

THE PENVRO



SPRING 1962

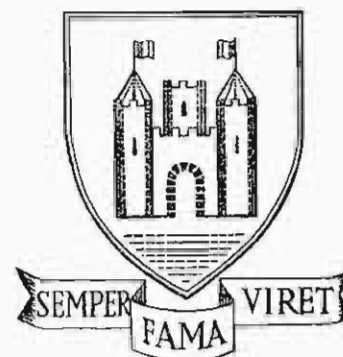
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THE PENVRO

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EDITORIAL

Since the last appearance of the *Penuro*, we in Pembroke Grammar School have had tragic news to hear. Mrs. Brenda Lloyd, one of our best loved young mistresses, only a few months married, passed away at the end of the Christmas term. Then, at the beginning of this term, we heard that young Jennifer Morgan, of vx, whom we all knew as a most promising, talented and vivacious pupil, had died at her home in Neyland. Fuller appreciations appear on following pages.

To the staff, we have welcomed Mr. Palfrey, who has recently taken over Mr. Bevan's duties at Bush House, Miss Pratt, Mr. Alun Owen, Miss Pamela Williams. Miss Hazel Griffiths has been away from school for most of the term and we wish her a speedy recovery. Meanwhile Mrs. Hollick has returned to the school to deputize for her. For some time also, Mr. Ierwyn Charles helped out in the Maths department.

Of the minutiae of school life, there is little to recall. With regret we note that Roger Horgan's Dixieland Band played at its last function in September. Gourmets among the diners at the school canteen have applauded the appearance of mint sauce at table, and sixth form aesthetes have deplored the re-decoration of the girl prefects' room with khaki paint. For ourselves, we simply wonder what the new buildings in the farm are for—barn dances, maybe?

MRS. BRENDA LLOYD, B.A.

The end of the Christmas term was a very subdued and sad event when it became known that Mrs. Brenda Lloyd had passed away on the last Tuesday of term. She had only been away from school for a week and no one suspected that her illness was so serious. When news of her death reached school it was received in a shocked silence.

Mrs. Lloyd became a member of the staff of Pembroke Grammar School in 1957 and in her four years of service shared in the teaching of Welsh, French and English. Her happy and friendly nature, her conscientious attitude to her work and her sympathetic interest in her pupils made her a valuable and helpful member of the staff.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to her husband, Mr. Emlyn Lloyd, the senior Latin master and to her family in Llanelly.

The funeral was attended by the Headmaster, several members of the men staff, the Head Boy and pupils of the Advanced Welsh Class.

JENNIFER MORGAN

On January 17th Jenny died of cancer. She attended school for a few days at the beginning of September. She had complained of a pain in her leg and she was taken to hospital. In October her leg was amputated.

At school we knew her as a gay, vivacious girl with great musical ability. In our generation we have not known anyone with such a sparkling talent and such a propensity for giving pleasure to others. At morning assembly, during morning break, during the dinner hour and after school, both with Barber and Beethoven, she played and contributed to the more civilised sounds of between-lesson times. All her concentrated energies were given to the school choir, and to the Eisteddfod she gave herself to the point of exhaustion. When she was not making music she was talking about it to Mr. Whitehall. That is how we knew her.

Her illness revealed a mature personality of great strength and depth which was unknown to us previously. Throughout the pain and suffering of the amputation and the disease, there had been no attempt to elicit sympathy from her family or her friends. Her concern was to give pleasure, to play down the illness and to entertain.

Nervously entering the ward three days after the amputation, one was confronted with a dozen people, a roomful of flowers and a very handsome Jenny enjoying the attention and holding the centre of the stage with enthusiasm, but in pain. "We shall be expecting you at the Christmas party, Jenny," "I shall be there." "But it's in fancy dress." "I shall be there as Long John Silver," was the immediate reply.

Three days after returning home from hospital she was singing in the school choir at the recital at St. Mary's Church and she said her farewells to us all as Long John Silver in the Christmas party. Three weeks later she had died still concerned about the trouble she was causing her family.

At the service, Bach's "My Heart ever Faithful" on the organ was the school's last tribute to this remarkable girl.

THE GERMAN SCHOOL

(From the French of Théophile Gautier)

I love old paintings of the German School!
 Sweet maids with almond-eyes against a golden ground,
 Their faces lily white, their hair a honey gold,
 Kneeling devoutly with their gaze to heaven upturned,
 Saint Agnes and Saint Ursula, Saint Catherine,
 Folding white hands upon their snowy breasts;
 Chubby-cheeked cherubims with wings of brightest blue,
 Sailing the firmament on diadems of pure gold;
 Majestic angels raising crowns and palms;
 These grave-faced, calm-eyed, mystic men,
 Forever bent above the books of prayer,
 Shining amidst the blues and greens afar.
 The drawing may be stiff, the colour poor,
 Véronèse does not paint at all like this:
 Great Sarizco with far more grace
 Could mould their form and round their shape;
 But even he within a frame so chaste
 Would not portray such simple pious innocence;
 Nor would he find, to paint those lovely eyes,
 More love within his heart, more azure in the skies;
 Nor would he cause those golden locks to flow
 In gentler waves about that rounded brow.
 His virgins do not show upon their lovely face,
 That stamp of guileless sweet serenity

PATRICIA THOMAS.

THE SCHOOL FARM

On the School Farm two new poultry houses are under construction, one for rearing chickens, the other is the laying house. Each can contain 1,000 birds. This time the sheds are insulated and ventilated by fans.

An interesting aspect of design is the fact that they have no windows, only artificial light. The idea of this, is to give the hens a short amount of daylight at first, increasing from six hours per day by fifteen minutes per week, to seventeen hours daylight per day. Under these conditions the hens experience a sense of perpetual spring. The bird's eye is sensitive to increasing daylight, this sets up a chain reaction, whereby the brain causes greater activity in the pituitary gland which stimulates the ovary to produce more eggs.

The hens are placed on slatted floors and the houses are designed to produce the utmost efficiency and are equipped with all sorts of labour saving devices.

G. T.

MY VISIT TO PEMBROKE

I am very pleased to have the opportunity to write an article in your *Penvro* as a member of another people with another character, different manners, different education at school and other opinions. I will try to do my best to promote the exchange between Great Britain and Germany in writing a report about my impressions of Britain, especially at Pembroke Grammar School, and comparing them with our custom in Germany.

My first impression of English territory, which showed me much of the British character, I had at the customs at Dover. Although an immense crowd was waiting for its turn, the customs officers were not to be rattled and had time enough to speak a friendly word to every person. You were not treated like a part of a crowd which must be dispatched, as you would be in Germany; you were an individual person and the officers showed an interest in every single foreigner. This important fact I felt later on at my whole stay in Pembroke.

Here, everybody, firstly Mr. Roberts who came to the station in his car, and then the family, the teachers and all my school-fellows, gave me a warm and friendly welcome.

At first the British school life was very strange to me and it was with the help of all my friends who showed me everything and received me into their circle, that I felt at home after a short time.

Now about the life of the pupils at Pembroke Grammar School.— It is not my task to judge between the British school formation which is based on the specialisation of subjects, and the preparation of the pupils for university, and the German school formation based on the general knowledge of the pupils. However, the way in which this school formation is treated is excellent. Really every pupil in the VIth form has the opportunity of choosing the subjects which he is interested in, and there is no difficulty in the distribution of the lessons. At some German schools people try to adopt the British school system, but they are still far away from it.

It is not the school system which induces me to esteem Pembroke Grammar School, but the great discipline and the good spirit prevailing in this school. The pupils do not work as hard as we do, but I think one of the main points of their school life, particularly in the VIth form, is the life in the society having time to talk, discuss and play together. This very important point in their education comes off a loser at our school in Stuttgart.

Teachers and pupils are brought together at prayers every morning, at lessons, and on the school playing-fields and creates a very good understanding among all pupils at Pembroke Grammar School, for they are not sitting the whole day behind their desks and books as German pupils do. It is no wonder that discipline in British schools is enforced more strictly than in Germany, for there is a representative self-administration of the pupils consisting of prefects who have great authority, being able to punish every boy or girl. (I was told that discipline at Pembroke Grammar School is not excessively good, but it is good compared with that of our school!)

All Welsh people I made friends with had a good opinion of Germany, and I must cancel a prejudice which many Germans have against the British which is that the British are haughty and hostile-minded against the Germans. During my whole stay in Britain I did not notice any haughtiness. On the contrary, many of my school friends

said, for instance, that the British manners are an exception all over the world.

It was very interesting for me to hear about the relationship between Great Britain and Germany at the political conference at Milford Haven. There I noticed that the British generally think very well about Germany and are able to forget the past. Unfortunately some British mean that there are still plenty of 'Nazis' in Western Germany and they want to demonstrate it by pointing to the 'DRP' (Deutsche Reichsparter) which has some followers in our people. I must discourage this opinion. It is absurd to think that there are many people in Western Germany who affirm today, Hitler and his rule, and the political education of the youth is a democratic one as well as in Britain. The 'DRP' is, no doubt, an extreme right party, but, however, it would never affirm the drawback of the National Socialism in the past, besides this party is far too small to have a member in the 'Bundestag' (Parliament) or any influence on the West German Government. Another point is that the British pupil can hardly appreciate the division of Germany. In school I was asked why there is any difficulty at the existence of two German states. I think nobody would ask such a question if his country was divided and had lost its capital, and his brothers and sisters were behind an 'iron curtain,' had no rights and had to risk their lives for freedom.

I could fill one whole *Penvro* with my impressions of Great Britain or Pembroke, but I shall show that the Germans are modest and have some place for the Welsh. I hope my report contributes something to the understanding between our two peoples—at least between the people of Pembroke Grammar School and Dillmann-Gymnasium, Stuttgartard.

EBERHARD SCHMIDT.

SILVER AND GOLD

*"Silver and gold have I none,
Nor a ring with which to wed,
But I will bind you fast to me
With a chain of ruby red.*

*"Silver and gold have I none"
But a brawny strong right hand,
And I will pluck the stars from the sky,
And the gold from the sand.*

*And I will gather violets fair,
And the dainty primrose sweet,
And the quaint star daisies from the field,
To lay at your tiny feet.*

*So let us away to the light of day
Ere the silvery moon grows old.
Away o'er the hills to the rainbow's end
With its shining pot of gold.*

CAROL WOODWARD, Vx.

THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB

The officers and committee of the club for this year were: *Chairman*, Peter Lundie; *Vice-Chairman*, Wendy Cavaney; *Secretary*, Suzanne King; *Treasurer*, Phillip Lain; *International Service Secretary*, Sally Brown; *Pen-pal Secretary*, Marion Gough; *Catering Secretary* Eiry Bowen.

Committee: Jacqueline Evans, Angela May, Patsy Anfield, Brian Devereux, Richard Malt, Paul Reynolds, Donald Gough, Hugh Owen, Nigel Rogers-Lewis, Alan Pritchard, Colin Good, Roger Morgan, Clifford James, Malcolm Phillips.

At the first meeting coloured slides of the school activities of 1960-61 and of the International Meeting held in the school during the summer vacation were shown. Margaret Morgan and Graham Phillips spoke of the International Meeting. Suzanne King spoke of the club's intention to sell UNICEF Christmas Cards, and Marion Gough of the scheme to encourage pen-pal correspondence with other countries.

At the next meeting Phillip Lain began with a tribute to Dag Hammarskjöld and everyone stood as a personal tribute to this great international benefactor. Mr. Brian Howells gave an illustrated talk on Dubronik, and the meeting ended with the showing of the film "David," which dealt with the life of a Welshman and a Welsh community in Carmarthenshire.

Miss Lusel Brimer, a student from Gottingen University in Western Germany, was spending a holiday in the area and we were fortunate in having her services in speaking to us on the International Pestalozzi Children's Village Home at Battle, Sussex, where she had been working during the vacation. Later in the evening three colour films on Africa were shown: "Surf Boats of Accra," "Traders in Leather," and "Khariba Dam," which described vividly the construction of the dam and the difficulties encountered. The film gave an interesting account of 'Operation Noah' in which the wild animals trapped by the rising waters, were rescued.

United Nations Day was celebrated by the club on November 3rd. The evening began with a communal reading of the Declaration of Human Rights. This was followed by a tribute to Dr. Nansen. There was a narration of his life and selections from his speeches read by Roger Morgan and Pat Moore. Later the films "World Without End" and "Open Your Eyes" were shown, illustrating the work of UNESCO.

The next meeting was a 'Learners' Dance,' which provided relaxation from the hard work of the term's Practical Project. We were able to provide help this year for two schemes. Members sold 500 Christmas Cards for UNICEF and we were able to send over £18 to the London office. It was also felt by members that we should help Cancer Research, and there was a tremendous response to this, each individual member putting what he could in a box manned in the main corridor for a week by Sally Brown and Suzanne King, who were organising the appeal. During the first two nights of the Christmas holiday a large party of our members went around the Borough singing carols to the accompaniment of a trumpet. A total of over £37 was collected.

At the end of the term our Christmas party was held. It was our most successful party yet with a larger number and a greater variety of fancy costumes than usual. Jennifer Morgan won the competition for the best fancy dress as Long John Silver. After the games there were carols which came to an abrupt end with the entrance over the balcony

of Father Christmas—John Bevan and his four attendants, Sally Brown, Suzanne Evans, Joy Williams and Pat Moore. There was supper, films, and the evening ended with a dance.

The first meeting of the Easter Term was an illustrated lecture by Eric Morgan, an old pupil of the school, on Nigeria, where he now holds a position as a civil engineer. This was the second lecture which Eric has given us. About seven years ago he spoke of his trip to an uninhabited part of Canada with the British Schools' Exploration Society. This talk was equally interesting with snake skins, leopard skins, and a Nigerian costume to add colour to the talk.

It was an unusual treat to be able to listen to a recital of songs by Mr. Alwyn Charles early in the term. The school hall does not compare with the opera houses of Southern Germany but no audience has been more thrilled and delighted by this rich dramatic bass voice. Mr. Whitehall was the accompanist and Mr. Shaw introduced and explained the songs.

The following evening saw Mr. Shaw as the chairman of a very different performance. The panel of the Juke Box Jury were: Antoinette Pearce, Angela May, Messrs. David Jones, Ken Cooper and the Rev. J. B. Lewis. This was followed by another experiment of Beetle Drive.

At the next meeting the films "Peaceful Revolution" and "Lord Siva Danced" and "Festivals in Japan" were shown and Judith Maher spoke of life in Japan.

The last meeting before the *Penvro* goes into print was devoted to Country Dancing. Mr. Gwyn Griffiths, the Urdd Organiser for Pembrokeshire, was the 'caller,' and for three-and-a-half hours we danced without stopping and without repeating one dance.

YOUNG FARMERS' CLUB

After a highly successful season last year the club again started strongly. At the Annual General Meeting a record number of members was recorded—seventy-four. Forty-three of these were new members.

The following appointments were made: *President*, Mr. T. C. Roberts, *Chairman*, Nigel Rogers-Lewis, *Secretary*, Robert Thorne, *Press Secretary*, Suzanne King, *Treasurer*, Alan Pritchard (a new appointment).

In the first important competition, namely the Public Speaking Competition, we 'swept the board' in all three classes. Teams:

Under 16's; Under 21's; Under 25's.

Marion Gough was chosen as best speaker and Angela Hay best chairman in the county.

However we lost our leading position in the 'Drama Festival' competition despite stirring performances by Peter Lewis and Roger Macallum, ably supported by Nigel Rogers-Lewis, Graham Evans, Janet Harries and Sandra Stevens on stage, and an efficient team back stage. We were placed ninth out of sixteen clubs. We would like to thank Mr. Cooper for his valuable assistance in producing our play.

In the Knock-out Quiz we were narrowly beaten in the semi-finals by Tenby Y.F.C. despite wins in previous rounds over Martletwy and Clynderwen Y.F.C's.

Team: Marion Gough, Suzanne King, Angela Hay, Guy Thomas, Alan Pritchard, Robert Thorne and Nigel Rogers-Lewis.

Robert Thorne, who left at the end of the Christmas Term after four years distinguished service, was succeeded as secretary by Guy Thomas, and in the quiz team by Nigel Rogers-Lewis.

G. T.

THE CHOIR

If you happen to be in the vicinity of the assembly hall between 4 o'clock and 5 o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon you may hearken to the 'Herald Angels singing.' It is, in reality, the weekly school choir practice in progress.

At the beginning of the Christmas Term the choir began preparations for a tape recording which was to be played at a Ministry of Education week-end course for Music Teachers in Yorkshire. After many hours spent in search of perfection, the choir now realises the hardships of recording, the final performance being marred only by the unmelodious cacophony caused by the rather untimely unbalancing of Mr. Whitehall's music stand, and the failure of Mr. Islwyn Griffiths to "switch on." Nevertheless, the choir feels that their efforts were not entirely in vain, as we have since heard that the recording has been played also at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth; at Cardiff; at a Ministry of Education course for music teachers in County Durham, and also to Her Majesty's Inspector of Music, at the Ministry of Education in London. Although members of the choir would have preferred to make personal appearances, all are pleased that the recordings have been so well received.

The Annual Recital held at St. Mary's Church, Pembroke, was again a great success. The choir sang a number of 16th century Polyphonic anthems, and Mr. Whitehall played several works on the organ.

A new venture this term was the visit to Carew Church to give a repeat performance of this recital. We were very warmly received, and afterwards were entertained to supper, which was very kindly provided by Mrs. Lewis and the ladies of the parish.

The choir again made its usual appearance at Prize Day on December 13th.

Anthems have also been sung in Assembly on Friday mornings throughout the term.

J. P.

GOLD AND SILVER

*Silver skein of the river
Winds through the valley steep,
Golden hues of the rainbow
Burnt on the highest peak.*

*Silver paths of moonbeams
Stream o'er the restless sea,
Golden rays of sunrise
Break on a world set free.*

*Silver spears of raindrops
Beat on the parched earth.
Golden buds unfolding,
Wakened again to birth.*

MICHAEL JONES, Vx.

BOXING DAY

*Christmas is finished
The turkey diminished
The crackers are pulled
Festivities lulled
But deep in our hearts
We know on this day
Our Lord Jesus Christ
One day old there did lay.*

*For Joseph and Mary, the angels above
Had told them that Christ was the meaning of love,
So this Boxing Day, as years long ago
His love and His spirit on us He'll bestow.*

JENNIFER TOMLINSON, Upper IVB.

THE PARK

*The park is the place where children play,
On every summer's holiday.
They play on the roundabout and swings,
And sometimes they make daisy rings.*

*The park is the place where lovers meet,
With a fond embrace they sometimes greet.
Then arm in arm, they often tell
Secrets near the wishing well.*

*The park is the place where mothers go,
Pushing their babies to and fro;
Idly chatting of this and that
Often admiring one's new hat.*

*The park is the place where tennis is played,
And many a budding star is made;
Where little girls can lead their dogs
In safety from the mad road-hogs.*

*The park is the place where sportsmen bowl,
A silver cup, their ambitious goal;
Where putting, too, is often played
By many a lad and many a maid.*

*The park is the place where grandma strolls,
Often watching while grandad bowls;
Watching the children and thinking of yore,
When she was three, and he perhaps four.*

*The park is the place where flowers abound;
When Spring's gay sunshine has warmed the ground.
That's what the park really means to me,
Where everyone's happy, gay and free.*

SUSAN COLLINS, IIIA.

THE AVALANCHE

"Listen," said Hans, as he came into the ski-hütte we were sharing, perched high on the mountainside, and gazing down on Lienz, that charming little village situated in the Austrian Tyrol, "— I hear the snow moving. I think soon there starts an avalanche."

As he spoke in his halting English, I could indeed hear an ominous rushing sound echoing between the majestic peaks on either side of this steep-sided valley. It was May, and dazzlingly beautiful. To me disaster seemed very remote—yet even I, with my meagre knowledge of the mountains, knew that an avalanche was a terrifying weapon of nature.

"But we shall be safe here, Hans," I queried. "Surely we are too high up to be in any danger here?"

"Perhaps," he murmured thoughtfully. He took out his long, curling pipe, lit it, and began to puff slowly, his clear steady eyes watching the blue smoke whip up into the crystal air of the mountains

This was my first real mountaineering holiday, and though I had climbed many peaks in Britain, the area around Lienz provided me with a much greater challenge, with its ice-crusting rocks, biting winds—and incredible sunshine. Here, truly, was a majestic skyline, and one achieved great satisfaction from scaling even the smaller peaks and gazing down upon the little hamlets with their minarets of red and green.

I had arrived in Innsbrück a fortnight ago, and had there engaged Hans as my guide and companion. Hans himself came from Dolsack, a tiny village in the valley outside Lienz, so he knew these parts from childhood. We had been waiting in our ski-hütte for nearly a day while Hans decided if the snow was fit for us to attempt another peak. It looked now as if there would be further delay, for all around us could be heard the creaking and slipping noises made by the melting snow. A thaw had set in

"I think we will make for the valley," decided Hans, and with this decision I had to agree. We buckled on our skis, and, muffled well against the cold, we began our exhilarating descent. Suddenly, as we crested the brow of a ridge, Hans stopped and pointed to the left with his ski-stick. There, where he indicated, was a brownish, heaving mass of greedy, destructive snow, mud, trees and boulders. It roared down over the mountain side like an express train. Then, crashing into a ravine it spread out over the desolated valley below. From where we stood we could see dozens of black specks—the peasants who had flung themselves out of the path of the avalanche only just in time.

Bearing to the right, where the snow was still firm and strong, Hans and I sped on quickly down. In no time we had zig-zagged down to the floor of the valley, and, unstrapping our skis, hurried to the scene of the disaster—for the avalanche had hit part of Dolsack.

We were soon stopped by a smart 'politzei' in a greeny uniform.

"Du kanst nicht durch galen," he ordered. Hans rapidly explained that he was from Dolsack, and wished to approach nearer, if allowed, so that he might obtain news of his family.

Consent was given, and, shouldering our skis, we scrambled over the debris until we reached a small group of villagers, black shawls flung over their heads. Even as we reached the spot, the valley shuddered again and down the mountainside cascaded another avalanche—

I could see a whole chalet twisting and hurtling down, breaking to pieces as it came; pine trees twisting and being tossed about like matches in a gutter, and great boulders bounced and bounced again tearing out a path of complete destruction. Then came silence as the melting mass spread its desolation over the sedate fields in its path. As it did so it whipped a whole road bridge like an offending blemish, and still the mass was spreading.

I stood overwhelmed, only the mellow note of a cow bell breaking the swishing silence of the avalanche.

PHILIP LAIN Vx.

SCRIPTURE UNION

President, Suzanne King *Secretary*, Judith Payne

The senior Scripture Union meets every Thursday at 1.15 in Room 10, under the very able leadership of Miss Lewis and Miss Williams.

The meeting usually takes the form of a Bible study, followed by a lively discussion. Quizes, Brain Trusts and Debates are also held frequently, presenting splendid opportunities to argue out together the difficult, and often puzzling problems which necessarily arise from a study of the Bible.

We would like to express our grateful thanks to Miss Margaret Jones, B.Sc., Rev. J. L. Phillips and Rev. Calvin Thomas who have been kind enough to address our meetings at various dates during the term.

A number of our members attended a convention at Whitland on March 17th, when Professor. F. Rhodes (Professor of Geology at Swansea University) spoke on "Science and the Christian Faith."

J. P.

This term a Junior Scripture Union has been formed. It is a branch of the Senior Scripture Union. During the first meeting a committee was appointed. It consisted of: David Campbell (Chairman), Helen Butters (Secretary), Ann Gough (Publicity Secretary), Kathryn Phillips (IVth Form Representative), Ann Jones (IIIrd Form Representative), Helen Stewart (IInd Form Representative).

The Union meets every Tuesday in Room 10 at 1.15 p.m. The meetings take the form of "Criss Cross Quiz," "Any Questions," "Charades," Talks, Films, Bible Studies and many other things.

All new members are welcome.

HELEN BUTTERS.

THE AUTUMN FAIR

Although Annie had by this time become resigned to the fact that the fair was a thing looked forward to in the valleys, she had always some nagging feeling at the back of her mind that no good would come of it. Until she married Shonie at the early age of eighteen Annie had lived in Cardiff. There she had spent a comfortable life, wearing smart clothes which she chose to suit her flaming red hair and fresh complexion, but now, after twenty years of life in Merthyr and living with Shonie, she had given up all hopes of keeping up her appearances and had become as one with the dark, dinghy town and the others of its inhabitants.

Shonie, short and dark, with a snub nose and blank complexion had worked in the pits since he was thirteen years of age, and was used to the dark under-world where he spent most of his time. Annie had been at first attracted by Shonie's bald and muscly appearance, but by this time all the novelty of married life had worn off; Shonie treated her like a piece of furniture and she felt dead to herself and to the world. She had become as dark as death in the deep shadows of the valleys and their pits.

Annie was lucky to have the occasional company of her son, but now at the age of nineteen, Johnie, who was fair-haired, blue-eyed and of ruddy complexion was looking among the town-girls for an eligible wife and so she could see the shadow of loneliness coming nearer and nearer. Johnie, like his father, had gone to the pit at an early age and was used to living in a world of darkness—Getting up before dawn broke, red and glowing over the horizon and retiring to his iron bedstead when the clouds spread purple splendour to shadow the streets and pits—thus Johnie sensed little of his mother's uneasiness and loneliness.

It was the first Saturday night of the fair. The town seemed to have an undercurrent of life like the young trees in spring—something invisible which gave marvellous results! As music blared noisily over the house tops and lights gave everything the look of being on fire Annie carried on with preparing the tea for Shonie and Johnie and tried to suppress the urge within her—the urge to recall her youthful days and enjoy herself once again—a thing which she had not truly done since she had come to Merthyr.

It was of little surprise to Annie to see her husband and son return early from their shifts bright-eyed and on edge. It was as if something had caught hold of them, something that could be sensed but not seen. Usually feet would drag over the cobbled streets and backs were bent under steel helmets, but tonight there was a new urgency about everything. Instead of sinking forlornly into the armchair beside the fire Shonie gulped down his meal and Johnie took down the tin bath from the wall and filled it with steaming water before the fire. It was little more than an hour before Johnie had run off with his friends and Shonie had shuffled off to join the boys at the local.

Everybody seemed to be caught up in something, everybody other than Annie. Forlornly she opened the curtains—people swarmed in from the valleys, both old and young, all coming to enjoy themselves. Annie looked longingly at the young girls, vivid in their reds and blues with painted faces and high-heeled shoes. Why could she not join them, surely she had a right to get the most out of life? After all she was only thirty-eight!

Leaving the tin bath by the fire and the food on the table Annie got out her brightest clothes and with the aid of a belt tied as tightly as possible, high-heeled shoes, a few lines of make-up and a tot of gin for confidence she left the house determined to have a fine time—yes, determined to bring back the old days that she experienced before she had come to the dark valleys.

One might draw one's own conclusions about the group of people with whom Annie found herself that night, but Annie's state at one o'clock the following morning was bad enough to occupy the idle tongue of the gossip for at least a month.

No-one ever saw Annie in the fair for years following. Having realised that it was useless trying to recapture her youth she became reconciled to the fact that since she had made her bed in the valleys there she must stay—amidst the cruel blackness of life like death, with strangers!

EIRY BOWEN, VIA.

THE MARKET

*Market Day, a hectic day,
Selling fruit, grapes fresh from the vine;
Where all the noisy salesmen say:
"Buy Mine! Buy Mine! Buy Mine!"*

*Women selling flowers gay,
Chrysanthemums and roses,
Bright and fresh throughout the day,
Until the market closes.*

*Farmers buying cows and pigs
The best that they can see;
Women selling dates and figs
Along with Indian tea.*

*When the stalls are taken down
And people drift away,
A sudden silence fills the town
To end this Market Day.*

MARTIN LOCKLEY, IIA.

SCIENCE SOCIETY

President : The Headmaster

Vice-Presidents : Miss J. Jones, Messrs. K. J. Bowskill, S. Griffith, J. Nicholas.

Joint Secretaries : Christine Nash, David Lloyd-Williams

Committee :

Carole Morgan, Angela Hay, Roger MacCallum, Brinley Brown, Victor Catherall, Clifford James, Hugh Owen, Brian Morgan.

During the last six months the Science Society has been quite active. On October 17th we showed two films "The Revealing Eye" and "The Discovery of a New Pigment" which proved to be an enjoyable evening under the chairmanship of Malcolm Phillips.

The debate "That there is too much specialisation in Forms VI" on November 14th attracted much attention. The speakers were Angela Hay and Christopher Morgan for the motion, they were opposed by Peter Lewis and Peter Lundie. This meeting resulted in a draw.

On November 21st, Mr. Derek Geldert, M.Sc., A.M.I., Chem. E., from Bradford, talked to us about the Technical College at Bradford and the advantages of this type of Education.

We were privileged to be given a talk by Dr. K. A. Thomas, of Swansea University, on Physics and Astronomy.

We started the New Year with an interesting debate on whether "Scientists would govern Britain better than Politicians." John Nash and Derek Morgan were for the motion and Clifford James and Marion Gough opposed it.

On February 13th we had to admit defeat by the Young Farmers in a quiz.

A fitting end to our Society meetings this term were the talks by David Frazer and John Waller on Nobel and Edison respectively on March 13th.

We intend to conclude our session by visiting Llandarcy Oil Refinery and the Steel Works of Wales on April 5th.

GEE UP LITTLE HORSE
(From the Welsh)

Gee up little horse
To carry us
Across the mountain
To hunt for nuts.

Water in the river
The stones are slippery.
We both fell down,
Well! there's a trick.

MAUREEN REES, IIB.

UNITED NATIONS CLUB

Last term's activities were concluded with a four-day trip to North Wales. A party of thirty members and three staff established a base at a Youth Hostel outside Bala, and journeyed from there to the Snowdon area and to the Llangollen International Eisteddfod. Some members of the Club have written enthusiastically about their experiences.

"What I enjoyed most of all on this trip was the Swallow Falls. This is one of the most beautiful and picturesque waterfalls in Wales. The water runs down steep step-like rocks. The water was billowing over the rocks and as it did so it turned into foam and froth and bubbles. There are steps provided so that it is possible to walk right down to the very bottom of the valley. When you have arrived at the bottom you can see all of the falls. . . . When standing at the bottom of the falls the water splashed into our faces." (M.J., IVA).

"The Eisteddfod was the most impressive thing—and the costumes. We were not able to go into the main tent to see the dancing but we could hear it and see a little of the dancing on television sets placed around the main tent and in smaller tents. . . . Some of the competitors were dancing and singing on the ground outside the main tent." (C.R., 3c).

" . . . It only cost us one shilling and sixpence to enter the Eisteddfod field. When we first entered the field, a competition of international mixed choirs was being held; huge loudspeakers and microphones picked up the happenings in the concert tent and many people unable to find room in the marquee sat and listened. As we wandered we saw many wonderful and traditional costumes of the countries of the world. We marvelled at the fabulous array of colours. . . . I saw only one country actually performing their folk dances—but it was wonderful. They were rehearsing for an appearance on British Television. This particular group was from the Ukraine. Their clothes seemed to me to be the most colourful of all. Their group included four small children aged about seven years. Willingly they performed for their admirers and every step was perfect." (S.S., IVA).

"The part of the trip I enjoyed most was the journey by bus and foot around the foothills of Snowdon. We saw higher mountains and deeper valleys than I have ever seen before. . . . We stepped out of the bus carrying our hostel-packed lunches of pilchard and honey sandwiches and bits of the cake that we had for supper the night before. We followed a long track around the side of a smallish mountain and saw a small lake with a ruined cottage beside it. We had been told that we would eat beside a lake with Snowdon in our view and we thought our journey had come to an end; but still we carried on until we saw another lake—a larger one—where we ate our packed lunch and threw stones into the water. . . . Mist covered the top of Snowdon and the peaks flanking it." (H.B., IIIA).

"The most interesting and beautiful place we visited was the Elan Valley. It was really breathtaking to stand and watch the foaming water cascading down the side of the reservoir dam. We walked right across the top of the dam, and it was a wonderful experience to look right down over the dam and feel the soft wet spray gently touching our faces." (J.S., IVA).

"Going to bed was quite exciting as there were bunks, I being in the top deck. At least, I did sleep." (A.P., IVt).

BALLAD OF THE GOOD SHIP "NELL"

*It was upon a cold bleak day,
I met two travellers here, I say,
Who sadly wandered on their way,
Footsore and weary, both were they.*

*I took them in and fed them well,
And what a story I heard them tell,
About a ship—"The Good Ship Nell,"
And the dreadful fate that it befell.*

*As fine a ship as ever graced
A British harbour, sleek and braced,
A crew as good as can be traced,
Sailed in the good ship, "Nell."*

*They sailed one day from Plymouth Hoe,
To the West Indies off to go,
But what a journey—full of woe
Befell the good ship "Nell."*

*All of a sudden out of the west,
A tempest struck with zeal and zest,
The sails were cut and abandoned, lest
The ship should sink that day.*

*Through all the night the gale it blew,
The ship was stricken all askew,
What was to happen, no one knew,
Aboard the good ship "Nell."*

*The captain prayed, the bosun swore,
The wind howled louder than before
And echoed from the fo'c'sle door,
Aboard the good ship "Nell."*

*The gallant helmsman hugged the wheel,
And tied his muffler to the keel,
To stop him slithering like an eel,
Upon the good ship "Nell."*

*The first mate, old and grey and wizen,
Was blown from off the after-mizzen.
"Gadsooks," quoth he, "this wind has risen,"
Here on the good ship "Nell."*

*The following day dawned bright and clear,
But of the crew, but three I fear,
Were left alone to try and steer,
The good ship "Nell."*

*The tragic story of their fate,
The epic struggle of the mate,
To try and save the china crate
Upon the good ship "Nell."*

*And thus they told the sorry tale,
Their tear-wet cheeks and faces pale,
Recalled the end of those who sailed
Upon the good ship "Nell." ROGER POWELL, IVA.*

THE PARK

*The park, fair garden of delight,
Where often at the summer's height
I walk, and pause awhile to view
The roses rare, of varied hue,
Their perfume lingers on the air
Pure scent of nature, wondrous rare.*

*The Rockery ablaze with flowers,
Glist'ning with raindrops from the showers,
The pathways winding here and there,
Lined with fuchsias once so bare
Of leaves, and blossoms brilliant red
On emerald grass their petals shed.*

*Ahead I see the wooded glade.
In rustic green, the oak cast shade,
For there from burning noon-tide heat
I rest, yet chat and also greet
The passers-by, who speed their way
Towards the lake, this summer's day.*

*Canoes glide o'er the mirrored face
Of waters blue, and swans do race
To gain the prize of bread, the bait
Thrown by a boy, a little late
For school, but parks, and lakes and boats
Are better far, than taking notes.*

*Over a bridge the old men lean
To see beneath amidst the green
Of water plants and streamlet clear,
A shoal of silver fish swim near
The bank, where weeping willows bend
To watch cygnets that onward wend.*

*A sound of children's voices clear
Bids me to cross a lawn, from where
I see the swings go low and high
Carrying toddlers to the sky,
While red-faced boys climb trees and fight
Their wars, each one a famous knight.*

*The bell rings out the warning sound
Of closing time, and so are found
Reluctant, those who bowls do play
In concentrated skilful way
On velvet green, 'tis time to end
The journey through the park my friend.*

SARAH JANE MONICO, IIIA.

TIDES

Tides, those monsters which play an important part in the lives of many men and sea creatures. There are many molluscs for instance which live almost a sedentary life and they depend upon the ebb and flow of the tides to bring food within their reach.

I used to live in a tiny fishing village on the Cornish coast, near one of the favourite seaside resorts, Falmouth. Naturally, to the fisher-folk of this village the tides could bring poverty or even wealth to their homes. My father was one of those people, as he was the captain of a trawler.

The lighthouse keeper has also got to keep account of the tides and has always to be on the alert for ships approaching in low tides to warn them of the rocks which surround the coast.

Sometimes, when I lay awake in bed at night, I listened to the tide beating against the rocks and I often used to wonder whether there was a ship in peril out at sea, or stranded somewhere on rocks, all because of the "Tide."

For the enthusiastic swimmers, of which I am one, the tide can make the sport much more enjoyable (when it is a long way up the shore), but it can also make it very tiring too at low tide. After making the monotonous trek down to the edge of the shore the sport itself is tiring because of the walk. "High" tide, however, is an expression which every swimmer is glad to hear.

One cannot be certain what the tides will carry in with them, it may be danger but it is quite likely that it might wash ashore safety. However, it is usually the former and that is why men and women who are concerned with the sea and the safety of the people who travel on the sea have to keep a record of the times of the ebb and the flow of the tides. Many lives might be in danger if this precaution was not taken, as unexpected changes in the tides might take place and leave many people in jeopardy.

Tides are like gregarious prehistoric creatures which all flock together into one great band without brains or sense, flopping about on the sand and against rocks. Aimlessly roaring in at any time, not caring, but they seem to hesitate as they reach an obstacle, the shore and making up their minds (if they have any), they drop lazily on the sand, the pebbles crunching under their feet, only to draw back and repeat the whole monotonous routine once again.

PATSY ANFIELD, IVA.

FROM THE WELSH

*Little old women from Cydweli
Is selling black sweets;
Is counting ten for a halfpenny,
But eleven for me.
O' here's the best news for me,
She's counting ten a halfpenny,
But eleven for me.*

MAIR DAVIES, IIC.

THE WORST MONTH OF THE YEAR

October, shrouded in greyness and weeping drizzle into the dying plants and trees is surely the worst month of the year. Gone is the pageant of flame and gold from the woodland, and the defiant fight of Autumn against the grip of the icy sword of the Winter winds is over. Evidence of Winter's victory is seen in the rotten brown leaves under-foot and the wilting of the tawny bracken as the dampness strangles it.

In the small harbour all is asleep—the boats unkempt from the Summer sun and the excursions into the ocean, are moored high on the deserted beach. October shows the little boats with peeling paint-work and torn rigging. Even the shutters of the little shops above the waterfront, look pale and anaemic where once they stood gay and decorated with multi-coloured toys and beach wear. It is too early to make the boats and shutters gay again for Summer has just bade farewell.

The sea, grey with mourning for the loss of her children of summer, sulks and barely stirs as she laps the damp sand on whose face still lie the lemonade bottles and cardboard cartons of untidy visitors. She is so distressed that her waters hardly murmur as they meet the pebbles. One seems only to hear "October—month of decay—I am too sad to sing to the pebbles." Even the deck chairs lie distorted, for this is not the time of awakening. October is the month of broken spirit, half day and half night when it is not dark enough to roast chestnuts on the fire, and still again not light enough for the symphony of the children's voices to be heard in the park in the early evening.

All is still in the garden and the greyness of the sky transfers its morbidity on to the mist that wraps itself in coldness around man and plant. Gone are the brilliant flowers of Summer, and the incessant yet soothing murmur of the bees on their journey to and from the fuchsia has departed until the blooms come forth in the Summer. A few remaining ballerina blooms lay on the damp earth—beneath the bush. Cruel October has severed them from their ballet of Summer.

Along the country lane the hawthorn bushes are silent for the breezes have gone to bid the migrating birds farewell. Even the buzzard find life a mere existence, for there is nothing to scavenge. Only the streams in the ditch seem full, so full that the once shorn pastures—dry from haymaking—become a place of mud and hoof marks by cattle who now find little grass. They shelter from the damp cold under the barren and woody hedgerow.

Down by the river's edge all is quiet. The black rock where anglers stand in rubber boots to compete against the leaping salmon is desolate and lonely for the excitement of the struggle of man versus fish is always enchanting to watch.

Christmas seems a long while away, and Eastertide and Summer seems so distant as to be hardly visualized. The reader of my lament may not despise October as I do, nor yet see the decay that I see abroad along lane and seashore. It is perhaps a good thing that the future of following Springs and Summers are made to appear distant, for if the future was unveiled we may be unhappy. Good does often come out of evil, and the greyness of October heightens the colourful memory of the past high days of Summer, and makes a golden promise of Spring to come when in our new found meaning for living the memory of the worst month of the year will be made to fade.

SARAH JANE MONICO, IIIA.

A STREET I KNOW

Bongoya Street is a dry, dusty and very busy little street, winding through the native quarters in Dar-es-salaam. Tall palm trees growing on either side of the street entrance, give quite a lot of shelter from the African sun.

Every day Bongoya Street is alive with natives of Africa, chattering in their native tongue as they travel to and from the native market which is situated at the far end of the street.

The shops and buildings on either side of the street are not very grand to see. Often they are only made of mud and wattle, but they are the natives' paradise and give equally as much comfort and security to their owners as our houses give to us.

A very familiar sight in Bongoya Street is the native who squats under a shaded tree, selling to his countrymen little handfuls of peanuts or perhaps a bunch of bananas, some mangoes maybe, and other fruits and roots that grow in the small African plantations.

Native women, or to give them their correct name 'Bibis' are to be seen by the score. These unfortunate women are still the 'beasts of burden' in this part of the world. Their hard work is never done, and after they have tended and grown the crops, they are often travelling for two or three days on foot, with large baskets of bananas, mangoes, tobacco and other labours of their harvest carried on their heads; and usually carrying a little baby or 'Toto' on their backs. They hurry down Bongoya Street in time for their crops to be sold by auction in the native market. Their living is very hard earned, for they go away with a few meagre shillings only.

Native men often travel up and down Bongoya Street, sometimes on foot, sometimes on cycles, with brightly coloured feathers fastened to the wheels. These men are the domestic employees of the richer Indian and European families living in Dar-es-salaam. They have a sense of pride about them for they have been trained to be good cooks, houseboys and dhobis.

Apart from the human side of Bongoya Street, there is also a comical side, for I must mention the little chattering furry friends which inhabit the trees. I refer of course to the agile monkeys. Unlike most of the monkeys out in the bush these have become so very tame. They welcome the odd bananas and tit-bits from our hands, and then quickly they scale the highest branch to enjoy it. It would be a much more silent little street were it not for these delightful and chattering little creatures.

There are also the odd snakes crossing the street. Usually they prefer the safety of the bush to Bongoya Street and I suspect they must have been moved from some quiet hideout before they would make an appearance.

If, by chance, you are in Bongoya Street at mid-day you will see all Mohammedans stop work and get down on bended knee to bow three times and pray to Allah their god.

As afternoon approaches Bongoya Street becomes less busy, for this is the hottest part of the day. Everyone, whatever colour or creed, will retire to their hut or home and if they possibly can, will sleep till about four o'clock.

From my first weeks in Dar-es-salaam I had felt a great affection for Bongoya Street. The discovery of the natives, their dusty little huts, the delightful little monkeys, the armies of ants, in fact the whole rhythm of Bongoya Street was so enchanting and is a memory which I shall always treasure.

HAZEL WILLIAMS, IIB.

TEENAGERS

"Old men give young men good advice when they can no longer set them a bad example."

This fairly accurately sums up the main features of the publicity given to teenagers today. The problem of the teenager exists largely in the minds of those who are no longer teenagers—indeed in the minds of those who claim often never to have been teenagers at all.

The teenage period is a transitional period between childhood and adult life, bringing with it the accompanying trials and changes. Not one aspect of society is catered for as assiduously as the teenagers. Manufacturers have geared themselves to provide for a teenage market. Production of record players, hi-fi equipment, pop records, transistor radios, motor scooters and motor cycles is booming. Modern trends in dress-making and hair styling are all designed for the teenager. This has the effect in some cases of producing a superiority complex, which in its turn leads to teenage vandalism.

It may also be said that the teenage cult is a result of the country's educational system. The money spent on teenagers in providing for their education produces a feeling of importance in the teenage mind.

Nevertheless the cult of the teenager is purely a facet of the twentieth century, and could not have existed in any other historical period. If it were not for the fact that we are living in a stable and prosperous society, the teenage problem would not exist.

Without an element of risk involved life is not worth living. So the teenagers make their own risks. For example, they ride at excessively high speeds on powerful motor cycles or take part in beating up some unsuspecting individual.

Living in this affluent society there is no uncertainty involved. This leads eventually to vandalism.

Vandalism is not a new thing. It has existed in one form or another for many centuries. But which is the more reprehensible, beating up someone on a street corner, or a bullying prefect cracking a person's ribs in a Public school?

Disregarding biased publicity this subject should be viewed in the correct perspective. Although we should deplore the activities of a small unruly element; we should rejoice in the fact that the great majority of teenagers are set on leading their lives as useful members of the community.

MICHAEL JONES, VX.

THE MIDDLE OF LIFE

(From the German)

The land full of yellow pears,
And wild roses
Hang down into the lake;
Oh, graceful swans,
Drunk with kisses,
You dip your heads
Into the sacred water.

DONALD GOUGH, VR.

"TO DIE, OR NOT TO DIE"

I once had an uncle who tried to commit suicide. It wasn't the result of losing all his money (he didn't have any to begin with); it wasn't because his wife had left him (he wasn't married); it wasn't even the threat of "The Bomb" hanging over him—it was because he had an inferiority complex.

This may not seem a sufficient reason to commit suicide, but my uncle was desperate. His was a complex which drummed into him every hour of the day and told him how inferior he was. His inferiority must have showed because it was always he who was splashed with mud by passing cars; he who had rubbish spilt on his step by dustmen; he who was covered in dust by road-sweepers. Even while watching television his complex assured him that his were the whites washed in "Brand X"; that he used the wrong kind of soap; and ate the kind of chocolate which everyone else had given up eating long ago. His inferiority haunted him so much that he tried several ways of getting rid of it.

Once he had been to see a psychiatrist—he had been on the couch for three hours, and when he left the psychiatrist was cringing beneath the carpet under the impression that he was a worm. "Confidence" pills had also seemed to supply an answer to his complaint, but three bottles had done nothing for him—the pills had done him no good either. With this failure he decided that there was only one course left open to him—suicide.

He tried taking overdoses of cod liver oil capsules, bicarb, and vitamin C tablets as these were all he had in the house at the time and he felt too inferior to ask the chemist for something really lethal, but these had no effect other than making him feel more like ending it all. He dismissed slashing his throat or wrists with a razor for two reasons: the first was that he used an electric razor, and the second was because he couldn't stand the sight of blood. It was then that he had his bright idea—he would drown himself; he had seen it done many times on the films, and read about it in the papers—no doubt he could throw himself off the pier as well as the next man even if he was inferior, and one point in his favour was that he couldn't swim.

The next day found him standing on the pier gazing down at the crystal-clear sea (at least that is what it said in the travel brochures, but actually it had the colour of washing-up water)—anyway it was good enough to drown in, thought my uncle, and he put one leg over the railing which prevented fishermen being dragged into the sea by the fish they nearly caught. As he stood poised on the edge, about to jump, he saw a policeman coming towards him.

"Now then, now then, what's all this 'ere?" said the policeman in his direct, concise manner of speaking.

"I'm going to commit suicide," said my uncle, as he eyed the distance to the water.

"But you might hurt yourself," replied the quick-witted policeman, "and anyway you can't do it now."

At this my uncle looked up from his scrutiny of the foaming brine and asked why.

"Because if you jump in now, I shall have to jump in and rescue you, and I can't swim either."

"Well don't bother then," said my uncle turning back to the water.

"But if I don't rescue you, you'll drown, and then I'll have to stay here, hold back the crowds looking for your body, and give in a report of the proceedings—and I was just going off duty!"

Seeing that this argument would carry no weight, the policeman hurried away and returned a few moments later with a parson who set about pleading with my uncle not to jump.

Meanwhile the word had spread and several reporters and cameramen had now joined the bystanders who were watching the parson talking to my uncle and trying to persuade him to change his mind about jumping. My uncle was quite enjoying this sudden fame and broke off talking to the parson and the policeman every now and then to pose for the photographers. This continued for some hours, but then the crowd which had accumulated started drifting away. Even the sight of my uncle standing with one foot over the edge of the pier did nothing to bring them back and so he made up his mind to get it over with. Half-an-hour later when he had finished his farewell speech, there were three little boys, two dogs and the parson watching him as he stepped backwards over the edge of the pier.

I went to see my uncle in hospital where he was sitting up in bed swathed in bandages and counting the money he had received for telling his story to the newspapers. In a paper lying on the bed I saw his story of how his life had flashed before him as he fell; it was a somewhat elaborated story but this didn't seem to bother him in the least—he was a changed man. His complex was gone and he was confident of making a fresh start with his new-found fortune. (Actually he did make a fresh start but almost exactly a year later he ended it all unintentionally. He was driving his new sports car at the time and met a dead end because he thought 'cul-de-sac' was the name of a street.)

It wasn't until he had finished counting his money that I learned how he had "cheated death." It appears that even in Brighton the tide doesn't stay in all day!

DERYK MORGAN, UVIS.

FROM THE WELSH

Don't call us good and bad, Christ
 Believers and doubters, pagans and saints,
 Godly, ungodly; free, under restraint,
 Righteous, unrighteous.—Have mercy, O Lord.
 Because there isn't a winter which isn't a summer
 Nor the shadows of night without brightness of day
 Nor happiness either which isn't a sadness.
 And never a yes which isn't a nay
 Rather, Lord, among the earth's wretched
 Where vision goes daily through these walls of clay
 To look at the star above where the babe lay.
 Seeing the light that's never lost to the mind
 In the quagmires of the world—all the others are blind.

CLIFFORD JAMES, UVIA.

THE WYCH ELM

I had been sent by my parents to Uncle Abercrombie to be entered as apprentice to his craft of goldsmith. He was a widower, aged sixty-two, who lived alone except for Brownie, his mute servant. He had spent a few years, when a young man, in an asylum; but now, as far as most people were concerned he was a highly responsible citizen.

Since I had been staying with uncle I had made friends with the local minister, the Reverend Andrew Geddes, a wise old man with a beard as white as snow. I had told him of an evil atmosphere which was forever present at uncle's house, the 'Wych Elm.' The Reverend told me to be careful and not be tempted into anything by my uncle and if anything strange occurred, to come for him.

Somewhat heartened by what the old man had said I returned to the 'Wych Elm' and continued to devote myself to his craft in the back of his booth in the High Street, which appealed to me greatly for ingenuity and skill.

Lately, there had been an epidemic of crime in the city, which had seriously perturbed the good burgesses; shops had been broken into, valuables taken, but as no arrest had been effected a general feeling of insecurity was prevalent among the community, which was a constant theme of merriment on my uncle's sardonic lips.

Nothing strange happened either in the city or at the house for another few weeks, until one night as I lay meditating I heard a footstep on the stair outside. It was very late, and as I continued to listen I heard a strange moaning coming, I felt sure, from the small room where Brownie slept which was above my own and at the top of the spiral staircase.

I had recognised the tread on the stairs, for my uncle's was peculiar, since he had a slight limp; it was this that had aroused my attention and reawakened my apprehension.

Creeping out of my room I went up to Brownie's door. I tried the handle, but the door was bolted on the inside. On looking through the keyhole I caught sight of a figure on the bed. I could see the figure quite plainly because of the moonlight which filtered through the open window opposite the door. The figure was my uncle, lying motionless, apparently deep in slumber. My eyes searched the small den for Brownie, but I could not discover him. Just then the moonlight faded and I was left in the darkness, filled with a horrid suspicion. I returned to my chamber, undecided about what to do. So, leaving the door slightly ajar, I determined to sit up and listen for any further sound, but though I listened till the grey of dawn I heard no sound at all.

Then, once again I crept up to Brownie's 'den' and was once again astounded, for on the bed lay Brownie's figure exactly where my uncle's had been before.

Could I have been mistaken previously? No, I was certain my eyesight had not deceived me; how could it have when the episode had been quite unforeseen.

I returned to my bed and resolved to investigate the open window at the first opportunity.

When I arose I found the door of Brownie's den open. On entering I saw that Brownie had got up and the window was closed. I opened it cautiously and looked to see if there was an exit to the ground or roof—there was neither; but right opposite, not more than five feet away, rose the wall surrounding the house and its grounds. One could

easily get down from the wall because someone had hammered large iron staples into it to act as hand and foot holds.

On the floor beneath the window there was a plank about six feet long and one and a half feet wide—sufficient to act as a bridge across the gap. I had discovered enough to excite the most vivid apprehensions as to its use, but nothing else in the little den gave any clue to the mystery.

At breakfast uncle seemed in good humour, but I noted that Brownie looked extremely haggard and miserable.

Assuming a downcast attitude I told my uncle that the city did not suit me and that the climate was terrible.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked suddenly with a peculiar look in his eye. "Ted Malway, the rich shipowner, has been found with his throat cut, lying in the dyke. The murderer robbed him of the money he was carrying, it was the wages of the men, and he was supposed to pay them today. It happened as he was going home to supper last night."

As soon as I had finished breakfast I went down the city to my work. After work I called upon the Reverend Andrew Geddes. I informed him of my discovery of the night before and of my uncle's mention of Mr. Malway's fate.

"Young man," he exclaimed earnestly as I concluded, "you have done well. I'm afraid there's something wrong with your uncle so, if you hear anything suspicious or if you hear Brownie moaning again come to me at once and we'll see if we can catch the devil and with help of heaven eliminate it."

I promised and withdrew somewhat relieved though not relishing the thought of being alone with uncle in a lonely house wherein anything might happen.

That evening, uncle scarcely alluded to the murder again save to ask if I had any news and to mention that the funeral was the next day. Then he laughed uncannily, leering upon me over his spectacles, then he muttered, "The fool." I shuddered, but said nothing.

Days passed without event and the murderer still remained at large. I had kept watch and ward with eye and ear as the minister had directed.

Then, a fortnight later I heard the lame footfall. Instantly I was broad awake and waited in alarmed expectancy. There it was again—the moaning I had heard before. I was horribly afraid but knew that I had to act. I crept out and went up to Brownie's door. I looked through the keyhole and saw uncle stretched out on the bed and the window open.

I turned away, descended the stairs and let myself out through the cellar window. Not more than half an hour had elapsed by the time I was back at 'Wych Elm' and Brownie's door with the Reverend.

He turned to me and said, "We must break down the door, if it's as I think he won't hear us. His evil spirit is away in poor Brownie's body, bent on Devil's work, here's for it!" and as he spoke he thrust his foot forward and broke down the wooden bolt that fastened the door.

I saw that the Reverend was right as I gazed in horror at uncle's face. His eyes were open but as unseeing as a blind man. There was a hateful look of triumphant evil on his lips, but his breath came regularly as one in deep sleep.

The Reverend's eyes glowed with inspiration as he told me that we must keep the two apart till daybreak to prevent spirit and body

coming together again—"Go out over the plank and wait for Brownie," he commanded, "and when he comes back catch hold of him and pray to Heaven. I'll close the window after you and hold the figure here on the bed."

I couldn't disobey, but trembled as I crawled out on to the plank. The Reverend was reading aloud from the Bible and praying for strength.

I sat in the shadows at the bottom of the wall waiting for Brownie. It seemed ages until at last I caught a slight sound further along the base of the wall. The moment of trial had come. Taking a deep breath I launched myself at him.

Brownie, frail of build, now seemed to be possessed of a demonic strength and my arms failed to stop him from getting his hands on my throat. I prayed as I had never prayed before. Suddenly I remembered one of Brownie's infirmities—his breathing through his mouth. I had strength to pluck at my beret, thrust it into his mouth and press on it with all my remaining strength. He twisted and turned like a serpent but I managed to hold on, then, gradually his energy ebbed from his body. I had conquered at last. Brownie lay below the wall, breathing gently as a babe.

I climbed the wall and looked across. There was the minister, wrestling with the figure on the bed. Just at that moment a cock crew from far below in the depths of the city.

As I watched I saw the struggling figure suddenly fall backward on to the bed. The Reverend rose and came towards the window. He opened it and I saw that his face was shining in the moonlight—like a saint's—haggard yet triumphant.

"Give your thanks to the Lord, young man," he cried to me. "We have striven like Jacob and have prevailed. There's a dead man lying on the bed."

TOM BREESE, UVIS.

FIELD SOCIETY

During the Michaelmas term of 1961 the Field Society made two excursions. On the 7th of October a party, accompanied by Mr. David Jones, Mr. Vivian Jones and Mr. Brian Howells, walked across Stackpole Warren and examined features of geological and archaeological interest. The group spent some time looking for fossils in the carboniferous limestone rocks at Stackpole Quay quarry before going on to look at the so-called prehistoric village and hut circles on the Warren. A number of flints were found.

A month later a number of members visited the Bronze Age burial mounds or *tumuli* at Lambeeth, Wallaston, Corston Beacon and the Speculation Inn. This involved a long walk, for the party started from Turt's Mill, Monkton, walked around the sites mentioned above and then caught a bus back to Pembroke from Hundleton.

It is hoped that during this school year it will be possible to organise a bird-watching group within the Society. Miss Pratt has made available simplified field lists of British birds and a number of pupils are now keeping records of the birds they see in the countryside.

THE REFUGEE

He was standing at the gate, his hands thrust deep into his trouser pockets. He appeared to be tall. His face was etched with deep lines down one side running from his hollow cheeks down each side of his mouth. As I approached he raised his eyes from the road, and gazed disinterestedly at me for a moment and I realized that he must have heard the sound of my feet crunching on the snow because though he was facing me he could not possibly have seen me, for he was blind.

I spoke softly to him in French, he did not answer but simply took me by the hand and led me into the camp, he was no longer tall, my first impression had been an illusion created by the terrible leanness of his frame. I wondered why he could be so thin, since there is no shortage of food even among these poor outcasts now. I was soon to know this poor fellow's story, for he had led me with confident steps in spite of his inability to see, up to a large wooden hut surmounted by a large white wooden cross. The door was ajar and standing in the dimly lit entrance was the Padre, an Irishman who introduced himself as Father Ross. I explained that I had been passing along the road and seeing this poor man standing by the gate I had been drawn by some compelling urge to speak to him. "Ah, he has that look about him, poor creature, that he pulls on the heart strings young lady."

"What nationality is he and what's his name?" I asked.

A strange sad look came into his eyes.

"He has no nationality or name, just a small black number tattooed on his wrist. He was found wandering aimlessly through the lines at the end of the war and he has been here ever since. He never speaks though there is no physical reason why not, for he can hear perfectly, spending hour after hour listening to the camp radio. You, no doubt, wonder why with the good food provided here, he remains so thin, but you must understand that when a man has suffered as he has, living on scraps of potato and watery soup, his stomach shrinks and starvation becomes a habit. He still hoards his food in a tin and saves bits of wood, clothing and nails as if they were articles of the greatest value, as no doubt they were when he was in captivity. Have you noticed his hands? In spite of the years of suffering and hardships he has obviously suffered, they are like those of a surgeon or musician. However, that is only conjecture, for already we know nothing of his previous life, except for one small clue. He does, as I said before, spend a lot of time listening to the radio and he frequently tunes into services broadcast in English. However it may only be coincidence."

The padre was silent for a moment and then, seeing the look on my face said, "Don't look like that, my dear, that man is one of the happiest in this camp. When one has passed the infinite peak of suffering, the most primitive existence in freedom is absolute bliss, he wants nothing in the material sense and he seems to have found what he is seeking for, his soul. The only time a cloud passes over his sightless eyes is when others here give way to despair. They are the unfortunate ones, the younger, fitter men who could work and want to work and who, above all, know where they came from but do not know where they can go. They have suffered too, but may continue to suffer in soul destroying uselessness."

It was getting late now and I bid the Padre goodbye, my talk with him had left me in a mood of deep disquiet and my mind was swiftly turning over what had been said, how it had affected me personally and what share of responsibility for these poor unfortunates lay with me and other young people like myself. I was so occupied with these thoughts that the voice in my ear as I closed the gate startled me, the voice said slowly and distinctly, "When you get home, do what you can to help these unhappy people." I replied absently, "Yes, yes of course," and I walked on down the road and then suddenly I wondered, the voice, was it in my mind or—I turned and he stood there at the gate, his sightless eyes gazing after me, a faint smile on his gaunt face.

It was not that he spoke at all that shocked me, nor the fact that he spoke in English, but the wealth of yearning and emphasis he put into that small word, "home."

MARGARET JOHN, LVIA.

THE ENCOUNTER

He was glad now that he hadn't gone to chapel. The wind had blown itself out since the afternoon, and a walk in the solitude of darkness would do him good. As this quiet little fellow climbed the road, which slowly wound its way to the ridge, he suddenly realised that he had forgotten his scarf, and he swore mildly in Welsh. But the words were clumsy in his mouth, and unnatural even to his ears, for was he not an 'Anglo-Welshman,' a 'Pembruk,' a little Englishman beyond Wales ?

He was passing the last street lamp now, entering a world of moonlit darkness, seemingly warmer; where now and then the stillness of the lunar beams was invaded by the harsh glaring lights of a throbbing mechanical animal.

"Jiu, it's marvellous the way the light cuts such straight lines through the air," he thought, as another car declared its intended approach over the rise, in the sky above it. He was suddenly seized by an urge to create words to describe this newly discovered experience. Those approaching lights, what did they remind him of? They looked like—His thoughts clumped around his brain, in the same way that shearwaters clumsily waddle around in search of their nesting holes, but with much less success. Neither did his mind soar gracefully to other thoughts when the red spots had vanished in the distance.

"Damn it all, a car light looks like a car light to me," he thought. "I stand as much chance of becoming a poet, as the Pope does of becoming a deacon in our chapel." Someone was riding a bicycle towards him. He heard it coming before its light showed itself around the bend, not much brighter than the hot tip of a cigarette, which jerked up and down with varying degrees of redness, as the cyclist strained to pull them both up the slight incline.

Soon after this he came to the crossroads, and continued across it past the electric lights, which gave an awesome effect to an ash tree—which even the smallest boy would scorn to climb when the colours of that monochromic sense had changed inversely—and into the darkness which seemed to him yet again to be warmer than the air of the blue-tinged road. His clicking shoes proclaimed his presence, as he turned into a lane and walked slowly down the hill. The moon by now was well risen, and its glow bounced into his eyes from the rough road,

casting a dark solid shadow before him. In this fairy atmosphere life seemed simple: there were no tiny details to worry; everything was either one colour or another; even the hedges looked tidy. He heard footsteps behind him on the slope, and was momentarily startled when a gruff voice cracked out a salutary greeting. As the stranger passed, he became self-consciously aware of the noise his shoes were creating. To stop this clatter, he stopped by some railings, which had obviously been standing there since before the megalomaniac supreme had launched his supermen over the frontier to start the ultimate struggle, and now, symbolised the frontier as it is known today. Down in the valley a car glided unsteadily through the lanes. He shivered, and started to retrace his steps. In the hedge he saw a stick shining as though it had lately been immersed in treacle. "I wonder if it's wet or dry?" he thought. Not feeling inclined to remove his warm leather gloves, yet wanting to find out, he acted as a baby would and raised the gleaming object to his mouth, to uncover its secrets. He scowled as the bitter juice touched his tongue, and quickly withdrew his teeth from the strip of bark he had bitten. "Sycamore," he murmured. He pulled his arm back ready to throw the stick over the blackthorn hedge; but as he did so it made a swishing noise which pleased him to such an extent that he continued to wave it. As the stick made vibratory music, so his mind started to return unwillingly to his own troubles. "Dear goodness," he sighed. "What a rotten old world to live in."

It was while he was walking thus, that he saw the sheepdog. It was an ordinary black and white collie, but its arrival was so unexpected that he felt a wave of alarm swept over him. He nervously clicked his mouth and a flood of Welsh greetings came anxiously out. This surprised him, and he was still pondering as to its significance when the dog finished sniffing at his leg and walked on ahead. He was nearing the top of the lane now and as he was passing a gateway, was startled by the sound of girlish mirth blending with the heavier tones of some local farm worker. It sounded so human and silly to him, yet the boy involved would probably remember it for ever as a time of sheer ecstasy. Suddenly he felt awkward, and, as if to disguise the fact that he was alone, swished the stick and whistled and called to the dog. For some inexplicable reason he again addressed it in Welsh calling it 'Mog.' As he did so yet another couple, engrossed in one of their timeless moments, rounded the bend. They were walking so slowly, that he wondered why they bothered to move at all. The dog inspected them and walked unconcernedly on.

Soon they were back at the crossroads where he decided to display a little force to his canine companion. He struck the wall sharply three or four times with his stick, causing the animal to cringe away. It walked on quickly, gradually increasing the pace until a trot was achieved. As it went he swore in English. "Well, that's that," he muttered. But it wasn't! As a car passed he saw two shining spots in the darkness of a gateway. The dog returned to him, cautiously wagging its tail, then resumed its previous role of pacing the lone walker. They turned the bend with the incline before it, and the lights of the little town formed a shining barrier in front of them. Once again he raised his stick, and swung it violently against the wall's rough mortar surface. But this time the dog did not run. Instead it stopped, turned, and walked determinedly towards him, alarming him so much that soothing, peace-making words were being articulated in quantities similar to the amount of sweat which now coated his whole being. "Good dog, stop

boy; daliwch 'nawr, peiliwch —." Once again he couldn't but notice that the closer the animal came to him, the quicker and more eloquent became his Welsh. The dog seized the end of the stick and looked up at him, its eyes were strong and proud. His body quaked as he felt the shape and surprising power of its jaws up the length of the stick. Then it ran off, and slowly dissolved until only the white tail and legs could be seen in the darkness.

Suddenly he wanted to catch it up, and started to hurry. In the light shed by a passing car, he saw the dog with clouds of steam belching out from its mighty nostrils. Then it ran into the pool of darkest darkness along that road; just before the last corner. The lights beyond the corner glared at him, and he had to shade his eyes to look for the creature. Fear was in his heart, lest the dog should once more be waiting quietly and mysteriously for him, though the fear was not as great as before. But then a flood of confidence gushed through as he saw the animal standing majestically in the light at the corner's edge. It raised one of its paws, and its tail curled backwards. As it opened its mouth he stopped dead: realisation thundered into his head. There before him lay a language, a spirit, a nation still proud and confident. Then the world swam in a sea of thoughts and glaring lights, and the dragon was gone!

He recovered and quickened his pace, but by the time he rounded the bend, the beast had gone. A feeling of sorrow and misery swept upon his befuddled mind; but the tears which stung his face were joyful tears, and he wondered why. His strange encounter was over!

CLIFFORD JAMES, UVIA.

A PIECE OF CAKE

"Come on, Rover," called Mary firmly, "You must not pick things up off the road like that. What are you eating? A piece of cake!"

The dog did not seem to like the cake as much as he had hoped to, for, at his mistress's command, he left the cake lying half eaten on the roadside and trotted on beside her.

At last, hungry and tired, the girl and her dog arrived home. They lived in remote countryside about half a mile from the nearest house where Mary's friend Ellen Carr (Nell) lived. About five miles from Mary's house in Nell's direction there was a small village in which there was a Post Office and General Store in one, a few houses and a doctor.

"Is tea ready Mum?" called Mary as she walked through the hall.

"Almost," came the reply.

So Mary went out to the large kennel. It was large enough to hold about four people. She carefully brushed Rover's long, silky ears and gave him some meat and fresh water, then went in for tea.

"What a lovely cake, Mum," said Mary, and she licked her lips. "I've seen one like that somewhere before. Oh, I know, Rover found a piece like it on the road, and was eating it."

Mary was the first to ask for a piece of cake at tea time. "What a strange flavour," she thought, then she must have come to a part of the cake where there was no flavour, for she took a bite and ran straight to the bathroom. When she came back she warned her mother and father not to eat any of the cake, and took the remainder of her piece to the shed which she used as a kind of laboratory. She had recognised the taste of that last bite of cake as one which her chemistry master had explained to the class the term before. By making various chemical tests she found that she was

right, and that, in fact, the whole cake had been made *entirely from chemicals*, both poisonous and non-poisonous.

"Oh Rover!" she gasped when she realized. "Did you eat *very much* of that cake?"

She ran to the kennel and found Rover lying on his side whining. His temperature was all right, and she wrapped him in a thick, warm rug. Mary unhooked her torch from the beam in the shed. She walked to the other side of the house and flashed a message across to Nell in Morse Code.

Flash for Doctor. Rover poisoned. Come over afterwards.

No reply came so Mary flashed the message a few times again. Eventually a reply came.

Bike lamp broken. You come here after Doctor.

There was a hill between Mary's house and the village, and Nell's house was on the top of the hill. Nobody had a telephone as they lived in such an out-of-the-way place, so they had to use Morse Code or Semaphor.

The doctor soon came and asked what the trouble was. Mary told him about the cake, and showed him the piece she had kept as she told him the chemicals that were in it. He took out some medicines from his bag, and mixed them together. He told Mary the directions, and to keep herself and Rover warm.

"Can I go over to Nell's?" asked Mary.

"Yes, I'll drive you there," said the doctor. "But you must keep warm when you get there."

Mary gave some of the mixture to Rover and brought him into the warm kitchen, she took some herself, then stepped into the car with the doctor and was soon at Nell's.

The blare of Rock 'n Roll greeted her as Nell opened the door.

"Dig that crazy jumper," said Nell. "Is it a new one?"

Mary did not answer.

"For heaven's sake turn that wireless down," she said.

"Turn it down!" exclaimed Nell, "I was just thinking it wasn't loud enough, as the battery is running down. Oh, come in! Don't stand here in the doorway."

The two went into Nell's room, Nell turned Luxembourg off and Mary told her everything that had happened.

"We had a cake like that for tea," said Nell. "Mummy had it from the Church Fund Bazaar, but it was delicious."

"The trouble is with you," Mary said, "anything you imagine is Cliff Richard, always tastes lovely."

"Oh no, I like Adam Faith best now," said Nell. "He's . . ."

"Don't let's talk about him," broke in Mary. "Can I see the cake you had for tea?"

They went to the kitchen and Nell cut a piece of cake for Mary. She cautiously put it in her mouth.

"Mmm, this is smashing!" she said, "It's not the same as ours. May I take a tiny piece home with me to make sure. Oh no! Look! It's snowing. I'll have to walk home and I'm supposed to keep warm. I had better go now before it gets deep."

"You can borrow Mum's old fur coat and my plastic mac if you like," Nell offered. "You've got boots and gloves haven't you? Here's the cake. Cheerio."

"Thanks very much," called back Mary on her way, "Come across first thing tomorrow morning."

Before Nell came the next morning, Mary went to the shed and compared the two pieces of cake. Nell's piece only reacted with the tests

for ordinary cooking ingredients, and not with the tests for any poisonous chemicals.

"Who on earth could afford to use real silver cachous," she wondered, "and why should they make a cake from chemicals."

She threw away the pieces of cake and cut a fresh piece in case she would need it, then she picked up the remainder of the cake, ran up to her bedroom with it, and with all her might threw it out of the window, over the cliff and into the sea out of harm's way. Or so she thought.

Mary did not know it, but under the cliff a man was rowing swiftly out of the caverns. The cake hit him right on the face. He wiped it off on a grubby handkerchief, put on an extra bit of speed, and went straight to the doctor.

Nell and Mary had been trying to make a sledge in the garden when the doctor's car drew up.

"Hello girls," he shouted. "Can I speak to you for a minute?"

Rover heard the doctor's voice and went running out to prove that he was better.

"Ah, so you're both all right, I see," said the doctor when the girls went up to him, "but what I have really come to tell you is that I had a patient about an hour ago. He asked for a medicine which is the same as I gave you, and he would not tell me what he had eaten. He said that someone threw something at him over the cliff and he accidentally swallowed some, though he refused to tell me what he was doing in the caverns. It was rather strange, and as I was going this way I thought I would drop in and let you know."

"What did he look like?" asked Mary.

"Well, he had a long face and long twisted nose to match. His hair was thick and ginger with a bald patch in the middle. He was a lanky person with large feet. Oh dear! look at the time, I must get on with my rounds. Bye girls."

"Let's go down to the caverns and explore," said Nell when the doctor had gone. "It might be fun, even if we don't find anything."

"Yes let's."

"Come on then."

They went out of the back gate with Rover and climbed down the cliff steps. They were wooden steps with iron railings, going sideways down the cliff. At the bottom was a little wooden platform. The girls untied their boat, took an oar each, and rowed for about twenty yards then into the caverns. They switched on their torches and moored the boat to a rock, then jumped out on to the dry sand.

"Let's look in the big cave with shelves where we played last year," said Mary, as she led the way. She went to day school and knew the place better than Nell who boarded about sixty miles away. They entered the cave and looked cautiously about them. All the shelves where they had once laid their tea sets and sat their dolls, were occupied in holding jars, boxes and bags of all the chemicals Mary could think of.

"See over there on that bench," she said. "There's a jacket and cap. They must belong to the man who made that cake. I've got an idea. Look around for a jar of something called phosphorous paint."

At last it was found. Mary covered the cap with it, and on the back of the jacket she wrote "Keep Away."

"Now switch your torch off," she said.

They were in darkness, but the cap and the words "Keep Away" shone towards them in a weird white light. They switched their torches on

again, and covered the cap with the jacket, writing side downwards.

"Gosh Mary, you're a genius," sighed Nell. "We will be able to look out for him in the dark now. I'm sure even Adam Faith would not have thought of that. Oh! Listen! There's someone coming. Call Rover."

Mary called Rover, and they ran along a different passage out of the caverns.

"Now what do we do?" asked Nell. "Isn't there another way to get back to that entrance by boat? If only Rover could swim across and pull the boat to us."

"I know," Mary lowered her voice as she spoke. "I will throw a stone into the cave, he will look to see what moved, and we can run past, through the passage and into the boat."

Nell said it was a bit risky but worth trying, so Mary picked up a stone and threw it to the roof of the cave. The stone broke and fell in a number of pieces behind the man. He was most confused as he could not find anything unusual. The girls ran past, but he heard them and turned sharply.

"'Enry," he called, "quick."

'Enry jumped in their way and caught Mary's hair, she screamed and he tied her arms up. Meanwhile, Rover had escaped unseen and Nell had been tied up by the other man. They were led to the deepest part of the cave and 'Enry whispered to the other man. They seemed to be having an argument when, at last, the other man said aloud, "Oh O.K. then," rather impatiently.

'Enry turned to the girls and said to them, "It's rather a pity to leave you here in the cold all tied up, so we've decided to take your boat and leave you untied. I think you'll find it rather cold swimming in the snow." And with this, they left the caverns.

"Oh, Mary, you are the brainy one. What can we do?"

"Perhaps Rover can help. Where is he? Rove-e-er," called Mary.

Her voice echoed through all the caves, and soon the little dog came running up, anxious to lick his mistress's face.

"Rover loves swimming in all weather. He can take a note for us can't he?" said Nell. "Have you got any paper?"

"No."

"Nor me."

"I've got another idea though, Nell. See that bottle on your left, will you pass it to me please?" said Mary as she undid Rover's collar. "This is something like ink remover," she explained, "If I rub it on Rover's collar it will remove the red polish. What shall I write? 'Fetch Doc. to get Police. The caverns?'"

"Yes, that will do," replied Nell.

Mary dipped a sharp stone in the bottle and wrote the suggested words on Rover's collar. They appeared just like magic. She buckled Rover's collar back on, went to the water and threw a stone across to the bottom of the steps. Rover went splashing after it and when he found it was only a stone, he was most disappointed, and decided that he most certainly was not going to swim back again, so he ran carefully up the steps.

"Oh hooray!" cheered Nell, "He's gone."

But Rover lived up to his name and went roving. He saw a rabbit frisking in the snow, and went bounding after it, his ears flapping and his tail moving back and fore like the tail of a cat after a mouse. Alas for poor Rover, the rabbit ran into a bramble thicket and Rover's ears became entangled in the thorns. He whined and cried and pulled and fought, but

what could a tiny dog do against these horrid, thorny plants that held him like a vice with prickles in its jaws.

"Why doesn't Mary come to me?" he must have thought, alone with the rabbits in the cold snow.

"Oh dear, John, those girls have been out since this morning and it is now three o'clock. Had you better go out and look for them?" said Mary's mother to her husband.

Mr. Johnson put on his mac and cap and went out to find the two girls. He did not expect to find them in the caverns in such weather, so he walked along the fields inspecting every bush and hedge until he heard a dog whimpering. He stooped down by a clump of bramble bushes and looked underneath.

"Well if it isn't our little Rover!" he exclaimed and untangled the shivering dog's ears.

He lifted Rover up into his arms and carried him home. Soon, Mrs. Johnson, Mary's mother, was rubbing Rover dry in the kitchen and she noticed the message on his collar.

"Fetch doc. to get Police. The caverns," she read. "John, come here, look at this."

Her husband took the collar and his bike, and rode at full speed to the doctor's house. The doctor went to his transmitting set and got in touch with the Police. Then the two men jumped in the car and went to rescue the girls.

Mary and Nell told them the whole story from beginning to end, though the doctor knew a lot of it before. The Police had a long way to come, and they arrived just before dark. Mary and Nell had to repeat the story again, then everyone crowded round the police car to listen while a policeman called his headquarters asking them to make a search for a man with a phosphorescent cap and "keep away" on his jacket.

Eventually the men were found at London Airport.

"'Enry was not really a very bad man," was Nell's opinion when 'Enry had admitted to everything.

He explained that one day, he and his friend had been walking in a big town when they saw a beautiful cake in a shop window. Henry had said it was artificial, but his friend, Eustace, disagreed and said that it was almost impossible to make such a realistic artificial cake. They bought a cake like it and Henry set to work and made one. As none of them liked sweet things, they had meant to give the cake they had bought to the Church Fund Bazaar, but unfortunately Eustace mixed the cakes up. It was just chance that one of the other villagers gave a cake just like that one. The men were afraid that the cake may have poisoned someone, and that the girls had found them out, so they went to London, meaning to go to Austria for a Winter Sports holiday. The men were fined fifty pounds each for leaving the girls, and as the rest was all a mistake, it was forgotten.

At midnight on Christmas Eve, Mary and Nell went to their gardens and, as usual, flashed each other a very happy Christmas, but this year Nell added for fun "Beware of the cake."

On Christmas morning there was a knock on the door, and in strode the doctor.

"'Mornin' Miss Mary," he said. "Here's a Christmas parcel for you."

Mary untied the string and opened the box. It was an iced cake like the one she threw through her window.

"Dare I?" she asked as she took a bite. "Mmmm—Doctor Albert James Brown," she laughed, "You are the limit!"

A PIECE OF CAKE: II

Mrs. Martha Jones arrived just in time to instruct the girls in cookery lessons. Thirty girls' faces showed such anxiety and depression, somehow helping mothers to make a cake at home was interesting, but this was an ordeal to one and all. Oh for the chanting of "amos—amas—," or the chance to prove Archimedes principle. A voice shrieked from out of the tight-mouthed, angular face of Martha Jones—"All girls to the sinks to wash your hands, remove all rings, and show your hands to me."

We queued for the scrutinizing eyes to gaze upon our hands. This to her satisfaction, we started on the laborious job of work of carefully weighing fat, flour, sugar and currants. Knives, spoons and other utensils stood before us, each little group in line with the other, while the war maiden did battle with all defaulters.

Elizabeth came in late as usual, poor forgetful child. We shuddered for the tirade we knew would descend on her, and the repeated and boring sermon commenced concerning clean hands and removal of "rings and ornaments," as Martha was wont to say in a lilting Welsh accent. A brief silence followed as girls fought with sticky cake mixture and tried hard not to make their fingers sticky, for that was a crime. In procession the cakes were borne towards the cookers.

There followed the tinkling of cutlery as it was put into the sink, the squelching of mops into the small basins and the gurgling departure of soapsuds followed by a harsh reprimand to one fat girl who had not sufficiently cleaned her equipment. If this was cookery, then I longed for the day when tablets of dehydrated food made its appearance on the counter.

The time of judgment arrived when the cakes, some brown, some black, some with plump faces, and others with sunken faces, were taken from the oven to be displayed on the table. Each cake previously numbered was judged, and woe unto those whose cake had sunk. The acid tongue of Martha poured its all-consuming power into Elizabeth whose face had begun to burn red and fiery. It was then that something happened to Mrs. Martha Jones—her wedding ring, wide and golden, had gone. Mysterically she ordered girls hither and thither. Brooms went into corners—children crawled under tables—ovens and cupboards were searched. In a state of hysteria, Martha dashed everywhere doing nothing. Drains were peered into, and now the tears fell fast. The bell for mid-morning break arrived and a disconsolate teacher retreated to the teachers' study for coffee break.

With laden coffee trays the girls entered the study. There followed the usual ceremony of handing round coffee, and cutting portions of cake for each teacher. The final piece of cake, made by Mrs. Jones was handed to its maker. Uninterestedly she nibbled at the cake, and sipped the coffee. Her once granite-like face puckered and she sniffed incessantly to restrain her tears from falling. Then it happened. She spluttered, coughed, and slowly extracted from her mouth a wedding ring—her wedding ring. It was useless to deceive the others and I knew that Martha Jones will, like Elizabeth and me, always remember a piece of cake.

SARAH JANE MONICO, IIIA.

THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR

Gogol's play is one of the classics of the European theatre and the school is wholly to be commended for its ambitious choice for 1961. This is more than a parochial satire on Russian bureaucracy in the mid-nineteenth century. The Mayor's cry at the end of the play—"You are laughing at yourselves!" is meant seriously. *Universal* weaknesses and evils are being satirized here—double-dealing, cowardice, oppression, cupidity, indolence.

There is not a single likeable character in the play. Everyone is on the make, and though we feel a certain sympathy for Alestakov it cannot be a whole-hearted one. This, of course, does not make it easy for the actors—everyone prefers a sympathetic part—but they responded to the challenge well.

Richard James (The Judge). This young actor had the stage presence for the part, but I felt he tended to be a little negative in the projection of his personality. Much more attack was needed.

Philip Lain (The Charity Commissioner). A very promising first appearance. *Clifford James* (The School Superintendent). Was not above playing to the gallery to some extent but his performance showed finish and humour.

Malcolm Phillips (The Postmaster). Was also making his first appearance in school drama and turned in a competent performance.

Roger Horgan (The Mayor) is amongst our most experienced actors and certainly one of our most accomplished. On the whole he did well in this difficult part, but I felt that by coming to an emotional climax too early in the play he left himself with too few reserves later on.

Peter Lewis and *Brian Devereux* (Bobchinsky and Dobchinsky respectively) added humour to the play and just the right touch of inanity. A good comic team. On the night I saw the play, the part of the Mayor's wife was taken by Rosemary Maddocks, substituting at the last moment for Judith Payne who had gone down with 'flu. Rosemary's performance was remarkably good in the circumstances and she is to be warmly congratulated on it.

Joan Morgan (Marya) did well in her projection of this shallow, rather silly girl. She had a light touch which came over well to the audience.

Michael Jones (Yosif) gave a very competent performance which augurs well for school drama in the next few years.

Roger MacCallum (Hlestakov) bore the main burden of the play, and how well he did it. Any inclination I might have had to quibble at the initial impact of the character was quickly dissipated by Roger's splendidly controlled performance in the drunken scene, which seemed to me the zenith of the evening's entertainment.

In the secondary parts, old troupers like Marion Gough and Angela Hay played well and on the whole were supported well.

As usual, competent production and set played a major part in the success of the play—and success it was, despite the difficulty of the challenge.

HOCKEY—CHRISTMAS TERM 1961-62

FIRST XI MATCHES

Date	Opponents	Result
Sept. 16	Tenby Home	Won 3—1
Sept. 23	Taskers High School ... Away	Won 5—2
Sept. 30	Milford Grammar School Home	Lost 2—3
Oct. 7	County Trials	
Oct. 14	County Trials	
Nov. 4	Haverfordwest S.M. ... Away	Lost 0—2
Nov. 18	Milford S.M. Away	Won 3—2
Nov. 25	Coronation S.M. Home	Won 11—2
Dec. 16	St. Davids G.S. Home	Drew 3—3
Jan. 13	Tenby S.S. Away	Won 2—1
Jan. 20	Taskers H.S. Home	Drew 1—1
Jan. 27	Milford Haven G.S. ... Away	Lost 0—2
Feb. 3	Haverfordwest S.M. ... Home	Lost 3—4

Goals for 35 Goals against 21

SECOND XI MATCHES

Date	Opponents	Result
Sept. 23	Taskers High School ... Away	Won 2—1
Nov. 4	Haverfordwest S.M. ... Away	Drew 1—1
Nov. 25	Coronation S.M. Home	Won 6—0
Jan. 13	Tenby Away	Won 4—0
Jan. 20	Taskers High School ... Home	Drew 0—0
Jan. 27	Milford G.S. Away	Won 1—0

Goals for 14 Goals against 2

THIRD FORM XI

Date	Opponents	Result
Feb. 1	Coronation S.M. ... Home	Drew 0—0
Feb. 17	Tenby Away	Lost 0—2

FOURTH FORM XI

Date	Opponents	Result
Feb. 17	Tenby Away	Lost 1—3

Many matches have been cancelled owing to the flu epidemic and poor weather.

COUNTY COLOURS

Sally Brown (3rd year) County Captain, Christine Nash (2nd year),
Krystinna Rynduch (1st year).

School Captain : Sally Brown
School Vice-captain : Christine Nash
Secretary : Margaret Johns

NETBALL—CHRISTMAS TERM, 1961-62

Captain : Pat Thomas, Vice-captain : Judith Payne

Date	Opponents	Result
Oct. 11	Coronation S.M. Away	Won 20—0
Oct. 18	W.R.A.C. Home	Lost 1—17
Nov. 1	Coronation S.M. Away	Won 15—3
Nov. 8	Coronation S.M. Away	Won 13—10
Nov. 15	Coronation S.M. Home	Won 13—10
Nov. 25	Gwendraeth G.S. Home	Lost 3—11
Nov. 25	Coronation S.M. Home	Won 11—3

RUGBY FIRST XV—CHRISTMAS TERM

Date	Opponents	Result
Sept. 16	Tenby Home	Won 5—0
Sept. 23	County Trial	
Sept. 30	Tenby Away	Lost 6—3
Oct. 7	Llanelly Home	Cancelled
Oct. 14	Open fixture	
Oct. 21	Half Term	
Oct. 28	Half Term	
Nov. 4	Whitland Home	Won 9—0
Nov. 11	Open fixture	
Nov. 18	Carmarthen Home	Drew 0—0
Nov. 25	Gwendraeth Home	Drew 3—3
Dec. 2	Haverfordwest Away	Lost 6—0
Dec. 9	Pembroke 'A' Away	Drew 0—0
Dec. 16	Open fixture	
Dec. 18	Old Boys Home	Won 5—0

RUGBY FIRST XV—EASTER TERM

Date	Opponents	Result
Jan. 6	Open fixture	
Jan. 13	Whitland Away	Lost 8—5
Jan. 20	Kilburn-London Away	Drew 3—3
Jan. 27	Cardigan Away	Won 5—0
Feb. 3	Carmarthen Away	Postponed
Feb. 10	Fishguard Home	Drew 6—6
Feb. 17	Half Term	
Feb. 24	Fishguard Away	Lost 8—0
Mar. 8	Haverfordwest Home	Won 6—0
Mar. 10	Gwendraeth Away	Lost 5—3

GAMES TO BE PLAYED

Date	Opponents	Result
Mar. 17	Cardigan Home	Postponed
	Carmarthen Away	
Apr. 7	Tenby	
Apr. 10	Old Boys Home	
Apr. 26	London Nautical School ... Home	

FIRST RUGBY XV OFFICIALS

Captain : T. Breese

Vice-captain : W. Kavanagh

Secretary : S. Brown

Committee : G. Briggs and C. Morgan

Four boys were selected to play for the county, they are G. Briggs, S. Brown, W. Kavanagh and B. Stubbs.

All four boys played in the 1st Welsh Trial, B. Stubbs and G. Briggs being selected to go to further trials. G. Briggs came very near to playing for Wales by playing for the Anglo-Welsh XV against the Welsh XV.

	<i>played</i>	<i>won</i>	<i>drew</i>	<i>lost</i>	<i>for</i>	<i>against</i>
<i>Results so far</i> :-	15	5	5	5	53	45

RUGBY JUNIOR XV

Captain : Martin Rickard. *Vice-Captain* : Michael Johnson.

Secretary : Graham Evans

RESULTS TO DATE

Sept. 16	Tenby	Home	Won	11-0
Sept. 30	Tenby	Away	Lost	15-0
Oct. 7	Llanelly	<i>Cancelled</i>		
Oct. 14	Coronation S.M.	Away	Lost	6-0
Nov. 4	Whitland	Home	Won	10-8
Dec. 2	Haverfordwest Grammar	Away	Won	3-0
Dec. 9	Preseli	Away	Won	11-3
Dec. 16	Coronation S.M.	Away	Lost	12-0
Jan. 13	Whitland	Away	Lost	6-0
Jan. 20	Kilburn G.S.	Away	Drew	6-6
Jan. 27	Cardigan	Away	Lost	12-3
Feb. 2	Haverfordwest S.M.	Home	Lost	12-3
Feb. 10	Fishguard	Home	Lost	6-3
Feb. 17	Preseli	Home	Won	18-0
Feb. 24	Fishguard	Away	Lost	11-3
Mar. 8	Haverfordwest Grammar	Home	Lost	6-0

SCHOOL DIARY

5 September	Christmas term 1961 began.
13 September	Eberhardt Schmidt arrived from Germany.
19 September	New pupils photographed.
12 October	Mr. W. F. Jefferies of the Commonwealth Institute lectured the School on "Nigeria, Land of Contrasts."
14 October	Penvro Sale of Work.
16 October	V1th Form Pupils, accompanied by Mr. Brian Howells, attended Careers Conference in Cardiff.
20 October	Sixth Conference at Milford Haven Grammar School.
23-27 October	Half Term.
1 November	Concert by James Maddocks, violin, and June Mills, piano.
9 November	Visit of Welsh Children's Theatre Company.
13-17 November	Medical Inspection.
14 November	Visit of B.B.C. Television film unit to film farm activities.
16 November	Recital of Music in St. Mary's Church, Pembroke.
21 November	Young Helpers' League box opening.
23 November	Recital of Music in Carew Parish Church.
24 November	Y.F.C. Public Speaking Contest at Haverfordwest.
30 November	Commander L. A. Wintle, R.N., addressed Senior Boys on "The Navy and the Nation Tomorrow."
1 December	Y.F.C. Public Speaking Contest at Haverfordwest.
8 December	Youth Employment Officers addressed Senior School.
7, 8, 9 December	The School Play: "The Government Inspector."
13 December	Prize Day. Special guests: Professor and Mrs. Jac L. Williams.
14 December	IInd Form Christmas Party.
15 December	IIIRD Form Christmas Party.
16 December	International Club Christmas Party.
17 December	Christmas Dinner at Bush House.
18 December	(1) IVth Form Christmas Party. (2) Eberhardt Schmidt returned to Germany.
19 December	(1) Christmas Film Show for the School in the Hall. (2) Old Boys' Rugger match. (3) Christmas Dinner in School. (4) Upper School Party.
20 December	End of Term.
1962	
9 January	Easter Term began.
10 January	Christopher Becker arrived from Germany.
11 January	Upper V1th Chemistry Class, accompanied by Mr. Bowskill, attended a lecture on Chemical Engineering at the B.P. Refinery, Llandarcy.
18 January	Ist Rugger XV and supporters travelled to London.
19 January	Ist XV v. Kilburn Grammar School at Kilburn.
8 February	Recital of music by Mr. Eirwyn Charles and Mr. W. H. Whitehall.
12 February	Rev. R. F. Bowers addressed the School on "The Work of a Missionary Under Present Day Conditions."
26, 27 February	Half Term.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST

FORM PRIZES

- IIc.—1, Philip Allington; 2, Joan Kenniford; 3, Jennifer Smith.
 IIb.—1, George Sheldon; 2, Peter Badham; 3, Robert Wilcox.
 IIa.—1, Malcolm Cawley; 2, David Merriman; 3, Frank Penfold.
 IIIb.—1, David Williams; 2, Shirley James.
 IIIc.—1, Brenda Davies; 2, Ann Roberts; 3, Robert Leyland.
 IIIb.—1, Michael Johnson; 2, Victoria Waterfield; Margaret Skone (Good Progress).
 IIIa.—1, Patricia Anfield; 2, Margaret Richards; 3, Katherine Phillips.
 IV Technical.—1, Graham Evans; 2, Richard Brown.
 IVc.—1, Brian Rees.
 IVb.—1, Paul Green; 2, Roger Baker; Keith Griffiths (Good Progress).
 IVa.—1, Keith Knellor; 2, Carolyn James; 3, Pat Edwards; 4, Howard Barton.
 Upper IV Technical.—1, Russell Mills; 2, Brian Coe.
 Upper IVc.—1, Anthony Gough.
 Upper IVb.—1, Malcolm Roch; 2, John Fell.
 Upper IVa.—1, Philip Lain; 2, John Brown; Pat King (Good Progress).
 V.X.—1, Patricia Thomas; 2, Judith Payne.
English Prize, given by Miss A. R. Lewis Davies—Peter Lewis.
Mathematics Prize, given by Alderman B. G. Howells—Patricia Thomas.
Needlework Prize, given by Mrs. M. V. Jones—Patricia Thomas.
History Prize, given by the Rev. Lewis G. Tucker—Patricia Thomas.
Geography Prize—Glyn Bate, Brian Morgan.
French Prize, given by Mrs. Nora Davies—Nina Pearman.
German Prize—Nina Pearman.
Welsh Prize, given by Councillor J. R. Williams—Maureen Thomas.
The Beatrice Mary Williams Prize for Cookery—Rosemary Maddocks.
Woodwork Prize, given by Mrs. David, in memory of her father, Mr. W. N. Grieve, J.P.—Hugh Owen.
Art Prize, given by Mrs. Jill Lockley—Glyn Bate.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, ORDINARY LEVEL

- Glyn Bate—English Language, History, Geography, Mathematics, Art, Arithmetic.
 Sandra Bradshaw—English Language.
 Janice Brady—English Language, English Literature, Scripture, Arithmetic.
 Richard Crawford—English Language, Art, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Gillian Evans—Scripture, Cookery.
 Marion Evans—English Language, Welsh (o.p.), Scripture, History, Cookery, Arithmetic.
 Maureen Ferrier—Scripture, Arithmetic.
 Donald Gough—Geography, Arithmetic.
 Anthony Haggart—English Language, English Literature, History, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Anthony Harris—History, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry, Arithmetic.
 David Hay—Geography, Biology, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Melvyn Hodge—English Language, History, Arithmetic.
 Colin Jenkins—English Language, Arithmetic.
 Peter Lewis—English Language, English Literature, Latin, History, Arithmetic.
 Sheila Llewellyn—Mathematics, Cookery, Arithmetic.

- Roger MacCallum—English Language, Spanish (o.p.), Scripture, Geography, Biology.
 Rosemary Maddocks—English Language, English Literature, History, Biology, Cookery, Arithmetic.
 Stephen Maher—English Language, Mathematics, General Science, Arithmetic.
 Brian Morgan—English Language, French (o.p.), History, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Chemistry.
 Hugh Owen—Mathematics, Physics, Biology, Art, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Judith Payne—English Language, English Literature, French (o.p.), Scripture, History, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic.
 Nina Pearman—English Language, English Literature, French (o.p.), German (o.p.), Scripture, Mathematics, Art, Arithmetic.
 Paul Reynolds—Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology, General Science, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Gillian Roberts—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, French, Scripture, Mathematics, Arithmetic.
 Susan Saunders—English Language, English Literature, Welsh (o.p.), French (o.p.), History, Scripture.
 Maureen Thomas—English Language, English Literature, Welsh (o.p.), Scripture, History, Mathematics, Cookery, Arithmetic.
 Patricia Thomas—English Language, English Literature, Latin, French (o.p.), Scripture, History, Geography, Mathematics, Needlework, Arithmetic.
 Peter Thomas—English Language, English Literature, Arithmetic.
 Sandra Williams—English Language, Art, Arithmetic.
 Jennifer Wills—English Language, English Literature, Mathematics, Arithmetic.
 V.O.
Form Prize: Margaret John.
The Beatrice Mary Williams Prize for Cookery—Valene Jenkins.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, ORDINARY LEVEL

- David Badham—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 David Bates—Economics.
 Hefina Bowen—Cookery.
 Barry Briggs—Biology, Metalwork, Arithmetic.
 Robert Brownlee—English Language, General Science, Arithmetic.
 Daphne Bush—French (o.p.), Spanish.
 Joyce Calver—English Language, Art.
 Brenda Cole—English Language, Arithmetic.
 Brian Devereux—English Language, French (o.p.).
 Jacqueline Evans—Needlework, Arithmetic.
 Michael Eynon—General Science, Arithmetic.
 Sandra Gaccon—Cookery.
 Hazel Golding—Art, Cookery, Arithmetic.
 Howard Griffiths—English Language, English Literature, Arithmetic.
 Ann James—English Literature, Scripture, History, Cookery.
 Valene Jenkins—English Language, Art, Cookery.
 Margaret John—English Language, English Literature, Scripture, Biology, Cookery.
 Hilary Jones—Cookery.
 Sally Jones—English Literature, Art.

Jean Lalley—English Language, English Literature, Scripture, History, Cookery.

Christine Lewis—English Language.

Clement Mathias—Arithmetic.

David Newton—English Language, Metalwork.

Robert Reeves—English Language, English Literature, General Science, Arithmetic.

Hilary Richards—English Language, English Literature, History.

Geoffrey Smallbone—English Language.

Phillip Warren—Geography, Arithmetic.

Anita Watts—English Language, History, Cookery.

Dilys Williams—Welsh (o.p.), Needlework.

Rosemary Wisher—English Language, Biology, Art, Cookery.

V.R.

Form Prize : Terence Raven.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, ORDINARY LEVEL

Michael Baldwin—General Science, Woodwork, Metalwork.

Philip Beynon—General Science, Arithmetic.

Shirley Britten—English Language, English Literature, Mathematics, Art, Cookery, Arithmetic.

Brinley Brown—History, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Art, Arithmetic.

Alan Colley—History, Geography, Arithmetic.

Diana Corbett—English Language, English Literature, Art.

Anne Edwards—English Language, English Literature, Economics, Needlework, Arithmetic.

Margaret James—Welsh (o.p.), Scripture, Mathematics, Arithmetic.

Valene James—English Language, Music (with practical).

Graham John—English Language, History, Mathematics.

David Lewis—English Language, English Literature, Scripture, Geography, Arithmetic.

Anna Livingstone—English Language, English Literature, Art, Cookery, Arithmetic.

Diana Mathias—English Language.

Philip Ralph—Mathematics, Biology, Art, Arithmetic.

Terence Raven—English Language, English Literature, Scripture, History, Geography, General Science, Arithmetic.

John Skone—History, Chemistry, Arithmetic.

Terence Thomas—English Language, French (o.p.), Chemistry, Biology, Woodwork, Arithmetic.

Myrtle Williams—English Language, Cookery, Arithmetic.

V TECHNICAL

Form Prize : Guy Thomas.

Pembroke Farmers' Club Cup for good work in Agriculture—Robert Thorne.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, ORDINARY LEVEL

St. John Brentnall—Economics, General Science, Metalwork, Arithmetic.

Steven Brown—English Language, Economics, Arithmetic.

Martyn Evans—English Language, Biology.

Colin Good—Economics, Biology, General Science, Metalwork, Arithmetic.

Nigel Rogers-Lewis—Welsh (o.p.), Metalwork.

Guy Thomas—Geography, Mathematics, Biology, General Science, Metalwork, Arithmetic.

Robert Thorne—English Language, Mathematics, Biology, General Science, Metalwork, Arithmetic.

Terence Threlfall—English Language, Biology, Agricultural Science, Arithmetic.

VI COMMERCIAL

W.J.E.C. CERTIFICATE OF PROFICIENCY IN SHORTHAND

Victoria Howells—Stage I.

Jeanette Llewellyn—Stage I.

W.J.E.C. CERTIFICATE OF PROFICIENCY IN TYPEWRITING

Victoria Howells—Stage I.

Jeanette Llewellyn—Stage I and II.

Janet Munt—Stage I

Marilyn Sanders—Stage I.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

Victoria Howells—Book-keeping, Stage I.

Jeanette Llewellyn—Typewriting, Stage I.

Janet Munt—Typewriting, Stage I.

Marilyn Sanders—Typewriting, Stage I (with Credit).

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, ORDINARY LEVEL

Marilyn Sanders—Arithmetic.

LOWER VI

The Alice Mary Rees Prize, given jointly by Ralph Llewellyn Rees and Morwyth Rees, in memory of their mother—Joan Sudbury and Malcolm Phillips.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, ORDINARY LEVEL

Eiry Bowen—English Language.

George Dickman—Economics.

Marian Gough—French (o.p.)

Trevor Jones—Art.

William Kavanagh—German.

Patricia Mathews—Geography.

Deryck Morgan—Additional Mathematics.

John Nash—Additional Mathematics.

Diana Palmer—German (o.p.), Biology, Arithmetic.

Gillian Phillips—Biology, General Science.

Malcom Phillips—Additional Mathematics.

UPPER VI

Prize for best performance at Advanced Level, given by the Pembroke Rotary Club—Joyce Simlett.

English Prize, given by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Phillips, in memory of Mrs. Phillips' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lewis—Charles James and John Lewis.

Music Prize, given by Mrs. Jill Lockley—Joyce Simlett.

Woodwork Prize—Keith Russant.

German Prize—Jean Shore.

Scripture Prize—Eileen Thomas.

Biology Prize—Ray Reynolds.

Chemistry Prize, given by Mr. Bernard Garnett in memory of his father, Mr. J. H. Garnett—Brian Anfield.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, ADVANCED LEVEL

Brian Anfield—Pure Mathematics (A), Physics (A), Chemistry (A).
 Brian Angle—Pure Mathematics (A), Applied Mathematics (A), Physics (O).
 Tom Breese—Pure and Applied Mathematics (A), Physics (O).
 Desmond Brown—History (O), Geography (A), Arithmetic (O).
 Wendy Cavaney—English (A), French (A), German (O).
 David Fraser—Physics (O), Chemistry (O).
 Wendy Gray—English (A), French (A), German (A).
 Roger Horgan—Mathematics (O), Physics (O), Chemistry (O).
 Charles James—English (A), French (A), History (A).
 Tom James—Pure Mathematics (A), Physics (A), Chemistry (A).
 Patricia Jones—English (A), French (A), German (A).
 John Lewis—English (A), French (A), History (A).
 Kenneth Lewis—Pure and Applied Mathematics (A), Physics (O), Chemistry (O).
 David Lloyd-Williams—Pure and Applied Mathematics (A), Physics (A), Chemistry (O).
 Christopher Morgan—Chemistry (O).
 Deryck Morgan—Physics (O), Zoology (O).
 Joan Morgan—English (A), French (O), History (O).
 Margaret Morgan—English (A), French (A), German (A).
 Christine Nash—Pure and Applied Mathematics (A), Physics (O), Chemistry (A).
 Ray Reynolds—Physics (O), Biology (A).
 Richard Roberts-Thomas—Chemistry (O), Botany (A), Zoology (A).
 Keith Russant—Woodwork (A, Distinction).
 Jean Shore—English (A), French (A), German (A, Distinction).
 Joyce Simlett—Chemistry (A), Botany (A), Zoology (A).
 Tom Simpson—English Literature (O), History (O).
 Eileen Thomas—English Literature (O), Scripture (A), History (O), Arithmetic (O).
 Jillian Thomas—French (A).
 Peter Thomas—Welsh (O), History (O).
 John Waller—Physics (O), Chemistry (O).
 John Woodward—Geography (A), Botany (A), Zoology (A).
The Chairman of Governors' Prize for Service to the School—Jean Shore, John Lewis.
Prize for the Spoken Word, given by Miss E. M. Young in memory of her father, Charles Young, J.P., Governor of the School—Roger Horgan.
Prizes for Original Work, given by Mrs. Sarah Thomas—1, Charles Wills; 2, Anthony Haggart; 3, Peter Pearce.

CUPS

The Senior House Rugby Cup, given by Major W. R. Davies, of Neyland—Picton House.
The Junior House Rugby Cup, given by the late Lt.-Col. P. R. Howells, of Tenby—Picton House.
The Senior House Hockey Cup, given by Miss M. Mathias—Hywel House and Glyndwr House (Joint Holders).
The Junior House Hockey Cup—Hywel House.
The Garfield Davies Cup for Rounders—Hywel House.
Tennis Cups, given by the Old Pupils' Association :—
Girls' Singles—Jean Shore, *Boys' Singles*—Barry Stubbs, *Mixed Doubles*—Margaret John and Barry Stubbs,

The Pennant Cup, given by the late Dr. D. H. Pennant, in memory of his son, Pilot Officer John Pennant, killed in 1945, to the Victor Ludorum at the Athletic Sports—Charles James (P), Trevor Jones (G), John Nash (G), Peter Thomas (G).
The Pembroke Cup, awarded to the Victrix Ludorum at the Athletic Sports—Anna Livingstone (T).
The Jean Crutchley Cup for the best all-rounder in Sport—Jean Shore.
The South Pembrokeshire Rechabites Cup for Girls' Athletics—Hywel House.
The Royal Air Force Cup for Boys' Athletics—Picton House.
Athletic Sports—Champion House—Picton House.
The Sidney Evans Eisteddfod Cup for Hywel House—Jennifer Morgan.
The Hylda Thomas Eisteddfod Cup for Picton House—Adele Berntzen.
The Joan Lewis Eisteddfod Cup for Tudor House—David Fraser.
The Sudbury Shield for the Winning House at the Eisteddfod—Picton House.
The Rowland Rees Cup for the Champion House—Picton House.
The Munt Challenge Bowl for House Drama Competition—Hywel House.

Won at the County Secondary Schools Sports, 1961 :
 The Howells Cup for Junior Girls.

Inter-School Trophies won by Pembroke Grammar School :
 The Austin Cup—inter-school Knock-out Hockey Competition.

Councillor Morgan Challenge Cups for Tennis :
 Girls' Singles—Jean Shore, Boys' Singles—Barry Stubbs, Junior House—Tudor House.

The Dora Lewis Tennis Cup :
 Boys' Doubles—David Fraser and Barry Stubbs.

The Douglas Morris Cup for Ladies' Cricket.

OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

President : T. C. Roberts, Esq., B.Sc.

Vice-Presidents :

Miss A. M. K. Sinnett, J.P., H. Rees, Esq., M.A., E. G. Davies, Esq., B.A.

Secretary : D. F. Hordley

Committee :

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

Magazine Editor : A. W. W. Devereux

In the last issue of *Penvro* this editorial stressed the importance to the School of the Organ Appeal Fund. It is with great regret that we announce that the response so far has been most disappointing. We again appeal to all Old Pupils to take this opportunity of helping the School to acquire an amenity which would be of great value both to the pupils and to the local community. We thank all Old Pupils who have already contributed to the fund and trust that many more will follow their example. Any donation, however small, will be greatly appreciated.

For the second year running the Annual Reunion on 27 December was very poorly attended, though the few who did brave the cold thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The organizers are concerned that so few Old Pupils feel it worth while to come to Reunion, the chief social event in the Association's year. It has been suggested that the charge is too high and also that Boxing Night would be a more popular date for Reunion. The former objection could be met if no refreshments were provided; the second suggestion would be more difficult to follow, since it is almost impossible to obtain the services of a band on Boxing Night. We should be pleased to receive any suggestions which Old Pupils may have for the improvement of this most important function.

There seems to be a misapprehension in certain circles as to the conditions of membership of the Association. All former pupils of this school may become members on payment of an annual subscription of 5/-, which entitles them to receive a copy of the two issues of *Penvro* each year. Old Pupils interested in the three active sections of the Association, Dramatics, Badminton and Tennis, should apply to the secretary of the relevant section at the School. The secretaries will be pleased to give full information regarding membership fees and programmes. A general invitation to all Old Pupils to attend Reunion is published in the local press each Christmas. It is emphasised that, by the rules of the Association, no Old Pupil may be refused membership of any section. We hope that this explanation will serve to answer the ill-informed criticism of the Association which was recently made Public.

The demonstrations during the training period of the German troops at Castlemartin last September aroused nation-wide interest and caused con-

cern to at least one Old Pupil. He wrote expressing the hope that none of our pupils was guilty of the unruly behaviour which brought such unwelcome publicity to the district. We can assure him that to the best of our knowledge such was not the case. In this connection we think our readers will be interested in a letter to a national newspaper from Mr. Herbert Rees, former History Master at School and one of our Vice-Presidents, which he has given us permission to print :

"Because the Panzers have been to Castlemartin everyone knows the name. It stands for tanks, guns and men in uniform, our own and the Germans. For of course there is nothing new in having troops there; the camp has been the training ground for our own tank regiments since the beginning of the last war. But before then ?

"Castlemartin was as peaceful and as rural as Dorset, and as English. We who live near smiled when we heard that the Germans were learning Welsh before coming here. The country around the camp has been English-speaking since the Normans and the Flemish came here centuries ago.

"The Welsh themselves are strangers here. The Normans and the Flemish stayed because the land around Castlemartin was rich fertile land, and could produce corn, wheat particularly, enough to feed the county, the people and the famous breed of black cattle, which made the name famous long ago.

"The fine land was taken to make a shooting-range, and the farm-houses and cottages became targets for shells. The people who had lived there had to find homes elsewhere. I knew one of these men. He had owned one of the biggest farms at Castlemartin, and he lived life to the full, enjoying his work and his play. His standards may be gauged from his favourite remark—'I like to see things done aright.'

"Near Castlemartin are some of the best cliff scenes in the West, a paradise for geologists and a breeding-ground for guillemots. The area may be a good training-ground for war, but it is certainly a wonderful place in peace."

OLD PUPILS' NOTES

Adèle Berntzen, who moved with her family to Falmouth last year, visited School last term. She paid us the compliment of saying that she preferred Pembroke G.S. to her present school !

Ann Bunting (1955-57) who entered Bushey Grammar School, Herts., when she left this school, obtained her Advanced Level G.C.E. in 1960 and entered Bristol University last September to read Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics.

Wilfred Bunyan (1953-58) who is serving on oil-tankers, is taking a course at Llandoverly to obtain his second cook's ticket.

Anne Campodonic (1951-58), whose marriage is reported in this issue, obtained Second Class Honours in History at St. Hugh's College, Oxford, and has been appointed to the staff of Kirkland Girls' School, Birkenhead.

Ruth Cole (1948-56), after graduating with Honours in English at Aberystwyth University College, has taken up a teaching post at the Ecole Normale d'Institutrices, Tours, France.

Cerith Evans (1953-59) has completed his agricultural course at the Gelli Awr Institute, Carmarthen, and is now pursuing further studies at Shuttleworth College, Biggleswade, Beds.

Maurice Eynon (1951-59) who since leaving school has been in the Education Department at the County Offices, Haverfordwest, entered Trinity College, Carmarthen, in September.

Joan Goddard (1947-54) left her teaching post at Pennar Primary School in September for a new post in Reading.

Ted Goddard (1952-59) after completing his course at Newlands Park College, obtained a teaching appointment at Slough, Bucks., but unfortunately suffered a breakdown in health and is now convalescing at home.

David Griffiths (1952-59) was granted a regular commission as Pilot Officer in the R.A.F. Regiment in December after passing out from the R.A.F. Officers' Cadet Training Unit in the Isle of Man.

Margaret James, who left School in July was appointed to the clerical staff of the Pembroke Borough Finance Officer in September.

Tom James left School last July and entered Swansea University College in September. In the same month he appeared on B.B.C. Television with the National Youth Orchestra of Wales, with which he has played for the past three years.

Brian John (1946-53) is at present lecturing on English Literature at the Pennsylvania State University, U.S.A.

David G. Jones (1943-49) has been promoted to Staff Clerk at the Llanelli County Court. He has been Senior Clerk at Carmarthen County Court for some years.

Olwyn Lewis (née Thomas, 1945-48) has obtained her Health Visitor's Certificate after a 12 months' course at Cardiff University College. She is already a State Registered Nurse.

Jeanette Llewellyn (1955-61) has entered the Clerical Class of the Civil Service in London.

Sandra Loveluck (1945-56), who since leaving School has been on the staff of the National Provincial Bank, Pembroke Dock, has been transferred to the Reading branch.

Diane Mathias (1956-61) has joined the staff of Glangwili Hospital, Carmarthen, as a student nurse.

Derek MacGarvie (1947-54) has been teaching for four years at Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks., and has now moved to a new Junior School in Camberley, Surrey.

Eric Morgan (1947-54), home on leave from Nigeria, where he is working as a civil engineer, gave an interesting talk to the International Club on 26 January. He played back a tape recording which he had made last in Lagos of an interview with Mr. Islwyn Griffiths on the subject of the annual International Meeting held at School. This was broadcast on the B.B.C. Overseas Service, and, as Eric pointed out, the Meeting, and through it the School, is becoming well-known in many parts of the world. Eric recently met another Old Pupil in Nigeria, Nigel Davis (1954-59). Nigel is working there with a firm of electrical engineers.

John Ougham (1950-57) called at School recently. He has spent the last ten months travelling around the Middle East, with his headquarters in Athens. He is a civilian employee of the United States Government and tells us that it is his ambition to settle down in Berlin, which he considers the finest city he has visited.

Graham Phillips (1951-58) took his B.A. Degree at Aberystwyth University College last September and has returned there to take his Diploma in Education.

Lawrence Phillips (1952-58) has resigned his post with the *Western Telegraph*, and entered Trinity College, Carmarthen, in September.

Valerie Powell (1951-55) has obtained her S.R.N. Certificate at Black Netley Hospital, Braintree, Essex, where she has been a student nurse for three years.

Brian Sherlock (1940-45) is now working as a representative with a firm of jewellers in East Anglia and is living in Ipswich.

Tom Simpson left School in July to take up an appointment on the journalistic staff of the *Western Telegraph*.

William G. Smith (1944-51) has been appointed Lecturer in English and Social Studies at the new College of Technology, Hull.

Trevor J. Smith (1933-38), who joined the Regular Army in 1939, recently retired with the rank of Regimental Sergeant-Major. He spent eighteen of his twenty-three years' service abroad.

Michael Tee (1950-55) has completed his service with the R.A.F. and obtained an appointment with Messrs. Decca at Millford Haven.

David Thomas (1951-57) has been awarded a scholarship for a year's study at Princeton University, U.S.A. On his return he will enter the Foreign Civil Service.

Michael Thomas (1949-56) has obtained a teaching post in Essex.

Megan Thomas (1943-48) is now on the nursing staff of a Nottingham Hospital.

Michael Williams (1953-59), after completing his training at Trinity College, Carmarthen, has obtained a teaching post at Kilburn, London.

Owen T. H. Williams (1909-15) retired in July from his post as Deputy Headmaster and Senior Classics Master at Bromsgrove High School. He is an uncle of Peter Williams (1945-53) who was Head Boy in 1952-53.

Barbara Davies (1944-51), whose engagement is announced in this issue, is teaching French at Ithaca, New York.

Eira Brickle (1950-58) has obtained a post as Scripture Mistress at Maidstone Grammar School for Girls, Kent.

Martyn Evans (1958-61) was awarded the cup for the best actor in the Pembrokeshire Y.F.C. Drama Competition, 1962.

Nesta Dew (1924-31) has been appointed Headmistress of the new Manor Road County Primary School, Sunbury-on-Thames.

Gillian Lewis (1953-55) who graduated two years ago at Cardiff University College, is at present pursuing advanced studies at the University of Massachusetts.

Richard May (1954-57) has gained the Dip. Tech. with Honours in Applied Physics at Rugby Technical College.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagement :

1961

August 4—Joe Griffiths (1946-50) to Rosemary English, of Tenby.

September 22—David J. Morgan (1950-56) to Sybil Wrench, of Pembroke.

September 29—George Jones (1950-57) to Jacqueline Godfrey (1952-57).

September 29—Beryl Williams (1943-47) to John L. Watts, of Penally.

October 27—Ruth Dony (1951-56) to John Buckle, of Brighton.

December—Tudor Williams (1952-57) to Rosalind Colley, of Penally.

December—Peter Hussey (1955-60) to Margaret Woodward, of New-castle-on-Tyne.

1962

January 5—Ivor Davies (1952-59) to Joan Lewis, of Monkton, Pembroke.

January—Barbara Davies (1944-51) to Arthur Conning, M.Sc., of Cornell University, New York.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage :

1961

July 15—At Stackpole, Barbara Ann Thomas (1951-56) to David Llewellyn Adams, of Haverfordwest.

July 31—At Pembroke, George Reynolds (1949-56) to Anne Campodonic (1951-58).

August 15—At Pembroke Dock, Stephen Griffiths (1947-55) to Megan Morgan (1948-54).

August—At Trecwn, David Gwyther (1950-56) to Meriel Bowen, of Trecwn.

August 30—At Stackpole, Mary Ferrier Thomas (1944-51) to E. J. Elliott Jenkins, of Llanrhian.

September 2—At Pembroke Dock, Veronica Ann Collins (1951-56) to Victor Masters, of Kent.

September 2—At Cardiff, Robert Jones, B.Sc. (1951-54) to Grace Ernestine Gover, of Cardiff.

September 2—At Pembroke, Elizabeth Hay (1954-58) to David Rossant, of Pembroke.

September 9—In London, Pauline Armitage, B.Sc. (1950-57) to Colin R. Curds.

September 6—At Pembroke, Hilda Hughes (1941-45) to William Price, of Bala.

September 16—At Pembroke Dock, Michael McCusker (1952-56) to Marie Lodomez, of Pembroke.

October 18—At Pembroke Dock, Terence John (1951-55) to Sheila Virginia Palmer, of Pembroke Dock.

October 18—At Stackpole, Patricia Prout (1952-57) to Peter Jones, of Angle.

October 21—At Tenby, John Stuart Thomas (1949-56) to Caroline Lloyd-Jones, of Tenby.

October 28—At Pembroke Dock, Barbara Ollin (1952-56) to L. J. Ambrose, of Pembroke Dock.

November—At Merthyr, George McClean (1948-57) to Barbara M. Phillips, of Merthyr.

November 25—At Stackpole, Millicent Lewis (1951-55) to Peter Pannell, of Pembroke.

November 25—At Pembroke, Derek Willington (1946-50) to Valerie Howells, of Pembroke Dock.

December 16—At Monkton, Joan Mathias (1955-59) to Staff Sergeant W. J. Pugh, R.E., of St. Florence.

December 26—At Pembroke, Gordon Payne (1953-60) to Ann Deveson (1954-60).

December 26—At Tumble, Carms., Dennis Rendall (1945-51) to Diana Mary Thomas, of Tumble.

December 23—At Aberdeen, David Nicholas to Margaret Davidson, of Aberdeen.

December 28—In London, Peter Preece (1946-54) to Judith Barbara Kelf-Cohen, of London.

December 30—At Neyland, Delphia Welham (1949-57) to Hayden Mackeen, of Neyland.

1962

January 12—At Pembroke Dock, Sylvia Bearne (1952-57) to Peter Hutchinson, of London.

January 22—At Hundleton, Newman J. Williams (1950-54) to Hilary Ann Tucker, of Hundleton.

January 22—At Lamphey, Pamela Powell (1952-56) to Graham Williams, of Coventry.

January—At Oxford, Terence Darlington, B.A. (1946-49) to Monica Ann Gell, B.A., of Kidderminster.

February 10—At Penally, Tudor Williams (1952-57) to Rosalind Colley, of Penally.

March 3—At Pembroke Dock, Gwilym Pendleton (1935-40) to Glenda Davies, (1946-50).

March 3—At Pembroke Dock, Shirley Hill (1950-54) to Brian Fowler, of Oxford.

March 10—At Boston, Massachusetts, Beti Evans (1953-58) to David Randall, of Springfield, Massachusetts.

March 10—At Angle, Joy Couzens (1955-59) to Gerald Thomas James, of Pembroke.

We have pleasure in recording the following births :

October 5, 1961—At Durban, South Africa, to Rae (née Gammon, 1950-57) wife of Patrick George Castles, a son, Tyrone Murray.

March 24, 1961—At Sheffield, to Marian (née Davies, 1941-48), wife of John Jenkins, Head of the History Department at Rotherham Grammar School, a daughter, Sian Elisabeth.

January 2, 1962—To Ann (née David, 1947-54) wife of Cleo Dureau, at Oregon City, U.S.A., a daughter, Sian Rachelle.

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