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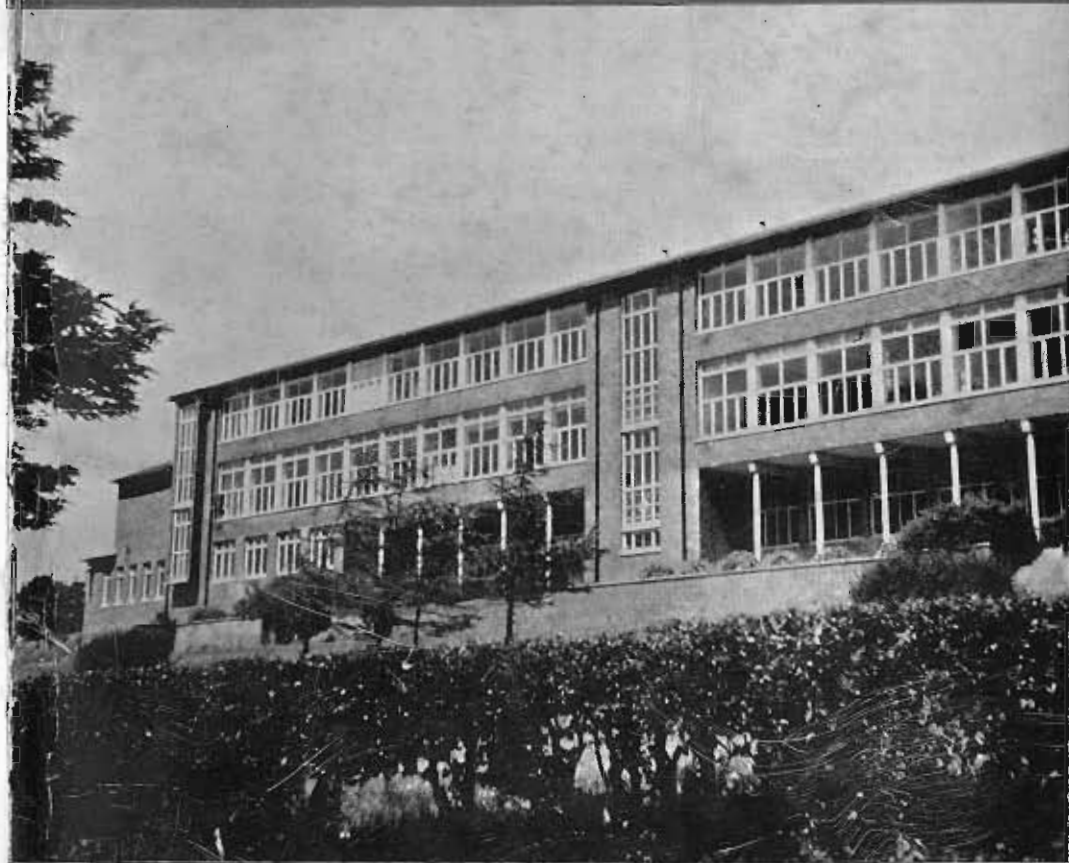
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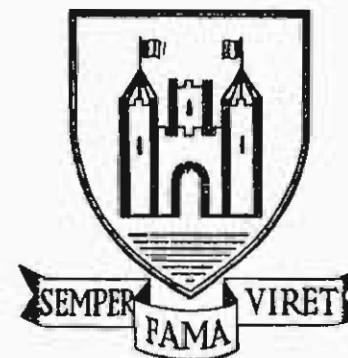
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THE PENVRO

No. 140

SUMMER

1966

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Editorial

As the summer term draws to a close, we have much ahead of us still—school examinations, the fête and, grand finale, Prize Day, at which the guest speaker will be Dr. Roger Webster, Director of the Welsh Committee of the Arts Council of Great Britain. Behind us lie great efforts in the Eisteddfod, House Drama Competition and Inter-House Sports, of which you may read elsewhere in the magazine.

We have had visits from several former members of staff. In the Easter term Mr. Jack Thomas came, booted and spurred, in charge of a Field Study group from his present school; later in the same week came Mr. Islwyn Griffiths to see what we'd been getting up to since his departure for Caerleon. This term we were delighted to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Hewish, on holiday from the Lake District, and Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, taking a rest from their present task of being house parents at a Dr. Barnardo's home for boys who have left school.

As usual we have to say farewell to some members of staff in July. Mr. Shaw will be leaving us for Cannock, where he will be in charge of the Scripture department. We have no doubt that he will also have his eye on the School Dramatics Society! His interest and unflagging energy in this aspect of school life has been greatly appreciated during his stay here. We have seen some gems of amateur acting as a result of his skill and enthusiasm, and he will be much missed.

We shall be sorry too, to see Mrs. Bowskill leaving us, but at least she will still be living in the district and we shall hope to see her now and again, if only to adjudicate Eisteddfod entries! She has been of invaluable help as a leader of the Young Farmers' Club and they, particularly, will miss her. Mrs. Bowskill's post will be filled next term by Mrs. Robinson, who is no stranger either to the locality or to Pembroke Grammar School.

Our thanks for stepping into the breach in the German department for the last two terms go to Dr. McCourt. To take over in the middle of the academic year can have been no easy task, and we hope that Dr. McCourt has enjoyed her stay with us, short as it has been. We shall also be losing Fraülein Vollmer and Mlle. Boisanfray, who return to their respective countries after their year with us. We have enjoyed their company, their help in language studies and their musical skill, and, knowing them both to be inveterate travellers, we shall hope to see them again some day. Next term Mr. A. B. Griffiths will be in charge of the German department and Mrs. H. L. S. Greig will be teaching German and English.

Another facet of school life must have mention before we close—the new system of serving school meals. We congratulate the powers-that-be on their enlightenment and rejoice in the present freedom of choice, albeit limited, as a promise of even greater things to come. To quote an unnamed member of the junior school—"We'll be having chips and ice-cream next!"

The Eisteddfod, 1966

The school Eisteddfod proved once again to be one of the highlights of the Spring term, in spite of the rival attraction of examinations for the whole school a few weeks beforehand. Considering everything, the standard of competition was high and the number and quality of written entries surprisingly good. Once again it was obvious to all but the minority that the most important function of the Eisteddfod is to give pupils the opportunity to show their talents in a wide variety of events, from solo-singing to tractor-reversing, guitar-playing or stamp-collecting—the list is seemingly endless.

For the fifth consecutive year Glyndwr came first but this time they were given a good run for their money by Picton, who were beaten into second place by only forty points. We shall not soon forget the effort put in by certain Picton Senior boys to snatch victory and there were several Doubting Thomases shaking their heads sadly in the Glyndwr ranks just before the final result was announced.

For the first time this year a cup for Public Speaking was presented. This was given by Mr. Gordon Parry, the adjudicator for this event and an Old Boy, in memory of his father, the Rev. T. L. Parry, a former governor of the school. The cup will be competed for each year at the Eisteddfod and a replica will be given to the winner on each occasion to remind him of his achievement. This year's successful orator was John Davies, whose barnstorming enthusiasm was well in the Welsh Fabian tradition and carried his audience along on its tide.

As usual our grateful thanks are due to the many adjudicators who helped to make the day a success. It was a pleasure, too, to see Mr. Sidney Evan present the Sudbury Shield to Glyndwr House Captains at the end of the proceedings.

Results

Music.—Junior piano solo: Ayre in D minor (Purcell) or Hornpipe in E minor (Purcell): 1st, Janet Davies (H); 2nd, Margaret Davies (P); 3rd, Eric Scourfield (H). Junior Boys' solo—The Wild Rose (Schubert): 1st, Christopher Mends (T); 2nd, Philip Marsden (G); 3rd, Philip Howell (H). Junior Girls' solo—The Little Sandman (Brahms): 1st, Margaret Davies (P); 2nd, Sylvia Pemberton (T); 3rd, Christine Main (T). Junior violin solo—Alla Minuette (Adam Carse) or Yokel's Dance (Markham Lee): 1st (tie), Margaret Davies (P) and Ian Cooper (H). Junior Welsh solo—Y Deryn Pur (Trad.): 1st, Margaret Davies (P); 2nd, Janet Davies (H); 3rd, Ann Bowen (H). Senior piano solo—Mazurka Op. 7 No. 2 (Chopin) or Waltz Op. 69 No. 1 (Chopin): 1st, Charles Watson (P); 2nd, Margarate Waters (G); 3rd, Caroline Hughes (G). Senior Girls' solo—Be Thou With Me (Bach) or Angels Ever Bright and Fair (Handel) or a Welsh solo of own choice: 1st, Ruth Morgan (H); 2nd, Maribelle Thomas (T); 3rd, Margaret Richards (G). Senior Boys' solo—Down by the Riverside (Moeran) or Blow, Blow thou Winter Wind (Arne): 1st, Robert Main (T); 2nd, Malcolm Lewis (G); 3rd, Clive Morgan (P). Senior Girls' duet—I Know a Bank (Martin Shaw): 1st, Sheila Richardson and Margaret Davies (P); 2nd, Ruth Morgan and Patsy Anfield (H); 3rd, Theresa Leyland and Margaret Bondzio (H). Instrumental competition (own choice of instrument and music): 1st, Sarah Monico and Caroline Hughes (G); 2nd, Peter Hordley and Barry Morgans (P); 3rd, Michael Davies and Peter Badham (P). Choir—It was a Lover and his Lass (Roger Quilter): 1st, Picton; 2nd, Tudor; 3rd, Glyndwr. (Adjudicators—Gethin Jones, S. A. Evans.)

Folk dancing—Varsoviene (Swedish): 1st, Glyndwr; 2nd, Picton; 3rd, Hywel. (Adjudicator—Mrs. S. Neil.)

Original verse.—Form II—The Seasons: 1st, Janet Davies (H); 2nd, Susan Penfold (T); 3rd, Susan Catlin (P). Form III—Guy Fawkes' Night: 1st, Timothy Hordley (P); 2nd, Philip Marsden (G); 3rd, Sheila Kenniford (C). Form IV—Ships—1st, Vivien Lain (T); 2nd, Carol Waite (P); 3rd (equal), Priscilla Palmer (P) and Diana Byers (H). Form Upper IV—Remember: Ronald Lewis (G), Cecilia Donovan (H) and Margaret Channon (P) (all equal). Form V—Music at Night: 1st, Kay Scourfield (P); 2nd, Angela Smith (G); 3rd, Janet Statter (P). Form VI—Open: 1st, Helen Hanschell (P); 2nd (joint), Susan Collins (T) and Kathryn Phillips (T). (Adjudicator—Mrs. Nora Davies.)

Short story.—Junior—The Turn of the Tide: 1st (equal), Roland Perkins (G) and Susan Catlin (P); 3rd, Karen Mabe (P). Senior—Open: 1st, Clive Morgan (P); 2nd, Ieuan Harries (P); 3rd, Kevin Brady (H). (Adjudicators—Miss Morwyth Rees, Mrs. Sarah Thomas.)

Poetry speaking.—Junior Girls—The Coast of Coromandel (Osbert Sitwell): 1st, Karina Russell (G); 2nd, Vivien Lain (T); 3rd, Pamela Hayes (P). Junior Boys—Lines from "The Congo" (Vachel Lindsay): 1st, Robin Campbell (G); 2nd, Philip Marsden (G); 3rd, Selwyn Skone (T). Senior Girls—After a Journey (Thomas Hardy): 1st, Rosemary Jenkins (T); 2nd, Susan Collins (T); 3rd, Elaine Hughes (G). Senior Boys—Welsh Incident (Robert Graves): 1st Kenneth Deveson (P); 2nd, Derek Skone (P). (Adjudicator—Aubrey Phillips.)

Welsh poetry speaking—Clychau Cantre'r Gwaelod (John James Williams): 1st, Angela Bowen (H); 2nd, Janet Davies (H); 3rd, Katrina Russell (G). (Adjudicator—Rev. W. J. Morris.)

Essay.—Form II—My Family First Thing in the Morning: 1st, Sheila Duignan (H); 2nd, Susan Catlin (P); 3rd, Caroline Reader (H). Form III—Dangerous Occupations: 1st, Timothy Hordley (P); 2nd, Peter Smith (T); 3rd, Stephen Freeman (H). Form IV—My Favourite Stretch of Scenery: 1st, Roland Perkins (G); 2nd (all equal), Ann Monico (G), Vivien Lain (T) and Eric Scourfield (H). Form Upper IV—If I could edit a newspaper, what it would be like: 1st, David Reynolds (H); 2nd, Elaine Hughes (G); 3rd, Cecilia Donovan (H). Form V—The Good and Bad in Modern Entertainment: 1st, B. Bowen (T); 2nd, Julia Bannon (H); 3rd, Janet Statter (P). Form VI—"An honest God's the noblest work of Man," comment on this statement by Samuel Butler: 1st, Helen Hanschell (P); 2nd, John Davies (T); 3rd, Margaret Richards (G). (Adjudicators—Miss A. R. Lewis Davies, Miss E. Hinchcliffe, Mrs. R. C. Davies, Miss E. Young, T. K. Griffiths, Wynford Davies.)

Prepared speech—"You'll never have a quiet world until you knock the patriotism out of the human race": 1st, John Davies (T); 2nd, Sarah Monico (G); 3rd, Veronica Sandell. (Adjudicator—Gordon Parry.)

Verse translation. French.—Junior—Le Grands-Parents (Edouard Plouvier): 1st, Timothy Hordley (P); 2nd, Jane O'Byrne (T); 3rd, Pamela Cawley (G). Senior—L'Heure du Berger (Paul Verlaine): 1st, Margaret Richards (G); 2nd, Margaret Rogers (T); 3rd, Joan Green (T). Welsh.—Junior—Wil (I. D. Hooson): 1st, Petra Sutton (T); 2nd, Ailso Davies (H); 3rd, Janet Davies (H). Senior—Y Sipsiwn (Elifion Wyn): 1st, Margaret Richards (G); 2nd, David Campbell (C); 3rd, Pamela Jenkins (H). Spanish: 1st, Sarah Monico; 2nd, Helen Hanschell (P); 3rd, Joan Green (T). German. Junior—Gefenden: 1st, Selwyn Skone (T); 2nd, Geoffrey Wilson (T); 3rd, Linda James (G). Senior—Sacliche Romanze (Erich Kastner): 1st, Raydene Bateman (G); 2nd, Sarah Monico (G); 3rd, Margaret Richards (G). (Adjudicators—Miss E. Young, Islwyn Griffiths, R. G. Roberts, R. Metcalf.)

Floral arrangement.—A floral arrangement illustrating a book title: 1st, Veronica Sandell (H); 2nd, Sally-Ann Rees (G); 3rd, Vivien Lain (T). (Adjudicator—Mrs. M. Mathias.)

Needlework.—Form II—A simple cotton skirt: 1st, Susan Lee (P); 2nd, Dorothy Hay (P); 3rd, Bronwen Merriman (P). Form III—Pinafore dress: 1st, Kathleen Davies (P); 2nd, Sheila Kenniford (G); 3rd, Wendy Street (P). Form IV—Beach wear: 1st, Vivien Lain (T); 2nd, Pamela Hayes (P). Form Upper IV—Cotton dress: 1st, Irene Higgs (G); 2nd, Anne Turvey (P); 3rd, Jennifer Rickets (G). Form V—Housecoat: 1st, Corenne Jones (H). Form VI—Simple skirt in woollen material: 1st, Rosemary Jenkins (T); 2nd, Helen Butters (H); 3rd, Susan Evans (H). (Adjudicator—Miss A. Murphy.)

Embroidery—Traycloth in drawn thread work: 1st, Vivien Lain (T); 2nd, Pamela Hayes (P). (Adjudicator—Miss A. Murphy.)

Lampshade: 1st, Pamela Hayes (P); 2nd, Meyrick Rowlands (G); 3rd, Judith Phillips (P). (Adjudicator—Miss A. Murphy.)

Feltwork—Knitting bag: 1st, Sheelagh Kelly (G); 2nd, Veronica Sandell (H); 3rd, Vivien Lain (T). (Adjudicator—Miss A. Murphy.)

Knitting.—Form II—Mittens: 1st, Heather Harries (H); 2nd, Shirley Lewis (T); 3rd, Linda Palmer (P). Form III—Sleeveless jumper: 1st, Christine Jordan (T); 2nd, Angela Picton (P); 3rd, Jeanette Hopkins (P). Form IV—Outer garment for a baby: 1st, Angela Gwyther (G); 2nd, Pamela Hayes (P); 3rd, Karen Mabe (P). Form Upper IV—Bobby socks: 1st, Megan Arnold (P). Forms V and VI—Jumper in double knitting: 1st, Veronica Sandell (H); 2nd, Patricia Howells (G); 3rd, Margaret Richards (G). (Adjudicator—Miss A. Murphy.)

Cookery.—Form II—Rock cakes: 1st, Philip Howell (H); 2nd, Trevor Fish (P); 3rd, Alyson Rowlands (G). Form III—Maids of honour: 1st, Joan Davies; 2nd, Stewart Longhurst (P); 3rd, Janet Lovering (P). Form IV—Victoria sandwich: 1st, Marilyn Cole (H); 2nd, Angela Stevens (G); 3rd, Priscilla Palmer (P). Form Upper IV—Chelsea buns: 1st, Carolyn Attfield (T); 2nd, Michael Davies (P); 3rd, Geoffrey Albury (T). Form V—Jam buns: 1st, Susan Richards (T); 2nd, Imelda James (H); 3rd, Jane Sudbury (T). Form VI—Home-made sweets: 1st, Lyn Smith (T); 2nd, Helen Butters (H); 3rd, Patricia Gibby (G). (Adjudicators—Mrs. M. Seager, Mrs. H. M. Robinson.)

Stamp collecting.—Junior—A collection of stamps of the United Kingdom: 1st, Timothy Hordley (P); 2nd, Gwyn Campbell (G); 3rd (equal), Robin Campbell (G) and Simon Rogers (P). Senior—Overprinted stamps: 1st, Margaret Richards (G); 2nd, David Campbell (G); 3rd, Ieuan Harries (P). (Adjudicator—J. H. A. Macken.)

Photography.—Novice—Four contact prints: 1st, Alyson Rowlands (G). Junior—Two enlargements not exceeding postcard size: 1st, Pamela Hayes (P); 2nd, Timothy Hordley (P); 3rd, Eric Dade (P). Senior—Four enlargements not exceeding postcard size: 1st, Hugh Emmet (P); 2nd, Gareth Saunders (G); 3rd, Roland Humber (T). Open—One enlargement above postcard size: 1st, Bruce Penfold (T); 2nd, Timothy Hordley (P); 3rd, Roland Humber (T). (Adjudicator—Angus Athoe.)

Geography.—Form II—World products: 1st, Neil Rule (H); 2nd, Linda Davies (T); 3rd, Greig Heady (G). Form III—Australian products: 1st, Timothy Hordley (P); 2nd, Peter Herbert (H); 3rd, Jane O'Byrne (T). Form IV—Relief model of Castlemartin: 1st, Ann Monico (G); 2nd, Gwyn Campbell (G); 3rd, George Thomes (G). Forms Upper IV and V—Map of Milford Haven: 1st, David Reynolds (H); 2nd, Brian Hall (G); 3rd, David Cooper (H). Form VI—Essay: 1st, Marbaret Vernon (H); 2nd, Malcolm Cawley (G); 3rd, Peter Watts (T). (Adjudicator—D. M. Evans.)

Nature study.—Forms II and III—Birds' beaks: 1st, Timothy Hordley (P); 2nd, Angela Bowen (H); 3rd, Janet Davies (H). Forms IV, Upper IV and V—Natural flora and fauna: 1st, David Reynolds (H); 2nd, Raydene

Bateman (G); 3rd, Vivien Lain (T). Form VI—Ecology of a pond: 1st, Helen Butters (H); 2nd, Christine Bellamy (P); 3rd, Clive Morgan (P). (Adjudicator—Miss Morwyth Rees.)

Art.—Form II—Painting, "The Snake Charmer": 1st, Bernard Lewis (H); 2nd, Janice Doran (G); 3rd, Grahame Warburton (H). Form III—Paper mosaic, "The Clown": 1st, Timothy Hordley (P); 2nd, K. Johnson (G); 3rd, Ian Cooper (H). Forms IV to V: 1st, David Reynolds (H); 2nd, Alan Stephens (P); 3rd, Margaret Bondzio (H). Form VI—"Space Project": 1st, Katherine Campbell (P); 2nd, John Davies (T); 3rd, Carola Bowne (G). Junior, Open—Mask: 1st, Colin Sylvester (T); 2nd, Philip Brown (G); 3rd, Robin Campbell (G). Senior, Open—A "mobile": 1st, Katherine Campbell (P); 2nd, David Reynolds (H); 3rd, Sheelagh Kelly (G). (Adjudicator—J. Carradice.)

Agriculture.—Dairy stock judging—Junior: 1st, Alan Turner (H); 2nd, Paul Morgan (P); 3rd, John Gittins (G). Senior: 1st, Malcolm Lewis (G); 2nd, David Ashley (T); 3rd, Peter Sendell (P) and Dick Pepper (G). Machine milking—Junior: 1st, Gerald James (H); 2nd, Paul Morgan (P); 3rd, David Havard (P). Senior: 1st, Malcolm Lewis (G); 2nd, Peter Sendell (P); 3rd, Mark Gradon (G). Machinery identification—Junior: 1st, R. Evans (P); 2nd, Paul Morgan (P) and A. Turner (H). Senior: 1st, Mark Gradon (G); 2nd, J. Bowman (H) and I. Bevan (T). Tractor reversing—Junior: 1st, David Gittins (G); 2nd, G. Grantham (H); and D. Havard (P). Senior: 1st, J. Harries; 2nd, M. Gradon (G); 3rd, J. Bowman (H). (Adjudicators—J. Lloyd Jones, W. H. Mackenzie, T. Richards.)

Final result:

1st Glyndwr	...	1011
2nd Picton	...	971
3rd Hywel	...	795
4th Tudor	...	782

House Drama Competition, 1966

The House Drama Competition held on April 4th and 5th was once more a great success. The effort put into this activity by producers, actors and stagehands without any intervention by members of staff makes it a most rewarding competition. The standard this year was very high and the plays were very much enjoyed by the audiences.

All the plays chosen this year were light comedies. Glyndwr performed "The Godsend," by Nina Warner Hooke—a colourful play about life in the exotic atmosphere of the harem. This allowed a delectable cast of lovelies to disport themselves from beneath the veil. The play was produced by Caroline Hughes.

Picton chose Thornton Wilder's "The Happy Journey," a period peice of American family life and a rather more serious play than the others in that it moves from the light and amusing to the deeper and more touching elements in life. This contained a most memorable performance by Eira Jenkins and was produced by Helen Hanschell.

Tudor performed Yves Cabrol's "One Marries the Property." This play of French rustic life provides a great deal of acrobatic fun. The cast thoroughly enjoyed themselves and made the audience participate in their pleasure. A fine pace was kept up throughout and the producer, Kathryn Phillips, deserves every praise for the carefully worked out production.

Hywel's production of "Festival Nightmare" showed us some excellent acting by Ronald Henson. This versatile actor was able to play a variety of character parts in a variety of dialects. The play was produced by Veronica Sandell.

Mr. Kenneth Lee, of Tenby, gave a most informative and amusing adjudication. The final order of the Houses was as follows :

- 1, Tudor
- 2, Hywel
- 3, Glyndwr
- 4, Picton.

Those taking part were :

Glyndwr.—On stage : Angela Stevens, Carola Bowen, Susan Huxtable, Sarah Monico, Timothy Drysdale, Elaine Hughes, Philip Carradice, Patricia Gibby. Back stage : Caroline Hughes, Brian Hall, Wyn Griffiths, Anthony Hodge, Gareth Jones, Andrew Warlow, Linda Williams, Rosemary Lewis, Margaret Richards.

Picton.—On stage : Howard Robinson, Eira Jenkins, Stephen Badham, Pamela Morgan, Alan Searle, Sheila Richardson. Back stage : Helen Hanschell, Clive Morgan, Ieuan Harries, Margaret Channon, Margaret Davies, Joan Handley, Elaine White.

Tudor.—On stage : John Davies, Roger Gregson, Susan Collins, David Ashley, Margaret Rogers, Margaret Barton, Rosemary Jenkins, Irwel Bevan. Back stage : Kathryn Phillips, Janice Gamman, Julie Munt, Elizabeth James, Margaret Barton, Frances Edwards, Lyn Smith, Jennifer Hughes, Carol Kaye, Roland Humber.

Hywel.—On stage : Veronica Sandell, Susan Evans, Pauline Stewart, Ronald Henson, Susan Haggard, Cecilia Donovan, Margaret Bondzio, Teresa Leyland, Keith Griffiths. Back stage : Veronica Sandell, John Whitehall, Helen Butters, Patsy Anfield, Margaret Vernon, Wendy Donovan, Frances Stewart, John Reynolds, Gerald James, Keith Griffiths, David Reynolds, David Cooper, Sally Baker.

I Remember

I

*I remember, I remember
First starting Grammar School,
I found it difficult indeed
To keep the many rules.*

II

*I had to wear my cap each day
For fear of reprimand.
But when I reached my home at night
This rule I quickly banned.*

III

*"No running in the corridors,
No talking in the hall ;
No shoes allowed inside the gym.
No chalking on the wall."*

IV

*My memory's dim on other things
Of the first days at this school,
But I'll remember vividly
The keeping of those rules.*

CECILIA DONOVAN, Upper IVA

Dr. Barnardo's Street Collection

Held on May 21st, 1966. Pembroke Borough and nearby villages

Sheelagh Kelly, 4 Northgate Street, Pembroke	1	16	2
Maureen Doona, Redcliffe House, Llanreath		8	7
Rosemary Jenkins, 11 Park Street, Pembroke Dock)			
Linda Williams, 59 Park Street, Pembroke Dock) ...	11	11	½
Pat Kenniford, West Farm, Cosheston, Pembroke Dock)			
Sheila Kenniford, Myrtle Villa, Cosheston, Pembroke Dock)	3	1	1½
Susan Elsworthy, 23 Milton Terrace, Pembroke Dock ...	2	0	3
Hazel Scourfield, Victoria Inn, Monkton	1	8	5
Janice Doran, 25 West Street, Orange Gardens, Pembroke ...	2	1	2
Pauline James, Heathcote, Water Street, Pembroke Dock ...	1	1	10
Marilyn Williams, 3 Gilead, Maiden Wells, Pembroke ...	14	11	½
Christine Williams, 56 Bush Street, Pembroke Dock ...	18	4	½
Elizabeth Williams, 5 The Terrace, Dockyard, Pembroke Dock	1	6	6½
Dorothy Noble, 9 Nelson Street, Pembroke Dock	1	1	6½
Marilyn Slack, 6 Cheriton Road, Pennar, Pembroke Dock ...	1	6	9½
Rebecca Fell, 6 Kesteven Court, Carew	2	3	5
Gillian Brown, 21 Angle, Pembroke	2	1	10
Angela Wilson, 19 Nelson Street, Pennar, Pembroke Dock	11	0	
Pat Eastick, 7 Harcourt Terrace, Pembroke)			
Pamela Eastick, 7 Harcourt Terrace, Pembroke)			
Ruth Martin, 45 St. Annes Crescent, Pembroke)	2	13	9
Jane Lewis, 2 West Street, Orange Gardens, Pembroke ...	1	19	0
Angela Stevens, 23 Main Street, Pembroke)			
Vivien Lain, 11 Main Street, Pembroke)	2	1	6
Carol Waite, 52 N. Street, Pennar, Pembroke Dock	1	7	7
Ann Monico, Argyle Street, Pembroke Dock	1	0	7½
Judith Phillips, Hillside, Freshwater East, Pembroke ...	1	15	7½
Susan Morris, Nolton Croft, Burton	1	12	1½
Helen McNally, 45 Meyrick Street, Pembroke Dock	2	8	5
Pamela Hayes, 21 Charlton Place, Pembroke Dock	2	6	9½
Linda Davids, Blue Park Hundleton, Pembroke	1	7	1½
Christine Samuel, Police Hse., Lwr. Lamphey Rd., Pembroke	1	0	11
Linda Panton, 2 Beaufort Road, The Green, Pembroke ...	1	14	6
Susan Aplin, Harbingers, Lamphey)			
Susan Morris, 10 Flemish Court, Lamphey)	2	19	6½
Joan Williams, 80 Stranraer Road, Pennar	1	2	4½
Angela Gwyther, Chapel Farm, Castlemartin)			
Jennifer Gwyther, Chapel Farm, Castlemartin)	1	14	9
Pearl James, Bridgend House, Monkton		17	9
Rosalind Bleach, 6 Bishops Lane, Pembroke... ..	1	6	1½
Jane Chilman, Oakfield, Johnston, Milford Haven		15	6
	52	19	7½

Three Pembrokeshire Scenes

I

The sleepy village of Castlemartin lies dreaming in the sun as we drive slowly through to my favourite stretch of scenery on the coast of Pembrokeshire. The county is renowned for its rugged beauty, and many stretches are reserved as part of the National Park, which is fortunate, for far too many beauty spots are being lost in the mad rush to build here or cut a road through there.

As we leave Castlemartin, we twist gently between sandy stretches of land, with the wide reach of the Atlantic beginning to show on our left, and suddenly the whole expanse of Freshwater West has unfolded before us. It is a view which never fails to please no matter what the age—so wild and natural and unspoilt.

On the left, an arm of land stretches down to the sea, to form one side of the bay, with many rugged drifts of rock cutting up the beach around it to make this part very dangerous. In the centre there is a little rock like a tiny island, where the grass grows tough and green, dainty sea-pinks grow in clusters. Many times I have climbed up there to gather sea-pinks. It is a wonderful feeling to be standing on top there with the wind whipping colour into one's cheeks and the rough sea foaming around. It is so peaceful and one can be alone in peace or if you want to think. I often wonder how it stays that way, with the wind and the spray and the salt all around it. This is a spot from which the broad clean stretch of sand reaches far away to the right-hand side of the bay, which is formed again by a jutting headland. The whole sweep of the bay is backed by sandy dunes, and behind these the farmlands form a hilly background, sloping gently down to the road.

We can see other headlands to the right of the bay—St. Anne's Head and Thorne Island. Between them lies the mouth of the Haven, and many an hour can be spent watching the tankers as they bustle in and out of port. But most of all, I like to sit warm and cosy in the car on a stormy day, when the wild Atlantic gales whip the sea up into huge breakers which crash the whole length of the shore, a mass of burning white foam

VIVIEN LAIN, IV B

II

My favourite stretch of scenery is a little beach tucked away on the south Coast of Pembrokeshire. Nestling amongst towering cliffs, the yellow sands stretch away into the distance. The cliffs are grey and weather-beaten, pock-marked with holes that the sea has gouged out. They stand like sentinels against the ravages of time and weather. Out in the bay a tall finger of rock rears its head high above the waves. This pinnacle rises sheer from the swirling waters that harry its base. The only visitors to this rock are the occasional lobster boat butting its way through the waves, or a sea-bird seeking rest.

During the summer, the beach is strewn with paper and litter left by careless tourists who do not appreciate the wonderful scenery. On calm days during the summer months, tiny wavelets dash up the beach for a few yards before retreating back to the sea like wayward children who know they have done wrong and are returning to face the music. The brightly-coloured beachwear of the holidaymakers add their splash of colour to the scene. The blue sea stretches away to merge with the sky in the far distance. A tanker crawls across the horizon, dragging a wisp of

smoke behind it. A gleaming speedboat noses into the bay and then hums away again. White seagulls drift on the air currents, wings outstretched. On the velvet-green grass surmounting the cliff sheep wander sure-footedly like tiny pieces of cotton-wool.

The golden sands reflect the burning glare of the sun, a burnished orb in the sky. Behind the beach are the dunes, mounds of sand topped with long, thin grasses waving in the breeze. A rivulet meanders down to the shore and loses itself in the ocean.

In winter the beach is virgin smooth and undulating. Gone is the litter of summer, washed away by the tide. It is then the beach is at its best. White-capped breakers roll in to throw themselves on to the sand. The water has a greenish hue, glittering and sparkling under the surveillance of a watery sun. With a crashing roar, an ocean breaker ends its life on the cliffs, sending up a spray of white foam, and falls back, seething, as another wave repeats the process.

As I walk against the wind, the salty spray in my face, the beach does not look the happy, carefree place of summer days, but its beauty is more striking nevertheless. The gorse on the cliffs is grey, the sheep are safely snug in the farmer's pens. A few seagulls battle their way inland to look for food. Wherever I travel I shall always see that majestic scene of the bay as I stand looking out from the cliffs.

ROLAND PERKINS, IV A

III

Isn't it strange that people choose to travel abroad for their holidays. They go presumably to see and enjoy the scenery of the Costa Brava, Sunny Italy or the mountains of Switzerland. Yet, down here in our own little peninsula, in this little corner of the kingdom known as Little England Beyond Wales, we have, in my humble estimation, one of the loveliest pieces of scenery in the country.

Have you ever approached Freshwater West on a day when the sun has been riding high in the heavens, the sky a cloudless deep blue and the sea a shimmering, breathless inviting paradise? The golden sand—and it is a golden sand—stretches away in the distance and the water gently lapping along its whole length.

To spend a caravan holiday down there as I have done for a number of summers and to walk along the beach just after dawn breaks is a most moving experience; or again to stroll quietly along the moonlit beach at midnight when all is breathlessly still but for the gentle murmur of the ever-moving sea, or the sharp cry of a lone curlew winging its way overhead, making for only he knows where. Every few minutes the red light of St. Annes Lighthouse gives its distinct warning flash, a gentle reminder that things are not always so peaceful.

Probably my most enjoyable moments have been spent lying on Rabbit Island, feeling the warmth of the sun and the gentle sea breezes caressing my cheeks. From here one can see the coastline swinging away to the right and to left; tall, jagged, treacherous yet majestic cliffs, washing their feet in the warm waters. Many are the stories they could tell of ships being driven in towards them by heavy seas, some crashing against submerged rocks and lying there with broken backs until salvaged or broken up by the waves.

This is where we have the other side of the picture. Walk in from the Castlemartin side of Freshwater West on a day when the sun is hidden

by low, fast-flying clouds, driven inland by a fierce, vicious, howling gale. Now this stretch of scenery shows its wickedest but most noblest sight. Mighty wave upon mighty wave crashing with a defiant roar against the frightened sand and rocks, hurling its spume and froth in an unending and gigantic cascade upon all that stands in its path. A grand spectacle put on by nature and how I wish you could stand with me by the monument at the top of the hill and experience this amazing and awe-inspiring sight.

Yes the Freshwater West stretch of coastline has two pictures to show. First, the gentle, peaceful, tranquil scene; when all one needs to do is laze on the beach, a languid dip in the inviting water, a quiet stroll on the warm sand, with it gently tickling and running through your toes, when wars and a cold uneconomic world seems a horrible dream.

Secondly, there is the frightening, booming, terrifying time when the sea and sky appear to fight against each other with unimaginable fury; when the wrath of God seems to descend upon all and sundry and Satan rules the waves; when the sand whips up against your cheeks, gets in in your mouth and eyes, the rain lashes, and the sea attempts to drown all that gets in its path.

Yes, two contrasting pictures. It doesn't really matter what the weather is at Freshwater West because it always has something to offer. Whenever I go down there, I always discover something new, if it's only another kind of shell. It has many changing moods, some good and some bad, but its unchanging coastline still gives me infinite pleasure and I can assure you that no matter where I travel, Freshwater West will always remain "My Favourite Stretch of Scenery."

ERIC SCOURFIELD, IV Tech.

The Seasons

I

*'Twas clear that Spring had come
By the low murmuring hum
Of bees in the forest trees,
And the frills of the daffodils,
And the scent of the gentle breeze.*

*I knew when Summer breathed
By the vivid flowers that wreathed
The reeded water's edge,
And the coarse yellow gorse,
And the wild rose of the hedge.*

*'Twas plain when Autumn came
By the gold and crimson flame
Of the variegated leaves,
And the valleys kissed with mist,
And the green mossy eaves.*

*I knew when Winter swirled
By the frosty whitened world.
The trees were gaunt and bare;
No squirrels leapt—they slept.
'Twas time for Christmas fare.*

JANET DAVIES, Form II

II

*At first we see the lambs new-born
And buds upon the trees,
The farmers sowing fresh seed corn;
Their tractors pull with ease.
Snowdrops and the crocus bloom,
The cuckoo's call is clear,
All is bright where once was gloom—
At last the Spring is here.*

*Holidays we take in summer;
Seaside is the place to be.
We forget the times much glummer
And enjoy ourselves with glee.
Daytime's longer, warm and bright,
Countryside is rich and green.
Gardens are a wondrous sight,
Flowers of every colour seen.*

*When the leaves begin to flutter
To the fields and lanes beneath,
As the winds commence to mutter,
Blowing gently 'cross the heath,
Then it is that Autumn brings us
Hues and colours in rich store,
And the harvest choir sings us
Songs of thanks and praise once more.*

*Winter's days are short and dreary;
Sleet and rain each play a part.
Long cold nights are made more cheery
By bright log fires in the hearth.
Snow and ice make movements harder
Underfoot; one treads with care.
And at home we stock the larder
Ready for the Christmas fare.*

"PILLOW," Form II

Peace is our Goal

*Have we, O Man, the right to kill?
Have we, O God, the right to kill?
the right to stop,
the right to end;
To stop the beat of human hearts;
To end the play of seven parts
before the scenes are through!*

*This is, O Man, morally wrong,
This is, O God, morally wrong,
always wrong,
all times wrong:
A wrong no matter what the plight
A wrong that never can be right
of country or of friends!*

*Therefore, O Man, Peace is our goal.
Therefore, O God, Peace is our goal,
so peace for one,
then peace for all;
A peace that will not have an end;
A peace when all will be our friend
and killing then shall cease!*

SUSAN COLLINS, Lower VI Arts

Original Poem : A Picture of Desolation

Gnarled trees, broken stumps,
A picture of desolation.
Ploughed fields, mossy humps,
Poor Nature's own creation.

Ruined buildings, grass-green ivy,
Memories of good years gone.
Hungry sparrows, in the grey-blue sky,
See! the Winter Sun.

There's the old farm-shed,
Where the animals used to stand.
But they too are dead,
Now it's just fallow land.

Gnarled trees, broken stumps,
A picture of desolation.
Ploughed fields, mossy humps,
Poor Nature's own creation.

ROSEMARY LEWIS, Upper VI Arts

Guy Fawkes Night

"It's here at last," the children cry,
As they wheel down the garden their old stuffed Guy.
The fire's ablaze as on he goes,
His toes are afire, and so is his nose.

Whoosh! There goes a rocket ablaze,
While Roman candles are seen through the haze
Of smoke from Catherine Wheels a'spinning,
With a flying saucer to the heavens swinging.

Loud explosions from air-bombs sound,
Scattering a shower of sparks around.
Crackles, whoops and piercing yells
Combine with the smoke and the acrid smells.

The flames are dying, the Guy has gone,
The fireworks down to the very last one.
Back to the house they tramp with glee,
In to the fire and a warm cup of tea.

PHILIP MARSDEN, IIIIB

Music at Night

O welcome, bat and owlet grey,
Thus winging low your airy way.
And welcome, moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ears come humming by.

It is the time when, from the boughs,
The nightingale's high note is heard.
It is the time when lovers' vows
Make music in each whispered word.

As the lark with clear and varied tune
Sings carols to the evening, proud,
Mark the mild resplendent moon
Breaking through a parted cloud.

ANGELA SMITH, Va

When winter winds swirl round at night
And the rain beats the glass like a thundering drum;
When the darkness of night encloses around,
Music at night these sounds possess.

A music lies in the swirling winds;
A music lies in the beating rain;
A music lies in the darkness around,
A music akin in sense and sound.

Again the wind will whistle, again.
Perhaps the sound of thunder will blast
And the heavens open in frightening fiasco,
Like a roll upon a kettle drum.
Perhaps rain on a timber roof will sound cymbals.

Conductor? No! But Nature bears the baton
For this music at night.

Nature be in the whistle.
Nature be in the wind.
Nature be in the fiasco of the pounding drum.
Nature bear witness to this music at night.

KAY SCOURFIELD, Vc

The Child

Down the hill came a little shadow, the sun behind it. When it came to the hollow it was distinguishable as a little girl in dirty denims and pullover, about six, that watched the morning sunlight with a delighted grin on her face. The muddy Spring morning reflected the happiness of the child and may well have been the cause of it. She was alone and obviously, delightedly, in strange and unknown surroundings. The stream was glugging over the squashy mud and in the damp wet patch in the hedge grew a few pale perfumed primroses. The little girl pondered on these and picked two, an almost white one and a full yellowing-petalled one. She walked on, smelling the flowers alternately.

Half-an-hour later she was still slithering down the bed of the stream between the two hills. Her podgy little hands were sweating, clutching the flowers, and reluctantly she floated them on the stream. It was nearly midday now and the sun was beating hot. The mud was beginning to harden and the child, wornout, lay down lazily under a clump of thorny bushes out of the corner of her eye she could see the long, small flowers, coloured a delicate orange, that persistently and stubbornly grew among the thorny places, and the dark mosses that turned light green in summer. The sky was ever so dreamily far away and the sun was a white-purple blob. The little girl slept.

places, and the dark mosses that turned light green in summer. The sky was ever so dreamily far away and the sun was a white-purple blob. The little girl slept.

She shivered suddenly and woke up. Her first impulse was to cry as she was hungry, but she remembered her big adventure. Where was she? She got up, dazed, and began running and struggling up the awesome fern-leaved hill. She felt the cool breeze round her neck. She cried, was scared, tripped and fell headlong down to the valley.

"Sit up," she thought. It was a rather wet patch of ground near the stream. She couldn't move her ankle. Her predicament hit her suddenly. She thought of witches and all the things of the night. An owl hooted and she ducked and closed her eyes. The clouds piled up but the sky was dark anyway. Slyly it rained. Softly the dampness around grew to a shivering pattering. It was wet and cold and wind suddenly blew down the hollow with a moaning noise that left the very trees stricken with fear.

At last she went to sleep, dozing, crying, waking fearfully. Then came morning and she was found, safe. A tall man carried her to the security of her own room. For nights afterwards she dreamt of witches that haunted her and of the black stretching things. She ate an apple and was off again. Now knowing the way, she went down the hollow and came to a flat place by a cottage. There, in the stream, caught against a stone, was a wet colourless flower—another hung dripping in the hedge. She went home. That night she dreamt of flowers destroyed. All pretty things were gone.

Soon she went to a city and played on white, flat, safe pavements. Then she dreamed not at all and was lost for ever.

SUSAN ELSWORTHY, Lower VIA

Tudor House Report, 1966

1966 has been a very mixed year for Tudor House. Unfortunately we came fourth in the Eisteddfod. However, individual efforts proved encouraging, especially that by John Davies, who brought the new cup for Public Speaking to Tudor House, where we hope it will stay. A great amount of work was put into the choir, which was conducted by Maribelle Thomas and accompanied by Elizabeth James, and consequently we came a very close second.

Valmai Edwards brought honour to the House in becoming Victrix Ludorum for the third time. Our only sporting achievement was the Junior Boys winning the Rugby Tournament.

Our great victory was in the drama competition where, although there was keen competition, the combined effort of the House, not just the Upper Sixth, brought us success. The scenery was made by members of the third forms, supervised by Frances Edwards, and the cast was drawn mainly from the fifth and Lower Sixth forms. It was produced by Kathryn Phillips, Upper Sixth.

We hope next year that this year's successes will be repeated and new achievements added.

SUSAN COLLINS, Lower 6th

Pilot Error ?

The hangar doors opened with their usual collection of rumbles, squeaks and bangs and slowly out of the darkness came the second prototype of the P20. There was a brooding silence at this end of the airfield, even the mechanics looked quietly on as first the large oval nose, then the tiny cockpit and thin delta wings and finally, looking as if it had been stuck on as an afterthought, the large one-piece tail was exposed to the bright sunlight.

Four months previously the first prototype had scattered itself and the remains of its pilot, over Salisbury Plain. The Commission of Inquiry had decided on pilot error. He had pushed the aircraft just too hard and it broke up—this was the only feasible reason after exhaustive tests had proved nothing. I walked out to the "widow maker," as the P20 had now been nicknamed, and a quick glance around assured me that everything was in place.

I climbed up the short steps into the cockpit, was strapped in, and started to carry out pre-flight checks. With the engine alight and idling the engineers ran a last check and then I called the tower and asked for permission to taxi. The pattern of the tests was firmly imprinted on my mind—four high-speed runs down the runway, then a few bumps just lifting her off the ground and back down again, finally a complete take-off and, only if everything was satisfactory, a high-speed test over the speed of sound.

Through all the preliminary tests she handled like a dream. The controls were very sensitive, well balanced, and she generally handled well. My headset crackled, "Area clear for take-off." I turned into the wind, ran the engine up, tested the brakes and the one thousand and one other things that comprise the pre-flight vital actions. A quick word to the tower and I was ready. Then the doubts started. "Don't let it be pilot error this time," and "How many times have they blamed it on the pilot because he was the only theoretically fallible piece of the aircraft." Then and there I decided to take it easy—very easy.

I opened up the throttle and eased the stick back. As the speed built up she came off like a bird. Taking it easy! Why, the aircraft itself would do that for me! Two circuits of the airfield were enough to convince me that she was perfect; nothing could go wrong and everything not only looked right but it felt right, perhaps too right.

I was satisfied and started on the business part of the flight—the high-speed test. With the engine at full boost she climbed like a homesick angel, straight up to 48,000 ft. without a murmur of protest. Now, wings level, high-speed pitch on the tail, throttle fully open, stick slightly forward, then down, down, down. The machmeter crept round to one, one point one until it finally rested at one point five times the speed of sound. At fifteen thousand feet I decided to pull out of the dive, and in the few seconds it took I was down to five thousand, but level.

Suddenly, there was a high-pitched buzz, followed by a bang that shook the aircraft and jerked my head back hard against the seat. I lost control and the aircraft carried out a series of extremely rapid rolls to port. By instinct I rammed on full starboard stick accompanied with full starboard rudder and the rolling stopped abruptly. Now I was diving vertically towards the ground and the pilot tube folded back, jamming the air speed indicator.

I tried to ease the stick back, but any movement caused sudden rolls to port. My foot ached with the pressure I had to exert on the rudder and I couldn't relax it. I was just telling myself that this time I had

"bought it" when a message screamed through my brain—"try the trimmer!" A quick flick of the switch selected full nose-up trims and slowly the nose rose until once again I was looking at blue skies.

Boscombe Tower wanted information, and I quickly recounted all the details of the last few minutes leading up to the loss of control. I couldn't see the controls from the cockpit and no-one on the ground could diagnose the trouble. General R/T silence was called and I was on my own.

The situation was ludicrous. In the cockpit all the controls were at their extremes, and outside only the birds knew what was happening. As luck would have it I was flying towards base and by gingerly closing the throttle I was descending. With what object, I cannot guess! Landing was out of the question!

I woke up to this fact rather abruptly and decided to start the emergency drill, tightened my harness and jettisoned the pilot's hood. I was wondering what to do next when the aircraft made my mind up for me. It jerked to port and I grabbed the ejection blind and pulled hard. The two seconds delay seemed like an eternity, but then it fired and I shot out of the cockpit. Unfortunately the aircraft was now on its back and I had ejected downwards.

Spiralling and tumbling towards the ground, I grabbed at the seat release, missed, and contrary to ejection drill, pulled the parachute ripcord. The second time I hit the release box. The parachute immediately streamed out and filled with air. As I felt the jerk I went crashing through some trees.

Things were very quiet as I gazed up, in a very dazed condition, and surveyed the bottom branches of a sapling, looking like a Christmas tree, shrouded in a white canopy with the ejector seat, pilot's helmet and parachute rip-cord swaying in the now very sparse foliage. I realised then that if I had not pulled the rip-cord when I did the landing would have been fatal and I would have been unable to tell the new Commission of Inquiry what I thought about pilot error.

KENNETH DEVESON, Upper VI Sc.

The Mystery

I see footsteps on the ceiling,
I hear creakings on the stair;
I've got such a funny feeling
That someone is out there.

As the lights begin to flicker
My heart begins to quake;
Now my pulse is beating faster
And my knees begin to shake.

As the door begins to open
A hand gropes for the switch;
Still while that hand is groping
My eye-brows start to twitch.

My eyes are now shut tightly—
I think I must be mad;
When a voice calls out so blithely—
"Wake up there—it's Dad!"

DOREEN STEPHENS, III B

Justice in the Woods

Sam Foster had been a hunter and trapper all his life in the backwoods of British Columbia. He was not quite sure how old he was, but his aches and pains in his joints made him realise he was getting on. Sam was a solitary man but he had been here so long that even the deer did not shy away from him. He could sit back and enjoy them now.

Suddenly the squirrel which had been gathering nuts at the foot of a tree spiralled up the trunk and vanished. "Must be getting deaf," he muttered. "Should have heard him afore."

A man was coming over the mountain goat-path, and Sam knew who it would be . . .

Sam had a battered and ancient radio set, his sole link with the world outside. He remembered the excited voice of the news reader—Wes Tancred had jumped from the train taking him to the state penitentiary; a vicious young man, it appeared, armed and desperate.

Old Sam smiled to himself. He could have told that news reader a tale or two, tales that would make his hair curl; of mountain men tackling bear or cougar with only a knife. "Men were men in those days," he mused, sucking on his pipe.

Only Mary was near him when Tancred came in sight. He was the first man Sam had seen for a long while, and he almost spat at the sight of the revolver in his hand. A rifle was the only weapon for a mountain man . . .

Sam did not like the look of Tancred much—a young tough, his mouth drawn down, shoulders hunched. "Guess that was what happened to youngsters in the city," he thought.

"Evenin', Mister Tancred."

Tancred was surprised. "Heard of me, have yuh, old man? Then there won't be any trouble." He moved up, stood over Sam, the revolver in his hand. "This darned silence gets on my nerves—don't know how you stand it."

"A man gets used to it," Sam said mildly. Maybe he put a little emphasis on the word "man," for Tancred scowled.

"Break it up, old man! And don't try any tricks. I'll just grab a meal with yuh and move on. I got a pack of cops hunting me."

Mary perched on her log, growled, and Tancred stared at her. She was just about a cat's size, with a glossy coat and bushy tail. Her face had a single stripe running from forehead to nose.

"Funny-looking squirrel," Tancred grunted.

"That's Mary," Sam said. "Best to leave her alone. She's got young, and she is a mite temperamental."

Sam then went into his cabin to make some food. He made barrock and tipped some beans in a frying pan to heat.

"Sort of roughing it out here, ain't yuh, old man?" Me, I go for the cities. And so does anyone else with any sense!"

Sam turned round, eyed him. "Get cleaned up at the stream," he said. "And folks in these parts aren't usually so critical."

"Skip the washing—dish up the grub!"

Tancred jerked up a rough-hewn chair to the table, placed his gun by his plate. He began to eat ravenously.

"Good grub you make, old man. Although I haven't eaten in four days. Where did yuh learn to cook like this?"

"Nowhere. I just picked it up."

Mary came to the door and Sam tossed her a piece of meat. Tancred's face changed. "Say, what's this? I'm not eating with animals!" He pushed back his chair and lashed out his foot at Mary.

"I wouldn't have done that if I were you," said Sam. But it was too late. Because Mary lifted the tip of her tail and she discharged a fluid straight into Tancred's eyes.

He screamed, dropped his gun and clawed his eyes. "I'm blinded!"
Tancred stumbled for the door with tears rolling down his face. The last Sam heard of Wes Tancred was the noise of him crashing through the bushes.

It would not take the cops long to find him now, thought Sam. He went out of the cabin, smiling, to get some clean air. Sam would sleep out tonight, because the smell would be there for quite a while. The discharge from the base of Mary's tail was enough for any man to complain about!

It was, in one way he thought, unfortunate that Tancred could not recognise a skunk when he met one.

KEVIN BRADY, V A

January Sales

Better leather for wetter weather.
The shops are stocked with smocks and socks
Of gleaming green with a scheming sheen ;
Hose which glows for those who show toes
In shoes in blues and other hues ;
Spats and macs, caps and hats
For those in the rain on the plain in Spain !
For a nipper—a slipper shaped as a kipper,
And coats made of coats of goats and colts.
Hair-spray, fly-spray, polish-spray, air-spray,
Sea-spray, car-spray, perfume-spray, plant-spray.
Sprays always ! So spray away the days ;
Spools and tools and rules, fuel and gruel,
Come buy ! Come buy ! Try for size but buy !

FRANCES EDWARDS, Upper VI A

Conformity

It is fine to talk about philosophy and stuff
When still I cannot understand the simple things.
Why do we follow, one behind the other,
Like a row of ducks, equally ridiculous ?
We rise at eight, sleep at ten.
Is this life ? Is this our zest for living—
Our spirit of adventure ?
Surely there is more . . .
Something more, somewhere.

Slowly the shades of conformity
Slink around me, and I am lost.
Is there no redemption ?
When shall I discover what life means ?
I want more than a dummy's existence.
I want full life, beautiful and free,
Running barefoot, leaping, laughing,
Singing to the wind with joy.
I want to grow old thinking
"I know how to live."

CAROLINE HUGHES, Lower VI A

On taking up Car-driving

Now here's the car, and this the gear,
And this the wheel by which you steer.
You press this switch and pull the knob—
If you are lucky on the job,
The engine will burst into life,
And straightway take you to the strife—
The joy of learning.

Now press the clutch, engage the gear,
Not too much throttle—have a care !
We're taking off, avoid the wall—
I wonder why the engine stalled ?
But try again, away we go with leaping movements, like a doe
Enjoying frolics on the green.
I hope the neighbours haven't seen—
The act of learning—

My tutor meanwhile hangs on tight,
All set to grab if things aren't right ;
Slowly we crawl around the curves,
All tense and rigid, full of nerves.
Now change to second, have a try.
Oh dear, you're missed ; p'rhaps by and by
You will succeed, but for today
I'll take you homeward, if I may—
Continue learning—

And so the ordeal carries on
Until that day which comes ere long
When all is set to try the test
And wheels are steered to Haverfordwest.
Please read that number ; start the car ;
Reverse it here ; hope nothing mars
Our three-point turn, or answers to
The questions on the Highway Code—
The test of learning—

" You have succeeded. You have passed
The " L 's " can be removed at last.
You're on your own, proceed with care,
Pretend you know all—if you dare !
To other drivers show respect,
And careful driving don't neglect.
In other words, friend, though you've passed—
—Keep learning.

MARGARET RICHARDS, Upper VI Arts

The Parachutist

The boy had always had a passion for, of all strange things, parachutes. He had seen photographs and films of 'Skydivers,' who drop for thousands of feet quite freely before opening their parachutes, and as a club of such men was only five miles away from his home town he would cycle over to watch, and dream of 'flying' down at a speed anything up to one hundred and twenty miles per hour.

Then, one day when he was late in his teens, he plucked up enough courage to join the club. After some weeks of classroom instruction he was ready for his first jump. He was not going to use a ripcord parachute for free diving this time, but one made to open automatically when he left the aeroplane. At last the great day came, and he was in the aircraft, a small high-wing club machine, at seven thousand feet circling the dropping zone.

Then his instructor, who was to jump before him, shouted "This is it!" as he pushed himself out. Before the boy above had time to think he was also falling forward, out and down into space. He found himself shivering with fear and because of the wind, but then came the sudden jerk, telling him that his parachute had opened, and he was now floating gently down. He felt surprisingly secure, even here seven—no, six thousand feet above the ground. He could still feel the wind, but only gently now. The circular blue and white shape below him was his instructor, blotting out the aerodrome. Now, though, he noticed that the ground seemed to be growing, as he neared touch-down. His instructor was down, and he was just one hundred feet up—fifty, forty, twenty, ten—and then his legs touched jarringly and he rolled over on to Mother Earth.

Next day he was to have his first true free-falling dive. The time passed quickly as he was rather frightened after his first jump, and at last he was seven thousand feet over the airfield again, and his instructor said the same words as before and literally "pushed off." The boy suddenly felt a repulsive, sickening feeling somewhere near his stomach when he saw that awful drop, but he tripped and found himself falling faster and faster towards the dot of his teacher far below. The wind beat on his clothing and face, and he felt that suffocating sensation one associates with walking against a gale when your breath will not come. He watched his altimeter approach four thousand feet. This wind was passing at over one hundred miles per hour now, but his fears had almost passed. Now was the time to PULL the ripcord. He had—but nothing happened! He was nearly sick as he pulled the cord of his emergency chute and it streamed up; but that was it; it just streamed uselessly behind him *without opening*.

By now the ground was coming up fast. He screamed—though going at more than a hundred and fifty miles an hour time seemed lengthened and he was falling in slow motion. Mercifully he fainted.

All that was left was a ghastly, blood-bespattered object on the tarmac with a futile, tangled piece of nylon half covering the body.

DAVID COOPER, Upper IVA

The Funeral

It was a bitterly cold January afternoon. Warming my gloves before the bright dancing fire I shuddered at the thought of venturing out. A knock came at the front door; I hastened to open it. Vic stood there, shoulders rounded, gloved hands clasped, brilliant red nose peering between the lapels of his fur-lined jacket. He motioned me with his hand and together we walked down the brittle, crunching path to where the van waited at the kerbside. I lowered myself into the cab of the mini, which held a ferocious heat and an atmosphere blue with Woodbine smoke. As Vic pressed the starter the engine sprang into life and from a short distance behind came the deep, rhythmic throbbing as exhaust fumes were extruded through the home-made silencer with its two-inch outlet pipes to which it owed its deep, throaty sound. Gravel flying from beneath the skidding front wheels, the pale blue van with its fuzzy, dust covered surface, moved away.

Throughout the ten minute drive to the cemetery Vic stayed silent, stooped over the wheel, eyes searching the road ahead, feet alternating on clutch and accelerator. Suddenly the van swung to the opposite side of the road and came to a rapid halt a few yards from some wrought iron gates. Clambering out, we both "buttoned up" and then walked over to where a group of women, gloved hands clutching flowered wreaths, stood talking in whispers. It was then for the first time that Vic spoke. "Sad about old Tom," he muttered. This met with nods of agreement. "So quick and unexpected," replied a short, fat lady in black flowerpot hat and fur coat. And so the conversation continued. It was so trivial and petty as to be almost farcical, yet they thought they were doing others a bit of good by gabbling on. Vic broke away and walked over to me. "I hate funerals," he said. "So morbid. This is my third—makes you go all queer inside."

By now two more gentlemen had joined us; only the expression on their faces and their black ties gave them the impression of mourners, for both wore feathered robin hood hats and tweed suits and overcoats. They stood in reverent silence, eyes flicking from foot to foot, examining every speck of dust which had gathered on the highly polished brown leather shoes. Suddenly the silence was broken by a van lurching to a halt on the gravel outside the gates. The flamboyant writing on the sides arrowed this as belonging to a sausage and meat-pie firm. The driver, in dirty white overall with a blue band across the breast pocket, quickly climbed down, bringing with him two wreaths. Rushing inside the small chapel he placed them inside the doorway and then hurried back to his waiting van, with its engine quietly throbbing and blowing white clouds of exhaust fumes into the cutting air. In a second he was gone and, as the van gradually moved along the road, silence returned.

From across the cemetery a young, fair-haired man, wreath in hand, struggled through a gap in the hedge, and dodging tombstones, came towards us. "Afternoon, Vic." Vic nodded. "He's already inside then," continued the young man. "They brought him down last night. We were afraid the roads might be bad today." Silence returned and Vic and the newcomer turned to gaze across the expanse of assorted headstones to a long, squat building which lay in the rugby field next door. "Been in the new clubhouse yet?" inquired the young man. "No, not yet," replied Vic, heaving a sigh which, whether it was meant to express boredom with the speaker or not, caused the young man to turn abruptly and walk back to where the women were standing.

Tom had been a bachelor all his life. In his younger days people would tell you he was a "gay blade," but Tom never settled for any one woman. He came from a large Torquay family and, with the exception

of one sister, all his brothers and sisters lived in the vicinity. For twenty years or more Tom had been delivering Sunday papers and it is said never missed a Sunday, but being a bachelor with no-one to look after him Tom neglected himself and soon the wheezy cough and tight chest which he picked up from not bothering to change after being soaked in the rain became part of him. For years it had bothered him but he paid it no heed. In fact he taunted it. Tom never really "worked." He collected herbs, out in all weathers all the year round. To catch a bronchial complaint when you work out of doors is like getting an industrial disease, but still Tom continued in his usual ways and his smoking didn't help much either.

Tom's life was full of ironies. In the course of his week's wanderings he would meet hundreds of people and he knew the area around his little old corrugated iron bungalow like the back of his hand. He knew everybody and most people knew him, even if only by sight. Wherever he went he was greeted by broad smiles, waves and shouts. Yet Tom was lonely. His only true friend was his dog. Man's best friend is a dog, but what companionship can a dog really give? Life was just a drag, getting up every morning, no-one to break the mental barrier imposed by sleep, the only social contacts you have greeting you only through habit or respect. There is no-one who can really listen because their attitude is superficial. Thus you go along, keeping all your fears and anxieties to yourself. But Tom had a family, brothers and sisters, who had disowned him because his share of the father's will had been greater than theirs. So Tom had money, but what use was it to him? He was just a cog, a meaningless cog, in one large piece of machinery. His contribution to society was very little, but he took even less in return. Not only was he disowned by his family but disowned by the world, for he was an example of being in the world, yet not of it.

"I wonder if any of his brothers will turn up?" The words drifted across to where I was standing with Vic. Just then a beat-up Vauxhall Wyvern stopped outside the cemetery and two women and a man got out. Everybody stared but nobody gave any sign of recognition. Just then the minister, from the door of the small chapel, welcomed everyone in. We filed into the cold, damp little room that was the funeral chapel. In front of us, on a four-wheeled cart, stood the coffin.

The service was brisk, with no hymns. Everything had an air of speed about it; in fact it seemed just to be a formality. I looked around me. Everyone was sitting bolt upright, with solemn looks on their faces. But why all his hypocrisy? Nobody ever seemed to care about Tom when he was alive, so why should they now? Maybe they just wanted something to be sorry for, self-induced misery. The thought was appalling. These 'mourners' were not even related. The very people who should have been there were absent. If the ones who should have cared paid no attention, why should I, or anyone else for that matter? Did we ever really feel respect for this pitiful human being? The chances are we did not, but just treated him as everyone else did and were then feeling pangs of remorse. Maybe we were some of the last people he had seen and his memory was still fresh in our minds. But would we miss him? Surely the extent of our sorrow is shown up by how much we miss him. Did his presence really matter to me? The ones who should have cared don't. Why then do I care? It cannot arise from a feeling of guilt because my association with him was the same as that of the hundreds he knew but who weren't here today. Is it because I, with those around me, have looked on the situation in a different light. We have tried, in one last final effort, to give this man's earthly stay a hint of respect. We failed to give him the respect he deserved when in this world and we hope we can compensate him for the next. I was broken out of my idle thinking by the rattle of the trolley carrying the coffin as it was trundled out of the chapel only a few minutes after I had entered.

The flower-decked coffin on the rickety old trolley moved slowly down the gravel path. On either side tombstones in a variety of shapes and sizes gave me the impression of walking through a marble and slate forest. The whole feeling of reverence and respect was echoed by the weed-choked paths and borders running hither and thither through the desolate cemetery. "Keep off the grass"—"dogs must be kept on leads"—"to water butts"—all meaningless signs, signs which don't belong in such a place.

At the graveside we all huddled in a group to keep warm and as the minister droned on, occasionally his voice changing key, the men on the nearby building site continued to hammer and bang. The cement mixer continued to whirl and the dumpers and tractors to move over their sticky web. A train thundered past the foot of the cemetery, leaving a flock of weaving, screaming birds to ply overhead, and two gaunt steel pencils which hummed with vibrations. With so much noise about little of what was said was audible. But did it matter? All around us there were signs that the world still went on; nothing stopped for a death, certainly not for Tom's. Death is something which no builder's deadline or train timetable accounts for; it just happens and we accept it on face value.

Everybody filed past the open grave. Everybody stared into that pathetic cavity. What for? I do not know. I don't know why I did it, so how can I explain anybody else's reasons?

No tears were shed, but still nobody spoke as we slowly walked back to the cars. In a few minutes the dead would be left to the company of the gravedigger, who would finally cut Tom off from the world with six feet of earth. Peace until the next time.

Once outside the gates Vic lit a cigarette and drew in the smoke, blowing it back through his nostrils forcibly. His walk back to the van was slow and deliberate, as if his whole self had changed. I dropped into the van. I noticed nothing unusual about myself, but Vic . . . ? Had I missed something? Did this funeral really affect the others the same way as it appeared to have affected Vic? The roar of the engine as it burst into life brought me back to my senses, but often I think . . . well, I can't explain it, but were my reactions that day natural? What does a funeral mean to the mourners? I don't mind admitting it is bothering me incessantly.

CLIVE MORGAN, Lower VI Sc.

Caribbean Night

*Frangipani—pale pink blossoms scent the air with melancholia.
The moon's silvery madness melts the sea through the darker palm fronds.
Only a *jab-jab's curse filthies the velvet, break's the soft night's bonds.
The phosphorescent seas wash the coral beach smooth and cast up crabs,
Conches, cowries, chip-chips. The foam tries to catch them with little dabs.
Frangipani—pale pink blossoms scent the air with melancholia.
Far inland—frogs whoop in the damp warmth left by the sun's fever.
Trade-winds in the casuarinas whisper secrets to the full moon;
Near a rusty tin shack the echo of a steel band fills the gloom.
A green whisp shines, flickers, curls and writhes,*

*whirling the swamp's soul aloft
The night reverberates. A coconut from a cluster has dropped.
Far inland—frogs whoop in the damp warmth left by the sun's fever.*

HELEN HANSHELL, Upper VI Arts

* Local native term for a devil.

Brief Encounter

Intently she watched the thin spiral of smoke curl slowly upwards—changing shape until it finally disappeared, while her foot tapped absently to the music. Beads of sweat were forming on the singer's forehead as he worked himself up into a frenzy, and the drum beats rose in a rapid crescendo. Carey turned her attention to the lead guitarist, a tall boy with tawny hair who was always laughing and joking, and thought wistfully of the gay life he must have with the rest of the group.

There were quite a few people dancing now, nearly all wearing mod clothes; some girls in skinny rib sweaters and hipster skirts, boys in reefer jackets and corduroy—one girl she noticed had long blonde hair falling over her eyes and hips shaking in bell-bottom jeans. Automatically Carey shook her shoulder-length brown hair away from her eyes as she watched them from her corner table. She recognised a few as kids who used to be in school with her, and felt her usual longing to be out earning money so that she, too, could afford to buy lots of new clothes and be free in the evenings to enjoy herself.

The music had changed now to a slow song and Carey gazed dreamily into the smoke-filled distance where shadowy couples swayed under the dimmed red lights. A smell of cigarette smoke mingled pleasantly with an aura of perfume, and only an occasional high-pitched giggle would pierce through the hot atmosphere above the indistinct murmur of voices. "God, how I hate school . . ." Carey thought bitterly. "I'm probably the only one here still at school, with another three years' slogging before I can get out." Impressions came crowding to her mind, blotting out the scene before her—long echoing corridors, banging desk, and the unmistakable school smell of chalk, ink and floor polish that pervaded everywhere. She remembered the clatter of plates and ceaseless chatter around the trestle-tables in the school canteen. Giving up the struggle of working out problems in class, Carey's thoughts would wander, imagining a different self who would be smartly dressed and independent, or sometimes she would gaze despondently at the rain washing down the window and turning the playground into a vast expanse of grey wet concrete.

The girl seemed to shudder as she recalled the jarring ring of the electric bell which ruled her very existence at school but which gave blessed relief at the end of the afternoon when they all spilled out of the school gates in a surging crowd. Most of all Carey hated the jeering and scorn of the other girls coming home from work when they looked at the tall, slim girl in a gym-tunic with tied-back hair and sensible brown shoes. Yes, that was the worst and envying them going out dressed up for the evening while she had to do her homework.

"But now I'm here to enjoy myself, so I must make the most of it . . ." thought Carey, bringing her thoughts back to the confines of the Cellar-Bar, and she smiled as a boy she knew threaded his way through the dancers towards her.

A week later Carey was walking back to school through the lighted streets, with some books she had promised to return to the English master for his evening classes. Turning into the school drive she was surprised to find how friendly the dark buildings look with yellow lights shining out from them compared to the ugly impersonal place it was in the daytime. Carey walked into the classroom unconscious of her natural grace of movement but very conscious of the eyes watching her as she handed over the books to the master. He glanced up from his pile of marking and smiled, "Thank you, Carey." While he checked through them she glanced at his class, and then stared in astonishment at the bent figure at the back of the class. . . . It's him! . . . No, it can't be . . . but it is . . .

learning Shakespeare! . . ." her mind raced on, as she walked to the door. The boy, caually dressed in sweater and jeans, had not looked up at all while she was in the room, but she couldn't mistake that tawny hair anywhere.

Outside, breathing the cool night air, she felt somehow light-headed, and the long years of study ahead seemed brighter and secure as she walked past rows of identical brick houses and crowded pubs. A group of girls stood chattering on the corner, shiny handbags swinging; hair laquered stiff; and their brittle laughter rang out through the quiet streets. Carey walked quietly towards them and suddenly she didn't envy them anymore.

Memories

*I remember days gone by
Walking through fields when the sun was high;
Nothing to do but run and play
In the meadow day by day.*

*I remember the taste of toffee,
Buttered buns, a cup of coffee;
The Sunday school, a starry sky;
But these are memories of days gone by.*

*I remember youth and love,
War and Peace: a pure white dove;
Cold days: others, hot as fire
As I rode horses through the mire.*

*But now I'm old,
And my blood is cold,
And, as I watch the dying ember
All I can do, is sit, and remember,
Remember days gone by.*

RONALD LEWIS, Upper IV B

Dangerous Occupations

When I was very small, I used to have queer ideas of dangerous occupations. I used to be afraid of cows and thought that old Uncle George down on the farm had a dangerous job when he had to milk the cows. Our coal man had to heave heavy, dirty bags of coal down our basement steps which are very slippery in wet weather, and that to me was a very dangerous occupation. But as I grow older I realise that these jobs are everyday ones and the only element of danger is accidental.

I can make out a long list of dangerous occupations, which include coal mining, deep sea diving, trawler fishermen, test pilots, steeple jacks and spider men, war correspondents, atomic scientists and astronauts. With the advance of nuclear science and the investigation of space probes, occupations have been established which the ordinary man in the street would have thought impossible half-a-century ago.

The Russian and American astronauts take a great risk when they enter their space capsules prior to being blasted into space. There have been many occasions when the count down has been interrupted because of some technical trouble at the launching pad. As far as the general public know, no-one has failed to return to earth from these space journeys, but it has been rumoured that the very first Russian attempts ended in disaster, and that they only report their successful attempts. It is this exploration of the unknown that makes these attempts dangerous.

A great risk is taken by scientists and technicians who work on atomic projects. Great safety precautions are in operation, but then again something can go wrong and there is the danger of being contaminated with radio-active material.

Coal mining today, despite the introduction of modern machinery, is still a dangerous occupation. There is always the risk of a rock fall, flooding or gas explosion in the pit. Not so long ago there was an explosion in a South Wales coal pit which resulted in the loss of just over thirty lives.

Test pilots flying the aeroplanes, which are built to fly faster than the speed of sound, have another dangerous occupation. They know that in theory the plane they are about to fly should stand up to all the stresses and strains, but there is always that element of doubt that in practice something can go wrong.

When the Regent refinery was being built, I was very interested in the growth of the cooling towers. For months I watched them being built higher and higher, and often wondered how the men could work at such a great height. When the towers were almost completed the men looked like birds perched up on top of the towers. We hear a lot of people saying, "I have not got a head for heights"; so we must be thankful that there are some men able to work at such occupations.

The deep-sea fishermen who go out in small trawlers, in all winds and weathers, do another hazardous job. They have to work in appalling conditions, especially if their boat fishes in Arctic waters. Many a time Milford Haven has been in the news, with the loss of a trawler or the report of a trawler man being swept overboard in rough seas.

There is so much armed violence today that our policemen often have to tackle a dangerous situation. This is more prevalent in our big towns and cities, but I am afraid this violence and gang warfare is spreading into the provinces, and that all police forces will have to be prepared to fight it. It is a common thing to read about a policeman being hurt while trying to question a suspect or arrest a lawbreaker.

These are just a few instances of dangerous occupations. There are many more, and, as science advances, I expect there will be a never-ending list of new occupations in this category. To me, a youngster about to become a teenager, the people who tackle such jobs are marvellous; I can only hope that as I grow up I shall be given the courage and strength to tackle such an occupation.

TIMOTHY HORDLEY, IIIA

The Log Book

We sighted her in the grey, clinging mist of early morning, her sails rolled up on the masts, her bridge as deserted as a forgotten graveyard. She rolled helplessly on the swell, and I, filled with curiosity and doubtfulness, gave the order to pull alongside of this uncanny ship.

Our crew all came on deck, and as we hove alongside, all stared dumbfounded. Her masts creaked loudly with every lurch of the waves. For three minutes I stared and contemplated, and then my mind was made up.

"I will board her with half-a-dozen men: the rest will fasten a tow-rope and we'll set course for the nearest port."

With these words, I quickly jumped aboard her, followed by a handful of men. It took but a few seconds to ascertain that the deck was empty, so we went below to the cabins and mess. The whole place was completely devoid of life, although a meal was laid on the table, and had not been touched. I was baffled!

I sat down heavily on the bunk in the captain's room, and then, in the corner, I spied a black book, thrown in a heap on the floor: it was the log-book. I picked it up, and opened it, and a cloud of dust flew out. The leather that bound it was mildewed and crumbling, and it was with great interest that I settled down and began to read . . .

JULY 16th, 1857

We put to sea this afternoon with a good east wind behind us, and by 13.00 hours we were under way in the Pacific ocean. The crew seem fairly content although they have this long journey ahead of them.

JULY 17th, 1857

Today we are 50 miles from the port of San Francisco, and the sea is as smooth as a sheet of glass. Our course is set, and we are making a good start, although the Bosun fell down the bridge steps yesterday and gashed his leg open on the hour-glass:

JULY 18th, 1857

Today's events are somewhat harassing and inconvenient, as it will obviously throw our time schedule out. It will take several days to repair. It happened in this manner. At about 5.00 hours we ran into a terrible storm. The rain lashed down, and a thick mist swirled around us, while a terrific gale scurried us through the roaring waves. For five hours we battled against it until the look-out gave an unbelievable shout.

"Land off the port bow, cap'n!"

Land? We all knew there was no land for hundreds of miles.

"Looks like a small island, cap'n!"

This was our chance to repair the damaged sails, which had been badly torn in the storm. We put into a small inlet that ran into a sandy cove. After beaching the ship we set to work on the sails.

The men worked hard all day, and when darkness spread its gloom over our islet, they returned to the ship.

JULY 19th, 1857

Upon waking this morning the crew disembarked from the ship and completed the final repairs on the ship. Then all went back to the mess for lunch. All, that is, except I, who was sitting on the shore fastening a new rope to weights off the ship. I had just completed this when a heart-rending screech echoed over the island. I leapt to my feet, and in doing so, the weight crashed down on to my knee-cap, paralysing the nerves. At that point the screech turned into a devilish whistle, and I felt an impulse to go down and plunge into the water. I would have, only to my rage and despair I was unable to rise on my knee. I could see the men on the ship dive from the rail into the water—and then: then I could see it. I could see it! In the water! A heaving, pulsating, shapeless mass of colourless jelly; enveloping, or should I say digesting, each hypnotised man as he jumped eagerly to his revolting doom.

Only when each man had jumped did the whistle cease, leaving me alone, being violently sick on the wet sand.

JUNE 20th, 1857

For hours I sat there, watching, waiting for it to rise again. Eventually I plucked up enough courage to swim to the ship, and when I hauled myself on to the deck, I managed to slash the anchor rope, and that is all I remember, except flopping over the cabin stairs—head first.

JUNE 21st, 1857

June 21? Or is it the 22nd? I don't know. I must go upstairs to see how far I've drifted from that island of hell . . .

The stairs seem longer today than before.

Oh no! Oh, my God—no! What could have happened? . . . Yes . . . Yes, of course—the tide was wrong—I'm still here! Now I shall have to wait for the ebb. I think I'll cook myself something to . . . My ears! That whistle!! That ghastly whistle! . . . must . . . get . . . to . . . the . . . water . . .

I rose to my feet, and clenching the book in my hand, ran back up the steps. I flung the log book into the sea, and watched with satisfaction as it sank rapidly to a place where no-one would ever read it again.

At a brief order the tow-ropes were severed, and the two ships parted. I looked back once, and I shuddered as I thought of the unfortunate men who had died such a terrible death. As I turned, the sun broke through and glinted on her name—"Marie Celeste"—and I walked slowly back to my cabin.

SUSAN CATLIN, II

Turn of the Tide

Sports day at our primary school and, wonder of wonders, the sun was shining, an unheard-of occurrence in my time at school. Our sport's day was always damp and dismal. I, a lordly ten-year-old, was captain of my house, Pilgrims. For weeks the house had trained hard for this day. I gazed at my team, my heart swelling with pride, thinking that this year we would surely win. Charlie Masters, our star athlete, was in the pink of condition, jogging up and down and swinging his arms. It was a foregone conclusion that he would sweep the board. The team was in fine spirits, rarin' to go, if I may use the expression.

The competitors lined up for the first race. A starting pistol was fired and Charlie bounded into the lead, the rest of the field trailing in his wake. We cheered and shouted, but all too soon, Charlie tripped on the uneven turf and fell headlong. He lay there, writhing in agony. With concerned faces we dashed over and helped him to his feet, but found he could not stand unaided. The headmaster diagnosed a strained ankle. Charlie was brought back to the school to recover, for he would not race again that afternoon.

The captains of the opposing houses came over, their sympathetic words belied by the triumphant gleams in their eyes. Gathering my despondent forces around me, we returned to our enclosure. I tried to look cheerful to bolster the sinking morale, but it was a hard job. The sports resumed, and although Len Jones took a few second places and Jonathan White a good third, by the interval the situation was disheartening. It looked as if, once again, we were to be soundly beaten.

As I crossed the field to buy an ice-cream to revive my flagging spirits, Tommy Jones caught my arm. Tommy had been at the school only a week. His father travelled with an oil company. Quiet and unassuming, nobody had taken much notice of the boy, who rarely spoke. When his name had been added to my house it was as another nomad who occasionally came to our school and then departed, leaving barely a memory of his presence.

His white teeth flashing in contrast to his dark skin, he said, "Can I run for the house?" I was taken aback at this, for with his spindly legs and frail frame, he did not look athletic. Weighing up the pro's and cons, I resigned myself, with a mental shrug of the shoulders, to "What can I lose?" Telling him to change quickly into running gear, I rejoined my team. When I told them of my action they were aghast, but when Tommy joined us they manfully hid their doubts and the sports resumed.

In running shorts and vest Tommy looked even less capable of running the distance, let alone winning. The competitors lined up for the 100 yards, Tommy amongst them. At the report of the starting pistol the runners jostled for the leading position. A brown figure shot out ahead of the group. Ungainly legs flashing like pistons, and arms pumping furiously, Tommy took the lead. A dumbfounded silence fell over my house. Then I shouted, "Come on Tommy!" and my cry was taken up by the rest of my house-mates. Tommy breasted the tape yards ahead of his nearest rival. We crowded round, clapping Tommy on his back. His face was radiant, for from an unknown he had become the idol of the house. Tommy went on to win everything he entered for, jumping like a kangaroo, and running like a hare. It was the turn of the tide for us and for Tommy, for we went on to win the sports, and Tommy, the hero of the day, was accepted as our friend, joining in our work and games as a valuable member of our house and school.

ROLAND PERKINS, IV A

Peace

*Where is there peace in this great world
Where friend becomes a foe?
Where can we find one who does not
Expect us to bring woe
By killing innocent, harmless men
With atom bombs and hydrogen?*

*I wonder if I'll ever see
A world from sin and sorrow free?
A world where man can live his life
In peace, without a sign of strife?
Of if I'll ever know the way
For war's dark night to be made day?*

*Perhaps the future will bring rest
From strife and war; and man, lest
He bring violence once more,
Will look again to days of yore
To find his life's example in
The One Who frees us from our sin.*

*He taught that we should love each other
As if our neighbour were our brother,
That we should never criticise
Unless no mote is in our eyes.
Perhaps if we His teaching take
This world a better place we'll make.*

*We may know peace in that glad day
For, loving, can we take life away?
If we believe each man's a brother
Why, then, we cannot kill each other.
And, on the earth, peace we may see
If each man sets his "brother" free.*

KATHRYN PHILLIPS, Upper VI Arts

Form Gossip

FORM II

*In Room eleven hides Form II
And rack our brains is what we do.
We try so hard to comprehend—
But often give up in the end!
We'd like to shine at work and sport;
With Hist'ry and Science our brains have fought,
And Physics, too,
We love to run,
But all in vain.
Cheerio again!*

(S.C.)

FORM II A

We seem to have little to report since last time, apart from the fact that limerick writing has caught on with a few of the form. Some of us did quite well on Sports Day and David Parry threw his weight—sorry, his discus and shot—about very ably. One fine Friday afternoon we were trooping down to Room 27 for our Geometry lesson when we noticed that Somebody's trousers were split down the left leg!! Our form teacher should have given him some lessons in Needwork. (P.H.)

FORM II ALPHA

We have had a very varied time since the last form report was written. Several of the form showed a variety of talent in the Eisteddfod, from our elocutionist, Karina, to our artist, Graham, and others too numerous to mention. Several people have been doing well in Athletics and Games too, so you can see that we are an "all-round" sort of form. As far as academic ability goes, we'll be showing you what we can do in a few weeks' time!

FORM III A

We have kept up our reputation for being rather noisy, perhaps because there are more girls than boys in the form. We sadly report that one of our number was accused of trying to burn down the Metal Workshop but we are sure it was entirely an accident. Our Social Service Fund is rising rapidly because of a recent increase of 7s., paid in with great sorrow and repentance by a few of us who had been rather naughty in Maths. In aid of the School sale of work a sweet and stamp stall has been launched and the sweet makers have been on the rounds twice so far. Richard Brawn and Robin Campbell went to the County Sports, Richard gaining a first and second, Robin a fourth. Peter Smith and Derek Ambrose came first in the school 3-legged race. A very lively election took place last term at the time of the General Election—the speeches were regularly punctuated by "Where are you going to get the money?" from R.B. Conservatives won with 22 votes, Labour went down fighting with 12, and Plaid Cymru and Liberal had one vote each (own vote). We should like to wish our Form prefect, Kathryn Phillips, all the best for the future, and welcome John Whitehall for the rest of the term. We are fit and lively and eat a lot—R.J. goes out for seconds even if there aren't any.

(R.C.)

FORM III B

Hi! This is III B once again. We pride ourselves on being very athletic, and several of the form had points in the School Sports. Everyone is, of course, looking forward to exams.—or are they? I don't think so. We prefer eating sweets! A certain member of staff has told us that if she catches any more people chewing in class she will make them distribute the rest of the sweets all round. This is a very difficult time of year for us because we have to choose what subjects we want to take in the Fourth form. Some of the boys are going into the Technical form so this is the last time the present III B will be all together as a form. (J.H.)

FORM III C

Form III C are sorry to see our form teacher leave us for a short time. In her place we shall have Mrs. Porter until the end of term, and we hope that we won't turn her into a wreck of nerves! The person who stands out in our form every lesson is C.M., the teachers' terror, or Comedian Chris. We have two very skilled musicians, the Main twins, in the class, and they have recently been playing the trumpet and clarinet in the orchestra. We should like to thank Roland Humber for being such a good form prefect during the year. (D.S.)

FORM IV A

Greetings and salutations from Form IV A to the rest of the camp. We are fine athletes, with both boys and girls representing the school in the County Sports. The girls were unfortunately disqualified in their relay race, but Jammy James was in the Boys' relay, which came first. This racy character has let his hair grow from a "Yul Brynner" to a "Hedgehog" style. Last term we held an election in which our Tory candidate, C. Maggs (sex not yet determined), was elected. Polly, our form "strong man," keeps up his record of three fights per registration. The other morning our form teacher told us off for not offering our seats to members of staff in assembly, but as most of us were sitting on the floor, we thought it not very polite to do so. A well-known character on the form is causing us great concern, particularly since he had to be sewn up early in the term by a helpful girl prefect—so we issue this S.O.S., in code, in case he reads it: Anebode wiling to tak C. (Weed) of ov our hans pleeze aply to Mis Jewlion Jonze, rume 21 (just off the beeten trak). (G.C.)

FORM IV B

This is IV B. First we welcome four new pupils, S.P., H.P., A.M. and A.E. A . . . r . . w Ev . . s is starting a new trend among the boys by setting his hair with rollers, we hear. P. W . . th . . a . . l and P. Miles T. both have had unfortunate accidents. The latter sat on a chair which disintegrated under him but, after he recovered, he insisted that it had already been broken. I'll leave it to you to decide. P.W. split his trousers playing football in the playground and had to change into shorts for a time until Mrs. Kavanagh had done a repair job. We had a very successful Mock Election last term and, although A.M. was a little carried away, the table is still intact! All the form is very active in sports and several play for school teams. Malcolm Mathias and Peter Hughes are a credit to us—Malcolm won the 440 yards in the County Sports. We congratulate Mlle Boisanfray on her prompt first-aid the other day when G.R. . . s . . t had a nose bleed—she stuck his head out of the window and that definitely stopped it. Finally I must report that the form, although still quite gay and noisy, is certainly getting quieter with advancing years, and we wish to apologise to and sympathise with all the teachers that we disturb. (V.L.)

FORM IV C

Well, here we are again with another term completed, but not many exciting things having happened. One of the boys seems to have a very depressing disease, unfortunately, which starts the waterworks now and again. We have been highly entertained during the last few days with the painting work going on outside our windows—the scaffolding looks safe enough! I'm happy to say that C. W...t, M. S...k, and R. A...n have not lost their voices after all the talking they have been doing in the Hall recently. A few of the form are keen on sport and Lyn Smith won the Shot event in the school sports, going on to represent the school at the County sports. We have been having a discussion in History about religion, and one of the girls has come to the conclusion that she hasn't one. We should like to wish everyone a happy summer holiday. (J.J.)

FORM UPPER IV A

Dear Fellow-sufferers,

This term the form has been subjected to a severe attack of Spenceritis. Having excelled himself in athletics, he is almost uncontrollable. Other members of the form have also been successful in athletics, including Margaret Davies, Elaine Hughes and Alan Searle. Julie and Jennifer took part in the Y.F.C. Rally and did very well. In our midst we have two X-ceptional musical "fiends" whose fame (or notoriety) got them into the local paper recently. Life is not all that dry and uninteresting—one day we were all huddled together in the classroom. Through the glass of the door we saw a dark form approaching and in its hands was a metal object that glittered in the sunlight. All was silent in the room. A hand was put on to the handle of the door. A key was pushed into the lock—and we were free! We had been locked in our own formroom!

Yours sympathetically,

GREACH (The Biological Mysteries of Upper IV A)

UPPER IV B

Once again we end the year with an excellent record of good behaviour and public service. Anywhere, any time, you will see our sweet smiling faces, ready and willing to lend a hand. There are those who think otherwise, perhaps owing to an inferiority complex. This year our form has received many new additions, from such far-flung places as Bala, Trinidad and Nottingham, our most recent newcomers being twins. I hope they have enjoyed themselves as much as we have enjoyed their company. We were pleased to see Neil Phillips elected Captain of the Junior Cricket XI this term (must have set him back a bob or two!) We have a few promising athletes, notably Robert Brown, Janice Thomas and Derek Aspinall. Finally thanks to Miss Dorothy Lewis, our form teacher—it takes stamina! (R.J.)

UPPER IV C

A few people are leaving at the end of the term to go their different ways—Rachel Pannell, Hazel Scourfield and Angela Powell to take up jobs locally; Jeremy Jones to attend Neyland Tech. (if they'll have him!) and Joan Williams to live in Singapore for the next two and a half years. We hope that she enjoys her stay there and comes back to see us sometime. We all had a try at something in the sports but we are not gifted in that

way, unfortunately. However, Christopher Barker plays for the Junior XI and Hazel and Rachel play for the First Rounders IX. Michael Morgan made a great speech at the Mock Election for the Labour party but was beaten by the Upper IV Tech. Liberal.

UPPER IV TECH.

We are still seven in number and are enjoying life. Dick Pepper continues to make a name for himself in Dramatic circles and we have some handy backstage men in the form. Dick also became the successful Liberal M.P. for Upper IV Tech. and C. last term, with Alan Turner as the Conservative opposition. We all took an active part in the Y.F.C. Rally in Haverfordwest and were delighted to have done something towards bringing the Junior Shield back.

LOWER VI ARTS

Since last December our voyage on the Good Ship "Lower Sixth Arts" has been confined mainly to calm waters. When we set sail at the beginning of the year the most foreboding dangers we had to pass were the terminal examinations, but fortunately the passage was not as rough as we expected. Most of our crew were involved some way or other in House plays last April and we were all glad to drop anchor and go on leave shortly after. The return voyage was even calmer and it is interesting to note that not many of the crew took part in the School Sports. In a few weeks' time we are expecting to encounter the shoals of examinations again, after which it should not be long before we reach port. We are sorry to be losing four of the female crew and we hope that they will pay a visit to our new craft, "The Upper Sixth Arts" some time after we have set sail next year. Our thanks to Captain Emlyn Lloyd who, we hope, will continue to be in charge next term. (S.M.)

GLYNDWR HOUSE

Once again a most successful year. We are particularly glad that we have managed again to come first in both the School Sports and the Eisteddfod because this is the last year that we shall be encouraged and guided by Mr. Stuart Shaw, who will be leaving us at the end of term. We should like to wish Mr. Shaw every success in his new post at Cannock, even though we have to tell him how very sorry we all are that he is leaving us, and how much we have appreciated his leadership.

Our successes have been caused by the very great efforts made by the House as a whole; indeed, every member of Glyndwr seems to have tried in some way or other to contribute to our most satisfactory results. However, we were most fortunate in possessing Wyn Griffiths, whom we congratulate on becoming Victor Ludorum yet again.

On the games field, our girls came third in the Senior Hockey matches and first in the Junior hockey competition. They were second in the Girls' events in the Sports. Our boys won the seven-a-side competition, but the House XV was beaten by Picton and Tudor. In the Sports the Boys came first. The Eisteddfod Cup was won by Margaret Richards, with Sarah Monico and Caroline Hughes very close runners-up.

Our thanks go to our House Captains, David Campbell and Rosemary Lewis, to our Games Captains, Susan Huxtable and Philip Carradice, and to all those who so ably helped and trained people for the Eisteddfod and on the Sports Field. We should like to give our good wishes to our "prefectorial body" for 1965-6, who will be shortly leaving us for the realms of higher learning.

HOUSE TEAMS

Senior Hockey XI—P. Pattison, S. Griffiths, S. A. Rees, A. Stephens, S. Huxtable (Capt.), P. Kenniford, A. Stevens, L. Williams, R. Lewis, S. Richards, E. Hughes, H. Williams.

Junior Hockey XI—A. Stephens (Capt.), A. Stephens, P. Cawley, S. Kenniford, S. Griffiths, P. Kenniford, L. Smith, A. Russell, J. Doran, A. Rowlands, E. Johns.

Seven-a-side Rugby—P. Carradice (Capt.), B. Crawford, B. Hall, B. Jones, G. Jones, W. Griffiths, M. Brace, A. Hodge, G. Nicholas.

Senior Rugby XV—P. Carradice (Capt.), B. Jones, D. Campbell, A. Hodge, E. White, W. Griffiths, M. Brace, G. Jones, B. Hall, J. Spurr, J. Jones, G. Nicholas, A. Warlow, R. Brown, M. Lewis, R. Powell.

Junior Rugby XV—

PICTON HOUSE

This year the house redeemed itself after last year's appalling performance in the School Eisteddfod, by coming second. We did very well in some competitions but the biggest surprise, or should I say shock, was winning the choir after so many years of utter defeat! Many people in the house gained a large number of points, particularly Timothy Hordley, who was awarded the House Cup with over 60 points to his credit. However we were sadly let down by a few people who gained under five points each.

For the House Play this year we chose "The Happy Journey," by Thornton Wilder, a very difficult play because of the absence of scenery and properties. The producer, who was Helen Henschell, put in a great deal of hard work and deserves great praise. The main character, Ma Kirby, was played by Eira Jenkins, who gave a very convincing performance and was highly commended by the adjudicator. Other actors who took part were Alan Searle, Stephen Badham, Pamela Morgan, Howard Robinson and Sheila Richardson. We are also most grateful to Joan Handley, Elaine White, Ieuan Harries, Margaret Davies and Peter Beedhare, who helped behind the scenes.

We also gained second place in the School Sports. The boys in particular are to be congratulated on their fine performance, and I am sure this will give the girls, who did not do quite as well, an incentive to try harder in the future.

The boys are again to be congratulated on their brilliant victory on the rugby field in both junior and senior competitions. Once again the girls did not do so well, but the junior girls redeemed the fair sex by coming second in their netball competition.

We were pleased to welcome Miss Dorothy Lewis to our number last September. She is a former pupil, and we hope she will enjoy a long and happy stay with us in the house. We would also like to say how sorry we are to see many people leave the house. I am sure we all wish them good fortune for the future and we hope they will not forget us.

SHEILA RICHARDSON, Lower VI Arts

Societies

THE SCHOOL CHOIR

The usual Friday morning anthems have been the only recent prominent features of the school choir, the main reason being the sad depletion in the male contingent (senior boys please take note). However "The Penvro Singers," a mixture of senior present members and former members were active in assisting Mr. Whitehall in a recital shortly after Christmas.

My predecessors mentioned in the last report that we were happy to have in addition to the small orchestra a number of recorders and percussion instruments. I am fortunate in being able to report the further addition of a trumpet and a clarinet. These two instruments were introduced some weeks ago, much to the excitement of both staff and pupils and have proved a great success. They are played by "The twins" (I can't tell you which one plays what, for obvious reasons!)

Unfortunately, since prize day this year is at the end of term, the choir is at a great disadvantage because we have very little time to practice due to the examinations. I think this is a suitable point to thank some of the Fifth and Upper Sixth Formers on behalf of the rest of the choir, who have been attending practices although they are excused school.

At the end of term we will be losing some of our members. We would like to thank them for their contribution to the success of the choir and we wish them good fortune for the future. We also feel that Mr. Whitehall deserves a word of thanks for his hard work and patience. We hope that he will continue to "put up with us" in the future as patiently as he has done in the past.

SHEILA RICHARDSON, Lower VI Arts

THE JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

Chairman: Angela Stevens *Secretary:* Roland Perkins *Treasurer:* Stephen Badham

Form IV Rep.: Ann Stephens

Form III Reps.: Pamela Morgan and Christopher Mends

Form II Reps.: Susan Penfold and Philip Howell

Our meetings this year have been held in Room 16 at 1.15 on Wednesdays.

Our first meeting was held on January 12th when some interesting slides of Bala were shown. The following meeting took the form of the debate: "One must go to church to be a Christian." The proposers were Robin Campbell and Derek Ambrose, and the opposers were Susan Penfold and Karen Stephens. The result was for the motion. An "Any Questions" followed when the panel consisted of Gwyn Campbell, Stephen Badham, Pamela Morgan and Angela Stevens.

On March 16th a film on Nigeria was shown and was very much appreciated by all of us. The Rev. Ellison, of Haverfordwest, a now familiar and welcome visitor of the Union's, gave an enlightening talk on "Easter." Our chorus-singing session also proved to be very successful.

Further meetings included the discussion: "Does the Church of today offer sufficient to young people," which was introduced by Pamela Morgan; a Top of the Pops, when the panel was Susan Penfold,

Karen Stevens and Derek Ambrose; two treasure hunts; an Any Questions, when the panel consisted of Mr. Shaw, Katherine Phillips, David Campbell and Roger Powell, and a film-strip entitled "The Bible comes alive."

We hope, as in previous years, to hold a barbecue at the end of term. Meetings will continue next term and any pupil of Forms II, III or IV is welcome to attend.

ANGELA STEVENS, IVA

THE YOUNG FARMERS' CLUB

The Club has continued the record of its success this year by playing a prominent part in and, indeed, winning many of the annual competitions.

This lead was started by the Club's success in the Public Speaking Competition recorded in the last edition. This was followed by the Drama Competition and we were pleased to see our cast and production team awarded first place in the county and then to represent Pembrokeshire in the All-Wales Final at Haverfordwest in which they were placed fourth.

The team for the Knock-Out Quiz also continued their fine record of success in this competition, but were unfortunately beaten in the semi-finals by Nevern Young Farmers' Club.

A new competition was held this year—the talent competition. For it clubs must give a show on the lines of the London Palladium. We were extremely proud to be the first club to win this competition and were even more proud of the fact that three of our items were given special mention by the adjudicators: The compere, Ronnie Henson; the dancing girls and the comedy sketch. We went on as a result to Aberystwyth in the All-Wales final and were placed third.

To complete the cycle of events the annual County Rally was held at Haverfordwest on May 21st. For the third time in succession we won the Junior Shield, we were placed third in the Senior Shield and were third overall.

I would like to add that all this success would not have been possible without the help of the Club Leaders and I would like to extend to them our gratitude on behalf of the rest of the club for their help, particularly to Mrs. Bowskill, who will be leaving us this term.

SHEILA RICHARDSON, Lower VI Arts

The International Gathering of Young Farmers' Clubs

Some weeks ago, the first ever International Gathering Young Farmers' Clubs was held at Blackpool. It provided a unique opportunity for young farmers from New Zealand, Australia, the United States, Ulster, the Isle of Man, England, Scotland and Wales to meet and discuss problems facing young farmers in the world today. The Welsh team consisted of four—representatives from Anglesey, Monmouthshire and Carmarthenshire, and myself, from Pembrokeshire. We were accompanied by the Welsh secretary, Miss Jane Davies.

On the first day we visited three dairy farms of varying size, each with a different kind of management. These farms were Prospect Farm, Wrea Green, farmed Mr. Lancaster; Billsborrow Hall, owned by Mr. Tomlinson, and Poplar Grove, run by Mr. Hargreaves. In each case we were

invited to ask the farmers questions on their methods and at the same time make notes which we thought useful for discussion. We also visited a creamery at Garstang, where we saw how milk from farms of a fifteen-mile radius was utilised within the creamery for the production of cheese and dry milk powder.

The second day was devoted to discussion on the systems we had seen the previous day. Members were placed in groups with a member of each country in each group as far as that was possible. From these discussions a report was compiled by each group and given to the leading members of the Lancashire N.A.A.S. and also to the farmers whose farms we had visited. After this a general discussion was held when many interesting suggestions were brought to light.

In the evening we attended the National Entertainment Competition and saw two Welsh teams, one from Cardigan and the other from Carmarthen. Both teams performed very well but it was the Shropshire Young Farmers who were awarded the Dunlop Challenge Trophy.

This international gathering, being the first of its kind, was somewhat of an experiment for the organisers. Like all experiments there was a result, and in my opinion it was one of total success. The programme had been so carefully arranged that one could not fail to gain great benefit from it. What impressed me most was the wonderful opportunity of being able to meet people from almost the four corners of the earth, and to hear how their methods of farming and way of life differed from ours. It was a unique experience and I was grateful for the opportunity that had been afforded me.

MALCOLM LEWIS, Upper VI Science

Sports Day

"Sports Day" is really a misnomer for the inclement weather this year meant that the School sports had to be held on two consecutive afternoons, May 24th and 25th. Even then the weather was far from enjoyable but the competitors persevered in their attempts so manfully that we even saw a few records broken. The most fortunate were the people who took part in the jumping events in the days prior to Sports Day(s) for they had dry conditions which must have helped greatly to David Rourke's new record in the Middle Boys' Long Jump and John Clarke's equalling of the Middle Boys' High Jump. In much less happy conditions Wyn Griffiths and Malcolm Lewis broke the record in their Hurdles events, the Middle and Senior respectively.

For the fourth year in succession, Valmai Edwards was Victrix Ludorum, surely a noteworthy achievement, and for the second year running Wyn Griffiths was Victor, this time a clear winner. Hywel carried off the Ebsworth Bowl for Girls' events again, a fact which must have pleased the donor of the cup as she was a member of Hywel when on the staff here. The South Pembrokeshire Rechabites Cup for the best House in Boys' events went to Glyndwr once more but the margin here was very narrow, with Picton only nine points behind, an even closer thing than the Eisteddfod last term! The over-all placings gave Glyndwr the R.A.F. Cup for the Champion House in Athletics. Those who follow school athletics carefully might have realised that a state of "no change" exists, for, apart from the variation in the number of points scored, the top places recorded here are exactly as last year.

The presentation of winners' ribbons was made in assembly on May 27th and it was a pleasant change—and possibly even a novel experience for some—to be able to see the ceremony without the intervention of bobbing heads blocking one's view!

School Sports Record Sheet

Giving Placings, Houses and Winning Times and Distances.

Event	First	H'se	Second	H'se	Third	H'se	Winning Time or Distance
100 YARDS—BOYS							
Sub-Junior	A. Davies	G	B. Lewis	T	R. Campbell	G	13.9 secs.
Junior	M. Mathias	P	D. Scourfield	P	B. Jones	H	11.4 secs. <i>eq. rec.</i>
Middle	D. Rourke	T	A. Hodge	G	D. Aspmall	P	10.9 secs.
Senior	M. Lewis	G	J. Mathias	P	B. Penfold	T	11 seconds
100 YARDS—GIRLS							
Junior	M. Bannon	H	A. Rowlands	G	B. Davies	G	13.5 secs.
Middle	S. Kenniford	T	M. Davies	P	A. Stevens	G	
Senior	V. Edwards	G	P. Anfield	H	C. Bellamy	G	12.2 secs.
220 YARDS—BOYS							
Sub-Junior	R. Campbell	G	J. Phillips	G	G. Wickland	T	31.9 secs.
Junior	M. Mathias	P	B. Jones	H	A. Evans	T	27.6 secs.
Middle	A. Hodge	G	R. Luff	T	C. Barker	P	26.1 secs.
Senior	B. Penfold	T	J. Mathias	P	E. White	C	26.1 secs.
220 YARDS—GIRLS							
Senior	V. Edwards	T	P. Anfield	H	C. Bellamy	P	29.8 secs.
Middle	M. Davies	P	S. Kenniford	G	A. Griffiths	H	31.8 secs.
440 YARDS—BOYS							
Junior	M. Mathias	P	B. James	H	G. Campbell	G	66.7 secs.
Middle	W. Griffiths	G	A. Searle	P	B. Evans	T	59.4 secs.
Senior	M. Brace	P	E. White	G	H. Thomas	T	60.2 secs.
880 YARDS—JUNIOR BOYS							
Middle	G. Campbell	G	P. Pryce	T	R. Brawn	P	2 min. 35.9 secs.
Senior	W. Griffiths	G	J. Harries	G	K. Brady	H	2 min. 27.8 secs.
	M. Brace	G	R. Roberts	G	H. Emmet	P	2 min. 19.2 secs.

Event	First	H'se	Second	H'se	Third	H'se	Winning Time or Distance
ONE MILE							
Middle	J. Harries	G	K. Brady	H	R. Davies	P	5 min. 29.6 secs.
Senior	M. Brace	G	J. Armitage	T	L. Pemberton	T	5 min. 27.8 secs.
HURDLES—GIRLS							
Junior	A. Rowlands	G	L. Davids	T	J. Davies	H	13.9 secs.
Middle	A. Stevens	G	J. Hughes	T	F. Stewart	H	12.8 secs.
Senior	V. Sandell	H	C. Bellamy	P	M. Phillips	T	15.7 secs.
HURDLES—BOYS							
Sub-Junior	J. Bugby	T	P. Gwyther	G	A. Davies	G	13.9 secs.
Junior	S. Skone	T	R. Brown	P	G. D. Brown	H	13.3 secs.
Middle	W. Griffiths	G	B. Evans	T	K. Brady	H	14.8 secs. <i>new rec.</i>
Senior	M. Lewis	G	I. Samuel	P	L. Pemberton	T	17.6 secs. <i>new rec.</i>
220 YARDS HURDLES—BOYS							
Middle	D. Rourke	T	A. Searle	P	G. Asparassa	H	27.8 secs.
Senior	B. Penfold	T	R. Roberts	G			28.2 secs.
HIGH JUMP—BOYS							
Sub-Junior	N. Rule	H	J. Bugby	T	T. Bannon	H	4ft. 1in.
Junior	P. Hughes	H	P. Brown	G	E. Dade	P	4ft. 3in.
Middle	J. Clarke	P	B. Evans	T			5ft. 2½in.
Senior	H. Robinson	P	J. Harries	G			<i>equals record</i>
			L. Smith	T	M. Lewis	G	5ft. 0in.
HIGH JUMP—GIRLS							
Junior	J. Davies	H	A. Rowlands	G	D. Hay	P	3ft. 11in.
Middle	A. Gibby	T	A. Stevens	G	J. Phillips	P	4ft. 0in.
Senior	J. Bannon	H	V. Edwards	T	J. Thomas	P	4ft. 1in.
LONG JUMP—BOYS							
Sub-Junior	R. Campbell	G	G. Wickland	T			12ft. 11in.
Junior	R. Brawn	P	N. Rule	H			16ft. 8½in.
Middle	D. Rourke	T	L. Smith	T	R. Davies	T	19ft. 0½in.
Senior	J. Mathias	P	D. Aspinall	P	R. Milne	P	<i>new record</i> 17ft. 11¼in.

Event	First	H'se	Second	H'se	Third	H'se	Winning Time or Distance
LONG JUMP—GIRLS							
Junior	R. K. Jackson	H			L. Davids	T	11ft. 5in.
Middle	M. Bannon	H					
Senior	A. Griffiths	H	S. James	H	J. Hughes	T	13ft. 8in.
	V. Edwards	T	P. Anfield	H	M. Barton	T	14ft. 11in.
HOP, STEP AND JUMP—BOYS							
Sub-Junior	R. Campbell	G	N. Rule	H	T. Bannon	H	28ft. 7in.
Junior	R. Brawn	P	M. Mathias	P	L. Smith	T	33ft. 5½in.
Middle	D. Rourke	T	J. Clarke	P	T. Jenkins	P	37ft. 4½in.
Senior	H. Robinson	P	A. Hyde	H	M. Lewis	G	36ft. 5½in.
880 YARDS—GIRLS							
Senior	V. Sandell	H			J. Thomas	P	3 min. 5.8 secs.
	E. Hughes	G					
POLE VAULT—BOYS							
Sub-Junior	G. Wickland	T	M. Perkins	G	P. Best	H	4ft. 0in.
Junior	P. Hughes	H	P. Vincent	T	P. Thompson	G	7ft. 0in.
Middle	W. Griffiths	G	P. Morgan	P	R. Davies	T	7ft. 11in.
Senior	H. Emmment	P	L. Smith	T	P. Morgan	H	8ft. 6in.
DISCUS—BOYS							
Sub-Junior	P. Best	H	M. White	P	D. Parry	T	51ft. 11in.
Junior	P. G. Thomas	G	P. Hughes	H	L. Johnson	H	91ft. 2in.
Middle	R. Milne	P	D. Rogers	H	G. Albury	T	103ft. 1in.
Senior	B. Penfold	T	P. Driscoll	P	P. Carradice	G	100ft.
DISCUS—GIRLS							
Junior	A. Llewellyn	P	M. Blair	H	L. Palmer	P	42ft. 3in.
Middle	P. Palmer	P	V. Lain	T	P. Kenniford	G	56ft. 4½in.
Senior	M. Barton	T	C. Donovan	H	S. Huxtable	G	79ft. 2in.

	First	H'se	First	H'se	Second	H'se	Third	H'se	Winning Time or Distance
JAVELIN—BOYS									
Sub-Junior	A. Davies	G	P. Best	H	B. Lewis	T			57ft. 3in.
Junior	P. Hughes	H	L. Johnson	H	M. Llewellyn	P			79ft. 5½in.
Middle	J. Handley	P	R. Main	T	M. Lewis	G			97ft. 6in.
Senior	L. Smith	T	M. Brace	G	H. Robinson	P			119ft. 7½in.
ROUNDERS BALL—GIRLS									
Junior	M. Campbell	P	P. Sutton	T	M. Harries	P			118ft.
JAVELIN—GIRLS									
Middle	M. Davies	P	A. Stephens	G	P. Kenniford	G			71ft. 3in.
Senior	J. Thomas	P	S. Huxtable	G	M. Bondzio	H			66ft. 6in.
SHOT—BOYS									
Sub-Junior	D. Parry	T				I. Kilcoyne	T		
	J. Bearne	G				R. Perkins	G		
Junior	L. Smith	T	C. Pickard	T		R. Jeffreys	T		33ft. 3½in.
Middle	A. Hodge	G	R. Milne	H		P. Driscoll			37ft. 6½in.
Senior	F. Penfold	T	H. Robinson	H					
SHOT—GIRLS									
Middle	J. Davies	H	A. Llewellyn	P	A. Rowlands	G			21ft. 5in.
Junior	P. Kenniford	G	V. Lain	T	L. Boswell	P			27ft. 10½in.
Senior	S. Huxtable	G	M. Barton	T	M. Jackson	G			28ft. 3in.
RELAY—BOYS									
Sub-Junior		Glyndwr		Tudor		Hywel			1 min. 4 secs.
Junior		Picton		Hywel		Tudor			54.8 secs.
Middle		Glyndwr		Picton		Tudor			51.2 secs.
Senior									

Event	First	H'se	Second	H'se	Third	H'se	Winning Time or Distance
RELAY—GIRLS							
Junior	Hywel		Picton		Tudor		1 min.
Middle	Glyndwr		Picton		Tudor		1 min. 6.7 secs.
Senior	Tudor		Glyndwr		Picton		1 min. 3.1 secs.

GIRLS—					Boys—		
Hywel	214	points			Glyndwr	407	points
Glyndwr	183	"			Picton	398	"
Picton	175	"			Tudor	395	"
Tudor	167	"			Hywel	250	"

OVERALL PLACINGS—

Glyndwr	590	points
Picton	573	"
Tudor	562	"
Hywel	464	"

COUNTY SPORTS—JUNE 4TH, 1966

On Saturday, June 4th, the County Sports were held at the Haverfordwest Secondary School sports ground. We sent up a reasonably strong team but unfortunately had to return home without any trophies. Our only consolation was that the Middle School Boys team lost first place by only two points and the Junior Boys also came second in their class. This enabled the Boys to be over-all second. The best placing amongst the Girls' teams was that of the Juniors who were third and the Girls' over-all position was sixth.

Event	Name	Position
-------	------	----------

JUNIOR GIRLS—

100 Yards	Moira Bannon	3rd
Hurdles	Linda Davids	5th
Shot	Janet Davies	4th
Relay	M. Bannon, A. Rowlands, L. Davies, B. Davies	4th
(Team Position — 3rd)		

MIDDLE GIRLS—

High Jump	Angela Stevens	6th
Discus	Margaret Davies	6th
Javelin	Margaret Davies	1st
Shot	Pat Kenniford	9th
(Team Position — 8th)		

SENIOR GIRLS—

100 Yards	Valmai Edwards	3rd
Long Jump	Valmai Edwards	3rd
Hurdles	Veronica Sandell	6th
Discus	Margaret Barton	3rd
Javelin	Janice Thomas	2nd
Shot	Susan Huxtable	3rd
880 Yards	Elaine Hughes	6th
Relay	P. Anfield, V. Sandell, J. Bondon, V. Edwards	5th
(Team Position — 5th)		

SUB-JUNIOR BOYS—

220 Yards	Robin Campbell	4th
High Jump	Neil Rule	5th
Shot	David Parry	5th
(Team Position — 8th)		

JUNIOR BOYS—

100 Yards	Malcolm Mathias	2nd
440 Yards	Malcolm Mathias	1st
880 Yards	Gwyn Campbell	3rd
Long Jump	Robert Brown	2nd
Triple Jump	Robert Brown	1st
Pole Vault	Peter Hughes	3rd
Javelin	Peter Hughes	2nd
Relay	D. Scourfield, L. Smith, M. Mathias, B. James	1st
(Team Position — 2nd)		

Event	Name	Position
MIDDLE BOYS—		
100 Yards	David Rourke	2nd
220 Yards	Anthony Hodge	1st
440 Yards	Alan Searle	3rd
880 Yards	Kevin Brady	5th
One Mile	John Harries	5th
110 Yards Hurdles	Wyn Griffiths	1st
200 Yards Hurdles	Wyn Griffiths	1st
High Jump	John Clarke	1st
Long Jump	David Rourke	4th
Triple Jump	David Rourke	5th
Discus	Roderick Milne	3rd
Shot	Anthony Hodge	1st
Relay	D. Rourke, W. Griffiths, D. Aspinall, A. Hodge	2nd

(Team Position — 2nd)

SENIOR BOYS—

220 Yards	Bruce Penfold	4th
440 Yards	John Mathias	3rd
120 Yards Hurdles	Malcolm Lewis	4th
200 Yards Hurdles	Bruce Penfold	3rd
Triple Jump	Alan Hyde	5th
Discus	Frank Penfold	4th
Javelin	Lyn Smith	2nd

(Team Position — 5th)

HOCKEY

FIRST XI 1965-6

Opponents:—

Pembroke Ladies	Home	2-2	Drew
Coronation Secondary Modern	Home	7-0	Won
Milford Grammar School	Away	1-2	Lost
Penvro Ladies	Home	0-1	Lost
Milford Central	Away	0-1	Lost
Tenby	Away	0-3	Lost
Haverfordwest Secondary Modern	Away	4-0	Won
Carmarthen	Home	1-2	Lost
Fishguard	Away	0-4	Lost
Haverfordwest Secondary Modern	Home	Cancelled	
Whitland Grammar School	Away	2-1	Won

Several of the scheduled matches were cancelled owing to bad weather. The season was not a particularly sparkling one but we can console ourselves with the fact that at the county trials Valmai Edwards, Ruth Morgan, Patsy Anfield and Margaret Barton were chosen to play in the final trial. Patsy, Ruth and Margaret were chosen to play for the first County XI and Valmai for the Second XI.

The team during the season was represented by the following:— Margaret Jenkins, Susan Huxtable, Janice Gammon, Veronica Sandell, Margaret Barton (captain), Margaret Bondzio, Valmai Edwards, Patsy Anfield, Ruth Morgan, Rhiannon Bowen, Julie Rogers. The following girls also played: Jane Sudbury, Joan Handley, Pat Gibby, Margaret Davies, Pauline Stewart and Ann Griffiths. At the end of the season Colours were awarded to Pauline Stewart and Jane Sudbury.

SECOND XI

Opponents			
Coronation Secondary Modern	Home	7-0	Won
Milford Grammar School	Away	2-0	Won
Penvro Ladies	Home	4-1	Lost
Milford Central	Away	0-0	Drew
Tenby	Away	1-1	Drew
Haverfordwest Secondary Modern	Away	5-0	Won
Carmarthen	Home	2-2	Drew
Fishguard	Away	5-3	Lost
Coronation	Away	Cancelled	
Whitland	Away	2-2	Drew
Tenby	Home	3-1	Lost

The team consisted of Prudence Pattison (captain), Linda Panton, Margaret Davies, Sylvia Pemberton, Ann Stephens, Christine Gutch, Susan Richards, Frances Stewart, Elaine Hughes, Helen Humber, Joan Handley. The following also played in a few matches: Ann Griffiths, Pat Gibby, Rosalyn Bleach. At the end of the season colours were awarded to Ann Griffiths, Ann Stephens, Frances Stewart, Margaret Bondzio, Helen Humber, Elaine Hughes, Linda Panton.

During the season First Year, Second Year and Third Year teams were also fielded.

At the Staff Hockey match at the end of the Easter term, the Staff were victorious by 2 goals to nil. At least we had the daintier team! The Staff playing were Miss Hughes, Miss P. Williams, Miss D. Lewis, Mrs. Harris, Messrs. E. Lloyd, M. Thomas, R. Sabido, E. Powell, G. Davies, J. Smith, J. Harris.

ROUNDERS

1966

For various reasons, including those of bad weather and Athletics, only one match has been played so far this term. This was against Fishguard when we won by 3½ rounders to 2. The First IX consists of Pamela Morgan, Ann Stephens, Susan Huxtable, Janice Gammon, Priscilla Palmer, Margaret Barton, Lynn Boswell, Hazel Scourfield and Rachel Pannell.

The Second IX also played one game, against Fishguard, and won by 3 rounders to 2½. The Seconds were represented by Jane Bondon, Carolyn Roch, Rosemary Jenkins, Angela Powell, Christine Bellamy, Pauline James, Sylvia Jones, Sheila Kenniford and Linda Panton.

TENNIS

As with Rounders our only match to date this term has been against Fishguard. The result was a draw, eight games each. The team was Elaine Hughes, Jane Sudbury, Helen Humber, Susan Morris, Christine Gutch, Susan Richards, Ann Griffiths, Irene Higgs.

The Boys' team of John Armitage, John Mathias, Philip Carradice and Hugh Emmet has so far played one match, versus Fishguard, but this unfortunately had to be abandoned because of rain when the school were well ahead in both matches.

RUGBY

1st XV

The team has had a very good season this year, scoring 213 points, with only 117 against. Bruce Penfold, John Mathias, Philip Carradice, Wyn Griffiths and Brian Hall all represented the school in the County School-boys XV, the first four touring Cornwall during the Easter holidays. Only

four school matches were lost, and amongst the victories were two notable wins over Llanelly (6-0) and Gwendraeth (8-3). At the end of the season Colours were awarded to Philip Carradice, Brian Hall and Hugh Emmet.

We again entertained Kilburn this year in return for their hospitality to the school team in January and sincerely hope that this fixture will be continued in future years.

Captain: Bruce Penfold; Vice-Captain: John Mathias.

Secretary: Paul Driscoll; Committee members: Philip Carradice, Brian Hall.

Matches played, 17; won 11, lost 4, drawn 2.

The following played in at least two games: B. Penfold, J. Mathias, P. Driscoll, P. Carradice, B. Hall, H. Emmet, N. Canton, L. Smith, M. Brace, W. Griffiths, A. Hodge, I. Samuel, G. Jones, L. Nutting, F. Penfold, R. Milne, H. Robinson, R. Powell, R. Wragg, K. Deveson, A. Hyde, D. Eastick.

Results of matches:—

Opponents			
Quins	Home	12-11	Won
Tenby	Home	14-0	Won
Fishguard	Home	24-0	Won
St. Davids	Home	48-3	Won
Milford	Away	17-8	Won
Haverfordwest Grammar	Away	3-11	Lost
Gwendraeth	Away	8-3	Won
Preseli	Away	11-3	Lost
Whitland Grammar	Home	Cancelled	
Cardigan	Away	3-0	Won
Llanelly	Home	Cancelled	
Old Boys	Home	3-3	Drew
Preseli	Home	Cancelled	
Kilburn	Away	Cancelled	
Haverfordwest Grammar	Home	13-9	Won
Llanelly	Home	6-0	Won
Fishguard	Away	23-5	Won
St. Davids	Away	Cancelled	
Whitland	Away	10-10	Drew
Tenby	Away	8-0	Lost
Kilburn	Home	16-11	Won
Quins	Away	10-16	Lost
Gwendraeth	Home	Cancelled	
Milford Grammar	Home	Cancelled	
Old Boys	Home	8-0	Lost

P. CARRADICE, Lt. VI Arts.

SECOND XV

Opponents			
Coronation	Away	8-6	Won
Coronation	Home	3-6	Lost
St. Davids	Home	38-0	Won
Milford Grammar School	Away	11-0	Won
Gwendraeth	Away	5-17	Lost
Whitland Grammar	Home	Cancelled	
Coronation	Away	0-8	Lost
Llanelly Grammar School	Away	Cancelled	
Coronation	Away	Cancelled	
Llanelly	Home	5-3	Won

Fishguard	Away	5- 0	Won
Coronation	Away	16- 0	Won
St. Davids	Away	Cancelled	
Whitland	Away	3- 9	Lost
Coronation	Home	3 -6	Lost
Tenby	Away	11 -3	Won
Gwendraeth	Home	Cancelled	
Coronation	Away	15- 6	Won

Captain: Roland Humber; Vice-Captain: Michael Brace:

Secretary: David Campbell; Committee members: Alan Hyde, J. Jenkins.

Team represented by: L. Smith, N. Canton, B. Jones, B. Evans, H. Thomas, A. Hyde, K. Griffiths, M. Brace, D. Williams, L. Nutting, J. Jenkins, H. Emment, J. Clark, G. Nicholas, R. Humber, R. Powell, D. Merriman, P. Sandell, D. Eastick, R. Henson, R. Wragg, R. Milne, M. Lewis, I. Samuels, D. Campbell.

The team this season has played quite well despite many members being called up for first team duties. The highlight of the season was the victory over Llanelly by 5 points to 3, after trailing by 3 points at half-time.

Played 13; won 8, lost 5.

UNDER THIRTEENS

The team has been playing well this season. In a few cases the first team players were absent and the reserves played. We have played five games in all during the Spring Term, of which we won two and drew three.

The team was as follows:—

J. Asparassa (captain), P. Brown (vice-captain), R. John (secretary), P. Smith, M. Cole, K. Phelps, J. Stephens, R. Campbell, P. Thompson, M. John, R. Brawn, S. Griffiths, P. Marsden, K. Johnson, S. Badham. Reserves: D. Sheehan, D. Ambrose, M. Grey, S. Longhurst.

R. JOHN, IIIA

CRICKET

FIRST XI, 1966

The following boys have represented the first team: M. Brace (captain), D. Eastick (vice-captain), L. Smith (secretary), H. Thomas, G. Jones, B. Penfold, W. Griffiths, B. Jones, P. Driscoll, D. Skone, A. Hodge, and H. Davies.

M. Brace, D. Eastick, G. Jones, D. Skone and W. Griffiths were chosen for the final county trial. M. Brace (as vice-captain), Eastick and Skone were chosen to play for the Pembrokeshire Schools. Brace and Eastick have subsequently been chosen to play in the Welsh Trial at Swansea.

Results to date:—

Against Fishguard (home). This game was abandoned due to rain after Fishguard had been bowled out for only 19 runs.

Against Coronation (away) in the Preliminary Round of the Bowen Summers Bowl—won by 9 wickets.

The School batting has up to the present time had little to do but the bowling of M. Brace (13 wickets for 22 runs) deserves special mention.

LYN SMITH, Lr. VI Science.

JUNIOR XI

Captain: N. Phillips; Vice-Captain, C. Barker; Secretary, C. Watson. Selection committee, A. Searle.

Results:—

<i>Opponents</i>	<i>School</i>	<i>Scores</i>	<i>Opponents</i>
Narberth	125	13
Coronation	96	41
Tenby	67	68

Team: N. Phillips, C. Barker, C. Watson, A. Searle, M. Davis, D. Reynolds, P. Morgan, G. Albury, I. Marchant, G. Spurr, P. Evans, D. Scourfield, J. Reynolds, A. Campbell.

Batting Averages:

M. Davis 20.3 runs each innings; N. Phillips 19.6 runs; D. Reynolds 16 runs.

Bowling Averages: A. Searle 11 wickets for 49 runs; P. Morgan 5 wickets for 0 runs.

CHARLES WATSON, Upper IVA.

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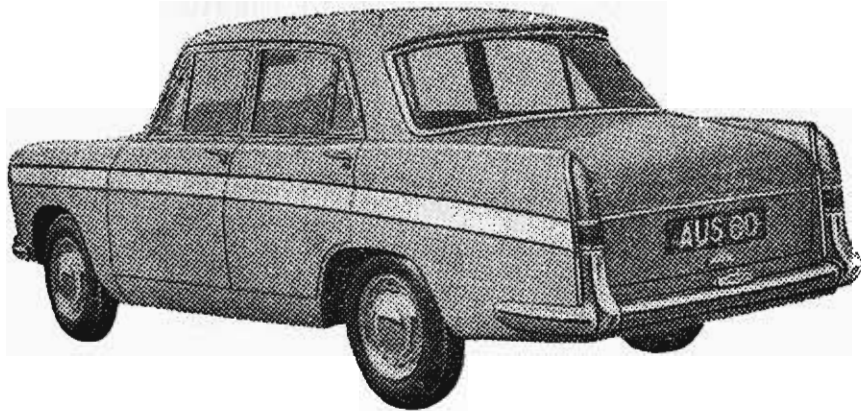
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OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION.

The annual Sale of Work held on 6 July proved a great success and the proceeds have brought us very near to our goal - the clearing of the debt on the school organ. Enthusiasm for the Organ Fund among Old Pupils has fallen off during the past year or so, and the main contributions towards the debt have come from the efforts of the present pupils and the parents, particularly at the sales of work. We appeal, therefore, to Old Pupils who have not already done so to send some contribution, however small, to help to pay for this splendid school amenity which is of course a memorial to Old Pupils who gave their lives in both World Wars.

Letters from one Old Pupil and an evening spent recently with another have made us realize that Old Pupils living in various parts of the world might well be brought in contact with each other through the medium of Penvro. Wendy (Gray) Power (1954-61) who is a ground-hostess with Trans-World Airways and one of our most regular correspondents has been using her vacations to see the world, and on one trip recently spent a few days in Singapore with Dianne James (nee Crook, 1954-58) whose husband is stationed there with the R.A.F.

On leave at Pembroke recently was Dr. John Blencowe (1935-42) who is on the staff of the Government Rubber research Station at Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. He frequently sees another Old Pupil, Fred Hughes (1938-44) who has for some years been managing a rubber plantation in Malaya.

We are always pleased to hear from Old Pupils living abroad and will do all we can to put them in touch with other 'exiles' of whom we may know.

NEWS OF OLD PUPILS.

Through our former headmaster, Mr. Roland Mathias, we have heard interesting news of one of our earliest foreign pupils, Gerti Adametz, who spent a term here in 1953. Since returning to Austria she has graduated in Chemistry at Vienna University and has also been awarded a Ph.D. She is now Mrs. Swoboda, and she and her husband, also a chemist, have completed a post-doctoral year at Stanford University, California, and have now returned to take up posts in chemical research in Germany. Old Pupils who were her contemporaries will remember her as a brilliant pianist.

Derek Cousins (1949-54) whose marriage is recorded in this issue, is now resident inspector for the Mid-Wales area for the Norwich Union Life Assurance Company. He is active in sport as a member of the Builth Wells cricket and rugby clubs and is also secretary of the newly-formed Rotary Club at Builth Wells.

James Gaddarn (1935-40) G.T.C.L., F.T.C.L., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., who for many years has been a prominent conductor in London, paid a visit to his home county last May when he conducted at the Adult Baptist Singing Festival at Bethesda Church, Haverfordwest.

Carole Herbert (1957-63) who has held a secretarial post at the Regent Refinery since completing a commercial course at Neyland Technical College, joined the W.R.N.S. last February.

Raymond Jones (1940-47) whose stage name is Raymond Llewellyn, was at home in Pembroke Dock for some weeks last Spring with his wife Rachel, who gave birth to a son, their first child, in February. They now have a home in London, where Raymond has been appearing in a number of television plays.

Stephen Maher (1956-63) left Pembroke Dock for Sydney, Australia, in June. On leaving school Stephen entered the Bank, but has more recently been employed at the Regent Oil Refinery. He hopes to find similar employment in Australia.

Leslie Neville (1959-64) who is an aircraft apprentice with B.A.O.C. at Treforest has passed a gliding test which entitles him to carry passengers. Next September Leslie is to attend an A.T.C. Outward Bound course in the Lake District.

Wendy (Gray) Power (1954-61) has been working for some years at Chicago International Airport. At the beginning of June she left there to work with Trans-World Airways at San Francisco, which she says is her favourite city in the U.S.A. She is also following a course which she hopes will add Spanish to her fluent French and German.

Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, to work as an engineer at the 'Voice of America' radio station.

Jill Sylvester (1951-55) who has been employed in a local office since she left school, took up a civilian appointment in February with the American Army at Wiesbaden, West Germany.

Olive M. Williams (nee Scurlock, 1943-50) is now Head of the Technical Department at Nantwich County Secondary School for Girls.

Christopher Law (1950-57) has written from Yellow Springs, Ohio, U.S.A., where he is a member of a Work Study Programme for European Teachers organized by Antioch College. He hopes to remain in the U.S.A. for a while to teach in the State of Virginia.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagement:

- 27 January - Robert Howells (1959-65) to Anne Power (1960-65).
- 24 February - Sandra Gaccon (1956-63) to Malcolm Edwards, of Pembroke Dock.
- 25 February - Richard Crawford (1956-61) to Margaret Edwards of Clarbeston Road.
- 26 February - Philip Lloyd (1961-63) to Christine Lewis (1958-63).
- 11 March - Godfrey Scammell (1958-63) to Sheena Fairbairnain, of Milford Haven.
- 8 April - Myrtle Williams (1955-61) to Nicholas Lewis Gooch, of Weybridge, Surrey.
- 30 April - Dianne Batchelor (1958-63) to Robert Midgeley, of Bradford.
- 24 June - Hilary Jones (1956-62) to Angus Alexander, of Manorbier,
- 24 June - Richard Hill (1957-62) to Jennifer Pugh, of Pembroke Dock.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage:

- 15 January, at Pembroke, Rosanna Brawn (1958-62) to Derek Smith-Wrench, of Pembroke.
- 5 March, at Llanwrda, Carm., Malcolm Evans (1951-56) to Catherine Elined Morgans, of Llanwrda.
- 26 March, at Pembroke Dock, Susan Parcell (1955-61) to Owen Morgan, of Pembroke.
- 26 March, at Pembroke Dock, Raymond Dony (1954-58) to Lesley Locke, of Pembroke Dock.
- 2 April, at Pembroke Dock, David Gledhill (1955-60) to Carol Brazier, of Pembroke Dock.
- 2 April, at Tiers Cross, Martyn Evans (1958-61) to Jacqueline Evans (1955-62)
- 2 April, at Castlemartin, Diana Corbett (1955-62) to Cledwyn Roberts, of Caernarvon.
- 4 April, at Pembroke Dock, Brian Rees (1958-65) to Sheila White (1958-63)
- 11 April, at Pembroke Dock, Diana Palmer (1955-61) to Hefin ap Iorwerth, B.Sc., of Denbigh.
- 11 April, at Pontypridd, Terence Richards (1954-61) to Dawn Rees, of Pontypridd.
- April, at Watford, David Darlington (1951-58) to Jean Hirschfeld, of Watford.
- 14 May, at Haverfordwest, Godfrey Scammell (1958-63) to Sheena Fairbairn of Milford Haven.
- 14 May, at Pembroke Dock, Peter Oliver (1954-59) to Patricia John of St.Davids.
- 28 May, at Monkton, Pembroke, Margaret Dodd (1959-64) to Malcolm E.O.Davies, of Pembroke Dock.
- 18 June, at Pembroke Dock, Valerie Ann Powell, S.R.N. (1951-55) to Peter Gibby (1950-55)
- 25 June, at Bulth Wells, Derek Cousins (1949-54) to Christine Edna Morgan, of Bulth Wells.
- 2 July, at Monkton, Pembroke, Diane Evans (1959-63) to Michael Harries, Pembroke Dock.

We have pleasure in recording the following births:

- 9 January. To Hazel, wife of Derek Blake (1948-55) a daughter, Caroline Anne.
- January, to Jill Pearce (nee Cook, 1954-58) a daughter, Lysanne.
- 28 February, to Rachel (nee Jackson) wife of Raymond Llewellyn Jones (1940-47) a son, Richard David Llewellyn.
- 6 March, to Mavis (nee Williams, 1939-45) wife of Clifford Davies (1939-44) a daughter, Elizabeth Charlotte.

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

- Margaret Eve (nee Kavanagh, 1953-60) M.B., Ch.B. at St.Andrews.
- Roger Horgan (1955-63), Honours in Chemistry, Class II, Division 1, at Aberystwyth.
- Malcolm Phillips (1955-63), Honours in Chemistry, Class II, Division 1, at Aberystwyth.
- Peter Lundie (1961-62), Honours in Chemistry, Class II, Division 2, at Aberystwyth.
- David Fraser (1955-63), Honours in Physics, Class II, Division 1, at Aberystwyth.
- Brian Morgan (1956-63), Honours in Geography, Class II, Division 2, at Aberystwyth.
- Mary Mathias (1955-56), Honours in English, Class II, Division 1, at Swansea.