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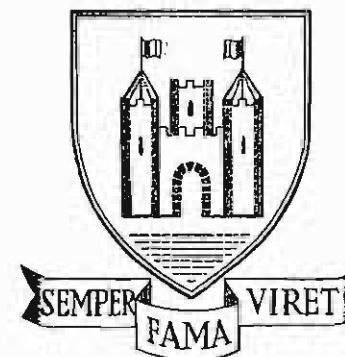
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THE PENVRO

No. 139

SPRING

1966

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EDITORIAL

Penvro time again is here
 Inevitable—twice a year
 We have to pay our 1/9's
 To read innumerable lines
 Which say just what the school has done,
 What match we lost and what we won.
 Dinner sittings now are three
 Which proves their popularity;
 And also shows how many more
 Have come to join those there before.
 When Roger Trafford came to speak,
 We thought that he was quite unique
 He was so good. His Dickens' lines
 Enthralled us. But he spoke no rhymes,
 Unlike we trivial-minded four
 Who pour this trash out more and more.
 Thus ends this piece of doggerel verse.
 If we wrote more it would get worse!

To continue—at the beginning of this term there was much dismay when it was thought that the International Club would be forced to close down. However, we are grateful to Mr. Sabido for taking on this arduous task. Mr. Islwyn Griffiths had built up a fine thriving club and we were all extremely sorry when he left us. We hope that he will be as happy in Caerleon as he was here. We were fortunate to welcome Mr. Kuster in place of Mrs. K. Howells who has joined her husband on the staff of Lampeter University College. It is our regret that his stay with us was so brief. Miss Dorothy Lewis returned to us this term, this time in the capacity of teacher, not pupil. Mlle. Serve and Herr Asmus have now long since returned to their respective countries and we wish them well. In their place we welcome Mlle. Boisanfray and Fraulein Vollmer and we hope that their stay will be an enjoyable one.

Finally we should like to raise three cheers for the fact that examinations will be in February instead of at Christmas time—although we might be feeling rather differently when February comes!

To end, we wish you all goodbye
 Till the next edition, in July.

A MESSAGE FROM FRANCE

I am delighted to say a few words about my stay in Wales and especially in Pembroke. First of all I want to thank the Headmaster and the teachers who made my stay so pleasant. It was a delightful experience for me to be able to see the difference between the organisation of a British Grammar School and a French one. I was much impressed with all the activities displayed inside and outside the school and especially the interest that boys and girls show in sport, a passion that always astonished a French person. What best memory do I keep of your countryside? It is, of course, the long walks I took along your wild but magnificent beaches.

Would you, as a conclusion, permit me to write a few lines in French in homage to your lovely part of Wales?

Pembroke, fief d'une plaisante cité,
 Aux secrets à moi dévoilés,
 Sache qu'à jamais je me rappelle
 Ton fier et imposant castel
 Et mille et autres beautés
 Qu'en mon doux pays j'ai emportées.

Marie-Thérèse Serve

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 Suzanne Evans—English (o), French
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 Gwyneth Griffiths—English (o), Domestic Subjects
 Evelyn Shore—Chemistry (o), Botany (o), Zoology (o)
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 Roger Baker—Woodwork (Grade A), Metalwork, Geometry and Eng. Drawing
 Howard Barton—Pure and Applied Maths., Chemistry, Physics (o)
 Raymond Dando—English, Scripture Knowledge, History
 Anthony Davies—Geography (o)
 Kenneth Deveson—Pure and Applied Maths.
 John Evans—English, French (o), History (Grade A, Merit)
 Kenneth Goddard—English, French, Spanish
 Paul Green—English, French (o), History (Merit)
 Keith Griffiths—Chemistry (o), Botany (o), Zoology (o)
 Ronald Henson—Pure and Applied Maths. (o), Physics (o), Chemistry (o),
 Art
 Barry Hunter—Woodwork, Metalwork, Geometry and Eng. Drawing
 Richard James—Chemistry, Botany, Zoology
 Michael Jones—German (o)

Keith Kneller—Pure and Applied Maths., Physics, Chemistry
 Gareth Nicholls—English, History, Geography (o)
 John Reynolds—Geometry and Eng. Drawing (o)
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THE SCHOOL VISIT TO AUSTRIA

At last we were on our way, all seated comfortably in the coach, some singing, some fast asleep, en route for the Continent. There was a moment of panic for one member of the party when the traffic lights at St. Clears showed red—she was in mortal fear that we should lose the boat at Dover! We travelled on through the night until we reached Canterbury where we were to have breakfast, our last meal before reaching Belgian soil and Brussels. Later in the morning we arrived at Dover and, after the inevitable delay going through Customs, we were eventually on the steamer, crossing the English Channel.

When we reached Ostend the heat seemed to hit us and we hoped that the hotter climate would stay with us throughout our holiday. The coach was waiting to take us on to Brussels, a beautiful city, with old-fashioned buildings alternating with the high modern ones forming the city centre. The lights were dazzling and colourful, giving even the drab buildings an appearance of brightness. While sightseeing round the town we were delighted to see signs of home, such stores as W. H. Smith and C. & A's.

The next morning, after a lightning trip round such places as the Market Square, which was alive with people and sounds, and the Atomium, we left Brussels and travelled on towards Cologne. In this city too there was a strong reminder of home with the torrents of rain that accompanied a thunder storm while we were having lunch. A visit to Cologne Cathedral and to a few shops and we were again on the road, making for Heidelberg, another mixture of ancient and modern. It is an old university town, with an ancient castle that could conjure up all sorts of romantic imaginings, but the shops are very modern and the girls at least enjoyed looking around this part of the city.

During the following days we visited such interesting places as Ulm and the beautiful 'passion play' village of Oberammagau, where one seemed to be stepping even further into a fairy tale, with the red-roofed gabled houses, gay with window boxes, and the tinkling of cow-bells. The countryside through which we passed was breathtaking as we made our way towards our final stopping place, Sistrans. As we climbed up from the Verne Pass, we could see the lakes far below and the hairpin bends taxed the skill of the driver and our nerves! The sheer drop at the side of the road was better ignored, particularly as there was no fence to prevent a sudden plunge over the edge. This was the setting for the bus to break down—and it did—three times. On one occasion we thought our last moments had come but the driver miraculously got the coach going again, urged on by sympathy expressed in more than one language!

So it was nearly midnight when we arrived at Sistrans which was to be our centre for the next few days. It is a beautiful village, high up in the mountains around Innsbruck. It is a fairy-tale village with a little church in the centre and the most charming and picturesque little houses dotted around it. Up above the village the cable cars go up and down the mountainside to the hotel at the top.

Most of the inhabitants, both men and women, seem to work on the farms around Sistrans, and their children either help their parents or spend their time swimming in the nearby lake. At night there is Tyrolean dancing when the villagers, dressed in their national costume, perform the Austrian dances with great vivacity. Although Sistrans is only a small village we enjoyed ourselves there and found plenty to do even if it was only to sit outside and soak up the sun—when it came!

One day we experienced the thrill of going up the mountain in the cable car and this turned out to be a great deal of fun, although a car intended for fourteen passengers had more like forty in it. It was quite a shock to see an aeroplane flying beneath us as we looked down from our

dizzy height and the view down towards Innsbruck and the River Inn was glorious. Innsbruck itself, when we visited it, proved to be old fashioned with its narrow streets and archways and everyone seemed to carry an umbrella, a positive danger to life and limb, but very necessary to keep off the sudden very sharp squalls of rain. We saw the site of an avalanche which had carried away buildings as stones and water had swept down the mountainside, leaving thick layers of mud behind. In spite of this, we carried away an impression of a charming city, steeped in tradition, of horse-drawn carriages, and of the most marvellous frankfurters!

Another memorable visit was to Achensee, which boasts a typical Bavarian schloss as well as excellent facilities for swimming and diving. At the castle we saw many interesting things, not least the six-foot deep bath, which had to be filled by hand, and the immense wooden beds.

When we came to the end of our stay in Sistrans we were very sorry to leave but all good things must come to an end. The return journey went all too quickly, through Switzerland and into Germany. We stayed one night in Freiburg—we had lunch in Vaduz and saw the royal palace of Lichtenstein perched on the hillside—Strasbourg was, surprisingly, French—Luxemburg we saw fleetingly, spending a night there before being taken on to Brussels, with which we felt quite familiar on our second visit. At last we were embarking at Ostend, after spending one of the most enjoyable and worth-while of holidays, full of interest, colour and excitement.

SUSAN SCOURFIELD, VB, and A.T.

THE SCHOOL PLAY 1965

In a year which has seen a number of revivals of the plays of Arthur Wing Pinero, it is appropriate that the School Dramatic Society chose to perform his farce, "Dandy Dick." Pinero, born in 1855, the son of a London solicitor with a remotely Portuguese origin, in his day was unchallenged as the foremost English dramatist. His drama, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," might be second rate Ibsen, but it did prepare the climate of opinion for the intellectual theatre of Shaw and Ibsen. That was seventy years ago, since when his reputation has sunk very low. However, at the moment his play, "Trelawney of the Wells," has been on tour with the National Theatre Company, and "Dandy Dick" has been revived at the Mermaid Theatre and seen in a truncated form on television.

The playing of farce requires plenty of attack and precise timing. After a shaky first night, the cast settled down to the play and gave a thoroughly enjoyable performance. The play got away to an excellent start with the two sisters, Salome and Sheba, played by Rosemary Jenkins and Eira Jenkins respectively, charming everyone with their chattering banalities. The contrast between the elder, slightly more responsible sister, Salome, and the feather-brained yet shrewd Sheba, was most effectively portrayed. The diction of these two players was flawless.

Roger Powell as the Very Rev. Augustus Jedd, D.D., had a heavy part to sustain. The vicissitudes of this helpless and hapless innocent country Dean are the hub of the farce. Roger Powell carried the rôle well through the horrors of the thought of horse racing, the indignity of being locked up as a common criminal, and finally to the ecstasy of being able to save his cathedral spire. Veronica Sandell as his horsy sister, Georgiana, carrying with her the bonhomie of Tattersalls and possessing the manish stride and extrovert manners of the racehorse trainer, was perfectly controlled in her part. She moved well on the stage and took command from her first entrance. Roland Jeffreys deserves every credit for his playing of Georgiana's admirer, Sir Tristan Mordan. This was his first school play and his ease in the part augurs well for the future.

Malcolm Lewis and David Campbell gave us most amusing performances as Major Tarver and Mr. Darbey, two commissioned ninnies of Her Majesty's Armed Forces, Tarver with his queasy stomach as a result of his Indian experiences, and Darbey filled with bombastic self-importance. Ronald Henson has become an increasingly effective actor and knew exactly how to point his lines and gain rapport with the audience in his playing of Blore, the obsequious butler, confidant and manipulator of his master, the Dean. His sense of timing of his lines was excellent and his performance, most enjoyable to watch.

"A policeman's lot is not a happy one," we are told by W. S. Gilbert. This was certainly applicable to P.C. Topping, stormingly played by Irwell Bevan. With such a husband it is not surprising that his wife, Hannah, effectively played by Susan Evans, had continually to lament her lack of a circle of friends. Dick Pepper played Hatcham, the groom, most amusingly, with his spirited entries from time to time.

The very fine set added to the success of the play, and Mr. Cooper and his assistants are once more to be congratulated, as are John Whitehall and David Cooper for the lighting, the unseen musicians, stage assistants and the many others who contributed, and, of course, Mr. Shaw who was responsible for the fine production.

Ending on a note of complaint, however, I feel it is a pity that the pupils do not make a greater effort to sell tickets, to ensure larger audiences on the first two nights in particular, and it is regrettable that some pupils seem unable to make the effort to see the play themselves. I read that the audiences at the local Bingo sessions have now passed the one thousand mark. There must be a moral there somewhere.

V. R. T. H.

A DREAM

The sun poured its light on to the park where people, already aware of the autumnal 'nip' in the air sat warmly clad on the wooden seats. Of course anyone could tell that it was Sunday, noise hung on the air, the distant melancholy ringing of a church bell, the bark of a dog somewhere all too easily heard because the weekday traffic of the city was not there to drown it. In the immediate vicinity where I sat by an elderly man who fell asleep while reading the *Sunday Times*—nothing seemed to be particularly wrong with the world. Above me the burnished leaves were falling to the ground, and that was all part of the plan for Autumn. In the deep blue September sky the birds were gathered in huge flocks, and that according to nature is correct too. At that moment another place on the bench was taken by a man who was content to smoke a pipe and read a newspaper. He seemed undisturbed by the newspaper headlines—the tragedies and comedies brought to notice by the press, in fact it was then that I realized that I too just accepted war and peace, tragedy and comedy, and like the rest of the masses was content to live with it. This, I told myself, is how things had always been and how they would always be. There would never be much change in the basic things such as the seasons and the plan of nature, and people would always be the same—fighting for power, hating each other, using each other—there was no one to stop us—no power.

I cannot quite remember what happened—I just remember mumbling the words "No Power"—you see it all happened so quickly. Nearby, a young couple lying on the grass had possession of a transistor radio which was well and truly "heard." They were too busy to know what was being transmitted. I heard the radio—"Attention Great Britain, attention World." Half

awake, half day-dreaming I listened to what I thought was a little ill-conceived humour perhaps from a pirate radio station, and then it seemed to arrest us—the old man woke, the pipe-smoker took out his pipe and the girl in denim jeans sat upright. “Attention planet Earth, we are coming in to take over, you have all ruined the plan for living so much that we shall enter as your Salvationists!” The boy in the leather jacket retorted, “Good, God, the Salvation Army has conquered Russia!” He was quickly told to ‘shut up’ by the girl whose face had paled and who shouted “Shut up Teddy, I want to listen, this could be the ‘War of the Worlds’.”

At that moment the voice clearly commanded—“This is planet ‘Peacemaker’ calling Earth. We have been watching you carefully and the destruction of your planet must not be allowed. From our own experience through almost destroying ourselves, we have succeeded in building a race of inhabitants who are concerned only in progress where it benefits the human race.

“All over your planet destruction is raging, it is raging in India, and in Vietnam in open warfare. It is raging in the minds of statesmen and fanatics in many nations. Racial discrimination is raging in other countries, and poverty is ensuing. Scientists are not all working for the benefit of mankind, and we must intervene before your planet is gnawed by selfishness, disease and greed and then destroyed by war-mongers. We are all-powerful, and there must and will be no resistance. Our scientists have overcome disease and we have the means by devices to change the way of thinking of all who do evil. We shall be invisible, we possess that power too, but you will see our power all around you.” So saying, the voice became silent. People, utterly amazed, walked homewards through the park still complacent. I too was complacent. Then I began to note fantastic changes it seemed like—no not madness—a miracle! Throughout the afternoon the radio announced that there were peace negotiations in India. Perhaps that seemed quite feasible—after all, Indians were one race really. Another announcement followed—there was to be a cease-fire in Vietnam. The six o’clock news was startling—Russia and America were to have high level talks in the immediate future to discuss the cessation of ‘Nuclear Tests.’

By the nine o’clock news I could hardly believe the announcer! A leading group of doctors from an international research centre announced that the answer for a cure for cancer had been found, and that another announcement on the cure for other diseases would be made within a matter of days. This was the most thrilling news bulletin ever made for my hearing. It ended with a news flash concerning a group of Mods and Rockers who had spent the day tidying the gardens and painting the windows of a home for old people. The invisible army was surely at work. Tomorrow I would certainly look forward to attending school where all pupils would be working to the best of their ability, and where teachers smiling and considerate would keep watch over their flock tenderly guiding them where there were any little mistakes. I smiled and murmured—“Sweet Elysian fields”—and then, with a painful jab, I awoke to find myself on the grass, and looking up I saw two grubby legged schoolboys dash away—one of them looking back and laughing. The little horrors, of course nothing had changed—it was all a dream. I blamed myself for reading an article by Patrick Moore.

Limping homeward, I recalled that H. G. Wells seemed to have an uncanny way of knowing the future when he wrote certain books. Anyway, perhaps Patrick Moore may have unwittingly foreseen my dream planet. At least it was a dream or a vision of an invasion which mankind would really welcome—a real “Salvation Army.”

SARAH MONICO, Lower VI Arts.

THE FOGGLE

*The Foggie is an animal
With stars upon its back;
A Foggie's only three feet tall,
Its cry is "rack, rack, rack."*

*It comes out every fortnight
At precisely ten to nine;
I think it will eat anything—
Once I saw it eat a mine!*

*A Foggie looks like a hippopot,
With a stump of a tail at the back;
A Foggie is really quite ride-able
When you once have got the knack.*

*I once tried to gallop a Foggie.
You should have heard him shriek!
And that wicked old Foggie threw me off—
I couldn't sit down for a week.*

*I'd love a baby Foggie
But it's too big by half.
If I had a little Foggie
I should keep it in the bath.*

DIANA BYERS AND CAROLYN ROCH, IVA

THE CACTUS

*The cactus is an ugly thing,
That lives upon the plain;
And anyone who sits on one
Never sits down again.*

KEITH JOHNSON, IIIA

THE RACING DRIVER

*Round the long and windy track
The racing driver sped
With foot on throttle, hand on wheel,
And helmet on his head.*

*As round the greasy bend he drove,
Upon a car he came;
He overtook with skill and care—
And came in first again.*

CHRISTOPHER BALL, IIIB

A BEGINNING

Minerva was sixteen. She lived in a London suburb and had failed her eleven plus. Now, she was dressed in her best, a grey suit, black hose and black gloves—her mother's—for she was on her way to be interviewed for the job of junior secretary in a small firm which manufactured 'dolly' dresses. The sun was beating down from the arc of the sky and Minnie's feet began to ache in the tight black patent shoes. She took off her gloves and undid the coat of her suit. In the distance Big Ben chimed two. She still had an hour before her interview. Better, surely, to arrive dead on time, cool and unflustered, than to hang around, sweating, for an hour, in the ugly, grimed-black building. Minerva made for the park.

Her mother, Mrs. Johnson, worried about her. There was something queer, distant, about Minnie, but she shut off that thought every time it came. "It's only a phase," Bill Johnson would say. "Don't worry, luv, she'll find her way. Mark my words." Joan Johnson did mark them but the doubts continued. She'd wanted to go with Minnie to her interview but Bill had said to let her cope alone. "Doing it alone will do her good. Make her feel responsible. She'll get the job all right, will our Minnie." But Mrs. Johnson still worried.

Minnie touched the grass beside the pond; it seemed dry enough. She sat down and stared with unseeing eyes over the pond and the lines of flats. A cloud above the horizon floated on the ocean of the sky; the pond glinted at her feet. Minnie gave a little sigh of pleasure, wriggled off the restraining shoes and dropped her gloves onto the feathery grass.

The cloud sailed nearer and from it a majestic sail seemed to rise. The cloud ship looked familiar; there was something about it that Minnie could recognise. It was then that she noticed the figure-head. It was the bust of a woman—well, the head and shoulders; Minnie'd been brought up decent—and the figure was of her. Minnie gazed in admiration. The ship turned slightly, revealing its name in gold lettering, the 'Minerva.' Minnie shut her eyes and felt herself drifting through the air till she landed softly on board. A sailor, scrubbing the decks, saw her first. His mouth fell open in awe and then he knelt down before her, kissing her feet. "'Tis the good Minerva, blessed Minerva! Come all to worship at her feet!" he called exultantly. Minnie gave a gentle smile. "Rise up, good sir," she cried, "for I will never harm you. Like the sun that comes to warm and comfort, I have come to aid your stricken ship and guide it safely to the shore." She spread out her magic silver gown until the whole ship was covered. Stretching her arms up high, she began to call upon the four winds to protect this small vessel, so thrust upon the boundless ocean. "All the breezes," she began, "unite to"

"Coo, mum. Wot's that girl doing, waving 'er 'ands in the air?"

Minnie opened her eyes with a start. The ship had vanished. In its place a freckled boy stood looking down at her, a buxom woman by his side. "Ain't you too good, luv?" Minnie felt her cheeks burning. She was blushing, all hot and red. She felt awkward and gauche. Suppose they guessed her thoughts. "I'm sorry; must have been dreaming," she muttered, snatching at her gloves and shoes. Still blushing and trying to wipe her sweating forehead without smudging the mascara, Minnie scurried to the 'Ladies.' She was flustered and hot. Trying to act quickly only made things worse and she could tell her make-up was smudged. The suit was crumpled from lying on the grass and she had snagged her stockings. Big Ben rang out once more. It was three o'clock and the firm was at least fifteen minutes away. Crumpling her gloves into her hand, she pulled on her shoes and began to run through the park until she came to the main street.

If only that cloud hadn't been there, she wouldn't have started thinking about a ship; so really it was God's fault. No, not God's, her

mother's. She should have sent her out later; then she'd have gone straight to the firm. Minnie knew she wouldn't get the job. She looked as bad as she felt and she felt so that she wished she was dead. Yes, that would show them. If she died now, think how stricken everyone would be. She'd be killed in a car accident and all would mourn the death of a beautiful and talented girl. So intelligent and gentle, fearless, thoughtful . . . Mum would tell John to base himself on his sister. "Johnny, she was a paragon of virtue. If you are half as good as her, I'll be proud of you." Tears of pity for her mother's 'loss,' filled Minerva's eyes. At last the water-proof mascara ran. Minnie gave a deep contented sigh.

Suddenly she gazed up. The accusing face of a jeweller's clock glared down at her—3.20. Twenty minutes past three o'clock. The job had probably gone by now. Besides, it was useless to try when she looked such a mess. Minnie turned to the bus-stop to wait for a number 41 bus home. After all, there were plenty of other jobs. She could do better than junior secretary; such things were not for her. Minerva was made for finer stuff.

CAROLINE HUGHES, LR. VIA

THE TURN OF THE SEASONS

*Autumn is coming,
As wild as wild can be;
The leaves which are dancing
Are dancing round me.*

*The flowers in my garden
No longer make it gay.
The leaves that grew upon the trees
Have all been blown away.*

*Squirrels are collecting,
Collecting by the score,
Many nuts and acorns
For their winter store.*

*The birds that sing in summer
Have flown to warmer lands,
And in the frosty meadow
The lonely scarecrow stands.*

*Jack Frost has laid his fingers
In every wood and lane;
He's frightened all the birds away
And winter's here again.*

PAMELA MORGAN, IIIA

THE FATAL HOUR

Slowly the hands of the clock crept around to the fatal hour. At the first chime, the procession slowly made its way to the scaffold. William Smith had just eaten the usual hearty meal and his red face showed no sign of fear. On arriving at the scaffold, everything was placed in position and the rope adjusted. With a last look at his watch to make sure that the crucial moment had arrived, the man in charge gave the signal and William Smith and his fellow bricklayers recommenced work after their dinner hour.

ANN STEPHENS, IVA

THE DAYDREAM

Did you see those wrought iron gates? Well, between the lions that guard them curves the most beautiful drive in all France, swinging up to the weathered stone and marble of an old country home. In the spring the beeches put out their tiny delicate new leaf and the squads of gardeners rake the gravel evenly over the drive. Summer sees the grass by its side lush and thick, but not for long. Soon the mowers are at work cutting. The people who own the château have not been there for more than a year. But see, it is as lovely as it was in 1660. They are very different from the aristocratic family that last owned it and left this heaven to the winds of time for two hundred odd years.

I would not have heard the tale but for the fact that I was motoring through "la belle France" on my way to Switzerland on a much over-due holiday. On the main street of the little hamlet of Jean-Sans-Terre my M.G. spluttered to a halt oppsite a midden heap in which a chicken was scratching and a baby playing. It took an hour to find the trouble and set it right and by then the chicken was in its roost and the baby had gone in, for it was dark. That, of course, settled it and I invited myself into the farm and asked if they could give me some supper and a bed. The good folk welcomed me with smiles for the farm was not doing very well and they were glad of a paying guest—even if, like me, he only stayed a night. The supper was simple and excellent. The yard-long stick of bread, the white butter, golden round cheese, milk, rich honey and sausages would have satisfied the most finicky of appetites.

After the meal we gathered round an open log fire, as it was an early and chilly autumn, and passed the time before going to bed with the telling of stories. Each one of us, and there were five—the two old people, their daughter and son-in-law and myself—took a turn. The son told this one

Giselle Charrat's glance slid through the bay-window out into the park. The great bowl of copper roses was reflected in the polished glass of the pane against a background of the palest autumn gold. A book lay neglected in the folds of her full skirt. The figure of a man on horseback moved under the beeches, away from the Château. Giselle's eyes took on a far-away look as they followed the man behind the glass

The gloom of the woods of Fontainebleau enclosed them; surrounding them in deep, rich, thick, misty blueness, dulling the noise of the distant huntsmen and hounds. Ah, those haunted woods filled with the ghosts of past kings and queens and princes. The dark stranger at her side flashed her an enchanting smile.

"Mademoiselle," he whispered, "your loveliness defies description. I just had to speak to you."

His young classic head was bent towards her; a firm chin and perfect full rosy lips; black crisp curling hair; a straight nose and a pair of laughing grey eyes. A tiny scar—got in some duel, she thought—showed scarlet against the whiteness of his temple

The book fell open to the ground shattering her daydreams. Giselle sighed, got down from the window seat and went to meet her brother. He came in through the door flushed, from his ride in the crisp bitter air.

The holidays went on and Mademoiselle Charrat grew more bored as the days went by. She looked forward to the day when she would have to return to her convent and yet she feared its coming. For the others would talk of the Paris fashions and new plays at the Comédié Française while she had nothing to tell, for her father would not leave his rustic paradise.

At dinner one night, the night of the very day that Giselle had begun to pack her trunk, the Comte de Charrat announced to the table that all had been invited to stay four days at St. Germain. The king was having a hunting party and the lodge at Fontainebleau had already been filled.

Giselle was very excited. Here was a chance to see the court fashions and to talk among civilised people again. She stood before her clothes-press nearly all the night trying to make up her mind which gowns to tell the maid to pack. Of course she could not possibly attend one of the balls or supper parties for her clothes would be months behind the Parisian mode.

The morning chosen for the hunt was superb. The wood smelt of moss and there were little splattered daps of light where the sun flecked the covert.

All Paris came to the meet. Men, dressed in green velvet with shoulder-knots of burnished silver, and ladies, with ruffled lace at their throats and sleeves, greeted each other. When all were assembled, the horn was blown and they rode after the hounds. The sound of the hoof-beats was muffled by the first fallen leaves and the moss. Giselle spurred on her black horse with its white leather trappings and caught up with the leading huntsman.

The man was bent low over the neck of his horse. He was lashing savagely with his whip at a hound who tended to stray. His face was a mask of hideous cruel enjoyment. The lips snarled back and the grey eyes mocked the fear in those of the dog. He straightened up, relaxing his grip on the reins

The gloom of the weeds of Fontainebleau enclosed them, surrounding them in deep, rich, thick, misty blueness; dulling the noise of the distant huntsmen and hounds. Ah, those haunted woods filled with the ghosts of past kings and queens and princes. The dark stranger at her side flashed her an enchanting smile.

"Mademoiselle," he whispered

Screaming, she wheeled her horse and in the speechlessness of absolute terror she fled into the forest.

HELEN HANSCHHELL, Upper VI Arts.

FRUIT FACES

*The pear has a long and dignified face,
The cherries are cheery and gay,
The banana is solemn with a sad grimace,
But the apple is happy all day.*

*These four fruit faces,
With different grimaces are happy and solemn and gay,
But the apple in the middle,
Is as fit as a fiddle;
He helps keep the doctor away.*

COLIN SILVESTER, Form 2 Alpha

STORMY WEATHER

*Gale force winds have whistled all day
Around the headland and across the bay.
The angry sea with waves so high
Have forced the spray right up to the sky.*

*The screeching gulls have flown inland
Zooming and squawking in the wind.
The rain has lashed the corn down flat
While laughing children race after a hat.*

*The dark grey clouds hang low overhead
While mother puts her children to bed.
Her anxious eyes look out to sea
And prays that her man will be safe and free.*

*Free from the storm that lashes the coast,
Free from all fear as he guides his boat.
Homeward bound through the raging sea
To his waiting wife and family.*

TIMOTHY HORDLEY, IIIA

DOOMED!

*Kennedy assassinated!
Kruschev seen no more!
B.B.C. news dominated
By the latest test match score.*

*Thirteen years to no avail—
Labour wins election.
"Great Train" thieves spend their lives in jail
And murderers get protection.*

*Heath new Tory leader
In place of dear Lord Home.
"A victory for Labour!"
"Working Harold" might assume.*

*"Scrap T.S.R. 2 and British makes!"
"Import F-one eleven."
Let's wish our Harold American wings
For his ascent to heaven.*

*America fights for "democracy"
In far-off Vietnam;
But just see her hypocrisy—
Look at her Birmingham.*

*"After thirteen years of Tory rule,
We'll make England cheap to live in!"
"Now we're in power, we've got 'em fooled.
Put all goods up a shilling!"*

*Now, fellow victims, let's all cry
Three cheers for our brave government.
They've fooled us all enough, to buy
Their threepenny stamp for fourpence!*

GARETH SAUNDERS, Upper VI Science

TALES FROM INSIDE

If you are standing by a radiator, getting warm, and a prefect hoves into view, wanting above all else to 'Book' you, with his arms almost stretching the length of the corridor and his legs wide apart, there is only one thing to do—dive through his legs and run for your life. Oh boy, won't he be surprised!

You might be interested in a fascinating experiment recently under serious discussion. It will bear careful examination.

Experiment: How to get past prefects.

Method: R. C. strolls down the corridor, his purpose being to get into his classroom to extract something from his desk. There is one main snag—one of many snags—one has to get past the prefects.

"And where are you going?" thunders the voice of R. H.

"I'm going to buy a ticket for the school play," replies R. C.

"Go on then. Hurry up!"

This gives rise to a supplementary snag, for R. C. is *not* going to buy a ticket at that particular moment. However, he continues on his way, eyed suspiciously by R. H. He reaches the Chemistry Lab where the tickets are being sold, nips in—and, when R. H. is looking the other way—out again. He scuttles smartly up to the next corridor.

R. C. then has to face another obstacle—K. D.

"Where are you going?" says K. D.

"Hey, do you want a sweet?" asks R. C., cleverly changing the subject.

"Well, I wouldnt say no."

"Have two or three," says R. C. obligingly.

"Thanks."

"Oh well, I'd better be off outside now," and R. C. continues on his adventurous way, not drawing attention to the fact that he seems to be mistaking his direction.

Result: At long last, after several such encounters, he is past the prefects.

Conclusion: Through careful use of brain power, one can achieve one's objective without mishap.

There is one day of the week when it is considerably easier to get past the prefects. One does not have to use brain power but merely answer a long list of questions. This is on Library day. The conversation usually goes as follows:—

"Hey, you! Where are you going?"

"To the library."

"What year are you in?"

"Third form"

"Is it necessary for you to go? Are you returning a book?"

"Yes, of course."

And so on. This is the first series of questions. After passing the corridor prefects and finally gaining the library, there are more prefects, who tell you to be quiet. Once their heads are turned the nattering starts, rising to a crescendo until the prefects again come round and it's "Quiet—or out!" When Mr. Hughes comes in, everyone is interested in what one is reading, of course. When the bell goes for afternoon school, there is the usual rush out of the library and there is no difficulty in getting past the prefects now.

For fear of reprisals the writers of this wish to remain anonymous.

ANON, (X2)

THE CHANGING SEA

*The sun aflame, the sky deep blue,
No sign of cloud, no jarring sound,
But far below, and far beyond
The silvery sea for miles around.*

*A sea that shimmers and sparkles and dances
Like diamonds from a jewelled crown.
A sea that fills the heart with gladness
From early morn till sun goes down.*

*The sun gives out a watery glow,
The sky is dirty—grey and sombre,
The clouds go scudding 'cross the sky,
The crash of thunders, lightnings fly.*

*From far below there comes the boom
Of crashing waves, then flying spray.
The groaning, heaving and the swell
Such hate and fury seem to tell.*

MARGARET RICHARDS, Upper VIA

DAY'S JOURNEY

Leaving Farantsoascan about eight in the morning when the sun was already hot and high in the sky we set off down the hard dusty road towards the town.

Inside the Land Rover the heat was almost unbearable although the upper sides of the doors had been taken off. We rode along at about forty miles an hour over the rough, un-metalled roads of the plateau.

Soon we were making the steep, tortuous descent down the almost vertical edge of the 'falaise' from the plateau to the forested coastal plain. Driving was very unpleasant as we carefully made our way along the narrow road bordered on the right hand side by a vertical drop of about two hundred feet and bordered on the left by the precipitous cliff leading from the road-level further up. Down the sides of the 'falaise' tumbled great and beautiful waterfalls which shot their glistening spray onto the road and provided us with a welcome shower.

As the sun got higher and higher in the sky we arrived at the base of the precipitous cliff and we marvelled at its height.

We stopped for lunch at the fashionable hotel at Fioaka. This hotel, designed for holidaymakers from the capital Veritanana, occupied spacious grounds in which were two large swimming pools where we soaked our perspiring bodies in the cool waters of the pool.

Leaving the hotel we found ourselves among the rice-fields and banana grooves of the coastal plain. The people were gathering the rice harvest in their typical lackadaisical manner and the whole countryside seemed at rest.

Towards two o'clock the sultry heat had reached its peak and great clouds had gathered overhead. Soon we were driving through a tropical thunderstorm and regardless of our danger we admired the beauty of the lightning as it forked earthwards. The raindrops were like marbles and battered down on the roof of the Land Rover like pebbles being projected from a great height and hitting a sheet of corrugated iron. Suddenly it all stopped and very soon the fresh heat of the now clear afternoon dried up the roads and we were once again driving on our 'normal' dusty tracks.

Now we came to a river in which crocodiles could be seen nosing their

way upstream. On the bank others were visible, sleeping in the mud. At the sound of our engine the tranquil scene suddenly broke into life. The crocodiles slid off the mud and splashed into the water, sending ripples from one bank to the other. The river was root bridged so the ferryman had to be called. The sounding of our horn did not bring him so John, my passenger, went to try to find the man. While he was away I examined our raft.

The main construction consisted of three long tree trunks resting on half-a-dozen or so shorter trunks placed at right-angles to the first, parallel to each other and above and below the three main struts. This frame was covered by bamboo sticks held together tightly with sisal rope. The construction floated, unloaded, only about nine inches above the surface of the crocodile-infested river.

The ferryman was found but he insisted on our paying double fare because we had called him out on his 'day off.' He positioned the 'ferry' and we drove the car onto it. As the native poled us away from the bank water came seeping between the bamboos and we noticed that the raft was only a very few inches from river level. The crocodiles remained unnoticing in the main stream.

The vegetation on the other side of the river became that of a tropical rain forest and as the sun was setting behind the now distant 'falaise' we were driving now through a dusky, thickly forested and damp expanse of greenery. Monkeys chattered in the forest and brightly coloured birds flew across the road and occasionally a lone sun ray would catch the plumage of one of these birds and a momentary splash of colour would appear.

Nearing our destination, Ranamaka, we became conscious of the sound of the sea breaking on the shore. It was now pitch black and the yellow glare of our headlights threw long, dark, frightening shadows across our path. Suddenly a light shone from the forest from the other side of a bridge ahead and thinking that another vehicle was coming I drew to the side of the road. Our vehicle suddenly lurched as my near side wheel went off the road and we were left hanging over a ravine. The light still shone sporadically through the forest but seemed to get no nearer.

After about half-an-hour we got the wheel back on the road by using the four-wheel drive of our Land Rover and carried on. We met no vehicle from that point until we reached the destination although the light kept shining ahead of us.

Driving along the sea front of Ranamaka we passed the tall lighthouse which sent its revolving light over the forest as well as out to sea and this solved for us the mystery of the unmoving vehicle.

DAVID CAMPBELL, Upper VIA

FACES

*Smiling faces in the street,
Happy faces, and so sweet
Faces bright with twinkling eyes
Which look in joy and sheer surprise.*

*Faces cold that pass you by;
Faces wise, sad, stern, and shy;
Coloured faces, black or brown,
Some are covered by a frown.*

*Reddened faces, tempers high,
Really almost fit to cry;
Wondrous faces, made to please
Sometimes ready just to tease.*

PATRICIA HOWELLS, IIIA

THE SCHOOL VISIT TO NORTH WALES—JULY 1965

One Monday morning at the beginning of July a coachload of pupils left under the leadership of Mr. Islwyn Griffiths and Miss Julian Jones bound for the Youth Hostel at Rhos-y-Gwalia, Bala. The journey was broken at Tal-y-Llyn where we travelled on the narrow gauge railway from Abergynolwyn to the coastal town of Towyn. It was the centenary of the railway on this particular day and we travelled on the trip which preceded the Centenary Run. Consequently, on reaching Towyn we saw television cameras dotted around the small station and commemorative souvenirs on sale at the little shop. From here we travelled by coach to Dolgellau where we browsed around a few of the shops and had a meal before beginning the final stage of our journey to Bala. Those of us who had been on the previous trip in July 1961 were relieved that there was no storm to necessitate the use of oil lamps in the cold, narrow passage between the kitchen and the dining-room of the Youth Hostel so that it would not be quite so eerie!

Tuesday meant early rising for breakfast at 8.0 a.m. sharp and a journey to Snowdon. The weather was definitely not in our favour for it was a dismal day, drizzle falling continually and, thus, we were not really enthusiastic about climbing the highest mountain in Wales! However, on reaching Llanberis we decided not to be so easily defeated and aimed to climb half-way at least. Consequently, even the most unenergetic of our number made "Half-Way House." But many decided to turn back from there and have a look around the little town which nestles so prettily at the foot of the mountain. A mist soon fell and those who had gone on to the summit were late returning and we were late for supper.

Wednesday brought a visit to the colourful International Eisteddfod. We left Bala early again, accompanied by two Canadians and an Australian who were also staying in the Youth Hostel. As we drew near to Llangollen excitement began to mount as we passed coachloads of colourfully-costumed representatives of Scandinavia, Bulgaria and Greece, as well as many of schoolchildren let loose for the day. We tramped the Eisteddfod field for hours, taking the opportunity of speaking to some of the interesting people we saw while also feeling envious of their gay national costumes. All too soon it was time to leave the bustling little town to enjoy the remainder of its festive week while we, eventually, made our way back to Pembrokeshire and the last few days of the school term via the beauty of mid-Wales and the Elan Valley.

It was evening on Thursday when we arrived home exhausted, yet exhilarated after our days spent in the beauty and grandeur of North Walian scenery.

FORM VI ON THE BRECON BEACONS

The purpose of the sixth form excursion on July 7th was to climb the Brecon Beacons, an impressive 2,906 feet, and to visit the Dan-yr-Ogof caves.

Mr. Stephen Griffith and the bus driver set a brisk pace, all the way up the mountain, and all that most of us could think of was that the summit was farther away than it looked. We all managed to arrive in time for lunch, without exception, but M--b--l- at one point seemed to be on the verge of not quite making it and was gallantly rescued by R--l--d H--b--. It was agreed that the view from the top was wonderful and that, although they had both reached the same spot, H--h E--m--t had reached a higher point than M--h--l S--b--n.

We were all treated to orangeade at the café before moving on to the valley of caves where we were shown round the Dan-yr-Ogof caves by a very efficient and well-informed guide. He explained the formation and naming of many of the large stalactites and stalagmites, and the mystery concerning the origin of the river which flows from the mouth of one of the caves.

None the worse for the exercise, we seemed to fill more of the bus on the way home and kept up our high spirits with no thoughts for the aches and pains that were inevitably to come on the following day.

HELEN BUTTERS, Upper VI Science

AN ADVENTURE

The wood was full of strange noises. As I hurried on I fought down the panic rising within me. I was a newcomer to Roxborough and, being a city-bred boy, I could not find my way about the woods which abounded on the outskirts of the sleepy little village. I had decided to take a stroll prior to supper. It was late September and the hours of nightfall were fewer. As I walked, admiring the crimson sky with its streaks of light blue, darkening as it climbed over my head into a deeper blue, I found my steps wandering towards the woods. At the edge of the forbidding tree-line, I paused, wondering whether to enter the mysterious place. There seemed to be a well-defined track leading into the depths, so surely I could not lose the way. Tremulously I entered the forest, but from then on my fears vanished. The evening was calm and a lone nightingale warbled its lilting, haunting tune, the liquid notes pouring from its throat. The crimson sky lent a golden tint to the trees rustling in the caressing breezes as I trod over the mossy carpet.

The blue vault of the heavens was sowing its stars, like diamonds on velvet, so I decided to return home. But where was I? The path I had been following had dwindled away. The moon, a glowing orb, had climbed into the sky and was casting her luminous light over the ground. Tiny scufflings and snappings reached my ears with startling clarity. The gaunt trees cast long shadows like animals from a forgotten age crouching to spring. A fox barked, and I recoiled from a forgotten age crouching to were leaving their lairs to search for prey. An owl hooted mournfully above my head, then took to the air on silent wings, spelling death to a small creature. A sudden terrible scream split the air . . . some tiny animal in its death agonies, fallen victim to the rending talons and cruel beak of an owl. I lurched on. Branches whipped at my face.

Suddenly I heard a crashing of branches. Some large animal was coming in my direction. I began to run from this nameless terror. Brambles clutched at me, roots seemed to reach out to trip me up. "I must get away!" was the one thought that dominated my mind. It was cold, deathly cold. The crashing sounds were getting nearer. I tripped and hit the ground with a jarring thud. "Get up! Get up!" my senses screamed . . . but I could not move.

Then voices reached me, my father's voice among them. A rescue party! I had been running away from a rescue party! Hands lifted me and I recognized my father before I drifted off into a relieved sleep, the sleep of the exhausted. It was over. My ordeal in the wood was finished.

ROLAND PERKINS, IVA

GUY FAWKES

*Four o'clock has come at last,
How slowly all today has passed!
The school bell rings and off we run,
Tearing home to start the fun.
First our homework, then our tea,
Are hurried through excitedly.
Six already. Isn't it dark?
In the night the fireworks spark.
Suddenly, the bonfire's heat
Is warming both our hands and feet.
Rockets shooting through the air
Lots of colour everywhere.
Roman Candles, red and green,
Golden fountains to be seen.
Catherine wheels and then the guy!
Lift him up, and toss him high!
See him burning—what a sight!
What an exciting Guy Fawkes Night.*

JANETTE LOVERING, IIIb

WHO DID IT?

The scene of this case, was Friary Boarding School, Tetford, Devon. The time was one-thirty a.m. on the morning of Saturday, the tenth of June. An old incompetent caretaker was just pouring a cup of coffee from a flask, when thud! The old man sank to the ground with a stifled groan. An intruder stepped out into the moonlight and crept stealthily along the side of the school building. He let himself into the building through a side door, very quietly.

Later in the morning, a sleepy police constable answered the telephone in Tetford police station. He heard the anxious voice of Mr. Edwards, headmaster of the school, talking on the phone. The bored constable, listened patiently to the report of the robbery. He made notes of the details of the robbery and when Mr. Edwards rang off, he phoned the C.I.D. in Plymouth with the news.

At about mid-day, a police car arrived at the school to begin inquiries. The man in charge was Superintendent Johnson. Johnson was met by a horde of amateur Sherlock Holmes, voicing their opinions as to who did it; which varied from the school bully, Biggins, to the Great Train Robbers, striking again. During the course of the day, fingerprints and alibis were taken.

There were two clues. The burglar entered through the door by using a key. The key was kept in the lock on the inside; it was not there now. This meant that the burglar must be a member of the staff. The second clue was that, the burglar was an over-meticulous person. When the watchman had been clubbed, his cup had fallen to the ground. The burglar had picked up the cup and screwed it back onto the flask, as it should be. From the caretaker's evidence, this could be proved. Alas, the burglar had replaced the flask in the caretaker's carrier bag. The caretaker could also verify this.

After many intense investigations, three people emerged as suspects—Mr. Gifford, Mr. Salmon and Miss Peacock. Mr. Gifford was the history master. He was deep in debt, through gambling on horses and greyhound races. Mr. Salmon had no alibi. He claimed that he had been ill that night and had gone straight to bed as soon as he arrived home. No one could testify that this was true.

Miss Peacock, a strong-willed woman capable of clubbing a man, was suspected because she had been involved in a bitter argument with Edwards. Since then she had hated him and wanted revenge.

Johnson decided to set a trap. He would place a cup, lying on its side in a saucer, and interview the suspects. The person to right the cup, he thought, would be the one.

Miss Peacock did not appear to notice the cup when she was interviewed. Johnson ticked off her name from his list of suspects. Mr. Gifford came next. As he sat down, and moved the cup so that he could lean his elbow on the desk, Johnson cursed under his breath, thinking he had his man. The last suspect was Salmon. He sat down, observed the cup, righted it and Johnson pounced. He asked Salmon if he had anything to say. Salmon admitted where he had been that night and explained that he had a secret affair with a woman. He did not wish this to be made known, so no one was told until then. His story was checked and found to be true. So there was still no arrest possible.

It was a very frustrated Johnson who entered Edwards' study the following day. He found Edwards replacing a book in his bookcase. There was not enough room for it, so he changed books around from shelf to shelf to make it fit. Turning round, he said how he hated untidiness and that little things irritated him no end. He said that the burglar was a man after his own heart for replacing the caretaker's cup on the flask. Mr. Johnson spoke. "The flask was in a bag when I arrived. Only the burglar could know that the cup was replaced." He then spoke those six well-known words, "I am placing you under arrest. . . ."

In the court case, more evidence was produced to prove Edward's guilt when the side-door key was found at his home.

With Edwards in prison many Friary boarders were happy, but Edwards certainly was not.

SELWYN SKONE, IVa

PEMBROKE FAIR

*Every year in autumn time,
Someone threatens to resign.
The councillors have faces grave,
Should they the children's anger brave?*

*Round it comes, October ten—
"All right, we'll have the fair again!"
The stalls go up, the music starts
And joy and fun are in our hearts.*

*Now we have the confirmation,
What's the money situation?
Our friends are longing to be there,
Having fun at Pembroke Fair.*

JEANETTE WHITE, IIIb

MEMORIES OF WHEN I WAS SEVEN OR EIGHT

The incident I remember clearly was in 1956, when I was nearly seven.

My father had left in cold January; and on an even colder February day, my mother, three-year-old sister and I left for Southampton, where we joined the other families of the Tenth Royal Hussars and embarked.

The voyage on the *Empire Ken* took us twelve days, in which time we visited Tangiers, Malta, and Port Said at the entrance of the Suez Canal.

We all waited enthralled as we sailed along the canal. Before long, the *Empire Ken* had dropped anchor in the Gulf of Aquaba. From there we were taken to the shore by landing craft. Once on the shore, we were divided into separate groups, according to where we would live. The majority of the families were to live in Aquaba, which had Arabic dwellings, an army camp with a school, quarters, and a Naafi shop; the four families—which included us—were to be taken eighty miles away along a precarious track to Ma'an. This town was very small and consisted of a few army houses, an army camp and four stone bungalows for the families to live in; past this a dilapidated railway line disappeared into nowhere.

About six months later, two of the families left to live in civilised Aquaba and the other families, only two adults and two children, were left to live in the middle of a near-desert.

It was about this time that we began to notice exactly what the Arabs were like; they had a few unusual habits, but they were friendly toward us. A few of those habits soon became obvious to us. At the bottom of our sand garden we had some bamboo growing, in which some very noisy crickets lived. Crickets are one of the delicacies of the Arabs, and they roast them over an open fire. Another delicacy is sheep's eyes, but neither of these appealed to us.

When we knew the Arabic manager of the N.A.A.F.I., he showed us two of the Arabs' favourite drinks, which are mint tea, and coffee; this is no ordinary coffee, for it is nearly thick enough to make a spoon stand vertical in it, and apart from being this thick, it is also strong and bitter.

An old Arab superstition met us with some force; this happened when my sister Mallory, who was then just four, picked up a black lizard. The Arabs who had seen this panicked and ran screaming for my father. The reason for this was that the Arabs believed that whoever was rasped in the face by a black lizard was bound to die, but Mallory is still alive.

The last surprising event of our stay in Ma'an was that my mother calmly told the Arabs that it would rain within a few days. The Arabs did not believe this for they said that it only rained once a year and it had done so five months previously; but my mother was right, for next day it rained and rained for three whole days. When this happened, Mallory was scared for she believed that her three pet lizards—Charlie, Willie and Cynthia—would be drowned by it, but they were not.

Before long, all British families were evacuated because of the Suez trouble, and after a day's delay we were flown to Cyprus. There we went to a Nicosia hotel and that night two bombs exploded in the grounds and one in the actual hotel we were staying in.

Next day we changed planes and flew on to Malta and then to Stanstead in Essex.

From there we travelled to my grandparents in Cambridgeshire where we spent a quiet, dull six months, until we were given quarters in Devizes, Wiltshire.

CORENNE JONES, VA

THE GHOST'S SONG

*I must wander, God-forsaken,
Banished from my friends and foes;
'Till this universe is shaken,
'Till all joys have changed to woes,
'Till brightest flowers cease to bloom,
'Till no bird would dare to sing,
'Till the day of utter doom
I must wander, sorrowing.*

*I must wander through the country,
I must wander through the town,
Seeing summer scenes grow wintry,
Seeing people withered grown,
Seeing hunger, dirt and death,
Seeing darkness and despair,
Children breathing their last breath
In the radio-active air.*

*I must watch the people dying,
I must hear them weep, "No more."
I must see the women crying
For a land that once was fair,
See a mutilated baby,
See a mother's face contort
As she looks down at the body
Knowing this, by man, was wrought.*

*I must wander, God-forsaken,
Banished from my friends and foes:
For I helped bring radiation,
For I changed all joys to woes,
For I brought such death and horror,
Transformed right 'till it seemed wrong.
Yes, I made the blackest error
Ever made, I built the bomb.*

CAROLINE HUGHES, Lt. VIA

PREPARATION FOR CHRISTMAS

*Buying toys
For the boys!
Christmas tree!
And for me:
To make
A cake!
To cook!
To look!
To mend!
To spend!
And it's true
That all this goes to
Twenty-four hours of Christmas.*

ROBIN CAMPBELL, IIIA

THE FRESHER

*Oh! to be a fresher in Pembroke Grammar school.
 One is very careful to stick strictly to the rules.
 Introduced to many subjects, like Algebra, Welsh and Art,
 It is really so exciting, trying to take one's part.
 Hockey is great fun performed in shorts that are too big.
 Blazers nearly to the knees—this is the fresher's rig.
 Will we ever reach the sixth form's massive confidence?
 I'd love to have a preview of us, five years hence!
 The Head says we require "stickability,"
 So we'll plod along and hope that the best is yet to be.*

JILL PROUT, II Alpha

THE TOWN

*I often go down to the town
 Where all is dingy, drab and brown,
 Except shop windows, and their light
 Brings gaiety into the night.*

*If you get on a bus, you stand.
 You never get a helping hand
 To steady you if you should sway.
 Walking is better, I should say.*

*If ever you go to the "ficks"
 You notice the film—it always sticks.
 The projector is always in need of repair.
 Why on earth do you pay to waste your time there?*

*There's nothing at all! And the books!
 Well! No wonder you give some queer looks.
 They are tatty and nearly all falling apart.
 So's the Library too, for the matter of that!*

GEOFFREY WILSON, IVA

AUTUMN

*When russet leaves begin to fall
 And signs of life are few,
 Then 'tis sure that Autumn's come
 And Winter fast pursues.*

*No longer the gambolling fawns of summer,
 The birds from foreign shores;
 No flowers with all their beautiful hues.
 Only the hips and the haws.*

*The nights are now both long and cold;
 The days cold too, but short
 Many an evening is spent by the fire,
 Deep in a book—or in thought.*

JACQUELINE DAVIES, IIIA

WINTER IN THE WOODS

*The winter has taken over;
 The wood has changed its mystic gleam,
 Its fresh and scented odour,
 To a winter's snow white scene.*

*No red poppies or soft wild roses,
 No white lilies sailing on river's brink,
 But deer, sniffing with dark cold noses,
 And squirrels on their homes as warm as mink.*

*The sweet-blossomed apple trees become
 Bare branches, in the icy blast;
 And the hungry robin chirps through the winter wind,
 "How long will this dreaded winter last?"*

PAT EASTICK, IVA

FLIMSTON

(I)

*I lean across the warm, sun-ochred wall
 Beside the asphalt block of road, made wan
 By the mellow-mist occluded sun.
 Dusty-jaded bent grass grows about
 The shells of limestone buildings, languishing
 Before haze-laden, azure-light flecked sky.
 There lie light-sanded blocks of what were once
 The buildings of a farm, whose broken backs
 Retain broad outline: But roofs, and some walls
 Collapse, and grass has filled the weathered cracks
 So that green clumps bulge out from lime-grey walls.
 Across the plain, there comes the bull-like moan
 Of tanks; incessant, cut by the light breeze
 To break the muteness, louder than before.
 From the slaked ochre plain, through the warm mist,
 Earth-laden dust clouds billow high behind
 Four taciturnly moving dots, which seem
 Almost to stand immobile, where the parched earth
 Meets the light haze which hangs about the sky;
 Their jarring wheels, clad in dry clay, rend up
 The eager banks of dust, which roll and stir
 In slurred and languorous motion, dragged by wind
 Behind the dust-occluded specks in front;
 These are the iron wrought machines of war,
 Wan grey, in dust-shaded austerity.*

(II)

*Not many years ago, and yet it seems
An age bypast by time—maybe it is—
Ploughs touched that land, but made no sterile dust;
The plough rived clean in the peat-stolid earth,
Made moist by mud-fed gress, and damp-gnarled root,
But now the soil is abject to the foot;
When kicked, a puff of fallow dust explodes
Then sinks, breeze-laden, once more to the plain
Of ochre-shaded earth, adust and parched—
To lie, till kicked in apathy once more—
And then to lie again, till roused again
Round Flimstone, rust on broken ploughshares makes
Rich tones of gold amid the thin green grass:
The infinite futility of man
Fulfills itself in many wondrous ways.*

JOHN DAVIES, Lr. VIA

THE SCHOOL'S VISIT TO "THE RIVALS"

On Thursday, December 2nd, a large school party of senior pupils set out for Haverfordwest to attend a special performance of Sheridan's "The Rivals," at the Secondary Modern School. The play was performed by members of the Welsh Arts Council and included in the cast were many notable actors from both stage and television.

The audience was made up entirely of pupils from various secondary schools all over Pembrokeshire, and unfortunately much of the humour, particularly the ingeniously misapplied words of Mrs. Malaprop, was lost on an audience rather too young to appreciate it. Nevertheless the actors gave a sparkling performance and were warmly applauded. Sir Anthony Absolute, rumbustious and dictatorial, and his son, the Captain, were perhaps the characters who came over best, with Mrs. Malaprop and Fag close seconds. Mrs. Malaprop's clear diction and her sense of timing allowed her to make the most of the part. The scenery was most ingenious in its economy, allowing the play to proceed without awkward delays for scenery changes. The costumes were a wonderful tribute both to the wardrobe department and to the colourful times of Sheridan.

The criticisms are few, but noteworthy. Many members of the party who had read the play beforehand were disappointed at the way in which the irate Sir Lucius O'Trigger was portrayed, for although the part was played well it was not in as fiery a manner as one would have expected. Lucy, too, was disappointing for her voice failed to project clearly.

However, the virtues of this production far outweighed the faults and we all agreed that this outing was both educational and enjoyable.

PHILIP CARRADICE, Lower VIA

FORM GOSSIP

FORM II

During its first term at Pembroke Grammar School Form II has entered fully into the life and activities of the school. Six girls and two boys have been accepted into the choir and many of us have joined various school clubs. Unfortunately, two accidents have to be reported—a broken arm and a badly cut leg—but so far we have had no back eyes or lost teeth, even on the rugby field! On the whole it has been a successful term although the result of the coming examinations will prove just how successful. We only hope that all our school terms will pass with such enjoyment. (A.C.)

FOAM IIA

We seem to be a rather mobile form, always ready for action. It is surprising how easily objects such as I- K-c-n's cap can escape out of a top floor window and glide gracefully down on to the wet grass below. One day, instead of something going out of the window, the process was reversed and a wasp flew in to disturb us all. We felt it our duty to give chase, armed with rulers, much as we wanted to continue with the lesson, and eventually the wasp was killed. We thrive on such excitement as our form teacher will soon tell you! (D.P.)

FORM II ALPHA

Someone is always getting in the soup in II ALPHA. G--a-d W--k---d can't always understand why so many people should feel it right to tell him to "sit still and be quiet." You can often see paper aeroplanes on the grass under our windows but how could a bunch of golden-haired cherubs like us be responsible for such a crime? I think it is true to say that we are making ourselves very much at home at Bush and have enjoyed our first term at the school. I wonder if our form master has! (S.P.)

FORM IIIA

We are a noisy but distinguished form (although some people might wish us to be 'extinguished'). Several of us belong to the school orchestra and choir. Some of us also belong to a woodwork orchestra, which is why a certain member of staff found it necessary to 'discipline' three of the boys one fateful day. D.A.'s chatty habits cause some slight upheavals at times, especially after socials, and it is generally agreed that a gag is the only remedy. Several members of the form have been busy selling U.N.I.C.E.F. cards and others have taken part in the end-of-term Junior S.U. play. We congratulate Jacqueline Davies, Christine Jordan and Simon Rogers on passing music examinations this term.

FORM IIIB

Hi! This is IIIB. Did you know that P-t-r T--m-s-n got stuck in the wastepaper basket and couldn't get out until a combined effort rescued him? We have a budding operatic star in Powney who sings out his number at registration almost—but not quite—in the style of Caruso. One of the form has been accused of being born with her mouth open and hasn't shut it since. On the whole we sympathise with Mrs. Hughes who has put up with us very nobly this term and we should like to thank her (J.H)

FORM IIIC

The most interesting event that happened in IIIC this term was "the case of the missing Crumb." On going to press the mystery is still a mystery, as for once the girls kept very quiet and the boys didn't know anything about it anyway. We are proud to have John Asparassa in the form as he is the captain of the Under 13's rugby team. Christopher Mends made his first stage appearance in the play at the end of term—in short trousers, much to his disgust. We have representatives in the school orchestra and altogether are a very happy form.

FORM IVA

We had a wall-washing session earlier in the term when we tried to make some impression on the walls outside our form room. Five girls who decided not to go had their turn the next day, armed with Ajax, cloths and buckets of hot water. The walls were not much cleaner afterwards but the school was in imminent danger of being flooded. A new member of the

form was eating sweets in class the other day and was made to divide them out among the girls, one girl getting an extra one as it was her birthday. The next day he was caught again and had to treat the boys this time! One of us, riding his bike to school, had not opened his eyes properly as it was so early, and he knocked a girl over. Both went to hospital and he came back to school looking very much the worse for his misadventure. (A.G.)

FORM IV_B

This year our form is made up of 11 girls and 19 boys. We are told by teachers and prefects alike that we are in the running for being the noisiest form in the school, the result being that we are landed with plenty of lines and detentions. We are quite successful at games, however, as six girls have played for either the hockey or the netball teams this term and we have several rugby enthusiasts. One was too enthusiastic and was taken to hospital after hurting his leg on the rugby field. We might have had another sad accident one day in Physics when one of the girls decided to smell some ammonia. She went bright red in the face and nearly fainted when told that it was poisonous. I am glad to say she is still with us. A large number of the class have helped in collecting funds for Dr. Barnardo's homes, a very worthy cause. We have enjoyed this term—despite all the homework. (M.C.)

FORM IV_C

Hello! IV_C here again. Not many unusual things have happened this term but we are still being plagued by those mysterious objects dangling outside the form room window. We called in our detectives who are following up a clue which suggests—oh, surely not the prefects! ! We were sorry to see the departure of Valerie Harrison and hope she is happy in her new school. We thought we had seen the last of a certain boy but we find that he has just moved to IV TECH, so we still see him in some lessons. I can see that we are going to win the award for being the noisiest form after all. Our form captain has had to apologise twice already on our behalf to one particular teacher. Poor Mr. Smith is going to be a human wreck when we have finished with him—or he with us! (J.J.)

FORM IV TECH

Our form consists of eleven pupils, ten boys and one girl, and our form master is Mr. Jones. Five of us are new pupils but by now we are firmly settled into the life of the school even though our form room is off the beaten track, in Room 31. We are all active members of the Young Farmers' Club and seven of the boys are boarders in Bush House. One of us comes from Sussex—we hope he thinks it's worth it!

FORM UPPER IV_A

This is Upper IV_A reporting from Room 16 and a bright bunch of very happy well-behaved pupils we are. We work hard and play hard besides taking a lively interest in most aspects of school life. Like other forms we have our talented types, particularly in sport—we have three county rugby representatives and a hockey trialist to give prestige to the form. It seems that we have a talented pianist and composer in our midst in 'Chas' Watson who graced assembly a couple of mornings with a touch of sheer genius at the piano. Elaine Hughes was in the team that won the Young Farmers' Public Speaking competition. Several of us attend an Intermediate S.U. discussion group led by Miss Williams where we air our views on many topics. A record of which we are very proud is that our form always con-

tributes the largest sum per head for the school social service fund. To add something interesting to this report I have wondered if it was worth smashing a few windows or disintegrating a couple of chairs, but 'six of the best' and ten shillings for each window would be a little expensive I have regretfully decided. (A.S.)

FORM UPPER IV_B

This term has been very eventful for us. At the beginning of term we were introduced to our new form master, Mr. Kuster, wondering if he was related to a certain general, until someone realised that Singapore is nowhere near the United States. Our old form master, Mr. Sabido, left us regretfully and we hope that his summer holiday helped him to recover from us. Did we hear someone saying, "Out of the frying pan—"?

FORM UPPER IV_C

We seem to have been accident-prone lately, to a marked degree. Even Mr. Powell turned up one day with a broken nose, which must have been very painful—any rumours that he was waylaid by a member of the form are strongly denied and we have proof that rugby was the cause. Christopher Barker dislocated his thumb and Anne Willoughby has had her wrist out of action, as well as having her appendix removed. All this is very worrying and takes our minds off our work, I'm afraid. (J.W.)

FORM UPPER IV TECH

Upper IV Tech is a very small form and a very small form are we. There are six Bush boys and a Monkton 'Yob' and the Monkton 'Yob' is me. Taff Evans is the Romeo and is quite a boy to see. Chasing all the girls around from breakfast until tea. Dicky and Jinks, two Fishguard boys, are a most surprising pair; wherever you see Dicky, Jinks is always there. Handel and Dai, both jolly lads, have both got lightish hair, but Skippy, a Broad Haven boy, is fairer than the fair. So this is Upper IV Tech complete, select, as you can see. And we're not really as bad, you know, as we're made out to be. (P.M.)

FORM V_A

We have been pleased to welcome as a member of the form this term Jön Meyburg from Germany. From him we have learnt that our second languages aren't what they should be. A certain boy, who shall be nameless, tapped the shoulder of the person sitting in front of him one day and calmly inquired, "Is this Geography or English?" Rather a surprising question as the lesson was actually Maths. Might it be the strain of G.C.E. proving too much? We should like to congratulate one of V_A and a member of V TECH on celebrating their first anniversary. We also wish all of us easy papers in the coming examinations. (J.S.)

FORM V_B

At the beginning of term we were blessed with a new form master, Mr. Sabido; a new form room, Room 18; and a new boy, Paul Gogarty, just returned from Germany. Several of the boys in the form are members of the school rugby teams and at least two are members of the First XV.

Not to be outdone by the boys, the girls have their representatives in the hockey teams. To prove that we are not all brawn, we are at the moment engaged in conscientious study for the dreaded exams in February and hope that we survive for a further ordeal in June. (M.P.)

FORM V TECH

Since last term we have gained three new members, Philip, Russell and David, while Cleddau is still the only girl in the form. Recent events have included a "self-survival" test in swimming, in which Mark, Irwel, Peter and Martin gained passes. Peter represented Pembrokeshire in the Dairy Judging at the Royal Dairy Show at Olympia. Martin, Roger, Irwel, John and Peter also gained passes in an adult First Aid examination. David represented the Y.F.C. at the Royal Welsh and he and Mark gained craftsmen badges for milking proficiency. John, Philip, and Irwel are on the Y.F.C. committee and Irwel made a very impressive policeman in the school play. No prizes are offered for adding correct surnames. (R.G.)

FORM VR

The form was again situated between the masters' room and the Headmaster's room. Ominous! One of us lost her desk and after a public appeal it was found to be there all the time. Mental aberrations! Another member of the form put his foot in it, only too literally, as the gaping hole, and subsequent patch, above the stage showed. We have lost Jackie Prout and Nonnie Bowen and perhaps the trio, Tony, Taffy and Furf. Jane Watts has gone to Taskers. Poor Jane! Now she'll *have* to wear a longer skirt. (C.C.)

FORM LOWER VI ARTS

On the good ship "Lower VI Arts," our voyage has been mainly stormy with a few calm stretches. The crew consisted, unfortunately, of a large female contingent; we had only four ship's boys. The voyage was enlivened by our contact with the supernatural; we felt that our spirit "George," found, as might be expected on a ship, by the use of a bottle (empty), gave us much advice and amusement. Needing some contact with the outside world, we wrote to many stars and pop-singers, and now letters and photos of a few adorn the cabin walls. We should like to thank Captain Emlyn Lloyd for skilfully navigating our barque through the various squalls. (C.B.)

FORM LOWER VI SCIENCE

Away in the craft room, hid well from the light,
Dwell Lower Sixth Science, bemoaning their plight.
Their play, it is over; their brain cells awake;
But Lower Sixth Science no progress they make! (F.P.)

SCHOOL SOCIETIES

THE SCHOOL CHOIR

This year again we have the pleasure of welcoming new members to our ranks and it has been remarked that now the seniors will have to "watch their step" for many of these youngsters, although they have had little experience or opportunity in such a field before, are a real asset to the choir. Nevertheless there is one new feature which has been welcomed by all. This year some boy trebles have been introduced and a few senior boys have also joined the tenor and bass line. This is highly commendable and it is to be hoped that more boys, especially those in the upper school, will take note of this fact and offer their services.

We have continued to sing our Friday morning anthem and there have been several soloists. This year the musical aspect of the service has been improved by the introduction of a small orchestra consisting not only of the violins and recorders which accompany Mr. Whitehall and the choir, but also of percussion instruments. The latter proved a great surprise to the school and both members of staff and pupils have expressed their pleasure. In spite of many difficulties the school choir is still "going strong" and we thank Mr. Whitehall for his patience and perseverance with such a trying group of choristers.

RUTH MORGAN, Upper VI Sc. and
MARIBELLE THOMAS, Upper VI A

THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB

The International Club was very sorry to see Mr. Griffiths leave last term as he had led the club so well for many years. Because it was generally thought that the club would not be continued this term, it was a pleasant surprise to members that the leadership should be taken over by Mr. Sabido. The members are most grateful to him for keeping up the high standard set by his predecessor.

The meetings this term have been held on Friday evenings, as usual, and these included a talk from Moya Knowles, an old pupil of Milford Haven Grammar School, who spent a year in Bolivia doing Voluntary Service work; an evening of slides, shown by an officer of the German Army stationed at Castlemartin, on life in the German Army and his recent visit to Berlin. The Christmas party was a great success and the Fancy Dress competition was won by Brian Hall in the guise of Humpty Dumpty. Father Christmas (John Reynolds) paid his annual visit, accompanied by two female (but scarcely feminine) attendants, "Gloria" and "Rosemary" (Bruce Penfold and Ronnie Henson), and three others of doubtful sex (Patsy Anfield, Margaret Barton and Ken Deveson).

A party is to be held for the old folk at Riverside on the last evening of term and it is hoped that the activities there will be continued next term, for we still keep the old motto—

"Before all Nations, Humanity."

HELEN BUTTERS, Upper VI Sc.

THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

At the beginning of the term it was decided to hold meetings once a fortnight on a Thursday evening, members of the fifth and sixth forms being our usual clientèle. However we had some unexpected Form IV guests to our first meeting, when Kenneth Deveson gave a very interesting talk on "The Speed of Sound." The rapt attention and complete silence of the visitors from the detention room proved the interest of the topic. This

meeting was followed by a debate between the Arts and the Sciences on "The Sciences lack Culture." The result was an overwhelming win for the scientists, possibly because they formed the majority of the audience!

The annual quiz against the Y.F.C. was held this term and once again the scientists proved the winners, although the farmers put up a strong bid for victory. The final meeting was in the form of an illustrated lecture on "Volcanoes" by Dr. P. R. Hooper, from Swansea University College, and this made a very satisfactory ending to the term's activities. It's always good to end with a bang!

An invitation is extended to all Vth and VIth formers to come to our meetings next term.

PATSY ANFIELD, Upper VI Sc.

THE SCRIPTURE UNION

The Senior Scripture Union has continued to meet regularly each week but we have changed the day of the meetings to Monday. The theme of the term's discussions was the Trinity and an introduction to the series was given by Canon D. G. Stevens, the Vicar of Pembroke Dock, to whom we are very grateful for the easy way in which he opened up an interesting general discussion on the subject. The "Any Questions" session at the beginning of term posed some difficult questions for the panel, which consisted of Pat Thomas, a former member of the S.U., the Rev. David Jenkins, curate at St. John's, and Mr. Stuart Shaw. As usual with this type of meeting, the only thing we were short of was time.

Towards the end of term we were pleased to welcome to our meetings Miss Ann Richardson, a student from Aberystwyth, and she gave us a very enlightening talk on the work of the Inter-Varsity Fellowship, at home and overseas. We have discovered increasingly this term the interest and value to be gained from studying the Bible and it is certainly not the dry and out-of-date book that some people assume it to be.

On the last Thursday of term we shall be combining with the other S.U. groups in school to take the morning assembly. The Christmas service last year was so successful that it is hoped that a tradition has been established.

H. BUTTERS, Upper VI Sc.

INTERMEDIATE SCRIPTURE UNION

This term an intermediate group was formed for the first time, the main purpose being to provide opportunities for discussion for the Upper IVth forms. Meetings have been held fortnightly in Room 16, during lunch hour on Tuesdays. So far the meetings have been very successful with good attendance, in spite of the awkwardness caused by the altered dinner arrangements.

The first meeting was led by Richard Allen on the subject, "Is there a Hell?" Miss Pam Williams led the next discussion on "What is the purpose of the world and how will the world end?" and this evoked a lively discussion. Elaine Hughes introduced the topic "Why does God allow pain and suffering in the world?" and Margaret Davies the subject "Why is it so hard to do good and so easy to do wrong?" Interesting discussion followed. Robert Brown and Alastair Campbell dealt with the subject "The problem of Colour," which proved a very controversial meeting. The last meeting of term was a debate on "Science has cast doubt on the Christian Faith." Elaine Hughes and Roland Jeffreys spoke for the motion and Raydene Bateman and Richard Allen were against it.

The group is now preparing to take an active part in the Christmas service, their contribution being two dramatized readings from the Christmas story.

Meetings will continue next term and any pupil in the Upper IVth is welcome. The committee consists of Margaret Davies, Christine Gutch, Elaine Hughes, Alan Searle and Richard Allen.

ELAINE HUGHES, Upper IVA

THE JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

| | | |
|------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| <i>Chairman:</i> | <i>Secretary:</i> | <i>Treasurer:</i> |
| Roland Perkins | Angela Stevens | Stephen Badham |

Form IV Rep.: Ann Stephens; Form III Reps.: Pamela Morgan, Christopher Mends; Form II Reps.: Susan Penfold, Philip Howell.

Our meetings have been held as usual on Wednesdays in Room 16. The first meeting of the year was held on September 22nd, when Pamela Morgan, Christopher Mends, Roland Perkins and Gerald Russant spoke about their experiences in the summer holiday camps at Bala. The following week's meeting took the form of a debate on the motion: "I prefer square hymns to pops of praise," supported by Ann Stephens and Derek Head and opposed by Vivien Lain and Stephen Badham. The result was against the motion. On October 6th Pam Morgan conducted a good Criss-cross Quiz and on the 13th October we had an interesting talk, illustrated by slides, given by Mr. Salt on "Missionary work in the Sahara." The final meeting before half-term took the form of a coloured film strip, "Why did God send Jesus?" which was extremely interesting. Our chorus-singing session was very enjoyable. Further meetings included an open discussion, introduced by a group reading on "Who is my neighbour?"; an illustrated talk by the Rev. Norman Ellison from Haverfordwest; an "Any Questions?" when the panel of Miss A. Richardson, Miss M. Lewis, Mr. J. Smith and Mr. E. Lloyd answered our questions very ably; and two enlightening discussions on the world-wide work of Scripture Union and "Our attitude towards Christmas." The nativity play staged on December 15th and the Christmas service on the previous day ended the term on a high note.

We invite all members of Forms II, III and IV to our meetings next term when we hope that the attendance will be as good as this term's.

ANGELA STEVENS, IVA

THE WELSH SOCIETY

This year the Urdd has developed into the Welsh Society with the idea that more senior pupils and those outside the Welsh department may be interested in some of the society's activities, although membership of "Urdd Gobaith Cymru" is still open only to those learning Welsh.

At the first meeting of term the officials were elected. The chairman is Ieuan Harries, the secretary Kathryn Phillips and the treasurer Maribelle Thomas. It seemed as if the school would be well represented in the Society at first but as the term went on it became increasingly obvious that most of the members would be from the lower school. Consequently the meetings have been geared to their interests.

The Society meets on alternate Thursdays at lunch time, meetings varying from a folk-song session and a quiz about "Things Welsh" to a talk about the geography and history of the Principality. It is hoped to hold a debate on "Home rule for Wales" later in the year. At present we are in the throes of preparations for the Christmas party which is to be held on December 9th.

KATHRYN PHILLIPS, Upper VI Arts.

YOUNG FARMERS' CLUB

The Club drew a highly successful year to an end by being represented, during the summer holiday and after, in the County Federation's teams at some of the leading agricultural shows. Veronica Sandell formed part of the County Team at the United Counties Show and also represented the county in floral decoration at the Royal Dairy Show. Malcolm Lewis and Peter Sendell represented the county in stock-judging competitions at the Royal Welsh Show and also at the Royal Dairy Show.

The new club year began in September and at the annual general meeting new officials were elected. Mr. T. C. Roberts was unanimously re-elected as Club President, as were Mrs Bowskill, Mr. B. J. Davies and Mr H. Mackenzie into their position as Club Leaders. Malcolm Lewis and Wendy Donovan were re-elected into their previous year's posts of Chairman and Secretary, respectively. Donald Esmond became vice-chairman and Sheila Richardson treasurer. In order to distribute some of the secretary's work, a number of under-secretaries were appointed: Susan Huxtable as catering secretary, Veronica Sandell as press correspondent and David Ashley as a general under secretary. A committee of six was chosen, comprising Dinah Haggard, Margaret Waters, Philip Thomas, Irwel Bevan, John Harries and John Rudder. It was also decided that Veronica Sandell and Wendy Donovan should represent the club on the county federation's executive committee.

In competition this year we have so far reached the third round of the county Knock-out Quiz, having beaten South Pems Club in the first round and Tiers Cross in the second. We were represented at the Annual Public Speaking Competition with success recently, being placed eighth in the under 25 section and 5th in the under 21 section. Our representatives for the third section, the under 16's reading competition, Elaine Hughes and Paul Morgan, deserve special mention for winning first place so convincingly. Our over-all position in the competition was second.

The Club won the E. R. Phillips cup for the club enrolling the highest percentage of new members for the last club year. It is the first time that the Club has won this cup.

Several interesting club meetings have so far taken place including games and social evening, a debate and several film shows as well as an end of term dance. A programme of events is being planned for the rest of the year, and shortly preparations for the Club's entry for the County Drama Festival will be under way.

Members of the Club would like to thank the Club Leaders for their help in enabling them to achieve the successes they have had in the past year both in competition and in social activities.

WENDY DONOVAN, Upper VI Science.

SCHOOL GAMES

TENNIS 1965

The remainder of the tennis season, not able to be reported in the last issue of *Penvro*, was a very successful one and one of the features of it was the all-boys team which won so convincingly against a Fishguard team on June 19th. Ruth Morgan continued to play very well and won the County Open Women's Singles Championship at Haverfordwest on the 26th June, beating a much more seasoned opponent.

Tennis colours were awarded at the end of term to Patsy Anfield, Marilyn Thomas, Stuart White, Brian Rees and John Mathias.
Matches played:—

June 19th—v. Fishguard (boys' team) won 7 - 0 sets
June 25th—v. Carmarthen (Upper IVth girls) won
June 26th—v. Tenby won 15-11 sets

Teams were drawn from the following: Ruth Morgan, Patsy Anfield, Margaret Skone, Marilyn Thomas, Jane Sudbury, Helen Humber, Elaine Hughes, Christine Gutch, Stuart White, John Mathias, John Armitage and Brian Rees.

The results of the school tennis tournament gave the following people the 1965 titles:—

Senior Girls Singles Marilyn Thomas
Senior Boys Singles Martin Rickard
Senior Girls Doubles Avril Griffiths and Marilyn Thomas
Junior Girls Doubles Elaine Hughes and Helen Humber
Junior Boys Doubles Peter Canton and Alan Searle
Junior Mixed Doubles Peter Canton and Elaine Hughes

ROUNDERS

The First IX showed its talent and especially its strength by scoring 35 rounds with only 14 scored against them. The team should be congratulated on maintaining an unbeaten record throughout the season, even against the staff team. Colours were awarded to Rhiannon Bowen and Susan Pannell. The team was represented by Ann Griffiths, Ann Stephens, Valmai Edwards, Susan Huxtable, Susan Pannell, Margaret Barton (capt.), Rhiannon Bowen, Hazel Scourfield, Rachel Pannell, Janice Gamman, and Margaret Bondzio.

May 12th—v. Coronation (home) won 10½-1
May 15th—v. St. David's (away) won 8½-0
June 19th—v. Fishguard (away) drew 3½-3½
June 26th—v. Tenby (away) won 2½-1
July 3rd—v. Coronation (home) won 8½-7
July 13th—v. Staff won 1½-½

The Second IX had an average season with 5½ rounders for and the same number against, but everyone played well. It was represented by Christine Bellamy, Irene Higgs, Ann Griffiths (Form IV), Margaret Bondzio, Jane Bondon, Janice Gamman (capt.), Pauline James, Joan Handley, Susan Richards, Susan Richards (Form IV), Linda Panton, Margaret Davies and Cecelia Donovan.

May 12th—v. Coronation (home) lost 1 -2
May 15th—v. St. David's (away) won 2 -0
June 26th—v. Tenby (away) lost 1 -1½
July 3rd—v. Coronation (home) won 1½-½

The third year IX had a fair season, winning one match and losing two. The team was drawn from Helen Humber, Angela Powell, Margaret Davies, Roselyn Bleach, Irene Higgs, Rachel Pannell (capt.), Hazel Scourfield, Margaret Bondzio, Ann Griffiths, Susan Richards, Cecilia Donovan and Linda Panton.

May 11th—v. Tenby (home) lost 1 -11½
May 25th—v. Tenby (away) lost 3½- 9½
June 19th—v. Fishguard (away) won 5 - 2½

The second year team played two matches, both of which they lost but the girls representing the team are very keen and have benefited from the match experience they have gained this season. The team was represented by Ann Stephens, Angela Stephens, Priscilla Palmer, Sally Skone, Angela Gwyther, Judith Phillips, Pamela Parsons, Yvonne Evans and Pat Kenniford.

May 11th—v. Tenby (home) lost 0-10
May 25th—v. Tenby (away) lost 0-2½
(an improvement!)

The first year team lacks in experience but not in enthusiasm and played one match, against the Tenby "giant-killers," who beat them by $7\frac{1}{2}$ rounders to $2\frac{1}{2}$. Several of the team show great promise for the future. They were Jacqueline Davies, Sheila Kenniford, Janet Jenkins, Jennifer Hughes, Pamela Morgan, Karen Stevens, Doreen Stephens, Janet Davies and Lyn Boswell

ATHLETICS

There is little to report further to what was recorded in the last issue of the magazine, apart from an outstanding achievement of two IVth form girls, Janice Thomas and Margaret Davies. They both competed at the Junior Welsh Open Championships at Bargoed towards the end of term and entered for several field events. Janice won the Junior Women's Javelin title with a throw of 79ft. 3ins., an honour which has never before been gained by a member of the school, and Margaret threw a distance of 69ft. 8ins.

HOCKEY FIRST XI

| | | |
|--------------------------------------|------|-----|
| September 18th—Coronation (home) | won | 6-0 |
| October 2nd—Milford G.S. (away) | lost | 1-2 |
| October 9th—Pembroke Ladies (home) | won | 6-1 |
| October 16th—Milford C.S. (away) | lost | 0-1 |
| November 6th—Haverfordwest (away) | won | 5-0 |
| November 13th—Pembroke Ladies (home) | drew | 2-2 |
| November 18th—Tenby (away) | lost | 3-1 |

This year's hockey team has improved greatly in its team work which can be illustrated by the 23 goals scored for and the 7 goals conceded. The team consists of Margaret Jenkins, Janice Gamman, Susan Huxtable, Rhiannon Bowen, Margaret Barton (capt.), Veronica Sandell, Patsy Anfield, Ruth Morgan, Jane Sudbury, Margaret Bondzio and Valmai Edwards. Unfortunately, owing to this year's extremely poor weather conditions, several matches, including the Austin Cup, have had to be postponed or cancelled.

However, the team, known by their ardent fans as the 'Wasps,' have played 7 matches this term, 3 home and 4 away, of which they have won 3, lost 3 and drawn 1

On the 25th and 30th September the County Trials were held in Haverfordwest and finally Patsy Anfield was chosen to play for the 2nd XI and Valmai Edwards, Ruth Morgan and Margaret Barton for the 1st Pembrokeshire team.

HOCKEY SECOND XI

The second team has had a relatively successful season so far, having lost only one game. The following players formed the basis of the team—Prudence Pattison, Susan Richards, Joan Handley, Christine Gutch, Ann Stephens, Susan Richards, Judith Phillips, Melanie Phillips, Angela Stevens, Ann Griffiths, Elaine Hughes, Helen Humber, Linda Fanton, Rosalyn Bleach, Patricia Gibby.

| | | |
|----------------------------------------|------|-----|
| September 18th—v. Coronation | won | 7-0 |
| October 2nd—v. Milford G.S. | won | 2-0 |
| October 6th—v. Penvro Ladies | lost | 4-1 |
| October 16th—v. Central, Milford Haven | drew | 0-0 |
| October 21st—v. Tenby | drew | 1-1 |
| November 6th—v. Haverfordwest S.M. | won | 5-0 |

Several matches have had to be cancelled owing to the bad weather.

JUNIOR HOCKEY XI

There is a great deal of enthusiasm amongst the girls who have represented the Juniors this term and the following have played in one or more of the fixtures:—Pam Cawley, Jacqueline Davies, Sarah Griffiths, Jennifer Hughes, Susan James, Sheila Kenniford, Sylvia Jones, Madeline Jowett, Helen McNally, Judith Phillips, Pat Kenniford, Angela Stevens, Marilyn Jones, Pamela Morgan, Rosemary Kelleher, Gaynor Thomas, Frances Stewart and Marilyn Cole. Four matches have been played and we are glad we can report one win, at least. We firmly believe that practice makes perfect!

| | | |
|----------------------------------------|------|-----|
| October 2nd—Milford G.S. | lost | 9-0 |
| October 16th—v. Milford Central | lost | 7-1 |
| November 6th—Haverfordwest Sec. Modern | won | 6-0 |
| December 14th—v. Fishguard | lost | 1-2 |

NETBALL

The netball teams have had a very average season but have improved steadily throughout the term, so we are hoping for great victories next term. Linda Williams was elected captain of the First VII, Kathryn Phillips the vice-captain and Susan Collins the secretary. Other members of the team are Cecilia Donovan, Julia, Bannon, Margaret Channon, Corenne Jones, Rosemary Jenkins. We drew two matches, lost two and won one. We entered the county netball tournament but were handicapped by the absence of one of the team and so did not excel.

The second team played four games, winning one, losing two and drawing one. The team was chosen from Megan Arnold, Karen Mabe, Teresa Leyland, Priscilla Palmer, Irene Higgs, Lyn Boswell and Ruth Martin.

The third and fourth form teams also played a few games and did well. A report of their achievement will appear in the next issue of Penvro.

Our thanks go to Miss Dorothy Lewis and to all who represented the teams.

BADMINTON

The following officials were elected at the beginning of the term: Captain, Keith Griffiths; Vice-captain, Andrew Warlow; Secretary, Kathryn Phillips. The club is open only to members of Form VI and all those who participate in its activities enjoy them although it has been impossible to play at any time other than during the lunch hour as we cannot use the school gymnasium during the evening.

No matches have been played as yet but it is hoped to play one against the Staff before the end of term and, in future, to play other schools and local clubs.

FIRST CRICKET XI 1965

The following boys represented the first team. M. Brace (captain), D. Eastick (vice-captain), V. Jenkins (secretary), M. Rickard, D. Skone, R. Powell, G. Jones, H. Thomas, A. Warlow, D. Campbell, R. Wragg, R. Powell, G. Jones, H. Thomas, A. Warlow, D. Campbell, R. Wragg, R. Humber.

B. Penfold, V. Jenkins, D. Eastick and M. Brace played in the County Trials and M. Brace and D. Eastick were chosen as the Pembrokeshire Schools opening bowlers. Resulting from fine performances against Breconshire (Eastick 4 wickets for 7 runs, Brace 3 for 6), both boys received a Welsh trial. From the trial D. Eastick was selected for a Welsh Secondary Schools XI v. an M.C.C. XI at the Gnull, Neath.

Results:—

v. Coronation S.M. (away)—won by 50 runs
 v. Milford G.S. (home)—won by 3 wickets
 v. Britannia C.C. (away)—won by 22 runs

Bowen Summers Bowl, 1st Round—

v. Coronation S.M. (away)—won by 7 wickets
 v. Fishguard (home)—won by 5 wickets
 v. St. Davids (away)—won by 8 runs
 v. Parents XI—won by 5 wickets

Bowen Summers Bowl, Semi-Final—

v. Tenby (home)—lost by 4 wickets
 v. Staff—lost by 8 runs.

The team had a successful season with a winning run extending over seven matches. Few teams could master the devastating pace attack of Brace, Eastick, Hodge and Skone. The School batting was sound, the openers M. Rickard and V. Jenkins were outstanding and well supported by hard-hitting B. Penfold and middle order batsman P. Driscoll. The only disappointment came when the School team lost to Tenby in the semi-final of the Bowen Summers Bowl, despite a fine fighting 44 from M. Rickard. School cricket colours were awarded to V. Jenkins, M. Rickard, B. Penfold and P. Eastick.

AVERAGES

BATTING

| | Inns. | N.O. | Runs | Av. |
|-------------|-------|------|------|------|
| M. Rickard | 6 | 0 | 139 | 23.2 |
| P. Driscoll | 9 | 4 | 63 | 12.6 |
| D. Eastick | 6 | 2 | 46 | 11.3 |
| V. Jenkins | 9 | 0 | 100 | 11.1 |
| B. Penfold | 7 | 0 | 74 | 10.6 |

BOWLING

| | Overs | Wkts | Runs | Av. |
|------------|-------|------|------|-----|
| A. Hodge | 20 | 9 | 29 | 3.2 |
| D. Skone | 34 | 16 | 61 | 3.8 |
| D. Eastick | 80 | 27 | 130 | 4.8 |
| M. Brace | 62 | 17 | 169 | 9.9 |

FIELDING: R. Powell, 5 catches; P. Driscoll, 4 catches; V. Jenkins, M. Rickard, 2 catches.

JUNIOR CRICKET XI

Captain: B. Jones *Vice-Captain:* G. Jones *Secretary:* L. Nutting

This has been the most successful season for the Junior Team for some years. For the first time ever we have won the Junior Bowen Summers Bowl, beating Haverfordwest Grammar School in a very exciting final, although our top run scorer, W. Griffiths, could not play.

Out of 9 games played this season we have won them all by a creditable margin.

There has been some fine batting throughout the season, especially by W. Griffiths, 77 runs, B. Jones, 66 runs and G. Jones, 50 runs.

The best bowlers have been A. Hodge, 33 wickets for 159 runs; B. Jones, 12 wickets for 64 runs; B. Gwyther, 11 wickets for 73 runs.

Boys who have represented the team are: H. Davies, J. Jenkins, W. Griffiths, G. Jones, B. Jones, D. Williams, N. Canton, A. Hodge, B. Gwyther, R. Davies, K. Brady, A. Searle, L. Nutting, G. Nicholas and J. Power.

Results:—

June 26th—Defeated Narberth by 5 wickets.

July 3rd—Defeated Coronation S.M. by 1 over (22 overs).

July 5th—Defeated Haverfordwest S.M. by 6 wickets.

Final Bowen Summers Bowl—

July 9th—Defeated Haverfordwest G.S. by 4 wickets.

FIRST RUGBY XV

CHRISTMAS TERM—1965

Captain: B. E. Penfold *Vice-Captain:* J. R. Mathias

Secretary: P. D. Driscoll *Committee:* P. J. Carradice, B. R. Crawford.

The representatives of the first team are: N. Canton, E. L. Smith, A. W. Hodge, A. S. Hyde, M. T. Brace, W. C. Griffiths, J. R. Mathias, H. W. Thomas, G. W. Jones, B. E. Penfold, H. A. Emmet, H. W. Robinson, K. H. Deveson, B. R. Crawford, B. E. Hall, P. D. Driscoll, R. W. Wragg, P. J. Carradice, D. D. Eastick, F. C. Penfold, R. Milne.

Results:—

| | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|------|-------|
| September 11th—Pem. Dock Quins (h) | won | 12-11 |
| September 18th—Tenby (h) | won | 14-0 |
| September 25th—Fishguard (h) | won | 24-0 |
| October 16th—St. Davids (h) | won | 48-3 |
| October 21st—Milford G.S. (a) | won | 17-8 |
| November 6th—Haverfordwest G.S. (a) | lost | 3-11 |
| November 13th—Gwendraeth G.S. (a) | won | 8-3 |
| November 20th—Preseli (a) | lost | 3-11 |
| December 4th—Cardigan (a) | won | 3-0 |
| Played 9, won 7, lost 2. Points for 132, points against 47. | | |

The team started off the season in brilliant fashion and settled down to play good rugby. The backs once again were the strongest points of the team and their fast running brought many tries. The forwards this year are a cut above average and could provide a few budding boxing champions. B. E. Penfold and J. R. Mathias play regularly for the county and P. Carradice has been a reserve. On the away trips the standard of singing has been excellent and range from folk music to the 'Happy' Emmet rendering of 'Hello Dolly.' The team is looking forward to the Kilburn trip and to a very enjoyable remainder of the season.

The Old Boys team that played the School XV at the end of term were Barry Stubbs, John Nash, Brian Owen David Charlott, Stuart Lewis, Martin Rickard, Gwyn Jones, Guy Thomas, Brinley Brown, Roger Baker, John Campodonic, Lloyd Coles, Ray Willington, Philip Lain and Gwyn John.

SECOND RUGBY XV

Results to date:—

| | | |
|---------------------|------|------|
| Coronation (a) | won | 8-6 |
| Coronation (h) | lost | 3-6 |
| St. David's (h) | won | 38-0 |
| Milford G.S. (a) | won | 11-0 |
| Gwendraeth G.S. (a) | lost | 5-17 |

Summary: Played 5, won 3, lost 2. Points for 65, points against 29.

Committee: Captain, Roland Humber, Vice-Captain, Michael Brace, Secretary, David Campbell, Committee, John Jenkins, Alan Hyde.

The team consisted of: N. Canton, L. Smith, B. Jones, B. Evans, H. Thomas, A. Hyde, K. Griffiths, M. Brace, D. Williams, L. Nutting, T. Jenkins, H. Emmet, T. Clark, G. Nicholas, R. Humber, R. Powell, D. Merriman, P. Sendell, D. Eastick, R. Henson, R. Wragg, H. Robinson, R. Milne.

The games versus Coronation S.S. have been the most evenly fought, while against a weakened St. David's and against Milford Haven G.S. the back division showed determination and a great flair for the decisive break. The team was doomed to defeat against Gwendraeth but it gained an unusual consolation try when a sliced cross-kick hit an upright and rebounded to our hooker who, being D. Eastick, promptly scored.

The leading try scorer is R. C. Powell with five followed by strong-running centre A. Hyde with four, other scorers being K. Griffiths, H. Thomas, D. Eastick, M. Brace and L. Nutting. M. Brace and B. Jones have supplied many points with the boot.

JUNIOR RUGBY XV

The Junior Rugby team has had an average season to date, losing only four matches by very narrow margins. Perhaps it would have been possible for us to win these four matches if the team had not been depleted by the demands of county matches. Four of our players: A. Searle, E. Ball, C. Barker and D. Rourke have represented the County XV.

The team has consisted of: A. Searle (capt.), D. Rourke (vice-captain), E. Ball (sec.), J. Reynolds, J. Jones, J. Spurr, R. Jeffreys, N. Phillips, H. Davies, R. Main, P. Morgan, M. Davis, R. Brown, R. Davies, A. Stephens, S. John, K. Harries, B. James, M. Mathias, D. Reynolds, K. Brady.

Results:—

| | | |
|------------------------|------|------|
| v. Tenby (h) | lost | 13-5 |
| v. Haverfordwest (h) | lost | 6-3 |
| v. Milford Central (a) | won | 27-0 |
| v. Haverfordwest (a) | won | 17-8 |
| v. Preseli (a) | lost | 12-0 |
| v. Coronation (a) | lost | 3-0 |
| v. Cardigan (a) | draw | 0-0 |
| v. 2nd XV | won | 3-0 |

UNDER 13's RUGBY XV

The team have been playing quite well this season. In some cases the reserves have had to play because of the unfortunate absences of first-team players. In one game a 2nd Form boy had to play prop because Stephen Badham was absent. The team have played 7 games. Results are 4 drawn, 1 won, and 2 lost, but I hope it will be better next season. The team is as follows: John Asparassa (captain), Philip Brown (vice-captain), Robert John (secretary), Peter Smith, Malcolm Cole, Kenneth Phelps, John Stephens, Robin Campbell, Peter Thompson, Martin John, Richard Brawn, Steven Griffiths, Philip Marsden, Keith Johnson, Stephen Badham.

Reserves: David Sheehan, Derek Ambrose, Mark Grey, Stewart Longhurst.

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

We feel sure that many Old Pupils will be interested to read of a ceremony which took place at the Park Hotel, Cardiff, recently. The occasion was a reception given by the Guild for the Promotion of Welsh Music to celebrate the opening of an international violin competition which the Guild is sponsoring. The main test piece of the competition is a three-movement concerto composed by Dr. David Harries (1944-50). David had invited

to the reception Mr. Sidney A. Evans, B.Sc., who successfully taught him for the Ordinary and Advanced Level Examinations in Music, and who continued to help him during his first year at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, which he entered from school in 1950 after winning an open music exhibition. Now a lecturer in Music at Aberystwyth, David is considered one of Wales's leading composers. He showed his appreciation of Mr. Evans's help and guidance by presenting him with the autographed score of his new violin concerto.

Mr. Sidney Evans taught Music and Science at the School for well over thirty years. Since his retirement in 1957 he has kept up a keen interest in the school, and rarely fails to attend its functions. He acts as judge at the Athletic Sports and as adjudicator for the preliminary music competitions at the Eisteddfod. At Christmas parties he is always willing to play for those well-known items 'The Policeman's Holiday' and 'The Grand Old Duke of York.'

David Harries's A-level pass in Music was one of the first, if not the first, by a pupil of this school, to which his subsequent career has brought distinction and credit. His gesture at Cardiff was a great tribute to Mr. Evans and an encouragement to all teachers at the School who may sometimes feel, with reason, that their efforts for their pupils are not always sufficiently appreciated.

As a result of reorganisation plans for secondary education adopted recently by the Local Education Authority it is virtually certain that Pembroke Grammar School will lose its name and present form before some of the present pupils have completed their school career. No doubt there will be many Old Pupils who will regret this change. We would ask them, if their recollection of school French is good enough, to think of the French saying, 'Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.' The School has successfully survived several changes of name already, from 'Intermediate' through 'County' to 'Grammar,' and we are confident that under the name 'Comprehensive' it will remain what it has been for the past seventy years—the centre of enlightened and successful secondary education in the Pembroke area.

NEWS OF OLD PUPILS

Geoffrey Bettison (1951-58), who since gaining the Diploma in Architecture at the Welsh School of Architecture in 1963 has been on the staff of Sir Basil Spence in Edinburgh, passed his professional practice examination at Cardiff in November and is now an Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects. We wonder whether Geoffrey is the first Old Pupil to gain this degree.

Daphne Bush (1956-62), whose home is now in Abergavenny, is working as a demonstrator for Kenwoods, the electrical products firm, at Evesham. Kenneth Carr, B.Sc. (1937-43) was appointed headmaster of the Adams Grammar School, Wem, Shropshire, last October. For some years Ken has been Deputy Headmaster of Spalding Grammar School, Lincs. We congratulate him and wish him every success in his first headship.

Geoffrey Cook (1955-58), now resident in Birmingham, plays for the Old Boys' cricket team of King Edwards Grammar School, where Mr. R. G. Mathias is now headmaster. At the annual club dinner Geoffrey was presented with a cup as the most promising young cricketer in the club.

Nesta Dew (1924-31) was appointed an Inspector of Schools under the Cardiff Education Authority last May. Nesta is a very experienced teacher and well deserves this promotion.

George Dickman (1957-62) is a widely-travelled Old Pupil. George, who qualified as a teacher of handicraft last June, spent the summer vacation working his way through Canada and the United States into Mexico. A few years ago when George was a member of the Public

- Schools Exploration Society, he visited the Northernmost area of Norway, inside the Arctic Circle
- Eric Griffiths (1924-26) left his post as head of the music department at Tiffins Grammar School, Kingston-on-Thames last July to become music adviser to the London boroughs of Richmond, Ealing and Hounslow.
- David Horn (1948-56), whose design for a sculpture for the Cwmbran shopping centre won him a £1,000 prize last year, was present in September at its unveiling by Mr. Leo Abse, M.P. for Pontypool. Its reception by the citizens of Cwmbran was mixed, but there is no doubt that it aroused great interest. Unfortunately, some of its critics resorted to vandalism and in December three young men were fined at Cwmbran Magistrates' Court for causing malicious damage to the sculpture. David is now teaching at St. Martin's School of Art, the Leicester School of Art and Hammersmith School of Art
- Graham John (1954-61), who was for three years an articled surveyor with the Haverfordwest R.D.C., left in August to take up an appointment with Messrs. Alex Gordon and Partners, of Cardiff, the well-known architects and planning consultants.
- Christopher Law (1950-57) is one of twenty teachers from Europe selected to spend eighteen months in the U.S.A. studying American civilisation. He leaves this month (January 1966) and will spend three months at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio. From March to August he will gain practical experience, first on the staff of a social service centre and afterwards at a school camp. From September 1966 to June 1967 he will be given a full-time post in a public or private school. Christopher has been teaching for five years at Maidenhead, where he is the chairman of the local drama group.
- Betti Randell (née Evans, 1953-58) now lives in Boulder, Colorado, and recently obtained a Master's Degree in Education at the University of Massachusetts. Betti took her initial degree some years ago at Bristol University.
- John Waller (1955-62) was awarded the Higher National Diploma in Electrical Engineering last July.
- We congratulate Mrs. Joyce Watson, S.R.N. (née Willoughby) on being awarded the G.S.M. for services in Aden during the fighting in the Radfan area. Prior to her marriage Joyce was a Flying Officer in the R.A.F. Nursing Service.
- William Smith (1944-51) writes to say that he has recently taken up a new post as Head of the Department of Commerce and General Studies at Derby College of Technology, which has about 5,000 students. For some years William has been Head of the Department of General Studies at Hull College of Technology.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagement :

- 6 August: Patricia Mathews (1955-62) to David Robert Causton, M.Sc., of London.
- 24 September: Sandra Gorton (1957-63) to Derek William Watts, of Cosheston.
- 19 November: John Campodonic (1956-61) to Patricia Moor (1957-64).
- 17 December: Brian Rees (1958-65) to Sheila White (1958-63).
- 6 January: David Hay (1956-63) to Jacqueline Hamel, of Luton.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage :

- 3 July, at Lamphey, Jennifer Gordon (1949-57) to David Bispham, of London.
- 19 June, at Levenshulme, Manchester, Trevor Jones (1955-62) to Gwynedd Wright, of Levenshulme.
- 3 July, at Pembroke, Anthony Haggart (1956-61) to Susan Saunders (1956-62).

- 10 July, at Pembroke Dock, Marilyn Brown (1955-59) to Roy Drummond, of Pembroke Dock.
- 10 July, at Pembroke, Joyce Simlett (1954-61) to Brian Moss, of Stockport.
- 31 July, at Pembroke, William Kavanagh (1955-63) to Margaret Ivy Phillips (1954-62).
- 31 July, in London, Judith Bunney (née Travers, 1948-50) to Peter Nicholls, of London.
- 31 July, at Leicester, Daniel Kenneth Thomas (1952-59) to Avis Margaret Rombulow-Pearse, of Steeple Langford, Wilts.
- 6 August, at Pembroke, John Haggart (1954-58) to Jacqueline Cobb, of Trecwn.
- 7 August, at Pembroke Dock, Patricia Dooley (1950-53) to Raymond Phillips, of Worthing.
- 7 August, at Pembroke Dock, Sally Jones (1956-62) to David A. Phillips, of Manorbier Newton.
- 7 August, at Pembroke, Jane Evans (1954-61) to Frank Paul Weeks, of Castle Bromwich, Warwicks.
- 7 August, at Llanishen, Cardiff, Kenneth MacGarvie (1948-57), to Kathryn Lloyd, of Cardiff.
- August, in Cardiff, Dennis Pascoe (1948-55) to Susan Grigsby, of Cardiff.
- 14 August, at Pembroke Dock, Hazel Golding (1956-61) to W. Johns, of Cosheston.
- 14 August, at Pembroke Dock, Elaine Stewart (1954-60) to Lieut. Brian Swift, R.N., of Pontefract, Yorks.
- August, at Reading, Sandra Lovelick (1948-56) to Ronald Albert Williams, of Reading.
- 28 August, at Carew, Janice Nicholas (1955-59) to Thomas Rowland Edwards, of Llandeloy.
- 28 August, in London, Tom Breese (1954-63) to Suzanne Harris, of Oakwood, London.
- 4 September, at Pembroke Dock, Margaret R. John (1956-62) to Barry Pullin, of Bristol.
- 18 September, at Monkton, David Ebsworth (1954-61) to Patricia E. M. Evans, of Pembroke.
- 25 September, at Pembroke, Sandra Bradshaw (1956-61) to Roger Sweeney, of Neyland.
- September, at Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, Engineer Officer Elfryn Evans, M.N. (1951-55) to Shirley Graham, of Hawkes Bay.
- 2 October, at Bethesda, Caerns., John K. Phillips (1951-57) to Margaret McCarter, of Bethesda.
- 23 October, at Lamphey, Suzanne King (1955-62) to John W. Bevan, B.Sc., of Cigerran.
- 23 October, at Pembroke Dock, Desmond Roch, B.Sc. (1939-1945) to June Evans of Pembroke Dock.
- 30 October, at Pembroke, Sandra Stevens (1954-60) to Raymond Briskham, of Llangynidr, Brecon
- 23 October, at Woburn Sands, Bucks., John Gough (1951-59) to Jillian Clarke, of Woburn Sands.
- 30 October, at Hereford, David Mathias (1946-50) to Janet Gwynne, of Hereford.
- 30 October, at Farnborough, Hants, Gwyneth James (1952-59) to Clifford Jackson, of Farnborough.
- 6 November, at Pembroke Dock, F/O John Roblin, R.A.F. (1952-58) to Margaret Arnott, of Leeds.
- 13 November, at Monkton, Rosemary Simlett (1957-63) to Robert V. Barker, of Pembroke
- 27 November, at Pembroke Dock, Tom Paine (1955-57) to Ann Hall (1955-61).
- 27 November, at Cosheston, Joan Kenniford (1960-64) to William Lynn Mackeen, of Pembroke Dock.

- 27 November, at Lamphey, David Esmond (1954-60) to Barbara Bowen (1959-63).
- 26 November, at Pembroke, Patricia Mathews (1955-62) to Robert Causton, M.Sc., of London
- 18 December, at Pembroke Dock, Maureen Emmet (1957-63) to Griffith Barrett, of Forthcawl.
- 18 December, at Stackpole, Lesley Phillips (1956-61) to Keith Owen John, of Maidenwells.
- 23 December, at Swindon, Yvonne Richards, B.A. (1950-57) to Malcolm Bowring, B.Sc., of Wroughton, Wilts.
- 28 December, at Pembroke Dock, Patricia Jones, B.A. (1954-61) to Geoffrey Rowley, B.Pharm., of Manchester.
- 1 January, 1966, at Warren, Wendy Gough (1954-59) to David Bullen, of London.
- 1 January, 1966, at Pembroke Dock, Margaret James (1955-61) to Roy Kenniford, of Cosheston.

We are pleased to record the following births:—

- 21 July, to Patricia (née John 1954-59), wife of Brinley Edwards, a son.
- 26 September, to Joan (née Thomas 1951-58) wife of Neville Stase, a son.
- 5 December, to Christine (née Macken, 1953-60), wife of Peter Sudbury, a son, Charles Phillip Anthony.
- 22 December, to Barbara (née Ollin 1952-56), wife of Len Ambrose, a son, William.

L A I N ' S

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