned and stared at him. But he was oblivious to the outside world. The only thought which pounded through his mind was: "The door, the door, the door . . ." He had tried to shut his mind against it, but the door had become an obsession with him. He saw it in front of him no matter where he looked. Whenever he saw a door he saw with it a ruined building, the dandelions and grass growing in the cracks of its brickwork. Then he would shut his eyes and whisper, "Oh, God, I wish I'd never seen that accursed door!" and would nearly break down in his misery. He wanted desperately to avoid passing the bomb-site and thought of giving in his resignation at the office, but he was too scared and ashamed to tell his wife or anyone about his horrible fear. Besides, he might never get another job, as old as he was. However, this could not last forever, and one morning, after a night of sweating, terrified wakefulness and staring at the dove-grey panels of his own bedroom door, he had made up his mind what to do.

Mr. Danvers-Walker was shuffling down the street again, but this time there were several differences. One was that he was not going to or returning from his office and another was that it was not 8.30 in the morning or 6.30 in the evening, but 12.30 at dead of night. This little man had been looking ghastly lately, but that was nothing to what he looked like now.

There was not a drain of colour in his face, which was grey with terror, the skin drawn tightly over the cheek-bones, so that his face shone like a silver skull in the pale moonlight, slanting between the scudding clouds. His mouth had dropped open, and the colourless lips were parted to reveal his chattering teeth, not chattering with the cold, but with stark fear. He walked as if he would collapse at the slightest breath of wind, like a spider clinging on to its flimsy web in a gale. The wind was coming up and the first snow-flakes floated gently down to earth to be absorbed by the already soaking street. Mr. Danvers-Walker stopped. The scudding clouds allowed the moon to break through and the door stood out palely like an ivory tablet against the surrounding darkness of the bomb-site. Then the moon disappeared as Mr. Danvers-Walker threw himself against the door. It opened inwards and a damp, deathly smell floated up from the darkness, and a rushing, howling avalanche of wind seemed to tear at Mr. Danvers-Walker's rigid body, drawing him down, down into the hellish depths of thick darkness. Beyond the door there was just nothing. Mr. Danvers-Walker covered his eyes with his hands, and with a shriek he disappeared into the darkness.

GILLIAN TEAGUE, L VIA

Daffodils

Long green legs, and yellow heads
Staring at me everywhere,
On all the tables, and window sills
Heaven protect me—from daffodils.

When I try to sleep in bed,
I'm haunted by a yellow head.
Can't even sleep, with the aid of pills
I know it's the fault of those daffodils.

Round, and round the house I go,
Feeling depressed and full of woe
And looking white around the gills
How I hate those daffodils.

Women love them, oh the clots.
To me they mean a crop of spots
Around my cheeks, and nose, and chin
I always get them in the Spring.

So it's brimstone and treacle every day
Until the Spring has gone away.
Then I'm a happy boy, for sure,
Till those daffodils, come once more.

WILFRED BUNYAN, VX.

England's Greatest

W. J. A. Davies was perhaps the greatest fly-half who has ever played in the white shirt of England, and his partnership with C. E. Kershaw, the then England scrum-half, can be classed among the world's greatest half-back partnerships.

Davies, an old pupil of the School, learnt his rugby after he had entered the Royal Navy. His adaptability to the rugby game is shown by the fact that one day while he was playing hockey he was told that he had been chosen to play for the Naval College rugby team. Now Davies had never played rugby before but he played so brilliantly in his first match that he was at once noted as a 'find.'

Soon I was in the car and at the starting line. One by one the cars streaked off. For the first few laps I held back then I gave her her head and soon there was only one driver ahead of me. This was an Italian car driven by my nearest rival and I could see that he too was determined to win.

Three more laps to go and still the Italian kept a little ahead of me. We were coming up to Suicide Bend when my chance came. Surely I could pass him now. I pressed my foot hard down on the accelerator and drew level with him. He flashed me a terrified glance and I saw, too late, that I had forced him off the road. His car burst into flames as it hit the fence and I went on not checking my speed. To my delight I saw the chequered flag go down—I had won—and in record time too.

There was a ball that night in my honour, given by the owner of "Silver Bullet." To get to the ballroom I had to climb a silver staircase. I began climbing, then to my horror I saw coming towards me the young Italian, his face was white and his charred hands were held in front of him. I clutched at the stair rail and moved slowly back down the stairs but he kept on coming so I turned quickly and plunged head first down, down, down.

Then I woke trembling with fear and switched on the light. It had all been a dream and the cause of it lay on the bed, a book called "Death on the Race Track." I had learned the hard way not to read in bed.

ALAN RICHARDS, IIB.

" SPUTNIKS "

Scientists have often sought
The mysteries of this mobile star ;
And have you ever stopped and thought
How wonderful they really are ?

The first sound was a "bleep, bleep, bleep,"
But hark ; what's this we're hearing now ?
What track could you expect to keep,
On a satellite, going "bow-wow-wow!!"

This wonder, made by human race,
A "red star" born of Russian "fog" ;
Is sailing round at startling pace,
And manned, just by a half-dead dog !

This hurtling, whirling, man-made planet,
With ghostly bleeping radio call ;
From Washington to Isle of Thanet,
Has thoroughly upset us all !

And yet ; false teeth, false busts, false eyes,
Synthetic food is coming soon !
We might have guessed, we are so wise,
We'd have an artificial moon !

JENNIFER MORGAN, IIA.

" Good consists in Maintaining, Assisting and Enhancing Life."

Albert Schweitzer was obviously thinking of himself and his purpose in life when he wrote these words. If he did not think this to be true, he would not have devoted his life to serving mankind, as he has been doing for the last few years in darkest Africa "on the edge of the primeval forest."

And yet, Schweitzer has not been alone in proclaiming this piece of philosophy to the world. For George Bernard Shaw before him wrote : "A gentleman is one who adds to the common stock more than he takes away from it." Again, the famous German poet Goethe once wrote : "A man is really alive only when he delights in the goodwill of others." So Schweitzer's definition of the greatest of virtues is seen to be one of the fundamental characteristics of the human personality. Many others have put forward similar ideas on this subject, and yet it is significant that with few only, Schweitzer included, has it become an overwhelming obsession. To forsake a life of comparative luxury for a clearing in the jungle must have been, for a man of his abilities, a truly great sacrifice.

These men have ventured into the little-known regions of the world solely because they want to help people who have been less fortunate than themselves. Such men as James Hannington, the merchant's son who decided to become a missionary, rose to the rank of bishop and who was martyred for Africa, seem comparatively rare in this modern, scientific age. One modern organisation comes to mind, which exists almost solely for the spreading of goodness in the practical way as suggested by Schweitzer, throughout the world. This is the World Health Organisation—an off-shoot of the United Nations.

This spreading of goodness has been brought about mainly by example. The first great example in history was, of course, Jesus Christ, and His disciples who "went about doing good" to all men, of every race and creed.

But, before this exercising of goodness is to be successful on a large scale in this modern world, many obstacles have to be overcome. It has been due largely to those brave men already mentioned that an interest has at last been taken in this grave problem. For, by sacrificing themselves, they have brought to the notice of world governments, the need for improving the under-developed countries of the world.

It is essential also, for these improvements to be carried out in a logical order ; for, what is the use, for example, of looking after a people's hygiene, if they are dying of hunger ? Medical attention will be of little value unless it is accompanied by some kind of economic development. This is one of the greatest challenges facing the industrialised countries of the world today, namely, improving the lot of the under-developed countries of the world.

On the other hand, the cynic might suggest that if we maintain life in these countries, then the world will gradually become over-populated, and starvation will be rife. Again, he might suggest that in the event of nuclear warfare these peoples who live in sparsely populated areas would have a better chance of survival from total annihilation than ourselves. One cannot but take a dim view of these suggestions since it is generally believed that in the sight of God, all men are equal.

Once life has been maintained, then Schweitzer proposes that it should be assisted on its path and gradually enhanced. By this he means that not only must the social surroundings of these people be improved, but also their moral and intellectual abilities. For instance, for the present Schweitzer believes the black men in Africa to be inferior in intelligence to the white man. He hopes that one day this will be no longer true. "Example," he once wrote, "is not the main thing in influencing others ; it is the only thing." His example and the example of all others like him brings to mind the words of the prophet, "Their labour has not been in vain."

GRAHAM PHILLIPS, U VIA.

Y Tro Olaf

Y mae gwneud rhywbeth am y tro olaf yn rhoi cymeriad arbennig iddo. Mae rhyw syniad terfynol ynglyn ag ef, y syniad ein bod wedi gorffen am byth a'r peth arbennig hwn ac ni allwn rodiol'r ffordd hon eto.

Y mae gan y pethau symlaf ryw arwyddocad pan fyddom yn eu gwneud am y tro olaf. Crwydro am y tro olaf mewn gwlad cyn inni ei gadael. Y tro diwethaf y mae dyn sydd ar farw yn gweld machludiad yr haul. Yr oedd Swper Olaf ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist mor arwyddocaol fel y cofiwn ei eiriau.

Cofiaf y tro olaf i mi fynd i'r ysgol elfennol yn Angle. Profais lawer o deimladau rhyfedd pan adewais. Profais deimlad o dristwch ac ar yr un pryd teimlad o gynnwrf.

Pan gysgais am y tro olaf yn fy hen gartref sylweddolais na fyddwn byth yn cysgu yn yr ystafell honno eto. Ni fyddwn yn gweld yr un olygfa o'r ffenestr, golygfa dros y mor. Yn yr haf yr oedd y môr yn dawel ond yn y gaeaf yr oedd yn wyllt iawn.

Edrych am y tro olaf ar ystrydoedd a rhyfeddodau Paris mewn ychydig o wythnosau, beth fydd fy nheimladau? Hiraethu i ddychwelyd i'm cartref, 'rwyn sicr, ac atgofion melys o'r amser a gefais yn Paris.

Beth yw teimladau dyn wrth adael ei gartref am y tro olaf i fynd i wlad ddieithr? Yn yr oes hon y mae gwledydd wedi dod yn agos at ei gilydd a gall dyn fynd yn ôl ac ymlaen yn hawdd. Yn amser y Pilgrim Fathers, er enghraifft, beth oedd eu teimladau pan adawsant eu gwlad am y tro olaf?

Cofiaf edrych ar y ty lle yr oeddwn yn byw pan oeddwn yn blentyn. Meddyliais am yr oriau hapus a dreuliais yno a sylweddolais mai dyma'r tro olaf y byddwn yn gweld y ty. Yr wythnos nesaf y dinistriwyd ef, ac yn fuan yr oedd rhyw adeilad modern yn ei le.

Y mae greddf mewn dyn i bwysleisio'r cyntaf a'r olaf. Y tro cyntaf y mae baban yn cymryd cam a'r tro olaf y mae hen wr yn codi o'r gwely. Y mae geiriau cyntaf y plentyn yn rhyfeddol ac y mae geiriau olaf yr hen wr yn gysegredig.

MARINA WATKINS, Upper VI Arts.

The Cromlech

It was a grand summer's day. The sky was blue, cloudless with the yellow sun burning down on the parched earth below. The road was dusty along which he walked; a drawing pad under one arm and in the other hand a small bag. He had walked briskly when he had set-off but now, he trudged along, the only thing keeping him going being the knowledge that he was not far from his destination.

At last, there appeared in the distance what he had come to see and to sketch. There it was, outlined against the sky; that structure which he had heard so much about in school and at home. Now, he had taken the first opportunity, since he had moved to the district, of seeing it for himself. He had never heard of such things before but now his curiosity and interest had been aroused, partly by his intelligent liking for history in school and partly by the strange tales he had heard concerning it.

At last! He had only to climb the low hedge and he was in the field where it stood. A black railing surrounded it, with spikes on the top. But that didn't worry him; he could see enough from the outside. Just as he had heard, there was the large, flat stone resting on the three upright, unhewn ones. How they had managed to stay like that from ancient times he could not imagine.

The sun was so scorching that he gratefully accepted the shade of a tree close by, sitting down under it and thinking it would be quite a suitable spot from which to sketch the cromlech. Looking at the foot of the stones, he thought the ground seemed rather irregular, in patches — and bumps. Then he remembered what he had read, that it was a sepulchre for the ancient druids.

"Are there any bodies buried under those stones?" he wondered. Now he longed to get to the other side of those railings but he knew the consequences if he arrived home with the seat of his trousers torn! Therefore he contented himself with looking and drawing it.

The sun was so hot, he felt so weary. Drawing it was harder than he thought. Oh for a drink! He reached for his bag and opened it. A bottle of lemonade—just what he needed. It was far too hot to eat his mother's sandwiches. He nibbled a couple and then shut his bag. He leaned back against the tree and shut his eyes. There was not much shade really, the sun still found him. To work! He's got to finish that drawing, in order to show the boys that he really came here, that he was not afraid like some of those were.

As he drew, his mind tried to imagine what it was like in the ancient times when the druids came and performed their strange worship to their idols. What did they look like? What did they do? Then he remembered the book he had not yet finished. It was so interesting and life-like, telling about the custom and rites of the ancient druids; about their doctrine of immortality. Cicero had said that Divitiacus boasted a knowledge of psychology, but Pliny decided eventually that the lore of the druids was little else than a bundle of superstitions. Their religious rights included the ceremony of culling the mistletoe and the slaughter of a human victim.

He took out the book and read a few chapters. How hot the sun was! It must have been hotter still in those times. Nearly finished, he must not give in to his aching eye-lids.

Three miles is a long way to walk on a baking summer afternoon. He must have been tired! Little did he know he was to doze for several hours, peacefully, book on his lap, arms folded over it and pencil on the grass where it had slipped from his fingers.

The sun made the final lap of its journey across the heavens till it sank red in the west. Dusk, and then a glow in the east. Soon appeared a big yellow sphere, slowly decreasing in size as it ascended in the starry sky, and directed its glow, it seemed, exclusively on that moment of ancient days.

He had a long, troubled sleep in which strange shapes and forms haunted his dreams. All the time those stones kept turning up, either the top one was on the verge of slipping off or the upright ones collapsing under the weight—and sometimes he would be underneath—trapped! Trapped among the dead!

He awoke with a start—the first thing he saw being the face of the full moon leering at him. Then he saw dim figures rising out of the earth beneath the stones, figures clad in white and figures merely walking skeletons. Figures of another time, primitive, most of them with cruel faces.

Then suddenly, the circle was lit by red flames which leaped around a wicker basket hung from the horizontal flat stone. Oh the terror! What was that, screaming and tearing to get out of it, already half burned to death! A human being! The sacrifice! Soon they would be coming for him to be burned. Yes, they were turning and coming at him, walking through the railings as though they did not exist. Must get away! With that the boy scrambled up and with a shriek he disappeared into the darkness.

HAZEL DAVIES, U VIA.

THE RAIN

The rain, it is a funny thing,
It always keeps me wondering,
You see—

I never know just when it pours,
Whether in or out of doors,
So rain, I beg you, one request—
And please, please do your very best—
Don't come out when we're at play
But come at night instead of day.

ADELE BERNTZEN, 2A.

THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

Deep depressions, dull and rainy
 After Christmas snow,
 This miserable February,
 Cold, and rather shivery,
 Knows not Summer glow.

It's far more pleasant in than out
 With weather shut away,
 And fireside stories, jokes and friends,
 Where happiness with pleasure blends,
 And merry games to play.

Damp mists, and fogs or sleet and hail
 Or frosts and maybe snows;
 But tiny buds on trees appear,
 And lonely birds sing sweet and clear
 As Winter slowly goes.

The lambing season's here again!
 And joyful sounds are heard.
 The gentle noise as lambskins bleat,
 The pride of flocks of mother sheep:
 And many a courting bird!

The first small signs of life appear
 After the winter drear.
 A snowdrop's head peeps from the ground,
 And leaves uncurling all around
 Proclaim that Spring is near.

DILYS GRIFFITHS, A3.

Midnight Rendezvous

He raised a gloved hand and knocked twice. The sound, soft as it was echoed through the deserted courtyard, and to the silent figure it seemed as if the whole world must hear. The door slid smoothly open and with a quick glance about him he stepped inside.

Even in the flickering light of the candle held by the servant he could only just discern his surroundings. His gaze fell on the panelled walls and velvet hangings lining the dim passage. As they passed the enormous clock it struck twelve in deep booming chimes, which startled him considerably, making him wish more than ever that he knew why he was there. The doubts that assailed his mind were hardly set at rest by this air of secrecy, yet he felt compelled to go on. For he had an urge to know who had sent the anonymous letter he had received the previous day asking him to come to this house at midnight. The letter had given an address at which to leave his carriage and had even decreed he should give two sharp taps at the front door.

He was awakened out of his reverie by a soft voice which said "If Monsieur will wait in here, the person will see you in a moment. I am afraid I must lock you in as it is essential that you do not see the rest of the house." He did as she said realising that protest was useless, and the door was locked behind him. The room was furnished luxuriously in red velvet and heavy oaken furniture. In a glass cabinet in the corner of the room were several exquisite pieces of silver. He was looking at these when he had the feeling that he was being watched. He turned round quickly but there was no one there. By now he was becoming distinctly nervous, and to reassure himself

he recollected that he was of no use to anyone although he was of high birth for his fortune was practically non-existent. Everyone knew the fortunes of Monsieur Pierre Aubère for his losses at gambling were the joke of society. Suddenly a voice said "I am so pleased you could come, I hope it was not inconvenient."

To have said Pierre was surprised would have been a master of understatement. He was shocked to find his 'mystery friend' was a woman. Admittedly she was very beautiful but Pierre had taken it for granted that it was a man he was to see. The lady's eyes were covered by a mask but she said it was for her own sake she preserved her identity. By now Pierre had recovered from his surprise and said "How will I be sure what you tell me is true." "You must believe me," she replied. "I can offer no explanation for the mask other than that already given." Her voice was urgent as she said "Sit down and I will tell you all that can help you.

"You have been in Paris for over a year and know many people. But there is one among your friends who is not all that he appears to be. I want you to remember a night exactly a month ago." He was looking puzzled so she added "The night you went to Monsieur Vallé's house." "I remember the night," he said. "Twas the first time for months that I had won at cards, and I cleared the table several times." "That," continued Madame, "is what I wish to talk about. I believe you beat Monsieur Vallé just as he was boasting of his skill. He was annoyed, wasn't he, very annoyed?" Her voice became bitter and her lips set in a hard thin line. "He is like that, boasts of his skill. You made a fool of him, he won't forgive you, you may be sure.

"In a week's time he plans to have you — removed. I don't know how. I wish I did. You see," she went on, "you have committed the unpardonable folly of making people laugh at him. You must go out of the country."

All this time Pierre had been listening intently then he said "I ask only three questions. Can I believe you? Who are you? and how do you know this?"

"You must believe what I have told you without asking questions. I cannot possibly tell you who I am."

"Then I will not take my belongings and leave."

"You really mean that?"

"I do."

"Will you promise to go if I answer?"

"I will by all means. I am not a coward but I value my life."

"Then I will tell you. I am — Claudette Vallé, the gentleman you know is my brother."

She removed her mask and Pierre found himself gazing into a pair of beautiful, expressive eyes. "Now you understand," she said. "I overheard my brother hiring some cut-throats. He has gone out until two o'clock so we will be safe, for a few more minutes."

"Are you sure they do not suspect you know this?" said Pierre.

"Of course. If he did, he would not harm me."

"Claudette, you know your brother better than I do. But, I think if his plans were thwarted even his sister would not be safe."

"I will be all right but you must go now. Be careful you do not meet my brother."

"Madame," said Pierre, "I shall never be able to repay you."

"It was nothing. 'Twas lucky I overheard and I was pleased to help you." Madame looked anxiously from the window and Pierre went immediately.

Outside Pierre was crossing when he heard the sound of voices. Quickly he pressed himself against the vines and was enveloped in the shadow, and stood there hardly daring to breathe. The voices became louder and now Pierre could overhear their conversation. The tallest of the three men was Monsieur Vallé and as he listened to their conversation he realised

that a plan was afoot to kill Claudette. As the men moved towards the house Pierre worked his way along the wall and slipped away.

Once safely home, he decided at once that he would have to warn Claudette as soon as possible. He tried to remember the conversation he had overheard and suddenly it came to him. Monsieur Vallé would be out the next evening with some friends, for he had told the men where they could find him. All next day Pierre was distraught with nerves. Suppose he was too late, suppose when he got there Claudette was dead.

At last nine o'clock struck and Pierre left the house. As he walked through the silent streets having left his carriage at the previously arranged place a cab came dashing round the corner. Pierre flung himself against the wall and in the confusion of the moment did not notice the dark gentleman who was staring at him from the carriage window. It was Monsieur Vallé. Unaware of the interest the gentleman had shown, Pierre walked on towards the house and reached it without further mishap. He knocked twice and the maid opened the door. "I wish to see Claudette, please," he said to the servant. "But Mons—" "I wish to see Claudette," he repeated. "Tell her it's urgent."

As the maid ran off, he sauntered along the room he had first been shown into and sat down wearily. "She should never have warned me," he said to himself for the thousandth time. "Then she would have been safe." The door opened and Claudette came in. "Why did you come here? I told you not to come," she said.

Pierre replied: "Are you afraid of your brother?"

She drew herself up proudly. "Of course not," she said. But Pierre saw her lip quiver as she said it. "Claudette," he said gently, "your brother plans to murder you, no doubt because you overheard his plans. Claudette, you must come with me. I have large estates in England, or at least my uncle has. They will be left to me for he has no sons, and you will be safe in England."

Her face was white and drawn. She stammered out the words, but he heard them. She would not come. "He will kill you, do you want to spend the rest of your life in the grave?"

"Stop," she shrieked. "Don't say that again. I will come. Just give me half-an-hour to pack some things. I suppose you have a coach to take you to the coast. I will not be long." She hurried away and true to her word was back in the room half-an-hour later.

"I have told Margé to send my things on to me later," she said. "Do you mind if I just say goodbye to my home?" He left the room and waited by the door.

Claudette ran her hand over the soft velvet chairs and looked for the last time in the mirror. She was deep in remembrances when Pierre burst in. "Your brother is here," he said, "with a band of rogues. Is there a back entrance?" She was strangely calm and said "No. There is a secret passage to Mamselle Lamartine's where you have left your coach. We must use that."

Claudette opened the passage and Pierre stepped in with her bag. She followed, and, as she closed the door behind her she said "This way I will be safe but I hate to leave you. I must seek a new life in a new land but I will not forget my home."

JULIA BUSH, V Remove.

The Green Fox

The solitary rider spurred his horse on through the beating rain, over the hill top and down into the vale; on, towards the castle, the castle that was not to be in sight for many a long hour. Yet as he rode, he could see it there in his mind's eye silhouetted against the sky, dominating all the land around, as indeed it had dominated his life, ever since the day when he and his people had come to live on the edge of the great forest, and the people who lived in it, those lords and barons whose way of life seemed as alien as the very castle they lived in.

Sometimes he had worked for one of the Lords, as he was doing now. Often they had treated him well, but when he had tried to cheat them they had ordered that he should be whipped. Then Ahran had to use his wits, but they hardly ever did him any good, for he never got away with his punishment.

Yes, Ahran was one of the wandering tribe. His mother had died years ago, and neither he nor anyone else for that matter, had ever seen or known his father. He wandered with a small band of his people; for him a happy life, living by what he could steal or cheat out of his betters; loyal to anyone who would pay him for it; honest with no one, not even his own people; and utterly, utterly cowardly. All the wandering tribe were the same, they knew no such thing as honour. Perhaps it was as well, for at least they lived—usually.

Tonight he was completing a mission for one of the Lords of the castle. He had been bidden to go to the town—a long ride, two days there and two days back—and learn as much as he could about the outlaw they called the Green Fox. Why the Lord Ayr should want to know about him, Ahran had no idea. Nor did he care, for he had had a fine time in the town. For two weeks he had stayed there, and each night he had sat at a small table in the corner of the inn; unnoticed but seeing all. Several times he had drunk too much, and had awakened to find himself lying outside on the cold cobbles, his head in a puddle and his feet on a doorstep. He had had money to spend—for the Lord had paid him well before he left for the town, and he had promised to pay Ahran more when he returned, if he had done his work well.

Ahran had indeed done his work well. His eyes, sharp as any hawk's, were never still; nor were his ears ever faulty. From his little corner he saw and heard everything that went on in that inn as though his life depended upon it—as indeed it possibly did. He had not been noticed—the Green Fox and his men were not as smart as he, thought Ahran, and so he could now return; in fact he had to, for all the money had gone.

But now he had to pass through the forest. The trees were so thick overhead that he could scarce feel any rain at all. Ahran was in a good humour. The warm glow of rich wine was with him still, and he sang a drinking song quietly to himself. The last night he had spent at the tavern on the edge of the forest, and had stolen a flagon of wine from the place.

All through the day he rode, and when dusk was falling he reached the edge of the forest and determined to go at once to the castle. Ahran rode out of the forest and up the gentle slope towards the castle which was just coming into sight. Suddenly he saw a figure emerging from the darkness, riding towards him. Ahran wanted to turn round and ride rapidly back into the forest, but as the stranger approached he recognised the shield of Lord Ayr, a huge black eagle on a gold background. Lord Ayr beckoned to Ahran to follow, and they rode to the cover of some trees on the edge of the forest. The Lord dismounted, and Ahran did too.

Lord Ayr always wore black, and the golden lining of his velvet cloak glinted as the folds blew back in the gentle wind. A rather awesome and mysterious figure, Ahran thought. It was by now almost quite dark, and the two men could barely see each other's features. Lord Ayr pulled Ahran towards him, not roughly but firmly, in order to make sure that he was the right person. Satisfied that he was, after peering at Ahran's cowardly face with sharp green eyes, he swung his cloak back over one shoulder and reached for a small money bag at his belt. This he held in his hand, swinging it gently as Ahran nervously told him all that he had learned of the Green Fox. Lord Ayr seemed quite pleased, and soon he opened the bag and took out two gold coins, placing them in Ahran's outstretched hand, which was almost twitching with anticipation.

He was disappointed at finding only two coins in his hand. That was quite a sum, but there must be twenty coins at least in that bag, Ahran thought. For a moment the Lord seemed to be contemplating something; he was lost deep in thought. This was Ahran's chance! An experienced



PEMBROKE GRAMMAR SCHOOL HOCKEY XI 1957-58

(Reading from left to right)

BACK ROW: Joyce Simlett; Jean Shore; Susan Griffiths; Gillian Garnham; Dorothy Lewis; Elizabeth Stamp.
 SEATED: Mrs. M. Ebsworth; Jacqueline Godfrey; Sheila Jones (*Captain*); Audrey Higgs; Mr. R. G. Mathias.
 IN FRONT: Gwyneth James; Margaret Thomas.



1st RUGBY XV, 1957-8.

BACK ROW: I. Davies; A. Butler; C. Macken; D. Pearson; P. Evans; G. Thomas; K. Smith.
 MIDDLE ROW: J. Carr; G. Grossman; G. Mack en; J. McNally; T. James; J. Gough; J. Dyke.
 SEATED: Mr. Mathias; R. Davis; E. Morris; F. Breese; B. Griffiths; C. MacCallum.



CRICKET PRACTICE

Friday, 10th June: Visit of Mrs. Williamson and Mr. Christopher, of C.Y.E.E.
 Thursday, 12th June: Talk by Mr. M. A. Wellham, on "Under Water Exploration."
 Saturday, 14th June: County Secondary School Sports.
 Monday, 16th June: W.J.E.C. Written Examinations began.
 Thursday, 20th June: Talk: the Rt. Rev. Paul Yasuo Kurose, Bishop of Mid-Japan.
 Thursday, 26th June: School Examinations began.
 Friday, 18th July: Term ended.

Bush House Notes

Having recovered from the throes of an inspection in the Spring Term life in the boarding house has returned to normal.

As the daylight hours got longer our thoughts turned again to boating. "Anastasia" had her bows strengthened and some superstructure added—while the prefects' boat was re-beautified in patriotic colours. This year we have moored our boats out in midstream (when the tide is in!).

Pets corner has been transferred to the battery house, where hamsters vie with guinea pigs for pride of place, while white mice make up in quantity what they may lack in quality.

John Pritchard was made a house prefect (ugh!) and is now in firm control (sic) of one of the junior dormitories.

During the summer evenings Mr. Robinson has been instructing some of the senior boys in archery. Unpopular members of the staff are warned that a shaft from a steel bow will pass completely through a human body at 40 paces.

Our most popular inmate is Mary (Is this the face that launched a thousand chips?)—whose delicacies continue to titillate the most cultured palates.

Mr. Bevan, having won the darts competition, went on to win the ping-pong tournament: in fact we are still trying to find a game he doesn't play well.

Some of our senior boys will be leaving us at end of term—we hope they will take with them some happy memories of Bush House: and they certainly take our best wishes.

We all feel the House is losing a great friend in Mr. Mathias. We hope he and his family will come back to see us some day.

Young Farmers' Club

The Club started the Winter term with a very full programme. Several talks were given by members of the National Agricultural Advisory Service on Cattle and Poultry Judging and on the correct adjustment of ploughs, mowing machings etc.

At the end of January two teams entered the Pembrokeshire Inter-Club Public Speaking Competition at Haverfordwest. A team consisting of Valerie Gough, Eira Brickle and Robert Howe won second place out of a large entry in the under 21 class.

On February 3rd an excellent Film Show was given by British Railways. The film, in colour, depicted three different cameos of rural life as found in North Wales, Scotland and the Cotswolds of England. The Winter programme ended with a Quiz on March 17th.

The Club, in conjunction with Messrs. S. and F. Green Ltd., organised a successful public Film Show on May 7th. Films dealing with irrigation, ploughing and haymaking were shown.

The main activity of the Summer term was the Y.F.C. County Rally held at Haverfordwest on May 24th. Many members from the School Club

competed very successfully, although in most cases they were many years younger than their opponents. The most successful was Yvonne Mansell who was equal first in the Cookery contest, and it is hoped that she will be able to represent Pembrokeshire at the Royal Welsh Show at Bangor in July.

The last meeting of the Summer term was another Film Show presented by British Oil and Cake Mills Ltd., dealing with the nutrition and rearing of calves. To wind up the term's activities it is hoped to arrange an interesting tour.

Although the Club has a good membership, new members will be very welcome next term. It is not essential to have a great interest in agriculture, as many of the Club's activities are non-agricultural. New competitions which it is hoped to enter next year include the drama and folk-dancing at the County Rally.

House Drama Competition—Spring 1958

Glyndwr opened the competition this year, bringing a variety of talent and ability to a play which did not really deserve it. The production was well worked out except that it was rather difficult to justify the placing of the character who was explaining the plot to the audience behind the downstage curtains. Perhaps the producer can be excused since his play was obsessed and haunted with *dei ex machina*. Performance were competent with the exception of Olive Rees who play the Matron excellently.

The tradition of producing Welsh comedies bordering on farce was continued by Picton House with their production of 'Long Live Elias' by Ronald Mitchell. This rather macabre comedy was performed with some skill in a delightful setting by Geoffrey Bettison. The laughter of the audience was so prolonged, however, that it was taken up by the male actors and disbelief was no longer suspended. A good dead-pan, fish-wifey performance from Margaret Kavanagh suggested that she has been hiding her light under a bushel.

Tudor House opened Tuesday evening with 'The Poacher.' This was a fair production of a much over-rated and hackneyed play. There was no justification of the moving spot which was meant to represent the moon in the last sequence even though it gave an uncanny reminder of Old Testament prophecy.

Hywel House found in 'The Bridegroom Rose Early' by Michael Brett another winning play. The setting was rather fussy and improbable and a longish dialogue took place behind a large table placed in an upstage corner of the set. Again, this sophisticated comedy demanded light, brisk treatment but the pace was too even causing the play to drag at times. Performances were good as far as production would allow them to be, particularly that of Kenneth MacGarvie as the bewildered bridegroom. This was not up to Hywel's usual standard but it was enough to win them the competition.

This year it was a pleasure to welcome a local adjudicator, Mr. Aubrey Phillips, who is well known as an accomplished acting member of the Penvro Dramatic Society and an old pupil of the School. His adjudication was fair, helpful and entertaining and brought the 1958 competition to a fitting close.

Technically, the competition is progressing annually but this year a certain falling-off in the standard of production and acting was to be detected.

School Eisteddfod 1958

MUSIC

- Junior Girls' Solo ("White Birds"—Folk Tune): 1st, Jennifer Morgan (H); 2nd, Jacqueline Evans (T); 3rd, Marilyn Brown (P).
- Junior Boys' Solo ("Green Hills of England"—John Longmire): 1st, Roger Jones (T) and Clive Lewis (G); 3rd, Raymond Thomas (T).
- Junior Girls' Unison ("At the Well"—Folk Tune): 1st, Helen Robinson's Party (P); 2nd, Patricia Evans's Party (G); 3rd, Carol Herbert's Party (G).
- Junior Boys' Unison ("Peasants' Song"—Bizet): 1st, Colin Jenkins's Party (G); 2nd, Malcolm Phillips's Party (T) and David Birrell's Party (H).
- Senior Girls' Solo ("To Music"—Schubert): 1st, Rosemary Andrew (G); 2nd, Margaret Thomas (P); 3rd, Gillian Teague (P).
- Senior Boys' Solo ("Yeomen of England"—Edward German): 1st, John Trice (T) and Christopher Macken (G); 3rd, Christopher Law (G).
- Junior Welsh Solo ("Codiad yr Rhedydd"—Folk Song): 1st, Jennifer Morgan (H); 2nd, Cynthia Sanderson; 3rd, Jacqueline Evans (T).
- Senior Welsh Solo ("Y Deryn Pur"—Folk Song): 1st, Jean Shore (H); 2nd, Gillian Teague (P); 3rd, Margaret Thomas (P).
- Senior Girls' Duet ("Beauty Lately"—Handel): 1st, Margaret Thomas and Gillian Teague (P), and Patricia Kavanagh and Margaret Kavanagh (P); 3rd, Rosemary Andrew and Janet Saunders (G).
- Junior Violin Solo ("Daydreams"—Adam Carse): 1st, Jennifer Morgan (H); 2nd, Kenneth Lewis (G).
- Middle Violin Solo ("Village Dance"—Gordon Jacobs): 1st, Tom James (G); 2nd, David Lloyd Williams (P) and Michael Jones (G).
- Junior Piano Solo ("The Silver Bird"—John A. Farrell): 1st, Jennifer Morgan (H); 2nd, Ruth James (G); 3rd, Carol Morgans (P).
- Senior Piano Solo ("Wayside Inn"—R. Schumann): 1st, Joyce Simlett (G); 2nd, Geoffrey Bettison (P); 3rd, Kenneth MacGarvie (H).
- Choir ("Hunting Song"—George Rathbone): 1st, Picton (conductor, Margaret Thomas); 2nd, Hywel (conductor, Kenneth MacGarvie); 3rd, Tudor (conductor, John Trice); 4th, Glyndwr (conductor, Rosemary Andrew).

ESSAYS

- Form II (A Dream): 1st, Jennifer Morgan (H); 2nd, Alan Richards (H); 3rd, Ruth James (G).
- Form III (A View from my Window): 1st, Susan Saunders (G); 2nd, Hilary Richards (T); 3rd, Patricia Thomas (G).
- Form IV (On Waiting in a Queue): 1st, Marilyn Evans (G); 2nd, Suzanne King (P); 3rd, Beverly Whiting (H).
- Form Upper IV and V Remove (Boxes I have opened): No first prize awarded; 2nd, Margaret Morgan (H); 3rd, Christopher Morgan (P).
- Form V (How I spend my leisure time): 1st, Peter Hussey (P); 2nd, Robert Ferrier (G); 3rd, John Lewis (H).
- Form VI (Good consists in maintaining, assisting and enhancing life): 1st, Graham Phillips (H); 2nd, John Trice (T); 3rd, Mary Jones (G).

ORIGINAL VERSE

- Form II (Sputniks): 1st, Jennifer Morgan (H); 2nd, Philip Lain (T); 3rd, Roger Jones (T).
- Form III (The Rain): 1st, Robert Reeves (P); 2nd, Hilary Richards (T); 3rd, Hilary Jones (G).
- Form IV (The Month of February): 1st, Dilys Griffiths (H); 2nd, Krystyna Rynduch (T); 3rd, Marilyn Evans (G).
- Form Upper IV and V Remove (A Rainbow): 1st, Patricia Jones (G); 2nd, Rosemarie Rogers (H); 3rd, Gillian Cook (P).
- Form V (Daffodils): 1st, Jacqueline Hay (P); 2nd, Margaret Doidge (H); 3rd, Maureen Kenniford (G).
- Form VI (Happiness): 1st, Mary Jones (G); 2nd, Ann Fraser (T); 3rd, Jillian Brookes (P).

SHORT STORY

Senior: 1st, Gillian Teague (P); 2nd, John Lewis (H); 3rd, Hazel Davies (H).
Junior: 1st, Julia Bush (T); 2nd, Eiry Bowen (T); 3rd, Jillian Thomas (P).

VERSE TRANSLATIONS

German: 1st Ann Fraser (T); 2nd, Janet Saunders (G); 3rd, Pamela Brown (P).
French: 1st, Mary Jones (G); 2nd, Rosemary Andrew (G); 3rd, Patricia Oliver (G).
Welsh: 1st, Gwyneth James (P); 2nd, Hazel Davies (H); 3rd, Margaret Thomas (P).
Latin: No first prize awarded; 2nd, Gillian Cook (P) and Jillian Thomas (P).

POETRY SPEAKING

Junior Boys (The Retreat—Henry Vaughan): 1st, Roger Horgan (H); 2nd, Terence Richards (P) and Peter Lewis (H); 3rd, Victor Catherall (P).
Junior Girls (Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright—George Herbert): 1st, Ann Hall (G); 2nd, Dilys Griffiths (H); 3rd, Wendy Gray (T) and Mary Woodward (P).
Senior Boys (From "McAndrew's Hymn"—Kipling): 1st, David Pearson (H); 2nd, John Lewis (H); 3rd, Christopher Law.
Senior Girls ("Old Man"—Edward Thomas): 1st, Patricia Kavanagh (P) and Gillian Teague (P); 3rd, Eira Brickle (T).
Junior Welsh ("Wil"—I. D. Hooson): 1st, Hefina Bowen (T); 2nd, Dilys Williams (T); 3rd, Joan Morgan (H).
Senior Welsh ("Cymru"—D. Gwenallt Jones): 1st, Robert Howe (T); 2nd, Margaret Thomas (P); 3rd, Beti Evans (H).

CHORAL SPEECH

Junior (Night Mail): 1st, Wendy Gray and Party (T); 2nd, Ann Hall and Party (G); 3rd, Myrtle Williams and Party (T).
Senior (A passage from Comus—Milton): 1st, Yvonne Mansell and Party (G); 2nd, Gillian Teague and Party (P); 3rd, Eira Brickle and Party (T).

PREPARED SPEECH

1st, Valerie Gough (H); 2nd, Eira Brickle (T); 3rd, Graham Phillips (H) and Patricia Kavanagh (P).

GEOGRAPHY

Form II: 1st, Michael Jones (G) and Ruth James (G); 3rd, John Brown (H).
Form III: 1st, Jillian Rich (H) and Anthony Harris (H).
Form IV: 1st, Roger Horgan (H); 2nd, Kenneth Lewis (G).
Forms Upper IV and V Remove: 1st, Victor Catherall (P); 2nd, Angela Hay (P); 3rd, Robert Ferrier (G).
Form VI: 1st, Patricia Kavanagh (P) and Graham Phillips (H); 3rd, Beti Evans (H).

NATURE STUDY

Forms II and III: 1st, Jillian Rich (H); 2nd, Rosalind Lewis (H); 3rd, Joyce Calver (H).
Forms IV, Upper IV, V Remove: 1st, Terence Richards (P); 2nd, Arthur Brady (H); 3rd, Audrey Phillips (H).
Forms V and VI: 1st, Dorothy Lewis (G); 2nd, Ann Fraser (T); 3rd, Beti Evans (H).

STAMP COLLECTIONS

Forms II and III: 1st, Carol Herbert (G); 2nd, Anthony Harries (H); 3rd, Patricia Thomas (G).
Forms IV, Upper IV, V Remove: 1st, Nigel Davies (T); 2nd, Roger Horgan (H).
Forms V and VI: 1st, Fred Breese (G); 2nd, David Darlington (T); 3rd, Paul Crotty (G).

ART

Forms II and III: 1st, Hugh Owen (T); 2nd, Heather Lomax (T); 3rd, Philip Lain (T).
Forms IV, Upper IV, V Remove: 1st, John Bettison (P); 2nd, Angela Hay (P); 3rd, Sally Brown (H).
Forms V and VI: 1st, Geoffrey Bettison (P); 2nd, Janet Saunders (G); 3rd, Tony Scourfield (G).

AGRICULTURE

Junior, Farm Planning: 1st, John Curtis (H); 2nd, Howell Woods (T); 3rd, Graham Roberts (P).
Senior, Farm Planning: 1st, Rosemary Andrew (G); 2nd, Michael Dyson (P); 3rd, Kenneth Rogers (P).
Junior, Poultry Culling: 1st, Robert Thorne (P); 2nd, Peter Harrison; 3rd, John Curtis (H).
Senior, Poultry Culling: 1st, Kenneth Rogers (P); 2nd, John Woodward (P); 3rd, Nicholas Tebbutt (T).
Poultry Dressing: 1st, Janice Nicholas (H); 2nd, Sandra Miller (P); 3rd, Susan Hay (G).

PHOTOGRAPHY

Open (A): 1st, Georg Grossmann (T); 2nd, Glyn Macken (P); 3rd, Christopher Law (G).
Open (B): 1st, Georg Grossmann (T); 2nd, Yvonne Mansell (G); 3rd, Geoffrey Bettison (P).
Junior: 1st, Norman Fry (H); 2nd, Heather Lomax (T); 3rd, Terence Richards (P).
Novice: 1st, Heather Lomax (T); 2nd, Kenneth Lewis (G); 3rd, David Hay (P).

COOKERY

Forms II and III—
Jam Tarts: 1st, Pamela Williams (G); 3rd, Judith Payne (P).
Welsh Cakes: 1st, Valene Jenkins (T); 2nd, Hefina Bowen (T); 3rd, Jacqueline Edwards (T).
Forms IV, Upper IV—
Fruit Tart: 2nd, Victoria Haggard (H); 3rd, Kenneth W. S. Lewis (G).
Sponge Sandwich: 1st, David Fraser (T); 3rd, David Cole.
Forms V Remove, V and VI—
Swiss Roll: 1st, Ann Ferrier (G); 2nd, Beti Evans (H); 3rd, Gillian Phillips (P).
Gingerbread: 2nd, Wendy Gray (T); 3rd, Anne Campodonic (T).

NEEDLEWORK

Forms II and III—
Toilet Bag: 2nd, Adele Berntzen (P).
Handkerchief Sachet: 1st, Patricia Thomas (G); 2nd, Jillian Rich (T); 3rd, Rosalind Lewis (H).
Forms IV, Upper IV, V and VI—
Pair of Shorts: 1st, Margery Paine (P); 2nd, Rosemary Andrew (G); 3rd, Patricia Waite (P).
Renovated Garment: 1st, Ann Ferrier (G); 2nd, Jeanette Llewellyn (G); 3rd, Daphne Llewellyn (G).

EMBROIDERY

Open—
Tray Cloth: 1st, Dianne Ferris (P); 2nd, Christine Nash (G); 3rd, Sally Brown (H).
Pillow Case: 1st, Rosemary Andrew (G); 2nd, Mary Jones (G); 3, Penelope Evans (G).

FELTWORK AND KNITTING

Open—
Tea Cosy: 1st, Margery Paine (P); 2nd, Maureen Kenniford (G); 3rd, Mary Jones (G).

An Evening Bag: 1st, Rosemary Andrew (G); 2nd, Gillian Roberts (G); 3rd, Eira Brickle (T).
 Knitted Animal: 1st, Pearl Williams (G); 2nd, Ann Ferrier (G); 3rd, Valerie Colley (P).
 Forms II and III—
 Bed Socks: 1st, Pearl Williams (G); 2nd, Margaret Causley (H); 3rd, Jennifer Edwards (P).
 Baby's Ball: 1st, Janet Mullins (G); 2nd, Suzanne Palmer (G); 3rd, Suzanne James (G).
 Forms IV, V and VI—
 Fair Isle Gloves: 1st, Ann Ferrier (G); 2nd, Andrea Jones (T); 3rd, Rosemary Andrew (G).
 Waistcoat: 1st, Mary Jones (G); 2nd, Jennifer Jones (G); 3rd, Susan Griffiths (G).
 A Pair of Slippers: 1st, Rosemary Andrew (G); 2nd, Shirley Dundas (T); 3rd, Yvonne Mansell (G).

FLORAL TABLE DECORATION

Open (a): 1st, Ann Ferrier (G); 2nd, Rosemary Andrew (G); 3rd, Mary Jones (G).
 Open (b): 1st, Jennifer Morgan (H); 2nd, Pat Harries (T); 3rd, Pat Matthews (T).

FOLK DANCING

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

FINAL HOUSE PLACINGS

1st, Glyndwr (1,005 points); 2nd, Picton; 3rd, Hywel; 4th, Tudor.

SCHOOL SPORT

Junior Rugby 1957-58

The Junior XV had a very enjoyable season, with quite a full fixture list. At the beginning of the season the side was a strong one, but as soon as County games began several of our best players were drafted into the representative side. We had up to nine boys playing for the County Junior XV—in which team they had some very pleasant games.

This gave us the chance to try other boys in our school Junior team, and there is no doubt they enjoyed the occasional trip to another school.

We should like to thank Mr. Dennis Lloyd who organised trips for us to London, Cardiff and Swansea, where we were able to see England, Scotland and the Wallabies play.

Colours were awarded to the following boys, most of whom played regularly for the County side: Charles James, Stuart Lewis, John Evans, Peter Protheroe, Gwyn Evans, Anthony Lain, David Coles. Old Colours were renewed for Brian Anfield and Keith Lewis.

Both these boys played in various trials on the way to a Welsh Junior cap. Neither achieved the final distinction, but one felt either of them would have been a credit to a schoolboy international side.

We should like to thank those members of the staff who gave up Saturday mornings to refereeing or taking our team to away fixtures.

Rugby Season - 1957-58

FIRST AND SECOND XV's

The season was a very indifferent one from the point of view of the Senior XV—indeed the playing record is probably the poorest since rugby became fully established in the School. An unusually large number of previous First team players left school at the end of last year but this does not fully explain the poor performances. The team did not settle down to play as a team until late in the season—when results did improve. And it was this fact, rather than a general lack of ability, that explains the poor record.

Even so we had a very enjoyable season, the highlight of which was our trip to London to play Tiffin's Grammar School, Kingston, and to see Wales play England at Twickenham.

Sincere thanks are due to the members of the staff who refereed games and travelled to away matches and to Fred Breeze and Roger Davis for their capable work as captain and secretary respectively.

RECORDS FOR SEASON 1957 - 58

1st XV	Points					
	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
	22	6	3	13	89	159

2nd XV	Points					
	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
	5	4	1	0	84	3

RESULTS FOR SEASON 1957 - 58 FIRST FIFTEEN

1957			
September—			
7—	Trial		
14—			
21—	County Trial		
25—			
28—	Pembroke Dock Qu ins 'A' XV		Cancelled
October—			
5—	Haverfordwest G.S.	(a)	Lost 0-14
12—	Aberaeron G.S.	(a)	Won 5-3
19—	Ardwyn G.S.		Cancelled
26—	Tenby G.S.	(a)	Lost 0-14
November—			
2—	Neyland 'A' XV	(a)	Drew 0-0
9—	Whitland G.S.	(a)	Lost 8-11
16—	Cardigan G.S.	(a)	Drew 9-9
23—	Aberaeron G.S.	(h)	Won 22-0
30—	Carmarthen G.S.	(h)	Lost 0-14
December—			
7—	Llanelly G.S.	(h)	Lost 0-15
14—	Gwendraeth G.S.	(h)	Lost 0-6
21—	Old Boys	(h)	Lost 0-3
1958			
January—			
11—	Gwendraeth G.S.	(a)	Lost 0-11
18—	Pembroke Dock Quins 'A'		Cancelled
25—	Tiffin G.S., London	(a)	Lost 6-8

February—			
1—Cardiff H.S.	Cancelled	
8—Haverfordwest G.S.	Cancelled	
15—Whitland G.S.	(h) Lost	3 - 6
22—Llanelly G.S.	(a) Lost	0 - 22
March—			
1—Pembroke 'A'	(a) Won	18 - 3
8—Ardwyn G.S.	(a) Drew	3 - 3
15—Cardigan G.S.	(h) Won	6 - 0
22—Tenby G.S.	(h) Won	6 - 0
29—Carmarthen G.S.	(a) Lost	0 - 3
April—			
1—Old Boys	(h) Lost	0 - 14
4—Canton H.S., Cardiff	(h) Won	3 - 0
1957			
SECOND FIFTEEN			
September—			
14—Coronation S.M.S.	(a) Won	14 - 0
21—Coronation S.M.S.	Cancelled	
October—			
16—Cardigan G.S.	(a) Won	31 - 0
19—Ardwyn G.S.	Cancelled	
November—			
30—Carmarthen G.S.	(h)	3 - 3
1958			
March—			
8—Ardwyn G.S.	(a) Won	22 - 0
15—Cardigan G.S.	(h) Won	14 - 0
29—Carmarthen G.S.	Cancelled	

The following boys represented the 1st XV during the season:—

F. J. Breese* (captain), B. Griffiths (vice-captain), E. R. Morris, C. MacCallum, R. B. Davis, K. A. Smith, P. Evans, N. S. Phelps, J. D. Carr, R. W. Waite, A. T. Butler, J. C. A. Macken, I. Davies, A. G. Macken, J. F. Gough, T. James, D. Pearson, J. Jenkins, G. Grossman, J. Dyke, J. P. McNally, B. Anfield, K. Lewis, M. Morgan, G. Thomas, M. Edwards, R. Callen, G. Kyle.

* Old Colours.

The following boys have represented the 2nd XV during season 1957-58:—

J. F. Gough (captain), J. C. D. Jenkins (vice-captain), M. Morgan, M. Williams, G. Kyle, R. John, W. D. John, R. Reynolds, T. James, R. Parcell, R. Callen, M. Edwards, A. Butler, D. Morgan, G. Phillips, P. Grotty, T. Scourfield, G. Mountstevens, K. A. Smith, J. D. Carr, K. D. Thomas, D. Pearson, J. P. McNally, N. S. Phelps, G. Taylor, S. Lewis, J. Evans, K. Lewis, M. Jones, C. James.

First XV Colours were awarded to: R. Davis, P. Evans, I. Davies, J. Dyke, G. Grossman.

Officials: Captain, F. Breese; Vice-Captain, B. Griffiths; Secretary, R. Davis; Committee: E. Morris, C. MacCallum.

School Athletics Meeting, 30th June, 1958

This year, for the first time, the School Sports were held on the school playing fields. It was anticipated that the fact that the jumping pits are detached from the track would cause delays and possibly some confusion, but the intelligent co-operation of judges and competitors overcame these difficulties and the programme finished on time.

Although the track is very fast in prolonged dry weather it becomes very soft and slow in wet weather—and unfortunately these were the conditions that prevailed immediately before our meeting this year. Track times were comparatively slow therefore.

Event	First	Second	Third	Winning time or distance
220 YARDS—BOYS				
Sub-Junior	R. Rees	H. Griffiths	C. Fish	32 secs.
Junior	S. Lewis	P. Thomas	R. Reeves	32.2 secs.
Middle	A. Butler	B. Anfield	G. Mountstevens	25 secs.
Senior	J. Carr	R. Holmes	G. Kyle	25.6 secs.
220 YARDS—GIRLS				
Junior	S. Griffiths	G. Garnham	D. Lewis	29.6 secs.
100 YARDS—BOYS				
Sub-Junior	R. Rees	C. Fish	H. Griffiths	14 secs.
Junior	S. Lewis	P. Thomas	T. James	12.5 secs.
Middle	A. Butler	B. Anfield	G. Mountstevens	11.8 secs.
Senior	J. Carr	B. Griffiths	F. Breese	11.5 secs.
100 YARDS—GIRLS				
Junior	M. John	M. Ement	J. Mills	14.2 secs.
Middle	A. Livingstone	A. Hall	S. Bradshaw	14.2 secs.
Senior	S. Griffiths	G. Garnham	J. Godfrey	13 secs.
440 YARDS—BOYS				
Junior	D. Coles	H. Nash	G. Evans	62.5 secs.
Middle	A. Butler	J. Jones	G. Payne	57 secs.
Senior	J. Carr	G. Mountstevens	C. MacCallum	58.9 secs.
880 YARDS—BOYS				
Middle	P. Crotty	R. Reynolds	O. Picton	2 m. 20.6 secs.
Senior	C. Macken	K. Smith	C. MacCallum	2 m. 16.6 secs.
ONE MILE				
High Jump—Boys	C. Macken	K. Smith	M. Morgan	4 m. 59.4 secs.
Sub-Junior	R. Rees	K. Ralph	A. Drysdale	4ft. 1in.
Junior	P. Ralph	S. Brown	R. Reeves	4ft. 9ins.
Middle	T. Scourfield	G. Davies	B. Owen	5ft.
Senior	C. MacCallum	G. Grossman	R. Holmes	5ft.

Event	First	Second	Third	Winning time or distance
HIGH JUMP—GIRLS				
Junior	S. Jones G	M. John G		3ft. 9ins.
Middle	A. Phillips H	M. Emmet T		
Senior	D. Lewis G	A. Birrell H	D. Williams T	4ft.
LONG JUMP—BOYS				
Sub-Junior	A. Drysdale G	D. Birrell H	R. Rees P	14ft. 5ins.
Junior	P. Ralph H	G. Evans T	C. James P	16ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
Middle	J. James P	T. Scourfield G	B. Anfield H	18ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
Senior	B. Griffiths T	P. Evans T	F. Breese G	19ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
LONG JUMP—GIRLS				
Junior	M. John G	M. Emmet T	L. Thomas H	13ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
Middle	A. Livingstone T	A. Hall G	P. Canton P	15ft. 9ins. *
Senior	G. Garnham P	S. Griffiths G	M. Kenniford G	15ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. *
H.S.J.—BOYS				
Sub-Junior	B. Stubbs P	D. Gough P	P. Lain T	26ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
Junior	C. James P	G. Evans T	T. James G	33ft. 7ins.
Middle	A. Butler G	G. Paine H	G. Macken P	36ft. 2ins.
Senior	B. Griffiths T	D. Pearson H	F. Breese G	39ft. 5ins.
H.S.J.—GIRLS				
Junior	M. Emmet T	M. Ferrier P	J. Calver H	24ft. 2ins.
Middle	A. Livingstone T	A. Hall G	A. Evans T	28ft. 9ins.
Senior	G. Garnham P	V. Colley P	W. Smith T	30ft.
POLE VAULT—BOYS				
Sub-Junior	M. Rickard G	A. Davies T	R. Hill P	6ft. 6ins. *
Junior	S. Brown H	J. E. Evans T	T. Duignan H	8ft. 2ins. †
Middle	G. Davies T	B. Owen P	R. Reynolds H	9ft. 2ins. *
Senior	C. MacCallum P	J. Bowers P	G. Grossman T	9ft. 3ins.

Event	First	Second	Third	Winning time or distance
DISCUS—BOYS				
Sub-Junior	B. Stubbs P	R. Crawford G	B. Morgan H	64ft.
Junior	C. James P	J. Evans T	T. James G	131ft. 5ins. *
Middle	G. Macken P	T. James G	G. Payne H	116ft. 3ins.
Senior	G. Taylor P	G. Thomas T	I. Davies G	116ft. 6ins. *
DISCUS—GIRLS				
Junior	C. Lewis T	L. Thomas H	M. Campodonic T	51ft. 2ins.
Middle	K. Rynduck T	A. Birrell H	C. Nash G	80ft. 1in.
Senior	D. Lewis G	J. Shore H	M. Paine P	89ft. 2ins.
JAVELIN—BOYS				
Sub-Junior	M. Rickard G	J. Crawford G	D. Birrell H	75ft. 6ins.
Junior	S. Lewis H	J. Evans T	A. Bywaters G	114ft. 5ins.
Middle	M. Edwards T	G. Payne H	T. MacTaggart G	131ft. 9ins.
Senior	G. Thomas T	G. Taylor P	F. Breese G	117ft. 7ins.
JAVELIN—GIRLS				
Junior	H. Bowen T	S. Llewellyn P	J. Mills P	38ft.
Middle	A. Birrell H	H. Robinson P	K. Rynduck T	64ft. 6ins.
Senior	A. Frazer T	E. Thomas G	T. Boust T	63ft. 4ins.
SHOT—BOYS				
Sub-Junior	B. Stubbs P	B. Morgan H	R. Crawford G	28ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
Junior	S. Lewis H	J. Evans T	A. Drysdale G	44ft. 6ins. *
Middle	T. James G	M. Edwards T	B. Anfield H	38ft.
Senior	G. Thomas T	G. Taylor P	G. Grossman T	37ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
SHOT—GIRLS				
Junior	L. Thomas H	M. John G	C. Lewis T	24ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. N.E.
Middle	O. Preece T	J. Cousins P	M. Williams T	20ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. New record heavier wt.
Senior	M. Davies H	S. Griffiths G	J. Shore H	24ft. 9ins.

Event	First	Second	Third	Winning time or distance
HURDLES—BOYS				
Sub-Junior	D. Gough	C. Fish	D. Birrell	15 secs.
Junior	T. Jones	R. Reeves	P. Ralph	12.6 secs.
Middle	P. Crotty	A. Lain	G. Phillips	17.6 secs.
Senior	B. Griffiths	D. Gough		17.6 secs.
HURDLES—GIRLS				
Junior	C. Lewis	M. Causley	P. Thomas	15 secs.
Middle	A. Hall	K. Rynduck	C. Morgans	15 secs.
Senior	D. Lewis	J. Shore	M. Paine	15 secs. New Event 80 metres
RELAY—BOYS				
Sub-Junior	Tudor	Picton	Glyndwr	62.2 secs.
Junior	Glyndwr		Tudor	56 secs.
Middle	Hywel		Picton	52 secs.
Senior	Hywel		Glyndwr	50.3 secs.
RELAY—GIRLS				
Junior	Tudor		Hywel	63.5 secs.
Middle	Glyndwr		Glyndwr	61.4 secs.
Senior	Tudor		Hywel	59.4 secs.

FINAL PLACINGS:

Glyndwr	543
Tudor	485
Picton	476½
Hywel	380½

* New Record.
† Equals Record.
N.E. New Event.

Results of the County Athletics Meeting held at Haverfordwest on 14th June, 1958

For the second successive year we can congratulate the school athletes on their performance at the County Athletics Meeting. Again they won the Lord Merthyr Shield for maximum points in Boys' events and the Gwyther Cup for maximum points in Girls' events. The girls also won the Pennant Cup for the maximum points in Senior Girls' events and the Howells Cup for maximum points in Junior Girls' events, while the boys were runners-up for the trophies for Sub-Juniors, Juniors, Middles and Seniors.

The individual performances by our athletes were:—

100 yards—

Boys:—Sub-Junior: Raymond Rees second. Junior: Peter Thomas sixth. Middle: Brian Anfield fourth. Senior: John Carr fourth.

Girls:—Junior: Pat Thomas third. Middle—Anna Livingstone fifth. Senior—Suzan Griffiths second.

220 yards—

Boys:—Sub-Junior: Raymond Rees second. Junior: Peter Thomas fifth. Middle: Alan Butler second. Senior: John Carr fourth.

440 yards—

Boys:—Middle: Alan Butler third. Senior: Cyril MacCallum second.

880 yards—

Middle: Paul Crotty third. Senior: Christopher Macken first.

1 mile—Senior: Christopher Macken first.

Hurdles—

Boys:—Sub-Junior: Donald Gough third. Senior: Brian Griffiths second.

Girls:—Junior: Margaret John second. Middle: Ann Hall fourth. Senior: Dorothy Lewis first.

Long Jump—

Boys:—Junior: Phillip Ralph fourth. Middle: Anthony Scourfield fifth. Senior: Brian Griffiths first.

Girls:—Middle: Anna Livingstone sixth. Senior: Gillian Garnham second.

High Jump—

Junior: Phillip Ralph second. Middle: Anthony Scourfield second. Senior: Cyril MacCallum second.

Girls:—Senior: Gillian Garnham first.

Hop, Step and Jump—

Boys:—Junior: Phillip Ralph fourth. Middle: Alan Butler third. Senior: Brian Griffiths second.

Pole Vault—

Boys: Junior: Stuart Brown second. Middle: Gareth Davies second. Senior: Cyril MacCallum third.

Javelin—

Boys:—Junior: John Evans fifth. Middle: Michael Edwards first. Senior: Graham Thomas first.

Girls:—Senior: Ann Fraser second.

Discus—

Boys:—Junior: Charles James first. Middle: Gordon Payne fourth. Senior: Geoffrey Taylor second.

Girls:—Middle: Krystyna Rynduck third. Senior: Dorothy Lewis first.

Shot—

Boys:—Sub-Junior: Barrington Stubbs fourth. Junior: John Evans fourth. Middle: Terrence James third. Senior: Graham Thomas second.

Girls:—Middle: Olga Preece third. Senior: Margaret Davies third.

Relays—

Boys :—Sub-Junior : (Raymond Rees, Howard Griffiths, Donald Gough, Colin Fish) second. Junior : (Phillip Ralph, Tom James, Charles James, Peter Thomas) third. Middle : (Gerald Mountstephens, Tony Scourfield, Brian Anfield, Alan Butler) second. Senior : (Cyril MacCallum, Brian Griffiths, Chris Macken, John Carr) second.

Girls :—Junior : (Jennifer Mills, Margaret John, Maureen Emmet, Pat Thomas) first. Middle : (Anna Livingstone, Ann Hall, Pam Rendall, Pauline Canton) sixth. Senior : (Gillian Garnham, Dorothy Lewis, Jacqueline Godfrey, Susan Griffiths) first.

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCES

Brian Griffiths established a new record of 21ft. 6ins. in the Senior Boys' Long Jump.

Susan Griffiths equalled the existing record of 28.4 secs. in the Senior Girls 220 yards.

The Senior Girls relay team set up a new record of 54.6 secs.

To Dorothy Lewis goes the honour of being the athlete to set up the first record in the new event—the 80m. hurdles. Her time of 14.3 secs. is likely to stand for some time.

Netball — Season 1957-58

This season showed much wider activities in the netball field, for we now have a permanent netball pitch marked out and new netball posts. Practices have been established as a weekly routine and we have been able to play home matches for the first time. Despite this, the record is not a very good one, for having played eight matches we managed to win only two of them. However with girls coming up from the lower forms, who have played netball since they started here, is to be hoped that improvements will be made during next season.

The following pupils represented the School in the 1st VII : Margery Paine (captain), Ann Frazer, Valerie Gough, Mary Jones, Pamela Brown, Rosalie Minchin, Shirley Wise, Joan Mathias and Pat Oliver.

Results of matches :—

October 12th—Kete Ladies	Lost	16 - 3
October 26th—Milford Secondary Modern School	Won	9 - 7
November 16th—Cardigan Grammar School	Lost	20 - 0
November 23rd—Kete Ladies	Lost	16 - 3
November 30th—Haverfordwest Secondary Modern School...	Won	12 - 2
December 14th—Trinity College, Carmarthen	Lost	15 - 2
March 8th—Kete Ladies	Lost	4 - 2
March 15th—Cardigan Grammar School	Lost	12 - 7

Hockey 1957-58

Once again the 1st XI and 2nd XI, under the captaincy of Sheila Jones and Maureen Kenniford respectively, must be congratulated on maintaining a five-year unbeaten record. At the beginning of the season the first eleven found that it had lost six of its members—this was rather a severe blow as some of the leavers had represented the 1st XI for five years. Furthermore, throughout the season, the 1st XI and 2nd XI saw various changes in its members. Players were promoted from Junior teams and showed themselves capable members of the 1st XI. Joyce Simlett, after only three games with the 2nd XI, found herself playing left-half for the 1st XI, whereas right-winger Jean Store was promoted from the 3rd XI to the 1st XI and went further to represent the Pembrokeshire Schoolgirls' Hockey XI and was chosen as reserve for the South Wales Schoolgirls' XI.

The hardest games of the season were the first match against W.R.N.S., Kete, when every member of the 1st XI excelled herself in fighting back to win 4-3 after being down 3-1 at half-time; and the return match against Milford Grammar where Gwyneth James received a ball in the face and

bravely decided to carry on and helped the team to win 2-1 after being 1-0 down at half-time.

The highest scorers for the 1st XI were centre-forward Gwyneth James with 30 goals, the ever-trying left-inner Margaret Thomas with 21, and right-inner Audrey Higgs with 20. Gillian Garnham must be congratulated on scoring 14 goals from the left wing.

In the 2nd XI the highest scorer, Margaret Davies, who played and scored from the half-line as well as the forwards, had 21 goals to her credit with Jacqueline Hay a close runner-up with 20 goals.

At the end of the season the highlight was the Staff match when the 1st XI, for the first time on record, proved themselves worthy victors by beating the Staff 4-1.

The following represented the County and received their colours: Jacqueline Godfrey (captain), Gwyneth James, Margaret Thomas, Gillian Garnham, Jean Shore, Dorothy Lewis with Susan Griffiths and Sheila Jones as reserves.

We all congratulate Dorothy Lewis on receiving her colours for playing in the South Wales Schoolgirls' XI against the West of England. She is the first member of this School to receive this honour. We sincerely hope that she has set an example which many will follow.

At the end of the season 1st XI colours were awarded to: Dorothy Lewis, Susan Griffiths, Verona Fox, Joyce Simlett, Jean Shore, Audrey Higgs.

The following received their 2nd XI colours: Anne Mathias, Elaine Stewart, Christine Nash, Myrtle Williams, Anne Deveson, Margaret Davies.

The following represented the 1st XI: Elizabeth Stamp, Sheila Jones* (captain), Jacqueline Godfrey,* Verona Fox, Joyce Simlett, Susan Griffiths, Dorothy Lewis, Jean Shore, Audrey Higgs, Gwyneth James*, Margaret Thomas,* Gillian Garnham*.

* Denotes Old Colours.

The following represented the 2nd XI: Anne Mathias, Elaine Stewart, Christine Nash, Myrtle Williams, Wendy Smith,* Pat Bellerby,* Jill Dickinson, Maureen Kenniford* (captain), Jacqueline Hay,* Margaret Davies, Anne Deveson, Krystyna Rynduch, Anne Wright.*

* Old Colours.

3rd XI—Megan Thomas, Helen Robinson, Gillian Phillips (captain), Joan Morgan, Sally Brown, Margaret James, Anna Livingstone, Christine Swift, Anne Birrell, Anne Hall, Antoinette Pearce.

3rd Form XI—Cynthia Evans, Daphne Bush, Christine Lewis, Margaret John, Joyce Calver, Hilary Jones, Susan Saunders, Maureen Campodonic, Sandra Bradshaw (captain), Lesley Phillips, Pauline Canton.

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Goals Against
1st XI	15	14	—	1	85	6
2nd XI	12	11	—	1	68	5
3rd XI	9	5	2	2	25	6
3rd Form XI	6	4	—	2	11	1

RESULTS

FIRST XI

September 21—Taskers High School	Away	Won	5 - 0
September 28—Tenby Grammar School	Away	Won	6 - 0
October 26—Milford Haven S.M.S.	Away	Won	2 - 1
November 6—Fishguard S.S.	Home	Won	9 - 0
November 23—Kete Ladies	Away	Won	4 - 3
December 14—Carmarthen Training College	Away	Won	13 - 1
December 18—Milford Haven G.S.	Home	Won	7 - 0
December 26—Old Pupils	Home	Won	9 - 0
January 18—Taskers High School	Home	Won	8 - 0
February 1—Milford Haven G.S.	Away	Won	2 - 1
February 22—Milford Haven S.M.S.	Home	Won	2 - 0
March 8—Kete Ladies	Home	Won	4 - 0
March 15—Cardigan G.S.	Home	Won	8 - 0
March 22—Swansea Training College	Away	Drew	0 - 0
April 3—Old Pupils	Home	Won	6 - 0

He, too, was trained at Bangor Normal College, where he was a regular member of the football, hockey and cricket teams. He began teaching in Monmouthshire, and served for over four years with the Royal Field Artillery during the first World War. He was later appointed headmaster of Wiston School, and went from there to be head at Manorbier, from where he retired, through ill health, in 1949. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

The death occurred on April 22nd, at the Cottage Hospital, Pembroke, of Miss Doris Skyrme (1912-16), at the age of 57. She had been ill for a long time, and had been a devoted member of the Methodist Church, Pembroke Dock. Miss Skyrme was a niece of the late Alderman William Smith, whom our older readers will remember as a Governor of the School for many years.

Thomas Sidney Saunders (1918-22) died at his home in Pembroke on May 2nd, at the age of 52. He had carried on the family business in Pembroke for many years, but had been in bad health for four years. He was a skilled musician and was for a long period joint organist at Tabernacle Congregational Church, Pembroke. He was married, with four children, three of whom are at the School now.

From Victoria to Elizabeth II

Our School had been in existence for about two-and-a-half years when I first attended it, at the age of twelve, in the remote fastness of A.D. 1897. It was housed in an old hotel, Victoria House, facing Barrack Hill and flanking Pembroke Street, Pembroke Dock. The boys occupied the ground floor of this building, with the Board Room at the front; the girls the first floor, but often boys and girls were taught together. There were so few of us that we were like a big family, with three masters and three mistresses on full time.

I had not been long at this 'Grand Hotel' school, when a loud battle-cry was raised. Why couldn't we have a Magazine like other County Schools in Wales? "Why not?" replied the Heads. "Get busy, everybody; none too old or too young to help with the first number of our very own Magazine." Mr. Dawes, Miss Perman, staff and pupils were all roped in, and a Magazine Committee appointed. Soon our poor brains were in a ferment and our desks littered with scraps of paper (MSS?). What form was this miscellany of contributions to take? Everyone had to offer something, essay, poem, report or suggestion. The various teams, football (soccer) and hockey, must provide reports of their activities, with criticisms by the captains on the various players. There were to be form lists with names and subjects in which each scholar had gained a 'first' (80%).

In lighter vein, suggestions for the celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee (1897) were invited. Here are three gems:—

Society—The boys and girls should go to see the Queen on the day she is to celebrate her jubilee. All expenses to be paid by the school.

Freedom—To allow the boys and girls to teach the masters and mistresses for one day, not excluding the giving of conduct marks.

Dunce—No more weekly exams.

Among Answers to Correspondents are these:—

Enquirer—Yes, hydrogen sulphide is a heavy gas, but, unfortunately, it finds its way up to the girls' school.

Curator—You ask what is the difference between a curator and a prefect. A prefect doesn't spell 'diference' with one 'f.'

Pleb—No, there is no means of compelling the headmaster to abide by the decision of the debating society. We have not heard of any intention to do away with detentions just at present.

Philatelist—We cannot give you any information as to stamps. We would refer you to Stamp-er.

But other 'quotes' must wait. To resume our story, both Mr. Dawes and Miss Perman were adepts at rousing our enthusiasm and evoking a fine team spirit. We looked forward eagerly to seeing OUR magazine in print and gladly paid our sixpences for what I still consider excellent value for money. Sixpence was an enormous sum in those days, when one's pocket-money was a halfpenny or a penny a week. Nufsed. Our infant had not yet been christened PENVRO. It was simply: The County Intermediate School Magazine, Pembroke Dock. A Mr. Churchward drew the design for the Magazine cover. I note that the arms of PATER have the two flags blowing towards the right, an innovation suggested by Mr. Dawes, who asked "Why two winds in opposite directions?" I wonder how many copies of this first number are still in existence? I lost mine, but my great friend Mary Sketch Edwards kept hers and gave it to me about twenty years ago. It is as readable now as ever. The Head Girl, Camilla Thomas, of whom we stood in awe, contributed a learned article on "School Libraries"; there were School Notes, Reports on Football, Hockey and Harriers; Accounts of a School Concert and the Debating Society. An Editorial came first, to introduce our infant to its readers. It contains this quotation: Nascitur exiguus, vives eundo acquirat, which makes me guess that Miss Perman was the Editor. She was a London M.A. with first class classical honours. She knew how to make even Latin agreeable.

Last year, 1957, our Magazine celebrated its Diamond Jubilee. Please note the connection between Queen Victoria: 1837-1897, and Penvro: 1897-1957—two consecutive Diamond Jubilees, covering a period of one hundred and twenty years!

As I look back over 61 years, I am struck by the number of inventions and discoveries during that period, which young people today take for granted. In 1897, the pneumatic-tyred bicycle was ousting the penny-farthing and the solid-tyred machine from favour. It was then I learned to cycle; my father bought me a 'bike' made by Mr. Stephens, East Back, Pembroke, at what is now Stephen's Garage. We used to ride to Tenby on fine Saturdays. As regards politics, there were no 'votes for women' then, but I well remember going with my father to a mass meeting in Pembroke Dock Market Hall to hear a young lawyer expound his views on Free Trade as against Protection. I was impressed by this raven-haired young Welshman, emphatic, logical and attractive, for he was David Lloyd George, who was to become Prime Minister during the first Great War. We lived in an age of peace, having been brought up with the idea that there would never be any more war (!). Britain had reached the Golden Age and all that. (Comment is needless.) The South African War was soon to shatter our illusions. I can still see the khaki-clad soldiers, with their eager young faces, as their train drew slowly out of Pembroke Dock station. They were singing "Goodbye, Dolly, I must leave you; Goodbye, Dolly Gray."

These years marked the discovery by Rontgen of X-rays, and of radium by Madame Curie. When the internal combustion engine was invented, we began to see a few primitive motor-cars, raising clouds of dust from the non-tarmacadamised roads. We used to shout "Dust!" and "Road Hog!" There were no cinemas, radio-sets, aeroplanes, radar, or even fountain-pens. Typewriters, telephones, electric lighting, heating and cooking, refrigerators, washing-machines, automation, had yet to arrive, though we had coal-gas, locomotives, steamships, and telegraphy, and were learning about anaesthetics and bacteria. We did know about sputniks, having read of the one in which Jules Verne's heroes were fired off by rocket towards the moon. Not having these 'mod. con.', we amused ourselves with sea and country picnics, either walking or being conveyed by horse and trap to our destination; outdoor and indoor games, meetings at the Chapel, parties at our friends' homes, etc. We gathered around the piano for many a hearty sing-song. Mr. Dawes composed blithe verses and set them to lilting tunes. We rattled out "Forty years on," "Phairson swore a feud," "But eh, poor lassie, she was dumb, dumb, dumb," with gusto. We had our superb vocalists, too, one of whom, Katy Davies, had such a lovely voice that she

David Evans (1950-55) left at the end of January to begin his National Service. Since leaving school he had been on the clerical staff of Messrs. Hussey, Egan and Pickmere.

Seymour Edwards (1927-32), who has been a member of the staff of the Wales Gas Board since 1932, was in April appointed Chief Clerk to the Pembroke District Undertaking.

Mrs. Gwenda Newnham (née Edwards, 1930-33) recently visited her brother Brinley (1930-35) at Bosherton. She is now living in Ceylon, where her husband, Group Captain Newnham, is Air Liaison Officer to the High Commissioner.

Mrs. Valmai Henderson (née Folland, 1947-54), who is completing her training year at Aberystwyth this summer, has been appointed English mistress at Ardwyn Grammar School, Aberystwyth, for September.

Verona Fox, who left shortly before Christmas, is working at Southampton Row Post Office, London.

John Furlong (1940-43) is an Experimental Officer (Mathematician) in the Theoretical Physics Division of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell. He was married about three months ago to Dr. Olive Cynthia Wilks, of Watford.

David Gwyther (1950-56), who is doing his military service in the R.A.F., returned from Germany in January, and was posted to North Weald, Essex. He is due to be demobilised in August and hopes to go to Trinity College, Carmarthen, next September.

Bill Griffiths (1949-53) had a column devoted to him in the 'West Wales Guardian' of April 18th. He was lowered by a rope down the cliff face near Trevalen three times on Easter Sunday to rescue a ewe and a lamb.

David Harries (1949-53) completed his national service with the R.A.F. in February, having spent eighteen months in Hong Kong. He has rejoined the staff of the Pembroke Dock branch of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons.

Morfwyn Henry (1945-52), who is now teaching in St. David's, appeared on Wilfred Pickles's programme "Have a Go," broadcast from St. David's on March 4th.

Graham Harper (1946-53), who completed his degree at Bangor, is now teaching in Leeds. He is engaged to Miss Margaret Roberts, of Bangor.

Fred Hughes (1938-44) called at School on June 12th. He is on six months' leave with his wife and small daughter, from Malaya, where he is a rubber planter.

David Harries (1944-50), after completing his degree with Honours in Music at Aberystwyth, is now doing his military service, and is due to complete this in about six months' time. He is serving with the Royal Signals in Leicestershire, and as he is clerk in charge of the ration stores he says he has plenty of time to get on with his musical activities. He has now completed ten opus numbers, the latest of them being a set of pieces for harp solo, a Chamber Symphony for twelve instruments, and a cycle of six songs for tenor and piano. In this last work the words he has set are by six Anglo-Welsh poets, and in the fourth he has used one of Mr. Mathias's poems. When he wrote in May he was working on several compositions. The one with which he was most occupied was an anthem for chorus and organ to words from T. S. Eliot's tenth chorus from "The Rock," which has been commissioned by a church in Walsall for its centenary celebrations. He was then also in the process of writing a set of Symphonic Variations, a Duo for two violins, and a String Trio.

Valmai Jones (1955-56) completed her course at St. Godric's Secretarial College in London last autumn, and has a post as secretary with the Pirelli Tyre Company at their office in Euston Road, London.

Raymond Jones (1940-47), who has taken the stage name of Raymond Llewellyn, was home at the end of March. He had then just completed a season with the Bristol Old Vic Company, during which they had given performances of "Under Milk Wood," "Romanoff and Juliet," "Waiting

for Godot" and others. Towards the end of May many local people recognised him in the television programme "Educating Evans."

Richard C. Jones ((1927-31), who is an executive officer in the Ministry of National Insurance in Cardiff, has been having a good deal of success as a writer. He has had a number of short stories accepted for publication, and several of his plays have already been produced by amateur groups in the Cardiff area. He has two sons, Robert and Andrew. The elder boy, Robert, was at school here for two years before his father moved to Cardiff.

Mrs. Sheila Sanderson (née Jones, 1933-40), who lives with her husband in Singapore, returned to teaching a few months ago. She is lecturing in English at the University of Singapore.

Rev. W. G. Lewis (1924-28) has been since February, 1954, pastor of St. James's Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, New Brunswick. Early in the year he accepted a call to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, Bermuda. They have a daughter, Julie, aged fifteen, and two sons—Gareth (16) and Roderick (13).

George Lewis (1947-53) wrote in May from Dhekelia Garrison, Cyprus. He says "Having taken my National Diploma in Design at Swansea, I went on to the Teacher Training Course. In my Art Teachers' Diploma Final Examination I gained a distinction in the Principles and Practice of Education On July 25th, 1957, I started my training with the R.A. in North Wales. During these eight weeks I played rugby for the Regimental side all over Great Britain. We reached the third round of the Army Cup, before being beaten by the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, the eventual winners. I later transferred to the Royal Army Education Corps, becoming a sergeant on December 20th, 1957. On February 4th I flew to Cyprus, where I am now teaching at an Army Education Centre on the south-west coast of the island, catering for 2,000 troops. Security is rigid and we are confined to camp, reading and painting being my main activities . . . I have become engaged to Miss Jeanne Matthews, whom I met while at Swansea. She teaches Art at Llanelly Girls' Grammar School."

Graham Lovering (1943-48) has become an associate member of the Institute of Civil Engineers. He is employed as contracts engineer with a Cardiff engineering firm.

Gerald May (1928-34) came home from Nairobi a few months ago on six months' leave. He is an inspector for a well-known assurance company there. He served in Kenya with the R.A.S.C. during the war, and it was there that he met his wife. They have two sons, Michael and David. In Kenya he has often met another Old Boy, Philip Sudbury (1925-31) who went out there as an Education Officer, and is now Assistant Secretary to the Minister of Finance in the Kenya Government.

We were delighted to read in the local press in May that Ted Nelson (1920-27) had had an operation in Cardiff, performed by Sir Tudor Thomas, by which the sight of his right eye has been restored. The other eye was completely destroyed in the unfortunate accident that took place at Ardwyn Grammar School soon after he began his teaching career. So far we have not had full details of this, but we sincerely hope that his recovery is complete. He receives the Penvro regularly, and in March we had a letter from him in which he recalls some memories of his school days that were inspired by some news in a recent number. He writes: "Some of the recent Penvros included a cricket memory by Ray Thomas, and notices of the deaths of two of my great friends, A. F. Evans and C. O. Thomas. These items together recalled one of my happiest school memories—also a cricket match, School v. Williamston on Britannia Field, July 1927—very green wicket. Williamston batted first and the only resistance came from Eric Webb, ex-School captain and captain of University College, Aberystwyth. His line read—E. Webb c Nelson b Lewis ... 15 (catch made inches inside long-on boundary). For School my line read—Nelson c Webb b Scale ... 15 (first slip catch taken at full length). Result, a draw I believe, 49 runs each. Not bad in those days. School captain and wicket-keeper—Lonnie Evans; scorer—C. O. Thomas; umpire—Mr. A. W. Pearce.

Terry Panton (1947-55) has just completed his B.Sc. degree at Cardiff. He has obtained an appointment with the Atomic Energy Authority at Capenhurst in Cheshire.

Captain G. Courtenay Price, T.D., has been awarded the Royal Engineers Association Merit Badge and Certificate for 1958, for long and meritorious service to the Association.

Mrs. Morwyth Owens (née Rowlands) (1950-51) arrived home in April after a twelve-month stay in Ceylon.

There was some news in the local press recently of the Rickard brothers of Angle, on the occasion of their parents' golden wedding. Lawrence (1925-32), who served with the 14th Army in Burma, and was very badly wounded, is now a surveyor in Bristol. His brother Billy (1931-38) was a pilot in the R.A.F. and won the D.F.C. for his work in taking paratroops to France on June 5, 1944. He entered the Civil Service from School, and served for many years at the War Office. He is now engaged in Government scientific research.

Margaret Phillips (1951-56) has just finished her two-year course at Swansea Training College. She has found a post for next September as Geography mistress at a secondary modern school in Leytonstone, Essex. She set up a record recently in the women's hurdles event at the Welsh University Athletic Sports.

Kathleen Rouse (1926-1933), who has been working in the Inland Revenue Office at Haverfordwest for some years, was transferred to the Harrow Office in March. Her brother Bernard (1929-32), who is a Master-at-Arms in the Royal Navy, is now stationed at the R.N. Barracks, Tor Point, Devon.

Ted Ridley (1947-52) completed his five-year apprenticeship with the South Wales Electricity Board in May. He has been appointed Junior Engineer in the Haverfordwest Division, to start this summer.

Bob Smith (1945-50) was appointed manager of the Haverfordwest branch of Messrs. Robinson and David, timber merchants, at the beginning of the year. He had been on the Pembroke Dock staff since 1950.

Ivor Sutton (1928-32) was appointed, to begin in February, as Supervising Engineer at the Reading Technical College. For nine years he had filled a similar position at the Battersea College of Technology.

William G. Smith (1944-51), who has been teaching for the past year at a secondary modern school in Hull, has been appointed English master at Shakespeare Hall, Greatfield High School, Hull. This is the grammar section of a new multilateral school.

Derek Swift (1948-52) called in School at the end of May. He has now been two years at Aylesbury with his firm, Air Trainers Ltd., where he is training in radio work.

Colin S. Thomas (1931-34), who is now a Wing Commander, R.A.F., wrote in April. He says, "I am at present serving in Germany, with my family. I have met only two ex-pupils since coming out here, namely Beryl Johns and Frank Burgess. Beryl is a nursing sister at the R.A.F. Weyberg Hospital, and Frank is a Squadron Leader Signals Officer at Headquarters 2nd Tactical Air Force.

Gerald P. Thomas (1946-53) is working as a chemist with Murex, Milford Haven.

Lieutenant Dennis Vaughan, R.N. (1941-47) came to Brawdy early in the year to serve with the Naval Air Service there. He is the Sports Officer on the station.

John Willcocks (1947-52) became assistant manager at the Pembroke Dock branch of Messrs. Robinson and David at the beginning of the year, in the place of Bob Smith, who was transferred to the Haverfordwest branch as manager. We congratulate him on his engagement to Pauline Perry, of Pembroke Dock.

The following university examination results were received late:—

Geoffrey Wainwright (1948-55)—1st Class Honours in Archaeology at Cardiff; Una Flint (1947-55)—3rd Class Honours in Biblical Studies at Bangor.

Mary Griffith (1947-55) and Betty Morgan (1951-54) have also completed their B.A. degrees at Cardiff. Mary is going to do a course in Librarianship next session.

Other results received are:—Peter Preece (1946-54)—English (main) at Cardiff; Gillian Lewis (1953-55)—Final Zoology at Cardiff; John W. Brooks (1947-53)—Philosophy (main) at Aberystwyth; Mrs. Valmai Henderson (née Folland, 1947-54)—Diploma in Education, Class II, at Aberystwyth; Gillian Lewis (1953-55)—Physiology (Final) at Cardiff; Gordon Rickard (1949-57) has passed his first year examinations at Swansea; Ruth Cole (1948-57) and Stephen Brown (1950-57) have passed their final year examinations at Aberystwyth and Nottingham respectively; Malcolm Davies (1949-56) has passed his first year examinations at Aberystwyth, where he is studying for the National Diploma in Dairying; David Weale and David Thomas have passed their first year examinations at Cardiff; Eric Golding has passed his first year examinations in Architecture at Cardiff Technical College.

We congratulate these Old Pupils on their engagements:—

May—Glenys Cole (1951-57) to Hilton Brown, of Pembroke.

June—Ilfra Sinclair (1952-56) to Iorwerth Bushell, of Pembroke;

Eric Thomas Bowen (1947-52) to Gwyneth June Cole, of Cresselly.

July—Mary Grace Thomas (1951-57) to Mervyn Griffiths (1949-54); Patricia Peters (1951-55) to David Beasley, of Cosheston.

We congratulate these Old Pupils on their marriage:—

January 18—Leslie Cecil Jenkins (1931-36) to Hilda Margaret James (1938-42).

February 5—Brimley John Llewellyn Thomas (1945-52) to Jean Hilary Watkins (April to December, 1953).

February 11—Dorothy May Lewis (1945-49) to Alun Morgan Waters, of Templeton.

February 15—June Cynthia May Roderick (1947-52) to Police Constable Albert Edward Forse, of Milford Haven.

March 8—(At Kowloon, Hong Kong) Ann Georgina Sherlock (1950-55) to Sgt. Michael Noel Mitchell, R.A.F., of Mold, Flintshire.

March 15—Maureen Tegwyn Morgan (1945-50) to Keith Whittle, of White Colne, near Colchester.

March 26—Patricia Doyle (1949-51) to Keith Griffiths, of Penally.

February 15—Maureen Winifred Ballard (1944-50) to John Llewellyn Arter, of Pembroke Dock.

March 29—Alwyn Diana Mairi Parcell (1942-46) to Richard Angus Campbell Clark, of Stackpole.

March 29—Marion Pansy Dix, S.R.N. (1946-50) to Charles William Douglas Davies, of Haverfordwest.

April 5—John David Ross (1940-46) to Shirley English (1946-53).

April 5—Thelma Mary Phillips (1946-51) to Reginald Colin Radmore, of Rumney, Cardiff.

April 5—Valerie Heath (1946-53) to Derek John Watts, of Mitcham, Surrey.

April 5—Gerald Paul Thomas (1956-53) to Jean Margaret Roblin, of Monkton.

April 7—Pauline Francis (1947-54) to G. Parsons, of Derby.

April 7—Astrid Elizabeth Salmon Gould (1945-51) to David Richard Llewellyn Griffiths, of Staines, Middlesex.

April 8—Jean Paterson, S.R.N. (1949-52) to Graham Bould, of Stoke-on-Trent.

May 10—Richard Charles Morgan (1942-43) to Elizabeth June Collins, of Templeton.

May 24—Janet Sanderson (1951-55) to L/Cpl. Ronald Norbury, of Pembroke Dock.

June 7—Elizabeth Irene Edwards (1949-55) to Lionel William Paish, of Rhoscrowther.

June 7—Elvira Mary Hodge (1945-49) to William David Cole, of Cresselly.