

cheap, six times,
at course!

Jack the killer
Peta Herbert
Dance
Holmes
Hawaii
Green with
(Google-eye)
skippy
Janet Jenkins
(Heart breaker)

Dis from da
Misses
We this from the
mark (?) spangler (?)
Shala Kennard
Pat (poor)
xxxxx
Chris Merds

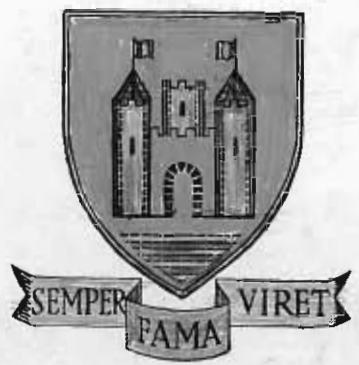
Carol Kaye
Kaye
Foscy
John P. McGuire
Joan Berdy
Algy xxx

Keith Turner
Geordie
Mylo Pender
John P. McGuire
Joan Berdy
Algy xxx

John
Gentle
I. GREEK
all my love
Angie
xxxxx
D Andrews

Robert John Norman
R Brown
Je suis timothee Hardley
Stephen James
Will love
you
Bernard
xxxx

Paul S
Natie Jones
James
Bernard
xxxx



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H. C. Lockl
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Canteen Organizer: Mrs. G. Hitchings

THE PENVRO

KAREN STEVENS FORM VA

No. 141

SPRING

1967

EDITORIAL BOARD

Miss C. M. Lewis, Diana Griffiths, Susan Moffatt.

Business Manager: S. Griffith

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EDITORIAL

As we prepare to go to print there are many reminders that Christmas is not far off—and, for those who are prepared to look even further ahead, there is an unpleasant awareness that next term will be uncomfortably full of hard work, with the examinations and the Eisteddfod following close upon each other's heels. The past term has been as varied as usual and one unexpected pleasure was the opportunity given to the whole school to see the dress rehearsal of the school play, "The Devil's Disciple," which must have been a veritable baptism of fire for the members of the cast. They rose magnificently to the occasion.

It is a great delight to us that the Chairman of the Governors, Mrs. Margaret Mathias, has achieved the distinction of being elected Mayor of Pembroke for 1966-67, the first lady to have graced this office. We have often had the opportunity at Bush to see with what charm and efficiency Mrs. Mathias undertakes public duties, and both the town and the school are fortunate in being able to call upon her continued interest and hard work.

At the beginning of September we welcomed four new members of staff, no fewer than three being concerned with the teaching of German. Mr. A. B. Griffiths has taken over not only the German Department but also the Under 13's Rugby team and has shown himself to be a versatile performer on the games field. Mrs. H. L. S. Greig is now sharing the teaching of German and English, and Herr Lockl is spending a year with us in succession to Fraulein Völlmer. We hope that Herr Lockl is fully recovered from his illness and will enjoy the remainder of his stay in Pembroke. Last but not least of our new staff is Mrs. H. M. Robinson who has taken over the R.D.E. department from Mrs. Bowskill, who is now devoting her time to the needs of a young lady called Emma Louise.

Most terms bring news of departures as well as arrivals and this happened again at Christmas when Mr. Mackenzie left Bush House to the tender care of Messrs. Sabido and Lloyd and departed for Scotland. We wish him and his wife and family well in their new surroundings in Falkirk, where Mr. Mackenzie will be the Agricultural expert at the Technical College.

The great disappointment of the term came when we heard that the Wallabies Touring team would not, after all, be using the school pitch for their training sessions before their match against Wales. It was not only the rugby players that regretted the alteration in the Australians' plans! The boys had some compensation, however in being able to attend several of the Wallabies' matches.

PREFECTS: 1966-67

Head Girl:

Susan Collins (T)

Head Boy:

John Davies (T)

Deputy Head Girl:

Rosemary Jenkins (T)

Deputy Head Boy:

Roderick Milne (P)

Carola Bowen	(G)	David Ashley	(T)
Janice Gamman	(T)	Peter Badham	(P)
Patricia Gibby	(G)	Joseph Bowman	(H)
Caroline Hughes	(G)	Philip Carradice	(G)
Sarah-Jane Monico	(G)	Malcolm Cawley	(G)
Sheila Richardson	(P)	Timothy Drysdale	(G)
Margaret Rogers	(T)	David Eastick	(T)
Maribelle Thomas	(T)	Alan Hyde	(H)
Margaret Vernon	(H)	Peter Hordley	(P)
Linda Williams	(G)	Clive Morgan	(P)
		Frank Penfold	(T)
		Ian Samuel	(P)
		Lyn Smith	(T)
		Harvey Thomas	(T)
		John Whitehall	(H)
		Robert Wilcox	(T)

PRIZE DAY 1966

On July 13th, the annual prizegiving was held, rather later in the school year than usual owing to various difficulties. The guest speaker was Dr. Roger Webster, at that time the Director of the Welsh Committee of the Arts Council of Great Britain although he has since taken up a post as Professor of Education at University College, Bangor. It was particularly interesting to welcome Dr. Webster as his wife (née Ivy Garlick), is an old pupil of the school. Mrs. Webster presented the prizes.

FORM PRIZES

- II.—1, Derek Ambrose; 2, Mary Phillips; 3, Karen Stevens; 4, Stephen Freeman; 5, Sheila Kenniford; 6, Julia Poole; 7, Timothy Hordley.
 IIIC.—Martin Cavaney.
 IIIB.—1, Christine Jenkins; 2, Brian James; 3, Christopher Maggs.
 IIIA.—1, Angela Gwyther; 2, Selwyn Skone; 3, Roland Perkins.
 IVTec.—1, Alan Turner.
 IVC.—1, Ronald Lewis; 2, Elizabeth Williams.
 IVB.—1, Alan Searle; 2, Sheelagh Kelly.
 IVA.—1, David Cooper; 2, Hazel Scourfield; 3, Helen Humber.
 UIVTec.—Joint First Prize: Michael Watkins, Peter Sendell.
 UIVC.—1, Nigel Canton.
 UIVB.—1, Angela Smith.
 UIVA.—1, Roderick Milne, 2, Susan Moffatt.
 VTec.—David Ashley.
 VC.—No prize awarded.
 VB.—Philip Allington.
 VA.—Malcolm Cawley.

SUBJECT PRIZES, FORM V

English Prize (given by Miss A. R. Lewis-Davies, M.B.E.)—Caroline Hughes.
The Brenda Lloyd Prize for Welsh—1, No award; 2, Michael David Phillips.
Welsh Prize (given by Alderman J. R. Williams)—Malcolm James Roche.
Latin Prize (given by Mrs. Hilda Thomas)—Caroline Hughes.
French Prize—Sarah-Jane Monico.
German Prize—Sarah-Jane Monico.
History Prize (given by the Rev. Lewis G. Tucker)—Malcolm Cawley, John Davies.
Scripture Prize—Susan Elsworthy.
Geography Prize (given by Mrs. Nevin in memory of Ald. William Nevin)—Malcolm Cawley and Barry Crawford.
Mathematics Prize (given by B. G. Howells, Esq., O.B.E.)—David Merriman.
Chemistry Prize (given by Mr. Bernard Garnett in memory of his father, J. H. Garnett, M.Sc.)—Roderick Milne.
Physics Prize (given by Mr. Bernard Garnett)—Malcolm Cawley.
Biology Prize (given by Mr. Bernard Garnett)—Peter Badham.
Human Biology Prize—Frank Penfold.
Art Prize (given by Mrs. C. Griffiths)—Katherine Campbell.
Cookery Prize (The 'Beatrice Mary Williams Prize')—Jacqueline Davies.
Dressmaking Prize (given by Mrs. M. V. Jones)—Jennifer Gwyther.
Woodwork Prize (given by Alderman J. A. Meyrick Owen)—Peter Badham and Barry Crawford.
Metalwork Prize (given by Ald. W. Carr)—Barry Crawford.
Pembroke Farmers' Cup for good work in Agriculture—David Ashley.

LOWER VI

The Alice Mary Rees Prize, given jointly by Ralph Llewellyn Rees and Morwyth Rees, in memory of their mother: Helen Hanschell, Kenneth Deveson.

UPPER VI

Prize for best performance at Advanced Level, given by Pembroke Rotary Club: Roger Baker.
History Prize: John Evans.
Woodwork Prize: Roger Baker.
The Chairman of Governors' Prize for Service to the School (given by Reverend Geoffrey Thomas): Susan Stevens.
Prize for the Spoken Word (given by Miss E. M. Young in memory of her father, Charles Young, J.P., Governor of the School): Michael Jones.
Prize for Original Work (given by Mrs. Sarah Thomas): Caroline Hughes.
Prize for Service to School Music (given by Mr. Daniel Hordley): Sheila Davies.

W.J.E.C. RESULTS — JUNE 1966
ADVANCED LEVEL

Patricia Anfield—Physics, Chemistry, Biology.
 Margaret Barton—English, German (O).
 Helen Butters—Physics, Chemistry, Biology.
 Wendy Donovan—Botany, Zoology, Domestic Subjects (Grade A).
 Frances Edwards—English (O), French, Art.
 Janice Gammon—English, French.
 Susan Haggart—English, French.
 Helen Hanschell—English (Grade A), French, History.
 Eira Jenkins—English, Scripture.
 Rosemary Lewis—English (O), French, History.
 Ruth Morgan—Botany, Zoology.
 Kathryn Phillips—English, Welsh, Scripture.
 Margaret Richards—Scripture, History, Geography.
 Veronica Candell—Botany, Zoology (O).
 John Armitage—Geography, Botany, Zoology (O).

Michael Brace—Geography (O), Botany (O), Zoology.
 David Campbell—English (Grade A), French, Geography.
 Kenneth Deveson—Pure Maths., Applied Maths., Physics.
 Paul Driscoll—Geography, Botany (O), Zoology.
 David Eastick—English, French (O), Geography.
 Hugh Emmett—Pure and Applied Maths., Physics, Chemistry.
 Kenneth Goddard—French, Spanish.
 Keith Griffiths—Chemistry, Botany (O), Zoology.
 Ronald Henson, Pure and Applied Maths., Physics, Chemistry (O).
 Malcolm Lewis—Chemistry, Botany (O), Zoology (O).
 John Mathias—Woodwork, Metalwork.
 Barry Morgan—Woodwork, Metalwork.
 Gareth Nicholls—History, Geography.
 Frank Penfold—Pure and Applied Maths. (O).
 Michael Phillips—Welsh (O).
 Roger Powell—English (Grade A), German, History (Grade A).
 John Reynolds—Geography, Pure and Applied Maths.
 Howard Robinson—Art, Woodwork.
 Gareth Saunders—Geography, Pure and Applied Maths. (O), Physics (O), Art.
 Michael Silburn—Pure and Applied Maths., Physics, Chemistry.
 Harvey Thomas—English (O), Scripture, History.
 Richard Wragg—English, History (Grade A), Geography.

ORDINARY LEVEL AND C.S.E.

LOWER VI

Christine Bellamy—Botany (O); Susan Collins—French, Human Biol. (O); Susan Huxtable—Dressmaking (O); Pamela Jenkins—Botany (O); Rosemary Jenkins—Botany, Human Biol. (O); Pauline Stewart—Botany, Human Biol. (Grade 1) (O); Michael Phillips—Eng. Lit. (O); David Ashley—Botany, Human Biol. (O); Peter Badham—Botany (Grade 1) (O); Philip Carradice—Scripture (Grade 1) (O); Malcolm Cawley—Addit. Maths. (O); Timothy Drysdale—Addit. Maths. (O); Ieuan Harries—Botany (O); Peter Hordley—Botany (O); Alan Hyde—Addit. Maths. (O); Roderick Milne—Addit. Maths. (O); Clive Morgan—French, Botany (Grade 1), Human Biol. (Grade 1) (O); Bruce Penfold—Human Biol., Gen. Science (O); Ian Samuel—Botany, Human Biol. (O); Lyn Smith—Prac. Plane and Solid Geom. (O); Eric White—Addit. Maths. (O); Robert Wilcox—Addit. Maths.

FORM V R

Lionel Bennetto—Geom. and Eng. Drawing (O), Scripture (C.S.E.); Brian Hall—Eng. Lang., Human Biol., Woodwork (Grade 1) (O); William Mills—Eng. Lit., Maths. (O); Peter Morgan—Biology, Prac. Plane and Solid Geom. (O); Derek Skone—French, Maths (O); Malcolm Wilcox—Eng. Lit. (O); Valmai Edwards—Scripture (O); Jennifer Gwyther—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Maths, Human Biol., Cookery (O); Elizabeth Hopkins—French, Scripture (O); Imelda James—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit. (O); Margaret Jenkins—Eng. Lit., History, Cookery (O); Jennifer Smith—Eng. Lit., Maths., Chemistry (O); Elaine White—Biology (O).

FORM V A

Julia Bannon—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., French, History, Geog. (O); Maths. (C.S.E.).
 Mair Davies—Maths., Dressmaking (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Diana Griffiths—Eng. Lang., French, Maths., Biol., Human Biol., Cookery (O).
 Susan Griffiths—Eng. Lang., French, Cookery, Dressmaking (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Dinah Haggart—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., French, Geog. (Grade 1), Maths., Biol., Human Biol., Cookery (Grade 1) (O); Scripture (Grade 1) (C.S.E.).
 Kathleen Humber—Eng. Lit., Cookery, Dressmaking (O); Physics, Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Corenne Jones—French, German, Geog., Maths., Human Biol. (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).

Susan Moffatt—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., French, German, History (Grade 1), Geog., Maths. (O).
 Prudence Pattison—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., German, History (Grade 1), Geog. (Grade 1), Maths. (O); Physics, Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Maureen Rees—French, Maths., Cookery, Dressmaking (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Susan Richards—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Geog., Maths., Physics, Chemistry, Biology (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Angela Smith—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Welsh, Music, Cookery (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Carol Smith—Eng. Lang. (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Joy Smith—Eng. Lang., Welsh, French, Maths. (O).
 Janet Statter—Eng. Lang. (Grade 1), Eng. Lit., Latin, French, Geog., Maths., Chemistry (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Anna Sturgeon—Cookery (Grade 1) (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Jane Sudbury—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., French, Maths., Physics, Chem., Biology, Human Biol. (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Megan Sutton—Eng. Lang. (Grade 1), Eng. Lit., Welsh, French, History, Human Biol., Cookery (Grade 1); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Margarate Waters—Eng. Lang., Music, Cookery (O); Maths., Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Hazel Williams—Eng. Lang., Biology, Cookery (Grade 1) (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Kevin Brady—Eng. Lit., Scripture, Maths., Biology.
 Neil Campodonic—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., French, German, Maths., Biology, Human Biol., Woodwork (Grade 1), Art (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 John Clark—Eng. Lang., Maths., Woodwork (O).
 Hugh Davies—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., History, Geog., Woodwork (O); Physics, Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Richard Davies—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., French, Geog., Maths., Chemistry, Biology, Human Biol. (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Byron Evans—Eng. Lang., Geog., Maths., Biol., Gen. Science (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Michael Hanschell—Eng. Lang. (Grade 1), Eng. Lit., Latin, French, Geog., Maths., Physics, Chemistry (Grade 1) (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Gareth Jones—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Welsh, Geog., Maths., Chem. (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 William Medland—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit. (O).
 Noel O'Byrne—Eng. Lang., Latin, French, Maths., Physics, Biology, Human Biol., Art (O).
 John Picton—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., History, Geog., Maths., Chem (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Jeffrey Tomlinson—Eng. Lang., Geog., Maths., Woodwork.

FORM V B

Jane Bondon—Eng. Lang., Cookery (O); Geog. (C.S.E.).
 Joan Handley—Eng. Lit., Human Biol., Cookery, Dressmaking, Housecraft (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Mary Jackson—Eng. Lang., Art (O); Maths. Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Anne James—Eng. Lang., German, Cookery (O); Maths. (C.S.E.).
 Margaret Morgan—Eng. Lang., Cookery (O); Maths., Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Melanie Phillips—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit. (O); Scripture (Grade 1), Maths. (C.S.E.).
 Susan Scourfield—Eng. Lang., Cookery (O); History, Maths. (C.S.E.).
 Helen Stewart—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Geog., Biology, Human Biol., Cookery (O), Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Brenda Watts—Eng. Lang., Welsh, Art (O); Maths., Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Helen Young—Eng. Lang. (O); History, Maths. (C.S.E.).
 Ritchie Davies—Maths., Physics, Woodwork, Metalwork (O).
 Ronald Evans—Woodwork (O); Geog., Physics, Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Paul Gogarty—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., History, Maths. (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Wyn Griffiths—Eng. Lang., Welsh (O); Maths., Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Barry Gwyther—Eng. Lit., Geog., Maths., Biol., Human Biol. (O); Physics, Scripture (C.S.E.).

Anthony Hedge—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Biol., Woodwork (O); Physics, Scripture (C.S.E.).
 David Jenkins—Art, Metalwork (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 John Jenkins—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Woodwork (O); History, Art, Woodwork (O); Maths., Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Michael Lewis—Woodwork (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Graham Nicholas—Welsh, Geog., Maths. (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Lionel Nutting—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Woodwork (O); History, Maths., Physics, Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Frank O'Leary—Eng. Lit., Metalwork (O); Maths. (C.S.E.).
 Glyn Pemberton—Eng. Lang., Metalwork (O).
 Leslie Pemberton—Eng. Lang., French (O).
 John Power—Eng. Lit., History (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 David Rogers—Eng. Lang., Geog., Maths., Art, Metalwork (O); Scripture (C.S.E.).
 William Ross—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., History, Geog., Maths. (O); Physics (C.S.E.).
 Douglas Simpson—Geog., Maths., Physics (C.S.E.).

FORM V C

Barbara Bowen—Geog., Maths., Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Rebecca Fell—Eng. Lang., Cookery (O); Geog. (C.S.E.).
 Jane Goodrick—Art (O).
 Margaret Kelleher—Cookery (O); History, Maths., Human Biol. (C.S.E.).
 Sally Ann Rees—Cookery (Grade 1) (O); History, Maths., Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Kay Scourfield—Eng. Lang., Cookery (O); Maths. (C.S.E.).
 Gerald Asparassa—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Gen. Science (O); Geog., Maths., Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Nigel Canton—Eng. Lang., History, Geog., Woodwork (O); Maths., Scripture (C.S.E.).
 Brian Jones—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Scripture (Grade 1); History, Geog. (O); Maths. (C.S.E.).
 Meredydd Thomas—History, Maths. (C.S.E.).

FORM V T

Irwel Bevan—Eng. Lang., Welsh, Chem., Biology, Metalwork (O).
 Mark Gradon—Geog., Metalwork (Grade 1); Gen. Science (O); Maths. (C.S.E.).
 Roger Gregson—Geog., Biology, Metalwork (O).
 Martin Hadley—Geog. (O); Maths. (C.S.E.).
 John Harries—Welsh, Biol., Metalwork (O).
 Russell John—Chem., Biol. (Grade 1); Eng. Science (O).
 David Llewelin—Eng. Lang., Maths., Agric. Science (O).
 Peter Sendell—Geog., Maths., Chem., Biol., Geol., Eng. Science, Metalwork (O).
 Philip Thomas—Geog., Maths., Geol., Eng. Science, Agric. Science, Metalwork (O).
 Michael Watkins—Geog., Biol., Metalwork (O); Maths. (Grade 1) (C.S.E.).

UPPER IVa

English Language (O): Megan Arnold; Raydene Bateman; Paulette Brown; Margaret Channon; Julie Davids; Margaret Davies; Cecilia Donovan; Christine Gutch; Elaine Hughes; Helen Humber; Sheelagh Kelly; Teresa Leyland; Susan Richards; Jennifer Rickets; Hazel Scourfield; Geoffrey Albury; Richard Allen; David Cooper; Michael Davis; Adrian Fell; Robert Main; David Pendleton; David Reynolds; Jonathan Reynolds; David Rourke; Charles Watson.
French (O): David Cooper. David Pendleton.
Maths. (O): David Cooper; Adrian Fell.
Human Biology (O): Gillian Brown; Cecilia Donovan; Christine Gutch; Elaine Hughes; Helen Humber; Susan Richards; Hazel Scourfield; David Pendleton.

THE SCHOOL VISIT TO SPAIN, JULY 1966

On July 25th, 1966, about twenty-two pupils, two staff and their wives and one daughter left at 4.30 p.m. for Rhoose airport. The object of our journey was Spain, a holiday in a resort called Blanes. The sun was shining brightly, and we were all happy and excited. We departed from Rhoose at 9.30 p.m. and arrived in Perpignan, France at 12.30 a.m. on Tuesday morning. For many of us, it was our first journey by 'plane, and it was an experience that we will never forget.

At 5.30 a.m. we arrived at 'Los Pinos' our hotel and home for the next six days. We were exhausted after our long journey, but found that we were unable to sleep, and went to the beach on a pre-breakfast walk. We found that the water was warm, even then, and we had our first splash in the Mediterranean, even if it was only our feet! After breakfast of coffee and rolls, Mr. Sabido and Mr. Smith took us to the town exchange, to change some of our money into Spanish currency, which was not as confusing to handle as we had imagined. We were then left to explore on our own, and we spent the Wednesday in the same way.

Our first taste of Spanish food was typically English, that of lettuce, tomato and cheese. In the evening, we had some Spanish dishes, but we are still trying to find out the ingredients in some of them! We also had the rather unfortunate pleasure of tasting Spanish ice-cream on the beach, and we still believe that 'Walls' is best.

On the Thursday, we went on a boat trip to a neighbouring resort called *Tossa*, which proved to be a favourite spot with tourists. Near the beach was a monastery, and behind was the town, which had many novelty shops. It was in one of these such shops that we found Spanish dance dolls, about 12in. high, wearing the most beautiful satin dresses and lace mantillas. The owner of the shop told us that she made the dresses and lace herself, and we boasted the sales that day, on the pretence of buying a doll 'for mum'. Also on sale were hand made lace tablecloths, mantilla's and stoles.

We went to Barcelona on the Friday by 'bus, Barcelona was about 75 kilometres from Blanes, but the journey was pleasant as most of it was by the edge of the water. We visited a cathedral which was being re-erected, and saw the large harbour, in which was part of an American fleet. Our guide took us to a typical Spanish village which was specially built to show tourists the various trades of Spain. Afterwards, we went back to Barcelona to shop, and found beautiful suede articles, including waistcoats, handbags, belts and sandals. We also visited a zoo and park, but we did not remain long at either.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday were spent Blanes. On the Saturday afternoon, many of us watched the World Cup Match on the television, and we made it clear to the other spectators, even though they were unable to understand us, that it was obvious England was going to win. The manager gave us furious looks, but he only made us cheer for England all the more!

To our surprise, Sunday was exactly as a normal week day, and all shops were open. On the Sunday afternoon, Mr. Smith and Mr. Sabido became very energetic, and climbed a high hill near Blanes to see a monastery which was right at the top.

We were all very sad on the Monday, because at 9.30 p.m. we were to leave for Perpignan, and then to return home. Many of us visited the large market along the sea front, and also visited the fish market, where octopus was sold as commonly as plaice is in England. To the manager and other guests' relief, we were very quiet that evening having our meal. We departed, rather tearfully, in the girl's cases, at 9.30 p.m., after saying 'good-bye' to all our new made friends. We arrived at Perpignan at about 12.30 a.m. only to find that our flight had been postponed from 4.30 a.m. to 5.30 a.m., and so we settled down either to sleep in the spacious lounge or to watch from the balcony the 'planes arrive and depart.

We boarded the plane at 5.15 a.m. and arrived in Rhoose at 8.30 a.m. As we crossed over Devon and the Bristol Channel, we imagined everyone eating typical English breakfasts of bacon and egg! Outside Cardiff, after eventually coming through 'Customs' looking very suspicious with packages

bulging our pockets and bags, we were able to eat our breakfast, which was welcomed by everyone, of eggs, bacon, tomatoes and fried bread. At about 1.00 p.m. we arrived at our various homes, complete with Spanish treasures, including sombreros, feeling very tired but happy.

I should like to say a big 'Thank you' on behalf of all our party to Mr. Sabido and Mr. Smith for making our trip so exciting and enjoyable, even though Mr. Sabido would not say it was exactly a restful holiday at times!

MARGARET MORGAN V R

THE SCHOOL VISIT TO THE BRECON BEACONS AND THE DAN-YR-OGOF CAVES

We arrived at the Brecon Beacons in brilliant sunshine, and ate our lunch little realizing its consequences later when we attempted a climb to the highest point of the mountains, 2906 feet up. Not everyone made it to the top, a certain Vth former very nearly didn't and others collapsed en route. Those who succeeded felt that it had been worthwhile, some perhaps hoping to have lost a few inches besides having a very clear view over the countryside.

Refreshed by the coolness of the Dan-yr-Ogof caves we turned our attention from glaciated scenery and mountain ponies to amazing limestone formations which had slowly taken shape at the rate of one inch every four thousand years. Imaginations were captured by their apt names, such as the 'Flich of Bacon', complete with fried egg, the Pincushion of stalactites (or is it stalagmites?) and the Angel glimpsed in a grotto.

The bus was curiously quiet on the way home; perhaps everyone was awe-struck with the day's spectacles or just weary, for only the boxing champion amongst us seemed as lively as before.

PATRICIA GIBBY, Upper VI Arts.

IMPRESSIONS OF A YOUTH SCIENCE FORTNIGHT

During the summer holidays I represented the school at the 8th London International Youth Science Fortnight, held between the 27th July and the 10th August. Altogether some 500 people attended, all between the ages of 17 and 25, representing 23 different countries.

The aim of the fortnight was "to give a deeper insight into science and its application for the benefit of mankind, and to develop a greater understanding between the young people of all nations." Thus this aim can be divided into two—one part is to simulate scientific thinking, the other is to aid international relations.

The programme for the fortnight was extremely varied, and in order to cater for as many interests as possible, we were all split up into groups, each group made up of those interested in one particular branch of science. This did not mean, however, that we had little chance to meet participants from other groups, since a series of lectures and talks was held, which was attended by members of all groups. Thus there was ample opportunity to mix and make friends. These lectures were held at the Institute of Electrical Engineers, on the Thames Embankment. Speakers included Sir Laurence Bragg, who gave a talk on his life's work, "crystallography", the determination of atomic and molecular structures; Professor P. M. S. Blackett, President of the Royal Society, who delivered a stimulating address on the opportunities available to young scientists; and Dr. Barnes Wallis, whose lecture, "The technological application of science," traced the development of scientific thinking through the ages, until he arrived at his favourite subject, high speed flight. There were also two demonstrations. The first, "The Application of Biochemistry in Engineering", illustrated how, in order to produce both a simple and elegant solution, it is necessary to combine biochemical and engineering requirements, as in starch conversion in brewing and curd production in cheese-making. The second demonstration was entitled "Oceanography" and pointed out the role the oceanographer can play in helping to determine the world's future as far as mineral and food resources are concerned, since the sea contains inexhaustible amounts of both.

Besides the lectures and demonstrations there were also visits to industrial establishments, and research centres. My first visit was to the shell centre, one of the tallest buildings in London. We were introduced to the work of the company by a series of short films, followed by small-scale demonstrations of how many of the petro-chemicals produced for the large consumer market are used. At Courtauld's research centre in Coventry, technicians from the factory floor explained the processes used in the manufacture of yarn, whilst research workers conducted us round the laboratories, pointing out the various projects being undertaken, most with the aim of improving thread strength. On a visit to Esso Research, Abingdon, perhaps the biggest research centre operated by any oil company in Europe, we were shown experimental distillation and purification plants, as well as a few of the vast range of diesel and petrol engines housed there, which are used to determine the potential of new fuels and oils. There was also a visit to the bio-chemistry department of University College, London, where Dr. B. R. Rabin and Dr. A. P. Mathias delivered a lecture on "the Structure and Function of Macromolecules". This dealt with the positioning of amino-acids on protein molecules, which determines the catalytic properties of individual protein molecules. The lecture was followed up by a tour of the laboratories.

On a purely academic basis, I think the fortnight was a resounding success. However, there were other activities which helped make it a notable occasion. In the evenings, discussions were held in the hostels. These were led by professors from University College and everybody was given a chance to express his or her opinion. The subjects discussed were not confined to scientific issues, but included some of the great problems facing the world today, namely development of underdeveloped countries, and solutions to the present food shortage. Because of the large international section present, it was possible to hear many different arguments expressing the attitudes of several nationalities. Thus the conference helped increase understanding between these different nationalities, through such discussion groups. This aim was projected further when on Unesco day—4th August—the whole fortnight was taken to see and hear experts from various fields, of out-of-school youth science activity and observers from developing countries, along with V.S.O. workers and United Nations officials.

Now that I have had time to reflect, I think that the fortnight has had a great deal to do with broadening my outlook, not only with regard to science, but on problems of a humanitarian nature. Thus it can be more than a gathering of students of like academic interests, serving as a foundation for better relationships between all nationalities.

CLIVE MORGAN, Upper VI Sc.

THE ABERYSTWYTH TRIP

On the eighteenth of November, a coach-load of the English sixth form got up at the unearthly hour of 6.30 a.m. for a trip to Aberystwyth. The journey was rowdy but fun and we arrived in good time for Dr. Mills' lecture on Chaucer's style. Soon everyone was in fits of laughter and he aroused our interest by his witty approach. After lunch in the town, we returned for a second lecture by Mr. Emyr Humphreys, a well-known novelist, once connected with Teledu Cymru. The lecture hall was full again. The building was a new extension of Aberystwyth University and had a modern, curved front. This lecture was given upon T. S. Eliot and was more scholarly in approach. After this, we had to return to our coach for the journey back and I am certain everyone had a really enjoyable day.

CAROLINE HUGHES, Upper VIa

THE WELSH THEATRE COMPANY'S PRODUCTION: "THE DEPOSITION"

"The Deposition" by D. Lytton is a chronicle of Elizabethan England based on the Shakespearean tragedy "King Richard II" and was produced as were plays in the sixteenth century, with a very simple stage-setting and a small but versatile cast.

Our party was fortunate in having front seats, so that we were able fully to appreciate the production, not least the detail of the magnificent costumes. Although some of the actors had several parts involving costume changes the performance went at a great pace.

We all felt that Peter Bourne, as Richard II, was particularly outstanding and the play reached an exciting climax in his deposition scene. It could be seen by the absorbed silences and enthusiastic applause that everyone's interest was held.

We left Haverfordwest having experienced a new dimension in Shakespeare's drama that was both refreshing and stimulating.

CAROLA BOWEN and PATRICIA GIBBY, Upper VI Arts.

'THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE'

The opening performance of this year's school play, "The Devil's Disciple" by George Bernard Shaw was not attended by the tense, expectant hush usually associated with such occasions. Six hundred or so eager uniformed figures, Pembroke Grammar School, almost in full force, surged into the Assembly Hall to produce a severe test of the nerves as well as the dramatic skill of the cast. The players must have known only too well how delicately poised is the line between sympathetic attention and spontaneous mirth in a school audience and the fact that they gave such a fine performance under these circumstances reflects great credit upon them and their producers.

The action of the play takes place in America in 1777 when the colonies were rebelling and breaking away from England. As the curtain rises, we find ourselves in the midst of a puritan household, the atmosphere well conveyed by the austere stage setting and by the severely-dressed, severely-expressed woman who greets us. This part was played by Susan Collins and, if perhaps a little too vigorous for one so old and about to succumb to a heart attack, she nevertheless gave a competent performance as Mrs. Dudgeon, the elderly matron in whom puritanism has turned into mere hatred of all that makes life pleasant or worthwhile. Also appearing in the first scene and an effective foil to the indomitable Mrs. Dudgeon was Elaine Hughes as Essie, the illegitimate child of the old lady's reprobate brother-in-law, Peter. Elaine had little to say but her acting was gently expressive and she gave a touching portrayal of the poor, down-trodden girl befriended by the villain, Dick.

Very quickly the plot was unfolded as Essie opened the door to Christy, Mrs. Dudgeon's younger son, played by John Davies. Simple, shuffling, casual in manners and speech, this was a character sketch which delighted the audience and appreciative guffaws greeted his every appearance on stage. Carelessly announcing en passant, "Father's dead, too," he set in motion the scene of the reading of the will which gave an opportunity to a number of subsidiary actors and actresses who all did well in their supporting rôles: David Cooper, a very pleasantly-spoken Lawyer Hawkins, Caroline Hughes and Sarah Monico as Mrs. Dudgeon's sisters-in-law, and Philip Carradice and Michael Davies as her brothers-in-law.

And it is at this point that we were introduced to the three central characters of the play. Rosemary Jenkins gave a particularly sensitive performance as the sentimental, feminine Mrs. Anderson. She really seemed to be living the part and her presence on stage was graceful and unaffected. Alen Searle had all the bearing and tone of voice of a Reverend gentleman and yet one felt all the time that other strength and that practical streak which led eventually to his new role of rebel leader and which, therefore, made this seem plausible. The other principal actor, Philip Spenser, playing the title part, appeared towards the end of the first act, heralded by intriguing comments in hushed tones about his deprived ways so that, with Christy's words, "Here's Dick," we were prepared for the worst. We did not, however, quite get it. Philip had a very difficult task to perform here. He worked at it conscientiously and must be commended for his efforts, making of the character more than just a mere symbol for evil, giving it light and shade, Mockingly referring to his

mother's grief and sarcastically pointing out the little foibles of his uncles, he could yet show genuine tenderness when he addressed Essie. Yet he did not quite bring out the strangeness of Dick's character and his attachment to the devil. It is not suggested that Dick is a complete blackguard or else why should he have risked his own life to save another's? However just a little more dominance, more sureness of approach was required. Philip was rather too normal and pleasant at times.

Then came the court scene followed by the scene of the proposed hanging. Here there was a fine contrast in décor with that of the first scene. The court looked quite impressive with its fine pillars and its splendidly turned out officials. David Ashley, as General Burgoyne, lived up to his nickname of "Gentlemanly Johnny" and gave a good impression of this military character in all his dignity, integrity and clear-mindedness. Timothy Drysdale provided a fitting contrast as the regulation-ridden Major Swindon and Irwel Bevan was an entertaining but nevertheless effective sergeant. Alan Hyde, Peter Hordley, Peter Badham, Ieuan Harries, Malcolm Cawley, Roy Roberts and Eric White took their small parts adequately.

The final scene of the play, set in the Market Place, was very well done. The scenery provided a colourful background for the public spectacle of the hanging and the gallows looked most realistic as did the drill of the soldiers heralding the approach of the main participants in the scene. There was a very interesting crowd of townsfolk who behaved in a most appropriately crowd-like manner and added to the excitement of the scene. Richard came into his own here with all the devil-may-care nonchalance that Philip could give the part. Clive Morgan was a convincing Chaplain Brudenell, his bland piety contrasting well with Richard's disorderliness, and Roderick Milne was the executioner.

Then Anderson returned, an energetic Alan Searle, to save the prisoner and bring about a happy ending. So the curtain fell on a scene of great exultation.

The whole company must, indeed, be congratulated on providing us with such a fine production. Mention has already been made of the individual actors and of the realistic sets designed and painted by Mr. H. Cooper and his team of boys. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Emlyn Lloyd, the stage manager; to Miss M. J. Jones, the Wardrobe Mistress; to John Whitehall who was in charge of lighting; to the hard working group dealing with make-up and properties. All these helped to lend authenticity to the play and contributed to its success. Sheila Richardson was the prompter and Mr. Bowskill business manager.

Finally Mr. Hughes and Mr. Cooper, the producers this year in succession to Mr. Shaw, must be thanked for giving us a school play of such quality.

M.J.C.

THE BIG CHANCE

With junior school now in the past
I entered Grammar School so vast,
First day nerves just made me frown
Whilst teachers raced by in long black gowns.
Rooms to find, books to sort
New friends to make, no time for sport,
New subjects mystify my thoughts
Will I ever get good reports?
The cheerful ringing of the bell
We all rush home with tales to tell.
After several weeks we agree
That we enjoy it immensely.

DARRELL WILLINGTON (II Alpha)

BEACHY HEAD

The sky was blue, the breeze was light,
As up the grassy path I climbed,
I climbed and climbed to reach the top,
And what a view came into sight.

I held my breath and looked around,
I saw the Downs stretch miles and miles,
Where busy farmers toiled all day
Amongst their tractor's droning sound.

The path led over springy turf,
Along the coast, from East to West
Where chalk white cliffs stood grim and straight
To meet the sea which swirled with surf.

I moved towards the crumbling edge,
And peered below with bated breath.
I saw the lighthouse painted red
So small it looked on rocky ledge.

I gazed far out across the sea,
And saw the ships that sail to France,
They never, never fail to see
The light that shines off Beachy Head.

TIMOTHY HORDLEY (IVA)

POWER STATION RUSH HOUR

It's half seven in the morning,
The policeman's on the beat.
The weather is very cold,
And, as he waits, he stamps his feet
To aid his circulation,
While the sweeper clatters up the road.
The streets are looking cleaner.
Now the milkman delivers his load,
The baker close behind him.

A distant sound of engines roaring
Tells all the rush is starting.
Then, one by one,
The buses come;
The policeman springs to action.
The halting of the traffic done
He lets the workers pass.
The convoy then roars, rattling the glass
Of the windows of the neighbouring houses.

And then, the convoy past,
Silence, like a clock, is cast.
The men are on their feet
The monster to complete,
And one day soon the soot will rise
From yonder, where the Power Station lies.

ANGELA STEVENS (Upper 4A)

A WEEK OF MUSIC

Last October 24th, we were up at the crack of dawn packing our suitcases at the start of a most exciting week. We were to catch a bus at nine o'clock for Fishguard, to spend a week with the Pembrokeshire Youth Orchestra, in the hope of learning something more about orchestral playing in general and our own instruments, the trumpet and clarinet, in particular. En route to Fishguard we picked up children from schools all over the county and altogether there were thirty-nine of us, thirty-two girls and seven boys.

Immediately on arrival we were split up into groups and allocated rooms where we should sleep. Camp beds and blankets were provided and we had brought our own pillows and sheets. We knew two of our dormitory mates as they came from the Coronation School. Before long we knew the others pretty well too!

At 11 o'clock we settled down to work—and did we work! We played for about nine hours every day, sometimes in full orchestra and sometimes in our sections. Christine's tutor was a professional clarinetist from London and was the sister of Johnny Dankworth, the famous jazz musician. She was a very fine clarinetist and had a brilliant way of explaining things which made it all very clear. Stephanie was in the brass section, which also had a very good tutor, Mr. J. Cooper from Puncteston. He even promised to take the brass section out to supper so I should think he was pleased with us!

The only free time we had was between two and four o'clock in the afternoon, when we either went up into Fishguard to look at the shops or did some individual practice. We were very well looked after and the ladies in the canteen supplied us with excellent food.

On Friday evening came the climax of our week of hard work when we gave a concert before an invited audience of parents and friends. The programme consisted of Bach Chorales, a piece by Purcell, movements from "The Water Music Suite" by Handel, and selections from "The Gondoliers" by Gilbert and Sullivan. Several members of the Orchestra sang and there was also a violin duet. The programme ended with "The Hymn of Joy."

Saturday saw the end of a marvellous week and we reluctantly packed our cases ready for the return journey. We are eagerly looking forward to the next course when we shall again meet the friends we made during our week of music.

CHRISTINE and STEPHANIE MAIN (IVC)

MEMORIES

Sitting by the fire,
Thinking of the past,
Reflecting on the good old days,
When things were made to last.

The grey old man sees the flames,
Leaping full of joy,
Seeing many memories past,
Happenings as a boy.

Many memories come flooding back,
Some sad, but mainly sweet,
The grey old man stays reflecting,
Until he falls asleep.

GAYNOR EVANS (IVA)

SAINT DAVID

A young lad shipwrecked on a shore,
Soon became a man of fame,
Bringing God to rich and poor,
David was his name.

He journeyed through the hills of Wales,
Preaching as he went,
Building churches in the vales,
A true man God had sent.

On March the first we celebrate,
The days of Dewi Sant,
We wear the daffodil and leek—
Which other countries can't!

PAMELA NUTTING (IVB)

CAMPING

When the inexperienced camper thinks of what camping is like, he conjures up a vision of himself lying by a roaring camp fire under the stars, with a flimsy tent above his head. Or perhaps he imagines himself walking up a hillside on some beautiful moor, without a care in the world.

That is until he actually goes camping. So far my camping experiences have been a few days' camping at Easter, Whitsun and the Summer holidays of this year. The Easter holidays did have a few days with bearable weather, but the four that we picked to go camping held in store for us almost continuous rain and a gale. Mud was the main product of the rain. We pitched our two tents in a hollow where all the rain and mud collected. The mud got everywhere and we were very reluctant to go for water at the nearby farm, because this meant negotiating two large mud holes covered in about nine inches of water, in the pouring rain.

Cooking was the main problem, because we could not start a decent wood fire through lack of dry wood. We had to manage with a small gas cooker, a meths burner and a dilapidated paraffin burner, which refused to stay alight for more than five minutes at a time.

Sleeping hours were rather different. Instead of being in bed from about half-past nine to eight in the morning, we stayed up playing games such as "Go" and "Risk" until half-past eleven or midnight. In the morning, we played games again and were lucky to have breakfast by twelve-o'clock. We enjoyed it.

We had one rather amusing incident when Peter was walking along on some hard mud—we were camping by the river at the time. Suddenly he sank into the mud up to the level of his boots. His brother immediately rushed in to help him and got stuck himself. My brother also decided he would become a hero and rushed into the mud only to get stuck. Rather cautiously, together with the aid of David and David, I laid sticks and branches of dead trees on the mud to help support my weight. We then began to dig the captives out. It was black, slimy and smelly mud. After three or four minutes of useless digging, the three boys who were stuck decided to abandon their boots and walk back to the tents in their socks through the mud, leaving the other three of our party to retrieve their boots.

The Whitsun camp was a Scout affair and was much more organised and enjoyable. Scouts from the first and fourth Troops, Pembroke Dock, combined with the now amalgamated Troops of Pembroke, spent a camp of three nights duration at the farm of Mr. Davies, father of Robin Davies, at Warren.

Transport to the farm was provided by one of the scouters who arranged for a lorry to pick us up at our respective scout halls and bring us to Warren. There was no transport home, we walked as far as Pembroke where we were given a lift to Pembroke Dock. The first thing we did

when we arrived was, of course, to put the tents up. We then had a supper of soup to warm us up for a night exercise, which was a hike (at about midnight) to somewhere. I do not know where it was because I didn't get there. Together with two of my friends, I hid in a ditch by the roadside until everybody had passed by. Then we went back to Camp and went to bed.

The weather was glorious. Everybody was deep pink in colour when we went home. The good cooking helped in the success of the camp. In the same tent as I was a scout from the air scouts, Pembroke, who continually made himself unwanted by calling everybody names and never obeying our Patrol Leader. This camp was much more enjoyable and I thought that camping would at last become a life of ease.

The summer camp ruined that idea. We held it at Angle and my Uncle drove us, together with our kit, to Angle. The first night we did not get to sleep till about half past twelve. When I say "we," I mean myself and three of my friends. My brother and one of my friends could not sleep at all. At half past two in the morning they decided to go for a walk. They went down to the beach where they wrote "Angle is a dump" in pebbles in the sand. The words were about three feet tall.

As for the seven days we were there, we went swimming on six of them, even just after it had stopped raining. At last we walked home, that is as far as Hundleton, when we were picked up by my friend's father who had collected the tents and equipment from the camp site.

Out of the three camps I have been to I have gained much in the way of caniping knowledge. Perhaps one day my dreams such as climbing over moors on a beautiful carefree day will come true.

MICHAEL GWYTHYR (Upper 4A)

THE ARTIST

The artist is a queer old fellow
Who paints with colours red and yellow.
He slaps them on any kind of way;
That's all he does both night and day.

He paints on canvas, walls and floors.
He paints on windows, chairs and doors;
And when you see him in the street
He starts a painting at your feet.

He twists and turns most every shape,
A girl may look more like an ape.
A tree becomes a charging cow.
Our art's become a fiction now.

KAREN MABE (Upper IVA)

THE FISH

Newly-made member of the Angling Club,
I had no thought of dace or chub,
But of a pike in Bosherton pool—
So off I went, rod, haversack, stool.

I hoped and hoped, and fished and fished,
But my hopes seemed always dished;
Large pike I saw, but none were mine,
None took notice of my line.

So home I went, in gloom and despair,
And to cheer myself up I went to the fair.
And to my joy, lo and behold,
Took aim, and won a Fish of Gold!

STEPHEN BALL (Form II)

THE BUDGERIGAR

They stand, looking so meek and mild,
It's hard to think that they were wild,
Domesticated for the use of man,
Brought to us from a far-off land.

Their home is made of a wire cage,
The bottom surround of a printed glaze,
Swing gently on a stand
Just a few feet off the ground.

Their feathers are both bright and gay,
Which often look like blossom in May,
With bodies of green, blue, yellow and white,
The budgerigar is quite small and light.

They like to talk but often "gibber,"
They like to look at themselves in a mirror,
When well trained, a wonderful pet,
The things they learn they never forget.

"When next time out you see one like me,
Don't forget it's a friend I'll be."

PHILIP NICHOLAS (IVA)

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A T.V. ADDICT

I awoke with 'that coffee feeling' and proceeded to wash with the 'soap of the stars'; I 'prolonged my dog's active life' and pampered my cats, the 'rat-catchers'.

Then, as it was a 'Heinz soupa-day', I decided to go for a swim. I dived in and went on a 'voyage to the bottom of the sea', where I found a 'sea-witch'. After this I went along 'Coronation Street', past 'Crossroads' and into 'Peyton Place'. There I went into the hospital to visit my cousin, 'the man from Uncle'. He was in 'Emergency Ward 10', where I met 'Dr. Kildare', who is a perfect 'saint'. I walked back in my 'hush-puppies' muttering 'hot chocolate, drinking chocolate', as it was now raining heavily.

A 'fugitive' from the rain, I soon reached home where I drank 'a pinta milka day'. Soon it was fine and I made my way along 'The Big Valley', where I fell down a pot-hole and was saved by 'Inter-national rescue'. Then I found a piece of gold nugget and thought I had struck a 'Bonanza', but I found it was only my 'mystery and imagination.'

After eating my 'shreddies' I went to Cape Kennedy and found that an astronaut was 'lost in space'. Here I gave a tip on the 'informer' and 'doubled my money', but I was told to 'say it in Russian.'

Next I visited the 'Adams Family' in 'Weavers Green' and was told 'Take your pick'. Here I hired a 'yellow submarine' and sallied forth to 'Gilligan's Island' where I saw my uncle, 'the Baron', who is the 'man in Room 17'.

Tired out, I made my way home and wearily went to bed. I switched on my 'blue light', drank the 'food drink of the night' and soon fell asleep. I dreamt of Jeanje, confident of the fact that, unlike some people, I was completely unaffected by television!

(N.B. The following day I joined 'The Liars'!)

CHERYLL YOUNG (IVA)

A RAIN STORM

The sky began to cloud,
The clouds came nearer until they loomed ominously dark;
The first drops of rain appeared,
Then I heard the sound of wind making through the trees.
A curtain of what seemed to be mist floated up the valley;
The rain was here.

I ran inside, let the shutters down and waited.
The rain hit the roof like a blacksmith's hammer;
The crescendo grew and grew
Until it became the sound of many guns.
Then it was over,
A dead quiet reigned;

The steam rose from the road under the tropical sun.

MICHAEL THOMAS (Upper 4A)

ABERFAN

A cross of flowers upon a hill,
The mourning village desolate, still;
Little buds, love unfulfilled.
Remembering, remembering.

JILL PROUT (IIIA)

THE LAST ACT

France 1918. I was a British lieutenant fighting the Kaiser's armies in the bloodiest war man has ever known. I served in the South Wales Borderers and we were facing the Germans across a morass of slime, blood and rotting corpses the Generals liked to term a battlefield. Huge shell holes, half filled with filthy water, pock-marked the swampy ground, death-traps for any weary soldier who slipped into them. His frantic cries would be lost in the choking, stifling mud, his heavy pack would drag him down and his struggles would finally cease. Out ahead of us lay No-man's-land, strewn with mines and tangled barbed wire. Rain had been falling consistently for a week now and although it had stopped the sky was grey and ominous. Leaden clouds glowered sullenly above us. Over our heads two aeroplanes twisted and turned in a duel to the death, a British Sopwith Snipe and a German Fokker triplane. I watched languidly (for dog-fights were common. Suddenly, fire spurted from the side of the enemy aircraft and it began its death plunge to the ground. The victorious aircraft looped and headed for its aerodrome.

A Spandau stuttered in the Hun lines and I ducked beneath the parapet of the trench as the bullets flipped venomously into the ooze near me. I looked along at my platoon, mostly young men made old by the war. Their faces were lined and weary. O, God how we wished the wholesale murder would end! The shells from our howitzers behind the front line whizzed over our heads with monotonous regularity and landed in the enemy trenches.

I risked the whizzing bullets to stick my head above the trench. What I saw made my heart go cold. A yellow cloud was rolling silently along the ground towards us, blotting out the sky. "Gas!" I yelled. Gas indeed, mustard gas that blinded and caused excruciating agony, one of the less romantic aspects of this war. With fumbling fingers, donned the bulky gas mask and then clutched my Lee-Enfield rifle with clammy hands, for the gas was usually followed by an enemy attack. A long line of grey-clad soldiers wearing gas-masks loomed out of the mist. Guns crashed out around me,

scything great gaps in the ranks of the advancing troops. Into my rifle sight came the figure of a soldier. I fired bringing him down. I had killed many men in this war, some with a bullet, some with a bayonet. The rifle jumped in my hands as I fired again. A Vickers heavy machine gun snarled near me. The line faltered, then broke as the lead crashed into it. One of our tanks materialized out of the mist behind us. It clanked ponderously past us. "Fix bayonets!" roared out a stentorian voice. "Charge!!"

We went over the top heading for the routed enemy. I fired, and stabbed with the glittering bayonet which soon became dulled with blood. This was just another minor episode in the holocaust of war. We scrambled through the clinging, soaking slime, slipping and cursing. Bullets hummed past us or ricocheted off the steel hull of the tank with a moan. Men would be pushing up the Flanders poppies after this. The din of war was in my ears—the incessant rattle of rifles, the vicious crackle of machine guns, the dull roar of heavy artillery and the stinging crack of hand-grenades. Above it all would come the dying scream of a man, horrible to hear.

I had a fleeting glimpse of a grey clad figure rising about 30 yards in front of me, one arm raised in the act of throwing. Instinctively, I flung myself down. The last I heard was the deafening roar of the hand grenade he had thrown and then I blacked out. When I came to, I was surrounded by three German soldiers and an officer. "So you have had bad luck", the officer said, in English, without a trace of accent. I did not reply. This was the end of it all. My future was in a prison camp. "For me, the war is over," I said resignedly. "For me also", said the German officer with a soft laugh. "An armistice was signed half an hour ago—but of course, you did not know."

ROLAND PERKINS, Upper IV A

THE LIGHTED STABLE

Softly the sweet mother croons,
Her new-born Son enfolding,
Whilst all around the cattle kneel
In silent awe, beholding.

Shines from the East the wondrous Star
On shepherds night-watch keeping,
Leads them and wise men from afar
To where the Babe lies sleeping.

Then to the starlit stable come
Three kings with gifts of treasure,
And kneel before the King of kings
In homage without measure.

Noel! Noel! Chant angel choirs,
Their new-born King proclaiming;
And on the Earth we too shall sing,
With joy Our Lord acclaiming.

JOHN CUMMING, Form II

WHAT RELIEF!

What relief! What splendid relief!
 While outside, the blue rain
 Crowds into the stinking drain,
 How pleasant to sit
 Without chatter or wit,
 To relax and be still
 Just when I will,
 Not when hundreds of people insist—
 To listen to Brahms
 With my feet on the arms
 Of a chair, and my fist
 Curled tight round a book
 That I wanted to look
 At before.
 "It's a waste of your time—
 Every line—
 Such a bore,"
 They warned me.
 So I read every line . . .
 And enjoyed it!

CAROLINE HUGHES, Upper VI Arts

MIMI WAS FAT

Now there were two girls. Mimi was fat, just plain fat—in fact, she was just fat and bones. Topsi was thin. She had no fat whatsoever—she was just skin and bones. So they both went to the doctor.

Now the doctor was tall and muscular and had hairy arms and a handsome face, and both girls fell in love with him. He put them on special diets. Mimi had to stop eating cakes and Topsy had to start eating them. After some time they both became quite ordinary and the doctor told them to stop visiting him. But the girls were sad. So Mimi kept on not eating cakes and Topsy kept on eating them.

Now there were two girls. Mimi was thin and Topsy was fat. So they went to the doctor

CAROLYN ROCH, Upper 4a

INDIAN SUMMER

Golden shower of leaf-swirling memories
 Tumble in my brain with a dull, aching
 Sweetness; remembering the warm ecstasies
 Of sun on water, clear laughter and tears.

The transient glow of this autumn day
 Is but a fast-dimming reflection
 Of endless long hours which glinted gay
 Before night welcomed, with her beauty.

Oh why can we gently rock no more
 In that womb-warm void, so granted us
 To love awhile before
 Settling in the dust of our existence.

PATRICIA GIBBY, Upper VI Arts

NET GAIN

It was early morning in Fleetwood, Grimsby and Hull; the air was cold and the wind was fresh causing small ripples on the surface of the muggy harbour water. The crew, twenty-two in all, including the skipper and mate were all on board the distant water trawler, a powerful modern diesel-engined 700 ton, 180 ft. long vessel.

All the stores, equipment and fuel had been checked and recorded. Everything was ready. The mighty engines shuddered into action. Slowly but surely the trawler pulled away from the harbour on the start of another twenty-day expedition to the fishing grounds of Norway, Iceland, Greenland or even to Bear Island. For the twenty men on board the sea yields a harvest, a harvest that they had to reap, to satisfy the fishmongers, super markets and fish-and-chip shops in Britain.

These men have chosen a tough, rugged life, full of excitement but also full of dangers, but a job few would exchange for a cushy office job in London.

As the ship nosed her way northward the wind, much keener, began to rise and the sea grew impatient. The trawls were rigged and the floats and bobbins inspected. Only a few more miles to go. Suddenly the tension broke. The trawler was "on fish". The crew sprang into action and lowered the huge nets into the sea. The trawl had begun and would go on for 18 hours out of every day, until the fish room was full of 130 tons of prime cod, haddock and halibut.

The crew's tasks were endless, they had to bring the fish aboard—a good catch—they had to gut them and sort them and then put them into ice to keep fresh. To prevent prime fish from crushing one another with their weight, the fish are shelved on aluminium trays. All this time routine jobs such as keeping the nets ready, repairing them, seeing that the gear is always free from snarls, and manning the rigging have to be done.

Finally, the fish room is full, hatches are battened down, fishing gear is again checked and secured. The skipper then sets course for home and the trawler ploughs for home at full speed.

The fish must reach the market in prime condition. This is ensured by keeping it packed with 100 tons of ice, which is used only on one voyage. Altogether half a million tons of ice are manufactured annually for icing Britain's fleet of distant-water trawlers.

Three days later the voyage is over. The crew, tired after their tough labours, go ashore for sixty hours to a well-earned rest and relaxation before the next trip to new fishing grounds. Meanwhile, all is hustle and activity aboard our trawler. The "bobbins" are hard at work unloading the fish onto the dockside, storing it in huge aluminium kits or tubes ready for the auction sales early the next morning.

If a boy wants to join a trawler he first has to see the shipping master, if he gets the job, his first job on the trawler will be in the galley as cook's assistant. After his first hundred days at sea he will take an exam as deck hand learner. He will then take another exam which could enable him to be a deck hand. Next he could be a mate and then finally a skipper. A skipper must know a great deal about navigation, radio, radar and electronic fish-finding apparatus. He must know whether or not conditions are safe to fish in; he must be able to understand his crew; and above all to have a sixth sense to be able to tell where the fish are.

LESLIE JOHNSON, Upper IVa

THE MATCH

Let's have a giggle, let's have a laugh,
 When we describe a match with the staff;
 The school versus staff is the match of the year,
 When scantily dressed they all appear.

Dashing about like elderly bees,
With balding heads and knobby knees;
Mini skirts and garters gay,
Cause more interest than actual play.

From one of the staff came a fearful howl,
"Whacking my rear is a dastardly foul;"
Puffing and panting with tummies a-wobble,
Flat footed teachers reduced to a hobble.

One final effort, one desperate try;
A pass to a forward with mud in his eye.
There came a great cheer, a tumultuous roar,
The staff had added to the pupil's score.

KARINA RUSSELL IIIa

IF I WERE BIG

If I were big I'd sail the sea,
And be a pirate bold,
I'd find a map and take a spade,
To dig for hidden gold.

If I were big I'd go to war,
And join the Foreign Legion,
I'd guard the fort and march the sands,
In some strange desert region.

If I were big I'd ride a horse,
We'd be good company,
Instead of that I'm me and so,
I'll go inside for tea.

ROWLAND LEWIS, IIA

— I —

BIRTHDAYS

It is a child's birthday.
The thrill of being one year older,
Of being given presents—
A helmet, Indian headdress—
Leave him first spellbound,
Then chattering incessantly,
Expecting all to pay him undivided homage.
He is one year older; an important person now.

— II —

CONFORMITY

It's 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'm 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, Upper VI Arts

THE LIONS OF LONGLEAT

I did so hope the coming day was going to be a dry, sunny one. I had heard the grown-ups saying that the lions would be sheltering under the trees and amongst the undergrowth if the day was wet.

No, we were not going to spend a day in the African jungle, but we were going down to the Marquess of Bath's estate at Longleat, to see the thirty or forty lions to whom he had given the freedom of roaming at large over a large fenced in portion of his estate at Longleat.

To my great joy the day dawned bright and sunny. We packed our lunch and drove to Longleat. What a strange sight met our eyes. You might have thought you were entering a "native reserve". The men were all dressed as "white hunters" with whom we are so familiar from television.

The compound was surrounded by a very big double fence, the inner one being electrified. In spite of all these precautions the people living nearby had big stakes driven into the ground around their gardens and houses, I can not say I blame them.

Dogs had to be left in specially built kennels, outside the compound, over which some wit had written "Woburn Abbey". I am sure the Duke of Bedford would have been flattered.

Having paid the entrance fee we were given warnings to stay in the car, not to open the window of the car, and if in trouble to sound the horn repeatedly until help arrived. Help, by the way, was the white hunters driving around in Safari vans, keeping a watchful eye on everything.

At last we drove through the double gates and entered the reserve. We drove very slowly through the woodland and suddenly a lion loomed up ahead of the car. That was our first sight of a lion but from then on we wanted to look both left and right at the same time. Some lions were lying, almost disguised, in the bracken, while others lay outside their log huts, enjoying the sunshine.

But the best part of all came when we drove through some open grassland and saw some twelve to fifteen lions playing around what appeared to be a huge play table made of the trunks of tress; lying on top of the table was a huge full grown lion. I should think he was the king of the compound.

Then, to our great delight came feeding time. An open van drove up, with two keepers in the back. They shouted to the lions, and we saw some action. The lions came from all directions, the men threw huge joints to them. There were quite a few quarrels, but eventually they sorted themselves out, and retreated to their own favourite places in the woods, dragging the carcasses along with them.

We could only take snapshots through the closed windows of the car, which was rather awkward. I did so want to get a good photograph of the lions, but ended up with a better view of the driving wheel. Indeed the lions were in the picture, but a magnifying glass was needed to see them.

We drove very reluctantly towards the exit, but we saw very few of the lions. They were resting in the shade, after their huge meal. So our safari at 'Longleat' ended, everyone agreeing that our journey had been well worth-while.

LEONARD MULLINS, II Alpha

THE WORLD CUP

Football, football, football!
That's all we ever saw!
Portugal and Eusebio,
England and Bobby Moore.

Football, football, football!
Nothing else at all!
On the radio, on the tele',
Nothing but football!

News of London's Wembley Stadium,
Every seat full up,
What's so special about this match?
Of course, the World Cup.

All we saw were famous teams fighting,
Playing football at their best;
Until they could win that World Cup,
None of them would ever rest.

World Cup, World Cup, everywhere!
Even at the pictures!
The only thing I can't regret,
England were the winners!

STEPHEN FREEMAN IVA

MY MEMORY

I try, try, try to remember,
But I always seem to forget,
I am sent to buy cheese from the market,
And I bring back a fishing net.
My mother gets very angry,
And sends me off to bed,
And before I know what's happened,
I've forgotten what mother's said.

THERESA ENGLEFIELD, IVc

AT SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

*Non nobis Domine, non nobis
Sed nomine tuorum gloria.*

The stony saints in all their stony silence
Stare down from perches, set in walls.
They are bound forever
In perpetual supplication
Come wind or rain
But still in chilly faith they pray.
A martyred virgin, pitted by frost
Like pock marks.
She paid the price of virtue.
A soldier saint, bearing sword and shield,
Spear in fist.
Half broken off, still he holds it.
"Mortality behold and fear."
These, who risked and gave life for faith,
They have their reward.
The decorations
For holy wall and buttress.

With every glance they ask,
"Do you believe as we have done?"
The ancient walls of Sarum Town
Look on,
Here is Man, Immortal-man
Preserved in stone,
"Can I accept an unknown god?" I say.
Mute, they gaze down.
"I know not the man.
Who is this saviour we worship?"
Sings the cathedral choir,
"For man's atonement."

Carved oak on ceiling, wall and choir,
Carved marble tomb,
Vast Nave, the covered cloisters.
Do you know Christ?
Or do you only know, like me,
What man has done?
Is our salvation cast in stone?
Do I hear the voice of God
In thunderous organ,
Or His word from the loudspeakers
Hanging on pillars?
What then is *Man*, that he is mindful
Of God?
What is *Man*?
Can He create? He *can* destroy.
If there is no God,
Who can preserve man?
Man will not.

ROGER PARSONS, Lower VI Sc.

WHY?

It's queer when the world seems steady
It really is whirling so;
It's queer that the plants get larger
When no-one can see them grow.
It's queer that the fountain's water
Leaps high in the sunshine bright,
And queer that the moon can never
Fall out of the sky at night.

It's queer that one clover blossom
Is white and another red,
When the same black earth surrounds them,
The same rain waters their bed.
It's queer that of all these wonders
We take so little heed,
And that, as for feeling thankful,
We seldom see the need.

JANE LEWIS, IIIA

MY TRIP TO SWITZERLAND

On the morning of April 14th last year I went to Switzerland. After two tiresome days of travelling by train and by ship we arrived at Brunnen. We stayed at an hotel named Weisses Rossli or the White Horse Inn.

The first day we went to Rulu Meadow which is a famous beauty spot. At the bottom of a winding hill was William Tell's cottage. Inside the ancient cottage was a very small room containing a carved antique table and chair and numerous relics of William Tell's days.

The following days of the week we went to Islo, The Rigi Mountain and Lucerne. At Islo we went to the monastery. There were a number of people lighting candles as a token of remembrance for their dead relatives. Also there were some people praying. The windows were of beautiful stained glass and the ceiling was adorned with five paintings.

We climbed The Rigi Mountain which is the Queen of the Mountains. We went up by the first mountain railway that was ever made. As we went up higher and higher the crisp snow was thicker and there were the faint markings of ski tracks everywhere. We stopped at a small station near the hotel where we were to dine. After dinner we went out and had a fine game of snowballs, the snow was so deep that I was actually sitting on top of one of the mountain chalets. The view from this height was really marvellous and the smaller mountains surrounded this one like the "Queen's subjects".

The day before we left for home we went to Lucerne. We walked over an old bridge decorated with paintings of bygone battles. The scenery on the lakeside was beautiful as it was in all the places we visited and the towns and villages were very clean and tidy.

We bought gifts and mementoes to carry home. The Swiss People were very kind and looked after us very well and even provided music which they played on long pipes for our entertainment.

MEGAN JONES, IIA

TO THE TREES

O gaunt old trees around this pond,
If you could wave a magic wand,
And tell us all that you have seen,
Since days gone by when you were weaned.

Did then the ducks come here to breed,
And search in winter for their feed,
Or was it then a dismal place,
Where only weeds filled in the space?

Did then the grass sway in the breeze,
Or was the pond about to freeze,
And cause the birds to chirp a call,
Or was the pond not there at all?

PEMBROKE CASTLE

It stands, a fortress grim and strong,
Built of great stones to withstand all;
With a history, proud and long,
Guarding the town like a giant tall.

Built by the Normans, home of a King;
Besieged by the enemy, razed to the ground;
Rebuilt so that proudly its praises we sing
It's fame as a fortress so widely renowned.

Climbing the towers and battlements fast
Are all the visitors who come in a crowd,
Hearing the tales and reliving the past
Of our castle in Pembroke of which we're so proud.

ROSEMARY COOK, Form II

FRIDAY FROLICS

Friday afternoon, again!
The skies are dark and grey,
But we must face the icy wind
Our netball game to play.
To changing rooms, with laughter filled
Until we start to strip.
Then suddenly that gentle breeze
Has got an icy nip.

Out to the courts we make our way,
Shivering all the while,
Where "you know who" is waiting
To greet us with a smile.
She really looks so fit and warm
We wonder if it's true,
For we, who were so nice and pink,
Have turned a shade of blue.

We start the game and, in a while,
That cold wind seems to die.
The hour's running round the court
Has, all too quick, flown by,
And, as we make our way indoors,
We stop to realise
That this is part of life at School,
With fitness as the prize.

JANETTE LOVERING (IVB)

TEENAGER'S LAMENT

Hooray for television,
Hooray for pop groups too,
Without this relaxation
What ever would we do.

There are so many pop groups
That I could spend all day
Writing all about them
In a very special way.

The 'Beatles' are my favourite,
But others I do like,
Such as the 'Walker Brothers'
And the way they hold the mike

Some groups look rather scruffy,
And this is such a shame,
It gives a bad impression,
Teenagers a bad name.

So please, I beg, don't judge us all
By untidy groups—though few,
For even though we think they're 'fab',
We're normal—just like you!

SHEILA KENNIFORD (IVA)

THE SEAGULL

The seagull looks so clean and white
And is so elegant in flight,
And is himself a proud old fellow
With his long beak so firm and yellow.

On the shore he loves to roam
By the waves so white with foam;
Eating the scraps that he can find
That all the crowds have left behind.

STEVEN GWYTHYR (Form II)

HOOVES

Hooves that thud all day on the ground,
At night sleep well without a sound,
Big hooves, small hooves, black hooves, white,
Can gallop all day and out of sight.

The heather and gorse, the bracken and grass,
Spring underneath the hooves that pass,
Galloping, galloping over the fields,
As the horse's mouth to the rider yields.

AVIS ARTHUR (IVB)

LONELINESS

Some do not know what loneliness means
Amid the cheer and happy scenes,
Sitting silent with a feeling of fear,
Many about, yet no-one so near
As to let their joy touch my soul—
I never seem to reach my goal.

All alone, with no-one to talk;
Maybe a horse or a dog to walk.
Sitting alone in the cooling breeze
Under the shade of the cypress trees;
Down by the sea with its foaming surf,
Sitting alone on the sandy turf.

Happiness often precedes sorrow
But is soon discovered again on the morrow.
With me it is a different tune,
Shifting restlessly under the moon;
Happiness never follows my life:
All that follows me is strife.

JUDITH PHILLIPS (Upper IVA)

FORM GOSSIP

FORM II

The beginning of term was hectic. Hardly any work was done during the first week. We voted that the form captains would be Andrew Dickie and Jacqueline Davies. During the course of the term some of the boys have had so many bookings they must surely hold the record. The girls so far have managed to steer clear of trouble, except for the unfortunate occasion when the whole form had lines for being noisy in the corridor. About the middle of the term one of the girls met with an unfortunate accident and dislocated her elbow but she soon recovered. To round off the term we had the annual Christmas party which we all very much enjoyed. I am sure everybody will agree that our first term has been fun.
(R.C.)

FORM IIA

There are thirty boys and girls in IIA and now that we know the teachers and are more familiar with the routine of the school we are no longer troubled by the uncertainties and misgivings that were part of our first days here. Indeed there are some amongst us who go so far as to say that they actually enjoy every moment of it, but I am glad to say that even these do not object when holidays arrive. At first we found a very great difference between the Grammar School and the Primary Schools we had just left. We were somewhat overcome by the fact that there was a different teacher for each subject, and in the strange and unfamiliar surroundings it seemed that they would never get to know us well. We immediately divided the teachers into the 'nice' and 'not-quite-sure' groups. One thing that concern the boys is the lack of choice in the field of sport—the girls have the advantage in having two games in which to take part. However we take pride in being members of the school and intend taking advantage of the great opportunities it will give us.

FORM II Alpha

We changed our form-room from Room 2 to Room 13 near the beginning of term—the view is far better in Room 13 and it could have been a bit uncomfortable being so near the staff room! Two of the boys are members of the Under-13's Rugby team, the only second form representatives. We have settled quite firmly into our new school by now and have made many new friends, including our form teacher, Mrs. Robinson, who is very patient with us.

FORM IIIA

With the combined records of the loudest characters in last year's second form, IIIA just about takes first place as the noisiest form in the school. No doubt we must annoy the teachers, particularly Mr. T**m**, but we must say that we can think of a better use for "Relief and Drainage of Australia"! We heartily congratulate Mrs. Harris on keeping her temper in most trying circumstances. We guarantee to provide any treatment required for nervous breakdowns. We also congratulate Janet Davies and Gareth Powell on passing their music exams. We proudly proclaim that the third form hockey team lost nearly every match of the term. Better luck next time!

FORM IIIB

We are building up quite a solid reputation for being the noisiest form in the school and the staff will probably agree wholeheartedly. How Mrs. Lewis stands us we don't know! We have an up-and-coming cook in the person of Philip Howell who came second in the Gas Board cake competition at Christmas. We hope the the person who received his cake agreed with the judges. We are well represented in sport, with five boys in the Under 13's team and four girls in the Third form Hockey XI. The first term of the year has been enjoyable for the members of IIIB—we hope the staff haven't minded too much.

FORM IIIC

Form IIIC are hidden away in Room 2. As it is opposite the Headmaster's room and next to the Staff room we have to keep quiet but B.D., D.P., and B.H. do their best to make themselves heard, so we are often being told off by both staff and prefects. We have two promising actors in our midst. David Parry took a leading part as the Slasher Knight in the Junior S.U. play at the end of term and slashed away fiercely in his imitation chain mail. Several other members of the class took part in the play as well. We are a very happy form and enjoy ourselves very much.

FORM IVA

This term has been a very pleasant one for us. We are fortunate enough to have a 'Teddy Bear' mascot who is an excellent Rugby player. We have the captain of the Under 13's rugby team and several of the Junior XV players amongst us and the girls are well represented in the Hockey and Netball teams. Many of us are members of the Junior S.U. and took part in our latest dramatic production—we didn't realise how much comic talent we possessed! This year there is an equal number of boys and girls, 18 of each, so the volume of noise cannot be wholly blamed on the 'weaker' (?) sex, so there, R.C. (See last issue of *Penvro*).

FORM IVB

IVB to the rescue! (of what I don't know). With the Christmas season upon us as we write this, we are delighted that our dear teachers first slackened the homework pace and have now given it up as a bad job (three cheers!) Mistletoe has been a very popular commodity in our form lately—the girls are very bold and carry it around with them but the boys, as usual, keep their distance and sometimes actually run away. Helen Evans, Joan Bendle and Jeanette Hopkins are members of the IVth Form Netball team this year; Sylvia Jones, Christine Jones, Susan James and Sarah Griffiths are in the IVth Form Hockey XI, Sylvia also playing for the Second XI. The boys don't seem to be as keen on games—at least, not winter ones. We should like to thank all the teachers, especially Mrs. Hughes, for putting up with us.

FORM IVC

Nothing really exciting has happened yet this year but we have hopes. Our two sports stars are Lyn Boswell who plays for the second Netball VII and Lyn Smith who is in the Junior Rugby XV. Christine and Stephanie Main are musical stars and play the trumpet and clarinet in the school orchestra as well as being in the choir. The twins, together with Theresa Englefield were in the Pembroke Dock Youth Club Gang Show earlier in the term. We should like to thank Mr. Cooper for taking us over in Mrs. Tapley's place for the first part of the term. We were pleased to welcome Mrs. Tapley back. One sad item to tell you about—K.P. lost an important article of clothing in P.E. one day but we have been told that it was later found.

FORM IV Tech.

Hello, fellow-sufferers! This year we have a larger number in the form than is usual for Technical forms—we are fifteen. The inmates of the class are from all over the place—one from Sussex, one from Warwickshire and another from Northamptonshire, not to mention those from this "fair Land of Song," one of whom even *speaks* Welsh. Most of us live in Bush House and as a result two of the form took part in the school play, in the very important crowd scene at the end. Most of the teachers have been able to tolerate us and we should like to thank Mr. D. Lloyd, our form-master, for his help and co-operation.

FORM UPPER IVA

This term we have had a couple of new pupils who raised our grand total to 16 females, 17 males and 1 non-classified, plus, of course, a lady teacher who is miraculously still alive and well! We continue to be a

distinguished form, with two girls in County Hockey teams and two boys in County Rugby teams. Also, A.S. won the Y.F.C. Public Speaking competition (which isn't hard to believe!). A few weeks ago we were called lethargic, for reasons unknown, but this is quite untrue, as the above details surely indicate. Apart from Notyalc, the male and female ratio is fairly well balanced—it works out at 1.0625 boys to each girl. We wish to thank Miss Jones for 'form-mistressing' us and hope she'll survive another couple of terms.

UPPER IVB

There is not much to report as at long last we are quietening down. I must admit we still have fun in some lessons, however. We have lost several comrades to other forms but we still had enough 'enthusiasm' to lock Mr. H**R** in Room 11S—good job he has a sense of humour. Peter Hughes is top scorer for the Junior Rugby XV and David Scourfield played for the Junior County XV. One of the highlights of the term was when A.M. crept up behind A.S. and kissed him under the mistletoe before he could escape—it caused quite a commotion. I think the staff can expect hard work from us next term as most of us have realised that we must start getting down to it.

FORM UPPER IVC

We welcome you to our new abode, Room 7. We have not been troubled at all by the mysterious objects we had become so used to outside Room 13's windows and life has grown quite boring. We are still keeping up our breakages record. After thinking we had escaped breaking anything in our tea room, one careless girl (no names mentioned) decided to uphold the record and break a lampshade. In the middle of the term we had an invasion of flies—we think they must have come from the ever-open trap-door in the ceiling. Our form-master is taking a great interest in the appearance of the form. One boy has been told to cut his hair (about time!) and another has been told what a comb is for. Ruth Martin and Yvonne Evans are in the Senior Netball team and Pat Kenniford and Marilyn Slack are in the Hockey team. Alan Lewis has become a member of the newly-formed Boys' Hockey XI.

UPPER IV Tech.

The form this year consists of ten pupils, seven of whom are in Bush House, the other three coming in daily. John Gittins had a serious accident this term when he kicked a football through the Headmaster's window and consequently had a serious fine! This term Nigel Hall is form captain, much to his delight. Gerald James and David Havard took part in the school play as very important members of the crowd. We all want to express our sympathy to R.D. who has, at different times, missed quite a lot of work this term.

FORM VA

Greetings from the inmates of VA to the rest of the 'prison'. There is nothing exceptional to report from our illustrious band of workers this term as we have been snowed under with work (members of staff please note). The argument that "this hurts us more than it hurts you" will not wash! Elaine Hughes, Alan Searle, David Cooper and Michael Davis rose to theatrical heights, all giving reputable performances in the school play. We still have the usual number of sporting fiends in our midst, with several members gracing school teams. This term the unknown and unsuspected talents of a certain member were revealed in morning assembly when he showed how able he was at banging with two sticks on something like a tin. I am sorry to report that there is no truth in the rumour that another certain member (who shall remain anonymous even though we all know who it is), is taking on Cassius Clay sometime in the New Year. Apart from our few 'complaints' we all enjoy life very much.

FORM VB

This term seems to have been frightfully uneventful for us. Probably the gloom of oncoming 'O' level examinations has frightened the living daylight out of us. Once again we welcomed a new form-teacher, Mr. B. Griffiths, into our midst. We are now convinced that we are being used as a training centre for teachers, on the principle "If you survive six months with VB, you can survive anything." We were honoured this year by the selection of Neil Phillips to play for the County Tiddywinks—sorry—Rugby team. To end, on behalf of all the members of the form, I should like to thank all the members of staff who have been struggling so desperately to bring us up to the 'O' level standard. We won't let you down.

FORM VC

After the summer holidays our form was very reduced in numbers. Even Jeremy left us after a few days of doubt in order to go on to "higher things" i.e. Neyland Tech. However, we were saved from being reduced almost to nothing by the arrival of Jane and the "Terrible Twins." (Their specs. are different shapes). Even so, there are only three boys and twelve girls. All the boys play rugby for some team or other but the girls are not nearly as active. However they couldn't be more friendly to the boys who frequently sponge off them for sweets. Mr. Powell has been keeping in good health this term and feels very lucky to be in charge of such a form. As for us, we are disintegrating into nervous wrecks at the thought of the G.C.E. and will be quite relieved when it is all over.

FORM V Tech.

As usual we have had a very enjoyable term, especially the end of it. We recommend ourselves as turkey-pluckers to anyone who might need our services in the future. Skippy left us to carry on without him for the last few days of term—he went to Vienna to visit his relatives and will no doubt return with plenty of tall stories. Some of us took part in the school play, either as members of the cast or as stagehands, and we are looking forward to the Y.F.C. play in the Spring term. Roger and Dick are on the Y.F.C. committee so all is well there. We are very proud of our social service contributions during the Christmas term and, on the whole, we think we are assets to the school.

FORM VR

Are you sitting comfortably? Then we'll begin. About the only thing we have to our credit is the largest form-room in the school, which we generously share with our fellow pupils. At the moment of writing we are waiting, with mixed feelings, for the results of the November examinations. Some of the more confident members of the form have already bought their sixth form ties! Concerning sport, the boys are well represented in the school rugby XV's. Wyn Griffiths, the present First XV vice-captain, did well in playing in the first Welsh trial. The female members of the form do not seem to be energetic (on the games field, we mean). Paul Gogarty left us this term and we have been joined by Desmond Parry. We wish Paul and Des all the best in their new environments. We should like to thank Mr. Sabido for putting up with us during the term.

SOCIAL SERVICE FUND

The following Charities have been assisted by the Social Service Fund this Christmas, 1966.

	£	s.	d.
The Aberfan Disaster Fund	44	0	0
The Muscular Dystrophy Group	5	5	0
The Save the Children Fund	5	5	0
The Sunshine Fund for Blind Babies	6	6	0
The Helen Keller House Fund	5	5	0
The Pembroke Borough Junior Christian Aid Group	5	5	0
Action for the Crippled Child	7	7	0
The National Children's Home	5	5	0
The Coomb Cheshire Home, Llanstephan	10	10	0
The Tenby and District Mentally Handicapped Children	5	5	0
Imperial Cancer Research Fund	6	6	0
The National Spastics Society	6	6	0
The Pembroke Grammar School International Club Social Service Group	5	5	0
The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children	5	5	0
The Pembroke and District Round Table Special Appeal	10	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£132	15	0

SCHOOL SOCIETIES

YOUNG FARMERS' CLUB

The Christmas term is always the least active term for the Young Farmers' Club but we have had two competitions. The following officials were elected for the session 1966-67 at the beginning of the term:—

Chairman—Irwel Bevan; Vice-chairman—David Ashley; Treasurer—Peter Sendell; Secretary—Joseph Bowman; Asst. Secretary—Sheila Richardson; Press Secretary—Elaine Hughes; Catering Secretary—Margarate Waters. Committee—Richard Pepper, Angela Stevens and Roger Evans.

The two competitions which have taken place are the Knock-out Quiz, in which we have won the first two rounds, the first against Brawdy and the second against Haverfordwest; and the Public-speaking competition. The club has once again distinguished itself in this competition by winning the Brownslate Trophy. We were placed first in the Under-16 competition with Angela Stevens being placed individually first. We were also placed first in the Under-21 competition, Clive Morgan and Joan Handley gaining individual firsts; and second in the Under-25 competition, David Ashley gaining an individual first place.

We hope that this good start will inspire the club to further success in the Play and in the Rally in 1967.

We should like to take this opportunity of wishing Mr. Hugh Mackenzie and his family the best of everything when they move to Scotland at the end of the term. The club thanks Mr. Mackenzie for his interest and advice as one of the Club leaders during the last few years.

SHEILA RICHARDSON (Upper VIA)

SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Science Society has had a very successful Christmas term. In all we have had five meetings, and also paid a visit to the Physics department of University College, Swansea. The average attendance at meetings has been slightly better than normal, and every effort is made to ensure that members participate in meetings either by taking the chair, giving a speech, or asking questions.

The first meeting took the form of a debate—"That a government of scientists would be more effective than a government of politicians." John Davies stood for our present government system, whilst Roger Parsons put forward the case for a government of scientists. Unfortunately, the Arts

sixth had ensured that they had sufficient members present to win the vote.

The annual quiz against the Y.F.C. resulted in a decisive win for the Science Society. The team was: Roderick Milne, Philip Carradice, Malcolm Cawley, Eric White, Jane Sudbury, Sarah Monico, Peter Hordley proved a very efficient question-master, and rumour has it that attendance rose because of his presence.

One Thursday we were privileged to have as our guest speaker Mr. P. Rich. B.Sc., who spoke on the training and work of a Chemical Engineer. It is hoped to include similar talks in next years programme, since they give science sixth formers an excellent opportunity to meet professional scientists and may help them in deciding in their subsequent careers.

At the beginning of December, Dr. J. Isaacs from Swansea University College addressed the society on "The importance of biology in 20th century society." This proved to be the best meeting of the term and attendance was such so as to pay tribute to a very fine speaker.

Membership of the Science Society is free and is open to all members of fifth and sixth forms if they care to attend meetings. However, there would appear to be a lack of interest among the arts section of the upper school, which is very unfortunate. Both arts and science can benefit immensely from the meetings, since they encourage the asking of questions and of public speaking. Maybe if the arts section did take more interest a lot more scope could be given to selecting topics for meetings and we would not have a purely scientific bias.

CLIVE I. MORGAN (Upper VI Sc.)

SENIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

At the first meeting of the Autumn term, the committee was elected, with Susan Collins as Chairman, Caroline Hughes, Secretary, Linda Williams and Joan Handley Vth. Form representatives: Robert Main, Roland Jeffreys and Michael Davis as Vth Form representatives. Meetings have been held fortnightly and the discussions have been controversial on the whole. Topics have included euthanasia, the validity of the Christian faith as compared with other religions, the practical value of the Bible and the existence of God. One of the most interesting sessions was a Brains' Trust when Mrs. Greig, Mr. A. B. Griffiths and John Davies gave their opinions on questions handed in by the members. During the term, two members of the senior committee, together with Intermediate and Junior representatives, attended an evening conference at Taskers' High School, where the leaders of all I.S.C.F. groups in the county met together to discuss methods of organization. During the Christmas holidays two sixth formers attended the area conference at Bristol, to which schools in Wales and the West of England send representatives annually. At the end of term the carol service was again arranged by the Scripture Union groups, with Mr. Whitehall's valuable help, and we are glad to see that this has become a regular event in the school calendar.

THE INTERMEDIATE SCRIPTURE UNION

Chairman—Angela Stevens; Secretary—Ann Stephens; Upper IVA Rep.—Roland Perkins; Upper IVB Reps.—Sylvia Pemberton, Graham L. Brown; Upper IVC Reps.—Yvonne Evans, Alan Lewis.

Meetings have been held once a fortnight and interesting ones so far have included "Should R.I. be compulsory in Schools?" This was introduced by Angela Stevens and Sylvia Pemberton and chaired by Graham L. Brown. Everyone agreed that it should be taught. Miss Williams introduced the topic "Are Heaven and Hell real places?" and this was a very controversial subject. Another subject, again introduced by Miss Williams, was "Is Christmas becoming too commercialized?" and this meeting was chaired by Angela Stevens. Other meetings have included a discussion on the Colour Bar, led by Frances Stewart and Ann Stephens, and "How do we know there is a God?" introduced by Vivien Lain and Pamela Hayes, while another controversial topic was Christian's attitude towards war. Our last meeting of the term was a discussion on "Is the bible true?" which Mr. David

Jenkins, curate of Pembroke Dock, introduced. The attendance at meetings has been very encouraging and we hope that future meetings will be equally well attended and as enjoyable.

ANN STEPHENS (Upper IVA)

JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

Chairman—Robin Campbell; Vice-chairman—Derek Ambrose; Secretary—Karen Stevens; Treasurer—Bronwen Merriman; IVth Form Rep.—Stephen Badham; IIIrd Form Reps.—Susan Penfold and Bernard Lewis; IIInd Form Reps.—Maureen Lewis and Gareth Samuel.

In the first meeting of the year officials were elected, so the following week saw us properly started, when Karen Stevens led a quiz, "Many a Slip." In the following weeks two discussions and a debate were held, the discussions being about the Colour Bar and our belief in the Bible. The debate, "Off with his Head," was about capital punishment; Mary Phillips and Derek Ambrose spoke for the motion and Bronwen Merriman and Bernard Lewis opposed it. It was a victory for those who believed in capital punishment. During the term many varied meetings were held, including a treasure hunt (rather exhausting), a quiz and a film about "The Pilgrim's Progress." We were fortunate to have two outside speakers, the first being Mr. David Davies, who gave a much appreciated talk on his experiences in the Congo as a missionary, and the second the Rev. Brian Head of Pembroke Dock who spoke to us on Church Unity. At the end of term we produced a play, "St. George and the Dragon," a mediaeval Mummer's play, for the Junior School, and the collection taken amounted to £2 15s. 9d., so we should like to thank our fellow pupils for giving so generously. The money was sent to the Mentally Handicapped School in Tenby. After such a successful term we hope to see many more attending the meetings in the future. You'll enjoy it.

KAREN STEVENS (IVA)

SCHOOL GAMES

HOCKEY FIRST XI

September 17th—Haverfordwest S.M. (home)	won 2-1
October 8th—Milford Grammar (home)	lost 1-3
October 15th—Taskers (home)	lost 1-3
November 12th—Preseli (home)	won 10-2
November 19th—Tenby (home)	lost 3-7
November 26th—St. Davids (home)	won 1-0

This season hasn't been a particularly successful one, a few matches during the term and especially towards the end of term having to be cancelled due to the bad weather.

The team, during the season, was represented by the following:—*Margaret Jenkins, *Janice Garral, Helen Hurber, Ann Stephens, *Valmai Edwards (captain), Francis Stewart, Margaret Davies, Sheila Kenniford, *Jane Sudbury, Ann Griffiths and Margaret Bondzio.

On the 24th of September and the 1st of October the County Trials were held in Haverfordwest and Valmai Edwards, Jane Sudbury and Ann Stephens were chosen to play for the County 2nd XI; Helen Hurber and Francis Stewart as reserves. Valmai has played for the County 1st XI and took part in the S. Wales Trials but failed to gain a place in the team.

*Colours.

SECOND XI HOCKEY

The second XI has had an average term, winning three matches and losing two. The following played for the team:—Prudence Pattison, Helen McNally, Linda Panton, Susan Richards, Susan Morris, Margaret Davies (Capt.), Pamela Morgan, Marilyn Cole, Sheila Kenniford, Marilyn Jones, Joan Handley.

Results:	
September 17th—Haverfordwest S.M. (home)	won 1-0
October 8th—Milford G.S.	lost 0-8
November 12th—Preseli (home)	lost 1-4
November 26th—St. Davids (home)	won 2-1
November 22nd—Coronation S.M. (home)	won 1-0

JUNIORS

The Juniors have played a few matches this term and have been represented by the following:—Perryn Butler, Pat Howells, Jacqueline Davies, Petra Sutton, Janet Jenkins, Elaine Fenwick, Ann Bowen, Alyson Rowlands, Linda Davies, Susan Penfold, Janice Doran. On November 12th they won 1-0 against Preseli and on November 19th lost against Tenby, 0-2. The first match of the term, on October 15th against Taskers, was lost 0-8, so there has been improvement during the term.

NETBALL

DETAILS OF MATCHES PLAYED THIS TERM:

This term there have been more teams playing than usual and they have all played very well and have been successful in winning a good number of games. All matches have been played fairly and thoroughly enjoyed by all teams. Even those matches lost were played well and both teams were kept busy the whole time. The first team has been especially well matched this term and all seven played have formed a well united team. In past terms the members have been swopped around continually and is partly the reason why so many games were lost.

The teams were as follows:—

1st VII—Linda Williams (capt.), Susan Collins, Margaret Vernon, Cecilia Donovan, Priscilla Palmer, Susan Richards, Julia Bannon, Lyn Boswell.

Upper IV—Carolyn Roch, Sylvia Pemberton, Ruth Martin, Karen Mabe, Beatrice Kelleher, Angela Gwyther, Yvonne Evans, Ann Gibby.

4th VII—Janet Mitchell, Helen Evans, Cheryl Young, Mary Donohoe, Janette Lovering, Joan Bendle, Lyn Boswell.

3rd VII—Marion Harries, Irene James (capt.), Elaine Davies, Christine Mathias, Jane Richards, Dorothy Hay, Marilyn Blair.

Reserves have not been mentioned as they differed for each match. Other teams mentioned are made up of members from each of the named teams.

RESULTS OF MATCHES

1st VII			
H.	v	Carmarthen G.S.	lost 6-26
H.	v	Taskers'	won 33-18
A.	v	WRAC Manorbier	drew 31-31
A.	v	WRNS, Brawdy	won 17-15
H.	v	WRNS, Brawdy	drew 21-21
H.	v	Tenby	drew 15-15
5th Form			
H.	v	St. Clears Secondary School	lost 7-11
H.	v	Preseli	won 11-7
Upper 4th Form			
H.	v	St. Clears S.M.S.	won 9-5
H.	v	Coronation	won 25-19
4th Form			
H.	v	St. Clears	lost 15-20
H.	v	Preseli	won 16-2
3rd Form			
H.	v	St. Clears	won 7-4
H.	v	Carmarthen G.S.	lost 11-21
H.	v	Coronation	won 17-1
Various Junior Teams			
'A'	H.	v Carmarthen G.S.	lost 6-24
'B'	H.	v Carmarthen G.S.	lost 10-18
H.	v	Taskers	lost 8-30
H.	v	Tenby	won 22-11
H.	v	Preseli	won 38-1

SCHOOL FIRST CRICKET XI—SUMMER 1966

Boys who played for first XI during the 1966 season:—M. Brace (capt.), D. Eastick (vice-capt.), L. Smith (sec.), B. Penfold, D. Skone, A. Hodge, H. Thomas, G. Jones, P. Driscoll, H. Davies, B. Jones, W. Griffiths, J. Jenkins, B. Gwyther.

Unfortunately the bad weather prevented many of the proposed matches being played and the School cricket programme was reduced to 5 matches.

- : v Fishguard—Drawn game after rain stopped play.
- : v Coronation—(Bowen Summers) won by 9 wickets.
- : v Haverfordwest—(Bowen Summers) lost by 20 runs.
- : v Parents—won by 3 wickets.
- : v Staff—won by 22 runs.

The strong fast bowling of Hodge, Eastick, Brace and Skone again showed its superiority by skittling teams for low scores. However the School batting failed to strike any kind of form. G. Jones and H. Thomas proved to be the leading run scorers and M. Brace and D. Eastick the leading wicket takers. However the 1966 team was rather inexperienced and young and we hope that the team will have developed into a more mature one for the coming season.

M. Brace, D. Eastick and G. Jones played for the Pembrokeshire County Schoolboys and Brace and Eastick were awarded their county caps at the end of the season. Both these boys went on to play in Welsh Trials and Eastick was selected for the final Welsh Trial, playing for Glamorgan Colts against a Welsh XI at the Gnoll, Neath.

DAVID EASTICK (Upper VI Arts)

SCHOOL JUNIOR CRICKET XI 1966

The school junior XI had a fairly successful season, winning 6 of the 9 matches played.

The team was: Neil Phillips, Christopher Barker, Alan Searle, Michael Davis, David Reynolds, Jonathan Reynolds, Paul Morgan, Geoffrey Albury, Robin Davies, David Scourfield, Alan Lewis, James Spurr, Peter Evans, Ian Marchant, Charles Watson.

The results were:—

- May 11th, Narberth (A)—won
- May 14th, Pembroke Dock Coronation (A)—won
- May 21st, Tenby (H)—lost
- June 11th, Whitland (H)—won
- June 18th, Prescelly (H)—won
- July 1st—Whitland (semi-final of Bowen Summer's Bowl)—(H) lost
- July 11th, Juniors of 1967 (H)—won

AVERAGES:—

Batting						
	Innings	not out	runs	highest score	Average	
M. Davis	9	1	137	48	17.13	
R. Davies	4	2	30	25	15	
D. Reynolds	9	2	100	41	14.3	
C. Barker	9	0	102	42	11.22	
N. Phillips	8	0	69	41	8.63	
A. Searle	9	0	77	33	8.55	
Bowling						
	Overs	maidens	runs	wickets	average	
A. Searle	49.4	10	93	28	3.32	
C. Barker	54	16	115	19	6.05	
D. Scourfield	46	15	92	15	6.13	
P. Morgan	11.5	2	30	7	4.28	

Catches

M. Davis 4; A. Searle 4; P. Evans 4; N. Phillips 3; C. Watson 3.

CHARLES WATSON, Secretary (VA)

FIRST RUGBY XV—CHRISTMAS TERM 1966

Captain, P. Carradice; Vice-captain, B. Hall; Secretary, W. Griffiths; Committee, A. Hodge, L. Smith, F. Penfold.

The representatives of the first team are: L. Smith, A. Hodge, D. Rourke, W. Griffiths, A. Searle, I. Samuel, G. Jones, B. Jones, D. Williams, L. Nutting, D. Eastick, S. Goodman, J. Jenkins, P. Spencer, G. Nicholas, R. Milne, R. Roberts, B. Hall, F. Penfold, P. Carradice, P. Sendell.

Results:—

September 10th—Cardigan (A)—won 8-0.
 September 17th—Tenby (A)—lost 0-9.
 September 24th—Haverfordwest (A)—lost 3-9.
 September 29th—Fishguard (H)—won 37-0.
 October 1st—Manorbier Camp (H)—won 8-3.
 October 8th—Carmarthen (H)—drew 3-3.
 October 15th—Llanelli (H)—lost 0-5.
 October 22nd—Half Term.
 November 12th—Preseli (H)—won 17-0.
 November 19th—Cardigan (H)—won 14-6.
 November 26th—Llanelli (A)—lost 3-8.
 December 1st—Gwendraeth—postponed.
 Played 10, won 5, lost 4, drawn 1, points for 93, against 43.

This season the School fielded the youngest team for many years, so that at least 10 of the players will be available again next season. Young or not it has still been a very good team with the older boys blending magnificently with the "young at heart." Compared with past teams this year's pack is exceptionally light, but it has made up for the disadvantage by being extremely mobile. Led by "the old uns," Messrs. Hall, Carradice and "muscles" Penfold, they have stormed like gladiators in full battle cry to the visitor's line on numerous occasions, creating fear in the heart of the opposition and extreme delight for their faithful supporters.

As can be expected from such a young side, honours of victory have been equally shared. Most notable of the matches played were those against Llanelli Grammar School who defeated the School on both occasions, after exceptionally hard tussles, by the narrow margin of five points.

P. Carradice, W. Griffiths and B. Hall represented Pembrokeshire in the first Welsh Secondary Schools Trial at Cardigan.

Greatest disappointment for the rugby enthusiasts during the current season was the last minute cancellation of the proposed training sessions by the visiting Australian Touring Team at the school ground. We most sincerely appreciate the efforts made by our own Mr. I. G. Cleaver in arranging such a visit, and reluctantly share his disappointment.

W. GRIFFITHS (VR)

SECOND RUGBY XV

Captain, David Eastick; vice-captain, Brian Jones; secretary, David Williams; committee, Alan Hyde, Christopher Barker and Barry Gwyther.

The second XV is having an average season. The team started off the season very well with three wins in which the team scored eighty-five points with none against. The strongpoint of the team has been the backs. The teams fielded have not always been strong because of injury and calls from the first XV. The following boys have played for the second XV:—D. Eastick, B. Jones, D. Williams, A. Hyde, C. Barker, B. Gwyther, L. Nutting, J. Power, R. Roberts, D. Rogers, J. Masedale, G. Nicholas, I. Bevan, G. Asparassa, G. Jones, D. Rourke, N. Campodonic, M. Davies, D. Clarke, K. Brady, R. Brown, R. Davies.

Matches that have been played:—

Coronation won 28-0—home
 Fishguard won 39-0—home
 St. Clears won 19-0—home
 Carmarthen G.S. lost 8-0—home

Llanelli G.S. lost 10-0—home
 Pembroke Youth won 15-3—away
 Llanelli G.S. lost 11-6—away
 Gwendraeth S.S.—cancelled
 Whitland G.S. lost 12-3—home.

THE VISIT TO ST. HELENS

On the twenty sixth of November the school first and second fifteens played Llanelli Grammar School in the morning and then went on to Swansea in the afternoon to see the Australian Rugby Touring Team play Swansea at the St. Helens ground. We arrived at the ground half an hour before the kick off which was at 2.30 p.m. Everybody bought souvenir programmes.

The match started and there was much excitement among the crowd. Everybody was pleased when Brian Diment, an ex-Tenby player, dropped a goal. It started to rain in the second half but we hardly noticed it because we were all concentrating on the game. The Wallabies fought back strongly in the last ten minutes with some fast open back play, only to lose by one point. The Wallabies had in their side Ken Catchpole who is said to be the best scrum-half in the world, and Alan Cardy, a top class sprinter on the wing; and in the Swansea team there was Clive Rowlands, ex-Welsh captain and scrum half, and Dewi Bebb, a British Lion and the present Welsh winger.

In spite of the big disappointment that the Wallabies were not now coming to train on our school rugby field owing to too many injuries, everybody thoroughly enjoyed the trip. The school is running two other trips to see the Wallabies in action in Wales, one to the international with Wales at Cardiff Arms Park on December 3rd and one to see them play against Llanelli at Stradey Park on January 17th, which we are all looking forward to.

DAVID WILLIAMS (VR)

JUNIOR XV

The team has had a fairly satisfactory series of games in the Christmas term. Three of the boys played for the county regularly. These boys were David Scourfield, Robin Davies and Neil Phillips; and Selwyn Skone played twice. Neil Phillips also went on to get a trial for West Wales.

Boys who played for the team during the Christmas Term were:—Brian James (captain), Robin Davies (vice-captain), Peter Hughes, Malcolm Mathias, Lyn Smith, Neil Phillips, David Scourfield, John Handley, Clayton Rees, Selwyn Skone, Graham Brown, Phillip Pryse, Gwyn Campbell, Roland Perkins, Leslie Johnson, Colin Butland, Michael Llewellyn, Peter Thomas, Martin John, Robert John, Peter Smith, John Asparassa.

Results:—

September 10th, Cardigan (away)—won 6-5.
 September 17th, Tenby (away)—lost 8-19.
 September 24th, Haverfordwest Grammar School (away)—won 11-8.
 October 8th, Carmarthen G.S. (away)—lost 0-27.
 October 15th, Coronation (away) won—11-3.
 November 5th, Milford S.M. (away)—won 10-3.
 November 12th, Preseli (home)—won 6-3.
 November 19th, Cardigan (home)—won 19-3.
 December 10th, Haverfordwest S.M. (home)—lost 11-3.

P	W	L	D	For	Against
9	6	3	0	74	82

Top points scorer—Peter Hughes with 20 pts.

GRAHAM BROWN, Secretary (Upper IVB)

UNDER 13's RUGBY XV

The team has played quite well so far this season. We have played 7 matches, winning 2, losing 3 and drawing 2. Once again the reserves have helped us to complete the team, and we have had 2 second formers playing in our last game on trial. Our heaviest defeat has been against Milford S.M. where we lost 18-3 and against Carmarthen 23-0.

The team is as follows:—R. Campbell (captain), M. White (vice-captain), A. Davies, P. Gwyther, M. Saunderson, F. Whittaker, I. Kilcoyne, M. Perkins, B. Lewis, G. Samuel, G. Wickland, T. Bannon, J. Bugby, J. Phillips, J. Merriman. The reserves:—A. James, N. Rule, G. Powell, G. Scourfield.

MICHAEL PERKINS (IIIA)

BOYS HOCKEY TEAM 1966

This year has seen the organisation of an official Boys Hockey Team. As yet the only official fixtures arranged have been against the School First XI.

Record so far:—

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals	Against
5	5	0	0	25	4

As you can see this is a pretty impressive record on our behalf. It must be mentioned however that certain members of the staff have played for the team. They include Miss Williams, Mrs. Morgan, Mr. Davies and Mr. Griffiths.

Boys who have been chosen to play include:—J. Spurr (captain), R. Main (vice-captain), A. Stephens, P. Evans, N. Phillips, R. Luff, R. Brown, R. Jeffreys, A. Lewis, G. Brown, J. Stephens.

J. SPURR (VB)

TENNIS

Very little can be added to the report printed in the last issue of the magazine as bad weather cancelled all but two of the matches due to be played. Colours were awarded to Jane Sudbury, John Armitage, Philip Carradice and Hugh Emmet at the end of the season. The School Tennis tournaments resulted in the following people winning cups:—Elaine Hughes (Girls' Singles); Barry Gwyther (Boys' Singles); Patsy Anfield and David Eastick (Mixed Doubles).

The outstanding tennis achievement of the season was Ruth Morgan's selection for the Welsh Ladies' Tennis team to play the English Ladies at Llanelli in August. Ruth has been a member of the South Wales Ladies team for the past two seasons and has had the honour of being invited to several special tennis coaching courses during that time. We hope that she will be able to continue bringing Pembrokeshire to the notice of the tennis world now that she has started her studies at Dartford College of Physical Education.

PENVRO OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

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

Vice-Presidents:

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

Secretary: D. F. Hordley Magazine Editor: A. W. W. Devereux

We are sure that all Old Pupils will be interested to hear that the Penvro Dramatic Society has at last achieved a long-standing ambition—the acquisition of a headquarters of its own. Throughout the years the society has had to meet and rehearse either at School or at the Coronation School, and, while we have been grateful for these facilities, it has not been possible, owing to expense, to meet as often as was necessary and desirable.

In December 1966 the society rented the former Magistrates' Courtrooms in the Market Hall, Pembroke Dock, and started using it for rehearsals of the next production, 'The Voyage Inheritance,' by Granville Barker, which will be presented at the School on 26 and 27 January 1967. The Pembroke Borough Council has been most helpful in removing unnecessary fittings and furniture, with the result that the society has the use of a large room with a two-level dais, several smaller rooms, and kitchen and toilet facilities.

With these premises at its disposal the society hopes to be able to extend its activities in various ways, instead of limiting them to the public production of one or two plays a year. In particular it is hoped to hold series of play-readings which will occupy, among others, members not directly involved in any way in the society's public productions. It is perhaps a little early to talk in terms of a Little Theatre, but the premises are certainly suitable for the performance of plays to small invited audiences. In addition there is space available for set-buildings and storage of properties.

The society extends a hearty invitation to Old Pupils and others interested in any side of dramatic production to visit the club and to join in the society's activities. During January rehearsals will be held regularly on Monday and Thursday evenings.

As can be seen from the notes which follow, news of Old Pupils is scarce this term. Once more we appeal to our readers to help us to fill this section of the magazine. In particular we would like to have news of Old Pupils who have completed their studies at places of higher education and have taken up posts.

News of Old Pupils

Cerith Evans (1953-59) whose marriage is reported in this issue, returned to Uganda in September for a further tour of duty as Assistant Agricultural Officer under the Uganda Government.

We congratulate Ruth James (1957-64), who is studying at Trinity College of Music, London, on gaining her Licentiate Diploma, L.T.C.L., last summer.

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

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 (née Crook, 1954-58), whose husband is stationed there with the R.A.F. Wendy left Chicago, where she has been working for some time, in June and is now in San Francisco.

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. They 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) is now resident inspector for the Mid-Wales area for the Norwich Union Life Assurance Company. He has recently married and lives in Bulth Wells where he is a member of the cricket and rugby clubs and is also secretary of the newly-formed Rotary Club.

James Gaddam (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. Since then he has been to Australia on a tour as a guest conductor.

Carole Herbert (1957-63) who had 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.

Stephen Maher (1956-63) left Pembroke 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.O.A.C. at Treforest has passed a gliding test which entitles him to carry passengers. In September he was to attend an A.T.C. Outward Bound course in the Lake District.

Peter Price (1944-45) has left St. Helena, where he spent some months operating an experimental radio station, to go to Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, to work as an engineer at the 'Voice of America' radio station.

Christopher Law (1950-57) has written from Yellow Springs, Ohio, where he went as 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.

Olive Williams (née Scurlock) is now Head of the Technical Department at Nantwich County Secondary School for Girls.

Nina Pearman (1960-64) is spending this scholastic year teaching at a school in Frankenberg, Hessen, Germany, prior to completing her honours degree in German at the University of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Congratulations to Evan Scone (1947-53) on his promotion to the rank of Detective-Sergeant in the Metropolitan Police.

Mary-Rose Woodward (1955-63) gained a London University B.A. Honours Degree, Class II, Division 2, last June. She studied at the North-Western Polytechnic.

Rosemary Wrench (1958-64) and Sandra Williams (1955-63) left in November for a training-centre in the Midlands prior to joining the Pembrokehire Police Force. Since leaving school Rosemary has been employed in the Pembroke Borough Council offices and Sandra by Milford Haven Marine Services Ltd.

We wish every success in their careers to the following Old Pupils who took up their first teaching appointments in September 1966: David Badham (1956-63), Kilburn Grammar School, London; Garry Briggs (1956-63), Newport, Mon.; David Hay (1956-63), Luton; Margaret Morgan (1954-61), Braintree Grammar School, Essex; Raymond Rees (1957-63), Oxford; John Skone (1955-63), Penarth, Glam.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagement:

- 11 August: David Greig (1959-64) to Vivienne Campion, of Haverfordwest.
- 12 August: Peter Lundje (1961-62) to Margaret Morgan (1954-61).
- August: Phillip Roberts (1959) to Janet Thomas (1957-60).
- 31 August: Carole Herbert (1957-63) to Christopher Fakes, of Halifax.

9 September: Raymond Dando (1958-65) to Pauline Wheeler, of Pembroke.

23 September: Morag Roche (1959-64) to Neil Morris, of Narberth.

4 November: Paul Reynolds (1956-64) to Sandra Roberts, of Halesworth, Suffolk.

2 December: Teresa Duignan (1959-63) to Kenneth Langford, of Monkton, Pembroke.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their Marriage:

6 August, at Pembroke Dock, Charles James (1954-61) to Barbara Evans (1955-62).

6 August, at Stackpole, Alan Canton (1957-63) to Rosemary Bardsley, of Pembroke.

6 August, at Pembroke Dock, Terence Threlfall (1954-61) to Carol Ann Young, of Pembroke Dock.

27 August, at Oxford, Cerith Evans (1953-59) to Susan Hilary Arnatt, of Oxford.

17 September, at Pembroke Dock, Christine Allington (1958-63) to Peter Howard Hooper, of Tenby.

17 September, in London, Aime Edwards (1955-62) to Ahmid Rashid, of Lahore, Pakistan.

24 September, at Saundersfoot, James Meyrick Owen (1930-33) to Vanessa Jenkins, of Saundersfoot.

24 September, at Pembroke, Donald Kingdom (1957-62) to Susan Rowlands, of Pembroke.

1 October, at Templeton, Michael (1957-60) to Mary Davies, of Pembroke Dock.

15 October, at Jeffreston, Graham C. Thomas (1951-59) to Margaret Eileen Ann Williams, of Kilgetty.

15 October, at Walton East, Richard Crawford (1956-61) to Margaret Edwards, of Clarbston Road.

22 October, at Hundleton, Dorothy Lewis, B.Sc. (1953-60) to Huw Morgan, LL.B., of Worcester.

22 October, at Pembroke Dock, Angela Evans (1955-61) to Michael Truman, of Tenby.

21 December, at Lamphey, Keith Edwards (1946-52) to Gillian Phillips (1954-61).

We are pleased to record the following births.

18 September, to Diane (née Evans, 1959-63) wife of Michael Harries, a son.

— October, to Jill, wife of John Gough (1951-59), a daughter, Rachel.

2 November, to Pat (née Kavanagh, 1950-58), wife of William Nicoll, a daughter, Beverley Alison.

16 November, to Anne (née Campodonic, 1951-58) wife of George Reynolds (1949-56), a son, Andrew Mark Howard Rixon.

21 November, to Anne (née Hail, 1955-61), wife of Tom Paine (1955-57), a son, David Hall.

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