

# THE PENVRO



SPRING 1965

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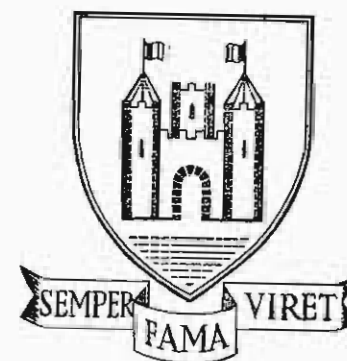
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**THE PENVRO**

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No. 137

SPRING

1965

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Staff Editor: Miss C. M. Lewis

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## EDITORIAL

If "variety's the very spice of life that gives it all its flavour," the Christmas term has been well seasoned for us.

We have been immortalized once more in black and white and so, for the price of 5/6, have been able to provide ourselves with fresh material for the ever-popular 'What-on-earth-was-his-name' game indulged in by Old Pupils, whose ranks some of us will soon be joining. We have been visited by the Fijian Rugby Touring team, much to the envy of neighbouring schools. One expected the boys to be excited about this event but it was interesting to see how many girls suddenly showed an interest in rugby. The Mock Election brought us to simmering, if not boiling, point, but those who remember the 1959 election were rather disappointed at the apathetic attitude evident during the campaign. Can it be that we are not of the stuff of our predecessors? The school play provided us with a wealth of spectacle and laughter. The fourth-former whose presence on stage went unseen but not undetected was particularly worthy of mention, while Michael Jones' mastery of his captive balloon and his trust in the boys operating it showed his usual 'sang-froid.' The Lower school had the opportunity of seeing the Welsh National Theatre players performing extracts from Shakespeare. A new school society was formed, namely the Community Service Unit, which we wish all success.

As is usual in the Christmas term, we have welcomed some new members of staff, who by now seem to be taking P.G.S. activities in their stride. We hear that Mr. Rex Lewis, our erst-while constructor of stage sets, is keeping his hand in by making a coffee table for his wife. Mr. Key's departure for Eltham resulted in Messrs. McKenzie and Bowskill jointly acquiring a large family of Tech. boys. Mr. Brian Howells, now lecturing at St. David's College, Lampeter, has been replaced by Mr. J. Harris. We welcome Mr. Harris to our ranks, along with his wife, Mrs. B. Harris, who takes the place of Mr. Lewis in the Maths. Department, and Mr. M. Thomas, who has taken over Mr. Key's post in the Geography department.

Once again we have been privileged to entertain two foreign language assistants this year. Herr Asmus took a great interest in the school play and was very helpful backstage, while Mlle. Serve has also entered wholeheartedly into the school activities. We hope that they will enjoy their stay in Pembroke and that they will be able to look back on it with pleasure when they return home at the end of the school year.

For the second year in succession twins were among the new entrants but this time they are identical, so much so that they themselves couldn't tell which photograph was whose when their form teacher asked them! The only place where they are distinguishable is in the Canteen as one is apparently more able to digest school meals than is the other.

End of term has been unusually quiet owing to the cancellation of the usual gaieties and it seems that the only people with no work to do are those who have just completed the November G.C.E. May the hopes of these last-mentioned be fulfilled and their fears banished in success.

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PEMBROKESHIRE

## W.J.E.C. EXAMINATIONS, 1964—'ADVANCED' LEVEL

Bowen, Mary Hefina—Domestic Subjects 'O'.  
 Bowen, Pauline Ellen Ann—Domestic Subjects 'O'.  
 Brady, Janice Bridget Ann—English, Welsh 'O'.  
 Davies, Caryl Margaret—Botany 'O', Geology.  
 Edwards, Jacqueline—English, French, Spanish.  
 Holmes, Elizabeth Anne—English 'O', French.  
 James, Ann—English, Scripture Knowledge.  
 James, Mary Ruth—Welsh, French 'O', Music.  
 Johns, Elizabeth Ann—English 'O', Domestic Subjects 'O'.  
 King, Patricia Poyer—English 'A', French, Spanish.  
 Mullins, Janet Eva—Scripture Knowledge 'O'.  
 Palmer, Susanne Marcia—English, Scripture Knowledge.  
 Pearman, Nina Lorraine—English, French, German.  
 Staunton, Sandra Catherine Olive—Domestic Subjects 'O'.  
 Thomas, Maureen Martha—English, Welsh, Scripture Knowledge.  
 Thomas, Patricia Irene—French.  
 Woodward, Carol Ann—English, French 'O', Scripture Knowledge.  
 Brown, Douglas Layton—Chemistry 'O', Botany 'O', Zoology.  
 Brown, John David—Pure & Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.  
 Canton, David Alfred—Pure & Applied Mathematics 'A', Physics, Chemistry.  
 Davies, Paul—Pure & Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.  
 Drysdale, Andrew Charles—Pure & Applied Mathematics, Physics, Art.  
 Edwards, Michael Henry Masset—Pure & Applied Mathematics, Physics, Art 'A'.  
 Jones, Michael Pugh—English 'A', German 'O', History.  
 Lain, Philip Benjamin—Pure & Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.  
 MacCallum, Roger—Geography, Botany 'O', Zoology.  
 Mitchell, Robert Falcon—Chemistry 'O', Botany 'O'.  
 Owen, Victor Hugh—Pure & Applied Mathematics, Physics.  
 Reynolds, Paul—Pure & Applied Mathematics 'O', Metalwork 'A'.  
 Roche, Malcolm James—Chemistry, Botany, Zoology.  
 Thomas, Andrew Ray—English, Scripture Knowledge, Geography.  
 Thomas, Martin Guy—Chemistry, Botany 'O', Zoology 'O'.  
 Warlow, Jeffrey Michael—English, History, Geography.

## 'ORDINARY' LEVEL

*Form VI*

Carol Woodward (1); Gwyneth Griffiths (2); Marilyn Mckee (2); Lynne Shore (2); Paul Reynolds (1); John Armitage (2); Roger Baker (1); Howard Barton (1); Anthony Davies (1); Paul Driscoll (Spec. Arith.); Tony Gough (1); Keith Griffiths (2); Barry Hunter (1); Richard James (2); Roger Jones (1); Keith Kneller (1); Gareth Nicholls (1); John Oaker (2); John Reynolds (2); Martin Rickard (2); Brian Smith (2); Andrew Warlow (2).

*Form VR*

Lynette Aitken (1); Shelagh Buckley (1 & S.A.); Janet Cox (3); Coral Lloyd (3); Ruth Thomas (2 & S.A.); Susan Watts (2); Rosemary Wrench (2); Geoffrey Cavaney (2); Donald Hubbard (1); Vaughan Jenkins (4); Desmond Lewis (3 & S.A.); John Mathias (2); David Thomas (2).

*Form Va*

Patricia Anfield (5); Margaret Barton (7); Helen Butters (7); Ann Gough (8 & S.A.); Eira Jenkins (5); Ruth Morgan (7 & S.A.); Kathryn Phillips (6 & S.A.); Margaret Richards (6 & S.A.); Diana Richardson (3); Olwyn Richardson (4 & S.A.); Veronica Sandell (5 & S.A.); Maribelle Thomas (4); Michael Brace (4 & S.A.); Edward Bromhead (6); David Campbell (7); Philip Carradice (4); Kenneth Deveson (7); David Eastick (8 & S.A.); Martin Hall (4 & S.A.); Robert Howells (2 & S.A.); Roland Humber (5); Michael Johnson (3 & S.A.); Robert Leyland (2 & S.A.); Guy Pearce (4 & S.A.); Bruce Penfold (1 & S.A.); Roger Powell (8 & S.A.); Howard Robinson (4 & S.A.); Gareth Saunders (8 & S.A.); Michael Silburn (6); Lyn Smith (3); Peter Watts (2).

*Form Vb*

Sally Baker (3); Christine Bellamy (1 & S.A.); Helen Cooper (2); Brenda Davies (3); Pamela Driscoll (3 & S.A.); Frances Edwards (5 & S.A.); Janice Gammon (4 & S.A.); Susan Haggart (6 & S.A.); Janet Hasler (4); Priscilla Hughes (3); Susan Huxtable (2 & S.A.); Rosemary Lewis (7 & S.A.); Ann Miller (4 & S.A.); Carol Roberts (4); Margaret Skone (5); Michael Blake (3 & S.A.); William Cliff (7 & S.A.); Robert Culliford (5 & S.A.); Gerwyn Davies (3 & S.A.); Brian Hall (2 & S.A.); David Olyott (3 & S.A.); Peter Pearce (2); Michael Phillips (3); David Roderick (4 & S.A.); Harvey Thomas (7 & S.A.); Richard Wragg (7 & S.A.).

*Form Vc*

Susan Evans (1); Shan Griffiths (5); Ruth Hall (5); Helen O'Leary (4); Ann Robins (3); Catherine Rogers (2); Hilary Thomas (1); Peter Hewitt (4 & S.A.); David Hughes (1 & S.A.); Leslie Neville (3 & S.A.); Colin Thomas (3 & S.A.).

*Form V Technical*

Wendy Donovan (4 & S.A.); Peter Davis (2); Donald Esmond (2 & S.A.); Geoffrey Lee-Cann (3 & S.A.); Malcolm Lewis (6 & S.A.); Robert Rogers (2 & S.A.); Christopher Thomas (2); Terence Watkins (1 & S.A.); Robert Whitehead (1); David Williams (1 & S.A.).

\* S.A.—Special Arithmetic.

*Upper IVa*

The following were successful in English Language:—  
 Barbara Beynon, Bernadette Henson, Caroline Hughes, Pamela Jenkins, Rosemary Jenkins, Sarah Monico, Mary Newton, Susan Peach, Sheila Richardson, Margaret Rogers, Margaret Vernon, Linda Williams, Barry Crawford, John Davies, Ieuan Harries, Frank Penfold, Eric White, John Whitehall, Robert Wilcox.

## SOCIAL SERVICE FUND

The following Form Contributions to the Fund have been made during the Autumn Term 1964:—

Form	No. of Pupils	£	s.	d.	Average per pupil
II	34	1	9	0	10
IIa	29	1	15	10	1 4
IIb	32		12	3½	4½
IIIa	34	2	14	0½	1 7
IIIb	35	1	17	5	1 1
IIIc	25		17	3	8
IVa	31	3	12	3½	2 4
IVb	31	1	11	9½	1 0
IVc	26		13	6	6
IVT	9		17	3½	1 11
Upper IVa	33	2	2	5½	1 3
Upper IVb	30	1	0	8½	8
Upper IVc	17		16	0	11
Upper IVT	10		12	11½	1 3½
Va	34	1	17	5½	1 1
Vb	18		15	2½	10
Vc	8		2	4	3½
VR	32	1	2	8	8½
VT	12		4	4½	4
Lower VIA	24	1	6	10½	1 1
Lower VIS	16		13	9	10
Upper VIA	16		11	11	9
Upper VIS	15		14	0½	11
	551	28	1	5½	1 0

The following Charities have been assisted by the Social Service Fund this Christmas, 1964:—

	£	s.	d.
Muscular Dystrophy Group	4	4	0
Save the Children Fund	5	5	0
Helen Keller House Fund	4	4	0
Polio Research Fund	4	4	0
"War on Want"	5	5	0
National Children's Home	4	4	0
Sunshine Home for Blind Babies	4	4	0
Coomb Cheshire Home, Llanstephan	5	5	0
Tenby & District Mentally Handicapped Children	5	5	0
British Empire Cancer Campaign	4	4	0
U.N.A. Special Collection			
(This brings the School Contribution to £100)	8	5	7
The National Spastics Society	4	4	0
International Club Social Service Group	5	5	0

£63 18 7

Although there are inevitably those among us who cannot be prevailed upon to part with even an Irish halfpenny, many pupils can read the above lists with a sense of personal satisfaction. Add to this the magnificent effort of the International Club (referred to in their report), the usual excellent Barnardo Box collection and the five guineas collected by the Form VI carol-singers, and we can see that the spirit of charity is still alive and kicking at Bush.

## THE SCHOOL GENERAL ELECTION—OCTOBER 1964

From early in the term rumour had it that the school would hold a mock election to coincide with the real one. Sixth formers reminded each other of the last election when they had been in the third form. They recalled members of the Welsh Nationalist party wandering round the school dressed as bards and the uproarious gatherings on the bicycle shed steps, and wondered when the fun would begin.

At last, at the end of September, Mr. Griffiths held a meeting during break and told us to choose potential candidates, from whom we could elect party representatives. The parties might follow the policies of the real parties or be independent. Some dangerous suggestions were given, such as Feminist, Anti-School, etc. Each party would have a printed manifesto and a fortnight in which to campaign. On polling day, every pupil would have a vote. I thought it a great pity that Mr. Griffiths' final words put paid to any secret hope of commandeering the public address system or of plastering all the walls and blackboards with posters. A large strip of paper with "Communists" written on it would have greatly improved the staff-room door!

The next morning the notice board had the names of six parties (Conservative, Labour, Liberal, Communist, Christian Socialist and Welsh Nationalist) and the numbers of the rooms where the candidates were to be elected. By the second lesson, original posters were everywhere, especially Communist ones. The meetings got off to a good start. They began by being properly conducted in a formal manner but, as soon as the candidates had been nominated, the door would burst open and a Communist deputation would come shouting in. Surprisingly, among cries of "Kruschev for ever," "Heil Hitler" was heard. The Labour party had a fight and the Liberals were shocked to find, when they came out of their room, "Vote Labour" on the door. The candidates chosen were Guy Pearce (Con.), John Davies (Lab.), Susan Evans (Lib.), David Campbell (Christian Socialist), and Philip Carradice (Welsh Nat.). The Communists appeared to fade out at this stage, unfortunately, much to the dismay of a certain enthusiastic member of IVc, but a few of their posters continued to appear.

At the beginning of the election campaign there were so many posters that they over-flowed the notice-boards and flooded the neighbouring walls. Even a few class-room doors sported brightly coloured promises to "Ban the bomb." Fanatics painted scraps of paper, even cardboard, furiously in the Art-room at break, lunch-time and whenever Mr. Cooper was looking the other way. This enthusiasm did not last long for what is the use of spending ten minutes in thinking up a good slogan if, in less than three, the Commies or Labourites can tear it down? This is probably the reason for the lack of clever posters when the election should have been at its height. Plaid Cymru had the best posters and the Christian Socialists should be congratulated on



changing theirs frequently so that we should not get tired of looking at the same promises for two weeks. The parties, in the last few days before the 15th, seemed to have run out of invention for they put up a number of the printed faces of Mr. Donnelly and Sir Alec, issued by the real parties.

When the five different party manifestos appeared the arguments really began. Politics were discussed so thoroughly that one was only too glad to get home and away from apartheid and the Bomb. The Christian Socialists had possibly the longest and most intelligent answers to the questions of foreign policy, education, economy, transport and defence, but they did have an unfair advantage in being in a position to pick out the best in the policies of the recognized parties. The Labour and Welsh Nationalist manifestos were well written but did little more than echo Mr. Wilson and Gwynfor Evans. The Conservative and Liberal policies attempted, though they were poorly expressed, to be more original.

The party meetings were very disappointing and only a few brave spirits ventured to speak in the playground. Each party had at least one meeting but surely the candidates should have been out canvassing for votes each break. The Liberals were the first to hold a meeting but their candidate did not know her policy well enough to answer questions adequately. The Plaid candidate stood up well to a storm of heckling. The best meetings were conducted by the Christian Socialists and Conservatives who even managed, more or less, to silence the Labour opposition. The final and most impressive meeting was the eve-of-poll hustings. The candidates were encouraged by the presence of a large audience, including the Headmaster and several members of staff, and they excelled themselves. Mr. Griffiths, acting as chairman, asked them to speak in alphabetical order. David Campbell, as first speaker, set the pattern for the others and the speech that met with most applause was Guy Pearce's—what do you expect when the Labour candidate is referred to as a gob-stopper?

On the 15th, the Hall and the Art room were used as polling stations and excitement rose as pupils began to file past the two officials checking the names. Legal votes were pre-stamped with the school name! The candidates anxiously hovered around the ballot boxes, soliciting for votes. By two o'clock all the votes were in and Malcolm Roche, the returning officer, asked six of us to help with the count. Mr. Griffiths lined us up on the stage in the hall and made us solemnly swear, with raised right hands, and on the bones of our ancestors and by St. George not to divulge the results before the official announcement, which was to be made at 3.50 p.m. Eventually, having double-checked the results, we arrived at the right answer—and spent the rest of the afternoon destroying posters!

Mr. Devereux announced the results to the majority of the school at 3.50. They were: Conservative, 228; Labour, 178; Liberal, 32; Christian Socialist, 31; Plaid Cymru, 31. The candidates thanked the electorate amid the customary cheers—and the smiles of the staff who were hanging out of the windows.

All the candidates, and especially Susan Evans, as the only girl, are to be thanked and congratulated on their bravery, for without them there would have been no 'mock' election. Also deserving of praise are those who made posters, wrote manifestos, acted as chairmen, helped

at the polls and the count, and, of course, Mr. Griffiths, who made all the arrangements. It was a most successful election as almost all the school cast a vote. It was interesting to note that the Juniors were predominantly Labour and the Seniors Conservative. We will long remember the letters on the Commercial room door changed to 'Commies'; the puzzled expressions of our foreign visitors as they stared up at the Hammer and Sickle; and the crowds, in which it was impossible to move, around the central stairway.

HELEN HANSHELL, *Lower VI Arts.*

## THE SCHOOL PLAY

A PENNY FOR A SONG by John Whiting

The School play this year provided a great contrast with the didactic, intellectual drama of ideas 'Galileo' by Brecht performed last year. It is a much lighter, gayer play, but with a strong thread of sense running through the verbal gymnastics, reminiscent of Shaw in some moods. The anonymous jingle:

Hey, nonny no!  
Men are fools that wish to die!  
Is't not fine to dance and sing  
When the bells of death do ring?

sum up well the theme of the play, as much of the play deals with the absurdity of war, satirised in the amusing eccentricities of Lamprett Bellboys, his wife, Hester, and his brother, Sir Timothy.

Sir Timothy is also a caricature of a certain kind of eighteenth century squire, with his singleness of purpose in pursuing his crazy eccentric belief that he can defeat Napoleon and the French single-handed with an earnest seriousness. He is the English gentleman with contempt for foreigners, whose language he grossly maltreats, a love of his old school and the greatest possible regard for cricket. Michael Jones played the part of Sir Timothy brilliantly. Few will forget his expression when disguised as a most unlikely Napoleon he slowly sank into the well standing to attention and at the salute in the basket of the balloon. He gains in experience on the stage and well sustained the part which contrasted so much with his Galileo of last year.

His brother, Lamprett Bellboys, with his endearing life ambition to find fires to extinguish and his pride in his primitive fire-engine was excellently played by Roger Baker. He thoroughly enjoyed playing the part and we enjoyed it with him. The serious thread of ideas running through the play reveals itself mainly in the dialogues between Edward Sterne, the soldier of fortune, and Hallam Matthews, the cultivated, highly intelligent, tired man of the world. Sterne, intelligently played by David Campbell, is a radical, influenced by the revolutionary ideas of Tom Paine. The horror of war is shown when he tells us of his experiences of the poverty and disease of a Europe disrupted by war. Richard James conveyed extremely well the sound common sense of Hallam, a man who had read the radical writers, Rousseau and Tom Paine, and who now asks for a copy of Wordsworth, who in his early days was a sympathiser with revolutionary causes. However, Hallam is a traditionalist who stands as a foil to the extreme eccentricities of the Bellboys and the radicalism of Sterne.

Veronica Sandell gave us an excellent interpretation of the formidable Hester Bellboys, wife of Lamprett. With a kind of absurd common sense she solemnly instructs her husband to shut the gate to keep the cannon-balls out, and it is her ambition to join Lady Jerningham's Amazon Corps in East Anglia. We can well believe Sir Timothy when he says how she will be missed in the local cricket eleven. Undoubtedly, a woman who could deal with all bumpers and body liners.

Charming youth and romantic first love was attractively portrayed by Lynne Shore as Dorcas Bellboys, the daughter of Hester. There is no romantic ending to her meeting with Edward Sterne; it is a bitter-sweet affair and they part with honesty on both sides. Robin Campbell gave a most appealing performance as the little French boy, saved from the holocaust of Europe by Edward Sterne. He does not speak; indeed he knows no English, but he brings out the kindness of others, particularly of Lamprett, who becomes his close friend. Michael Johnson, as George Selincourt, the leader of the zany local defence corps, played his part well, and was rightly indignant when Lamprett put out all his warning signal fires with his fire-engine. England need never tremble when she has such a fine body of men to defend her as Joseph Brotherhood, James Giddy and Rufus Piggott, all amusingly played by, respectively, Guy Pearce, Geoffrey Lee-Cann and Philip Carradice. Alan Searle gave an intelligent performance as the practical, valet-cum-general factotum, Samuel Breeze, of Hallam Matthews. Elaine Hughes, as Pippin, made a gay little servant.

We must not forget the man up the tree—a physical achievement as well as a role requiring great concentration. Malcolm Lewis, as William Humpage, the man on perpetual watch for Napoleon's ships, gave a most entertaining performance.

We must give special praise here to the settings by Mr. Cooper and the careful work put in by the painting assistants, the fire-engine, builders and those in charge of the scenery construction, lighting, make-up, prompting, wardrobe, and the business arrangement of the whole play.

Finally, our thanks to Mr. Shaw, the producer, who once more has shown us the high standards that can be achieved in school productions.

V.R.T.H.

### P.E.N.V.R.O.

Perhaps I'll write a simple rhyme and  
Enter it for THE PENVRO.  
Not that I can spare the time, there's a  
Very good show from Wenvoe.  
Rather dense at making verse—  
One's words just seem to bore;  
But thought I'd make this effort  
For nineteen sixty four.

JENNIFER RICKETTS, IVA.

## THE FLIGHT

Paul McConell ran to the back door of the bungalow and out into the day, his head almost bursting with the thought, "He mustn't catch me! He mustn't!"

A voice behind him shouted, "Paul, come back immediately!" but he ran on heedless and as he went he thought of his father. In his mind he could see him, with that ruthless smile, saying, "You must, Paul, you must," and he fought to shake off the terrible image of those two men with his father, those men that had come to collect him to go . . . to go . . .

He ran across the common, over a big gurgling stream and into the dark woods. He ran on, careless of the briars and brambles that tore at his clothing and his body and made blood run down his face, a face that was wet with bitter tears of anger and despair. Suddenly he tripped over a stump of wood, but he clumsily got to his feet and struggled half blindly along the path. His crying was even more bitter and his anger at bursting point.

Soon, just as he stopped to get some air back into his taut-stretched lungs, a light seemed to flood over him and he stepped back, turned, and once again ran quickly from his aggressors. But what was this? A dead-end, a drop of about twenty feet, and his heart nearly stopped beating. He could hear his pursuers pounding through the wood after him. As he crouched down in the shadow of a tall tree, a light was again played over him. With sinking heart, he recognised his father and the two sinister men.

His father grabbed him by the shoulder and shook him angrily. His face looked dark and ugly. "Really, Paul," he said, "you must get used to going to school!"

DAVID JENKINS, Upper IVB.

## IF

Where would Britain be today  
If politics were all the say?  
If all we did was go to school  
And had no time to play the fool?

No more beat groups left to singo,  
No more Paul, John, George or Ringo,  
No more Rhythm, no more Blues,  
No more pointed high-heeled shoes?

Beatle cuts would soon be finished.  
Swinging parties then diminished.  
If politics were all the say,  
Where would Britain be today?

HELEN HUMBER, IVA



## GUY FAWKES NIGHT

'Tis November the fifth, and Guy Fawkes Night,  
The moon is full and the stars are bright.  
The children have trod the streets all day,  
Carrying their guy on an old tin tray.  
Their pennies collected, and fireworks chosen,  
They build a bonfire so they won't be frozen.

The baby's in bed, all tucked up tight.  
The cats and the dogs are safe for the night.  
Daddy is late to start the fun  
So Mummy gives them a drink and a bun.  
Hurrah! Here comes Dad with a bucket of sand,  
A pitcher of water and candle in hand.

The fun has started, the first one is lit,  
It goes off with a bang and a hiss and a spit.  
The rockets go zooming right up to the sky.  
The children scream and shout, "Oh my!"  
There are bangers and fizzes and splashes of white,  
Mixed with green and bright orange for our delight.

The Catherine Wheels spin and the sparklers spit light,  
And soon the big bonfire is blazing so bright.  
The children sing happily round the big blaze;  
They'll remember this night to the end of their days.  
The Guy is soon burnt, the fire dies down,  
The fun now is ended all over the town.

TIMOTHY HORDLEY, *IIA*.

## FLOODS

"Action stations!" came the shrill cry over the office intercom. This coming from my editor, Mr. Booth, in his best ex-Naval voice meant immediate response from all the staff of the Gazette. I slapped my cup of tea back on the table and dashed into the editor's office to be told that things had been happening on the coast of Cornwall, while inland we had been sitting quietly drinking tea.

"Westingham has been devastated by high tidal seas and heavy gales," he went on. "Davies, get down there and find out what's happening!" Without any more ado I collected my hat and coat, vouchers for the journey from our information office, and within five minutes I was in a taxi heading for Paddington station where I caught the next train to Westingham.

On my arrival, I was appalled at the chaos that met my gaze. Where there had been a pretty little village, known to me for many years, there was now a great lake. The only evidence that this had ever been anything but a lake was the church spire and a few chimney pots of high buildings standing above the water, like some grotesque monuments of the past.

My first concern was to find where all the people had gone. To obtain this information I contacted the station master who told me all the details. The previous night the village had been struck by high tides and heavy gales, and by morning it was completely devastated by water. All the available water craft in the area were in use. The injured and homeless were being cared for by the Red Cross at the station. Hovercraft were being used to rescue stranded sheep and cattle.

Very soon, stories came to my ear about the personal bravery shown in this disaster, especially one about a Mr. Smith, who forced his way into a house to rescue two babies sleeping in their cots. He later swam through the flood waters to rescue a two-year old girl from drowning. These were only a few of the accounts I heard. Minutes later, I was up to my waist, wading towards one of the small boats in which I could protect my cameras from the swirling waters.

When the last of the survivors had been picked up, handed over to the Red Cross and made comfortable at the Rest Centre which was to be their temporary home, it was then that I found time to talk to a few of the stricken people. Some of the stories were most pathetic and heart-rending, for some of them had lost all, even their pets, and this brought a tear to the eyes even of a hard-hearted reporter such as I.

It should have made me feel proud to see my own account of the tragedy hit the headlines but I could not help feeling a little sad.

JACQUELINE DAVIES, *Form II*.

## THE PROWLER

The dead of night when all is still—  
The fire's out and there's a chill;  
Silent, I wait that devil's mate  
Who dares alone to challenge fate.

The fire's out—  
She'll be about.

Dead silence reigns;  
She only deigns  
To tread the floors,  
In darkness led  
By ghostly figures at her head.  
I hear no sound—but then, a creak—  
The stairs—  
A bound,  
A leap—

She's here—and let's no more pretend.  
She's just my cat— my pet, my friend.

HELEN BUTTERS, *Lower VI Sc*.

## A GUEST PUPIL AT THE NORTHEIM OBERSCHULE

Last August, while staying with my host family in Uslar-Im-Solling, I attended school with my German exchange-student partner. This was a beneficial experience that I will never forget and it helped my conversational power in German immensely.

I confess that after the end of my first school day, I was mentally and physically tired. Our day began at 5.30 a.m. when we were awakened by Frau Radtke. Breakfast over, we were given our lunch boxes and fruit, after which we embarked on the first part of our journey. This was by bicycle for about a mile. The German bicycles were rather difficult for me to handle at first and I found it all too easy to become 'Calamity Jane.'

The second part of the journey was by train and I shall never forget that first morning at Uslar railway station. The students were so courteous and friendly, and there were so many introductions and a great deal of hand-shaking. It seemed a little strange to see such tall boys wearing leather shorts but I became accustomed to it. The students were gay and cheerful and the thought of being on a railway station at 6 a.m., to travel twenty-one miles to school, did not seem to worry them one bit—they seemed to thrive on it! I admired the way in which the boys offered to help the girls with heavy cases—Pembroke Grammar School boys, please note.

We arrived at Northeim at 7.30 a.m. and, after a short walk, reached the Oberschule. Northeim Oberschule is equivalent to a British Grammar school. It is an interesting fact that there is no eleven-plus examination in Germany and you may become a pupil at the Oberschule if you so wish. However, it is usual for students at the Oberschule to pursue an academic career. They do not specialize and their curriculum covers a wide range of subjects.

The boys have separate school buildings from the girls and this I found most satisfactory. The fact that there was no school uniform did not present the problem of unsuitably-dressed girls. In fact, they were extremely neat in appearance and had great respect for their own clothes and those of other pupils.

Teachers in Germany are treated with great respect by the parents so the pupils would never openly show disregard for their teachers. Every lesson was interesting and I was impressed with the conscientious way in which the pupils were taught. The staff were extremely anxious that their pupils would understand the work and would inconvenience themselves if it would help the pupil to understand the subject in question. For instance, I was delighted with the Algebra lesson, although perhaps it was because I was listening so intently to understand the German language that I was able to grasp the lesson so well. The English mistress was pleasant, with a gaiety that seemed to enter the hearts of all the girls and I was absolutely enchanted with the English classes. Music lessons were a delight because many of the students appreciate music and this makes a tremendous difference to the lesson. They also learn ballroom dancing which I think is good, socially speaking.

Most of all I remember Herr Meirbach. To me, he was one of the most courteous, sincere and kindly teachers I have ever met. He possessed a great understanding of his pupils, was most conscientious, and was very kind to me and to another English student.

At 'break' we used to walk in the playground in groups and the girls were so friendly. There are no school meals at the Oberschule and we used to eat our sandwiches and drink cold cocoa, which is a great favourite. Teachers on duty walked amongst the girls in the playground and there was no instance of disorder at any time.

School ended for the day at 1 p.m. and then came the long trek home, but there were no disgruntled or bad-tempered students. The journey home was full of laughter and even though we were tired when we arrived home, no-one was dispirited.

I look back on my stay in Germany with happy memories and gratitude to my wonderful friends, the charming family Radtke, and the kind and courteous teachers of the Northeim Oberschule.

SARAH-JANE MONICO, V.A.

## THE TREES IN WINTER

The trees  
Swaying in the breeze  
Hold charms untold,  
For when the wind does blow,  
The leafy boughs unfold  
To disclose, perhaps, a tiny bird,  
Who will immediately be heard  
Singing out its happy song  
As it sits on the bough above;  
A trill perhaps, or whistle long,  
As it sings its song of love.

Hello! What's that? a furry squirrel there,  
As it scampers up and down the tree,  
Its tail a furry bush of hair.  
It goes on its way so happy to be free.  
What have we here?  
A furry black mole,  
A-flicking of its tiny ear,  
As it picks its way among the leafy mould  
In search of its small black lair  
That will provide some shelter from the cold  
Of the cruel winter's icy fingers.

And we at home listen to the carol singers  
Under the shelter of a big tree's assuring hold.

PETER EVANS, IVB.

## THE TRAMPS' CONVERSATION

One sunny afternoon I took a stroll in the park. As I was admiring the beautifully-kept lawns and flowerbeds, two tramps came into the park and sat on a bench. Being of an inquisitive nature, I made my way towards them and sat down on an adjacent bench. I was soon to discover that Cyril could read tea-leaves and that Joseph was an authority on sport. Out of curiosity I stayed and listened . . . and listened . . . and listened . . .

"I see Wilson got in then," said one of them.

"Uhu!" said the other. I could read it in the tea-leaves, you know."

"Could you?" replied Joseph, eagerly scanning the sports page of a two-day-old newspaper."

"You interested in the Olympics?" said Cyril. Suddenly the subject of sport aroused Joseph's interest.

"Yes," was the quick reply, "as a matter of fact you ask me anything about 'em, and I'll tell yer."

"Right then! Who won the marafon, eh?" Joseph scratched his head as if positive that would bring the answer to his tongue.

"You *sure* you know everything?" asked Cyril.

"Well," said the Olympic know-all, "you can't expect me to know *everything*. I mean, don't expect me to believe that you can read tea-leaves."

This remark angered Cyril and he plunged his hand into his pocket and pulled out an old tin containing some thoroughly-soaked tea-leaves. Then he pulled out an old tin mug and tipped the tea-leaves into it. Although I did not hear all (not for the want of trying, mind you) I did hear the occasional remark from Joseph, like "Never!" or "I don't believe you."

Finally the conversation finished, with Cyril still sure that he could foretell the future by reading tea-leaves. Seemingly quite contented, he sat back on the bench. Then he said, "I'm quite good at palm-reading too, y'know, ahem." Joseph did *not* pick up the obviously-dropped hint, knowing that if he did it would mean crossing Cyril's rather grubby palm with silver, for what he considered nothing. Cyril went on hinting and, eventually, he came straight out with it. "Can I try on you?" he said.

"What!" said Joseph, as if not expecting the inevitable question. "Never! but, er . . .," and he jerked his thumb towards me, "*he* might let you."

Cyril rose slowly, surveyed me closely and sauntered cheerfully up to me. "Afternoon!" he said. "Can I read your palm?" I just had to say "Yes."

After the formalities of crossing his palm with the usual, I was told that I would live to eighty-seven, be married, have three children and have bangers and mash for tea. I thanked him and left for home, bearing in mind what he had said about my tea. As I like bangers and mash, I hoped that his prophecy would come true.

I don't know how he worked it out but it certainly did!

SELWYN SKONE, IIIA.

## A SEA RESCUE

I awoke to find myself alone in a rowing boat drifting far out to sea. For a moment I gazed bewilderedly at my surroundings, and then, memory came flooding back. I had cycled out to Freshwater East, as it was a fine summer's day, and after a few hectic hours, had crawled under the tarpaulin of one of the several craft scattered on the beach, to seek shade away from the hot sun. Worn out, I had tried to keep my heavy eye-lids from closing, but in vain. I fell asleep, and the tide must have carried me out to sea. I was adrift!

Now, when I look back, I can joke about it and say that I was up the creek literally without a paddle, for I didn't even have an oar, but it was no joking matter then, I can assure you. For a moment, I was stunned at my predicament, but, gathering my scattered wits, I sat up and took stock of my surroundings. From horizon to horizon stretched an endless expanse of blue water with, here and there, a white flash of foam. A sudden swell jolted my craft, and I made an instinctive clutch at the side of the boat. I looked up at the sky and was dismayed to see ominous storm clouds loom over the horizon.

The sea was running high, tossing my cockleshell of a boat contemptuously around like a cork. Suddenly, it began to rain, pouring down in sheets, lashing down upon this human being who was forced to brave the elements. Frantically I began to bale out the water collecting at the bottom of my craft, with my cupped hands.

I had given up all hopes of a rescue when a deep-throated "Swish-swish" sounded above the storm, and a yellow-painted helicopter of the Air Sea Rescue Service flew into sight, blades threshing the air, to hover above me. Luckily for me, the storm had abated somewhat and a harness was lowered to me so that I could be winched into the machine. Over a cup of steaming tea, I related my adventure, and received a sound ticking-off for my folly. Later I was told it was a stroke of luck my being found, as visibility was reduced to fifty yards at the time.

Needless to say, I'll never go to sleep in a boat again!

ROLAND PERKINS, IIIA.

## MY TEEN-AGE SISTER

Up in the air, down in the dumps;  
Hair like a Mod's, or pushed out in lumps.  
Discontentment reigns supreme;  
Then she's as happy as a queen.  
That's my teen-age sister.

Out every evening with someone new;  
Always dodging things to do.  
Dressing up and doing her hair;  
Looking for something odd to wear.  
That's my teen-age sister.

Will I, I wonder, be like her?  
Or will I play a different game?  
My mother says the signs are there  
And expects I will be just like her—  
Just like my teen-age sister!

JEANETTE WHITE, II Alpha.

## ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

In the cold and chilly hours  
Of a frosty winter morn,  
In a stable, meek and lowly,  
Unto us a Child was born,  
In that little wooden manger,  
Wrapped in simple, humble clothes,  
Mary placed her new-born baby,  
The small Child the whole world knows.

Shepherds came from nearby hillsides,  
To pay homage to their King;  
As they knelt around His cradle,  
Sweet and joyous songs did sing.  
Three great glorious Eastern princes,  
Guided by a shining star,  
Brought for Christ the wondrous gifts  
Of gold, and frankincense and myrrh.

MEGAN SUTTON, *Upper IVA*.

## SNOW

The snow is falling on the ground,  
There's nothing but whiteness all around.  
It falls so silent, it falls so fast,  
I love to watch it floating past.  
Children on their sledges ride  
And people on their skates do glide.  
But then the sun comes out to play  
And soon melts all the snow away.

MARTIN CAVANEY, *IIIC*.

## IF THAT'S THE STYLE

"Watch the barber's pole," they said,  
"For with a thatch as thick as that,  
It well may fall upon your head  
In protest—or I'll eat my hat!"

And others said, with mocking grin,  
"I'm sure you'll find it cheaper, lad,  
To learn to play the violin—  
You'll look just smashing with a Strad."

But every joke with which they tease  
Like water off a duck's back rides,  
For if that's what fashion then decrees,  
Next year I'll sport 'short back and sides'.

DAVID PENDLETON, *IVA*.

## DOUBLE TROUBLE

Same eyes, same nose, same mouth, same toes,  
Same hair, same teeth, same chins.  
Same smiles, same walk, same laugh, same talk,  
And why? because we're twins.

The teachers view us with dismay.  
"Now which is which?" they always say.  
We have fun just changing places  
And watching all those teachers' faces.

Daddy groans when he is told,  
"That pair need shoes again."  
It's two of this and two of that.  
Oh, what a dreadful strain!

So if you're walking round the school  
And think you're seeing double,  
Don't be alarmed—it's only us,  
Mrs. Main's double trouble.

CHRISTINE AND STEPHANIE MAIN, *II Alpha*.

## CAMPANOLOGY

A few months ago I became interested in the hobby of church bell ringing, which, as I soon found out, is not as easy as it looks. Controlling a bell weighing anything up to a ton, and sometimes even more, on the end of a rope, when it is swinging round through three hundred and fifty degrees, needs a good deal of practice, and I will not claim that I can manage it when the weight is more than about ten hundred-weight.

Many people have a false idea of bell-ringing. They imagine someone holding a red, white and blue tuft on a piece of rope, and just pulling it, and somehow a sound will come out; if one pulls too hard, one will fly up to the ceiling. Both these statements are true up to a point.

When the bell is in the "down" position, that is, when it is hanging freely, the 'sally,' or tufted part of the rope about three feet long, is level with one's head. Below this is another seven or eight feet of rope. To start 'ringing up' the bell, the lower eight feet of rope is coiled up and held in the left hand and the sally is pulled with both hands. As the bell starts to swing, it is jerked as it comes to the end of each stroke and starts to chime, twice for each time the rope is pulled. As the bell goes higher and the rope tightens, a coil is let out. The sally then begins to bounce at the bottom of its stroke and the height it bounces each time increases until it becomes a rhythmical stroke; the sally and the end of the rope are then pulled alternately. The bell is now 'rung up' and one may carry on ringing for as long as the neighbours can stand it.

I mentioned the fact that if one pulls too hard one will fly up through the ceiling. Fortunately, this very rarely happens, but it is possible. It could happen if one were to set the bell too violently and break the wooden stop which prevents the bell turning round twice. The rope would carry on going up and, if one were still holding on, the ceiling would have a large hole in it and the top of one's head would have a large bump.

There are many intricacies in the subject, for the bells are usually rung in sequences of any number of bells from four to twelve. These are called 'methods,' each with its own name, such as 'Grandsire Doubles' or 'Plain Bob Triples.' Each round of bells is called a 'change' and the methods have all been worked out so as to avoid ringing the same change more than once. To give an idea of how many changes can be rung without repetition, with eight bells the number is forty thousand three hundred and twenty! This was rung in a bell foundry and took about twenty hours. Recently, when a Full Peal was being rung, a lady member of the team collapsed when only half an hour from the end!

There are few things that I find more impressive than seeing and hearing the great bells turning round and round, back and fore, with each clapper slamming into the side of the bell with tremendous force, making the great joyful peal that can be heard throughout the parish.

DAVID COOPER, *IVA*.

## STARS

Stars! Stars!

All over the great blue sky.

Twinkling! Twinkling!

All over the sky so high.

Kind, blinking eyes that look down on me,

As by my window I stand,

I bid you good night. Can you see me down here?

See, I am waving my hand.

KATHLEEN DAVIES, *Form II*.

## THE OLD MAN

He sat in his chair, with looks very grim

And no one to notice or bother him.

His hair it was white, his teeth yellow with age,

His eyes faded blue, yet wise as a sage.

His hands they were wrinkled, his forehead as well.

By his side was his bloodhound, his faithful old Nell.

In his dreams he remembered adventures of dare,

The love and the friendship. Yes, he's had his share.

The firelight gleams, the wind rattles the door.

The old man has his dreams and is happy once more.

CAROLYN ROCH, *IIIA*.

## THE FINDING OF THE CRUSADER'S CAVE

We had been excavating in the valley for some time but we had dug without result. I had found an old map which showed the position of the legendary Crusader's Cave in an old history book which I had found in the public library. On finding the map I asked some of my friends and fellow archaeologists if they would accompany me on my trip to try and find the legendary cave.

After four months of continuous excavating we had found a sealed door which was twelve feet under the ground. I was so overjoyed at finding this door that I could not wait to open it, but, as it was getting fairly dark, we decided that we had to postpone the opening of the door until the next day. The night passed slowly for me because I was so excited I could not sleep. However, morning dawned bright and sunny and I witnessed the opening of the door immediately after I had had breakfast.

Behind the door was a long, narrow, descending passage, so we decided to explore it. Switching on our torches we proceeded along the dark passage. After travelling for a considerable distance, the passage came to an abrupt stop. At first I thought a roof fall had stopped our way but, on shining the torch on the roof, I saw a large trap-door. I tried to lift it up but it was too heavy, so all four of us tried to lift it. It swung up with a loud creak and we were all covered in dust from head to foot.

I lifted myself up through the trap-door first and my friends followed. At last we had found the cave! Upon shining our torches at various things, we were filled with awe and excitement. There were swords, helmets, suits of armour, and a big white flag with a red cross on it. In the middle of the cave was a curious chest so we just had to find out what was inside it. The lid flew back and we were amazed to see jewels, pearls and gold which lay in abundant array before our eyes. At the back of the cave were the skeletons of two crusaders and we wondered what could have killed them. However, we did not have to wonder for long for we were filled with horror at the sight of the large scorpion which was advancing towards us, no doubt a descendant of those which must have attacked the Crusaders. We had no weapons with which to fight it off until one of the archaeologists had a brain-wave. He picked up a two-edged sword and, with one swipe, chopped the scorpion in half.

We shipped the findings off to the National Museum and we were paid handsomely for them.

STEPHEN BADHAM, *Form II*.



## THE SCARECROW

His head is just a turnip,  
 His mouth is just a slit.  
 His head is most untidy;  
 Of hair, he's not a bit.  
 His arms are large and wooden,  
 His jacket old and torn;  
 His legs are really awful,  
 But hidden in the corn.  
 His eyes are fixed and staring,  
 His back is straight enough;  
 His front is most protruding;  
 It's filled with straw and stuff.  
 He is no handsome object,  
 He wasn't meant to be—  
 But always at his duty,  
 Through sun and storm, stands he.

KEVIN BRADY, *Upper IVA*.

## AUTUMN

In Autumn when the russet leaves are falling  
 And the solitary crow is noisy, calling;  
 While the barking hounds have the red fox on the run  
 And the mystic frost sparkles, melting in the sun;

When the hungry mistlethrush eats ivy berries  
 And the chirping sparrows watch with puffed-out bellies,  
 And calling ducks fly in a raiding army,  
 Chirps, squawks and calls merge to a harmony.

Soon the rolling white snow will quickly arrive,  
 And our precious mortal time soon flies  
 As laughing children glide on their sledges  
 And end up, tumbled at the bottom of hedges.

IAN WHITE, *IVB*.

## FROM OUR NATURE CORRESPONDENT

Have you noticed that, whereas other people have bats in the belfry, we have a gull on the roof? To be more precise, a gull on the canteen roof?

Unlike other herring gulls, Freddie, alias Percy, prefers the company of ladies to that of other birds, and actually protects the cooks from the intrusion of magpies, rooks, and other gulls. He has been seen to fight magpies and rooks who have dared to trespass on the borders of his territory, both on the ground and in the air. I say 'he,' though as yet his sex has not been determined and he may well turn out to be Fredrica after all.

Freddie has been at the canteen for at least three years and in this time has made it quite clear that he is more partial to school dinners than many pupils are; that he prefers meat to any other food; and that his orders must be obeyed. Each morning he persists in knocking at the window of the staff door until he is attended to by Mrs. Viggers with a short story, or by any other member of the canteen staff with scraps. Mrs. Viggers, it appears, has quite a voice with birds, since hers is the only one that Freddie will reply to. He will cock his head if his name is mentioned by anyone else but will only condescend to reply vocally to Mrs. V.

In spite of his demanding nature, Freddie is reasonable and does not lay down the law about mealtimes—indeed, he will accept any food the moment it is available! He sometimes tries to insist on sharing the cooks' mealtime, but is left to yelp, squawk and scream outside on the window-sill until they are replete.

After three years of solitude, Freddie has at last found a bride (or groom, as the case may be) and brought her (or him, or it) back to his luxurious home. It has been noticed that he must be at least three years her senior, since she still bears her juvenile speckles and Fred is therefore old enough to be her grandfather. Rumour has it that she has married for food, but his faithful friend at the canteen tells me that this is not so and that nobody need fear for the happy couple, as they are both settling down well to married life. Freddie continues to pay the same attention to his human friends as he did previous to falling in love and so far no complaint has been made by his spouse to this state of affairs.

Let us hope that we may see Freddie keeping his seat on the canteen roof for many years to come. Floreat Freddie!

## SCHOOL SOCIETY NEWS

## THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB

Chairman, Richard James; Secretary, Suzanne Evans; Treasurer, Malcolm Lewis; Catering Secretary, Margaret Barton; Pen-pal Secretary, Patsy Anfield; Committee, Elaine Hughes, Jonathan Reynolds, Kathleen Humber, Hazel Williams, Richard Davies, Helen Cooper, Maribelle Thomas, Brinley Thomas, Helen Butters, Kathryn Phillips, Caroline Hughes, Joan Green, John Reynolds, Ken Deveson.

Once again the club's membership reached the grand total of one hundred and fifty, although the second form was not allowed to join this year. The average attendance of this term's meetings was a hundred and ten and we hope that this will continue throughout the year.

The first meeting took the form of a talk on Iceland, given by Paul Reynolds, last year's Chairman, and he also showed slides. After this the candidates for the school Mock Election—Susan Evans, Liberal; David Campbell, Christian Socialist; Philip Carradice, Welsh Nationalist; John Davies, Labour; Guy Pearce, Conservative—answered questions about their party's politics.

A French film, called "Public Enemy No. 1," starring the famous actor, Fernandel, was shown at the next meeting, and although it was in French with English sub-titles, everyone thoroughly enjoyed it.

The following meeting was a dance, mainly for folk and twist, and



we also held a dance at the end of United Nations week. This was a very successful week, when club members made a door-to-door collection for U.N.I.C.E.F., amounting to over £91, and a film starring Danny Kaye was shown during the dinner-hours. Christmas cards were also sold in aid of U.N.I.C.E.F., a display being arranged in the foyer, and £41 resulted.

The last meeting was a "Juke-box Jury," followed by a Beetle Drive. Members of the jury were Mr. T. C. Roberts, Mr. V. R. T. Hughes, Ann Monico and John Davies, who gave their verdict on both modern and 'ancient' records.

The Christmas party took place on the last Saturday of term. Everyone arrived in Fancy Dress and Janet Cox won the competition. Father Christmas (John Reynolds) and his four attendants (Ann Griffiths, Suzanne Evans, Richard James and Brinley Thomas) visited the party, bringing presents for everyone.

On the last day of term, senior members will visit Riverside Old People's Home, bringing presents for all the residents. Visits to the home will be arranged weekly for members to help the old folk.

We look forward to seeing many more at our future meetings and hope that those who have supported us will continue to do so in the future.

SUZANNE EVANS (Secretary), *Upper VI Arts*.

### THE YOUNG FARMERS' CLUB

The first meeting held was the Annual General Meeting when the following officials were elected:—

President, Mr. T. C. Roberts (Headmaster); Club Leaders, Mrs. K. Bowskill, Mr. B. J. Davies, Mr. W. H. Mackenzie; Chairman, Malcolm Lewis; Vice-Chairman, Geoffrey Lee-Cann; Secretary, Wendy Donovan; Treasurer, Christopher Thomas; Press Secretary, Julie Rogers; Committee Members, Roger Gregson, Roger Evans, Philip Thomas, David Williams, Richard Pepper.

Members this year total ninety-seven, a great improvement on last year's sixty-one.

Malcolm Lewis was chosen to represent the county in competitions at the Royal Dairy Show. He was also a member of the school under-25 team in the Public Speaking Competition for the Brownslate Trophy, his fellow team members being Peter Ross and David Ashley. They were placed ninth. The under-21 team consisted of Sheila Richardson, Laura Young and Susan Stevens and was placed fourth. The under-16 team of Caroline Hughes and Susan Collins was placed first. The club's over-all position in the competition was third.

In the second round of the Knockout Quiz, we beat Brawdy Young Farmers by one point after first tying and then having a deciding round. The team was Sheila Richardson, Wendy Donovan, Peter Ross, Joseph Bowman and Donald Esmond.

The club was able to hold numerous meetings in the Christmas term, the principal ones of which were:—

A visit from the County President, Mr. E. R. Phillips, and the County Organizer, Mr. Glynne Williams, both of whom addressed the club for the first time. At the same meeting Mrs. H. Voyle addressed us and showed films.

An invitation from South Pembrokeshire Y.F.C. to attend a quiz and Social evening at St. Mary's Hall, Pembroke. Our team won the quiz.

A quiz between the school Science Society and our Y.F.C. We lost by a narrow margin.

A Games and Social evening, an innovation which proved to be very successful and which we hope to repeat next term.

A dance at the end of term, in the School Hall, to which senior members of the school were invited. This was also a great success and we made a considerable profit which was donated to the club funds.

At the end of term, Geoffrey Lee-Cann, our Vice-Chairman, had to resign from his post owing to the fact that he was leaving school. We were sorry to see him go and we wish him every success in the future.

WENDY DONOVAN (Secretary),  
*Form V Tech.*

### SCRIPTURE UNION

The Senior Scripture Union has been meeting regularly at 1.15 p.m. on Thursdays and, although the meetings are open to Forms Upper IV and upwards, they have been attended mainly by Forms V and VI. At the first meeting of term the following committee was appointed:— Chairman, Susan Stevens; Secretary, Kathryn Phillips; Treasurer, Helen Butters; Form VI representative, Janet Cox; Form V representative, Caroline Hughes.

The programme this term has varied greatly. We have had two visiting speakers—the Rev. J. Campbell of Pembroke Dock spoke about his missionary experiences in Madagascar and Miss Leibenberg from Johannesburg told us how she came to decide on working with the Wycliffe Bible Translators. We have had several discussions; a Brains' Trust; a tape recording and slides about Christianity on the other side of the Iron Curtain; talks by some of our members; and only one Bible study as a Bible study group has now been formed, to meet weekly. At the end of term we are venturing into a new field, with the Headmaster's permission, and have planned a Carol Service which will replace the usual assembly on Wednesday, December 14th. We are grateful for the co-operation of Mr. Whitehall and various members of school clubs and teams to make this service possible.

During the Christmas holidays two of the committee will be attending the Inter-Schools Christian Fellowship Conference for Wales and the West of England, at Bristol, together with representatives from three other Pembrokeshire schools.

KATHRYN PHILLIPS, *Lower VI Arts*.

### JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

Chairman, Richard Allen; Secretary, Ian White; Treasurer, Peter Evans; Form IV representative, Margaret Davies; Form III representatives, David Harries, Rosemary Allen.

The J.S.U. meets every Wednesday at 1.15 p.m. in Room 10. Our meetings this term have included a debate on whether 'pop' tunes should be introduced into church music when Angela Stevens and Richard Allen opposed the motion and Vivienne Lain and David Harries supported it. We also had a 'parachute' debate; a talk and recital by Mr. Whitehall on Christmas music; a talk about the Church

in Germany by Mr. Tench of Aberystwyth University College when we heard about life and work at the college; a flannelgraph talk on the life of Daniel by Miss Lewis; and reports by members who attended the Bala Holiday Camps last summer, when they made many of us wish that we had been there too.

The final meeting of term was a Christmas concert in which a large number of members took part and to which we invited Forms II, III and IV, on the last Tuesday afternoon of term, in the Hall.

It is hoped that next term's meetings will be equally interesting. We take a voluntary collection at each meeting and hope to use the money for a worthwhile purpose.

IAN WHITE (Secretary), *IVA*.

### URDD GOBAITH CYMRU

The Urdd is limited to pupils who learn Welsh and usually meets at 4 p.m. on alternate Mondays, but this term's meetings have not been regular as we have had to contend with other school society meetings and examinations. However, those we were able to hold were both entertaining and interesting. Mr. Emlyn Lloyd spoke about the time he spent in a Swiss School, teaching French to English children and he also showed slides of places he visited in Switzerland. Later in the term, Mlle. Serve spoke about the French educational system and Herr Esmus commented on education in Germany. The first meeting of term was the only one in which members actively participated—it consisted of country dancing and was an excellent way of introducing the new members to the more vigorous Urdd activities in swinging style!

KATHRYN PHILLIPS, *Lower VI Arts*.

### THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

President, the Headmaster; Vice-Presidents, Miss M. J. Jones, Mr. K. J. Bowskill, Mr. S. Griffith; Joint Secretaries, Richard James, Malcolm Roche; Committee, John Armitage, Margaret Barton, Raymond Dando, Cynthia Dix, David Eastick, Michael Jones, John Reynolds, Gareth Saunders, Brian Smith, Susan Stevens.

There have been five meetings this term. On October 8th Malcolm Roche read a paper he had prepared on 'Viruses' and Mr. Griffith talked about life in the world of the Honey bees, illustrating this with coloured slides. On October 21st there was a general science quiz with the Young Farmers' Club. The Science Society was represented by Brian Smith, Keith Kneller, Hugh Emmment and John Armitage. Our team won the quiz by 23 points to 20. On November 4th some films were shown dealing with the history of science. On November 18th a debate was held on the topic "The pen is mightier than the sword," with Ken Deveson and Gareth Saunders speaking for the Science Society and Susan Stevens and Roger Powell for the Scripture Union. Our speakers thought that the sword was mightier and, in a general vote at the end, the majority was in agreement with this. The last meeting of the term was on December 9th, when Dr. Wellington of Swansea University lectured on Spectra and its application in Physical Chemistry.

We invite all members of the fifth and sixth forms to our meetings.

RICHARD JAMES AND MALCOLM ROCHE,

*Upper VI Science.*

### THE COMMUNITY SERVICE UNIT

The idea of forming a Community Service Unit was inspired by a talk on Community Service work by Peter Lewis, an old pupil of the school, on September 11th. The following week, about a dozen pupils who were really interested in the work met to decide what could be done to help the local community. Though the window cleaning idea was a wash-out, metaphorically speaking, a few pupils visit the South Pembrokeshire Hospital regularly to cheer up the old people. In the New Year, several of the group will begin to visit regularly the Riverside Old People's Home to help with the chores and to chat to the residents. On the last day of the Christmas term the group will unite with the International Club to give the old people there a party, with a visit from Father Christmas included.

On September 29th the Children's Officer spoke to the group about his work, and afterwards discussed with us the ways in which we could help.

The aim of the C.S.U. is to teach its members to enjoy helping others, and we welcome members of the school to join us and have plenty of fun working in this way.

HELEN BUTTERS, *Lower VI Science*.

### INTERESTING FACTS

The Battle of Bannockburn never took place. It was cancelled.

The degrees of comparison of 'ill': — ill, iller, dead.

How would you separate salt from sand?—I would use Mummy's tweezers.

In Ancient Egypt they preserved bodies. These bodies were called mummies even though they were sometimes gentlemen.

What does 'Eureka' mean?—It was the Greek word for B.O., which was why Archimedes was taking a bath at the time.

What is a spectre?—The thing the Queen carried at her coronation.

### THE FIJIAN RUGBY TOURING TEAM

Judging by reports of sporting critics, the greatest impact of recent years in Rugby football in this country has been the short but exciting tour made by the Fijians. They came at a time when Rugby, for both players and spectators, had deteriorated sadly as a spectacle of the handling and running code. Fortunately, certain rules had already been changed to provide greater scope for handling, passing and running—how well these missionaries of open football demonstrated the art.

In all their games in Wales the spectators were treated to a feast of open football and these wonderful performers will long be remembered for their skill, ease and willingness to play rugby as it was intended to be played.

We in Pembrokeshire were privileged for two days to play host to the visitors. Pembroke Grammar School was the venue for their training sessions in preparation for their battle against our national side at Cardiff Arms Park on the following Saturday. Long before the team arrived the school was buzzing with excitement at the thought of seeing this famous side in action. They arrived by coach on September 23rd but, to our disappointment, they did not wear their traditional skirts. We all lined the touchline to see such great players as George Barley and Toga. They came for a training routine and practised for about an hour, much to the delight of the crowd. It really was a delight to see this great team go through their movements in such fine style and we are sure that the following morning when they signed autographs for the Form IV boys who were fortunate in being able to watch the Fijians during their P.E. lesson. Everyone found these men very friendly and they left behind them pleasant memories.

Now that they have returned to their homeland, and as we recall their sportsmanship and friendliness, we can salute them as the greatest ambassadors of open rugby.

WYN GRIFFITHS, *Upper VIB,*

DAVID PRIESTLEY AND RICHARD ALLEN, *IVA.*

## FIRST XV RUGBY

Captain, M. Rickard; Vice-Captain, R. Baker; Secretary, P. Driscoll; Committee, M. Johnson, J. Mathias.

Results of games played in the Christmas term 1964.

September 12—Tenby (away)—lost 5-0.  
 September 19—Fishguard (away)—lost 6-3.  
 September 26—Llanelly (away)—lost 25-0.  
 October 10—Milford G.S. (away)—won 11-6.  
 October 17—St. Davids (away)—won 25-3.  
 October 21—School of Artillery, Manorbier (home)—won 22-5.  
 November 7—Haverfordwest G.S. (home)—drew 3-3.  
 November 14—Carmarthen (home)—lost 8-3.  
 November 21—Preseli (home)—won 6-0.  
 November 28—Whitland (home)—won 26-3.  
 December 5—Whitland (away)—lost 8-5.  
 December 12—Gwendraeth (home)—cancelled.  
 December 17—Old Boys—won 11-6.

Playing record: Played 12; Won 6; Lost 5; Drawn 1; Points for, 115; Points against, 78.

The Old Boys were represented this term by: G. Phillips, T. Jones, S. Lewis, R. Rees, D. Hubbard, M. Roberts, D. Hay, G. Thomas (capt.), S. Brown, G. Cavaney, L. Coles, T. McTaggart, J. Skone (Sec.), J. Brown, M. Evans.

Players who have represented the First XV:— M. Rickard, R. Baker, P. Driscoll, M. Johnson, J. Mathias, M. Brace, D. B. Thomas, B. H. Thomas, G. Pearce, S. White, D. Williams, A. Hodge, L. Smith, B. Penfold, H. Emmment, B. Crawford, R. Wragg, B. Hall, R. James, G. Cavaney, P. Carradice, K. Deveson.

P.D.D.

## SECOND XV RUGBY

Captain, M. Brace; Vice-Captain, R. Wragg; Secretary, D. Campbell; Committee, H. Emmment, J. Armitage.

Results of games played this term:

Coronation S.M. (Home) Lost 17-3.  
 Fishguard (Away)—Won 12-0.  
 Llanelly (Away)—Lost 44-0.  
 Milford G.S. (Away)—Won 13-3.  
 St. Davids (Away)—Drew 8-8.  
 Carmarthen (Home)—Lost 12-0.  
 Whitland (Home)—Won 16-3.  
 Whitland (Away)—Drew 0-0.

Regular members of the Second XV: M. Brace, R. Wragg, D. Campbell, H. Emmment, J. Armitage, L. Smith, H. Barton, M. Jones, A. Hyde, B. Hunter, F. Penfold, B. Thomas, B. Hall, D. Merriman, R. James, G. Cavaney, V. Jenkins, R. Henson, R. Humber.

Results:	P	W	L	D	F	A
	8	3	3	2	61	89

D.C.

## JUNIOR RUGBY XV

Captain, A. Hodge; Vice-Captain, J. Jenkins; Secretary, L. Nutting; Committee, W. Griffiths.

The following boys have played regularly for the Junior XV this term:— N. Canton, H. Davies, B. Jones, D. Rourke, A. Searle, G. Jones, L. Nutting, J. Jenkins, G. Nicholas, B. Gwyther, P. Sendell, J. Clark, E. Ball, R. Davies, K. Brady.

Ten boys were sent to the first Pembrokeshire trial—N. Canton, A. Searle, G. Jones, L. Nutting, W. Griffiths, A. Hodge, G. Nicholas, R. Milne, J. Jenkins, J. Clark. From this trial Hodge, Griffiths, Milne, Jenkins, Canton, Jones and Nicholas were selected to go to the second trial. We congratulate Hodge and Griffiths, who now play regularly for the county, and Milne, who was chosen as a reserve and has played in one game. Hodge was also successful in being invited to play in the first Welsh Schoolboys' trial, from which he now goes forward to the second trial.

Results:

September 12—Tenby (Away)—Won 9-3.  
 September 19—Fishguard (Away)—Lost 0-3.  
 September 26—Coronation S.M. (Away)—Won 6-0.  
 October 10—Milford G.S.—cancelled.  
 October 24—Coronation S.M. (Away)—Won 13-9.  
 November 7—Haverfordwest G.S. (Home)—Drew 6-6.  
 November 21—Preseli (Home)—Won 6-0.  
 December 5—Haverfordwest S.M. (Home)—Won 14-0.

P	W	L	D	For	Against
7	5	1	1	54	21

L.N.

## HOCKEY

## FIRST XI

The team this term has been represented by Margaret Jenkins, Susan Huxtable, Janice Gammon, Rhjannon Bowen, Margaret Barton, Veronica Sandell, Lynne Shore, Valmai Edwards, Ann Griffiths, Ruth Morgan, and Patsy Anfield (Captain), Susan Pannell and Jane Sudbury have also played a few times with the first team. Of six games played, we won one, drew one and lost four, scoring sixteen goals and conceding ten.

We were beaten in the first round of the Austin Cup, 3-2, by Tasker's High School, at Haverfordwest. However, all was not lost, for Ruth Morgan and Margaret Barton were chosen to play for the County Hockey XI, as left inner and centre-half respectively. Ruth is also captain of the team this season. She was invited to play in the South Wales Junior XI trials, at Swansea, but failed to gain a place.

Patsy Anfield was chosen for the County Second XI as left wing and is also captain of this team. It is gratifying to think that we have provided both County Hockey Captains for this season, although there may be mixed feelings when we have to do without them in the school team on occasions.

## SECOND XI

The Second XI, captained by Shan Griffiths, has consisted of Prudence Pattison, Diana Richardson, Shan Griffiths, Margaret Bondzio, Marilyn Thomas, Christine Gutch, Helen Humber, Joan Handley, Jane Sudbury, Julie Rogers, Melanie Phillips.

We have played five matches this term, winning two and losing three, with three goals for and eight goals against.

## JUNIOR XI

Ann Griffiths has captained the Junior team this term and the following have played:— Pat Kenniford, Hazel Scourfield, Christine Williams, Marilyn Slack, Ann Stephens, Angela Wilson, Judith Phillips, Elaine Hughes, Ann Griffiths, Susan Richards, Ann Stevens. Roselyn Bleach has also played for the team.

Only three matches have been played this term of which we won one and lost two, scoring three goals and conceding eight.

## NETBALL

Not many matches have been played this term as many schools do not play netball but it is hoped that more fixtures will be possible in the future. The following have represented the school teams:—

## First VII

Kathryn Phillips (Capt.), Susan Collins (Vice-Capt.), Linda Williams (Sec.), Susan Richards, Mary Newton, Bernadette Henson, Anne Power, Cecilia Donovan, Mair Davies.

## Junior First VII

Bonita Priestley (Capt.), Joan Williams, Cecilia Donovan, Hazel Scourfield, Jenifer James, Margaret Channon, Irene Higgs.

## Junior Second VII

Rachel Pannell (Capt.), Valerie Harrison, Ruth Martin, Pamela Parsons, Maureen Doona, Pauline James, Shirley Jones.

## Results:—

## 1st VII

Taskers (away)—lost 6-11.

Preseli (home)—lost 6-16.

Fishguard (away)—lost 22-26.

W.R.A.C., Manorbier—lost 16-24.

Goals for—50; goals against—77.

## 1st Junior VII

Fishguard (away)—Won 16-3.

## 2nd Junior VII

Fishguard (away)—Won 23-13.

To make up for the few school matches, and in an effort to improve the standard of netball in the school, several form matches have been played with the following results:—

Form	won	drawn	lost	goals for	against
V	3	—	—	34	25
IV	2	1	—	37	22
Upper IV	—	—	2	18	32
VI	—	—	1	12	15
IV (2nd)	—	1	—	6	6
III	—	1	—	6	6

## Form Captains

Form VI—Kathryn Phillips; Form V—Susan Collins; Upper IV—Susan Richards; Form IV—Bonita Priestley; Form III—Ruth Martin.

## OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

President, T. C. Roberts, Esq., B.Sc., Vice-presidents, Miss A. M. K. Sinnett, H. Rees, Esq., M.A., E. G. Davies, Esq., B.A.; Secretary, D. F. Hordley; Magazine Editor, A. W. W. Devereux.

The School held a successful sale of work in July last, but it was found impossible, owing to the pressure of other school events, to hold the Christmas Sale this year. As our readers will know, part of the proceeds from our school sales must be devoted to the repayment of the loan on the Memorial Organ, of which approximately £1,000 is still outstanding. We therefore feel that it is important to appeal once more to any Old Pupils who have not yet contributed to the Organ Appeal Fund to send a donation, however small.

The demand for the new Penvro tie has been steady, and all who have seen it agree that it is a most attractive design. The tie, which costs 17/6, may be obtained from the Magazine Editor at School.

It is with great regret that we record the death, on August 8, 1964, of Mrs. Eva Dennis, who will be remembered by many Old Pupils as Miss Loosemore, assistant French Mistress and for some years Senior Mistress of the School until she resigned and left the district on her marriage in 1939.

Mr. I. G. Cleaver and the writer, who served with Miss Loosemore, remember her as a charming and loyal colleague of the utmost integrity. Old Pupils, and Old Girls especially, will recall with respect and affection her dignified presence and her firm, efficient, but always pleasant administration of the girls' section of the School.

We feel sure that all her former colleagues and pupils will wish to join us in extending our deep sympathy to her husband, Mr. J. R. Dennis, of Exmouth, Devon.

### OLD PUPILS' NOTES

Garry Briggs (1956-63), a student at St. Luke's College, Exeter, has distinguished himself by being selected to play for the Devon County Rugby XV in the English County Championship. His first performance for Devon received high praise from the critics.

John Brookes (1947-53) left Pembroke Dock last August to take up a teaching appointment in Toronto, Canada.

James Croft (1949-57), who graduated with First Class Honours at Aberystwyth University College, has been awarded the degree of Ph.D. in Microbial Genetics at the University of Birmingham, where he holds a Research Fellowship in the Department of Genetics.

Paul Crotty (1952-59), whose engagement is reported in this issue, has distinguished himself on the sports field in the Far East, where he has been serving with the R.A.F. He was a member of the Far East Air Force Rugby XV against Hong Kong, and won the 440 yards race in a Far East Services athletics meeting at Singapore.

David Harries (1944-50) was awarded the degree of Doctor of Music (Wales) last July. David, who won a music scholarship to Aberystwyth from School, is now a lecturer there, and is ranked among the leading younger Welsh composers. This latest honour has only been awarded eleven times in all by the University of Wales.

David Horn (1949-56) continues to distinguish himself as a sculptor. The recently formed Cwmbran (Mon.) Arts Trust has commissioned him to execute an eight feet high representation of a family facing the problems of change and growth inherent in life in a new community. The sculpture is to be cast in a new aluminium process.

Robert Holmes (1952-59) has been awarded the Diploma in Technology for Mechanical Engineering at Bristol College of Science and Technology.

Anthony Lain (1955-59), who is in his final year of training with the Westland Aircraft Company at Weston-super-Mare, obtained the Higher National Certificate in Mechanical Engineering last summer. His marriage to Pamela Rendall, also an Old Pupil, is reported in this issue.

Derek MacGarvie (1947-54) wrote last September to tell us that he was taking up a new post as Resident Assistant Master in a special school for partially sighted boys at Seaford, Sussex. For the past three years he has been teaching at Camberley, Surrey.

Judith Maher (1957-63), now a student nurse at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, is to be congratulated on gaining the Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award last October.

Edward Ridley (1947-52) was home on leave last summer from Jamaica, where he is an electrical engineer. He returned to Jamaica for a short time, and is now home again. He expects to start constructional work shortly at the new West Pennar Power Station.

Miss A. M. K. Sinnett received many tributes when she retired from the local Bench of Magistrates last July after nearly 30 years service as a Justice of the Peace. Miss Sinnett is a vice-president of the Penvro Association and one of our most loyal Old Pupils.

Roy Smith (1954-60), who is at present working with the Ministry of Works in Cardiff, has passed the Higher National Certificate in Building.

Ken Tucker (1936-40), who has specialised in the teaching of handicapped children, has been appointed to an interesting and responsible post as Advisor for Special Schools to the City of Liverpool Education Committee. His duties will be concerned with the supervision of the services provided for the handicapped children of the city.

### COLLEGE SUCCESSES

The following Old Pupils are congratulated on successfully completing their training in June 1964:—

*Trinity College, Carmarthen*

Lawrence Phillips (1952-58) History; Maurice Eynon (1951-59)

History and Geography; Terence Richards (1954-61) Dramatic Art; Keith Russant (1954-61) Handicraft; Peter Thomas (1954-61) History.

*Chelsea School of Art*

Janet Fraser (née Saunders, 1951-58) National Diploma of Art.

TEACHING APPOINTMENTS

The following took up their appointments in September 1964. We wish them all a successful career.

Keith Russant, Haverfordwest Grammar School; Peter Thomas, Harwich; Ann Parcell, Llanion Junior School, Pembroke Dock; Lawrence Phillips, Sherington School, Greenwich; Desmond Brown, Apley Park Boarding School, Bridgenorth, Shropshire; Terence Richards, All Saints Secondary Modern School, Cheltenham.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagement:—

20 August 1964, Anthony Haggart (1956-61) to Susan Saunders (1956-62).  
28 August, Terence Richards (1954-61) to Dawn Rees, of Pontypridd.  
11 September, John F. Gough (1951-59) to Jillian Clarke, of Woburn Sands, Bucks.

18 September, Christine Allington (1958-63) to Peter Hooper, of Tenby.

18 September, Elaine Stewart (1954-60) to Lieut. Brian Swift, R.N., of Ackworth, Yorks.

September, F/O Paul Crotty, R.A.F. (1952-59) to Diana Gibbs, of Bushey Heath, Herts.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage:—

15 July, 1964, at Pembroke, Anthony Lain (1955-59) to Pamela Rendall (1954-60)

18 July, at Pembroke Dock, Bryn D. Price (1949-56) to Margaret Mathews (1953-60).

18 July, at Tottenham, Gordon T. Cole (1949-53) to Bernice Yugal, of Harringay.

25 July, at Pembroke Dock, Iona Jones (1953-60) to Graham Thomas, of Pembroke Dock.

27 July, at Maidenwells, Pembroke, Joyce Gullam (1950-55) to John Lloyd-Jones, of Lampeter.

29 July, at Tenby, Glyn Macken (1952-59) to Elaine Mary Breadnam, of Tenby.

1 August, at Neyland, Dorothy Anstee (1952-59) to William E. C. Cousins, of Haverfordwest.

3 August, in Berlin, Gisela Hempfling ( ) to Dr. Joseph Kopf, of New York.

8 August, at Lamphey, Newton W. Thomas (1950-53) to Diane Harries, of Lamphey.

8 August, at Pembroke, Brinley Kingdom (1951-55) to Eileen Davies, of Pembroke Dock.

15 August, at Pembroke, Mary Jones (1952-59) to Keith Roberts, of Milford Haven.

August, at Elgin, Scotland, John Bowers (1952-60) to Sheila McDonald, of Elgin.

22 August, at Saundersfoot, Peta Bevans (1954) to Thomas Helton James, of London.

29 August, at Pembroke Dock, Wendy Fortune (1959-62) to Barrie Caudwell, of Pembroke Dock.

12 September, Diane Reynolds (1955-60) to Anthony Beynon, of Monkton, Pembroke.

12 September, at Pembroke Dock, Janet Collison (1954-58) to Graham Brown, of Leicester.

10 October, at Pembroke Dock, Pauline Canton (1956-60) to David G. Britt, of Sussex.

17 October, at Coalisland, Northern Ireland, Ralph Davies (1949-53) to Yvonne E. Beatty, B.A., Coalisland, Co. Tyrone.

24 October, at Pembroke Dock, Marion Davies (1942-48) to Ernest Wray, of Greenwich.

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