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

J. S. Rees, Esq., Pembroke Dock (Chairman).
Mrs. E. W. Kemp, Pembroke Dock (Vice-Chairman).
Mrs. Sarah Thomas, Pembroke Dock.
J. R. Williams, Esq., Pembroke Dock.
Rev. J. Garfield Davies, M.A., Manorbier.
Mrs. M. V. Jones, J.P., Pembroke.
W. A. Colley, Esq., J.P., Pembroke.
Mrs. Nora E. Davies, B.A., Neyland.
E. C. Roberts, Esq., Llaneston.
G. Courtney Price, Bungaston.
Mrs. E. Thomas, Stackpole.

STAFF

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.
S. Griffiths, 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. Ellis Williams, M.A. (Wales).
Mrs. M. M. Ebsworth.
Miss M. J. Jones, B.Sc. (Wales).
C. Gammon, M.A. (Wales).
Miss M. Cleeeley, B.A. (Wales).
Miss C. M. Lewis, B.A. (Wales).
L. M. Thomas, D.L.C.
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.
J. W. Bevan, B.Sc. (Wales).
Miss N. Phillips, B.A. (Wales).
Miss B. Jones, B.A. (Wales).
I. Lloyd, M.Sc. (Wales).

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. Gwyne, T.M.A. (Bath).
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.

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 Flasheguard 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. Mrs. 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. Ilyd 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 Campodonico 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 Nottage, 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**

A 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, Uvb.
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 "Penvo" 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 virtues 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, woollies, 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 seams down the front, please!). In all these the school felt the impact of her personality.

It is ironic 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 Chrysanthemus
And all fragrant posies:

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

Spurtin 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, UVia.
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 the strength of the man in the world!" Ptolemy flexed his mighty arms, "I'll fight you first!" he called boldly. The Ismaelites were waiting, I'm coming to your compound to choose three men. I'll wrestle them and show you the strength of the man in the world!"

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 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 years 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" as he was called by the slaves, came to the compound near midnight and chose three men, none of whom was particularly strong, and brought 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."

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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 renting the air. I could feel the wind rushing past me, making me feel a joy in living. Hooves pounding the ground, and exhilarating shouts rent the air. I could whip into its silken bed and close the lid.

Saw, behind the two, a cabinet. This was devoid of decoration, and looked as if it had been hidden. It was small, very small, and securely locked. As I handled 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, 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, a treasured memory, as if it had been hidden.

The key in the lock. I hesitated, even my prying fingers seemed reluctant to discover the secret. Withdrew it, at last. Inside lay a beautiful bound book. It was red. Emily's diary, a treasured memory, as if it had been hidden.

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 and later Switzerland and Luxembourg.

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.

Lucern, a very picturesque city beside the Lake Lucern, 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 a.m., a tired but excited load of holidaymakers cheered as they entered the little village of Schipfehin, 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 typical 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 our visit to Berne, the capital of Switzerland, we were well rewarded by the view of the magnificent Parliament building. A cheese and fabric factory was scrutinised by many eyes. Albright, where the statue of William Tell is to be seen, and Tell himself, where he is supposed to have stood.

One evening, back in Schipfehin, 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 leaving 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.'

THE RAIN

Pitter, patter, pitter, patter
Splash, splash, splash.
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, III.

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 wall, 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.

OLIVE REES, I.VIA.

It rained all day yesterday. The downpour continued into the night, and the morning of today dawned grey and misty. The mist was as thick as cloth, and the rain as dense as a curtain. The world was shrouded in a veil of fog, and the sun was hidden behind the clouds. The sky was a dull grey, and the air was cold and damp.

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 untidy 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 had 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, he was 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

HILARY RICHARDS, IIIIC.
He was content. He had been going back and forth 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 bombarded 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 collar and coat collar against the sopping 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 bomb site. The wind was coming up and was moaning between the grass and deadlings 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 a door," he whispered to himself. "A door!"

Mr. Danvers-Walker's astonishment was not unfounded. These bomb sites were devoid of any sort of door. All they had were the towering remains of a doorway where once a gaily-painted door had opened to visitors or the shining door-knocker been bashed 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 that 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. He was oblivious to the outside world. The only thought which pounced 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 it with a ruined building, the dandelions and grass growing in the cracks of its brickwork. Then he would look at 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 at his resignation at the office, but he was too scared and ashamed to tell his wife or anyone else of his terrible 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 no 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 roar 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 daffodils.
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 one 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. 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 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, U.V.I.

"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 "bloop, bloop, bloop."
But bark; 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's example has become the subject of an almost smothering 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 than from total annihilation than from any 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 that 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 in time 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 poet, "Their labour has not been in vain."

GRAHAM PHILLIPS, U.V.I.
**Y Tro Olaf**

Y mae gnewud rhwymbeth am y tro olaf yn rhoi cymeriad arbenig iddo. Mae rhwy syniad terfyndol yn gryn ag ef, y syniad ein bod wedi gorfenn am byth a’r peth arbenig hwn ac ni allwn radio’r ffordd hon eto.

Y mae gan y pethau symbali ryw arwyddodac pan fyddom yna eu gnewud am y tro olaf. Cynyddro am y tro olaf mewn gwaith cyn inni ei gadol. Y tro diwethaf y mae dyn sydd ar ferw yn gweld mchulidwyr yna haul, yr oedd Swper Olaf ei Harwynydd Iesu Crist mor arwyddodac fel y cofnwy ei chirolu.

Cofaf y tro olaf i mi fynd i’r ysgol elfennol yng Anghle. Profais lawer o deimladau rhfeldf pan adeiwais. Profais deimlad o dristwch ac yr un pryd teimlad o gynnwylf.

Pan gyfraniwyd am y tro olaf yn fy hun gartref symweddolais na fyddon byth yn cysgu yn yr ysgol honno eto. Ni fyddon yn gweud yr un olygfa o’r fferi, golwg yna mewn mor. Yn yr haf yr oedd yr mor ym dawel o’n yr gaeaf o’r wyllt iawn.


Beth yw teimladau dyna wrth adael ei gartref am y tro olaf i fynd i’w diolchi? Yn yr haf hon y mae gwyddedwedi ddiogod yna agos at ei glwyddyn a gael dyn fynd yn ôl ac ymlaen yn hawdd. Yn gynghraedd ddiogedwedi, er enghraifft, beth oedd eu teimladau pan adawasant eu gwaith mewn y tro olaf.

Cofaf edrychodd ym tro olaf yr lle yno o ddiogedwedi yna byw o’r ddiogedwedi yn blentyn. Meddyliadas am yr ollau haapus a dewliais yno a symweddolais mni dyma’r tro olaf y byddyn yn gweld y do. Yr wythnos fydd o dimiwyldyf ef, ac yn fuan yr oedd rhwy gwyddedwedi.

Y mae greadaf mewn dyn i bwysselio’r cyntaf a’r olaf. Y tro cyntaf y mae baban yn cynrychi cam ar’r tro olaf y mae hen wr yn codi o’r gwelod. Y mae geriau cyntaf y plentyn yn rhfeldfod a’r mae geriau olaf y mae hen wy yn gwybododd.

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 leapt from the ground, 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, unknown ones. How they had managed to stay like that from ancient times he could not imagine.

The sun was so searching 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.

**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 abysmal,
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 lambs 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 oak furniture. In a glass cabinet in the corner of the room were several exquisite pieces of silver. He was looking at these when he heard 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 understatements. 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 concealed 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. "It was 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 best 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 your 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 shall 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."

Claudette 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 overhead 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 Monsieur—" "I wish to see Claudette," he repeated. "Tell her it's urgent.

As the maid ran off, he sauntered along the road where 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, and he will be left to me for his sons and you, will be safe in England."

Her face was white and drawn. She stammered out the words, but he heard them. "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. Will just give me half-an-hour to pack my 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 knew that it was there, 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 was brought up 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, too many there and two days back. Claudette had told him as much as he could about 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. Indeed he had indeed done it; he had not 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.

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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. Ebworth; Jacqueline Godfrey; Sheila Jones (Captain); Audrey Higgs; Mr. R. G. Mathias.
FRONT: Gwyneth James; Margaret Thomas.

1st RUGBY XV, 1957-8.

BACK ROW: J. Davies; A. Butler; C. Macken; D. Pearson; P. Evans; G. Thomas; R. Smith.
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.
Thursday, 12th June: Talk by Mr. M. A. Welham, on "Under Water Exploration."
Saturday, 14th June: County Secondary School Sports.
Monday, 16th June: W.J.E.C. Written Examinations began.
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 Pembroke Shire Inter-Club Public Speaking Competition at Haverfordwest. A team consisting of Valerie Gough, Eira Brickles and Robert Howc 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 scenes 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 Cockerly 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 ex machina. Performance were competent with the exception of Oliver Rees who play the Matron excellently.

The tradition of producing Welsh comedies bordering on farce was continued by Pictor 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 Bettiornson. The laughter of the audience was prolonged, however, that it was taken up by the male actors and distended no longer suspended. A good deadpan, fish-wifey performance from Margaret Kavanagh suggested that she has been hiding her light under a bushel.

Tudor House opened Tuesday evening with 'The Posher. 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 Birdman 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 birdman. 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 Pembrokeshire 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.

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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); 2nd, Clive Lewis (G); 3rd, Raymond Thomas (H).

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 B Side; 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 ('Cadlad yr Rhedyyd'—Folk Song): 1st, Jennifer Morgan (H); 2nd, Cynthia Sanderson; 3rd, Jacqueline Evans (T).

Senior Welsh Solo ('Y Deryn Par'—Folk Song): 1st, Jean Sheen (H); 2nd, Gillian Teague (P); 3rd, Margaret Thomas (F).

Senior Girls' Duet ('Beauty Lately'—Handel): 1st, Margaret Thomas and Gillian Teague (P) and Patricia Kavanagh and Margaret Kavanagh (F); 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 and 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 Bettiornson (P); 3rd, Kenneth MacGarvie (H).

Choir (Conductor, Margaret Thomas): 2nd, Hywel (conductor, Kenneth MacGarvie); 3rd, Tudor (conductor, John Trice); 4th, Glyndwr (conductor, Rosemary Andrew).

**ESSAYS**

Form I (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 (Sputsniks): 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, Dyllys 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 Jennett (G).

Form VI (Happiness): 1st, Mary Jones (G); 2nd, Ann Fraser (T); 3rd, Jillian Brooks (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, Dily 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); 2nd, Eira Brickle (T).
Junior Welsh (“Wild”—T. D. Hooson): 1st, Helma Bowen (T); 2nd, Dily Williams (T); 3rd, Joan Morgan (H).
Senior Welsh (“Cymru”—D. Gwennalt Jones): 1st, Robert Howe (T); 2nd, Margaret Thomas (P); 3rd, Beth Evans (H).

CHORAL SPEECH
Junior (Night Mail): 1st, Wendy Gray and Party (T); 2nd, Ann Hall and Party (G); 3rd, Myrile 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, Beth Evans (H).

NATURE STUDY
Forms II and III: 1st, Jillian Rich (H); 2nd, Rosalind Lewis (H); 3rd, Joyce Calver (H).
Forms IV, Upper IV and 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, Beth Evans (H).

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

<table>
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<th>Played</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Drawn</th>
<th>Lost</th>
<th>For</th>
<th>Against</th>
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<td>22</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>89</td>
<td>159</td>
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2nd XV Points

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<th>Drawn</th>
<th>Lost</th>
<th>For</th>
<th>Against</th>
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<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>59</td>
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RESULTS FOR SEASON 1957-58

FIRST FIFTEEN

<table>
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<tr>
<th>1957</th>
<th>1958</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>September</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7—Trial</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14—</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21—County Trial</td>
<td>Cancelled</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25—</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28—Pembroke Dock Quins 'A' XV</td>
<td>Cancelled</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>October</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5—Haverfordwest G.S.</td>
<td>(a) Lost 0—14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12—Aberaeron G.S.</td>
<td>(a) Won 5—3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19—Ardfyn G.S.</td>
<td>Cancelled</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26—Tenby G.S.</td>
<td>(a) Lost 0—14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>November</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2—Neyland 'A' XV</td>
<td>(a) Drew 0—0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9—Whitland G.S.</td>
<td>(a) Lost 9—11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16—Cardigan G.S.</td>
<td>(a) Drew 9—9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23—Aberaeron G.S.</td>
<td>(b) Won 22—0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30—Carmarthen G.S.</td>
<td>(b) Lost 0—14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>December</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7—Llanelli G.S.</td>
<td>(b) Lost 0—15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14—Gwendraeth G.S.</td>
<td>(b) Lost 0—6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21—Old Boys</td>
<td>(b) Lost 0—3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>1958</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>January</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11—Gwendraeth G.S.</td>
<td>(a) Lost 0—11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18—Pembroke Dock Quins 'A'</td>
<td>Cancelled</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25—Tiffin G.S., London</td>
<td>(a) Lost 6—8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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 Linn, 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.
February—
1—Cardiff H.S. .......... Cancelled
8—Haverfordwest G.S. .......... (a) Lost 0-22
15—Whitland G.S. .......... (h) Lost 3-6
22—Llanelli G.S. .......... Cancelled
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) Lost 0-3
29—Carmarthen G.S. .......... Cancelled
April—
1—Old Boys .......... Cancelled
4—Canton H.S., Cardiff .......... (h) Won 0-14
1957
SECOND FIFTEEN
1958
14—Coronation S.M.S. .......... (a) Won 3-0
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
March—
8—Ardwyn G.S. .......... (a) Won 22-0
15—Cardigan G.S. .......... (h) Won 14-0
22—Carmarthen G.S. .......... Cancelled
The following boys represented the 1st XV during the season—
* Old Colours.

The following boys have represented the 2nd XV during season 1957-58—
First XV Colours were awarded to: R. Davis, P. Evans, I. Davies, J. Dyke, G. Grossman.
Officials: Captain, F. Breeze; 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.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>First</th>
<th>Second</th>
<th>Third</th>
<th>Winning time or distance</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>HIGH JUMP—GIRLS</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Junior</td>
<td>S. Jones</td>
<td>M. John</td>
<td>D. Williams</td>
<td>3ft. 9 ins.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Middle</td>
<td>A. Phillips</td>
<td>M. Emment</td>
<td>M. Emmett</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senior</td>
<td>D. Lewis</td>
<td>M. Paine</td>
<td>M. Kenniford</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LONG JUMP—BOYS</strong></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sub-Junior</td>
<td>A. Drysdale</td>
<td>D. Birrell</td>
<td>R. Rees</td>
<td>14ft. 5 ins.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Junior</td>
<td>P. Ralph</td>
<td>G. Evans</td>
<td>T. Scourfield</td>
<td>16ft. 8 ins.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Middle</td>
<td>J. James</td>
<td>T. Evans</td>
<td>F. Breese</td>
<td>19ft. 2 ins.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Senior</td>
<td>B. Griffiths</td>
<td>T. Evans</td>
<td>F. Breese</td>
<td>15ft. 7 ins.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>LONG JUMP—GIRLS</strong></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Junior</td>
<td>M. John</td>
<td>M. Emment</td>
<td>L. Thomas</td>
<td>13ft. 8 ins.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Middle</td>
<td>A. Livingstone</td>
<td>A. Hall</td>
<td>P. Canton</td>
<td>15ft. 6 ins.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Senior</td>
<td>G. Garnham</td>
<td>S. Griffiths</td>
<td>M. Kenniford</td>
<td>15ft. 7 ins.</td>
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<td><strong>H.S.J.—BOYS</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Junior</td>
<td>B. Stubbs</td>
<td>D. Gough</td>
<td>P. Lain</td>
<td>26ft. 11 ins.</td>
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<tr>
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<td>C. James</td>
<td>G. Evans</td>
<td>T. James</td>
<td>33ft. 9 ins.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Senior</td>
<td>B. Griffiths</td>
<td>D. Pearson</td>
<td>F. Breese</td>
<td>36ft. 2 ins.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Junior</td>
<td>M. Emment</td>
<td>M. Ferrier</td>
<td>J. Calver</td>
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<td>G. Garnham</td>
<td>V. Colley</td>
<td>W. Smith</td>
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<td><strong>POLE VAULT—BOYS</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Sub-Junior</td>
<td>M. Rickard</td>
<td>A. Davies</td>
<td>R. Hill</td>
<td>6ft. 6 ins.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Junior</td>
<td>S. Brown</td>
<td>J. E. Evans</td>
<td>T. Duignan</td>
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<td>A. Hall</td>
<td>R. Reynolds</td>
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<tr>
<td>Senior</td>
<td>G. MacCallum</td>
<td>J. Bowers</td>
<td>G. Grossman</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sub-Junior</td>
<td>B. Stubbs</td>
<td>R. Crawford</td>
<td>B. Morgan</td>
<td>64ft.</td>
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<tr>
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<td>C. James</td>
<td>J. Evans</td>
<td>T. James</td>
<td>131ft. 5 ins.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Middle</td>
<td>G. MacKen</td>
<td>T. James</td>
<td>G. Payne</td>
<td>116ft. 3 ins.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senior</td>
<td>G. Taylor</td>
<td>G. Thomas</td>
<td>I. Davies</td>
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<tr>
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<td>C. Lewis</td>
<td>L. Thomas</td>
<td>M. Campodonico</td>
<td>51ft. 2 ins.</td>
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<td>K. Rynduck</td>
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<td>C. Nash</td>
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<td>D. Lewis</td>
<td>J. Shore</td>
<td>M. Paine</td>
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<td>J. Crawford</td>
<td>D. Birrell</td>
<td>75ft. 6 ins.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Junior</td>
<td>S. Lewis</td>
<td>J. Evans</td>
<td>A. Bywaters</td>
<td>114ft. 5 ins.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Middle</td>
<td>M. Edwards</td>
<td>G. Payne</td>
<td>T. MacTaggart</td>
<td>131ft. 9 ins.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senior</td>
<td>G. Thomas</td>
<td>G. Taylor</td>
<td>F. Breese</td>
<td>117ft. 7 ins.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>JAVELIN—GIRLS</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Junior</td>
<td>H. Bowen</td>
<td>S. Llewellyn</td>
<td>J. Mills</td>
<td>36ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Middle</td>
<td>A. Birrell</td>
<td>H. Robinson</td>
<td>K. Rynduck</td>
<td>64ft. 6 ins.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senior</td>
<td>A. Frazer</td>
<td>E. Thomas</td>
<td>G. Towns</td>
<td>63ft. 4 ins.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>SHOT—BOYS</strong></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Sub-Junior</td>
<td>B. Stubbs</td>
<td>B. Morgan</td>
<td>R. Crawford</td>
<td>28ft. 11 ins.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Junior</td>
<td>S. Lewis</td>
<td>J. Evans</td>
<td>B. Rees</td>
<td>44ft. 6 ins.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Middle</td>
<td>T. James</td>
<td>M. Edwards</td>
<td>B. Anfield</td>
<td>38ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senior</td>
<td>G. Thomas</td>
<td>G. Taylor</td>
<td>F. Grossman</td>
<td>37ft. 7 ins.</td>
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<td><strong>SHOT—GIRLS</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Junior</td>
<td>L. Thomas</td>
<td>M. John</td>
<td>C. Lewis</td>
<td>24ft. 7 ins. N.E.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Middle</td>
<td>O. Preece</td>
<td>J. Cousins</td>
<td>M. Williams</td>
<td>20ft. 4 ins. New record heavier wt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senior</td>
<td>M. Davies</td>
<td>S. Griffiths</td>
<td>J. Shore</td>
<td>24ft. 9 ins.</td>
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</table>
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—

220 yards—

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—
Girls:—Senior: Gillian Garnham first.

Hop, Step and Jump—
Boys:—Junior: Phillip Ralph fourth. Middle: Alan Butler third. Senior: Brian Griffiths second.

Pole Vault—

Javelin—
Girls:—Senior: Ann Frase second.

Discus—
Girls:—Middle: Krystyna Rynduch third. Senior: Dorothy Lewis first.

Shot—
Girls:—Middle: Oiga Preece third. Senior: Margaret Davies third.
Relays

Boys: Sub-Junior: (Raymond Rees, Howard Griffiths, Donald Gough, Colin Fish) second. Junior: (Philipp Ralph, Tom James, Charles James, Peter Thomas) third. Middle: (Cyril MacCallum, Brian Griffiths, Chris Mackenzie, John Carr) second.

Girls: Junior: (Jennifer Mills, Margaret John, Maureen Emment, Pat Thomas) first. Middle: (Anna Livingstone, Ann Hall, Pam Preece, 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 equaled the existing record of 28.4 secs. in the Senior Girls 220 yards.

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 Ladys...............................Lost 16 – 3
October 26th—Milford Secondary Modern School........Lost 20 – 0
November 16th—Cardigan Grammar School............Won 9 – 7
November 23rd—Kete Ladys............................Lost 16 – 3
November 30th—Haverfordwest Secondary Modern School...Lost 22 – 2
December 14th—Trinity College, Carmarthen........Won 12 – 2
March 8th—Kete Ladys.................................Lost 2 – 4
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 Kenniff 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 a rather 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 Hay was promoted from the 3rd XI to the 1st XI and went on to represent the Pembroke shire 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 themselves in attack 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: Anna Mathias, Elaine Stewart, Christine Nash, Myrtle Williams, Anne Devesson, Margaret Davies.

The following represented the 1st XI: Elizabeth Stimpson, 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: Anna Mathias, Elaine Stewart, Christine Nash, Myrtle Williams, Wendy Smith,* Pat Retherby, Jill Dickinson, Maureen Kenniff* (captain), Jacqueline Hay,* Margaret Davies, Anne Devesson, Kristy wyndrush, Anne Wright.* * Old Colours.

3rd XI—Margaret Grist, Helen Robinson, Gillian Phillips (captain), Joan Morgan, Sally Brown, Margaret James, Anan 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 Campodonico, Sandra Bradshaw (captain), Lesley Phillips, Pauline Canton.

RESULTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Played</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
<th>Drawn</th>
<th>For</th>
<th>Against</th>
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<tr>
<td>1st XI</td>
<td>15</td>
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<tr>
<td>3rd Form XI</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>1</td>
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</table>

Hockey

Results of matches—

September 21—Taskei School High School.............Away 5 – 0
September 28—Tenby Grammar School..................Away 6 – 0
October 26—Milford Haven S.M.S........................Away 2 – 1
November 23—Ffishguard S.S............................Away 9 – 0
November 23—Kete Ladys.................................Away 4 – 3
December 14—Carmarthen Training College...........Away 13 – 1
December 16—Milford Haven G.S........................Home 7 – 0
December 16—Old Pupils.................................Home 9 – 0
January 18—Taskei School High School..............Home 8 – 0
February 1—Milford Haven G.S..........................Home 2 – 1
February 22—Milford Haven S.M.S......................Home 2 – 0
March 15—Cardigan G.S................................Home 4 – 0
March 22—Swansea Training College....................Away 0 – 0
April 3—Old Pupils.....................................Home 6 – 0
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 Barrech 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? ‘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 and soccer, 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’ (90%).

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

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.

Curator—You ask what is the difference between a curator and a prefect. A prefect doesn’t spell ‘difference’ with one T.

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 extension to do away with detention just at present.

Philatelists—We cannot give you any information as to stamps. We would refer you to Stemp-er.
David Evan (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. Gwenedd Newham (née Edwards, 1930-33) recently visited our office at Bisherton. She is now living in Ceylon, where her husband, Group Captain Newham, 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.

Miss Fox, who left shortly before Christmas, is working at Southamton Regional 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 Wilke, of Wafford.

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, Cambridge, 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 Son.

Morwyn 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, and 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 is as clerk in charge of the ration stores. He is said to have 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. He also 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 by 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 Pitt-Rivers Company, 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.' For 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, Newcasttle, New Brunswick, Canada. In the summer he took 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 Dhekilla 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.F. in North Wales. During these eight weeks I played rugby for the regimental team. I am now teaching at the Army Education Centre on the west-coast side of the Island, catering for 2,000 troops. Security is rigid and we are forbidden to camp, reading and painting being my main activities. . . . In Australia I have become engaged to Miss Jeanne Matthews, whom I met while in Swansea. She teaches at St. Llanelly Girls' Grammar School.'

Graham Lovering (1943-48) has become an associate member of the Institute of Civil Engineers. He is employed as a 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 (1929-31) who went out there as an Education Officer, and is now Assistant Secretary to the British Government 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 Tador Thomas, but of the sight of his right eye has been restored. The other eye was completely destroyed in the unfortunate accident that took place at Aardy Grammar School soon after he began his teaching career. So far as we have not had full details of this, but we sincerely hope that his recovery is completed. He is now attending the Penwros Grammar School and will graduate at the end of the year, but in March we had a letter from him which he recalls some memories of his school days that were inspired by some news in a recent number. He adds: 'Some of the recent Penwros included a cricket memory by Ray Thomas, cousin of the deaths of some of my closest friends, A. F. Evans and C. O. Thomas. These items together recalled one of my happiest school memories—also a cricket match, School v. Williamson on Britannia Field, July 1927—very good wicket. Williamson batted first and the only resistance came from Eric Webb, ex-Sec in the Sixth and captain of the School cricket team in Etonian days. His line to read—E. Webb c Nelson w Lewis . . . 15 (catch made inches inside long-on boundary). For School my line read—Nelson c Webb w 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. Courtnay 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. Morwth 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 governor 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 Lyttonstone, Essex. She sent a record recently in the women’s hurdles event at the Welsh University Athletic Sports.

Kathleen Rouse (1926-23), 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 Shotton (1955-32) 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 Franklin Bussell. 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 Willecks (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 Freee (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 Felland, 1947-54)—Diploma in Education, Class II, at Aberystwyth; Gillian Lewis (1953-55)—Psychology (Final) at Cardiff; Gordon Rickard (1947-59) has passed his first year examinations at Swansea; Ruth Cole (1948-57) and Stephen Brown (1950-57) have passed their first year examinations at Aberystwyth; Malcolm Davies (1948-50) has passed his first year examinations at Aberystwyth, where he is studying for the National Diploma in Dairy ing; David Wexle 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—Ifris Sinclaire (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 Colecuton.

We congratulate these Old Pupils on their marriage—

- January 18—Leslie Cecil Jenkins (1931-36) to Hilda Margaret James (1938-42).
- February 5—Brigley 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 Templeston.
- February 16—June Cynthia May Roderick (1947-52) to Police Constable Albert Howard Force, of Milford Haven.
- March 15—Maureen Tegwyn Morgan (1948-50) to Keith Whittle, of White Cross, near Colchester.
- March 26—Patricia Doyle (1949-51) to Keith Griffiths, of Penally.
- March 29—(At Penally) Maureen Winifred Ballard (1949-50) to John Llewellyn Arter, of Pembroke Dock.
- March 29—Alwyn Diana Mairi Parcell (1942-46) to Richard Angus Campbell Clark, of Stackpole.
- April 5—John David Ross (1940-46) to Shirley English (1946-53).
- April 5—Thelma Mary Phillips (1946-51) to Reginald Coladore, 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 Robin, of Monkton.
- April 7—Pauline Francis (1947-54) to G. Parsons, of Derby.
- April 7—Astrid Elizabeth Salmon Gould (1946-51) to David Richard Llewellyn Griffiths, of Staines, Middlesex.
- April 8—Ian Paterson, S.R.N. (1949-52) to Graham Bould, of Stoke-on-Trent.
- May 10—Charles Morgan (1942-43) to Elizabeth June Collins, of Templeston.
- June 7—Elizabeth Irene Edwards (1949-59) to Lionel William Pash, of Rhoosewright.
- June 7—Elvira Mary Hodge (1945-49) to William David Cole, of Cresselly.