

THE PENVRO



COMMUNITY SERVICE NUMBER

SUMMER 1965

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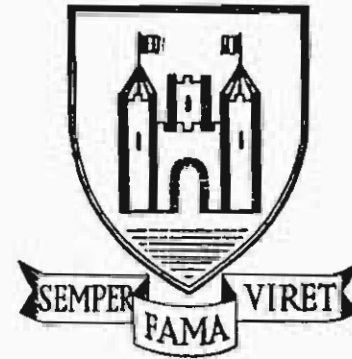
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W. Asmus.

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Canteen Organiser: Mrs. G. Hitchings.



THE PENVRO

No. 138

SUMMER

1965

EDITORIAL BOARD

Helen Hanschell, Kathryn Phillips, David Campbell, Roger Powell.

Staff Editor: Miss C. M. Lewis.

Business Manager: S. Griffith.

EDITORIAL

Now that the School rain-gauge is once more recording a daily rainfall of two inches, it is obvious that you are doomed to reading the summer edition of *Penvro*.

We welcome form notes back to our pages and hope that it will remain a regular feature of the magazine. We also welcome back, after a break of one year, the House Play competition to our School activities. It was noted with considerable pleasure amongst the pupils that fire practices will be occurring once a term in future—we understand that members of staff are having to put in some rigorous training in order to achieve the ten-second time limit between the sounding of the alarm bell and the gathering of the saved in the playground. Has this precautionary measure been taken in order to eliminate danger from an increase in the practice of a forbidden art? Parachutes are not being provided in Rooms 16, 17, 18 and 19.

At the same time as the editorial board are attempting to decipher certain scripts sent in for inclusion in '*Penvro*,' members of the Upper School are straining their eyes to investigate the inscriptions on their Form II exercise books, desperately looking to any source of help in their 'swotting' for the coming ordeal. We wish them luck but we are sure that with two extra days in which to revise this year they will not need the aid of Welsh leprechauns.

The School sports were once again a great success in spite of the adverse weather conditions, which brought out some remarkable forms of headgear, a very attractive cow-girl being seen walking around in a blue track-suit. We think that it is worth noting that the introduction of novelty events into the programme has meant that everyone has the chance to take part in the day's competitions.

The inevitable staff changes are fewer this year but it is with much regret that we say goodbye to Mrs. K. Howells and Mr. Islwyn Griffiths, to whom we wish every success in the future. Mrs. Howells is leaving to join her husband on the staff of St. David's College, Lampeter, where she will be lecturing in the German Department. Mr. Griffiths, who has for several years inspired the International Club and, latterly, the Community Service Unit, is joining the staff of Caerleon Training College. With his going, will these two important activities be doomed to die? We sincerely hope not. Mrs. Howells' place will be taken by Mr. D. M. Kuster, who comes to us from Singapore and Mrs. Morfydd Lewis will take charge of the Welsh department. A former pupil of the school, Miss Dorothy Lewis, will be joining the staff next term to help in the teaching of General Science and Games.

We also say "Au revoir" to Mlle. Serve and "Auf wiedersehen" to Herr. Asmus who have been such a welcome addition to the French and German departments respectively and to the life of the school in general during the year. We hope that they have enjoyed their stay with us and will not fail to re-visit us if they can.

Two links with the old P.D.C.S. were broken in 1965. At the beginning of the year we were saddened to learn of the death of Mr. E. B. George, who was responsible for the mathematical education of many a former County School pupil in the Argyle Street days. An echo of "There's something radically wrong here" lingers on the air

and one remembers that Angle AOB always equalled Angle AOC. Those who knew him well will remember him with respect and affection.

Later in the term we heard that Mrs. Rogers was to retire after a quarter of a century of feeding hungry school children. Many reading this will remember the less spacious days of meals in the 'old' school, when Mrs. Rogers and her fellows went about their duties almost 'cheek-by-jowl' with the classes who had to use the canteen for lessons, to the thunder of the refrigerator in the corner. We wish Mrs. Rogers a long and happy retirement now that her large-scale 'stoking-up' duties are over.

As the school settles into peaceful bliss without the members of the Upper VIth and Vth forms to disturb the calm, we look forward to another eventful and, we trust, successful year ahead.

MR. ISLWYN GRIFFITHS

I hope this doesn't sound too much like an epitaph or too sentimental, but it would surely be an injustice if nothing were said of the tremendous amount of hard work which Mr. Griffiths has done for the school. It would be hard to find one facet of school life in which he has not wholeheartedly participated, from singing in the school choir to refereeing a rugby match, or organizing a social.

One remembers the time he spent helping the refugees, the organization of trips and parties for them and the less spectacular task of providing accommodation for them. No-one could have done more than he to foster an interest in this work, amongst us. He has organized for several years the International Conferences held at the school each summer holiday, and, in conjunction with this, formed the International club that has become so strong and successful in the school. The enormity of this task would make lesser mortals wince but Mr. Griffiths appears to have an insatiable appetite for hard work and, when not involved in helping to spread international understanding, he has been doing everything possible to inject interest into the school for the less fortunate people in our own locality.

His stay in the school has made him one of its "personalities" and though we congratulate him on attaining his post as lecturer at Caerleon, we cannot but regret his departure from Pembroke and the void he leaves behind him. Sadly, the International Club and Community Service Unit seem doomed to finish—there appears to be nobody at the moment equal to the work that Mr. Griffiths leaves. Perhaps in the past we have taken his work and, indeed, his presence, too much for granted without thinking about the fantastic amount that he did.

We can be sure that if he does half as much in Caerleon as he has done for us in Pembroke, Caerleon will be more than fortunate in its gain.

R.P.

THE RIVERSIDE EXPERIMENT

"All of us are to some extent sheep and we follow those around us, or those close to us, because we admire them, or because we fear to be conspicuous, or because we are lazy, but when circumstances wrench us suddenly out of a known environment, we are astonished to find within characteristics and abilities that we never knew we possessed, both good and bad. What we have within us is called out by what goes on around us, and if what goes on around us is too predictable, too safe, too known, then those of us who are not exceptional but ordinary may never find the opportunity to stretch our human nature.

It is this that is a problem for the young. How are they to discover in a stable society which has, apparently, no need of them, the real range of their potentialities? Where can they find the opportunity to learn that constructive good can be as compelling on a man's allegiance as destructive evil? It is not just their physical possibilities that they wish to know about themselves, and indeed these can be discovered in all kinds of ways which are not ultimately greatly satisfying. But every young person is preoccupied with the potential of his soul and mind and spirit is he really of value to the world, has he control and authority over himself and others, what is his true relationship with God and man, and other subtle, baffling, often inwardly inexpressed questions? He may never face them, he will never wholly answer them, but, somehow, if he is to come to terms with himself he must one day place himself in situations where his own potentialities may show him what he could choose to become. For me and for many of my generation the war, for all its tragedy, was such a liberating, exhilarating experience, but wars are a disastrous way of testing the mettle of the young. For these six young men, and for many after them, this year took the place of a cataclysm and gave them the chance to find out what lay inside of them and to decide how to use it."

The quotation is taken from 'Season in Sarawak' by Nora Dickson. It is in the school library and if you have red blood pulsing in your arteries you should read it. If your imagination does not extend beyond a summer dish-washing in Tenby or the limits of your devilry stop at a visit to Monti's, then it will be very strong stuff for you, for it tells of six sixth-formers who spent a year in Sarawak working as teachers in primitive schools far inland in jungle clearings where the children are just one or two generations away from their head-hunting forefathers.

These words tell something of the exalted kitchen-table idealism of Alec Dickson and the reasons why he set about establishing Voluntary Service Overseas. By today it sends hundreds of young people from Britain into remote parts of the world to give a year's service of one kind or another teaching people in developing countries the rudimentary skills of civilised life and in the process making the greatest of their discoveries—the discovery of themselves.

But Alec Dickson saw that there were great areas of need on his doorstep and that the jungles of Sarawak extend into every city and village of Britain. The challenge to the young was everywhere around him and there was the advantage that it could also be met by those unable to offer a complete year's service. This was the beginning of Community Service Volunteers.

Community Service is, of course, not new but previously there

was not much in between some sacrificial deed of life-saving and fetching library books for old age pensioners or collecting for distant undigested causes in a suburban wilderness. The whole range of social services have now been opened up for the young volunteers. The young people are to be seen working in remand homes, general hospitals, approved schools, reception centres and children's homes, community settlements in slum areas, rehabilitation centres and Cheshire Homes, borstals, schools for the physically-handicapped and maladjusted and in mental hospitals.

It was a percipient Matron at one hospital who, when asked by an administrator how she viewed the possibility of having young volunteers working as auxiliaries, replied, 'The sound of a dropped tray followed by a boy's laughter would do more good than all the rubber-tired wheels on linoleum floors.'

For the last seven months and during the holidays about twenty or so of our girls have taken it in turns to spend three hours on a Saturday morning at Riverside in batches of four. The work done is unspectacular—it is attending to the morning tea, tidying rooms, making beds, helping to dress an old lady, giving home perms and preparing the dining-room for dinner. Their purpose is not to supplement the staff and make their work easier. They are there to bring the rich and gay humanity of the young into a home where real live contact with the community is infrequent. There is a tendency to regard old people's homes as a preparation for death and to provide amenities which make the end easier. But the attitude of the girls is that this is one more section of the community and a very interesting one, full of tales of an earlier time, of old songs and rich, original characters.

We made a noisy and swashbuckling entry with a Christmas party. We broke the ice and got used to seeing some of the old ladies and old men who are unwell. But anyone can visit Riverside once and put on some sort of a show. The value of this is very limited. We put on about four shows during the Easter Term but the real satisfaction was finding that our regular work on Saturday mornings was appreciated and that we were gradually coming to know them as people, and that we were expected to come on Saturdays. The greatest thrill came one morning when we realised that we were able to get them to do things where the Matron and staff had confessed that they had failed. One of the greatest impediments in welding such a group into a community is that many have lived for many years in institutions where the sexes were kept apart. There are segregated lounges, one where the men peer through a pall of tobacco smoke at the vague shapes on the television screen, and the other where the ladies nurse their ailments and resentments and there is very little over-lap. But the piano is in the ladies' lounge and, half-dragged and half-carried, the old men were bundled into the other place to sing and to laugh. This was a tremendous breakthrough in human relations—an exciting achievement.

I have no doubt that the girls get as much out of Riverside as they put into it. A number of boys have also put in a number of Saturdays but the opportunities for them to work are fewer. I believe that this has in a small way answered the question for a few whether he has any value in the world, and whether he is necessary. Working in Riverside is an adult situation; questions are posed that adults have

to answer, and those who go there to work are discovering regions of experience and depths in themselves which many go throughout life without ever finding.

All this would be impossible for us without the co-operation and encouragement of an active, progressive, Matron and Superintendent. It must be that we are sometimes a nuisance but Mr. and Mrs. Hodges give us much of their time and are always encouraging us with new ideas. We have had a good deal of encouragement also from Mr. John, the Social Welfare Officer for the County, and the Management Committee of Riverside, for which we are also very grateful.

ISLWYN GRIFFITHS.

THE WEEKLY VISIT TO RIVERSIDE

Every Saturday morning, about half a dozen girls from the school's International Club descend upon Riverside Old People's Home. About eighteen girls are included in this scheme and they work in a rota, which means that each girl visits the home once or twice every three weeks. The girls help the staff by bringing in morning tea to the old people, laying the tables for lunch and tidying bedrooms. Also, and most important, they talk and joke with the old people.

All the old folk look forward to these visits, because they get a chance to talk with young people, who help to liven up their Saturday mornings and make this day different from every other.

Sometimes the hymn book is taken out and the old people are encouraged to choose hymns to sing, with the accompaniment of the piano. The girls take an active interest in the affairs of the home and the occupations of the people living there. For instance, many of the old ladies spend much of their time in the knitting of squares to make rugs for their knees, and often they are brought little gifts of wool from some of the girls.

These visits do not only benefit the old people, but also the young ones, who, by helping and working for others, find that they get more out of life than if they work only for their own gains. This work being done in Riverside is extremely enjoyable and rewarding, and it is hoped that it will continue for many years to come.

MEGAN SUTTON, Upper IVa.

PRIZEGIVING

Early in the Spring term, on Wednesday, January 20th, the annual event of Prize-giving took place, reminding some that the school is coming to the end of its first decade at Bush. This year we were honoured with the presence of the Rev. Canon Thomas Halliwell, M.A., Principal of Trinity College, Carmarthen. We were also delighted to welcome Mrs. Halliwell to perform the almost equally onerous task of presenting the prizes.

FORM PRIZES

II.—1, Angela Gwyther; 2, Selwyn Skone; 3, Roland Perkins; 4, Judith Roberts; 5, Geoffrey Wilson; 6, Leslie Johnson; 7, Helen McNally.
 IIIC.—1, Ronald Lewis.
 IIIB.—1, Michael Davis; 2, Jonathan Reynolds; 3, Geoffrey Albury. Good progress—Sheelagh Kelly.

IIJA.—1, David Cooper; 2, Hazel Scourfield; 3, Helen Humber.

IV Technical.—1, Peter Sendell; 2, Roger Gregson.

IVC.—1, Rodney Field.

IVB.—1, Angela Smith; 2, Ritchie Davies; 3, David Rogers; 4, John Jenkins.

IVA.—1, Roderick Milne; 2, Dinah Haggart; 3, Jane Sudbury; 4, Susan Moffat.

Upper IV Technical.—1, David Ashley.

Upper IVC.—1, Jane Watts.

Upper IVB.—1, Jennifer Smith; 2, Valmai Edwards; 3, Arthur Nicholas.

Upper IVA.—1, Malcolm Cawley; 2, Sarah Monico; 3, Eric White; 4, Margaret Vernon.

V Technical.—1, Malcolm Lewis.

VC.—1, Ruth Hall.

VB.—1, Richard Wragg; 2, Rosemary Lewis.

VA.—1, Gareth Saunders; 2, Roger Powell; 3, Ann Gough.

SUBJECT PRIZES, FORM V

ENGLISH PRIZE—Rosemary Lewis.

WELSH PRIZE (given by Ald. J. R. Williams)—Maribelle Thomas.

LATIN PRIZE (given by Mrs. Hilda Thomas)—Roger Powell.

FRENCH PRIZE—David Campbell.

GERMAN PRIZE—Roger Powell.

HISTORY PRIZE (given by Rev. Lewis G. Tucker)—Richard Wragg.

SCRIPTURE PRIZE—Eira Jenkins.

GEOGRAPHY PRIZE (given by Mrs. Nevin in memory of Ald. William Nevin)—Gareth Saunders.

MATHEMATICS PRIZE—Helen Butters.

CHEMISTRY PRIZE (given by Mr. Bernard Garnett in memory of his father, J. H. Garnett, M.Sc.)—Roger Powell.

PHYSICS PRIZE (given by Mr. Bernard Garnett)—Kenneth Deveson.

BIOLOGY PRIZE (given by Mr. Bernard Garnett)—Helen Butters.

ART PRIZE—Howard Robinson.

COOKERY PRIZE, 'The Beatrice Mary Williams Prize'—Rosemary Lewis.

NEEDLEWORK PRIZE (given by Mrs. M. V. Jones)—Helen Butters.

WOODWORK PRIZE (given by Mrs. David in memory of her father, W. N. Grieve, J.P.)—Howard Robinson.

METALWORK PRIZE—Roger Jones.

ENGINEERING DRAWING PRIZE—Roger Baker.

PEMBROKE FARMERS' CUP for good work in Agriculture—Malcolm Lewis.

LOWER VI

THE ALICE MARY REES PRIZE, given jointly by Ralph Llewellyn Rees and Morwyth Rees, in memory of their mother—Keith Kneller.

UPPER VI

PRIZE FOR BEST PERFORMANCE AT ADVANCED LEVEL, given by Pembroke Rotary Club—Pat King.

ENGLISH PRIZES—Pat King, Michael Jones.

THE BRENDA LLOYD PRIZE FOR WELSH—Maureen Thomas.

ART PRIZE—Michael Edwards.

MATHEMATICS PRIZE—David Canton.

METALWORK PRIZE—Paul Reynolds.

THE CHAIRMAN OF GOVERNORS' PRIZE FOR SERVICE TO THE SCHOOL—Pat Thomas.

PRIZE FOR THE SPOKEN WORD, given by Miss E. M. Young in memory of her father, Charles Young, J.P., Governor of the School—Michael Jones.

PRIZE FOR ORIGINAL WORK, given by Mrs. Sarah Thomas—Sarah Jane Monico (Form Upper IVA).

W.J.E.C., NOVEMBER EXAMINATION, 1964

We congratulate the following candidates on their success in the November examinations of the Welsh Joint Education Board:—

Patsy Anfield—Eng. Lang.; Sally Baker—History; Michael Blake—Eng. Lang.; Michael Brace—Eng. Lang.; Helen Butters—Eng. Lang.; David Campbell—Latin; Geoffrey Cavaney—French, Maths.; Kenneth Deveson—German (with o.p.); Wendy Donovan—French, Maths.; Frances Edwards—Geography; Hugh Emmet—Eng. Lang.; Donald Esmond—Eng., Science; Janice Gamma—Geography; Keith Griffiths—German; Shan Griffiths—Geography; Susan Haggart—Geography; Brian Hall—Maths.; Ruth Hall—French (with o.p.); Robert Howells—Physics-with-Chemistry, Geog., Maths.; Roland Humber—Biology; Susan Huxtable—French (with o.p.); Eira Jenkins—German; Michael Johnson—Eng. Lang., Physics; Geoffrey Lee-cann—Gen. Science; Malcolm Lewis—Chemistry; Robert Leyland—Geog., Maths.; Ann Miller—Geography; Barry Morgans—Physics; Guy Pearce—Maths.; Peter Pearce—Eng. Lang.; Bruce Penfold—Maths.; Kathryn Phillips—Maths.; Brian Rees—Welsh; Margaret Richards—French; Diana Richardson—Physics-with-Chemistry, Biology; Howard Robinson—Physics; Michael Silburn—Eng. Lang.; Brian Smith—Maths.; Lyn Smith—Geog.; Brinley Thomas—History, Eng. Lang.; Christopher Thomas—Geog.; Maribelle Thomas—Latin, Geog.; Terence Watkins—Geog., Chem.; Peter Watts—French, Geog.; David Williams—Eng. Science.

W.J.E.C. 'USE OF ENGLISH' EXAMINATION, MARCH, 1965

The following members of the Upper VIth Form passed:—

Patricia Edwards	Malcolm Roche
John Evans	Lynne Shore
Kenneth Goddard	Susan Stevens
Paul Green	Andrew Warlow
Richard James	

EISTEDDFOD 1965

The annual St. David's Day Eisteddfod was held in the School Hall on Wednesday, 3rd March, 1965. In spite of the bad weather a large number of parents and friends of the School saw Glyndwr House win for the fourth year in succession. Glyndwr amassed a total of 1,159 points, while Tudor House were the runners-up with 826. Hywel House and Picton House were 3rd and 4th respectively.

The snow in the north of the county prevented the County Music Organiser, Mr. Gethin Jones, from coming to adjudicate the musical items. His place was taken by Mr. W. H. Whitehall, who had earlier helped to adjudicate the preliminaries with his predecessor, Mr. S. A. Evans, who, although retired, remains an enthusiastic and valued supporter of the Eisteddfod. Indisposition prevented Mr. Gordon Parry from adjudicating the Prepared Speech. Mr. Aubrey Phillips, however, kindly added this to his tasks of adjudicating the Spoken Verse.

One innovation this year was a competition with own choice of instrument. This was most entertaining and was won by Barry Morgans and Peter Hordley playing two guitars. Folk Dancing was also re-introduced as an experiment. This event was adjudicated beforehand and only the two best teams appeared on the stage.

Thanks are due to all who helped to make the Eisteddfod successful, particularly to all the adjudicators, who, in many cases, had a prodigious task because of the large number of entries. Their assistance was greatly appreciated.

At the end of the day the winner's trophy, The Sudbury Shield, was presented to Glyndwr House by Mrs. Sarah Thomas, a governor of the School.

RESULTS

Music (W. H. Whitehall, S. A. Evans): **Junior Piano**, Air, (Album for the Young) Schumann: 1, Eric Scourfield (H); 2, Margaret Davies (P); 3, Susan Thomas (T). **Senior Piano**, Moments Musicaux, Schubert: 1, Ieuan Harries (P); 2, Margaret Waters (G); 3, Richard Davies (P). **Junior Girls' Solo**, The Isle of Dreams, arr. Wiseman: 1, Margaret Davies (P); 2, Jacqueline Davies (H); 3, Christine Main (T) and Stephanie Main (T). **Senior Girls' Solo**, Come unto Him, Handel, or The Golden Bird, Max Reger: 1, Sheila Davies (H); 2, Suzanne Evans (T); 3, Ruth Morgan (H). **Junior Boys' Solo**, The Path to the Moon, Thiman: 1, Richard Allen (T); 2, Robert Main (T); 3, Stephen Griffiths (H). **Senior Boys' Solo**, (Own Choice): 1, Michael Jones (G); 2, Raymond Dando (G); 3, Malcolm Lewis (G). **Senior Girls' Duet**, Come Pretty Wag, Martin Pearson, or Beauty Lately, Handel: 1, Sheila Davies and Lynne Shore (H); 2, Sheila and Diana Richardson (P); 3, Rhiannon Bowen and Suzanne Evans (T). **Junior Welsh Solo**, Y Fwyalchen: 1, Margaret Davies (P); 2, Elaine Hughes (G); 3, Robert Main (T). **Senior Welsh Solo**, Dafydd y Garreg Wen: 1, Lynne Shore (H); 2, Sheila Davies (H); 3, Rhiannon Bowen (T); 4, Suzanne Evans (T). **Junior Violin**, Day Dreams, Adam Carse: 1, Margaret Davies (P) and Ian Cooper (H). **Open Instrument** (Own choice): 1, Barry Morgans and Peter Hordley (P); 2, Caroline Hughes and Sarah-Jane Monico (G), and Ieuan Harries and Richard Davies (P). **Choir**, Milk Maids, Peter Warlock: 1, Hywel; 2, Tudor; 3, Glyndwr; 4, Picton.

Folk Dancing (Junior) (Mrs. S. Neil), A National Dance: 1, Tudor and Glyndwr;

Original Verse (Mrs. Nora Davies) **Form II, The Forest**: 1, John Stephens (G); 2, Sheila Kenniford (G); 3, Stephen Badham (P). **Form III, To an Animal**: 1, Robin Davies (T); 2, Patricia Kenniford (G); 3, Ann Monico (G). **Form IV, A Long Time Ago**: 1, Carolyn Attfield (T); 2, David Pendleton (T); 3, Sheelagh Kelly (G). **Form Upper IV, Seascapes**: 1, Diana Griffiths (H); 2, Kevin Brady (H); 3, Susan Griffiths (G). **Form V, The Ghost's Song**: 1, Michael Johnson (P); 2, Susan Elsworth (T); 3, Caroline Hughes (G). **Form VI, (Open)**: 1, Lynne Shore (H) and Michael Jones (G); 3, Frances Edwards (T).

Short Story—Junior (Mrs. Sarah Thomas), **The Runaway**: 1, David Cooper (H); 2, Roland Perkins (G); 3, Raydene Bateman (G). **Senior** (Miss Morfydd Rees), **Open**: 1, Kevin Brady (H); 2, Kathryn Phillips (T); 3, David Thomas (T).

Poetry Speaking (Aubrey Phillips), **Junior Girls**, Taran-tella, Hilaire Belloc: 1, Elaine Hughes (G); 2, Susan Richards (G); 3, Pamela Morgan (P). **Senior Girls**, The Eve of Waterloo, Byron: 1, Susan Stevens (G); 2, Rosemary Jenkins (T); 3, Kathryn Phillips (T). **Junior Boys, Skimbleshanks—The Railway Cat**, T. S. Eliot: 1, Robin Campbell (G); 2, David Cooper (H); 3, David Reynolds (H). **Senior Boys**, The Journey of the Magi, T. S. Eliot: 1, Michael Jones (G); 2, Roger Powell (G).

Welsh Poetry Speaking (Rev. W. J. Morris) Yr Henwyr, G. J. Williams: 1, Hazel Scourfield (G); 2, Phillip Powell (P); 3, Sheila Kenniford (G).

Essay (Miss A. R. Lewis-Davies, M.B.E., Miss E. Hinchcliffe, Mrs. R. C. Davies, Miss Ethel Young, T. K. Griffiths, Wynford Davies), **Form II, My Ideal Town**: 1, Pamela Morgan (P); 2, Robin Campbell (C); 3, Stewart Longhurst (P). **Form III, People who come to your Door**: 1, Ann Gibby (T); 2, Angela Stevens (G); 3, Angela Gwyther (G). **Form IV, Milestones**: 1, David Reynolds (H); 2, Helen Humber (T); 3, Carolyn Attfield (T). **Form Upper IV, The Preservation of the Countryside**: 1, Jane Sudbury (T); 2, Joy Smith (G); 3, Hazel Williams (G). **Form V, Advertising**: 1, Gillian Davies (P); 2, Malcolm Cawley (G); 3, Sarah-Jane Monico (G). **Form VI, (Open)**: 1, John Evans (P); 2, Michael Jones (G); 3, Roger Powell (G).

Prepared Speech (Aubrey Phillips), Comprehensive schools mean bigger, not better schools: 1, Michael Jones (G); 2, Sarah-Jane Monico (G); 3, Susan Stevens (G); 4, Veronica Sandell (H).

Verse Translation—Spanish (R. Metcalf), La Guitarra: 1, Helen Hanschel (P); 2,

Susan Stevens (G); 3, 'Trixie' (T). **German** (R. G. Roberts), **Junior**, Die Stadt am Meer, Storm: 1, David Pendleton (T); 2, Ann Monico (G); 3, Susan Moffat (P). **Senior**, Erbkönig, Goethe: 1, Margaret Richards (G); 2, Roger Powell (G); 3, Julie Munt (T). **Welsh** (Mrs. Olwen Rees), **Junior**, Selected Verses from Bartiddu: 1, Ailsa Davies (H); 2, Sheila Kenniford (G); 3, Doreen Stephens (T). **Senior**, Dychwelyd, T. H. Parry-Williams: 1, Margaret Richards (G); 2, Ruth Thomas (G); 3, Kathryn Phillips (T). **French** (Miss Ethel Young), **Junior**: 1, Annette Thomas (G); 2, Meredydd Thomas (T); 3, David Cooper (H). **Senior**: 1, Bernadette Henson (H); 2, Ruth Morgan (H); 3, Caroline Hughes (G).

Needlework (Mrs. H. M. Robinson), **Form II**, Hand-made waist petticoat: 1, Sheila Kenniford (G); 2, Carolyn Lloyd (G); 3, Janet Jenkins (H). **Form III**, Pinafore, with apron and bib: 1, Pamela Hayes (P); 2, Vivien Lain (T); 3, Judith Phillips (P). **Form IV**, Nightdress: 1, Raydene Bateman (G); 2, Margaret Channon (P); 3, Irene Higgs (G). **Form Upper IV**, Blouse, with fitted-in sleeves: 1, no award; 2, Susan Richards (T); 3, Joy Smith (G). **Form V**, Pyjamas: 1, Rosemary Jenkins; 2, and 3, no awards. **Form VI**, Sun-top and shorts: 1, Helen Butters (H); 2, Gwyneth Griffiths (T); 3, Veronica Sandell (H).

Embroidery (Mrs. H. M. Robinson), Tapestry fire screen: 1, Angela Gwyther (G); 2, Susan Huxtable (G); 3, Vivien Lain (T).

Feltwork (Mrs. H. M. Robinson), Dressed doll: 1, Patricia Howells (G); 2, Margaret Channon (P); 3, Pamela Hayes (P).

Knitting (Mrs. H. M. Robinson). **Form II**, Hot water bottle cover: 1, Jeanette Hopkins (P); 2, Pamela Nutting (P); 3, Katherine Davies (P). **Form III**, Pram cover: 1, Anne Gibby (T); 2, Pamela Hayes (P); 3, Susan Morris (P). **Form IV**, Cardigan, in double knitting: 1, Elaine Hughes (G); 2, Sheelagh Kelly (G); 3, Anne Willoughby (T). **Form Upper IV**, Evening Jumper: 1, Susan Richards (T); 2, Brenda Watts (H); 3, no award. **Forms V and VI**, Dress or suit: 1, Suzanne Evans (T); 2, Veronica Sandell (H); 3, Sarah-Jane Monico (G). **Open**, Matinée Coat: 1, Hazel Williams (G); 2, Brenda Watts (H); 3, Anne Willoughby (T).

Floral Decoration (Mrs. M. M. Mathias). **Open**, (a) Floral arrangement suitable for a hall: 1, Helen Butters (H); 2, Annette Thomas (G); 3, Sally-Ann Rees; (b) Miniature garden: 1, Patricia Howells (G); 2, Janet Cox; 3, Carolyn Lloyd (G).

Cookery (Mrs. M. Seager). **Form II**, Cheese scones: 1, Sheila Kenniford (G); 2, Peter Smith (T); 3, Jacqueline Davies (H). **Form III**, Open Jam Tart: 1, Robin Davies (T); 2, Eric Dade (P); 3, David Howard (P). **Form IV**, Gingerbread: 1, G. Albury (T); 2, Barbara Lee (P); 3, Elaine Hughes (G). **Form Upper IV**, Decorated Victoria sponge: 1, Megan Sutton (T); 2, Susan Richards (T); 3, Helen Stewart (H). **Form V**, Six cream horns: 1, Elizabeth James (T); 2, Sarah-Jane Monico (G); 3, Lyn Smith (T). **Form VI**, Six hors d'oeuvres: 1, Susan Haggart (H); 2, Susan Stevens (G); 3, Wendy Donovan (H).

Stamp Collection (J. H. A. Macken), **Junior**, Flora and fauna of the British Commonwealth: 1, Anne Gibby (T); 2, Timothy Hordley (P); 3, Robin Campbell (G). **Senior**, Stamps with a History: 1, Margaret Richards (G); 2, Eric White (G); 3, Helen Hanschell (P).

Geography (D. M. Evans), **Form II**, Weather chart: 1, Patricia Howells (G); 2, Avis Arthur (T); 3, Peter Smith (T). **Form III**, Map of parts of the Borough: 1, Angela Gwyther (G); 2, Geoffrey Wilson (T); 3, Richard Evans (T). **Form IV**, Map of Pembrokeshire: 1, David Cooper (H); 2, Helen Humber (T); 3, David Reynolds (H). **Forms Upper IV and V**, Comparison of Pembroke and Pembroke Dock: 1, Sarah-Jane Monico (G); 2, no award; 3, Helen Cooper (H). **Form VI**, Oil Refineries: 1, Brian Hall (G); 2, Kathryn Phillips (T); 3, Janet Cox (G).

Nature Study (Miss Morfydd Rees), **Forms II and III**, Pond life: 1, Timothy Hordley (P); 2, Vivien Lain (T); 3, Karen Mabe (P). **Forms IV, Upper IV and V**, Life history of a fern or a fish: 1, Brian Hall (G); 2, Helen Humber (T); 3, Michael Brace (G). **Form VI**, Radiation and life: 1, Ann Griffiths (P); 2, Michael Silburn (T); 3, no award.

Agriculture (J. Lloyd Jones, Mrs. Lloyd Jones, W. H. Mackenzie, T. Richards), **Milking, Junior**: 1, Irwel Bevan (T); 2, Richard (Dick) Pepper (G); 3, Peter Sendell

(P). **Milking, Senior**: 1, J. Bowman (H); 2, R. John (T); 3, C. Thomas (T). **Cattle Judging, Junior**: 1, R. Pepper (G); 2, I. Bevan (T); 3, P. Jenkins (P). **Cattle Judging, Senior**: 1, M. Lewis (G); 2, D. Ashley (T); 3, J. Harries (G). **Machine Identification, Junior**: 1, I. Bevan (T); 2, G. James (H); 3, P. Sendell (P). **Machinery Identification, Senior**: 1, M. Graddon (G); 2, D. Esmond (T); 3, J. Bowman (H). **Farm Model**, open: 1, (only), Howard Robinson (P).

Art (J. Carradice), **Form II**: (a) 1, Ian Cooper (H); 2, Pamela Morgan (P); 3, Richard Davies (G); (b) 1, Ian Cooper (H); 2, C. Ball (G); 3, Philip Nicholas (T). **Form III**: (a) 1, J. Phillips (P); 2, Lorraine Smith (G); 3, Eric Dade (P); (b) Brian Smith (G); 2, David Scourfield (P); 3, Carol Waite (P). **Form IV**: 1, David Reynolds (H); 2, Ann Griffiths (H); 3, Sheelagh Kelly (G). **Forms Upper IV and V**: 1, Helen Cooper (H); 2, Katherine Campbell (P); 3, Pamela Jenkins (H). **Form VI**: (a) 1, Frances Edwards (T); 2, Cynthia Dix (G); 3, Stuart White (P); (b) 1, Cynthia Dix (G); 2, J. Reynolds (H); 3, Anne Cole (H). **Three Dimensional Art, Form II**: 1, Philip Marsden (G); 2, Stewart Longhurst (P); 3, John Humber (G). **Form III**: no prize-winners. **Forms IV and Upper IV**: 1, Linda Panton (T); 2, Elizabeth Williams (H); 3, Robert Brown (G). **Forms V and VI**: 1, Helen Cooper (H); 2, Howard Robinson (P); 3, Hugh Emmet (P).

Photography (Angus Athoe), **Novice**, four contact prints: 1, Pamela Hayes (P); 2, Priscilla Palmer (P); 3, Kevin Phillips (P). **Junior**, four contact prints or two enlargements: 1, (only), Timothy Hordley (P). **Senior**, four enlargements: 1, Patricia Edwards (G); 2, Ieuan Harries (P); 3, Hugh Emmet (P). **Open** (a) colour slides: 1, Frances Edwards (T); 2, Suzanne Evans (T); 3, Eric White (G); (b) two big enlargements: 1, Patricia Edwards (G); 2, Richard James (P); 3, Timothy Hordley (P).

Final result: 1st, Glyndwr 1,159; 2nd, Tudor 826; 3rd, Hywel 719; 4th Picton 691.

(Adjudicators' names appear in parenthesis after the title of each competition)

THE HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITIONS

On Monday and Tuesday, April 5th and 6th, the House Drama competition took place, making a welcome return to the school calendar. Mr. Kenneth Lee of Tenby was the adjudicator and his criticisms, as one has come to expect of him, were both interesting and constructive.

The series of plays started with Hywel's production of Ionesco's "The Bald Prima Donna." This was a very ambitious choice and the cast was praised for coping with its difficulties so admirably, the remembering and speaking of the dialogue being no mean task in itself. Roger Baker as Mr. Smith was his usual highly entertaining self and, to show his versatility, he also made a very brief appearance as a policeman at the end of the play. Ronnie Henson is to be commended both as producer and the captain of the fire brigade, one of his speeches being particularly long and complicated. Susan Evans as Mrs. Martin and Keith Griffiths as Mr. Martin maintained a convincing conversation, while Lynne Shore (Mrs. Smith) and Veronica Sandell (the maid) played their parts with assurance. The third form boys, through fruit at the heroic cast after the final curtain, provided an unexpected ending to the performance.

The Tudor play followed, a comedy by Philip Johnson, "The Witching Hour." Considering the inexperience of the producer, Howard Barton, and the fact that he was directing an all-female cast (or was this an advantage?), the result was most commendable. Margaret Barton gave us a very good characterisation of a Cockney maid and Suzanne Evans created a suitably 'precious' effect as the artistic Miss Flint, although her appearance might have been more eccentric. This was a criticism, too, of Jane Sudbury's Madame Mandrake although Jane's acting promises well. Kathryn Phillips as the cook and Frances Edwards as the parlourmaid coped quite happily with the ordeal of being on-stage all the time and Maribelle Thomas bravely stepped in at the eleventh hour to take the part of Mrs. Colyngam, the lady of the house. Although the pace of the play was rather slow, the excellent make-up compensated a great deal.

The Tuesday session began with Glyndwr's presentation of the first act of Shaw's "St. Joan." The set was very effective, and the four members of the cast maintained a good pace throughout. Michael Jones, who was also the producer, played the part of the steward as competently as one would expect of him, and Roger Powell's portrayal of Robert de Baudricourt was most promising. David Campbell made a sympathetic character out of Bertrand de Poulengy, although it was the audience's turn to be sympathetic when he had difficulty in extricating his embarrassingly long sword—from his belt! Caroline Hughes made a very pretty St. Joan, refreshingly so after the usual austereness of the Maid's appearance.

Picton provided the intriguing farce, "O. and O.E." by Eliot Crawshaw-Williams. The skill of Richard James was evident here in that he could act convincingly even in the recumbent posture of a very sick man, whose voice had to be weak and strained. There was great hilarity when he was bundled into the wardrobe by his mother-in-law (Eira Jenkins) and scheming relative (Alan Searle). Eira was suitably fussy and domineering in the character of Jane Mackintosh and it was remarked that Howard Robinson looked every inch the family solicitor. Ann Griffiths as Mary Smith gave a pleasant performance. Although the play was slow in starting, it was most entertaining and the dialogue was very amusing.

It was clearly difficult for Mr. Lee to make up his mind but he gave the first place to Hywel, having taken into account the greater problems involved in tackling such a play as theirs. Glyndwr was a worthy runner-up, while Tudor and Picton shared third place. What all gained, whether winners or losers, was the pleasure that comes from working together as a team and the back-stage laughter and tension that is hidden from the audience.

FORM GOSSIP

FORM II: This year Form II was made up of eighteen boys and sixteen girls. Like myself, I'm sure that the others felt many butterflies on our first few days at the school but our form mistress, Mrs. Hughes, soon made us feel at home. In normal school work we have had our ups and downs but, under Mrs. Hughes' guidance, I think we have given quite a good account of ourselves in many aspects of the school's life. We have representatives in the Junior Scripture Union, the Junior Sports Social Committee and the School choir, and one of our form was chosen for a part in this year's school play, a proud distinction for our form. (J. D.)

FORM IIA: Our form is disappearing rapidly. Five people have left since we started in September—we might add that they were sorry to go. Our form captain for this term is surely the biggest eater in the school and almost eats all the other table members' share in seconds. Another of our claims to fame is that every member of the form had 200 lines for talking, early in our first term in the school, but we're not so bad really. (K. J.)

FORM II ALPHA: Few exciting incidents occur in our form but one did recently. We were having a music lesson when, suddenly, BANG!—a fuse had blown. Everyone was very surprised, including Mr. Whitehall. Peter Thompson was sent to see Miss Colley. He was hardly out of the room when another fuse blew. Later Mr. Roberts came up and he discovered that Peter had placed the point of his metal compass in the power point and had been very lucky to get away without receiving a nasty shock. The point of his compass was completely burnt! I think the bell was late that lesson. (M. P.)

FORM IIIA: We are a very happy, noisy, brainy and generous bunch of pupils. We gave a total of £2 14s. 0½d. to the Social Service Fund last term and this term we gave £1 to the Tonypany Disaster Fund. We have supplied several key rugby players during the season, not to mention the

girls who represent the school in hockey and rounders. During this year, our form has acquired nineteen bookings. Considering there are thirty-one members in the form, it follows that each person has acquired 0.612903225807 (correct to 12 decimal places) of a booking each. Realising this we have come to the conclusion that we are a pretty angelic lot. (S. S.)

FORM IIIB: Many incidents happen each day in IIIB. Some are funny but others are not. For instance, last week Linda James came into our form room with dark glasses on. When we asked why she had them on, she took them off—she had a black eye. Then the very next day Anne Monico came to school with a patch over *her* eye. Yesterday Philip Vincent couldn't find his trousers when he was dressing in the changing rooms after games. After a dramatic search we found that Eric Dade of IIIA had picked up the trousers with his jacket and, without putting it on, had carried it over to the tennis courts. So the case of the missing trousers was solved. (E. S.)

FORM IIIC: Hulloo, this is IIIC. We have had many events in our form this year. An invisible man has been going round, sliding shoes up the wall and breaking windows. Another mysterious happening was that a compass should fly out of Lyn Smith's hand and get stuck in the rear end of Ian Henson. In English lessons, wheels and racquets become visible at our form room window, out of nowhere—or the prefects' room? Our form boys have been very successful in Basket-ball and became the third-year champions. We should like to express our thanks to Mr. Smith, our form master, who has patiently kept us in order this year, and to all of the teachers, young and old, who have taught us. (J. J.)

FORM IVA: Our form has been well represented in the term's major event, the school sports. David Rourke was Victor Ludorum and Margaret Davies came first in the javelin and discus events at the West Wales Open Championships. The boys have formed a cricket team, giving all available boys a chance to play. At the two junior games' socials a pop group, the 'X,' three of whom are IVA boys, helped to make each a great success. Our form has kept its reputation of yearly collecting the largest total of social service money, and Megan Arnold sold all of her 'Bambino pins' in aid of the 'Save the Children Fund.' This term, however, two very well-liked members of the form, David and Bonita Priestly, left to live in Gibraltar for three years. We were all very sorry to see them leave but we hope to see them again some time as they hope to be returning to Pembroke at the end of the three years. (D. C.)

FORM IVB: Members of the form did quite well in this year's school sports. Janice Thomas and Irene Higgs had two firsts each, Roselyn Bleach and Peter Evans had one first each, while Alan Searle had three firsts. Ian White had the great misfortune to break his arm on March 26th, and within three days the whole of the fourth form had signed his plaster. He is now quite well, I'm glad to say. (R. J.)

FORM IVC: We have had a very unlucky year as far as accidents are concerned. Christopher Barker was in a car crash and had to stay in hospital for ages. Ronald Davey was away for several weeks having an operation to his foot. Both are looking very cheerful at the moment, though. Pauline James did us proud by winning the shot competition in the sports and coming fifth out of eleven at the county sports. Eryl and Idris are keeping up their reputation for "high spirits"—and I expect the same can be said for all of us. (J. W.)

UPPER IVA: Our form is made up of people of varied interests but on the whole we get on well together. There are thirteen boys and twenty girls this year. David Everatt has recently left us for his native Liverpool, and Julia Bannon and Michael Hanschell have joined us. John Clarke gained first place in the county sports high jump, with a jump two inches higher than his nearest rival; he now goes on to the Inter-County Sports. Susan Richards did exceptionally well in the Y.F.C. Rally, gaining first

place in the changing-the-car-wheel competition and second in the Under-18's trussing. Several members of the form go to Riverside Old People's Home every week to help the staff and to talk to the old people. (J. S.)

UPPER IVB: At the beginning of the summer term we were fifteen boys and fifteen girls in Upper IVb, with one new addition, William Ross, who came to us from Kenya. No one was more surprised than I when he turned out to be white and not black! He has fitted in surprisingly well and is affectionately known as Willie by his many friends. Some members of the form did extremely well at the school sports. Wyn Griffiths gained thirty-two points and was joint Victor Ludorum with Spencer Rourke of IVA. In aid of the Cambrian Colliery Disaster fund we collected the astounding amount of thirty-two shillings—we all gave something. (M. P.)

UPPER IVC: We are privileged to have in our form Brian Jones, the captain of the Junior Cricket XI, and Nigel Canton, another member of the team. We all hope they win the Bowen-Summers Bowl. An unusual thing happened when we arrived in school some time ago—we found the form room door locked and certain parts of the lock scattered over a desk and on the floor. Mr. Newton had to come to our rescue and open it for us after assembly. Another interesting fact to report is that we seem to be growing out of our desks. (M. T.)

IV TECHNICAL: Four Tech. is one of the smallest forms in the school and consists of eight Bush House boys. Earlier in the term two of Dick Pepper's sheep had lambs, one with twins and one single, but one of them died. He was helped by John Rudder. We were pleased to welcome back Christopher Lewis after his serious operation at Glangwili Hospital. Paul Morgan was a representative in the javelin event at the county sports and runner-up for the pole vault. Many of us took a ready part in the Rally which was a great success. The Bush House Fourth-and-Unders' Cricket team has been formed and all of us in IV Tech., except Christopher, is taking part—even Dick. (A. T.)

UPPER IV TECH.: Most of the members of our form are members of the Y.F.C. in school and recently represented the club in the Rally, held this year at the Haverfordwest Mart Ground. Irwel Bevan gained sixth place in the Machinery Identification, fourth in the Beef Judging and fifth in the Pig Judging. Peter Sendell gained a third and a first, in cooking and dairy judging respectively. John Harries gained two thirds in Pig Judging and Machinery Identification. Cleddau Gibby represented South Pembrokeshire in the Dairy Judging and gained third place. Roger Gregson is on the school Y.F.C. Committee which meets about once a fortnight. (R.G.)

FORM VR: The doctrines of the form have been adamantly upheld this year—"all work and no play makes VR dull boys." One of the more intelligent members of the form, B - - k -, passed his driving test after ninety-four lessons; another member failed hers after ending up on the pavement—much to the examiner's amazement! Apart from these two the form consists of a very mixed bunch of juvenile deterrents, interests ranging from fishing to birdwatching. Unfortunately the girls do not appreciate these and have taken to nature walks. We welcome all future recruits to our happy band after the results of the exams. (B. P., P. H.)

LOWER VI ARTS: We are probably the only form who are afraid to go into their form room for fear of what they might come face to face with—we have footmarks on the ceiling and floods on the floor and when a certain lovesick prefect is around we have window poles galore. The fattening powers of school dinners have been deserted by some for the more nutritious foods such as carrots, apples and oranges. It is to be hoped that the population of the Lower VI does not decrease. To whom it may concern, "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." (M. T.)

UPPER VI ARTS: It has been observed by one member of the form that the life of a prefect is now as short as that of a football manager. The

girls' angel choir is competing successfully against the perhaps less angelic choir of the boys, who, however, assert that they have better songs. We wish ourselves all the best in the coming ordeals! (S. S.)

BECKET MOOR

The sun is setting on Becket Moor,
The winter is over, yet the weather is raw;
To the north it is windy, wet and wild;
To the south the April clouds have now piled.
No sound but the wind can we hear.
Though the moon is dismal we have no fear
As we walk, and stop, look, then go on,
The lightness no more, another day gone.

Then the sound of a horse we hear in the night.
Our faces were dull; now they are bright.
"He's coming," said one. "There are two," says Beth.
As we sit and we shiver, holding our breath,
The gallop gets louder, our lips become drier,
The horses draw closer. Here comes the rider,
Galloping, galloping, galloping fast,
Thundering, thundering, thundering past—

The moon is rising on Becket Moor.
We'd waited, we'd hoped, yet nothing we saw.

FRANCES EDWARDS, LOWER VI Arts.

DEATH

You, not the end but the beginning,
The fulfilment or the ending of life's death;
You, certain sudden cause of being
Deprived, with rattling quiver of last breath!
My precious guardian of the dark forever
Complete, concise, concealed in putrescence,
Scoff I? I do not at your cold endeavour
For I shall taste in time your permanence,
Shall heed the cloying, cold aroma
From deepest distillation of your breath;
Shall trace with blanching fingers, pale stigmata,
And wonder, shall I recognize you, Death?

MICHAEL JONES, Upper VI Arts.

THE HIGH WIRE

The Big Top was a seething mass of flame. Fiery red tongues shot hungrily upwards to where Ken Taylor balanced on the high wire. Above the crackle of the fire came the harsh growling of the lions—out of their cages and pacing angrily inside the ring of flames.

Ken knew that if he fell either the fire or the lions would get him. Sweat beaded his young face as he edged along the quivering wire. Smoke swirled, blinding him. Far below, pale frozen faces stared up. . . . There was no safety net—that had been devoured by the fire. The canvas side-walls of the huge circus tent flapped and the wooden centre pole splintered as the flames ate into it. The wire sagged, hot tongues licked eagerly at his ankles, pieces of flaming canvas dropped past him.

A long "Aaah!" arose from the watchers as he stumbled—and then recovered his balance. He took slow careful steps towards the safety of the

slender swaying escape ladder . . . could he reach it in time? He moistened his lips nervously. He had a bad case of nerves; he admitted that much to himself. His feet were clumsy, his balance a matter of luck rather than skill and judgment. He looked down steadily, down into the red eyes of the lions, at their tails lashing, hearing their snarling. He recognised Cleo, the lioness. 'A mean cat,' the keeper called her. Small figures cast nets but failed to catch the animals.

The faint clangour of bells sounded over the roar of noise. An engine raced up, firemen unrolled their hose. A searchlight stabbed upwards and blinded him again. He fumbled another step, hesitated. He could not afford to make a single mistake now. His life depended on his own nerve and skill. He was aware of the lions roaring beneath him, a stench of smouldering canvas somewhere close. How much further was the ladder? He coughed as he strained his eyes to peer through the smoke. His throat was dry, his body sweaty. He had a good head for heights but nervousness made him tremble. He could sense the shakiness in his legs transmit itself to the wire at his feet, the wire that was his sole support.

Another few inches. Slowly he crept nearer to safety—nearer. When he was almost there, a charred spar detached itself from above his head. He watched it fall, burning canvas wrapped about it, a flaming torch. He calculated its descent, then moved forward. It dropped past him with inches to spare.

At last he saw the small platform just ahead, groped for the safety rail—and slipped. His clutching hand gripped the top-most rung of the ladder and he dangled for a long moment above the searing flames and the pacing lions.

As he reached the bottom the director roared, "Cut! Turn off the artificial flames. Get those 'tame' cats inside."

Ken wiped the sweat from his face. Even after years as a stuntman he still felt nervous in front of the cameras!

KEVIN BRADY, Upper IVA.

THE EYES OF THE YOUNG

They see everything and know nothing,
The eyes of the young.
They shine wonderingly at life,
Curious to know the vastness around them.
They are not clouded by pain or grief, those eyes;
Sour life has not tainted them.
Innocence radiates its purity, unveiled
Through the blue and brown, green and grey,
And only here can truth be found.
They have not yet learnt cruelty and deceit,
They are new and free and beautiful,
The eyes of the young.

LYNNE SHORE, Upper VI Sc.

THE RUNAWAY

The time was 10 a.m. Behind were the beaters, in front was the fire. On every side was forest—dense Burmese jungle. The only sounds were the crackling of burning bamboo and the occasional sound of the hunters, hunting for me.

Ever since the end of the war the jungles have been infested with bandits, the men who, during the war, had been guerilla fighters. I had been travelling through the jungle with a number of native Burmese and some elephants, which form the only practical means of transport, when my party had been attacked. It was all over very quickly. Two or three

shots—two men wounded, and I was pinioned by a hefty Chinaman. Then we were led off to a camp.

That night I freed myself and crawled out through the back of the tent. Escape was not very difficult because they did not expect any lone person to survive in the solitude of the jungle. However, my plan was to make a raft and escape down river, when I had found a navigable water-course. I had been making my way along the side of the hill before I made my way downhill to the obvious position of a river when I first saw the fire.

When the bandits had discovered their loss they had started the search, but in the forest their case was almost as hopeless as mine. Eventually the noises receded into the distance, but then I had the fire to cope with. These often start spontaneously in the jungle during the dry season and are seldom on a large scale. However, this one was. There was a strong wind of inflowing air feeding the hungry flames, which could be seen rising above the tree tops about a mile away down the side of the hill, but I lay directly in their path.

I started running uphill, struggling through the thickets until I had covered about half a mile, when I looked back and saw the fire gaining on me. After another quarter of a mile the fire was almost at my heels. Then I saw some rocks, under one of which was a cave of sorts. I squeezed through into a small cavity as the grass outside began to smoulder. The next hour was like a nightmare. The heat was almost unbearable and the flames ate up so much oxygen that at the height of the fire I lost consciousness.

I regained my senses some time towards late afternoon to be greeted by an awesome(almost frightening sight. The jungle outside my cave was non-existent. From the top of the hill to the river below and for a mile along the hill each side of me there was almost bare, black ground, with here and there a small fire still burning around the bases of some tree trunks. The fire had already run its course, showing me the position of the river by so doing.

After I had spent the night in my cave, the next morning found me launching a rough raft made from three bamboo logs left by some woodmen in the unburned part of the forest. I was just climbing aboard when I saw a group of bandits at the top of the burned hill. They had seen me and I pushed off into midstream as they started to run downhill to cut me off. They were only fifty yards away when I came level, but just as one was taking aim with his rifle I was past and into a more sheltered stretch of water with jungle on each side. I was through.

The next day I was back in civilisation at the British Consulate in Rangoon, from whence it became my turn to start chase them as they had chased me. I am sorry to say that the similarity did not end there—they escaped as cleanly as I had.

DAVID COOPER, IVA.

THE FOREST

Dry twigs and husks of crackling leaves
Pricked at her elbows. She peered
At spiders straddling the shreds of bark
And filmy skeletons of last year's leaves.
A patch of moss frothed into tiny flowers:
Pale shoots of bluebell, mercury or grass,
Thrust green tongues above a sea of brown.

JOHN STEPHENS, II ALPHA.

MY FRIEND

We needed no one with us
As we went for our daily walk;
There wasn't any barking,
And very little talk.
Peace, my friend.

Only memories remain now
Of a good and faithful friend.
Your duty now is over;
No more the flocks you'll tend.
Rest, my friend.

So often since we parted
Have I whispered your name;
If only I could have you back
And start your life again!
Sleep, my friend.

As I laid you down to rest,
It nearly broke my heart;
To part with one so good and true
And say "Farewell!"
Farewell, my friend.

PAT KENNIFORD, IIIc.

A LONG TIME AGO

I remember clearly—I lived on a farm—
Although I was only just two,
Riding a pony and fearing no harm,
But that was a long time ago.

I'd wander around the green fields on my own,
Then down to the woods I would go
To see how the snowdrops and bluebells had grown.
Oh! that was a long time ago.

I'd walk to the brook at the foot of the hill;
There were pheasants, and wild duck too.
There it seemed to me that Nature stood still,
For that was a long time ago.

I watched the men work with their tractors and ploughs
And I often watched them sow
The seed, which would later be fodder for cows.
It seems such a long time ago.

My first day at school was a happy event,
I was anxious the lessons to do;
I remember how quickly each day came and went,
And that was a long time ago.

And now I reflect what a good time I had,
For I've moved to the town, and so
I yearn for the country. It makes me so sad
To think of a long time ago.

Now if you are older and surely more wise,
Those years will not seem long to you.
But I'm still in my teens, so you'll quite realise
Why I think 'twas a long time ago.

CAROLYN ATTFIELD, IVB

PEOPLE WHO COME TO MY DOOR

All sorts of people come knocking at our door at all hours of the day, the main reason being that my father is a vet. Frequently people visit us in a great hurry, bringing their sick animals to be treated.

I particularly remember a queer little man bringing his pet. He knocked at the door a few times and when my father opened it what met his eyes was a long, ugly snake in the hands of its owner. My father was amazed. He rather timidly took the snake, who was called Sammy the Delightful (I don't think his name was a very appropriate one!), and made his way to his surgery. Sammy gave a sudden wriggle and slipped through my father's hands to the floor. He slithered along the passage and into the kitchen where my mother was cooking the dinner. You can imagine the commotion there was then. My mother shrieked and ran screaming to my father who, after a struggle with Sammy, recaptured him. After a quick examination my father found nothing wrong with him and I think that he was very relieved when the end of Sammy's tail disappeared round the door with his fussy owner.

Besides this type of person visiting us, we have the normal people who usually call at anybody's house. At eight o'clock every morning the milkman calls on his rounds. Later on the butcher might call, as well as the baker, postman and such necessary people.

Then again, we have neighbours popping in, wanting to borrow flour and perhaps staying for a talk over a hot cup of tea. Relatives very often visit us, too, for we have many relations. Sometimes people even come knocking at the door in the silence of the night and we are often woken up from our sleep by this. Perhaps they will call for my father to visit a sick animal. We have to be cautious as to whom we let in when we have these nocturnal callers. And, of course, my friends are constantly calling also.

In some ways I am glad that so many friendly people keep on knocking at our door, for we are continually opening and shutting it, welcoming most of them in, and enjoying many happenings similar to the episode of Sammy the Delightful.

ANN GIBBY, IIIA

LOOKING BACK

I used to be a soldier
A long time ago,
And fought in many battles,
Conqu'ring every foe.

Later on, a sailor
In suit of navy blue,
I rose to rank of captain
And terrorized my crew.

I've also been a cowboy
In grand ten-gallon hat,
Rounding up the cattle—
I soon grew tired of that.

But now I never have the time
To be anything but me,
Learning Maths, French, German,
Biol. and History.

And later on, when I'm a man,
Time alone will show
If I'm ever what I used to be
A long time ago.

DAVID PENDLETON, IVA

SEASONS PASS

Mighty forest standing tall,
When its leaves begin to fall,
Makes a carpet for my feet
When I run, my friends to meet.

Winds are blowing through the trees,
Leaves are flying in the breeze;
Trees begin to shake and sway
As the wind blows every way.

Snow is falling on the ground,
Leaves are covered all around;
Branches now are gaunt and bare,
Foxes now hide in their lair.

Now the Spring appears at last,
Ev'ry last dead leaf is cast,
Making way for buds so green,
Now a very quiet scene.

Summer comes in all its glory,
Tells us yet another story,
And the forest vast, to me,
Is a lovely place to be.

SHEILA KENNIFORD, IIA

THE GHOST'S SONG

Down to a lifeless cove go I,
Winds howl round the foaming seas
That lead to wild sunsets of the worlds.
The ice skies with grey shore
Make more the mood of depression,
And ultimate understanding make sad the waves.
Nothing lives. With the thinning line
Of vivid, despairing red, go the
Last hopes of man.

Men, poor fools, know nothing of this nothingness.
They dream of heaven and hell is blissful ignorance.
Their pathetic dreams of childhood come to naught
But dreams of dust. It's a long thankless journey,
Death; unwanted; yet no escape from that poor
Adventure of Life, which is but Death.

The sunset has gone. The grey dome
Of sky and far sea meet in towering
Threat. One feels a nameless, quickening
Terror, and as one is sucked into the thick
Choking waves, there's no time to cry out
But just despair closes round,
No hope, no life, Eternity.

SUSAN ELSWORTHY, VA

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO PETRUZZIO?

Many years have passed since the time of my youth and my memories are the only things which bring those years of long ago back to me for, unfortunately, I never kept a diary. Often, when I sit in front of a roaring log fire I remember the days of discomfort which I spent in the circus. Perhaps "discomfort" is the wrong word but, on the other hand, I would not be justified in saying that those days were passed in luxury.

My most vivid memory from that time of my life is of an occasion in one of America's large cities. We were on tour at the time and I had become very friendly with our team of trapeze artistes—a famous family whose professional name was Les Rochelles. They were an Italian family and had no connection whatever with the neighbouring country from which they had taken their professional name. The family consisted of father, mother, two sons and a daughter-in-law. They were very popular in the circus and we always took our troubles to Mamma or Poppa Petruzzio. Their sons, however, were very different. Gino had lived a carefree, careless life and had eventually married an American girl called Aline who helped with the act.

The family itself was not a very happy one, I think, for very often we heard a great din from their caravan and we assumed that they were arguing. Oftentimes, the rumour was passed around that Aline was leaving Gino—it was said that she should have married Miguel for she was always with him and seemed far happier when she was with Miguel than when she was with Gino. Gino was the mainstay of the act and he often, literally, held his father's life in his hands. How often the Ringmaster looked up anxiously when they were performing the highlight of the act on the swings more than sixty feet above his head in the Big Top. They did the highlight without a safety net, having gone through their routine with one until they reached the point at which the Ringmaster stepped into the sawdust ring and asked the audience to be completely silent. They complied with his request and Poppa began his task of concentration and glanced across to Gino who was hanging from the swing by his feet. Then he gradually gathered speed until he launched into a very long leap and landed with his hands clasped in those of Gino.

I remember one night when I heard Momma trying to settle what seemed to be a very serious argument between the rest of the family. It was really busy that night and the Top was packed with people who had come specifically to see Les Rochelles in action. The largest part of the performance was over and the Petruzzios were due on at any moment but there was a very strained atmosphere of which we were all aware.

Gino was in position, Poppa and the others were braced, and the audience was completely silent. Then it happened! Poppa leaped, Gino caught him but then he fell and Gino nearly fell himself as he screamed, "Poppa! Poppa! what happened?" The audience stood up, frightened but nobody could do anything as Poppa lay quite still on the sawdust ring and Momma rushed to his side. They took him to hospital then and we knew that his life was in danger. He could not move and everyone saw the anxiety in Momma's face when she returned to their caravan for a rest after the long vigil which she kept by Poppa's bedside.

Monsieur Legrand, who owned the circus, did not strike any of the family off his payroll but they no longer performed and he was losing a great deal by paying them. So, after three weeks, he stopped doing this, Gino had not seen his father because he felt guilty concerning the accident although his brother persevered in trying to persuade him to visit the old man.

Having been unable to find any means whereby he could earn a living Gino went up on the trapeze one evening about a month after the accident determined to commit suicide. He was on one of the swings and

leaped over to the other as if there was someone there waiting to catch him but just as Miguel rushed into the ring a pair of arms reached out and held Gino safe. He knew they were his father's and said so but his father was lying paralysed in an hospital at the other side of the city.

The sons rushed there immediately with presents for their father but when they saw him he was in the same condition as he had previously been. He could not even move his little finger! Yet at one point, the nurse said, he had sat up with his arms outstretched as if he were holding something. Could it be that his arms had held Gino as he hung in mid-air? Apparently it is possible that this was so and I remember someone telling me the psychologist's word for being in two places at the same time but my memory is not nearly as efficient as it used to be and I cannot remember it.

Oftentimes, as I sit down for the afternoon with my knitting I wonder what *really* happened to Gino Petruzzio—Did his father save him?

KATHRYN PHILLIPS, L.VI ARTS

A VISIT TO AMBOSELI

During my stay in Kenya, we often went on trips to the Game Reserves and the most interesting of these was to the Amboseli Game Park. This is over a hundred and fifty miles from Nairobi and just on the Tanzania (formerly Tanganyika) border.

We left home at four o'clock in the morning. We had hired a large Safari Landrover and were going to collect some friends who were joining us on the trip. Leaving their house at five o'clock, we drove down the Mombasa road until we reached the Athi river, where we turned off on to a dirt road along which we travelled until 7 o'clock, when we stopped for breakfast. It was nearly 10 o'clock when we reached the Park entrance—and had to pay £3 to enter. From here on the road was lava dust and we were disappointed at seeing so little game, apart from a small herd of Thomson gazelles, which have black and white rears.

After travelling through bush for a while we had to drive across a dried-up lake which shone like silver and created a mirage. About half an hour later we arrived at the lodge where we were to stay the night. We were glad to have a shower and a good lunch.

In the afternoon we climbed into the Landrover, loaded with cameras, and set off into the bush on a search for elephant, as this reserve was well supplied with them. We had to ford a river to get into the best area and this proved a very funny experience for some—but not for the mothers! Shortly afterwards we came upon a large bull rhino which had a large horn, chipped at the end. We were able to take a few feet of film of this before it shuffled off.

As it was getting late we turned back towards the lodge, still having seen no elephant, and we were more than disappointed at this. However, at the lodge itself, right on our very doorstep, we saw three elephants drinking at the waterhole when we returned. This made a perfect picture, with Mount Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa, in the background, obligingly just emerging from the clouds that had been hiding it from view.

The next morning we were joined by a multitude of birds while we were having breakfast—weavers, superb starlings, glossy starlings and butchers. The butcher is a very vicious bird, as its name implies, and we often shot these birds with airguns. I once saw a butcher taunt a canary into putting its head through the bars of a cage whereupon it grabbed the canary and twisted its head off. The birds at the lodge were not a bit scared and hopped onto the table to get at the food.

After breakfast we piled all our luggage into the Landrover and set off on the return trip. We drove around, taking shots of everything we saw. It was nearly lunchtime when we arrived at a huge water hole where there

must have been about two hundred zebras gathered. When they heard the motor they all ran in front of us, kicking up such a terrific cloud of dust that we could take no film at all of them. Further on we arrived at a river which had to be forded. There we saw a massive bull elephant which began to flap its ears as it turned round and saw us. As this is a sign of anger, we reversed the Landrover at once—only to stall it! However, the elephant fortunately took no further action and walked away.

We crossed the river and were now well on the way home. We did not even stop to watch another rhino that we passed. It was nearing tea time as we left the Game Reserve and we stopped for a meal at a nearby hotel—quite civilized! After that we didn't stop until we needed petrol. We had a tumultuous welcome from our dogs who were most annoyed at having been left behind. I hesitate to think what might have happened if they had come!

WILLIAM ROSS, Upper IVB.

THE ADVENTURE

The day was hot. Myriads of tiny insects droned monotonously in the close, still air. To the drowsy little puppy, lying in the farmyard all that mattered was sleep. His heavy eye-lids opened, his eyes surveyed the motionless scene, and closed again—but only for a moment. In a flash, the little dog was on his feet. The farm gate was open, probably left in that state by a forgetful farmhand. The dog did not ponder over such matters, for the way to the wide world was now open to him. In the past, the gate had been closed to him and his brothers and sisters, and his world had been the farm yard. Leaving his mother and her other offspring blissfully taking their afternoon siesta, he ventured forth into a new and wonderful world.

He padded down a leafy country lane, small puffs of dust rising from his paws, dust that settled again like fine powder. The delightful smells of the countryside were wafted to his keen nose on the gentle breeze, telling him the secrets of the wind. The sun beat down mercilessly from an azure sky, forcing the runaway to seek shelter under the spreading boughs of a gnarled tree by the roadside. Tongue lolling, he lay panting on the cool grass. Birds sang joyously up in the branches, their song filling the air with wonderful music. Everything was strange and exciting, and the spirit of adventure was still in him. Greatly refreshed, and with a happy heart, the little dog resumed his journey.

Then, suddenly, the winding lane ended, and came out upon a wide, straight road. The runaway stood, undecided. Without warning, a great monster roared past, howling like a banshee, on the road—then another, and another. Bewildered and frightened, he stood staring after the creatures. His natural curiosity and pluck overcome his fear and, keeping a wary eye for more strange creatures, he carried on. Often the monsters roared by, but as they seemed only to be able to keep to the road, the little dog, apart from shying slightly, accepted them as part of the new world.

Soon he came to what appeared to be a vast collection of humans' kennels, like the farmhouse at home, but much, much larger. Great grey buildings roared into the sky and cars, as he heard the monsters called, were everywhere, dashing to and fro. More humans than he had ever seen rushed aimlessly back and forth, milling, bustling, jostling. Noise, noise, raucous noise was ever present, filling the air and beating against his ear drums. The dog, in perplexity, backed into a side alley, seeking refuge from the maelstrom outside, and the people who stumbled over him. It was quieter in the alley.

A merry whistle, so different from the other noises, attracted his attention and his head jerked round. He saw a two-wheeled vehicle with

a basket on the front come bowling towards him, ridden by a shock-haired youth. The boy swerved to avoid the dog, an unwise act in so narrow an alley. With a ringing crash from the bicycle and a wild yell from the boy, the machine ran into a wall. From the basket spilled a choice array of meats, and literally seizing his opportunity, the runaway made off with a hunk of beef, hardly crediting his good fortune.

Pursued by the irate butcher's boy, the runaway dodged in and out of the crowd, still grasping the meat in his jaws. Cries of "Stop, thief!" sounded above the clamour of the traffic. Hands reached out to catch the puppy but he avoided them all. Finally, he was hemmed in, and the boy, panting and gasping for breath, caught him. Firmly grasped under the boy's arm, the dog wondered what his fate would be. Up a wide flight of steps he was carried, into a cold, impersonal office and up to a desk, behind which sat a red-faced human dressed in a blue uniform, obviously a person of authority. "He took my meat, sir!" exclaimed the boy. "Besides that, he ain't got no collar!" "Now then, now then, let's have the facts," replied the other, importantly, and proceeded to write in a large book. The two conversed for a while and then the uniformed one took out another thick book and ran his plump finger down a page. "Here we are," he said with satisfaction. He then picked up a strange instrument, spoke into it, and put it down. "Keep hold of that dog, son," he said, and the youth, with the runaway, sat down on a bench.

People came in and people went out and still the boy and the dog sat. Suddenly, two familiar and welcome figures came into the room, the dog's master and the farmer. With a joyful bark, the runaway ran to his young owner while the boy's father, the farmer, explained to the policeman. As it turned out, the farmer had told the surrounding police stations of the missing dog. The talk droned on, and the dog's eyelids began to droop lower and lower as his head rested on his master's lap. Soon they all went out to the farmer's car, and started home. The drowsy little dog thought of what he would tell his brothers and sisters of the day he ran away into the wide, wide world. For the time being, though, all that mattered was sleep, and the tired runaway curled up and was soon in the canine land of Nod.

ROLAND PERKINS, IIIA

DETECTION IN THE DARK

Miss Ellidge was an elderly, unmarried schoolmistress universally known among the children as "Beryl the Barrel." She had seen much of the world and after visiting India, Australia, Africa, South America and most of the West Indian islands, she had finally settled in Trinidad as Geography mistress—on the last lap for her pension. She would tell the most fantastic stories to her classes, who, of course, encouraged her all they could, and so many of their Geography lessons would be spent in listening to her escapades in Brazilia, or how she was chief witness in some petty robbery case out in Swaziland. All her stories were taken with a pinch of salt, but whether they were true to fact or not, I know for certain that this one is.

Miss Entwhistle lived in a small flat very near to Miss Ellidge who occupied a rented bungalow and was her best friend. Miss Entwhistle was a tall, thin, elderly woman. It seemed a strange friendship, for all that was common between the two that I could see was the fact that they were both spinsters.

However, this is beside the point. Very late one night, when Miss Entwhistle was about to retire to bed after finishing an Agatha Christie

novel, she heard the most awful scream from Miss Ellidge's house. It was enough to wake the whole neighbourhood, and soon people in all modes of dress and undress started flocking to her front door. After a few minutes she appeared, as white as a sheet, but now quite calm, in a well-used dressing gown, loud slippers with a plastic rose covering the front of each, and carrying in her right hand a heavy, blood-bespattered, wooden mallet.

Luckily Corporal Boland Lutchman-Singh of the Trinidad Police Force, who was well known in the district, happened to be cycling by when Miss Ellidge screamed and so he had arrived as she stepped out of the front door. He leant his bicycle on a wall and stepped forward, taking charge of the situation. As he searched in his pockets for his notebook he asked, "Could you tell me exactly what happened just now?" He glared menacingly as everyone laughed for he had tried to sound authoritative but had failed hopelessly.

"Yes, I could. You see . . ."

"Wait!" he exclaimed dramatically. "I must write de correct time on my report." He scrutinized his watch for some seconds and wrote in his note-book. "Now we can begin," he said, with a broad grin on his face.

"Well, you see, Inspector," (one could see his chest swell with pride at the thought of the title) "it was like this. I went to bed as usual at ten o'clock, and with the usual dose of sleeping tablets. I was just having the most glorious dream when I was suddenly wakened by a slight movement of my bed. I turned my head to see a black foot on my pillow next to . . ."

"You saw a what?" asked Corporal Singh incredulously.

"A black foot on my pillow," said Miss Ellidge simply, as if it was a most natural thing to see.

"How black?" asked the policeman suspiciously, and as an after-thought, "How could you see dat it was black, if it was night?"

"I saw it because the street light shines into my room, and as for how black it was, just as black as your own, I dare say."

If it were possible for an Indian to blush, the Corporal would have done so. "Well," he sighed. "You saw dis black foot on your pillow. Den what?"

"I looked up a black leg and saw a black man standing . . ."

"What was he doing dere?"

"I was about to tell you! He was reaching over to the top of my cupboard."

"What was he doing dat for?"

"Because I keep my money there! I then asked him what he was doing and he told me, and then . . ."

"What did he say?"

"Inspector, can't you guess? Well, then I pushed his legs off my bed and picked up this." She brandished the mallet. "I always keep it under my bed for a case like this. As he got up off the floor, I hit him hard on the head with it. I heard a crunch and . . ."

"Oh Lord! Poor man, I glad I not he. Eh, but wait. He must be dead, den?"

"No, he is not dead! He immediately turned on his heels and jumped through my bedroom window."

"How did he enter den?"
 "Through the bedroom window."
 "Let we go dere, den."

The considerable crowd which had collected trooped towards Miss Ellidge's bedroom window. The first grey glimmer of dawn spread across the east and it was rapidly growing lighter. As we approached we all saw a brown muddy footprint on the window ledge of the forced window. The corporal rushed forward. "Ah, a clue! A clue!" he cried. Then rather more thoughtfully as he looked at the large footprint: "This is a big foot, a very big foot."

"Man Friday," someone ventured, but he was not thanked for his pains by the corporal.

After looking at it for some time he said, "Now, let we go inside." Everyone filed into the small exotically-furnished bedroom. As we entered we could see another brown footprint on the white pillow-case. "Ah, another foot!" exclaimed the Corporal and everyone rushed forward with him.

Having ransacked the room, prying into everything and everywhere, and creating general chaos he said: "All you best go home now: and don't touch nothing or you will destroy evidence. Now Miss, I go look for he. I go get that intruder, I go bring he back. Justice will be done! I will see to dat!" And he pedalled away on his bicycle confidently. Everyone watched for a moment or two, till he was only a little black figure in the distance.

Miss Ellidge quietly closed the front-door on the company and went to her bedroom, hoping that she would have time to tidy and straighten it before going to school, and thinking what an excellent story this would be to tell the children.

MICHAEL HANSCHALL, Upper 4A.

SEA-SCAPE

The sun sets on the horizon,
 Framed by pink barred clouds.
 Rays dance still over the glistening ripples.
 And fish dart through foamy shrouds
 Till their energy wanes,
 And the ice-cold fingers of night
 Touch the ebony waves.
 Everything's dark, and all is at rest
 Beneath those gloomy depths,
 Till once again the glory of the day
 Pierces the emerald ocean
 And bids the fish dart again,
 And the sea comes to life with ripples and waves again;
 The sea lives on in her same ancient way.

DIANA GRIFFITHS, Upper IVa,

TO A DEAD FOX

So artful and cunning,
 Well known to be sly;
 Small animals shiver
 When you pass by.

From the rise of the sun,
 You sleep quiet in your lair.
 The farmer with shotgun
 Can't reach you down there.

The moon now is lighting
 The country around.
 You, Reynard, start stretching,
 Ears pricked for each sound.

What scent is that blowing
 From yonder hedgerow?
 Fat rabbits, you're hoping;
 Soon now you will know.

So swiftly it caught you,
 That noose of thin wire;
 You struggled unceasing,
 Your peril was dire.

The sun warmly shines
 On your red silk coat.
 You hang there suspended,
 Thin wire round your throat.

ROBIN DAVIES, IIIa.

WOODLANDS

There are no woodlands quite so fair
 As those which grace the Cotswold shires,
 Green tapestries, which clothe the air
 Of tall, remote and slender, ochre spires.
 A patchwork parkland under Cotswold sky
 Flecked, green on brown and dappled gold,
 Where shadows thrown by wind-stung cumuli
 Strike straight, stark lines of poplars cold.
 There are no roadways half as old
 As sheltered by the trees of Murcia's town,
 Run on from Winchcombe's wooded wold,
 Across the placid undulating brown
 Of plough-broke soil; for mile on mile
 Trees, bent by all the stinging winds of time,
 Mute in reproach, pressed backwards all the while
 Since Roman adze first struck and breached their line.

ROGER POWELL. Lower VI Arts.

HOUSE NOTES

GLYNDWR HOUSE

This year must be one of the most successful in the House's history. The Eisteddfod was won for the fourth successive year, the margin of points between us and the runner-up being unbelievably high. Close analysis of the result shows our success to have been the result of an all-round effort, not merely the exertion of a few individuals, although it is only fair to say that there were several excellent individual scores. The achievement of Sara Monico is worthy of mention as she acquired the highest number of points in the House for the third consecutive year, surely an unprecedented feat. The efforts of our House Captains are also praiseworthy. Both Susan Stevens and Michael Jones worked exceptionally hard to train other competitors, as well as attaining very high personal tallies.

Glyndwr, dissatisfied with this success, surprised sporting circles by winning the Rugby cup. The final with Picton resulted in a draw but Tudor's fine display in also holding our rivals to a draw enabled us to walk away with the trophy. We congratulate Martin Rickard, our captain, on this result and appreciate, too, the training sessions which Mr. Mansel Thomas gave, for these contributed in no small way to the team's resounding success. It was not only the boys who did well in the Inter-House matches. The Junior girls won both the Hockey and Netball events while the senior girls did very creditably in their matches. The six goals scored by the Junior Hockey XI in their final will long be remembered by those intrepid warriors.

A shadow was cast over the end of the Easter term by our failing to win the House Drama competition. The cast's disappointment was only slightly compensated for by the complimentary way in which Mr. Lee, the adjudicator, spoke of the production. The producer, Michael Jones, and the cast can feel justly proud of their work.

Perhaps it was fitting that Glyndwr should win that most important sporting event, the school sports. Once again we see a reflection of the collective enthusiasm and participation of the House. The boys' Middle team deserves special mention, particularly Wyn Griffiths, who was joint Victor Ludorum, and Barry Crawford, who went on to win the discus event in the recent County sports.

So it has been a profitable year for us. We shall be well satisfied if we are able to emulate it next year.

R.P.

HYWEL HOUSE

The year did not exactly begin with a bang but the first House meeting was quite noisy with the arrival of a host of enthusiastic new Hywelites.

The first important inter-House competition of the year was the Eisteddfod and, in spite of a telegram from Ann Gough, a former member of the House, telling us to "Gallop to victory", we only managed to gallop past Picton in the last lap (the choir) to gain third place.

The House plays took place in April and though the competition was as keen as ever the Hywel producer and his cast succeeded in carrying off the Munt Bowl once more. Ronnie Henson in particular is worthy of praise, for besides producing the play, "The Bald Prima Donna", he also took part and recited one breath-takingly long speech without a slip. The other members of the cast were Lynne Shore, Veronica Sandell, Susan Evans, Roger Baker and Keith Griffiths. Many thanks are also due to the Hywel Junior boys in the front row who threw rotten fruit at the cast at the end of the play.

Sports Day was certainly a success for the Hywel girls, who gained the highest number of points in their section and received the Ebsworth Bowl for Girls' athletics. Unfortunately the boys did not emulate them, though

Roger Baker, amongst others, certainly pulled his weight in the tug-of-war, and our over-all position was third.

House prayers are now conducted by the prefects who diligently remember that Hywel Dda was a good man, and though he did not always win, he fought well and never gave up!

H.B.

PICTON HOUSE

Although we are profoundly ashamed to admit total defeat in the Eisteddfod, we feel that this term the honour of the House has been restored by our being placed second in the Sports. This encouraging result was due mainly to the hard work of the boys, especially John Mathias in the Senior events. The girls backed up the boys well but it was generally felt that a little more enthusiasm on their part might have improved their final position. Perhaps the most exciting event in the Sports, excluding the relays, of course, was the Tug-of-war. The cloth-capped figure of Howard Robinson, in his capacity as coach, will long be remembered encouraging the heavyweights of Picton with sweeping arm movements.

At the end of last term, the school was entertained with four House plays. Picton chose to put on an amusing production with the mystifying (it had to be explained in the programme) title of "E. and O.E.". It was well received, especially the final curtain when Richard James, producer and lead, rolled out of a cupboard, a corpse. Eira Jenkins was an excellent and typical mother-in-law. The cast, make-up team and backstage boys deserve much praise.

We have a new system of weekly tutorial groups. They were obviously intended to be an aid to worried students but now, alas, are a weekly discussion group in which the school is endlessly criticized. However, they provide amusement to Junior and Senior alike at the end of a tiring week. One has a sneaking suspicion that the tutors are hard pressed to find things to do.

At the beginning of the autumn term Picton welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Harris to the ranks of its élite. We all hope that they will be proud of their House. We are sorry to say goodbye at the end of this term to our French and German Assistants, and to Mrs. K. A. Howells who has been with us for five years. She will be greatly missed and we hope that she will be happy in her new post. Ave atque vale!

H.H.

TUDOR HOUSE

Although it had been generally accepted that Glyndwr would win the Eisteddfod, gleams of hope were evident on the faces of Tudor House members as we were determined to give Glyndwr a fight for victory. However, as the hours and competitions went by, hope gradually changed to depression, an understandable condition when one remembers the difference of over two hundred points between Glyndwr and ourselves. But we were second! The girls of the House are adamant in defence of their efforts and suggest it could be the boys' apathetic attitude that does not encourage success. Is this not substantiated by the fact that highest number of points gained by any one boy in the House was fourteen, whereas several girls gained over twenty points each, the Joan Lewis cup being awarded to Vivien Iain who gained thirty-eight points.

The Eisteddfod was closely followed by the Inter-House plays, making a welcome return after a year of absence. The play which Tudor performed was chosen and produced by Howard Barton and the cast consisted of six senior girls, none of whom had much experience of acting. Taking this into consideration, we feel that our efforts were not too bad and the adjudicator seemed quite pleased with the way in which the play was acted. We were

very pleased to hear his comments on the make-up and costumes and felt that it had been worth while plastering our hair with white powder and our faces with greasy make-up, even though traces of it remained for a couple of days afterwards.

As far as Inter-House games were concerned, Tudor was fortunate in fielding a strong Senior Hockey XI and Senior Netball VII. Consequently, we won both these competitions. To choose a junior netball team was very difficult for none of the second formers had played before and most of the third form play hockey. However, they fielded a team and came third. The junior Hockey team was less successful! The boys came third in the Senior Rugby competition and provided us with some interesting reports of their progress at the weekly House meetings.

The sports proved to us that we are not an athletic House but we had our triumphs even so—Valmai Edwards was the Victrix Ludorum for the third year in succession and David Rourke was joint holder of the Pennant Cup as Victor Ludorum. Tudor seemed to be doing well in the novelty events, too, but unfortunately there were no points awarded for these!

We have made use of the tutorial system in order to vary our Tuesday morning House assembly. Each group in turn is made responsible for the service and one person chooses the hymn while another from the group reads the lesson. At the end of the term it is hoped to hold some type of social activity for the House. Perhaps this will spur us on to victory in all fields next year!

K.P.

SCHOOL SOCIETY NEWS

THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB

On the last night of the Christmas term the club held an extremely successful Christmas party at Riverside. Father Christmas (Richard James) and his four glamorous attendants (Brinley Thomas, John Reynolds, Ann Griffiths, and Suzanne Evans) arrived through a window, bringing presents for all the old folk.

Peter Lewis, an ex-member of the club, gave a very lively talk on January 8th. about Community Service work. He had voluntarily worked for six months in Lancaster, without pay, and he assured us that it was unforgettable experience.

Once again, on January 22nd., the club visited Riverside with a film show. The films were "In the Foreign Legion" with Abbott and Costello, and "Surf Boats of Accra". Unfortunately we could not afford "Cleopatra"! Some weeks later, another film show was given at Riverside with "It's in the Air", starring George Formby, and Laurel and Hardy in "Melody on the Move". The energetic members of the Club went on a walk around the coast to Whitesands Bay on February 27th., led by the Warden of the Pembroke-shire National Park. They did, however, go by bus as far as Solva.

On March 5th., an officer of the Law, Sergeant Dale, was invited to visit the club and he gave a talk on Crime Prevention. This was followed by a short dance and it was altogether a very entertaining evening. On March 11th., various members of the club gave a concert at Riverside and on the 26th. of March a tea-party and sing-song were held there. The old folk were given Easter Eggs, and afterwards a dance was held in the School Hall, accompanied by that (in)famous group, "2 by 2".

Unfortunately our leader, Mr. Islwyn Griffiths, is leaving the school this year to take up another appointment. On behalf of the whole club I should like to wish him the very best of luck in the future. We shall all be very sad to see him leave us, as he has always given up his free time and worked extremely hard to keep the Club well entertained.

Suzanne Evans, Upper VI Arts (Secretary).

THE CHOIR

During the Easter holidays some past members of the choir, together with present senior members, formed "The Penvro Singers". Their first public appearance was on Good Friday in Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater". They were accompanied by Mr. Whitehall at the piano and Mrs. Whitehall at the organ. After the interval, Mr. Whitehall played organ music by Dupré and J. S. Bach. The audience fully appreciated the effort made to provide a choral work for the day, as the local churches perform no cantatas. It is hoped that this choir will continue to give us the pleasure of hearing their lovely voices.

The school choir continues to sing anthems every Friday morning and there have been several soloists. This had to stop after half-term because of G.C.E. examinations.

Senior members of the choir and Mr. Whitehall gave a recital at Lamphey Church on June 4th. to inaugurate a new organ. They would like to take this opportunity of thanking the ladies of the church for the delicious meal that they provided.

At the end of this term the choir will be sorry to say goodbye to Mr. Islwyn Griffiths, the mainstay of the tenor line. Both his voice and his sense of humour will be sadly missed and the choir would like to wish him the very best of good luck in his new post.

YOUNG FARMERS CLUB

The purpose of the club's first meetings this term was to choose a suitable cast to represent us in the County Y.F.C. Drama Festival. The chosen play was "Job's Comforter", and Mr. Shaw, to whom we were most grateful for producing the play, decided upon the following cast:—

Job—Malcolm Lewis	Megan—Susan Evans
Mary Anna—Veronica Sandell	Bill—Donald Esmond
Isaiah Turner—Irwel Bevan	Owen—Dick Pepper

Backstage helpers were Christopher Thomas (Stage Manager); Peter Ross and John Rudder (Scenery); Joseph Bowman (Lighting and Curtains); Wendy Donovan and Veronica Sandell (Make-up); David Williams, Julie Rogers, Rhiannon Bowen (Properties).

The preliminary round for the south of the county was held in the school hall. We gave our performance after Tenby and, as the play had a Welsh setting, the curtains drew back to the strains of "Men of Harlech". After Martletwy Club's performance, everyone backstage rushed to the back of the hall to hear the adjudication. The adjudicators seemed to be pleased but we were not too optimistic as the final selection of the three best plays was not to be made until after all the preliminary rounds in the county were completed. After ten days of tense waiting and hoping, we were told that the Club's play had reached the finals. So, on February 27th, the cast, backstage crew and about forty supporters from the club, travelled to Haverfordwest Secondary Modern School.

After all the plays had been performed, the final adjudications were made. The adjudicators said that they had great difficulty in deciding between the two top plays but had finally settled upon Clynderwen as their choice for first place, with 78 marks. Pembroke Grammar was second with 74 marks and Llawhaden third with 58 marks. After such a close contest we were slightly disappointed at not having won but we were honoured that Malcolm Lewis should win the cup for the best actor in the competition.

In the County Y.F.C. Federation's Annual Knockout Quiz, the club had considerable success. The Pembroke Grammar school team reached the finals, in which we opposed Llysyfran, and after our leading until the last round Llysyfran came out victors. The team throughout the competition

was Wendy Donovan, Sheila Richardson, Peter Ross (except on one occasion when David Ashley took his place), Joseph Bowman, Donald Esmond and Malcolm Lewis.

The other major event this term was the Annual County Rally in which the club once again won the shield for junior competitions. Our over-all position was fourth. The club would like to take this opportunity of thanking the club leaders and all the very kind people who coached us or gave us opportunities to practise for the rally.

As most of the club's efforts have been concentrated this term upon practices for the Drama festival and County rally, there has been little opportunity to hold the more usual club meetings. However, there is a varied and interesting programme being planned for next term, so it is hoped that more pupils will join and add to our present number of one hundred members. Even with such a substantial membership there is surprisingly little "dead wood" in the club; nearly everyone has taken part in at least one of the competitive activities this year. With the experience gained in competition, we should have great potentialities for the next year, and considering that in the Drama and Quiz competitions we were a mere hair's breadth from first place we could well go one better next year and bring home some more silverware.

The aim of the Y.F.C. is not solely the winning of as many trophies as possible, though looking back, one might be led to suppose this from the account of this term's activities. Throughout the year we have held many debates, educational talks and filmshows, as well as several successful dances and social evenings, proof that our aim has been to organize as comprehensive a programme as possible in order to cater for all tastes.

The committee hopes to organize a barbecue to round off what has been a highly successful year and, we hope, to inspire members into feeling obligated to make even greater efforts next year!

Finally we should like to thank Mrs. K. J. Bowskill, Mr. B. J. Davies and Mr. W. H. Mackenzie for giving up so much of their valuable time to help the club.

Wendy Donovan, Lower VI Sc.

SENIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

The Senior Scripture Union met weekly as usual during the Easter term and continued to do so until the Whitsun holiday, after which time the absence of most of the senior school owing to the G.C.E. examinations made further meetings almost impossible. Three of the Easter term's meetings were addressed by visiting speakers, but the most popular meeting was an "Any Question?" session when the panel consisted of Miss P. W. M. Williams, Mr. V. R. T. Hughes, Mr. I. Griffiths and the Rev. H. B. Pearce of Pembroke. The panel answered very ably the controversial questions put to them and some of the questions aroused discussion both during and after the meeting. Two Bible studies were held, led by committee members and in these the emphasis was laid on discussing topics, such as "Is guidance phoney?", with reference to the Bible after discussion.

Two new ventures have been undertaken this year. We have conducted three morning assemblies and, at the end of last term, put a questionnaire about religious beliefs to the Upper school. The findings of the latter showed that many pupils think seriously about such matters although the majority have varying doubts and questions about the doctrines of Christianity and about the modern 'image' of the Church. We are grateful to both staff and pupils for their co-operation in these two ventures.

At the beginning of this term several members of the society attended an Inter-Schools Conference at Haverfordwest, together with pupils from other Secondary Schools in the county. The speaker, Professor F. H. T.

Rhodes of the Swansea University College Geology Department, gave a most interesting and provocative address on the subject "Christianity in an age of Science". This was followed by discussion groups led by VIth. form pupils from the different schools and, after a break for refreshments, a very lively Question time gave Professor Rhodes the chance to answer some of the questions sent in by each group.

We look forward to ending the term by joining with the other S.U. groups in the county for a social gathering which will probably take the form of a barbecue.

Kathryn Phillips, Lower VI Arts (Sec.)

JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

This term we have been holding our meetings on Wednesday in Room 16. The new room caused a great deal of confusion at first and there were groups of people walking round the corridors looking for the right room, proving that ears are not always wide open when announcements are made! Debates came well up on the popularity list, some of the topics being "Is R.I. a necessary subject in schools?", "Should pop-music be introduced into the Church?" and "Should Christians obey the Bible strictly?" Speakers included Angela Stevens, Stephanie Main, Richard Allen, Gwyn Campbell, Roland Jeffreys and Michael Davis. "Any Questions?" proved itself yet again to be a source of interest. Visiting panel members at different times were the Rev. W. Lewis of Tenby, the Rev. H. Pearce of Pembroke, Miss M. Lewis, Mrs. Morfydd Lewis, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Emlyn Lloyd, Susan Stevens and David Campbell. The criss-cross quiz was held in two rounds, all the questions being about the Bible, and it was won by Tudor House.

At the end of the Easter term two films were shown, the first one being about Mid-Century Martyrs, American missionaries who were trying to take the gospel to the Auca Indians. The second was about some aspects of life in America and both films had a Christian message in them.

We enjoy all our meetings and are always ready to welcome new members.

Ian White, IVb (Secretary)

THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

Mainly because of clashes with other events we had only two meetings during the Easter term. The first one was on January 19th., when Professor Isaacs of Swansea University College lectured to us on the biological background to the different human races.

The second meeting was on March 10th., when there was a debate on the subject "Science is too expensive". Speakers for the motion were Margaret Barton and Roger Powell and against were Brian Smith and Roland Humber. A vote was taken at the end when it was decided unanimously that science is not too expensive provided that it is used for peaceful purposes.

On April 1st., we travelled in members' cars to Swansea University College where we spent a most interesting morning and afternoon being shown around the departments of Botany, Zoology and Chemistry by Dr. Wellington and Professor Isaacs (both of whom had lectured to us earlier in the year). Among the many interesting things we saw were an electron microscope, a computer in action, a liquid air machine, a glass blowing workshop and an ultra-high-speed centrifuge. We also spent a short while learning some elementary French in the language laboratory.

For souvenirs some of us were given solid carbon dioxide, but Miss Jones was presented with a strange substance which looked and felt like plasticine but which bounced when it was dropped!

Richard James, Upper VI Sc. (Secretary)

SCHOOL SPORTS DAY

As often happens, Sports day was not to be remembered for its blazing sunshine but, in spite of a chilly wind, it was a very interesting occasion, not least because of the hitherto hidden talents that were shown in both the orthodox and the novelty events. Again this year the jumping events had to take place during the days prior to Sports day and the encouragement given during the dinner-hour sessions was more than enthusiastic.

For the third year running Valmai Edwards was Victrix Ludorum and the joint Victors were Wyn Griffiths and David Rourke. Several records were broken, two surprisingly in track events. Both first and second competitors in the Middle Boys' Shot event, Anthony Hodge and Barry Crawford, broke the previous record.

The Ebsworth Bowl went to Hywel for coming first in the Girl's events and Glyndwr boys carried off the South Pembrokeshire Rechabites cup. The R.A.F. cup for the champion house in athletics was won again this year by Glyndwr. Unfortunately nobody has yet donated cups for the novelty events that were introduced this year and which proved most entertaining, particularly the tug-of-war with its stalwart anchor men.

RECORD SHEET FOR INTER-HOUSE SPORTS 1965

Giving placings, Houses and winning times or distances

100 yds.—Boys

Sub-junior: 1, P. Brown (G); 2, M. Cole (G); 3, S. Griffiths (H); 14 secs.
Junior: 1, D. Rourke (T); 2, A. Searle (P); 3, C. Barker (P); 12.2 secs.
Middle: 1, A. Hodge (G); 2, P. Hordley (P); 3, E. White (G); 11.2 secs.
Senior: 1, J. Mathias (P); 2, B. Penfold (T); 3, M. Lewis (G); 11.2 secs.

100 yds.—Girls

Junior: 1, S. Kenniford (G); 2, O. Avis (H); 3, C. Kaye (T); 13.9 secs.
Middle: 1, I. Higgs (G); 2, M. Davies (P); 3, A. Griffiths (H); 13.4 secs.
Senior: 1, V. Edwards (T); 2, P. Anfield (H); 3, V. Sandell (H); 13.2 secs.

220 yds.—Boys

Sub-junior: 1, P. Brown (G); 2, S. Griffiths (H); 3, J. Stephens (G); 31.6 secs.
Junior: 1, D. Rourke (T); 2, C. Barker (P); 3, R. Brown (G); 26.0 secs.
Middle: 1, A. Hodge (G); 2, J. Davies (T); 27.3 secs.
Senior: 1, B. Penfold (T); 2, D. Williams (P); 3, J. Mathias (P); 25.1 secs.

220 yds.—Girls

Senior: 1, V. Edwards (T); 2, P. Anfield (H); 3, C. Bellamy (P); 28.5 (Record).

150 yds.—Girls (Middle)

1, I. Higgs (G); 2, M. Davies (P); 3, A. Griffiths (H); 20.2 secs. (New Event).

440 yds.—Boys

Junior: 1, A. Searle (P); 2, N. Campodonic (T); 3, R. Brown (G); 62 secs.
Middle: 1, G. Jones (G); 2, G. Jenkins (P); 3, B. Evans (T); 64 secs.
Senior: 1, J. Mathias (P); 2, B. Penfold (T); 3, M. Jones (G); 57.8 secs.

880 yds.—Boys

Junior: 1, A. Searle (P); 2, N. Campodonic (T); 3, P. Lindsay (H); 2 min. 30.3 secs.
Middle: 1, W. Griffiths (G); 2, D. Williams (P); 3, K. Brady (H); 2 min. 30 secs.
Senior: 1, S. White (P); 2, D. Campbell (G); 3, H. Emmet (P); 2 min. 20.4 secs.

880 yds.—Girls

Senior: 1, V. Sandell (H); 2, R. Morgan (H); 2 min. 52 secs.

One mile

Middle: 1, M. Woodford (H); 2, D. Ashley (T); 3, K. Brady (H); 5 min. 38.5 secs.
Senior: 1, S. White (P); 2, M. Brace (G); 3, D. Campbell (G); 5 min. 28.2 secs.

Hurdles—Girls

Junior: 1, S. Kenniford (G); 2, J. Hughes (T); 3, G. Thomas (H); 15 secs.
Middle: 1, R. Bleach (P); 2, Ang. Stevens (G); 3, C. Donovan (H); 12.3 secs.
Senior: 1, V. Sandell (H); 2, A. Griffiths (P); 3, A. Thomas (G); 14.6 secs.

Hurdles—Boys

Sub-Junior: 1, C. Mends (T); 2, P. Brown (G); 3, I. Cooper (H); 14.2 secs.
Junior: 1, D. Rourke (T); 2, P. Lindsay (H); 3, P. Evans (G); 11.5 (equals record).
Middle: 1, W. Griffiths (G); 2, W. Mills (P); 16.8 secs.
Senior: 1, M. Lewis (G); 2, D. Williams (P); 3, B. Thomas (T); 18.9 secs.

200 yds. Hurdles—Boys

Middle: 1, W. Griffiths (G); 2, D. Williams (P); 28.1 secs.
Senior: 1, B. Penfold (T); 2, M. Jones (G); 3, J. Mathias (P); 25.3 (record).

High Jump—Boys

Sub-junior: 1, P. Brown (G); 2, M. Cole (G) and D. Griffiths (H); 4' 0"
Junior: 1, P. Evans (G); 2, R. Jeffreys (T); 3, P. Hughes (H); 4' 4"
Middle: 1, J. Clarke (P); 2, P. Pearce (G); 3, B. Evans (T); 4' 10"
Senior: 1, S. White (P); 2, D. Thomas (T); 3, B. Smith (H); 5' 6" (equals record).

High Jump—Girls

Junior: 1, Susan James (H); 2, S. Kenniford (G) and M. Jowett (P); 3' 7"
Middle: 1, J. Thomas (P); 2, M. Bondzio (H); 3, A. Stevens (G); 4' 0"
Senior: 1, V. Sandell (H); 2, V. Edwards (T); 3, A. Willoughby (T); 4' 3"

Long Jump—Boys

Sub-junior: 1, J. Stephens (G); 2, R. John (H) and S. Griffiths (H); 12' 5"
Junior: 1, D. Rourke (T); 2, C. Barker (P); 3, N. Phillips (T); 17' 11½"
Middle: 1, J. Clarke (P); 2, R. Milne (P); 3, B. Crawford (G); 18' 10½" (record).
Senior: 1, B. Smith (H); 2, D. Thomas (T); 3, J. Armitage (T) and P. Driscoll (P); 18' 10½"

Long Jump—Girls

Junior: 1, H. Evans (G); 2, S. James (H); 3, J. Hughes (T); 12' 6"
Middle: 1, M. Bondzio (H); 2, A. Griffiths (H); 3, R. Bleach (P); 14'
Senior: 1, V. Edwards (T); 2, A. Griffiths (P); 3, R. Morgan (H); 18' 6"

H.S.J. Boys

Sub-junior: 1, K. Johnston (G); 2, R. Campbell (G); 3, D. Sheehan (T); 27' 3½"
Junior: 1, A. Searle (P); 2, E. Ball (H); 3, J. Handley (P); 32' 11¼"
Middle: 1, P. Hordley (P); 2, A. Hyde (H); 3, J. Jenkins (P); 35' 3"
Senior: 1, B. Smith (H); 2, S. White (P); 3, M. Jones (G); 37' 10½"

Throwing Rounders Ball—Girls

Junior: 1, D. Stephens (T); 2, C. Roche (T); 3, J. Davies (H); 114' 6"

Pole Vault—Boys

Sub-junior: 1, P. Thompson (G); 2, D. Sheehan (T); 4' 3"
Junior: 1, P. Morgan (P); 2, E. Ball (H); 3, N. Phillips (T); 6' 9"
Middle: 1, W. Griffiths (G); 2, D. Davies (P); 3, R. Davies (T); 8' 0"
Senior: 1, M. Rickard (G); 2, C. Thomas (T); 3, J. Reynolds (H); 10' 4" (record).

Discus—Boys

Sub-junior: 1, J. Asparassa (H); 2, R. John (H); 3, S. Badham (P); 58' 3"
Junior: 1, E. Ball (H); 2, G. Albury (T); 3, R. Jeffreys (T); 89' 5"
Middle: 1, B. Crawford (G); 2, P. Hordley (P); 3, D. Rogers (H); 126' 11"
Senior: 1, P. Hewitt (H); 2, M. Rickard (G); 3, D. Thomas (T); 110'

Discus—Girls

Junior: 1, M. Jowett (P); 2, J. Davies (H); 3, P. Cawley (G); 46' 4"
Middle: 1, C. Donovan (H); 2, V. Lain (T); 3, M. Davies (P); 68' 1"
Senior: 1, M. Barton (T); 2, R. Morgan (H); 3, S. Pannell (G); 83' 1"

Javelin—Boys

Sub-junior: 1, J. Asparassa (H); 2, P. Thompson (G); 3, R. John (H); 75' 9"
Junior: 1, S. John (H); 2, P. Morgan (P); 3, R. Brown (G); 88' 4"
Middle: 1, B. Penfold (T); 2, P. Pearce (G); 3, R. Baker (P); 113'
Senior: 1, L. Smith (T); 2, M. Rickard (G); 3, M. Morgans (P); 134'

Javelin—Girls

Middle: 1, J. Thomas (P); 2, S. Thomas (P); 3, M. Bondzio (H); 68' 7½"
Senior: 1, M. Thomas (H); 2, S. Pannell (G); 3, S. Huxtable (G); 75' 9"

Shot—Boys

Sub-Junior: 1, R. John (H); 2, J. Asparassa (H); 3, P. Marsden (G); 25' 31"
 Junior: 1, J. Albury (T); 2, R. Jeffreys (T); 3, A. Fell (P); 31' 7½"
 Middle: 1, A. Hodge (G); 2, B. Crawford (G); 3, R. Milne (P); 40' 1" (record).
 Senior: 1, M. Rickard (G); 2, G. Cavaney (H); 3, P. Driscoll (P); 38' 10" (record).

Shot—Girls

Junior: 1, P. Cawley (G); 2, S. Jones (T); 3, J. Davies (H); 18' 9"
 Middle: 1, P. James (H); 2, I. Higgs (G); 3, C. Donevan (H); 27' 7½"
 Senior: R. Morgan (H); S. Huxtable (G); 3, M. Barton (T); 29' 6"

Relay—Boys

Sub-junior: 1, Glyndwr; 2, Hywel; 3, Tudor; 64.5 secs.
 Junior: 1, Tudor; 2, Picton; 3, Glyndwr; 55.2 secs.
 Middle: 1, Glyndwr; 2, Picton; 3, Tudor; 51 secs.
 Senior: 1, Picton; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Tudor; 50 secs.

Relay—Girls

Junior: 1, Hywel; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Tudor; 66.8 secs.
 Middle: 1, Picton; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Hywel; 61.6 secs.
 Senior: 1, Hywel; 2, Picton; 3, Tudor; 57.8 secs.

PEMBROKESHIRE COUNTY SPORTS RESULTS

EVENT	NAME	POSITION
<i>Junior Girls' Events</i>		
Hurdles	Sheila Kenniford	5th
High Jump	Susan James	5th
Shot	Doreen Stevens	9th
Relay	S. Kenniford, O. Avis, C. Kaye, S. James	5th
<i>Middle Girls' Events</i>		
Javelin	Margaret Davies	1st
Discus	Margaret Davies	4th
Long Jump	Margaret Bondzio	4th
Shot	Pauline James	5th
<i>Senior Girls' Events</i>		
Long Jump	Valmai Edwards	1st
100 yards	Valmai Edwards	1st
220 yards	Valmai Edwards	3rd
880 yards	Veronica Sandell	3rd
Hurdles	Veronica Sandell	3rd
Shot	Ruth Morgan	2nd
Javelin	Marilyn Thomas	2nd
Relay	V. Edwards, C. Bellamy, A. Griffiths, P. Anfield	2nd

Seniors' total points:— 46, only one less than the winners.

Sub-Junior Boys' Events

220 yards	P. Brown	5th
70 yards Hurdles	C. Mends	5th

Junior Boys' Events

100 yards	D. Rourke	1st
440 yards	N. Campodonic	4th in heat
880 yards	A. Searle	4th

80 yards Hurdles	D. Rourke	1st
High Jump	P. Evans	3rd
Long Jump	D. Rourke	1st
Pole Vault	E. Ball	2nd
Javelin	P. Morgan	4th
Shot	J. Albury	7th
Relay		5th

Middle Boys' Events

100 yards	A. Hodge	4th
220 yards	A. Hodge	3rd
440 yards	E. White	4th
880 yards	W. Griffiths	5th
Mile	D. Ashley	6th
110 yards Hurdles	B. Crawford	2nd
200 yards Hurdles	W. Griffiths	1st
High Jump	J. Clarke	1st
Long Jump	J. Clarke	2nd
Triple Jump	J. Clarke	3rd
Discus	B. Crawford	1st
Shot	B. Crawford	2nd
Relay		3rd

Senior Boy's Events

200 yards	B. Penford	5th
440 yards	J. Mathias	4th
880 yards	S. White	3rd
Mile	M. Brace	5th
120 yards Hurdles	M. Lewis	3rd
220 yards	B. Penford	2nd
High Jump	S. White	2nd
Long Jump	B. Smith	3rd
Triple Jump	B. Smith	1st
Javelin	L. Smith	2nd
Discus	P. Hewitt	3rd
Shot	M. Rickard	2nd
Pole Vault	M. Rickard	2nd
Relay		4th

THE WEST WALES ATHLETICS CHAMPIONSHIPS,
CARMARTHEN

The West Wales Championships were held on Saturday, May 22nd., at Ystrad Teifi Playing Fields, near Carmarthen. Schools from several counties were represented, some competitors travelling from as far afield as Aberystwyth. Every facility was provided, even for events other than the usual field and track competitions. The latter, incidentally were held in a cinder track. A steeple-chase circuit had been laid out but, unfortunately this event had to be abandoned because of the heavy rain which almost flooded the pitch. Most of the scheduled events took place, however, and the competition was very keen throughout. Those of us who went felt that we gained much from the experience. The following successes were gained:—

EVENT	NAME	POSITION
<i>Senior Women's Events</i>		
Discus	Margaret Barton	4th (out of 21)
220 yards	Patsy Anfield	4th (out of 8)

<i>Junior Women's Events</i>			
Javelin	...	Margaret Davies	1st (out of 11)
		Margaret Bondzio	3rd
Discus	...	Margaret Davies	1st (out of 13)
		Cecilia Donovan	2nd
		Margaret Bondzio	4th
Shot	...	Cecilia Donovan	4th
<i>Junior Men's Events</i>			
High Jump	...	Stuart White	2nd
<i>Youths' Events</i>			
Discus	...	Barry Crawford	1st
<i>Boys' Events</i>			
Discus	...	Edward Ball	4th

HOCKEY—FIRST XI

- Jan. 9. Whitland—won, 5-0.
 Jan. 16. Milford Central—won, 2-1.
 Feb. 5. Pembroke Dock S.M.—won, 2-0.
 Feb. 6. Taskers—drew, 2-2.
 Feb. 13. Fishguard—drew, 1-1.
 Mar. 6. Tenby—drew, 2-2.
 Mar. 10. Brawdy W.R.N.S.—won, 2-0.
 Mar. 27. Tournament at Tenby—position in tournament, 3rd.
 Apr. 1. St. David's—lost, 3-2.
 Apr. 3. Haverfordwest Ladies—won, 5-4.
 Apr. 6. Staff Match—Staff 1, School 0.

The team had a relatively successful Spring term and lost only two matches, one of our defeats being in the face of heavy odds—the Staff team! Hockey colours were awarded at the end of the term to Rhiannon Bowen, Janice Gamman, Margaret Jenkins, and Susan Huxtable. Patsy Anfield and Valamai Edwards were also presented with the colours that they had previously been awarded.

On February 27th, Patsy Anfield and Margaret Barton both played for the Pembrokeshire County XI. The team lost by 4 goals to 2, but we were very pleased to hear that Patsy had scored both goals.

SECOND XI

- Jan. 9. Whitland—won, 2-1.
 Jan. 16. Milford Central—drew, 3-3.
 Feb. 6. Taskers—lost, 1-0.
 Feb. 13. Fishguard—won, 1-0.
 Mar. 6. Tenby—lost, 3-1.

At the end of the Spring term, Prudence Pattison was presented with second XI colours.

THE JUNIOR XI

The Junior XI played only three matches last term. On January 16th, we travelled to Milford Haven to play the Central School but unfortunately we lost the match 1—0. However, we did much better on February 6th when we beat Taskers by two goals to nil. Perhaps playing on our home ground gives us more confidence because we lost to Tenby on March 6th, when we played away, by four goals to nil. The teams have been drawn from the following—Christine Gutch, Roselyn Bleach, Susan Richards, Elaine Hughes, Christine Williams, Ann Stephens, Angela Stevens (all played in three games); Marilyn Slack, Linda Panton, Judith Phillips, Angela Wilson, Pat Kenniford, Hazel P. Scourfield, Margaret Davies and Ann Griffiths.

Apart from these matches there was a second year XI game against Fishguard on February 13th which was won 2—1. The previous day, the IVth Form XI won their match against the Coronation third year team by two goals to nil.

HOUSE HOCKEY MATCHES

Senior	Junior
Tudor—6 pts. (14 goals)	Glyndwr—5 pts. (12 goals)
Hywel—4 pts. (9 goals)	Hywel—5 pts. (11 goals)
Picton—1 pt. (3 goals)	Picton—1 pt. (2 goals)
Glyndwr—1 pt. (2 goals).	Tudor—1 pt. (1 goal)

ROUNDERS

FIRST XI

The summer started for the Rounders team with the Trials on April 30th. At the time of going to press we have played only two matches, both of which we won convincingly. These were against the Coronation on May 12th, and St. David's on May 15th. County Sports and the weather have prevented us showing our mettle more often. The team is Ann Griffiths, Ann Stephens, Valmai Edwards, Susan Huxtable, Susan Pannell, Margaret Barton, Rhiannon Bowen, Hazel Scourfield, Rachel Pannell. Susan Richards would have played on May 8th against Tenby if rain had not prevented the match.

SECOND XI

The second team has played only two matches to date, losing their first match by one rounder, against the Coronation, and winning the second against St. David's. The team has been chosen from the following: Christine Bellamy, Janice Gamman, Ann Griffiths (IV), Angela Powell, Jane Bondon, Cecilia Donovan, Margaret Davies, Margaret Bondzio, Joan Handley, Irene Higgs, Susan Richards.

TENNIS

An interesting and welcome feature of the tennis matches played this term is that there have been a few mixed doubles as well as the usual girls'

fixtures. The girls' team has won both matches played so far this term, while the mixed pairs have won one and lost one.

May 11th—Mixed doubles v. Tenby (lost) 7 sets—9.

May 12th—Girls' doubles v. Coronation (won) 9 sets—0.

May 15th—Girls' doubles v. St. David's (won) 9 sets—0.

May 28—Mixed doubles v. Tenby (won) 11 sets—5.

The girls' team consisted of Ruth Morgan, Patsy Anfield, Margaret Skone, Marilyn Thomas, Jane Sudbury, Helen Humber and Margaret Bondzio.

The mixed pairs were chosen from Ruth Morgan, Brian Rees, Patsy Anfield, Stuart White, Marilyn Thomas, John Mathias, Margaret Skone, Hugh Emmet, John Armitage.

The achievement of Ruth Morgan is worthy of mention. Having attended an indoor training course in tennis on February 27th at Bridgend, she was subsequently chosen for the South Wales Junior Tennis team to play in Dorset in April. She was seeded second in South Wales.

The South Wales team played the West of England in the Tournament at Easter and came second over-all.

COUNTY JUNIOR TENNIS TOURNAMENT

On Saturday, June 12th, the Junior County Tournament was held at Tenby. The two couples representing Pembroke were Helen Humber and Elaine Hughes, Susan Richards and Margaret Bondzio. This is a competition for girls from the first four years in secondary schools and it was a great credit to our team that they came fourth out of eight teams, reaching the final of their section.

RUGBY

PLAYING RECORD OF THE FIRST XV—1964-1965

1964	
September—	
12—Tenby Away Lost 5—0
19—Fishguard Away Lost 6—3
26—Llanelly Away Lost 25—0
October—	
10—Milford Away Won 11—6
17—St. Davids Away Won 25—3
21—School of Artillery, Manorbier Home Won 24—5
November—	
7—Haverfordwest Home Drawn 3—3
14—Carmarthen Home Lost 8—3
21—Preseli Home Won 6—0
28—Whitland Home Won 26—3
December—	
5—Whitland Away Lost 8—5
12—Gwendraeth Home Cancelled (Rain)
17—Old Boys Home Won 11—6

1965

January—	
9—Tenby Home Won 6—0
23—Haverfordwest G.S. Away Won 9—0
30—Quins 'A' Home Won 11—6
February—	
6—Preseli Away Lost 6—3
13—Fishguard Home Won 20—9
27—St. Davids Home Won 37—0
March—	
6—Llanelly Home Cancelled (Snow)
20—Milford Home Cancelled (Rain)
27—Gwendraeth Away Cancelled (Rain)
April—	
3—Carmarthen Away Lost 12—0
5—Old Boys Home Lost 5—0
Played 20. Won 11. Lost 8. Drawn 1. Points for 203. Points against 116	

Captain : M. RICKARD
Vice-Captain : R. BAKER

Secretary : P. DRISCOLL
Committee : M. JOHNSTON,

J. MATHIAS

The following boys have represented the first XV this season : L. Smith, M. Brace, A. Hodge, S. White, D. Williams, M. Johnson, J. Mathias, M. Rickard, B. Penfold, H. Emmet, R. James, R. Wragg, R. Baker, P. Carradice, G. Caveney, F. Penfold, B. Hall, B. Crawford, B. Thomas, P. Driscoll, D. Thomas, K. Deveson.

The school had an above average season, with over 50 tries being scored. M. Rickard and B. Penfold played for the County team throughout the season; J. Mathias and R. Baker also played twice. The House Rugby Competition was won by Glyndwr, with Picton close runners-up.

At the end of the season colours were awarded to B. E. Penfold, J. R. Mathias, K. H. Deveson and P. D. Driscoll.

PAUL DRISCOLL, Lt. VI Sc. (Secretary).

SECOND XV

This was an average season for the Second XV. We have been coached and managed for the first time by Mr. J. Harris, who kept the team spirit high with pearls of wisdom, spoken on and off the field. The side was seldom settled, however, owing to injury and calls from the First Fifteen, but the forwards played very well throughout the season and the backs showed their paces when the ball was dry.

The boys who have played for the team this season were : Michael Brace (captain), Richard Wragg (vice-captain), David Campbell (secretary), Hugh Emmet and John Armitage (committee members), Vaughan Jenkins, Ronald Henson, Roland Humber, Roger Powell, David Eastick, Peter Peach, Frank Penfold, Alan Hyde, David Merriman, Richard James, Geoffrey Caveney, Brian Hall, Keith Griffiths, Barry Hunter,

Michael Blake, Harvey Thomas, David Thomas, Lyn Smith, Howard Barton, Michael Jones, Brinley Thomas.

Playing record :—

P	W	L	D
12	4	6	2

DAVID CAMPBELL Lower VI Arts (Secretary).

JUNIOR XV

The team had a very successful series of games in the Spring term, winning all five games played. We had two boys playing regularly for the County XV—Anthony Hodge and Wyn Griffiths. Roderick Milne was unlucky not to be picked but he was a regular reserve and played in five games. Lionel Nutting was also selected to go on tour with the team at the end of the season. Hodge was very successful in the Welsh trials and reached the Probables side, but through injury in the first half was unable to play as well as he usually does.

Boys who have played for the team during the Spring terms are :—Nigel Canton, Brian Jones, David Rourke, Hugh Davies, Wyn Griffiths, Anthony Hodge, Alan Searle, Jeremy Jones, Lionel Nutting, Ritchie Davies, Barry Gwyther, Kevin Brady, John Power, Graham Nicholas, Roderick Milne, John Jenkins, Edward Ball.

Results :—

January 9th—Tenby (home) won 9—0.

January 16th—Haverfordwest G.S. (away) won 9—8.

January 30th—Coronation S.M. (home) won 27—5.

February 16th—Preseli (away) won 9—3.

February 13th—Fishguard (home) won 11—0.

P	W	L	D	For	Against
5	5	0	0	65	16

LIONEL NUTTING, Upp. IVb (Secretary).

UNDER THIRTEENS XV

Coronation — drew 3—3.

Fishguard — lost 3—21.

Coronation — lost 3—8.

Haverfordwest S.M. — lost 0—12.

Coronation — draw 12—12.

Fishguard — won 19—0.

Coronation — lost 0—3.

Played 7. Won 1. Drawn 3. Lost 5.

CRICKET

The School First XI has had a very successful start to the season, winning all four of the matches played. They have also reached the semi-final of the Bowen-Summers Bowl Competition, which is to be played off soon. This season's captain, Michael Brace, and vice-captain David Eastick have played for the Pembrokeshire Schools and are having a Welsh trial shortly.

The team is :—M. Brace (captain), D. Eastick (vice-captain), V. Jenkins (secretary), B. Penfold, M. Rickard, P. Driscoll, R. Powell, L. Smith, A. Warlow, A. Hodge, G. Jones and D. Skone.

Results :—

Coronation (away)—won by 50 runs

Milford G.S. (home)—won by 3 wickets.

Britannia C.C. (away)—won by 22 runs.

Coronation (away)—won by 7 wickets

(Bowen-Summers match).

Batting performances :—

	Inns.	Runs	Top Score
B. Penfold	4	58	42
V. Jenkins	4	40	16
P. Driscoll	4	40	12 not out
M. Rickard	2	27	22
M. Brace	4	26	18

Bowling :—

	Wickets	Runs	Average
D. Eastick	15	40	2.6
A. Hodge	6	22	3.6

JUNIOR XI

Captain—B. Jones ; Vice-Captain—G. Jones ; Secretary—L. Nutting

The team is enjoying a very successful season at present having won all four games so far played. A Pembroke Junior team has not yet won the Bowen Summers Bowl, a knock-out competition open to Pembrokeshire schools, but this year's team have reached the semi-finals and have every hope of going further in the competition. We wish them luck in the forthcoming game.

BATTING AVERAGES

David Williams—23

Brian Jones—12.5

Barry Gwyther—10.5

Wyn Griffiths—10

BOWLING

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wkts.
Anthony Hodge	39	9	74	19
Brian Jones	4	3	20	6
Barry Gwyther	24	8	41	6
Gareth Jones	2	0	2	2

RESULTS

Coronation S.M. (away)—won by 13 runs in 20 overs match.

Tenby (away)—won by 7 wickets (first round of Bowen Summers' Bowl).

Narberth (home)—won by 4 wickets.

Whitland G.S. (home)—won by 4 wickets (quarter-final of Bowen Summers' Bowl).

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.

It was with great regret that all friends of the School heard of the death, on 17th January, 1965, of Mr. Evan B. George, B.A. Mr. George was a member of the Staff from 1921 until his retirement in 1956, and many hundreds of Old Pupils will remember him with affection and gratitude for the thorough grounding in Mathematics which they received from him. Mr. George's consistently good results in the School Certificate examination were a proof of his efficiency as a teacher.

For many years Mr. George was attached to Glyndwr House, but on the retirement of Mr. Garnett he transferred to Picton House and continued as its housemaster until his retirement. His delight was great when Picton won the first eisteddfod held in the new school at Bush. Mr. George always acted as chief recorder at School Eisteddfodau and Sports, and was a familiar, if unobtrusive figure, seated at the recorder's table, and always able to provide the exact score at a moment's notice. He was a keen chess player and ran the school chess club. He was also for many years secretary and recorder of the Old Pupils' Association. His sporting interest outside school were bowls and billiards. He played many times for the county bowls team, and gave many a lesson to his pupils, both past and present, in the billiard-room of the Pembroke Dock Institute.

Many pupils were at first rather overawed by Mr. George's habitually rather serious expression, but they soon learned that it concealed a kindly and understanding nature and a dry, natural humour. Our sincere sympathy is extended to his daughters, both Old Pupils, Mrs. Maisie Blencowe and Mrs. Barbara Arnold.

This year once again, on 14th July, the School is holding its summer sale of work in aid of the School Organ Fund. When the fund was launched several years ago the support was enthusiastic and the flow of donations from Old Pupils and other friends of the school was steady, if never overwhelming. Since the installation of the organ, however, donations have fallen off considerably, almost as if people were saying to themselves, 'They have the organ now, so they don't need any more money.' We would remind these and all others that approximately half the cost of the organ was raised by loans which have to be repaid within a comparatively short period. We therefore again appeal to all Old Pupils not only to support our summer sale but also, if they can, to send a donation to the Organ Fund.

As will be seen from the ensuing pages, news of Old Pupils is in short supply. Please write to tell us about your successes, movements and activities: we are always interested.

OLD PUPILS' NOTES

S.A.C. John Bettison (1954-60) who has been stationed for some time at R.A.F. Station St. Athan, left in April for a three-month tour of duty in Singapore.

Air Vice-Marshal V. S. Bowling (1921-25) has been appointed by the National Trust to be Midland regional director of Enterprise Neptune. This is a national campaign to raise funds to protect parts of the coasts of England, Wales and Northern Ireland which are of outstanding beauty.

Flying Officer Paul Crotty, R.A.F. (1952-59) was promoted to the rank of Flight Lieutenant shortly after his marriage, which is reported in this issue.

Dr. Edwin Lewis (1934-41), at present deputy principal of a Birmingham technical college, has been appointed principal of Stoke-on-Trent Senior Technical College.

Terry Panton (1947-55) went to Japan in February to take up an appointment as Commissioning Physicist with the British General Electric Company of Japan. Prior to this he had served with the Atomic Energy Commission in Cumberland.

Graham Phillips (1951-58) has been appointed assistant to the principal of the North Oxfordshire Technical College of Arts and Science at Banbury. Graham has been a lecturer at the college for the past three years. He is to be congratulated on obtaining this important position at the early age of twenty-six.

Peter Price (1944-45) sailed for the island of St. Helena in April to set up a long-range testing station in radio propagation. Peter is well-known in amateur radio circles and was a founder member of the Pembroke and District Amateur Radio Club. He intends to operate the station 24 hours a day for at least three months. While on the island he also intends to start writing a book which will be a record of his experiences and experiments.

Terence Threlfall (1954-61) who completed his course at St. Paul's College, Cheltenham, in June, obtained his first teaching post as master in charge of metalwork and technical drawing at Wheatley Secondary School, Oxfordshire.

C. Wynne Parry (1927-32) writes to say that he has recently been appointed Careers Master at Luton Grammar School, where he has been teaching for many years. Wynne says that the post involves a great deal of work but that it is interesting and rewarding.

Wear your Old School Tie!

Old Pupils are reminded that Penvro ties in Terylene are always obtainable, price 17/6 each, from the Magazine Editor at School.

- We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagement:
- 1 January 1965—Keith Edwards (1946-52) to Gillian Phillips (1954-61).
 - 1 January 1965—Sandra Jones (1958-62) to George Lowler, of Liverpool.
 - 1 January 1965—Christine Nash (1954-62) to Kenneth Roy Ruchen, of Blandford Forum, Dorset.
 - 15 January—Trevor Jones (1955-62) to Gwynedd Wright, of Levenshulme, Manchester.
 - 5 March—Robert Brownlee (1961-62) to Pauline Bowen (1956-64).
 - 18 March—Daniel Kenneth Thomas (1952-59) to Avis Margaret Rombalow-Pearse, of Steeple Langford, Wilts.
 - 25 March—Michael Rowe (1957-61) to Ann Collins, of Rugby.

- 30 April—Lawrence Phillips (1952-58) to Pamela Jean Sutherland, of Muswell Hill, London.
 11 June—David Neville (1956-60) to Ann Williams, of Pembroke Dock.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage:

- 19 December 1964, at Burton, Stuart Lewis (1954-61) to Margaret John, of Burton.
 24 December, at Pembroke Dock, Lilian Scourfield (1959-62) to Malcolm George Styles, of Pembroke Dock.
 2 January 1965, at Pembroke Dock, Christine Macken (1953-60) to Peter John Sudbury, of Sussex.
 13 February, at Pembroke, Suzanne James (1956-61) to Michael Anthony Chilton, of Pembroke.
 13 February, at Pembroke Dock, Audrey Phillips (1955-59) to Michael Carolan, of Pembroke Dock.
 15 February, in London, Derek Cousins (1948-50) to Heather Tomlinson, of London.
 20 February, at Milford Haven, Arthur Brady (1954-60) to Shirley Rose Hicks, of Milford Haven.
 27 February, at Carew, Miriam Cole (1953-59) to Jeffrey M. Lewis, of Pembroke Dock.
 27 February, at Tredegar, Frederick Brazendale (1957-61) to Janice Sylvia Bowen, of Tredegar.
 3 March, at Pembroke Dock, Pamela Goodrick (1951-56) to Norman Jackson, of Co. Durham.
 6 March, in Guernsey, Channel Isles, Instructor Lieut. Michael Owen, R.N. (1949-56) to Dawn Bewey, S.R.N., of Guernsey.
 13 March, at Sao Luiz, Brazil, Nigel Davis (1954-59) to Maria Beautriz Bello, of Sao Luiz.
 13 March, at Pembroke Dock, David Winston Lewis (1955-61) to Valerie Jane Mason, of Pembroke.
 20 March, at Reading, Hefina Bowen (1957-64) to Morgan Lewis, of Monkton, Pembroke.
 3 April, at Pembroke, Margaret Mathias (1953-59) to Glyn Lewis, of Stackpole.
 3 April, at Saundersfoot, Stephen Brown (1955-62) to Sheila May Williams, of Saundersfoot.
 17 April, at Gloucester, Marion Gough (1955-62) to Colin P. Morris, of Worcester.
 19 April, at Pembroke Dock, Gerald Mountstevens (1957-61) to Pat Harries (1952-60).
 19 April, at Monkton, Michael Davies (1954-59) to Carolyn Freeman, of Pembroke.
 June, at Leighton Buzzard, Paul Crotty (1952-59) to Diana Gibbs, of Hertfordshire.

We are pleased to record the following births:

- 20 February, at Cwmbran, to Janet (née Munt, 1954-61), wife of David Saunders (1953-59), a daughter, Deborah Jane.
 26 February, at Melksham, Wilts., to Elizabeth (née Hay, 1954-58), wife of David Rossant, a daughter, Julie Elizabeth.
 25 March, at Pembroke Dock, to Doreen, wife of John Saunders (1951-55), a daughter.

- 24 March, at Malacca, Malaya, to Vicki (née Haggard, 1953-59), wife of Gordon Cheverton, a daughter, Dinah Susan.
 10 April, at Nassau, Bahamas, to Rosemarie (née Rogers, 1954-60), wife of Webster Wilde, a son.
 3 June, at Pembroke Dock, to Wendy (née Fortune, 1959-62), wife of Barry F. Caudwell, a son, Ian William.

University Successes.

The following results are to hand, and we congratulate the Old Pupils concerned.

- Margaret Morgan (1954-61) Honours French, Class II Division 1, Aberystwyth.
 Pat Jones (1954-61) Honours German, Class II Division 2, Cardiff.
 Wendy Cavaney (1954-62) Honours English, Class II Division 2, Bangor.
 David Lloyd Williams (1954-62), Honours Civil Engineering, Class II, Division 2, Swansea.
 Kenneth W. S. Lewis (1955-62), Honours Chemical Engineering, Class II, Division 2, Swansea.

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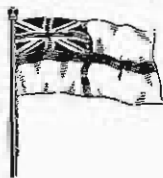
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