

THE PENVRO



SUMMER 1961

FIELD SOCIETY NUMBER

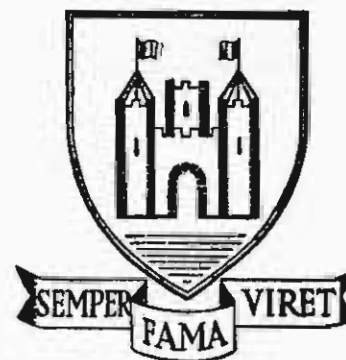
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STAFF

Headmaster : T. C. Roberts, B.Sc. (Wales).

Deputy Headmaster : A. W. W. Devereux, B.A. Wales).
Senior Mistress : Miss H. Hughes, B.A. (Wales).
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I. G. Cleaver, F. Coll. H.
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S. Griffith, M.Sc. (Wales), A. Inst. P.
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Miss C. M. Lewis, B.A. (Wales).
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D. H. H. Richards, B.Sc. (Wales).
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J. J. Smith, Dip. in Handicraft, Shoreditch College.
Miss E. M. H. Griffiths, Dip. in Dom. Sc. (Bangor).
D. J. Jones, B.Sc. (Wales).
K. Bowskill, B.Sc. (Nottingham).
W. H. Mackenzie, N.D.A., N.D., Agric. E.
Rev. J. B. Lewis, B.A. (Wales).



THE PENVRO

No. 130

SUMMER

1961

COVER PICTURE.

This term's cover departs from our recent practice of not including team photographs for two special reasons. The first is that the particular cup Jean Shore is holding represents a special achievement. It is the Austin Cup, a new trophy awarded for the first time this year and open to all the Secondary Schools of the county.

Secondly, this is the last time that Mrs. Ebsworth is to be with us, and it seemed that this was one way we could show our appreciation of her long and successful association with the hockey team.

Editorial

As the Summer term gathers momentum, landmarks flash by like village stations seen from an express train—or so it seems to the fifth and sixth formers who, as we write, are awaiting the first of the G.C.E. exams. The cross-country, the School sports, the County Sports, enjoyable in themselves, succeed one another at a febrile pace, the significance of which not all the seductive music and colour of the Royal Artillery Band could mask. For most of our seniors it is Summer that will be a little late this year.

But by the time the *Penvra* appears, the tension will be over and the progress of days and weeks will have returned to its proper pace. We hope, therefore, that the two new features this *Penvra* contains will contribute a little to the rehabilitation of those whose testing time is, for the moment, over.

This is the first of a number of special issues we plan, which are intended to focus attention on a particular aspect of school life. Next Spring's *Penvra* will be a Rugby Number, for instance, and others will follow that will cover the multiplicity of artistic, scientific and sporting activities which take place outside the class-room.

The second new feature is the inclusion of a gossip column—embryonic as yet—which in future issues, it is hoped, will be the first feature looked at by those who deserve praise . . . or fear publicity. The various reporters—whose wish for anonymity the editor intends to respect—are drawn from every form in the School. One may be sitting next to you . . . now . . .

At the end of the term, two of our mistresses are leaving the staff, Mrs. Ebsworth, the first of them, has been P.E. Mistress at the School for 10 years. During this period there have been some remarkable feats accomplished by the hockey teams in particular, including an unbeaten run of 7 seasons—so far as we know a record for schoolgirls' hockey in Wales. There is no doubt that Mrs. Ebsworth's drive and enthusiasm has been the major factor in all this: no keener games mistress could be found, and her departure is very much to be regretted. However, we are fortunate in that her successor has already been appointed—something which is seemingly miraculous in these days of staff shortage. Miss Carolyn Pratt, who has studied at the I.M. Marsh College of Physical Education, Liverpool, will be joining us in September. We welcome her heartily and wish her every success.

Miss Boyle is also to leave us, to take up an appointment similar to the one she holds in Pembroke, at Leighton Buzzard Grammar School, Bedfordshire. Miss Boyle has been a great help in the English department, and has also taken considerable interest in drama—as witness her production of the first ever school play. We wish her every success in the future. So far, no appointment has been made to fill her place.

SPECIAL FEATURE.

THE FIELD SOCIETY

"The strongest society in the School," is a claim frequently, and probably justifiably made on behalf of the *Field Society*. From humble beginnings in 1954, when we tramped out from Lamphey and walked around the Freshwater west Cliffs, the society has become so large that frequently separate groups are organized for field excursions.

To represent their activities, we print an account by Mr. Brian Howells of to the most 'professional' aspect of the society—the Local History Group. Then, to typify the enquiring spirit that the Society demands and fosters, there is a piece by John Davies of 2A which seems to indicate that he has already acquired the 'obsessional' character of the true naturalist.

Finally, Mr. John Barrett, who is the Warden at the Field Study Centre at Dale Fort, has been kind enough to contribute a Special article on the aims of such a Society as ours.

THE LOCAL HISTORY GROUP.

In recent years the Field Society has become so large—last year's membership figure was over one hundred and forty mark—that it has been found desirable to form groups within the society in order to pursue specialised interests. The principal aim of the Local History Group, which was established some three years ago, is to discover as much as possible about, and to foster interest in, the history and archaeology of the Pembroke region. Since the formation of the Group, we have been active in carrying out field survey work, in collecting information and objects of historical and archaeological interest, and in visiting old settlement sites in the locality.

One of our most ambitious schemes was carried out in the summer term of 1960 when, with the aid of pupils living in Pembroke, cyclostyled questionnaires were sent out to the occupiers of all houses within the medieval wall of the town. We hoped to collect information about the ages and past history of individual buildings and also concerning 'finds' made in the town, the existence of ancient features of interest, and the location of further sources of information about the borough. In this we were not disappointed, for the response from the public was magnificent and it was gratifying to discover that a high proportion of those questioned professed an interest in the past of their town. The information gathered will be used in building up a history of Pembroke.

Another field requiring urgent attention is the study of local domestic architecture. In the past each region of Britain had its own distinctive types of cottages and houses, but many of our old buildings have been demolished or drastically remodelled as a result of the post-war housing revolution. However, enough old domestic structures remain to provide us with plenty of work, for it is necessary to describe, photograph and take accurate measurements of as many of these buildings as possible before they are swept away. They are disappearing rapidly, for, unlike comparable buildings in many other counties, they are not listed in the county's Inventory of Ancient Monuments and so receive no official protection. The result of this omission was seen clearly when the Group visited the Castlemartin range, for it was discovered that some of the Tudor and Stuart farmhouses described by Sir Cyril Fox in *Antiquity* (1942) were in ruins, while other old farmhouses were in an advanced stage of decay, whereas the prehistoric and medieval antiquities which had been scheduled in the Inventory were being preserved carefully by the military authorities. Anyone who knows the whereabouts of any old cottage or house likely to be of interest to us is asked to inform the group, whether the building is still occupied or falling into ruins.

The district around Pembroke is an area of considerable interest to the archaeologist, for it abounds in prehistoric and medieval antiquities, many of which have received little attention in the past. Individual members of the Group have done good work in keeping an eye on individual sites throughout the year, a policy which bore fruit when Geoffrey Smallbone discovered some potsherds on newly-ploughed land near the Iron Age site at Meirion. All finds are recorded on six-inch maps and full information is passed on to the National Museum of Wales. As we are acting as local observers on behalf of the Museum, we should be glad to receive news of any find of archaeological interest. It is almost certain that a large number of prehistoric and medieval sites await discovery, and bearing this in mind, the Group occasionally surveys small areas which are likely to repay close attention. Whilst searching Stackpool Warren earlier this spring, the Group found many flint fragments and John Reynolds picked up a polished axe. Pupils have, from time to time, carried in pieces of old pottery which have provided dateable evidence about old sites, and in this connexion it may be worth mentioning that Hazel Golding gave us a number of potsherds from Popton which ranged in date from the fourteenth to nineteenth centuries. Our collection was further increased when we obtained a large number of fragments of Lamian ware through the good offices of Messrs. Lees and Thomas, estate agents, of Haverfordwest. In view of the likelihood that fresh finds will occur from time to time in the district, there is every reason to hope that someone will have the foresight and sagacity to establish a museum or study centre in Pembroke so that both visitors and local people may be fully informed about the character of our local heritage.

Now for our 'dig.' During last winter we became interested in the old vicarage which stands in a corner of Castlemartin Churchyard, for it is a building which dates back to about the thirteenth century. At first our intention was simply to measure it, to take photographs, and to describe it, but it soon became apparent that before we could do this satisfactorily we should have to clear away much of the undergrowth surrounding the building. When this had been done it was clear that the building had been modified structurally on a number of occasions, so it was decided to probe in the adjacent yard in order to establish whether the building had ever projected substantially beyond its present limits. The first stage was again to clear away undergrowth and surface debris, and when this had been done a cobbled courtyard was exposed to the east of the vicarage, together with the foundations of some walls on the northern side of the building. Much work remains to be done before the precise significance of the site can be assessed.

Much of the initial work was done by a small group of Sixth formers (Alan Bowen, Desmond Brown, Clifford Jones, John Woodward and Tom Simpson, photographer), and by Miss Hughes and Alan Colley, who surveyed the site and prepared large-scale plans for us. The local knowledge of Geoffrey Smallbone, Donald Esmond and Terence Watkins proved useful in a number of respects, and our labour force attacked the task of excavation with sustained zest and ferocity. The Group wishes to record its indebtedness to the Vicar and Churchwardens at Castlemartin, who sanctioned the project, and to the people of the village who have proved most helpful to us.

Apart from these activities visits have been paid to many ancient sites including Iron Age earthworks (Castle Lady, St. David's Head, and Bosherton Lakes), Roman settlements and fortresses (Caerleon, Caerwent and Castle Flemish) abbeys and churches (Tintern, St. David's, Nevern, Manorbier and Castlemartin); and castles (Manorbier, Carew, Eglwysrw, Cilgerran, Raglan, Tretower and Chepstow). Most of our work takes place out of doors in pleasant surroundings and it is probably this and the informal atmosphere in which our work proceeds that accounts for the large number of members we have. Nevertheless, we are always willing to accept new members into our ranks provided that they are ready to participate whole-heartedly in our various activities.

B.H.

NEWTs.

JOHN DAVIES, 2A.

Spring has one particular meaning for me—newts! I have kept these little creatures for years, and studied their habits. I have found that they can stay out of water for days and stay under water for about 3 hours without coming up to breathe. They are very intelligent, and once, in Charlton Place, my source of supply, I saw a newt and a worm in the hole. I put my hand in, but by this time the newt had crawled further in, pushing the worm out in the process. My hand closed around a wet wriggling object, presumably the newt. I put him in my jampot without looking at him, and when I arrived home and examined the contents of my jampot, instead of finding three newts, I found two newts and the remains of a fat worm. Worms are a favourite delicacy with newts, and the two newts had set upon the poor creature and devoured him!

I keep my newts in a wooden box, in which is a dish of water and three homemade "nesting boxes". These have glass tops, and enable me to make a close study of my pets.

When I keep a newt in a jampot without a cover it pushes its head up out of the water against the glass and waits for it to dry. As he dries, his neck and throat become sticky. Then he pushes himself a little further out of the water. My newts do this often, but by the time they get to the top, I have noticed what they are doing, and they find a jampot cover blocking their escape, so they slide back down the glass again.

If a newt loses a limb, he always grows a new one. Some people used to say that newts bite, and that their bite is poisonous. This is not true. The newt does not like to be handled, and tries to wriggle away. I once heard a newt when squeezed a little to prevent him slipping from the fingers, utter a very high pitch squeal.

Every spring so far, I have studied these little creatures, and each year they seem to grow more interesting.

THE STARS.

Oft at night,
When few clouds obscure the stars
I gaze at them. (A second Galileo is putting it too far)
But just as my ancestors, in grave respect,
with sacrifices looked up to you—stars,—
So do I now, but in a different light.
To me, you are no holes in heaven's dome,
I do not think of you as minor gods,
Only as stars; so bright, so beautiful;
As planets winging on their fiery ways.

Elizabethans thought of you as gods
Who allotted them to heaven or hell at will.
E'en now, some still believe you hold the key
To knowledge of the Future. And so,
Night by night they study the stars to tell
Whom they will marry; where they will live, will die.

But I,
I am content with watching you and look
To pick out landmarks on the heavenly map—
The Milky Way, the Little Bear, the Plough,
The Pole Star, the Sickle and the Squares,
And minor stars whose names I do not know.
One day no doubt I shall meet you face to face.
Now I am content to watch your sparkling 'show,'
When few clouds obscure you—stars—
At night.

Mary Rose Woodward, LVIA.

THE FUNCTION OF A SCHOOL FIELD SOCIETY.

JOHN H. BARRETT, Warden of Dale Fort Field Studies Centre.

A candidate for a university scholarship in biology once brought to me a twig of gorse in full flower and asked me what the plant was called. His exact knowledge of Krebs's Cycle gained him his scholarship two months later. It seemed to me then, and it still does, that he, like so many others, had the cart before the horse. Is it sensible that so many Sixth form biologists should be unable to identify any of the birds of wood and garden, or the flowers in the hedgerows, or the moths that bang against the lights at night and yet all of them be fluent on phloem and xylem or the urino-genital system of a frog? The inevitable riposte that the university syllabus causes this lopsidedness does nothing to invalidate the query. A flourishing school natural history society may well provide the necessary counterweight; its members will be much more interested in living organisms than in the models and pickled specimens that bulk too large in formal teaching.

Even so the secretary of the society is likely to be constantly hunting for items for his winter programme and his summer excursions are repeats of what was previously enjoyed. All too few of his members will be quietly following their own interests. Just as in all senior societies the great majority of the members simply pay their subscriptions and attend lectures occasionally. The energy and inquisitive initiative of the few may be relied upon to hold the society together with the fate always hanging over them of having to give so much time to the society that none is left for natural history. A larger proportion of active members transforms a society; one that has a rule requiring a ten-minute contribution once in two years from every member keeps away the passengers and encourages the real naturalists; these latter may be the people who suffer most from adherence in the classroom to the strict requirements of the syllabus.

Work for them to do is all around and needs no technical training or expensive apparatus. Pembrokeshire has been only superficially explored by naturalists. For instance nobody has looked carefully at the status of the starling as a breeding bird; to what extent does the number of fields being ploughed or the number of trawlers that docked on the last tide affect the diurnal movements of gulls up and down the Haven? Many plants and animals are known to exist in Pembrokeshire and nothing else is known about them. The whereabouts of badgers, newts, dragonflies, rookeries, bluebells, hart's tongue fern and cowslips would all repay detailed local study. The first Flora of Pembrokeshire is still to be written and when it is the authors are certain to lament the inadequacy of the local lists that they will be using to help them. A very large number of plants can be recognised at a glance and anybody can initiate a card index of them.

In quite a different context one notices occasionally along the shore that the bulk of the Rough Winkles are bright orange. How frequent are these orange groups? and are other less conspicuous colours also dominant in their own areas? Or again, the big umbellifer Alexanders is said to have been eaten by cottagers in days gone by just as we now eat celery. Mapping the distribution of old and ruined cottages and Alexanders might confirm this story. At the same time pink primroses could be noted to see if they really did originate in cottage gardens and then escaped. Indeed a map of the cottages by itself would be worth making. In fifty years from now it will be as difficult to trace the villages as they were in 1910 as it is for us now to say what they were like in 1810.

A surprising number of naturalists working elsewhere in Britain write to Pembrokeshire for local information and materials. A school society could quickly make a name for itself by being ready to supply, say, rabbit pellets to a worker on microfungi, or dates of the shelling of corn stacks and the number of mice in the stacks, or the distribution of heronries, or the commonness of stone-chats; somebody wants cockles gathered from different grades of substrate, somebody else needs the cast carapaces of prawns, and somebody centipedes from under stones and an American wants skulls of birds picked up dead along the tideline. All these wants have appeared on my file since last Christmas and could equally well have been addressed to the secretary of a school society and would have given that society—as it does me—the feeling of belonging to the freemasonry of naturalists.

The success or failure of any natural history society is not a measure of its size but of the proportion of its members who are active and who report their results at meetings of the society. A society that regularly imports speakers and films might as well run a peepshow. Local knowledge and local studies will be the function of a local society and let nobody be impressed by the suave condescension of those who look down on local work. Gilbert White and Arnold Boyd will be remembered a long time.

AROUND THE CORRIDORS.

(By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS)

4C . . .

In Maths. the other day, R*ch*rd Br*w*n got stuck in a wastepaper basket, and a hacksaw had to be fetched . . . in the Sports, only C*v*n*y and B*rdsl*y entered . . . C*v*n*y was seen to run like the wind . . . when the wind isn't blowing . . .

4B . . .

Hobbies range from train spotting to messing about with motor bikes, as far as the boys are concerned . . . but the girls prefer swooning over their favourite stars.

2A . . .

Mr. H*w*lls asked if anyone had been having trouble with the prefects. Fr*nk P*n*f*ld raised his hand and asked, "Please sir, do you mean, have we been having trouble with the prefects—or have the prefects been having trouble with us?" . . . Last term, Mr. Gammon gave us an essay to write beginning with the words "It all began in Assembly" . . . D*v*d M*rr*m*n wrote a romantic love story, but romance did not appeal to Mr. Gammon and D*v*d got five out of ten with the comment that it was more suitable for *Woman's Own* . . .

III A . . .

Consists of a very *mixed* bunch of children. (Our own correspondent's words.)

IVA . . .

Chief hobbies are train spotting, photography, and stamp collecting . . . but 1/37th of the form collects data on rockets and space flights. (Next term this feature will be much enlarged! Contributions invited—EDITOR.)

THE SWAN.

Scarcely a ripple stirs, as o'er
The glassy-bosomed water glides
The swan. Under its breast it hides
An orange bill, among those pure
White feathers. Puffing his fine, broad chest
The vain, majestic creature dares
Any neighbouring swan who cares
To venture near his reed-built nest.
Only a steady 'swish' is heard
As under the surface its large, webbed feet
Move on. And then I hear the beat
Of heavy wings. The mighty bird
Soars upward, dangling in its wake
Its thin frail legs. Then 'mid a clamour,
As quickly as it rose, once more
Alights, and skims across the lake.
With its strong beak it deftly lifts
long willow trails which dangle green
Wet fingers. Pulling aside the screen
With slender, arched neck, it drifts
Serene, in slow and graceful glide.
Dreaming upon its downy breast
With gentle sway it comes to rest,
Lovely as some ethereal bride.

JENNIFER MORGAN, Upper IVA.

THE SCHOOL EISTEDDFOD.

The Eisteddfod was held for the first time for many years on St. David's Day. As usual it succeeded in filling the School Hall with children and parents from 10.30 in the morning until 8.30 in the evening. The exhibition rooms of craft and other work were also well attended and the exhibition of scientific equipment has after two years established itself as a major attraction. The Sudbury Shield was won by Picton House. The final placings of the Houses was as follows:

1st.	Picton House	892 points
2nd.	Tudor House	888 points
3rd.	Glyndwr House	819 points
4th.	Hywel House	680 points

ADJUDICATORS

Music: L. N. Williams, Esq., S. A. Evans, Esq.
Poetry Speaking: English: Mrs. Jill Lockley; *Welsh:* Mrs. Olwen Rees.
Choral Speech: K. Ashley Davies, Esq.
Prepared Speech: Gordon Parry, Esq.
Original Verse: Mrs. Nora Davies.
Essay: Miss A. R. Lewis-Davies, M.B.E., Miss Eveline Hinchliffe, Mrs. R. C. Davies, Miss Ethel Young, T. K. Griffiths, Esq. Wynford Davies, Esq.
Short Story: Miss Morwyth Rees, Mrs. Sarah Thomas.
Verse Translation: Miss Ethel Young, Mrs. Olwen Rees, R. G. Roberts, Esq., A. C. Davies, Esq., R. Metcalf, Esq.
Cookery: Mrs. M. Seager.
Embroidery, Needlework: Mrs. H. M. Robinson.
Art and Craft Work: J. M. Carradice, Esq.
Nature Study: Miss Morwyth Rees.
Agriculture: S. Davies, Esq., A. E. Humphreys, Esq.
Geography: Ren Hewish, Esq.
Photography: Angus Athoe, Esq.
Stamp Collection: J. H. A. Macken, Esq.
Table Decoration: Miss Molly Davies.
Dancing: Miss Molly Thomas
Local Studies: Rev. Hywel Davies.

FINAL RESULTS FOR 1961

Junior Girls Solo. "A Fairy Lullaby"—Gaelic Folk Song.
 1st, Susan Campodonic (T); 2nd, Ruth Morgan (H); 3rd, Virginia Lewis (H).
Junior Boys Solo. "The Blacksmith"—Brahms.
 1st, Raymond Davids (G), Ronald Henson (H); 3rd, Roger Powell (G).
Junior Boys Unison. "Westering Home." Hugh S. Robertson.
 1st, Raymond Dando (G); 2nd, Leslie Neville (T); 3rd Brian Smith (H).
Senior Girls Solo. "Come Unto Him," Handel.
 1st, Jane Evans (T); 2nd Jennifer Morgan (H); 3rd Joyce Simlett (G).
Senior Girls Duet. "I Know a Bank." Martin Shaw.
 1st, Jane Evans, Jacqueline Evans (T); 2nd, Margaret Morgan, Jennifer Morgan (H); 3rd, Joyce Simlett, Rosemary Simlett (G).
Senior Girls Contralto Solo. "Parted," Brahms.
 1st, Ruth James (G); 2nd, Hefina Bowen (T); 3rd Carole Morgan (P).
Senior Boys Solo. "Linden Lea," Vaughan Williams.
 1st, Peter Thomas (T); 2nd Richard Thomas (P); 3rd, Brian Anfield (H).
Junior Welsh Solo. "Adar Mân y Mynydd," Folk Song.
 1st, Susan Campodonic (T); 2nd Marilyn McKee (P); 3rd Ruth Morgan (H).
Senior Welsh Solo. "Hun Gwenllian," Folk Song.
 1st, Jennifer Morgan (H); 2nd Jean Shore (H); 3rd Jane Evans (T).
Junior Piano Solo. "Air in D Minor," Purcell.
 1st, Catherine Rogers (P); 2nd, Elizabeth James (T); 3rd Jean Gwyther (G).

Middle Piano Solo. "Hornpipe in E Minor," Purcell.
 1st, Jacqueline Edwards (T); 2nd Rosemary Simlett (G); 3rd Ruth James (G).
Senior Piano Solo. "Water Wagtail," Cyril Scott.
 1st, Jennifer Morgan (H); 2nd Joyce Simlett (G); 3rd, Carole Morgan (P).
Choir. "A Tall Story," Arthur Benjamin.
 1st, Hywel, Conductor, Jean Shore; 2nd, Tudor, Conductor, Jane Evans;
 3rd, Glyndwr, Conductor, Joyce Simlett; 4th Picton, Conductor, Carole Morgans.
Junior Violin.
 1st, Ruth Morgan (H), 2nd John Whitehall (H); 3rd, Christine Kiln (T).
Middle Violin.
 1st, Paul Davies (P); 2nd Michael Jones (G).
Other Instruments.
 1st, Tom James (G); 2nd, Ruth James (G), Jennifer Morgan (H).
Junior Girls Poetry Speaking. "All That's Past." Walter de la Mare.
 1st, Susan Stevens (G), Jane Williams (P); 2nd Kathryn Phillips (T).
Junior Boys Poetry Speaking. "East Anglian Bathe," John Betjeman.
 1st, Michael Jones (G); 2nd, Roger Powell (G); 3rd, Derek Skone (P).
Senior Girls Poetry Speaking. "During Wind and Rain," Thomas Hardy.
 1st, Mary Woodward (P); 2nd, Wendy Gray (T), Jean Shore (H).
Senior Boys Poetry Speaking. "After Apple-picking," Robert Frost.
 1st, Terence Richards (P); 2nd Peter Lewis (H); 3rd, Roger Morgan (H).
Choral Speech. "Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda," Andrew Marvell.
 1st, Glyndwr II; 2nd Tudor I, Hywel IV.
Prepared Speech. "The re-establishment of judicial corporal punishment."
 1st, Tom Simpson (T); 2nd, John Lewis (H), Peter Lewis (H).
Junior Welsh Poetry Speaking. "Y Birgain Brain," I. D. Hooson.
 1st, Ruth James (G); 2nd, Rhianon Bowen (T); 3rd Myra Parsons (T).
Senior Welsh Poetry Speaking. "Cân y Tair Brenhines," T. Gwynne Jones.
 1st, Dilys Williams (T); 2nd, Tom James (G); 3rd, Maureen Thomas (G).
IIIrd Form Essay.
 1st, Roger Powell (G); 2nd, Maribelle Thomas (T); 3rd, Ann Gough (H).
IInd Form Essay.
 1st, Sarah Monico (G); 2nd Malcolm Crawley (G); 3rd, Christopher Lomas (H).
IVth Form Essay.
 1st, Susan Peach (H); 2nd John Evans (P); Kenneth Goddard (H).
Upper IVth Form Essay.
 1st, Michael Jones (G); 2nd Joy Williams (G); 3rd Ruth James (G).
Vth Form Essay.
 1st, Hilary Richards (T); 2nd Barry Stubbs (P); 3rd, Anita Watts (H).
VIth Form Essay.
 1st, Pat Jones (G), Jill Thomas (P); 3rd, Tom James (G).
Junior Short Story.
 1st, Ruth Morgan (H); 2nd Helen Butters (H); 3rd, Phillip Carradice (G).
Open Short Story.
 1st, John Lewis (H), 1st Keith Russant (P); 3rd Jennifer Morgan (H).
IInd Form Original Verse.
 1st, Sarah Monico (G); 2nd, J. Williams (P); 3rd Susan Collins (T).
IIIrd Form Original Verse.
 1st, Caroline Kiln (T); 2nd Christine Kiln (T); 3rd, Roger Powell (G).
IVth Form Original Verse.
 1st, Priscilla Tee (G); 2nd, Ronald Henson (H); 3rd, Christine Allington (P).
Upper IVth Form Original Verse.
 1st, Phillip Lain (T); 2nd, Jennifer Morgan (H); 3rd, Michael Jones (G).
Vth Form Original Verse.
 1st, Robert Reeve (P); 2nd, Jennifer Wills (T); 3rd Judith Payne (P).

- Vlth Form Original Verse.*
1st, David Fraser (T); 2nd, Joyce Simlett (G); 3rd Mary Woodward (P).
- Spanish Verse Translation.*
1st, Adele Berntzen (P); 2nd Jennifer Morgan (H); 3rd Brian Devereux (G).
- Welsh Verse Translation.*
1st, Clifford James (G); 2nd, Janice Brady (H); 3rd, Brinley Brown (H).
- French Verse Translation.*
1st, John Lewis (H); 2nd, Jill Thomas (P); 3rd Jennifer Morgan (H).
- Latin Verse Translation.*
1st, Peter Lewis (H); 2nd, Susan Stevens (G); 3rd, Wendy Bray (T).
- German Verse Translation.*
1st, Wendy Caveney (H), Pat Jones (G); 3rd Roger Powell (G).
- IInd and IIIrd Form Needlework.*
1st, Susan Huxtable (G); 2nd Jane Lloyd Williams (P); 3rd Susan Evans (H).
- Open Needlework.*
1st, Gillian Phillips (P); 2nd Carole Morgans (P); 3rd Susan Mabe (P).
- IVth, Upper IVth, Vth, and VIth Needlework.*
1st, Marion Gough (H); 2nd, Sally Brown (H); 3rd, Grass-widow.
- IVth, Upper IVth and VIth Needlework.*
1st, Adele Berntzen (P); 2nd, Susanne King (P); 3rd, Valene James (T).
- Open Felt Work.*
1st, Sally Brown (H); 2nd, Margaret Richards (G); 3rd, Adele Berntzen (P).
- Open Knitting.*
1st, Ann Jones (G); 2nd, Jane Evans (T); 3rd, Mary Woodward (P).
- IInd and IIIrd Form Knitting.*
1st, Elizabeth James (T); 2nd, Hedgehog; 3rd, Ann Jones.
- IVth, Upper IVth, Vth and VIth Form Knitting. Baby's Outfit.*
No positions.
- IVth, Upper IVth, Vth and VIth Form Knitting. Jumper.*
1st, Adele Berntzen (P); 2nd, Jane Evans (T); 3rd, Margaret James (P).
- Floral Decoration—Original.*
1st, Philip Lain (T); 2nd, Patsy Anfield (H); 3rd, Christine Nash (G).
- Coffee Table Decoration—Floral.*
1st, Suzanne King (P), Rosemary Maddocks (T); 3rd, Catherine Rogers (P).
- IInd Form Cookery.*
1st, Ruth Morgan (H); 2nd, Susan Collins (T); 3rd, J. Williams (P).
- IVth and Upper IVth Cookery. Jam Tart.*
1st, Gwyneth Griffiths (T); 2nd, Susan Stevens (G); 3rd, S. White (P).
- IVth and Upper IVth Cookery. Cornish Pasties.*
1st, Caroline James (H); 2nd, Pamela Williams (G); 3rd Joan Green (T).
- Vth and VIth Cookery Decorated Sponge.*
1st, David Fraser (T); 2nd, Telephone; 3rd, D. Badham (P).
- Vth and VIth Form Cookery. Sausage Rolls.*
1st, Eiry Bowen (T); 2nd Hefina Bowen (T); Margaret James (P).
- Folk Dancing.*
1st, Picton II; 2nd, Hywel II; 3rd, Glyndwr II.
- Junior Art Competition (a).*
1st, Richard Tudor (T); 2nd, Francis Edwards (T); 3rd, H. Robinson.
- Junior Art Competition (b).*
1st, Michael Edwards (T); 2nd, Philip Lain (T); 3rd, S. White (P).
- Senior Art Competition.*
1st, G. Bates (P); 2nd, Andrew Drysdale (G); 3rd, Richard Thomas (P).
- IInd, IIIrd, IVth Form Stamp Collection.*
1st, Phillip Caradice (G); 2nd, Margaret Richards (G); 3rd, M. Hall (G).
- Upper Vth and VIth Stamp Collection.*
1st, Michael Edwards (T); 2nd Trent; 3rd, Carole Morgans (P).
- Junior Milking Competition.*
1st, Alan Pritchard (P), 2nd John Williams (P); 3rd, Sidney Aston (P).

- Senior Milking Competition.*
1st, R. Thorne (P); 2nd M. Evans (P); 3rd, P. Lloyd (P).
- Junior Cattle Judging.*
1st, Alan Pritchard (P); 2nd, Graham Evans (T); 3rd Richards Browne (P).
- Senior Cattle Judging.*
1st, Colin Good (P); 2nd, N. Rogers-Lewis (T); 3rd, R. Thorne (P).
- Senior Plough Fault Finding Competition.*
1st, Guy Thomas (T), Robert Thorne (P); 3rd, R. Holt (G).
- Senior Tractor Driving (Reversing).*
1st, Robert Thorne (P); 2nd, Philip L lyd (P); 3rd, Martin Evans (P).
- Junior Tractor Reversing.*
1st, Alan Pritchard (P); 2nd, John Williams (P); 3rd, Roger Jones (P).
- Junior Plough Fault Finding Competition.*
1st, Alan Pritchard (P), Graham Evans (T); 3rd Robert Whitehead (P).
- Agriculture.*
3rd, Taxidermist.
- IInd Form Geography.*
1st, Sarah Monico (G), Julie Munt (T); 3rd, Avril Griffiths (G).
- IIIrd Form Geography.*
1st, Catherine Rogers (P); 2nd, Brian Hall (G); 3rd, Malcolm Calver (G).
- IVth and Upper IVth Form Geography.*
1st, Philip Lain (T); 2nd, Adele Berntzen (P); 3rd, Raymond Rees (P).
- Vth Form Geography.*
2nd, Graham John (H).
- VIth Form Geography.*
1st, Roger Horgan (H); 2nd, Desmond Brown (T); 3rd, John Woodward (P).
- Novice Photography.*
1st, David Fraser (T); 2nd Andrew Drysdale (G); 3rd, Philip Beynon (G).
- Junior Photography.*
1st, Philip Lain (T); 2nd, Howard Barton (T); 3rd, Michael Edwards (T).
- Senior Photography.*
1st, Victor Catherall (P); 2nd, Tom Simpson (T); 3rd, David Fraser (T).
- Open Photography.*
1st, Victor Catherall (P); 2nd, Tom Simpson (T).
- IInd and IIIrd Form Local Studies (a).*
1st, Sarah Monico (G); 2nd, Susan Ebsworthy (T); 3rd, Priscilla Hughes (G).
- IInd and IIIrd Form Local Studies (b).*
1st, John Davies (T).
- IVth and Upper IVth Form Local Studies.*
1st, Adele Berntzen (P); 2nd, Janet Cox (G); 3rd, Gwyneth Griffiths (T).
- Vth and VIth Form Local Studies.*
1st, Barbara Evans (P); 2nd, Gerald Mountevens (G); 3rd, Margaret Phillips (P).
- Vth and VIth Form Local Studies (b).*
1st, John Lewis (H); 2nd, Wendy Gray (T); 3rd, David Fraser (T).
- IInd and IIIrd Form Nature Study.*
1st, C. Rogers (P); 2nd, Edith Cooper (H); 3rd, J. Williams (P).
- IVth and Vth Form Nature Study.*
1st, Adele Berntzen (P); 2nd, Michael Edwards (T); 3rd, Janet Harries (H).
- VIth Form Nature Study.*
1st, David Fraser (T); 2nd, David Lloyd-Williams (P); 3rd, Brian Angle (P).

COUNTY SPORTS RESULTS (Boys).

Event	Name	Position.
SENIOR		
100 yds.	Peter Thomas	Third.
220 yds.	Peter Thomas	Second
440 yds.	Brian Anfield	First
880 yds.
1 Mile
Hurdles (120 yds)	Brian Angle	Second
Hurdles (200 yds.)	Gerald Mountstevens	First
Long Jump	Philip Ralph	Second
High Jump	Philip Ralph	Second
Hop, Step & Jump
Pole Vault	Ray Reynolds	Second
Discus	Stuart Lewis	First
Shot	Brian Anfield	Third
Javelin	Ray Reynolds	Third
Relay	Peter Thomas, Brian Anfield	Second.
	Gerald Mountstevens, Stuart Lewis	
MIDDLE.		
100 yds.	J. Nash	Second
220 yds.	R. Rees	Sixth
440 yds.	J. Nash	Second
880 yds.	R. Hill	Third.
1 Mile	R. Hill	Third
Javelin	B. Stubbs	Not placed
Discus	G. Briggs	Third
Shot	T. Jones	Fourth
High Jump	T. Jones	Second
Hop, Step & Jump	T. Jones	First
Long Jump	G. Jones	Second
Pole Vault	P. Beynon	Sixth
Hurdles	D. Gough	Not finished
Relay	J. Nash, G. Jones	..
	T. Jones, R. Rees	..
JUNIOR		
Shot	R. Baker	Fourth
Javelin	M. Richard	Fourth
Discus	P. Laine	Second
100 yds.	C. James	Unplaced
220 yds.	M. Johnson	Unplaced
440 yds.	C. James	Fourth
Long Jump	P. Laine	Unplaced
Hop, Step & Jump	C. James	Unplaced
Pole Vault	J. Brown	Second
Relay	..	Unplaced
80 yds. Hurdles	G. White	Unplaced
High Jump	P. Laine	Third

HOUSE PLAYS.

Almost as soon as the echos of the Eisteddfod died away feverish activity commenced backstage. Pools of coloured water on the road outside denoted that canvas flats were being scrubbed. Staff passed warily to avoid the hosepipes and their frenzied operators. The house drama competition was in the offing.

In three weeks' time a semblance of order was achieved and it was rumoured that four plays were ready for presentation. Mr. Kenneth Lee of Tenby again agreed to come along and adjudicate for us, so that on Monday the 27th of March the curtains drew to present Tudor house in "The Godsend" by Nina Warner Hooke.

The play started with a bang—almost too violently Mr. Lee thought—with a fair lady named Lottie Bramshaw (Jane Evans) being carried on backwards by a dark Eastern gentleman (Nigel Rogers-Lewis). The setting (a harem!) was well suggested with tropical foliage outside and extremely decorative inhabitants inside. These were played by Eiry Bowen, Jacqueline Evans and, replacing Krystyna Rynduch at the last moment, the producer, Wendy Gray.

The slight plot of this lengthy play was not helped by being set in Edwardian times. Lottie forcibly carried off by the Sultan (Peter Thomas) was supposed to finally succumb to his charms but though she was very agitated the Sultan calmly carried out his wooing by remote control. This long part was a difficult one particularly as Peter had never been on the stage before. Nevertheless he did well. Mabouba (Rose Maddocks), though she gesticulated too much, has an excellent voice and I should like to see her in a better part. The Sultana, Myrtle Williams, obviously hailing from nearer Hundleton than the West End had the necessary command of the situation.

Glyndwr then presented "The Devil's Four-Poster" by Aubrey Feist. Some members of staff remembered Hywel coming to grief with this play some years ago. It is a very difficult play to stage. The set and excellent costumes suggested the Regency period very well. Hannah, the maid, was nicely played by Christine Nash. Verity, though a trifle soft at times looked charming and moved well and it was easy to see why Captain Horatio Codling was so smitten. This part, with its affected lisping was despite mishaps (not of his doing) confidently played by Brian Devereux. School audiences will always howl if anything goes wrong, and despite poor lighting and strange sound effects all these young players carried on unperturbed. Georgina (Antoinette Pearce), though again rather soft voiced for this big stage, moved beautifully and her facial expressions were a joy to watch. Pat Thomas tackled the difficult part of the old Miss Tappity. Her previous experience proved helpful. Her movements and voice were excellent. Mr. Lee especially praised Gwyn Jones for his sound performance of the Regency brisk Sir Nicholas. These players were badly let down by their off-stage team. Such things must be practised before the final rehearsals. Nevertheless the producer Eileen Thomas had obviously worked very hard on this difficult play.

On Tuesday we had another gay Eastern setting in Picton's "Solomon's Folly." We were amused to see Charles James, as 'Solomon,' wearing a Father Xmas beard reclining on a couch, being fanned and manicured by a few of his wives (Suzanne King, Gillian Phillips and Nina Pearman).

This play offered an interesting challenge to the producer with its clergyman commentator (George Dickman) emerging from the audience, but the short episodes destroyed continuity particularly as the curtains were drawn. George played well and used his spectacles with effect. Terence Richards as the Prime Minister could have done with a head-dress and like Roger MacCullum (the scribe) was not as comfortable in his part as in the school play. Roger was too much of a "smart Alec" and it was hard to imagine Sheba (Marilyn Saunders) being charmed. Marilyn was not regal enough and lacked conviction. She seems far more at home in the western hemisphere.

The set was praised by Mr. Lee though I should imagine that the paint was barely dry. It was suitably adorned by the massive black good soldiers. Charles' "Solomon" was a controlled performance suitably dignified.

His costume, was appropriate but his beard was too thick. He had worked hard on this production and the standard was commendable but as so often happens he had too much to do with acting, painting and producing. Good backstage workers are essential though high marks to Gillian Phillips for her costumes.

After an interval the strains of Mid-European guitar music indicated that Hywel were up to something. The curtain revealed an effective set representing an officer's office "on the frontier." The music and costumes indicated well the iron curtain setting of Norman Holland's play.

Peter Lewis well played the part of the "cocky" private. His scene with his girl friend Maria (Janice Brady) was well done though Maria threw away her exit lines. Buhla (Margaret Morgan) as the harassed mother looked well and made the most of her short part. Lupka (Marion Gough) though putting on

the charm delightfully was understandably not quite wicked enough! The Countess Elena (Joan Morgan) had a good voice and bearing but as Mr. Lee pointed out could hardly escape in those shoes!

The main character upon whom the play depends, Lieutenant Bryusov, was excellently well played by John Lewis. His timing and facial expressions made this part a pleasure to watch. His sergeant, Roger Horgan played strongly with conviction. Considering the worries of the production were on his shoulders this was a first rate effort. Mention should be made of the backstage team, John Waller, Robert Bromlec, Paul Reynolds and Brian Anfield, who contributed greatly to the efficiency of the staging.

Mr. Lee justifiably awarded the new trophy (kindly presented by Mr. and Mrs. Alec Munt) to Hywel. Picton's "Solomon's Folly" was second, third came Glyndwr's "Devil's Four-Poster" and fourth Tudor's "The Godsend."

Post Script. Hywel's production was considered worthy of entry for the Pembrokeshire Drama Festival. They won the *Western Telegraph* Cup for the school—beating 3 adult companies—a truly remarkable achievement.

A SHORT STORY.

We (my brother James and I) were staying at Meadow farm with our horses, mine a grey mare called Dunoon and James's a bay hunter Nimrod. James and I (my name, by the way is Diana Elliot), had received a letter from our friend Vicky Hamilton. It read, "Meet me at Rook Tor after lunch. Please come on Dunoon and Nimrod. About Tarquin. Urgent—Vicky." It was all very mysterious but after lunch we saddled the horses and started off on the two mile journey to the Tor. Vicky was waiting there on the beautiful jet black arab Tarquin. She explained that Mr. Mills could not keep Tarquin any more and he wanted to sell him for the ridiculously low price of forty pounds. Vicky had land and she wanted to try and buy him. She had thirty pounds, and had to get another ten from somewhere. She informed us that at a local gymkhana there was a prize of ten pounds to be won. In any case she wanted James and me to help her school Tarquin. So the next day she was to come to the farm and practise.

The next day we waited and waited but Vicky did not come. We were both rather disappointed. When we were stabling the horses John, the odd-job man on the farm came rushing into the stables. In a rather breathless voice told us that Vicky had practically saved the Mills' farm from being burnt to the ground. Mr. Mills had given Tarquin to her as a present. Vicky came over in the morning on Tarquin and told us about it in a more detailed way.

All of us went in for the Open Jumping class in the Gymkhana. Vicky did not win but seeing that she now had Tarquin, it did not matter. I don't think there could have been a happier person in the world at that moment.

WENDY DONOVAN, 3A.

PEMBROKE BRIDGE.

Cool green waters glide below,
Through weed-embroidered gloom,
Where sometimes stormy torrents flow,
 'Neath ancient Pembroke Bridge.

Beneath the castle's gaunt, grey walls,
Embalmed with Pembroke's history,
Aloud the lone, wild curlew calls
 Near Ancient Pembroke Bridge.

Here many a fishing line is cast,
Where once some glorious pageantry
Of Olden knights so proudly passed
 O'er Ancient Pembroke Bridge.

R. REEVES, Vo.

THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB.

The first meeting of the Easter Term was a lecture by Mr. Val Howells of Saundersfoot about his trip across the Atlantic sailing alone in the "Eira." He also showed a number of coloured slides illustrating the voyage. The proceeds of the meeting were two guineas which were sent to the Cancer Research Fund.

At the next meeting the four members who had spent the Christmas Term in Germany—Margaret Morgan, Pat Jones, Wendy Gray and Jean Shore, answered questions and told us something of their experiences. Jean showed slides of her stay and the slides of the Christmas Party were also shown. At the end of the meeting there was a film of Germany and all members were given tourist literature to take home.

The next two meetings were devoted to a number of films which dealt with various aspects of the problem of feeding a world whose population is increasing at an alarming rate in the countries where poverty is most extreme and which cannot feed adequately the present population. "The World is Rich" described the problem generally. "Mountain-Lands in Jeopardy" told of soil erosion in New Zealand. "Look to the Sky" described the inadequate provisions made in India to conserve water. "Speed the Plough" was a witty cartoon which depicted the development of the plough throughout the ages in Britain. "Unseen Enemies" described in a horrific but realistic manner the diseases which afflict man and the pests which destroy his food. "Borgo a Mozzano" supplied a fitting ending to this series of films by describing what had been accomplished in the raising of the standards of living in a small Italian village by a few agriculturalists and a few machines and a great deal of patience and dedication.

We were very sorry to lose Gisela before the end of the term. She had been with us for over a year and was one of our most faithful members and a committee member. It was her intention to stay until Easter but her longing for Berlin was too great and she returned in February to Berlin saying goodbye to the bright lights of Pennar and Castle Martin. Over a cup of tea and biscuits we were able as a society to say goodbye to her and Gillian Phillips presented her with a book on our behalf.

Our last meeting was something new in school,—a Mock Eisteddfod. During the morning it was duly proclaimed with dignity and honour in the girls' yard. The bards were dressed over-all in their robes, and heading the procession resplendent with regalia was the arch-druid, Richard Roberts-Thomas. Suitable cool blasts on the trumpet were provided by Roger Horgan, and the sword-bearer was Gerald Mount-Stevens.

The Eisteddfod itself was a tremendous success. There were whistling competitions, solos under five years of age, duets over eighty years of age, comb bands, dumb bands, marriage proposals and unpunctuated passages of prose. There was also an art and craft exhibition of authentic rock cakes and models of wrecks. The winners were suitably decried and after three hours of gruelling competition there came the finale—the adjudication of the love letter and the last line of the limerick. The bards again assembled and with due acclaim and appropriate ceremony John ap John of Carew was pronounced before the world and those assembled the chaired bard of 1961.

The last meeting of the term was a dance.

During the summer term we discontinued the fortnightly meetings, but in the last week we hope to spend a day together in the North of Pembrokeshire investigating a few old remains and a few beaches. There will be also a small dance in which we shall say goodbye to our leavers. The Club is in debt to many of them who have given us service and leadership. To mention them all would mean leaving someone out who deserved mention, but we should pay some tribute to our Chairman, Ray Reynolds, and the Secretary, Jillian Thomas. They have worked hard and under their leadership it has been possible to see the Club taking shape and growing into a solid reliable organisation with a purpose. We can take pride that Jill is one of the three young people from Wales who has been chosen to be in a British group of young people who will be visiting Russia this summer. The organisation sponsoring this visit is supported by the Y.M.C.A., the British Council of Churches and other movements.

After the term ends the annual International Meeting of Youth will be held at the School. The same organisation which is sending Jill to Russia has arranged for eight Russians to visit the International Meeting. If you would like to meet them and the young people from the fifteen other countries which will be represented, then become a member of the International Friendship Society which arranges the International Meeting.

Y.F.C. REPORT—SUMMER 1961

Since our last report the club has had further successes in the Annual County Rally. The club's first success was in the Drama Competition in which we succeeded to come 2nd. The Rev. Iorwerth Thomas worked very hard at this, and we are very grateful to him. We also came 2nd, in the Public Speaking competition which was held at Haverfordwest.

On the first day of term Colin Good and Nigel Rogers-Lewis went to Golden Grove to the eliminating contest for the National Stock Judging team. The following Friday, Robert Thorne and Alan Pritchard went to the eliminating contest for the National Beef Stock Judging team.

The County Rally was held on May 27th and we were very pleased with our performance in Haverfordwest, especially in the folk-dancing competition. Our club came 1st and we are going to give a demonstration at the Royal Welsh Show in July. Miss M. James coached us expertly and Mr. B. J. Davies and Mr. W. H. MacKenzie succeeded in getting the following boys to 1st positions: D. St. John Brentnall, Terrence Threlfall, Robert Hammond and Kenneth Gray. Robert Thorne had the highest individual points in Beef Judging and is going to Smithfield again this year. The School club came 4th out of 20 clubs competing, and this was a great achievement.

We haven't had many meetings this term, but our main meeting was on June 9th when a Buffet and Dance was held at the School, and all the county officials and those who had coached us in some way or another were invited. The Chairman gave a report on the club, the secretary proposed a toast for the guests. Tom Simpson proposed the vote of thanks and Gillian Thomas seconded it.

Anyone desiring to join the club next year should attend the first meeting next term.

NIGEL ROGERS-LEWIS (*Hon. Sec.*)

THE STARS.

Strolling in the evening,
Along some Lover's Lane,
We watch the stars a-gleaming,
That means it will not rain!

We search the skies for Venus,
The Plough we also find,
The Great Bear shines upon us,
A car comes up behind!

The Milky Way is twinkling,
And Cancer looks so bright,
The sickle has us blinking,
Shall we turn left or right?

Then gazing up at Leo,
We crash into a tree,
The stars we then can see—Oh!
Outshine the Galaxy!

CHRISTOPHER MORGAN, Lower VI Science.

RUGBY.

RESULTS OF THE FIRST XV EASTER TERM MATCHES:

<i>January.</i>			
7—Fishguard G.S.	.. (A)	.. Won	.. 9-0
14—Whitland G.S.	.. (A)	.. Lost	.. 0-6
28—Tenby G.S.	.. (H)	.. Won	.. 5-0
<i>February</i>			
4—Carmarthen G.S.	.. (H)	.. Postponed	
18—Pembroke 'A'	.. (A)	.. Won	.. 8-0
25—Pembroke Dock Quins. 'A'	.. (A)	.. Won	.. 11-0
<i>March</i>			
11—Haverfordwest G.S.	.. (A)	.. Won	.. 11-9
18—Pembroke 'A'	.. (A)	.. Won	.. 12-3
23—Gwendraeth G.S.	.. (H)	.. Draw	.. 0-0
25—Pembroke Dock Quins 'A'	.. (A)	.. Draw	.. 3-3
28—Old Boys	.. (H)	.. Lost	.. 3-5
<i>April</i>			
6—Leamington College	.. (H)	.. Won	.. 14-0

1st XV: Played 22; Won 12; Drawn 3; Lost 7; 115 points for; 79 points against.

B. Anfield, R. Reynolds, B. Stubbs, P. Thomas, J. Nash represented Pembroke-shire against the Combined Cornish Schools and the Pembrokeshire A.T.C.

Boys who represented the 1st XV during season 1960-61 were as follows: B. D. Anfield, Capt., T. W. Reynolds, Vice-Capt., G. H. S. Mountstevens, Sec., S. J. Lewis, T. H. Breese (Selection Committee), B. Stubbs, D. Ebsworth, R. Rees, G. Briggs, J. Russell, J. Nash, J. Campodonic, St. J. Brentnall, W. Kavanagh, S. Brown, M. Morgan, R. Horgan, J. Lewis, T. James, T. Jones, C. James, P. Thomas, P. Beynon, D. Brown, J. Skone, M. Hodge, C. Good, P. Lurdie, R. Thomas, H. Owen, G. Thomas, C. Morgan.

Colours were awarded to: J. Russell, M. Morgan, W. Kavanagh and S. Brown.

Notes:

The results show that after a shaky start the team's playing record improved tremendously, especially in the Easter Term when the School only conceded two defeats. It will also be noted that the School defeated Haverfordwest G.S., a feat which has not been accomplished by the 1st XV for at least seven years.

We were very pleased to welcome Leamington College to Bush during the Easter vacation and although they lost by a considerable margin they did play a wonderful, sporting game.

For the first time this year School entered the Welsh Secondary Schools' Seven-a-side Tournament at Llanelly. Both teams did very well, reaching the quarter-finals in each section.

Rugby at School continued to be severely handicapped through our own fields being out of use. We are sincerely grateful to the Pembroke Rugby Club Pembroke Dock Quins, and the R.A.F. Pembroke Dock, without whose generosity in lending their fields, School football would not have been able to continue.

JUNIOR RUGBY XV.

1960-61.

This season proved to be a most enjoyable one in all ways. The side was a strong one, capable of outstanding performance when it was needed.

As a result of County Trials, three boys became regular players for the County Team—Richy Hill, Roger MacCallum and Philip Lain. Hugh Owen was also often chosen to play for the County, and towards the end of the season Martin Richard was a regular member of the County side.

The team was coached by Mr. John Bevan, who tried his very hardest to get the best out of the team, which, as a whole, would like to express its warmest thanks for his efforts and time. The team is also very grateful to all the members of staff who had anything to do with the refereeing and fixture of matches.

The most memorable matches were those against Gwendraeth and Sandfields, both very strong sides. Sandfields was reputed to have 250 boys for training a week—against our regular 10 or 12.

New Colours were awarded to Martin Ricbard, Roger MacCallum and Philip Lain. Richy Hill (who gained his colours last season together with Hugh Owen, Guy Thomas and Michael Johnson) was unlucky not to get further in the Welsh Trials than he did.

The season ended with the seven-a-side tournament at Llanelly which was as all the other matches, strenuous, but worthwhile. It was, on the whole, a successful season for Junior Rugby at Pembroke Grammar School.

P. LAIN (Sec.).

RUGBY 2ND XV REPORT.

At the beginning of the season the following officials were elected: Captain, Richard Roberts Thomas; Vice-Captain, John Nash; Secretary, Raymond Jones.

Matches Played

Haverfordwest Youth	..	H.	..	Won	..	12 - 3
Llanelly Grammar 2nd XV	..	A.	..	Lost	..	12 - 3
Cardigan Grammar 2nd XV	..	H	..	Won	..	8 - 3
Carmarthen Grammar 2nd XV	..	A	..	Drew	..	0 - 0
Canton High School 2nd XV	..	A	..	Lost	..	11 - 6
Milford Haven Grammar 2nd XV	..	A	..	Lost	..	9 - 6
Haverfordwest Youth XV	..	A	..	Lost	..	6 - 3

It is interesting to note that out of six fixtures only two could be played at home due to the condition of the playing fields.

IN THE KITCHEN OF THE INTERNATIONAL MUSEUM.

(From the Welsh of Iorwerth C. Peate)

Slowly the clock passes times away,
The spinning wheel is still—no spinning today,
The Bible lies unopened, the crib does not rock,
Only the clock moves—Tick, tock, tick tock.

There are dishes of blue on the dresser bright,
The china in the cupboard catches the light,
The table is set, ere the door should unlock,
And the hours go by—Tick tock, tick tock.

The kettle so small, is not steaming or boiling,
Though it yearns for the men to come home from their toiling,
For the old folks to come from the farm and the crop,
But the only sound heard is tick tock, tick tock.

Where is the maid to bring the bellows?
The one who laughs and jokes with her fellows,
The fire needs coaxing, 'tis cold as a rock,
But there's no-one to care, only the clock, tick tock.

And there's no-one to answer me, they've all gone away from me
Excepting the clock, tick tock, tick tock.

RECORD SHEET—Results, 1961.

GIVING PLACINGS, HOUSES AND WINNING TIMES OR DISTANCES.

Event	First	House	Second	House	Third	House	Winning Time or Distance
100 Yards—Boys							
Sub-Junior	B. Sudbury	...T	W. MillsP	D. CampbellG	13.2 secs.
Junior	C. JamesT	M. RickardG	R. JonesG	11.7 secs.
Middle	T. NashG	R. ReesP	G. JonesG	10.4 secs. (Record)
Senior	P. ThomasG	P. RalphH	S. LewisH	10.7 secs.
100 Yards—Girls							
Sub-Junior	L. McCarthy	...P	P. AnfieldH	H. O'LearyP	13 secs. (Equal Rec.)
Junior	Ann GriffithsP	Veronica Sandell	H	Valerie Lomas	...H	13 secs.
Middle	A. Livingstone	..T	Pat ThomasG	Sandra Gaccon	..G	12.8 secs.
Senior	R. SudburyT	T. MainH	W. MillsP	31 secs.
220 Yards—Boys							
Sub-Junior	M. JohnsonP	R. JonesG	B. PenfoldT	28.7 secs.
Junior	S. NashG	R. ReesP	H. GriffithsT	24.5 secs.
Middle	P. ThomasG	B. AnfieldH	D. Ll. Williams	..P	24.2 secs.
Senior	A. GriffithsP	P. MooreG	G. GriffithsT	31.5 secs.
220 Yards—Girls							
Middle	A. Livingstone	..T	S. LlewellynP	P. T. Thomas	..G	30 secs.
Senior	C. JamesT	J. MathiasP	P. PearceG	67.5 secs.
440 Yards—Boys							
Junior	P. ThomasG	B. AnfieldH	D. LewisT	56.9 secs.
Senior	J. NashG	R. ReesP	R. HammondH	60 secs.
One Mile	R. HillP	G. BriggsP	T. RichardsP	5 mins. 2.5 secs.
					M. BaldwinH	

Event	First	House	Second	House	Third	House	Winning Time or Distance
High Jump—Boys							
Sub-Junior	H. Thomas	T	B. Mills	P	R. Sudbury	T	3ft. 11ins.
Junior	P. Lain	T	H. Bardsley	H	S. John	H	4ft. 8½ins.
Middle	T. Jones	G	G. Jones	G	M. McCullum	P	5ft. 2½ins. (Record)
Senior	P. Ralph	M	Brent Wall	G	C. James	G	5ft. 1in.
High Jump—Girls							
Junior	R. Morgan	H	H. O'Leary	P	O. Evans	G	3ft. 10ins.
Middle	G. Griffiths	T	V. Sandell	H	M. Saunders	G	3ft. 11ins.
Senior	S. Gaccon	G	K. Rynduch	T	S. Bradshaw	P	3ft. 11ins.
Long Jump—Boys							
Sub-Junior	P. Hordley	P	A. Nichlaos	H	T. Drysdale	G	13ft. 8ins.
					O. Eastick	T	
Junior	P. Lain	T	J. Brown	H	M. Johnson	P	15ft. 6ins.
Middle	T. Jones	G	Drysdale	G	M. M'Cullum	P	18ft. 4½ins. (Record)
			T. James	G			
Senior	P. Ralph	A	B. Angle	P			17ft. 1ins.
Long Jump—Girls							
Junior	L. McCarthy	P	P. Anfield	H	P. Leyland	H	12ft. 3ins.
			P. Moore	G			
Middle	G. Griffiths	T	P. Whyllie	G			12ft. 10ins.
Senior	A. Livingstone	T	K. Rynduch	T	S. Gorton	G	12ft. 10ins.
H.S.J.—Boys							
Sub-Junior	B. Mills	P	D. Williams	P	D. Eastick	T	25ft. 3½ins.
Junior	C. James	T	P. Lain	T	M. Johnson	P	32ft. 8ins.
Middle	T. Jones	G	G. Jones	G	R. Reeves	P	38ft. 10ins. (Record)
Senior	P. Ralph	H	B. Anfield	H	B. Angle	P	37ft. 8½ins.
H.S.J.—Girls							
Junior	R. Morgan	H	P. Anfield	H	J. Kenniford	G	27ft. 9ins.
Middle	A. Griffiths	P	W. Rynduch	T	S. Goodacre	T	27ft. 6½ins.
Senior	M. John	G	A. Livingstone	T	S. Saunders	G	28ft. 4ins.
Pole Vault—Boys							
Sub-Junior	R. Parnell	P	G. Marchant	H	J. Jones	G	4ft. 0ins.
Junior	J. Brown	H	M. Mickard	G	P. Roberts	P	8ft. 3ins. (Record)
Middle	P. Beynon	G	R. Hill	P	P. Reynolds	H	7ft. 6ins.
Senior	R. Reynolds	H	G. Dickman	P			9ft. 0ins.
Discus—Boys							
Sub-Junior	D. Esmond	T	Peter Hewitt	H	R. Powell	G	61ft. 8ins.
Junior	Lain	T	M. Roberts	G	R. James	P	109ft.
Middle	G. Briggs	P	B. Stubbs	P	R. Morgan	H	104ft. 3ins.
Senior	S. Lewis	H	C. James	P	R. Reynolds	H	102ft. 2ins.
Discus—Girls							
Junior	L. McCarthy	P	W. Waterfield	P	D. Evans	G	52ft. 10½ins.
Middle	J. Mills	P	S. Goodacre	T	W. Rynduch	T	64ft. 4ins.
Senior	K. Rynduch	T	C. Lewis	T	J. Shore	H	82ft. 11ins.
Javelin—Boys							
Sub-Junior	P. Hewitt	H	D. Williams	P	K. Morrissey	P	65ft. 9ins.
Junior	M. Rickard	G	R. Baker	H	T. Lloyd	T	109ft. 1ins.
Middle	R. Hill	P	B. Stubbs	P	H. Griffiths	T	133ft. 3ins.
Senior	R. Reynolds	H	S. Lewis	H	K. Grey	G	104ft. 6ins.
Javelin—Girls							
Junior	M. Thomas	H	D. Evans	G	J. Gammon	T	48ft. 1in. (Record)
Middle	Susan Huxtable	G	Ellen Jones	T	Jennifer Mills	P	62ft. 11½ins.
Senior	M. Campodonic	T	S. Pawlett	H	E. Thomas	G	76ft. 7½ins.
Shot—Boys							
Sub-Junior	P. Hewitt	H	K. Morrissey	P	T. Main	H	28ft. 4½ins.
Junior	R. Baker	H	Canton	T	Fell	P	34ft. 7ins.
Middle	T. Jones	G	B. Stubbs	P	R. Reeves	P	39ft. 8½ins. (Record)
Senior	B. Anfield	H	St. J. Brenthall	G	Stuart Lewis	H	36ft. 15ins.

SCHOOL DIARY, 1961.

Event	First	House	Second	House	Third	House	Winning Time or Distance
Shot—Girls							
Junior	R. MorganH	M. BartonT	V. Waterfield	..P	23ft. 11½ ins.
Middle	L. SchofieldP	R. SimlettG	S. Huxtable	..G	28ft. 0 ins.
Senior	S. PawlettH	C. LewisT	J. PayneP	24ft. 9 ins.
Relay—Boys							
Sub-Junior	Glyndwr	Hywel	Tudor	64 secs.
Junior	Tudor	Picton	Glyndwr	56.5 secs.
Middle	Glyndwr	Picton	Hywel	51.3 (Equal Record)
Senior	Hywel	Glyndwr	Picton	48.3 secs.
Relay—Girls							
Junior	Picton	Hywel	Glyndwr	62.8 secs.
Middle	Hywel	Picton	Tudor	60 secs.
Senior	Glyndwr	Hywel	Picton	61.4 secs.
Hurdles—Girls							
Junior	H. L'OearyP	P. LeylandH	V. Edwards	..T	14 secs. (Record)
Middle	V. SandellH	Pat MooreG	W. Rynduch	..T	14.7 secs.
Senior	J. ShoreH	C. MorgansP	M. JohnsG	15.6 secs.
Hurdles—Boys							
Sub-Junior	D. WilliamsP			B. HowellsG	15.3 secs.
Junior	H. ThomasT			K. KnellerH	12.9 secs.
Middle	C. JamesT	S. WhiteP	A. O. Rysdale	..H	15 secs. (Record)
Senior	D. Gough (Guest Run'r)P	R. ReevesP	D. LewisT	17.7 secs.
	B. AngleP	R. ReynoldsH			
880 Yards—Boys							
Middle	J. NashG	R. HillP	M. EvansP	2 min. 16 secs.
Senior	P. ThomasG	F. LundiH	W. Kavanagh	..P	2 min. 17.8 secs.

EASTER TERM.

Month	Day	Event
February	13, 14	.. Half Term.
	17	.. Y.F.C. Social.
	20	.. County Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs' Drama Festival.
	23	.. School visited by Mr. V. T. Diviné from the South Cameroons.
March	1	.. School Eisteddfod.
	2	.. Upper School addressed by Fire Prevention Officer on "Fire Prevention in the Home."
	10	.. Hockey Teams' journey to London to see Hockey International.
	13	.. Picton House Celebration Party.
	15	.. The New English Bible read in prayers for the first time.
	22	.. Anne Parcell addressed the School on "The New Translation of the Bible."
	23	.. Visit of Gwendraeth Valley Grammar School.
	24	.. The Admissions' Examination.
	27	.. 6th Form Visit the Esso Refinery, Milford Haven.
	27, 28	.. House Drama Competition.
	28	.. (1) Old Boys' Rugger Match. .. (2) Parents' Evening at Bush House.
	27	.. End of Term.
April	12	.. Barnhardt Frank (Austrian Visitor) arrived.
	18	.. Summer Term commenced.
	21	.. The Cross Country Race.
	24	.. Mr. L. Lawsey (School's Christian Fellowship) addressed the Upper School.
	26	.. Penbrokeshire County Drama Festival.
May	19	.. Athletics' Sports at Bush Camp.
	22, 23, 24	.. Whitsun Holiday.
	29	.. Recital of piano duets by Jennifer Morgan and Mr. W. H. Whitehall.
	30	.. 5th Form Art Class visit the St. David's Cathedral.
	31	.. Open day in connection with Commonwealth Technical Training Week.
June	2	.. Concert by the Mounted Band of the Royal Artillery.
	3	.. County Athletics Sports at Bush Camp.
	5, 6	.. Visit of Miss F. E. Davies, Youth Employment Officer.
	9	.. Y.F.C. Dinner and Dance.
	12	.. G.C.E. written papers commence.
	26	.. Summer Terminal examinations commence.
July	1	.. Parents' Garden Party at Bush House.
	14	.. End of Term.

THE DRAMA CLUB.

The Club was formed in the Christmas Term, with Mr. Gammon as the leading light, for the VI form mainly. The aim of the Club is to read as many plays as possible in order to assess the merits and demerits of various playwrights. After discovering the fact that, for a small fee, an unlimited number of plays could be borrowed from British Drama League Headquarters in London, it was decided to send for a set of books every fortnight.

The readings are well attended, the type of play ranging from the controversial "Room at the Top" by John Osborne to "Flowering Cherry." The more recent reading of "Under Milk Wood," by Dylan Thomas, was a great success, Owing to the rather larger than normal cast required, Mr. Ellis Williams

with his authentic Welsh accent, and Mr. Shaw, with his free-will gift of merriment, were enlisted to swell the numbers. It is hoped that many more play readings will be held, since they are an enjoyable and easy way of hearing about the latest stage "hits" and controversial plays by "angry young men."

Finally, a hearty round of applause must go to the nameless ones, who, for a nominal fee of 6d. willingly supply the cast with tea and biscuits!

A.H.

HEADLINES.

Headlines are obviously what they are intended to be; something that will make us, stop look and take an interest in, whether they be on the front page of the daily newspaper, or in everyday incidents of our daily lives. The more startling they are displayed, the more interest is attracted.

War, and rumours of war, with all its horrors and useless desolation; or murder, robbery and violence, Royal tours, Society weddings, bigger and more deadly bombs, and faster rockets to the Moon, down to heated arguments among the local councillors, or an actress divorcing her fifth husband, are but a few of the many headlines blazened across the front pages of our daily papers. Different papers have their own methods of propaganda, but each one competitively more startling in its printed prominence, to amaze, shock or disturb us out of our self-sufficient security. As such are the sufferings and conflicts of this troubled world brought to our attention by editors, journalists, war correspondents, photographers and reporters, often at great personal risk.

The Christmas tree would be of little importance without its decorations and illumination of fairy lights. Little folk gaze in fascinated wonder, and parents forget the work and worry of Christmas preparations, and enter into the spirit of the festive season. Easter Sunday is headlined into prominence by an eye-catching display of Easter bonnets, and the traditional eggs. The headwear, chic concoctions of glamorous bits of nonsense adorn the windows of the hat-shops, and the heads of brave females. Confectioners vie with each other in turning out delectable looking eggs. Even the breakfast egg, tinted to various colours, becomes an object of interest, rather than something hastily swallowed for its protein value.

Business proprietors herald their approaching sales, with vivid posters and signs of gigantic proportions. Whether their stocks be of peaches or pianos, mink coats or mouse-traps, these commodities are headlined into significance by the drastic reductions prominently displayed in the windows. So starts a 'Civil-War' between housewives, which luckily is short-lived and needs no newspaper headlines.

Startling headlines, in the local papers, around nineteen-seventy-one, might very well be something like this: 'Strange Aircraft lands on School Playing Fields.' Investigations prove it to be carrying a party of children from Manville, Moonshine, wishing to further their education at the local Grammar School. Volunteers wanted for inter change."

HILARY RICHARDS, Vx.

THE SWAN.

Under the grey forbidding heavens
Trees are brown and bare;
A swan glides on the dark green water
Proud and unaware.

Now she clamours in her flight
Under the shrouded sky.
Circles, and rests on the waters' breast,
With a melancholy cry.

Now she drifts on the dappled river
At the dawn of day.
Rises and mounts in matchless beauty
Wheeling far away.

MICHAEL JONES, Upper IVA.

HIGHLIGHTS OF MY LIFE.

We take so many things for granted in life—our sight, the wonders of nature and not in the least our power to think and recall memories of special happenings in our life. The ink is flowing fast as I write with little effort—the highlights of my life.

There was the first Xmas remembered by me. Father Xmas was almost sacred to me: I did not love him but I did fearfully respect him. His whiskers appeared to be rather overpowering. My face was glowing with delight as I surveyed the pretty Christmas lights, the tinsel, and oh how magical it seemed when dolls, books and games were taken out of a bulging pillow case. "Auntie Fisher" gave the most wonderful birthday parties for her grand daughter. When I toddled down the street, swaying a beribboned parcel I remember looking down at my silver shoes, and then peeping inside my coat at my first part-dress—white, frothy and frilly. The highlight of that day was drinking red fizzy lemonade—as much as I wanted to, only pure fruit juice was allowed at home, and that was not such fun.

As a three-year old I felt so important when reaching up to the letter box to post my first birthday party invitations. That was another excuse to wear a new party dress. There was the dashing from room to room, the company of others of my own age, the games and again the best remembered thing—my mother had to relent and I drank and drank red fizzy lemonade.

For a time my mother had been preparing me for my first visit to Sunday School. The Sunday arrived and into that awesome building I walked. It was not a highlight like the party at all, but I was a pensive child, and it appealed to this certain teacher—a spinster who made it a highlight by regularly telling the fidgety children how very attentive I was. Somehow I felt majestic, angelic, in fact the best child.

I had heard of the misery that snow causes. I don't think my grandfather can have liked snow. My first encounter with snow I shall always remember. How light and clear and glistening everything looked. I adored building 'Charlie'—he was my snowman, and oh it was such fun to hit my father in the face with snowballs. He smiled but somehow I don't think he felt like smiling. My mother making the excuse that it was for my sake steered the sledge and tumbled off it too, how we laughed!

I shall never forget being taken out at Eastertide to pick my first primroses. Just to think of it, I may pick hundreds of flowers and still there were hundreds left. I remember thinking that when I grew up I would buy a primrose field—instead of a garden, for in a garden you were told what to pick, and how many too.

Daisy chains will always remind me of a special friend—Aggie, she was unlike most spinsters. She was so kind and happy. My first walk with Aggie is one of my treasured highlights. Wellingtons were in Aggie's bag, and it was such a change to stamp in puddles. She actually made my daisy chain for me, and when I could no longer resist the temptation and pulled her hat off into a puddle, she only smiled and laughed heartily.

The wolf inside the enclosure at Dudley Zoo did not frighten me at all on my first visit there, in fact I clearly remember wanting to play Red Riding Hood with him. The peak of excitement came when I ascended the wooden steps for a ride on an elephant and then a camel.

Perhaps I had visited the beaches on many occasions. On this one certain July day Freshwater West became a paradise. On that day I caught some small fish with a shrimp net, gathered shells, and discovered how interesting the collection became. A little later on at Angle my first ride in a boat—what fun the spray ascending and descending on my hot face as the motor boat cut through the water.

Dolls had become something I was used to by now, that was until my first visit to Pembroke fair. I remember becoming impatient at my parents' lack of interest at the wonderful offer—"6d. a go lady and win a prize." I have since realized that the prize was only worth 3d. Oh how kind of the stall keeper, I was lucky and on a sixpenny ticket had won a big blonde china doll. She was christened Lucy, and although she sits crippled and bald in the playroom I see only the blonde doll who made Pembroke fair a highlight.

A great highlight came to me one October morning. I did not think so then, for I had been promised a little sister. When taken to survey the promised sister, I was a little disappointed to see a tiny, red-faced baby crying lustily, I wanted a sister to play with me.

A great step in my life arrived—the time for beginning school arrived on a certain September morning. It was with reticence that I unclasped my hand from my mother. Inside school I was bored with plasticine, for I had been taught to read already. The boredom ceased quite as soon as I was moved to a senior class, and I can assure anyone that the little angel at the Xmas concert was a very happy angel. Limelight shone around me as I courtesied and handed over the bouquet to Miss Allan when she retired from the Infants' school, and that was not the only bouquet that I presented. Later I presented a bouquet to Miss Gibby. Whenever I see a film of a child presenting a bouquet I know and feel what a highlight it is to a child.

In the late summer of 1956 I experienced the highlight of going into the 'Senior School,' where work commenced in earnest. Until the Spring of the next year highlights were few, but then one after another I recall them. There was the St. David's day concert when I, dressed as a Welsh girl recited "Wales." It was that certain day that made me begin to love my beloved Wales.

Soon followed the School Sports. What can be more idyllic than to stretch out on a field, warm and sunny, and watch Nelson House win the sports.

I could not sleep on the night before our first School trip. It was on that School trip that I first discovered North Pembrokeshire and its wild coastline. It may be difficult to understand, but the highlight of that day was my success in using a telephone kiosk—with automatic dial—to telephone my mother. This I still consider quite a success for a seven-year old.

The Summer holiday was quite uneventful until one day I learned to ride a bicycle by using it in the same way as I used my scooter. What a day, and riding down the lane at the rear of our house—I felt like a bird on the wing.

Winter came and highlights had not prevailed until the Sunday School Eisteddfod in the following early Spring. I entered for the essay, the composing of a poem, and for music. What a surprise when the announcement of the winner of the under twelve essay and under sixteen poem was announced. As I heard my *nom-de-plume* being read out I felt hot and weak, but underneath I was oh so excited.

In the following Summer I found mushrooms—a basketful, what an experience. By accident one day I discovered my beautiful beach—Broadhaven near Bosherton. I learned to swim that day. It was easy—the beach was paradise—my father's presence makes me feel that all is possible, so on that day I conquered my fear of heights and climbed the high rock of the little island on the sea's edge. To have conquered the waves and the rocks all in one day is a highlight never to be forgotten.

During the following Winter I settled down to win victory over that overrated monster, the eleven plus, and like Saint George I was victorious, what a highlight, I beamed, I jumped, but underneath I was exhausted with relief of victory.

To discover London, is indeed wonderful, and I did do that for one week. We ran down the Mall, crept about Westminster Abbey, went ice skating—such a variety of things.

Towards the end of school life in my little grey school there was the leavers' party—a highlight to be sure, but tinged with sadness, for it is not easy to leave people or places where happiness has been given to you.

In my black and yellow uniform I joined the ranks of Pembroke Grammar School. This is indeed a highlight, I did so want to be worthy of a Grammar school.

There have been two highlights there—one a prize earned, and my school report which tells me that I can do a little better but that I have worked honestly and reasonably well.

These highlights may seem to be numerous, but they are truthfully every one of them important times in my young life, especially remembered by me at times when I especially need something to urge me on to work for my future.

SARAH JANE MONICO, 2A.

RIDING A BICYCLE.

The wind's my face as I speed down the hill,
When riding a bicycle, is such a thrill,
A swift silver arrow, downwards I glide
Into the heart of the wild countryside,
Over the hump-back bridge I fly,
Swift as clouds that race o'er the sky.

Past farmstead and hamlet, up hill and down dale,
Through forest and moorland to enter the vale,
Past sheep gently grazing in pastures so green,
On to the river where salmon are seen,
Springing and leaping into the air,
Like water sprites without a care.

Through lanes I ride till I view the sea.
Fringed by a golden bay, perfectly
I cannot stay, for daylight dims
The pedals I press, despite aching limbs
I gather speed and cycle fast
Down the hill to my home at last.

SARAH JANE MONICO, 2A.

As I wandered through the wet, black streets, the icy coldness seemed to wrap itself like a cloak around me, and my fingers, rammed into the pockets of my clinging-wet duffle-coat had become stiff and numb. The cobbled street was lined with old bombed houses, some of them still occupied by poor French peasants. The plaster-stripped walls, in places, had been decked with old posters which were by now battered and illegible. Rotted, ageing shutters hung on the walls, their paint, like that on the battered doors peeling and blistered. The sound of my heavy shoes plodding down the street echoed among the houses, and I began to wish that I had not been so foolish as to walk through the poorer part of Pontoise on the way back to my hotel.

Eventually I reached the end of the street, and could see before me the black outlines of the trees on the station square. Soon I would be at the hotel! Just as I crossed towards the trees, however, I notice a small light winking on the hillside above the town. I had seen this light from the iron balcony of my hotel room the previous night, and, before going to the hotel, I decided to investigate.

The shadowed hill loomed like a towering fortress, with its crumbling walls twisting their way down to the small church of Saint Michel.

The long walk up the steep hill, amid drizzling rain was tiring, and small puddles lurked between the uneven cobbles. I had passed the old church, and was turning a sharp bend in the road when suddenly I saw him—a small figure crouching behind the broken wall, flashing a torch into the valley. The sound of shuffling feet came to my ears, and I pressed myself into a shadowy crevice in the rock, waiting eagerly to see who these mysterious people were. Past me slid three small, silent men. The person holding the torch flashed it around the group, and on seeing their dark, lean, wrinkled faces I realised that they were Algerians, a large community of whom lived in the poorer quarter of the town.

They began to speak in low murmuring voices, and I moved closer to hear what they were saying, and although I could not fully understand all that they said, I could tell that they were planning to raid the town—probably in order to capture the armaments depot which was situated at the foot of the hill. One man carried a bulky object which I recognised as a machine-gun, and I decided that it was time I reported this raid to the Gendarmene at the Prefecture de Police. I had noticed, with surprise, that the police in Pontoise were armed, and learned on enquiry that there had been trouble with the Algerians for some time.

As silently as I could, I began to walk down the hill, but on reaching a bend I saw a large group of Arabs approaching. There was no way of turning back without being seen, and the only way out was to climb over the low wall and wait until they had passed. Unfortunately, the group halted opposite me, and I was

stranded on the other side of the wall. My foot slipped on the wet rock, and I stumbled backwards over the stone until at last I gained another foothold, but it was too late. Lights were flashed in my direction, and one Arab rasped out quick orders. My only way of escape was to carry on running down the hill until I reached the depot. Without waiting to think the matter over I careered headlong down the hillside. Voices were raised, and with horror I heard bullets splattering against the walls. My ears ringing, I reached the barbed-wire which surrounded the depot, and with no more injury than a scratched face and hands, I at last banged on the door of the office.

At once it was opened, and after many attempts to explain in halting French what had happened, the officer in charge understood. He summoned all his men and got in touch with the police. Soon, a number of Gendarmes were running through the streets, armed with guns. The rebels on the hill, seeing that their only chance was to attack immediately, opened fire, and began to run down the hill. When they reached the barbed-wire the police fired, and, after a fierce struggle the Algerians surrendered.

It was not until later, as I sipped a cup of strong French coffee in the Prefecture, that I began to realise how lucky I had been to escape with my life. How glad I would be to leave the cobbled streets of Pontoise tomorrow and make my way back to England. The French police shrugged-off these happenings as every-day affairs of little importance, but to a quiet, peace-loving Englishman, the thought of peaceful England was very dear indeed!

JENNIFER MORGAN, Upper IVA.

MENAGE A DEUX.

(With apologies to T. S. Eliot.)

Through that open window
If you creep up close, if you creep up close
On a Wednesday night, you can hear the screams
Of poor Fred and his massive wife
And see them fighting by the kitchen sink.
Combat between man and beast
Example, they, of perfect wedded bliss
Hippophagous, just like a massacre,
The pair (for it takes two to make a fight),
Grappling there, she's got him in a lock.
He's running now, round and round the stove,
Leaping through the window to escape
And tripping over his army boots.
Surplus-boots, lifted from a country store,
Boots from some-one long since dead,
Provoking corns, call for Doctor Schol.

We will continue to look around
Following our noses so to speak
Ultimately getting back to the start,
Proving our noses are bent.

The light went out (Those Woolworth's bulbs again?)
And now they have all gone into the dark,
Into the holes between the stairs.
And who will pull them out?
The Comrades, Commissars and people's friends,
Adam Faith, Macmillan and Henry Ford.
They are all in there.
The Times, The Sunday Pic, and a Wigan street map.

Who will pull them out?—
Not me mate!

MARY WOODWARD, L.VIA.

LOOKING FORWARD

"Looking Forward" and "looking backward" may be regarded as unfruitful occupations, particularly the retrospective view. In complete contradiction to this view, we should have nothing to live for if we did not look forward. As R. L. Stevenson remarked "To travel hopefully is better than to arrive." How well this writer understood human nature. Without this ever-present sense of hope life would be drab, full of misery and unbearable.

Taking a philosophical point of view on the subject, it may be said that everything is based on "Looking Forward." A perfect example is that of the Christian faith, whereby all Christians look forward to Christ's second coming in all His power and glory.

This eternal hopefulness is exemplified by the untiring efforts of pioneers in the fields of surgery and medicine. Sir Alexander Fleming, Marie Curie and Jonas Salk to mention a few who have devoted their energies to life-long research.

It was in 1928 that the then Dr. Fleming discovered the drug penicillin, but it was not until 1939 that a form of penicillin was produced which was of service in medicine.

Pierre and Marie Curie, both were indefatigable scientific investigators, and it was in 1899 that they discovered radium, later used in the treatment of cancer.

The Salk vaccine made by Dr. Jonas Salk, an American, and used in the treatment of poliomyelitis—at first it proved disappointing, but work continued on this vaccine, and now a considerable measure of protection can be guaranteed in the treatment of this dread disease.

A very elementary type of steam-engine was devised by Hero of Alexandria several hundreds of years before the birth of Christ; but in a form which could be used practically, it dates from Watt's invention in the middle eighteenth century. Thus the process of "looking forward," of infinite hope in the future, continues, and will continue until God ordains otherwise.

Nature too has its creatures who "Look Forward"—the hibernators, numerous mammals, reptiles, insects, amphibians and plants pass the winter in a dormant condition. The squirrel prepares his store of nuts and other animals fatten themselves up, in preparation for their long sleep.

The whole essence of the above remarks is one of genuine hopefulness that the future would produce more beneficial things for all mankind. Whether these expectations have been justified or not is a subject for contention.

I conclude with these words by A. H. Clough:

"And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright."

Which so aptly express the spirit of eternal hopefulness.

MICHAEL JONES, Upper IVA.

I.

Gliding slowly on mirrored lake
With scarce the noise that ripples make
The Swan appears.

Stretching its graceful arched neck—
A mast above a feathered deck—
Its lone domain surveys.

A gentle creature of regal state
Aloof, it searches for its mate
But makes no sound.

PHILLIP LAIN, Upper IVA.

"AND THE DUST WILL ENDURE."

The solitary wisp of cloud drifted indifferently across the sun, and a figure moved painfully over the sterile hardness of the grey path. There was nothing but heat, barrenness, and the dust. Still heat, that burned the skin like a wind, opened the wells of damp, surging sweat and dried the moisture before it soothed. A stinging heat, and a clinging greyness of dust that was a part of the heat.

Slowly the figure moved on, the blurred red mass of the sun drying its bones and tormenting its brain. Above the ridge on its left, the sky burned colourless, indistinguishable from the horizon.

Vaguely, almost without interest, the creature scanned the surface of the bank, the blankness of its stare seeming to take in little, as though fixed by the glare of the sun.

Suddenly it paused, gazing uncertainly towards a rock on the summit of the ridge, and then began hesitantly to make the exhausting climb up the slope. If its walk had been slow, its progress now was pathetically faltering. Not once did it fall, yet it conveyed the impression of infinite weariness. The climb was undertaken not with any hope of success, but more in response to a compelling urge. Dust and stones trickled over the surface, displaced by the random footsteps.

Acres of featureless greyness stumbling by ascended the creature's eyes, fixed unblinkingly on the ground saw, almost with surprise, the slope first soften then level out. There was no more to climb . . . For a moment it stood, confused and uncertain what had been its ultimate purpose, now that it had been deprived of its immediate one. Its tired eyes followed the line of the ridge down the other side,—gentler here, reaching down on to a broad, unfamiliar plain.

Agonisingly, something stirred in its mind. Something unknown, which must always be suppressed; something insupportable which in violent surges was flooding its consciousness.

* * *

On the plain the rich pastureland stretched smooth and green, broken into fragments by low, wandering hedges, and divided, like a leaf, by the vein of the river. A withered acorn plopped into the clear coolness of the water: the drops splashed onto the petal of a flower low on the bank. A yellow hair-ribbon floated gently downstream. In a copse of trees, a foot unnoticingly snapped a bluebell, and on the road a blameless motorist crushed an ant. In a small village a taunted child ran tearfully for comfort, and on the distant blue hills a formless cloud cast a shadow, passed, and was gone. In a field, a young animal was born, and in bed an old man died.

In the turbulent stream was memory of a gentle voice, a contorted face, a flush of pleasure, the glint of sunlight on shining hair, a scream of terror, a feeling of beauty, stillness, and peace. And an ugliness, a horror, a monstrosity.

The hand resting on the rock gripped supportingly. The closed sore eyes opened reluctantly, but transformed for an instant by recognisable emotion. There was torture in the eyes, like the quick agony of a festering wound reopened. They surveyed the plain beneath, yearningly yet with a desperate knowledge.

* * *

The greyness stretched unyieldingly to the sky, flat and hot, and barren. Featurelessness uncompromising harshness, and utter desolation stifled the momentary sensibility of the eyes, and the sun-scorched animal unthinkingly returned to them.

Bending stiffly, he pulled the fungus from the base of the rock. Cradling the light, colourless mass of it against him, then turned, his mission accomplished, and began to make his way haltingly back down the slope to the path.

The creature that was humanity limped back into the distance of what had been the future's promise. There was no wind to disturb the prints he left. The evidence of the fulfillment of the future's threat would lie there undisturbed until one by one, the grains of grey dust would trickle down to fill them, and make unidentifiable what was already unrecognisable.

Man had come, and passed, and there was nothing but motionless heat and the arid dust.

JOAN MORGAN, Upper VI.

THE SCHOOL BUS.

The crash of changing gears and the jarring shriek of brakes heralds the arrival of the school bus. It waits, its diesel engine ticking over noisily, impatient to be off. We climb onto the platform and mount the steep stairs to the top deck. As usual, the sudden jolt as it starts sets up a minor chain reaction of bumps; satchels respond to Newton's law of motion, duffle bags swing dangerously and the unfortunates, still mounting the stairs, grab frantically for support.

We are on the school bus. It is early morning, dull, gloomy and wet.

In ten minutes we shall reach School. In the meantime, we sit, some talking quietly, some half sleeping, some just sitting, meditating, hoping, fearing, dreaming or wishing they were not where they were.

The bus sings round the corner at the top of Pembroke Street, pistons working like pneumatic drills, wide out in the road, everyone bends—this is centrifugal—and a girl bangs her head against the window.

In a moment the driver will change down a gear and then start the shaking ascent of Tregennis Hill.

Two boys are playing noughts and crosses on the steaming windows. In front, a girl presses her face against the window gravely contemplating the doleful slopes of the Barrack's hill, Her plaits beat a tattoo against the window. When she turns away the tip of her nose is white.

At the top we stop and more children scramble aboard. The bus gathers itself together purposefully, shudders once or twice and sets off at a rattling pace. The driver changes gear, up twice, and we thunder along High Street.

After Red Roses the gradient is with us. We coast along, the jarring vibrations have diminished and now there is just a slight pitching motion. The wind sweeps across from the sea and with a vicious rattle drives rain against the side of the bus.

There is Pembroke and its castle, and our school. Between the two, water, mud-coloured and choppy.

The faithful are sorting out books, straightening ties and hats, even the lethargic have aroused themselves ready to face the driving rain and the icy wind.

"Was it six problems we had for homework?"

"I did eight."

"He only set six."

"He said do as many as you can."

"The pitch will be water-logged."

"Did Pye give you detention?"

"You must see my golden hamster."

Now there is bustle and mounting chatter, and the bus begins to slow down, weaving from side to side to avoid, cyclists, cars and the hardy few who walk.

There it stands ponderous, elephantine, noisily clearing its rattly throat.

It is a Monday morning. We are leaving the school bus which has served as a bridge joining our two lives. It has carried the willing, the unwilling, the slothful and the eager, the just and the unjust (for prefects also travel). We stand breathless and windswept as with a final injunction to "Drink a Pinta Milka Day" it waves its tail and disappears around Bush Corner.

ROGER POWELL, 3A.

HOCKEY 1960 - 61.

Congratulations girls on a most successful season. This season, owing to the fact that that several of last year's 1st XI had left us, our 1st team had five new members and 2nd team seven. In spite of this both teams were soon playing the standard of hockey that has been seen with the first teams for the past number of years.

At the County Hockey Trials at Haverfordwest on October 15th for the third season in succession, all members of the 1st XI were chosen to play in the Final Trial. The following were selected to represent the Pembrokeshire Schoolgirls

XI and received their colours: Eileen Thomas, Goalkeeper; *Sally Brown, right back; Christine Nash, right half; Christine Lewis, centre half; Margaret John, right inner; *Joyce Simlett, left inner; Myrtle Williams, reserve back; and Anna Livingstone, reserve forward.

At the beginning of the season the following officials were elected: Joyce Sinlett and Jean Shore, Captain for Autumn and Easter Terms, respectively; and Christine Nash, Secretary.

The following represented the

1st XI: *Eileen Thomas, *Sally Brown, *Myrtle Williams, *Christine Nash, Christine Lewis, *Krystyna Rynduck, Carole Morgans, Margert John, *Jean Shore, Maureen Campodonic, *Joyce Simlett, Margaret James, Anna Livingstone and Susan Saunders.

2nd XI: *Lesley Phillips, *Dilys Williams, Daphne Bush, Joyce Calver, *Mary Jones, *Gillian Roberts, *Margaret James, Anna Livingstone, Hefina Bowen, Jennifer Mills, Susan Saunders, Toni Pearce, Susan Powell, Pat Moore and Rosemary Simlett.

*—Old Colours.

The following were awarded colours at the end of the season:

1st XI: Christine Lewis, Carole Morgans, Margaret John, Maureen Campodonic and Margaret James.

2nd XI: Daphne Bush, Joyce Calver, Gillian Roberts, Anna Livingstone, Hefina Bowen; Jennifer Mills, Susan Saunders, Toni Pearce and Pat Moor.

Results of Matches played:

		1ST XI.					
Sept.	24—Fishguard S.S.	..	A	..	Draw	..	1-1
Nov.	26—Coronation S.M.S.	..	H	..	Won	..	8-0
Jan.	14—Fishguard S.S.	..	H	..	Won	..	2-1
..	21—Milford Haven S.M.S.	..	H	..	Won	..	2-0
Feb.	4—Taskers H.S.	..	H	..	Won	..	6-0
..	18—Milford Haven G.S.	..	A	..	Draw	..	2-2
Mar.	2—*Tenby G.S.	..	H	..	Won	..	5-0
..	4—*Coronation S.M.S.	..	H	..	Won	..	7-0
..	23—*Haverfordwest S.M.S.	..	A	..	Won	..	2-0
..	25—*Fishguard S.S.	..	A	..	Won	..	2-0

*—Cup Matches.

		2ND XI.					
Sept.	17—Tenby G.S. 1st XI	..	H	..	Won	..	7-1
..	24—Fishguard S.S.	..	A	..	Won	..	3-0
Nov.	5—Coronation S.M.S. 1st XI	..	A	..	Won	..	2-1
..	26—Coronation	..	H	..	Won	..	5-0
Jan.	14—Fishguard S.S.	..	H	..	Won	..	7-0
..	21—Milford Haven S.M.S.	..	H	..	Won	..	2-0
Feb.	4—Taskers H.S.	..	H	..	Won	..	10-0
..	18—Milford Haven G.S.	..	A	..	Won	..	4-0
Mar.	4—Coronation S.M.S.	..	H	..	Won	..	3-0

		4TH FORM XI.					
Nov.	5—Coronation S.M.S.	..	A	..	Draw	..	0-0
..	26—Tenby C.P.S.	..	H	..	Draw	..	1-1
Dec.	10—Tenby C.P.S.	..	H	..	Won	..	2-1
Mar.	3—Tenby C.P.S.	..	H	..	Won	..	2-0

		3RD FORM XI.					
Nov.	5—Coronation S.M.S.	..	A	..	Won	..	1-0
..	26—Tenby C.P.S.	..	H	..	Draw	..	0-0
..	Tenby C.P.S.	..	H	..	Won	..	1-0

HOUSE MATCHES.

SENIOR : 1st, Hywel and Glyndwr; 3rd, Tudor; 4th, Picton.

Junior : 1st, Hywel; 2nd, Picton; 3rd, Tudor; 4th, Glyndwr.

I would like to thank you all, past and present pupils, for the most enjoyable times I've had with all school teams—hockey, rounders, tennis, athletics and cricket. It has been a pleasure to work with girls who have given of their best during practice, inter-school and house matches. I hope that you will show the same hard work, determination and sportsmanship as you have done in the past. There are innumerable happy and humorous memories that I shall always treasure. I wish you every success in the future. I shall miss you all.

M.E.

THE AUSTIN CUP.

The above Cup was presented to the Pembrokeshire Schoolgirls Hockey Association by Mr. Austin of Fishguard. It was put up for competition among the schools in the County for the first time this year. The competition was run on a knock-out basis. The 1st XI can be very proud to be the first school team to win the Cup.

In the semi-final the 1st XI were away to Haverfordwest Secondary Modern School which after a hard, fast and very exciting game School proved victorious by two goals to nil.

In the final School met Fishguard S.S. at Tasker's Playing Fields, Haverfordwest. The match was controlled by neutral umpires Mr. Weare and Mr. Phillips. The game was very fast and exciting but the 1st XI outclassed their opponents to win by two goals to nil. Both goals were scored during the first half and were most unfortunate not to have scored on many occasions in the second half. Each member of the 1st XI excelled herself on that day and the team were deservedly worthy winners of the Cup.

VISIT TO IRELAND.

During the Easter Holidays the team in charge of Mrs. Ebsworth, Miss M. James and Miss H. Griffiths, visited Cork, Ireland, for four days during the 'Welcome to Wales Week.'

The 1st XI, with Gwyneth James as goalkeeper—Eileen Thomas was unable to travel because of influenza—played a Cork Schoolgirls Selected XI. The game which resulted in a goal-less draw was very fast and exciting and above all, most enjoyable with excellent hockey played on both sides. The Irish Hockey selectors were very impressed with the high standard of play of our School team and special mention should be made of the many spectacular saves by Gwyneth James whose usual position is centre forward. The 1st XI can be very proud of the above result because last year the Pembrokeshire Schoolgirls 1st XI was defeated by a similar Cork XI. Unfortunately owing to adverse weather conditions our second game was cancelled. Anna Livingstone, Gwyneth James, Daphne Bush and Susan Saunders travelled as reserves.

During our stay we visited Blarney Castle, Killarney, Glengarriff and were taken on a conducted tour of the Sunbeam Wolseley Textile Factory.

Thanks to our hosts with their most helpful attitude plus the irresistible nightly attractions of dancing at the Metropole Hotel our short stay was an exceptionally enjoyable one.

COUNTY SPORTS RESULTS

GIRLS—2ND IN GWYTHYR CUP (Max. points in All girls events).

SENIOR—3rd in PENNANT CUP.

100 yds.—Anna Livingstone, 2nd.

220 yds., Anna Livingstone, 4th.
 Long Jump—Anna Livingstone, 1st.
 High Jump—Sandra Gaccon, 6th.
 Discus—Krystyna Rynduch, 2nd.
 Javelin—Marueen Campodonic, 1st.
 Shot—Susan Pawlett, 3rd.
 Relay—Anna Livingstone, Pat Thomas, Sandra Gaccon and Carole Morgans, 4th.

MIDDLE—4th in ADAMS CUP.

100 yds.—Ann Griffiths, 6th.
 220 yds.—Ann Griffiths, 3rd.
 Long Jump—Gwyneth Griffiths, 4th.
 Discus—Jenny Mills, 1st.
 Javelin—Susan Huxtable, 3rd.
 Relay—Anne Griffiths, Veronica Sandell, Valerie Jones, Jenny Mills, 5th.

JUNIOR—Won the HOWELLS CUP.

100 yds.—Lesley McCarthy, 2nd.
 Hurdles—Helen O'Leary, 2nd.
 Shot—Ruth Morgan, 1st.
 Relay—Lesley McCarthy, Patsy Anfield, Helen O'Leary, Pat Leyland, 2nd.

IS TOO MUCH MONEY BEING SPENT ON SPACE RESEARCH?

This is a question being discussed at great length, and with much heat, in many countries today. Both at Government level and amongst ordinary people, the arguments sway from side to side, from scientist to humanist. So much depends on one's attitude towards life that it is a question that cannot be answered generally, and everyone must search their own hearts to find an acceptable solution. It is an unassailable fact that without exception, space research is pioneered and financed by Government money, not in hundreds, but in millions of pounds. So much money is poured forth in what seems to be an unending stream that it is beyond the comprehension of the ordinary person to appreciate magnitude. On the other hand the general public are confronted practically every day with appeals from Lord Mayors, newspaper funds, charitable institutions and flag days for money to help alleviate distress in one form or another.

In the past four years an exciting era of exploration has opened up, which few men, even a decade ago dreamt would come in this country. This was at first a purely military enterprise, the quest for ultra long range rockets, but it has provided man with new machinery, so powerful that satellites can be put in orbit round the earth, and instruments sent out to explore and photograph the moon. It is even thought possible that sometime this year a man will be sent into space, and considerable rivalry exists between Russia and America, as to which country will be the first to do this; the odds being heavily on the Russians at the moment. To send up a device that will reach the moon, we need a rocket large enough so that its final stage can be accelerated to about 25,000 miles per hour. Such a rocket would reach the moon in two or three days, but the amount of money that it has cost for the research to get thus far, would horrify even the most enthusiastic scientist. Possibly no one has dared to estimate such a gigantic sum. To land a man on the moon and get him home again, will need a very big rocket engine indeed, but fortunately the exploration of the moon and near-by planets, does not require men to be sent into space. Much that scientists wish to learn can be gathered by instruments and transmitted back to earth.

What can we expect to gain from a space programme? Scientists tell us that a satellite in orbit can sample the strange new environment in which it moves. Look down and see and photograph the earth, as it has never been seen before. Look out into the universe and record information that can never reach the earth because of the intervening atmosphere. And eventually to land on the moon and learn something of its secrets. The satellites will also give us a detailed picture of the earth's gravity and its magnetic field. Present weather stations can keep only about ten per cent. of the atmosphere under surveillance. Two or three weather satellites could make a cloud inventory of the whole globe every few hours. From this, meteorologists believe that they could spot large storms, and give much longer warning of their imminence than at present. Satellites will also carry telescopes and special instruments for recording X rays, ultra violet and other radiations, and these cannot fail to reveal new sights at present hidden from earth-bound observers.

Photographs of the hidden side of the moon, have already been taken by the Russians, but reveal it to be much as imagined, with few surprises. What scientists would most like to learn from a close up study of the moon is something of its origin and history. Was it originally molten? Does it have a fluid core similar to the earth? What is the nature of its lunar surface? The answers to these questions will help to shed light on the origin and history of the earth itself. Scientific expeditions to the moon, could absorb the energies of scientists for decades to come. Since man is an adventurous creature, no doubt the day will come when he will no longer be able to resist the urge to try and conquer this lost unknown. According to one estimate it might require £1,000 million for equipment to land a man on the moon, and to this must be added the thousands of millions already spent towards this goal. The important question, which scientists and the public, who will pay the bill, must face, is, can the results justify the cost? In the past, research and exploration have had a remarkable way of paying off, and we are all richer for knowing what explorers and scientists have learnt about the universe. It is in these terms that we must measure the cost of launching these satellites and rockets into space.

There are many humane projects in the world today, badly in need of assistance, usually both financial and manual. A great deal of money has been, and is being, spent in these causes, and a tremendous amount of good work is being done, much of it unheralded, but it is only necessary to look at a newspaper to read of distress and suffering all over the world. The Congo is just such an example. Africans who have never had more than a bare existence, are being forced to leave their villages, and die in thousands of disease and starvation. It is difficult to imagine in these days of plenty, that women and children can be allowed to go so hungry, that a good meal would kill them, because their starved bodies could not digest it. It has been stated that the relief funds need £2 million to help alleviate their sufferings. Surely the countries of the world should rise above political issues and find the money to save them. For different reasons, a famine is raging in China, where the crops have failed and tens of thousands of Chinese are faced with starvation. Here, too, the answer is a simple one—money to buy food to import into the stricken area.

The second world war, left huge tracts of country and many towns and villages devastated and desolate, but the greatest desolation must have been in the hearts of the thousands of refugees from war—living their miserable existences in camps all over Europe. These men, women and children, driven from their homes and often separated from their families, had very little left to live for, and the peace celebration meant nothing to them. During the years that have passed since, these people have been joined by tens of thousands more—refugees from Hungary and Iron Curtain countries. There are in Western Europe today an estimated 200,000 refugees and about 180 camps. The most pathetic part of these droves of half starved humanity, is the children—thousands of them under ten, and born refugees. Since the war's end approximately 1,500,000 fugitives have been absorbed by the West. On the whole the record of the Free World in absorbing refugees has been impressive, but that is small consolation to the people who are left. There remains a hard core of sick and disabled, who will never be able to work again; and these people are in urgent need of resettlement and this in turn needs a considerable amount of money. Over a million pounds was

collected in Britain during 1960, which was Refugee Year, and many children come to this country every year to private families to spend a holiday. Bush Grammar School and Pembroke Dock are prominent in their efforts to help in this respect, but much remains to be done and all these contributions are voluntary.

Many diseases that afflict mankind are one by one being overcome by modern medical science. Diabetics, diphtheria, tuberculosis and latterly poliomyelitis have been conquered and mortality is greatly reduced. But one great scourge, that of cancer, remains at present, a mystery and although some of the greatest brains in medicine today are grappling with this problem, the death rate from cancer continues to rise with alarming rapidity. Here again considerable money is needed to finance the laboratories and to provide all the expensive equipment necessary. Much of it comes from private contributions, but undoubtedly more could be done, if unlimited resources were placed at the research chemists' disposal. No matter what the cost, it would be worth it if this illness that causes so much pain and tragedy could be cured. Another grave health problem of contemporary times is that of mental illness. Today in Britain there are about 155,000 patients under the care of mental hospitals and similar institutions and sixty thousand people enter hospitals for mental treatment every year. Most of the State institutions are overcrowded and understaffed. They want more psychiatrists, more trained personnel, more hospital facilities and more research. What does this all add up to?—the same answer as before. More money.

The year 1960 proved to be the second wettest year since meteorological records started. This caused serious and widespread flooding over much of the country. Many householders spent days marooned in upstairs rooms, and had to watch the water seeping into their homes and ruining all their possessions. This even happened to some unfortunate people three times in as many weeks and caused great distress and loss. Funds have been raised and the Government has given grants to help restore the damage, but much more money is needed to inaugurate and carry out flood prevention schemes, so that these areas will never have to suffer such devastation again. Much could also be done, to halt the appalling number of road casualties that occur every year, especially during the summer season. Here again money is the all important factor. If enough of it was available, roads could be improved and widened, towns could be bypassed and dangerous corners cleared. The love of money is said sometimes to be the source of all evil, but in many ways it could be made to bring about much that is good.

As was said in the beginning, this question is an entirely personal one, and must be answered as such. When all the facts are examined, and with the limited knowledge we have at the moment, about the results of space research, we find that most ordinary people will agree that humanity should come first. That the relief of starvation, pain and misery should come before the pipe dreams of moon travel. That the wellbeing of millions, should be put before the adventures of the few. It is difficult to see, at present, how space research can possibly benefit mankind as a whole, even when all the secrets of the skies are made known. And does the man in the street really want to know how many mountains are on the moon? Surely it is true that one can travel the world and outer space, looking for a good deed to do, only to return home and find it on one's doorstep. Could the face of the old man in the moon, be wearing a broader smile these nights, as he looks down on the antics and stupidity of many men on earth?

DAVID FRAZER, Upper VI Sc.

RIDING A BICYCLE.

I love to ride in the countryside,
And watch the birds fly high.
Tinkling my bell,
I race through the dell,
Singing a song to the sky.

The squirrels pop up, with an acorn-cup
And watch the wheels go round.
The tyres are new,
And the bumps are few,
As I cover the leafy ground.

No longer I roam; it is time to go home,
To the house in the valley below.
So back I ride,
Heart full of pride,
With my bicycle lamp all aglow.

JANE WILLIAMS, 2B.

THE SPIDER.

(with apologies to Thomas Hood.)

I remember, I remember,
The web where I was born,
The little cranny where the sun
Came peeping in at morn,
It made the ghostly shadows,
As light would slowly creep
Through the cracks and crevices,
When I was still asleep.

I remember, I remember,
The stone wall, cold and grey,
And the little nooks and crannies
Where I hid myself away;
The silver web in the branch nearby,
I made, to catch my prey,
With patience by the web I lie
From the break of day.

I remember, I remember
How I used to make my web,
Round and round, and in and out,
With my strongest thread,
Sometimes in the teapot spout,
Sometimes in the wall,
Often indoors, often out,
Sometimes not at all.

I remember, I remember
The early morning dew,
As it spread along my silvery thread,
When the sun rose up anew.
Then I must keep so very still
And hardly move a limb,
For Robin's on the window-sill
And I'd make a meal for him.

CHRISTINE KILN, IIIA.

OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

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Magazine Editor: A. W. W. Devereux.

A good number of Old Pupils received, in place of the last issue of *Penvro* a letter explaining that it was not possible to continue sending copies to members who were two years or more in arrears with their subscriptions, and appealing to them to continue their support by bringing and keeping their subscriptions up to date. The response to this appeal was not so great as had been hoped. We make no excuses for reminding Old Pupils once again that the cost of production per copy is more than 2/6, and that were it not for special money-raising efforts in School, it would be impossible to continue publication.

During the summer Old Pupils will receive another appeal for their support. The committee is writing to as many of them as possible explaining what is probably the most important effort ever sponsored by the Old Pupils' Association—the raising of £4,000 for the repair and installation of the Albion Hall organ, generously offered to the School by the Pembroke Borough Council. The Association intends the organ to be a permanent memorial to Old Pupils who lost their lives in the Second World War, and has opened the subscription list with a donation of £450. We feel confident that all Old Pupils will be eager to help towards the acquisition of this organ for the School, and they are urged to send their contributions to the Fund Treasurer, Mr. G. Courtenay Price, at the School.

An article in this issue by Mr. W. H. Whitehall, the School Music Master, explains the advantages that the possession of such an organ would bring to the School.

OBITUARY.

ANTHONY JOHN COLRIDGE (1947 - 1952).

Those Old Pupils who entered School in 1947 and the following years, will be deeply shocked to learn of the tragically sudden death, on Sunday, March 5th, of Anthony John Colridge.

When he left Pembroke after the equally sudden death of his parents, he went to live near Bath, where he was employed as an accountant with a well-known firm of distillers. It became perfectly obvious quite early in his career that his true vocation lay elsewhere, and following the publication last year of the Albermarle Report on Youth Work, he decided to offer himself for training as a full time youth club leader. Last October he entered Westhill Training College, one of the Selly Oak group of Colleges in Birmingham. It was obvious that Tony had found his first love—work amongst young people. After what had seemed to be a life full of tragedy and ill-health, it was a great joy to see him work in this sphere.

It was while taking a group of his boys on a week-end camp that Tony complained of being affected by car fumes. He died in a matter of hours. Later it was revealed that though his death was untimely and accidental, he was, in fact suffering from a malignant disease. One is left to contemplate what great things he might have achieved in this his important chosen vocation.

We extend our sincerest sympathy to his fiancée, whom he was to have married in July.

We regret to record the death in Regina, Canada, on 3rd May, 1961, of James Albert Potter (1901 - 1907). At School he was captain of both Cricket and Football, and had a good academic record. He emigrated to Saskatchewan, Canada, in 1910 and took up farming. From 1917 to his retirement in 1955 he worked his own farm. He paid a last visit to this country in 1957 - 8. He never lost touch with his old school, and received *Penvro* regularly. It is a sad coincidence that the last surviving member of the School Staff of his time, Mr. J. H. Garnett, predeceased him by only a few months. We extend our deepest sympathy to his widow and two married daughters.

SENIOR SCIENCE MASTERS

It must surely be unique to read of the deaths of two such gentlemen in the same issue of a school magazine. I followed Mr. Garnett in this position in 1943 and shall always be grateful to him for his extreme kindness to me in showing me just how he had organized what in those days was the very latest in chemistry laboratories. And what a beauty it was too, with all his thoughts on the teaching of chemistry embodied in it. I spent two and a half very happy years in his lab.—I never thought of it as mine, and on leaving the School handed over my duties to Mr. Greenwood.

Unfortunately such were the difficulties of moving about the country just at the end of the war that I did not meet Mr. Greenwood. He must have followed me by a day or two. I feel that as fellow Yorkshiremen we should have had lots in common.

However, there will be a continuing thread, for in the same issue of *Penvro* I read that Mr. Greenwood's place has been taken by Mr. Keith Bowskill. I must have taught him when he was a new boy to the School! May success crown his efforts as he treads in the footsteps of 'Jimmy' Garnett.

H. W. SIMMONDS,
Science Master 1943-45.

Headmaster, Bedminster Downs School, Bristol.

AN ORGAN FOR THE SCHOOL?

The prospect of the School having an organ is very exciting, but in view of the considerable cost, some people may wonder if such expense is justified. It is true organs are very costly to build, but given normal care, there is no limit to the life of an organ. Many instruments exist which are hundreds of years old. Continental organs particularly, are often of great age. Holland, Germany and Austria have examples dating back in some cases to the fifteenth century.

The desirability, one almost writes necessity, of having an organ should be self-evident, but perhaps it may be expedient to cite the advantages which the acquisition of this instrument will bring us.

Its function will be three-fold. First may be mentioned the superiority of the organ for accompanying massed singing. Long ago the public schools discovered that the piano is quite inadequate for this purpose. Secondly, organ recitals can be given, but with its adaptability, the organ may be used to supply missing orchestral parts, so that a gifted pupil who may be able to play a piano concerto, can be accompanied by a very good substitute for the orchestra.

The third use, and it might have been placed first in order of importance, will be the facilities which can be offered for learning to play the organ. The dearth of players in churches and chapels is causing concern to clergy and people. Pupils who are able and interested will have every opportunity and encouragement to take lessons on what has been called the "King of Instruments."

W.H.W.

NEWS OF OLD PUPILS.

- Peta Bevans (1954), has completed her teaching training at Whitelands College Putney, and has been appointed to a school near Farnham, Surrey, for September.
- Vernon Blackmore (1950-57), left Pembroke Dock in March to join the Metropolitan Police.
- Stephen Brown (1950-57), who has been a civil engineer at Llanwern since September last, sailed for South Africa on 6th March to take up an appointment in Durban.
- Derek Cousins (1949-54) is now employed by the Norwich Union Assurance Company in Hampshire.
- Joan Carr (1949-57), whose engagement and marriage are recorded in this issue, completed her professional training at Exeter University in June, and has obtained a post at Teignmouth Grammar School.
- Richard Callen (1952-60) has entered H.M. Customs Service in London.
- Paul Crotty (1952-59), who is following an Honours Course in History at Swansea University College, was a member of the College Soccer 1st XI last season.
- David Darlington (1951-58), who completes his course at Dudley Training College in July, has obtained a teaching post for September at Watford Junior School.
- David Griffiths who since leaving school has been employed as an electrical engineer, has been commissioned in the Royal Air Force Regiment.
- John Colwyn Henton (1930-36) has been appointed Headmaster of Western Secondary School, Southampton. He is President of the Southampton Teachers' Association and serves on the National Advisory Council on Secondary Modern Education.
- Peter Hussey (1955-60) is now employed by Messrs. Fenwick, of Newcastle and London. After working for six months in various departments of the store, he has been appointed Assistant Advertising Manager.
- David James (1949-54) is doing his National Service with the Welch Regiment. He served with the regiment in Benghazi and is now stationed in Berlin.
- Marion Jenkins (1943-50) has been appointed to the English Department of the Newtown (Mont.) High School for Girls. Since 1954 she has been Senior House Mistress at the Royal College for the Blind, Shrewsbury.
- George Jones (1950-57), whose degree success is announced in this issue, left Aberystwyth on 26th June with a party of fellow-students for Iran, where they will spend the summer vacation undertaking a scientific survey of a remote area. George recently obtained an appointment with the Cotton Spinners Association, and will go to Cambridge University for a year on his return.
- Kenneth M. Lewis (1954-60) is now an apprentice with the South Wales Electricity Board at Cardiff, and received an award for the best Technical Advancement at the Prize-Day for S.W.E.B. Apprentices at Cardiff in March.
- Dorothy Lewis (1953-60) in her first year at Aberystwyth University College, followed up her achievement in being selected for the University of Wales Hockey XI by winning three events at the University Athletic Union Championships in May, the 80 metres hurdles, long jump and discus.
- Margaret Mathews left School last December and in January started nursing training at the Royal Masonic Hospital, London.
- Patrick Mockler (1939-44), now an engineering consultant in Persia, was present at the Shah's Royal Reception for H.M. the Queen on her visit to Persia earlier this year.
- Eric Morgan (1947-54) is now working as a civil engineer at Lagos, Nigeria, with the Italian firm of Cappa D'Alberto. He was present at the Independence Day Celebrations of Nigeria.

- Peter Oliver (1954-59) has completed a year's training in the Royal Navy and is serving as an Aircraft Mechanician at Lee-on-Solent.
- Michael Owen (1949-56) left this country in June for Johannesburg to take up a post with an important radio company.
- Terry Pantan (1947-55), who is an Experimental Officer at the atomic establishment at Capenhurst, Chester, has played several leading parts in the recent productions of the Chester Drama Company and the Chester Amateur Operatic Society.
- Robert Parcell (1953-59) a trainee surveyor with Messrs. Hadsphaltic, left in April to take up an appointment with the firm at Redhill, Surrey.
- Brian Rees (1956-59) signed on in January for nine years' service with the R.E.M.E. and was posted for training to Arborfield, Berks.
- Richard J. E. W. Rees (1947-54) was ordained last September by the Bishop of St. David's as curate of St. Issell's, Saundersfoot.
- Ted Ridley (1947-52) left for Jamaica early this year to take up a senior appointment with the Jamaican Electricity Board. For some years he has been with the S.W.E.B. locally. His wife, Frances, nee Rixon (1946-53), who has been Domestic Science Mistress at the Coronation School, will join him soon.
- David R. Rogers (1943-47) has been appointed assistant headmaster of a large school at Crawley, Sussex. He has been an assistant master at Stevenage for some years.
- Keith Smith (1951-59), after 18 months in the Civil Service Clerical Class, was promoted to the Executive Class in February.
- David Thomas (1951-57), after spending a year in research at Cardiff University College, has again distinguished himself and brought honour to the School by obtaining a post in open competition for the Senior Branch of the Foreign Office. It is only very rarely that men educated at Grammar Schools and provincial universities gain this distinction, and the Director of the Civil Service considered it sufficiently important to write to the Headmaster congratulating the School on David's achievement.
- Peggy Thomas (1931-37), the Secretary of the Penfro Dramatic Society, was appointed a Justice of the Peace for the Pembroke Division in January.
- Clifford Roberts (1942-47), now a Captain in the Royal Army Educational Corps, and stationed in Sierra Leone, has been home on three months' leave with his wife and two children.
- Hylda Thomas (1946-51), until recently the Headmaster's Secretary, has been elected to serve on the Students' Representative Council at Trinity College, Carmarthen, where she is a first-year student.
- Denise Tyndall (1952-57) is now working as an Executive Officer in the office of the Inland Revenue at Liverpool.
- Geoffrey Wainwright (1948-55) who gained First Class Honours in Archaeology at Cardiff University last year and has since been doing research for his Doctorate at London University, was awarded the degree of Ph.D. in June. He has been appointed Professor of Environmental Archaeology at Baroda University, and sails for India on 1st August.
- Angela Wilson left School last December and in January started nursing training at St. George's Hospital, London.
- Una Flint (1947-55) is now Head of the Scripture Department at the Girls' Grammar School, Northwich, Cheshire. She writes that it is a beautiful school opened four years ago, but that it is already overcrowded. We hope that her experience in another new—and overcrowded—school has helped her!
- Alec Carpenter (1939-44) writes that he is now working in the accounts section of the Head Office of the Regent Oil Company in London. He is hoping that he may be moved to their offices in America as, after his many years of service as a regular soldier, he still has the urge to travel.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagement:

- 1960
 Dec. 14—Dianne Crook (1954-58) to Richard James, of Colerne. Wilts.
 1961
 Jan. 27—Paul Evans, (1951-58) to Jacqueline Hay (1953-58).
 Jan. 5—Hilda Hughes (1941-48) to Bill Price, of Bala.
 Mar. 10—Franklyn Michael Knill (1953-57) to Janet Pritchard, of Cardiff.
 „ 17—Ann David (1947-54) to Cleo Dureau, of Saskatchewan, Canada.
 „ 24—David Nicholas (1949-54) to June Sangster, of Aberdeen.
 April 28—John Derham (1951-55) to Patricia Eastham, of Kirkham, Lancs.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage :

- Jan. 4—Patricia Bellerby (1952-58) to Barrimore J. Laxton, of Portsmouth.
 „ 28—Maxwell Smith (1951-56) to Marlene Wilton, of Pembroke Dock.
 Feb. 4—Sheila Colley (1947-52) to Stanley James Prout, of Stackpole.
 Mar. 4—Evan Scone (1947-53) to Margaret Rose Jefferies, of London.
 „ 25—Elizabeth Stamp (1952-58) to William Blackmore, of Pembroke Dock.
 Apr. 1—Suzanne Brown (1949-57) to Derek Green, of Wolverhamoton.
 „ 1—Olga Preece (1954-58) to Henry Kenna, of Pembroke Dock
 „ 3—Patricia Roberts (1951-57) to William James Preece, of Pembroke.
 „ 3—Ann David (1947-54) to Cleo Dureau, of Saskatchewan, Canada.
 „ 5—Rosemary Andrew (1952-59) to John Bowen, of Carew.
 „ —Chief P.O. Arthur Emmet (1936-39) to Barbara Clarke, of Pembroke Dock.
 „ 29—John Ebsworth (1950-57) to Joan Carr 1949-1957).

We have pleasure in recording the following births:

- 1960
 Oct. 30—To Valerie, wife of Keith Elsdon (1943-49), a daughter, Kerry Jane.
 Nov. 28—To Ann, nee Sherlock (1950-55), wife of Michael Mitchell, a son, Mark.
 1961
 Jan. 4—To Jean, nee Crutchley (1949-56), wife of Bernard Lewis, a daughter, Sally Ann.
 Mar. 2—To Carole, wife of Tony Thomas (1941-45), a daughter, Gillian Elizabeth.
 Apr. 16—To Anne, nee Wright (1952-58), wife of David Morgan, a daughter, Julie Dawn.
 June 4—To Maureen, nee Morgan (1945-50), wife of Keith Whittle, twin sons, Ian Paul and Colin Roger.

The following University examination results have been received to date, and we congratulate the Old Pupils concerned.

- John Trice, Cambridge, Class II, Division 1 in Part I of the Historical Tripos.
 Pat Kavanagh, Aberystwyth, Class II Division 1 in Geography.
 Ruth Cole, Aberystwyth, Class II Division 2 in English.
 James Croft, Aberystwyth, Class I in Agricultural Botany.
 George Jones, Aberystwyth, Class II Division 1 in Agricultural Botany.
 Eira Brickle, Bangor, Class II Division 1 in Biblical Studies.
 Yvonne Richards, Bangor, Diploma in Education.

RIDING A BICYCLE.

I'd pumped its tyres, I'd washed it down,
 That bicycle of mine.
 I'd promised to meet my friend from town
 Promptly, at half past-nine.

My friend arrived, and we set off,
 Not knowing where to go.
 We rode along; the road was rough,
 The going very slow.

The wind was blowing from the west
 We found it hard to ride
 Although we did our very best
 We were blown from side to side.

We struggled on, until the road
 Turned sharply to the right.
 Oh, how it eased our heavy load;
 Pedalling now was very light.

With the wind behind us we sailed on
 Enjoying the lovely view,
 Till all of a sudden we came upon
 A man, whom we scarcely knew.

“ The road is flooded, you must turn back ”
 He kindly told us then;
 But how could we face the rain's attack
 And fight that wind again?

It had to be—we must get home
 The effort we must make
 But how we wished we hadn't come,
 Oh, how our poor legs ached.

At last we reached home, tired, worn and wet,
 After walking most of the way.
 And I'm sure there's one thing we'll never forget:
 Our bicycle ride that day.

ELIZABETH JAMES, 2A.