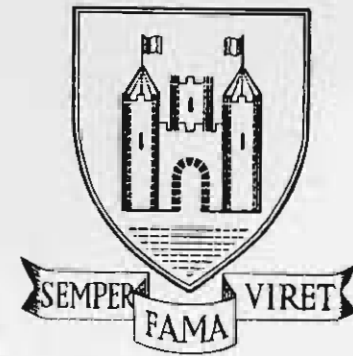


# *THE PENVRO*



*SPRING 1968*

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# THE PENVRO

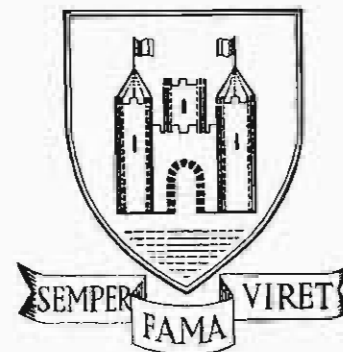
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No. 143

SPRING

1968

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## EDITORIAL

Tennyson's brook and the Christmas term appeared to have much in common at the moment when one took a backward glance over the weeks to last September. The only notable landmark seemed to be the school play, rising pleasurably out of the placid ordinariness of the term. Then came the reminders of other events, changes in the pattern, which had made their individual ripples but which were soon absorbed into the normal movement of the life of the school. There were the fringe effects of the foot and mouth epidemic—the straw "Welcome" mat at the Bush Hill entrance, the curtailed activities of the Y.F.C., and the strict injunctions laid down for the Bush boarders as they set off home for the Christmas holidays. We recalled, some more forcibly than others, the sudden blizzard that struck one Friday, resulting in various unusual means of getting home. What a pity that the snow had all melted by the following Monday!

We welcomed four new members of staff at the beginning of term — Mrs. C. E. Brace came from the Education Department of University College, Aberystwyth, to teach Math. in place of Mrs. Harirs; Mlle. Delelis and Fraulein Hannemann arrived to help with French and German conversation classes; and Mr. R. Coombes is replacing Mr. S. Griffith in the Physics Department, while Mr. Griffith takes a year's course in Vocational Guidance at Reading University. A few days later we congratulated Mrs. Morgan on the birth of a daughter, Siân, and Mrs. Earle on the arrival of Stewart. Half-term saw Mrs. Morgan back with us again, but Mrs. Earle has, unfortunately for us, left for Caerphilly, where her husband has been transferred. Mrs. Harris is still with us, we are glad to say, in Mrs. Earle's place, but we regretfully said "Au revoir" to Mrs. Gwyn Davies. There were still more moves to be made on the staff chessboard, however, and in November we had to say goodbye to Mrs. Greig, whose place has been taken by Mr. O. D. Ladd in the German and English departments. At the end of term Mr. W. Whitehall departed for Helensburgh to take up a new appointment, leaving us with vivid memories of his fine musical gifts. We shall look forward to greeting his successor, Mr. G. Davies, in January. We hope that the newcomers will enjoy their stay with us, and we thank those who have left for all they gave to the school during their time here.

News of the one staff change that we had not been expecting just yet was broken to us towards the end of term when we heard that the Headmaster will be retiring at the end of the Summer term. We heard this with much regret, knowing that it will mark more than the end of Mr. Roberts' teaching career and more than the end of his time at Pembroke. It will be bound up with the quarter of a million pounds allowed for extensions to the existing school buildings; with the talk and plans for comprehensive schooling in this area; with the beginning of the end for schools such as ours. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new"—but not quite yet—and we hope that Mr. Roberts will very much enjoy his last two terms.

We also hope that the new venture of taking a winter sports party to Austria during the coming half-term will be a great success and provide us with some rich material for the next edition of *Penvro*! And in the old venture of sitting examinations we wish success to everyone, as February looms closer.

## COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY ENTRANTS, 1967

We wish every success to the members of last year's Sixth Form who have begun studies at the following colleges and universities:

Carola Bowen (Univ. of Leeds)  
 Katherine Campbell (City of Coventry College of Art).  
 Susan Collins (North-Western Polytechnic, London)  
 Mair Davies (Winford Orthopaedic Hospital)  
 Janice Gamman (Regent Street Polytechnic, London)  
 Caroline Hughes (Manchester Univ.)  
 Elizabeth James (Cardiff College of Education)  
 Pamela Jenkins (Bangor Normal College).  
 Rosemary Jenkins (Trinity College, Carmarthen).  
 Sara Monico (St. Andrew's Univ.)  
 Margaret Rogers (North-Western Polytechnic, London)  
 Sheila Richardson (Brunel College, London)  
 Maribelle Thomas (Bournemouth Tech.)  
 Margaret Vernon (Flintshire College of Technology)  
 Linda Williams (Cardiff College of Education)  
 David Ashley (Cardiff College of Food Technology)  
 Philip Carradice (Cardiff College of Education)  
 Malcolm Cawley (Leicester Univ.)  
 John Davies (Univ. of Sussex)  
 Timothy Drysdale (Queen Mary College, London)  
 David Eastick (Univ. College, Aberystwyth)  
 Stephen Goodman (Goldsmith's, London)  
 Ieuan Harries (Cardiff College of Education)  
 Peter Hordley (Univ. College, Cardiff)  
 Clive Morgan (Univ. College, Swansea)  
 Noel O'Byrne (Atlantic College, St. Donat's)  
 Frank Penfold (Royal Holloway College, London)  
 Ian Samuel (Leeds Univ.)  
 Douglas Simpson (Newport College of Art)  
 Lyn Smith (St. Luke's, Exeter)  
 Peter Watts (St. Michael's, Llandaff)  
 John Whitehall (B.B.C. Training Centre, Evesham)  
 Eric White (Chelsea Polytechnic)

## PREFECTS FOR 1967-68

Jane Sudbury (Head Girl)	Roderick Milne (Head Boy)
Joan Handley (Deputy Head Girl)	Roger Parsons (Deputy Head Boy)
Jacqueline Croft	Keith Allen
Patricia Gibby	Peter Badham
Diana Griffiths	Lionel Bennetto
Margaret Jenkins	Joseph Bowman
Corenne Jones	Neil Campodonic
Susan Moffatt	Damian Clarke
Prudence Pattison	Richard Davies
Melanie Phillips	Alan Hyde
Susan Richards	Clive James
Angela Smith	John Jenkins
Janet Statter	Gareth Jones
Annette Thomas	Desmond Parry
	Peter Sendell
	Phillip Spencer
	Robert Wilcox,
	Peter Morgan (appointed in place of R. Milne, who left at half-term)

## W.J.E.C. RESULTS, JUNE, 1967

## ADVANCED LEVEL

Carola Bowen—English (Distinction), French, History  
 Katherine Campbell—English, Art  
 Susan Collins—Scripture Knowledge, Geography  
 Janice Gamman—French, Spanish (o)  
 Patricia Gibby—English (Distinction), French, Geography  
 Caroline Hughes—English (Distinction), French, History  
 Elizabeth James—English, Scripture Knowledge  
 Rosemary Jenkins—Domestic Subjects  
 Sarah-Jane Monico—English, French, German  
 Sheila Richardson—English, French, Geography  
 Margaret Rogers—English, Scripture Knowledge  
 Maribelle Thomas—English, French, History (o)  
 Margaret Vernon—English, French (o), Geography  
 Linda Williams—English, Scripture Knowledge, Geography  
 David Ashley—Chemistry (o), Zoology (o)  
 Peter Badham—Geography, Botany (o), Zoology (o)  
 Joseph Bowman—Chemistry, Botany, Zoology (o)  
 Philip Carradice—English, History  
 Malcolm Cawley—Geography, P. and A. Maths., Physics  
 John Davies—English (Distinction), French (Distinction), History  
 Timothy Drysdale—History, Geography (Distinction), P and A. Maths.  
 David Eastick—French, Geography (Distinction)  
 Ieuan Harries—Geography, Zoology (o)

Peter Hordley—Chemistry, Botany (o), Zoology  
 Alan Hyde—P. and A. Maths. (o), Physics (o), Chemistry (o)  
 Roderick Milne—P. and A. Maths., Physics (Distinction), Chemistry  
 (Distinction)  
 Clive Morgan—Chemistry, Botany, Zoology  
 Peter Morgan—Geom. and Engineering Drawing  
 John Mosedale—Physics (o), Chemistry  
 Noel O'Byrne—P. and A. Maths.  
 Frank Penfold—P. and A. Maths., Physics  
 Michael Phillips—Welsh (o), Woodwork (o)  
 Roy Roberts—Geom. and Engineering Drawing  
 Ian Samuel—Chemistry, Botany, Zoology  
 Lyn Smith—Geography (o), Woodwork  
 Philip Spencer—Geom. and Engineering Drawing  
 Peter Watts—Scripture Knowledge, History  
 Eric White—P. and A. Maths., Physics, Chemistry  
 John Whitehall—P. and A. Maths. (o), Physics (o), Chemistry (o)  
 Robert Wilcox—P. and A. Maths. (o), Physics, Chemistry (o).

## ORDINARY LEVEL AND C.S.E. RESULTS

## FORM VI (G.C.E., Ordinary Level)—

Joan Handley (1); Susan Moffatt (1); Susan Richards (2);  
 Jennifer Smith (2); Jane Sudbury (1); Annette Thomas (1); Mair Davies  
 (1 and 1 C.S.E.); Kathleen Humber (1); Melanie Phillips (2); Maureen  
 Rees (2); Neil Campodonic (2); Hugh Davies (2); Richard Davies (2);  
 Barry Gwyther (2); Michael Hanschell (1); Clive James (2—1 Gr. 1);  
 Anthony Jenkins (3—1 Gr. 1); John Jenkins (1); Gareth Jones (1); Peter  
 Sendell (3); Terence Williams (2); Lionel Bennetto (1 C.S.E.); Desmond  
 Parry (1).

## FORM VR—

Sally Rees—1 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E. (Gr. 1); Joy Smith—2 G.C.E.;  
 Margaret Morgan—2 G.C.E.; Margaret Waters—1 G.C.E.; Hazel  
 Williams—1 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; Ritchie Davies—1 G.C.E.; David Jenkins  
 —2 G.C.E.; Wyn Griffiths—1 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; Anthony Hodges—  
 4 G.C.E.; Graham Nicholas—2 G.C.E.; Lionel Nutting—1 C.S.E.;  
 John Power—1 G.C.E. (Gr. 1); Douglas Simpson—1 G.C.E.; Meredydd  
 Thomas—1 C.S.E.; Jeffrey Tomlinson—1 G.C.E.; David Williams—  
 1 G.C.E.; Richard Preece—3 G.C.E.

## FORM VA—

Megan Arnold—5 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; Raydene Bateman—6 G.C.E.  
 (1 Gr. 1); Margaret Bondzio—4 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; Gillian Brown—5  
 G.C.E. (1 Gr. 1), 1 C.S.E. (Gr. 1); Paulette Brown—2 G.C.E., 2  
 C.S.E. (1 Gr. 1); Margaret Channon—4 G.C.E., 2 C.S.E.; Julie Davids  
 —6 G.C.E. (1 Gr. 1), 1 C.S.E. (Gr. 1); Margaret Davies—7 G.C.E.,  
 1 C.S.E.; Cecilia Donovan—6 G.C.E. (1 Gr. 1); Christine Gutch—5  
 G.C.E., 2 C.S.E.; Elaine Hughes—5 G.C.E. (2 Gr. 1), 1 C.S.E. (Gr. 1);  
 Helen Humber—7 G.C.E. (3 Gr. 1), 1 C.S.E. (Gr. 1); Sheelagh Kelly—  
 4 G.C.E. (1 Gr. 1), 2 C.S.E.; Teresa Leyland—6 G.C.E.; Susan

Richards—6 G.C.E. (2 Gr. 1), 1 C.S.E. (Gr. 1); Jennifer Ricketts—6 G.C.E., 2 C.S.E.; Hazel Scourfield—6 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E. (Gr. 1); Geoffrey Albury—6 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; Richard Allen—6 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; Stephen Andrews—7 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; David Cooper—8 G.C.E. (6 Gr. 1), 1 C.S.E. (Gr. 1); Michael Davis—7 G.C.E. (1 Gr. 1), 1 C.S.E.; Adrian Fell—5 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; Robert Main—5 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; David Pendleton—8 G.C.E. (1 Gr. 1), 1 C.S.E.; David Reynolds—4 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; Jonathan Reynolds—6 G.C.E., 2 C.S.E.; David Rourke—5 G.C.E. (2 Gr. 1), 1 C.S.E.; Alan Searle—7 G.C.E. (2 Gr. 1), 1 C.S.E.; Charles Watson—7 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.

## FORM VB—

Carolyn Attfield—2 C.S.E.; Roseline Bleach—6 G.C.E. (1 Gr. 1), 1 C.S.E.; Ann Griffiths—1 G.C.E., 2 C.S.E.; Irene Higgs—3 G.C.E., 2 C.S.E.; Barbara Lee—3 C.S.E.; Linda Panton—2 G.C.E., 3 C.S.E. (1 Gr. 1); Christine Samuel—2 G.C.E., 3 C.S.E.; Christine Williams—4 G.C.E., 3 C.S.E. (1 Gr. 1); Elizabeth Williams—5 G.C.E., 2 C.S.E.; Derek Aspinall—6 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; Robert Brown—7 G.C.E. (1 Gr. 1), 1 C.S.E.; Alastair Campbell—8 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; Peter Canton—5 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; Peter Evans—3 G.C.E., 2 C.S.E.; Keith Harries—3 G.C.E., 2 C.S.E.; Richard Huyshe—5 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; Rowland Jefferys—4 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; Ronald Lewis—2 G.C.E., 3 C.S.E. (1 Gr. 1); Ian Marchant—2 G.C.E., 4 C.S.E. (1 Gr. 1); Brian Norris—3 G.C.E., 3 C.S.E. (1 Gr. 1); Neil Phillips—4 G.C.E., 2 C.S.E.; James Spurr—3 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; Alan Stephens—3 G.C.E., 2 C.S.E.; Dennis Thompson—5 G.C.E. (1 Gr. 1); Ian White—6 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.

## FORM VC—

Maureen Doona—4 C.S.E.; Pauline James—5 C.S.E.; Pearl James—3 C.S.E.; Jane O'Neill—5 C.S.E.; Janice Powell—3 G.C.E., 4 C.S.E.; Susan Thomas—1 G.C.E., 3 C.S.E.; Anne Turvey—3 G.C.E., 3 C.S.E.; Ann Weatherall—2 C.S.E.; Elizabeth Weatherall—2 G.C.E., 3 C.S.E.; Anne Willoughby—1 G.C.E., 6 C.S.E.

## FORM V TECH.—

Roger Evans—4 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E. (Gr. 1); David Gittins—5 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E. (Gr. 1); Philip Jenkins—1 G.C.E., 2 C.S.E.; Paul Morgan—7 G.C.E.; Richard Pepper—5 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; John Rudder—1 G.C.E., 1 C.S.E.; Alan Turner—8 G.C.E.

## FORM UPPER IVA (all G.C.E. Ordinary Level)—

Diana Byers (2); Patricia Eastick (1); Ann Gibby (2); Angela Gwyther (3—1 Gr. 1); Pamela Hayes (1); Christine Jenkins (1); Margaret John (2); Karen Mabe (1); Helen McNally (2); Priscilla Palmer (1); Judith Phillips (1); Carolyn Roch (1); Lorraine Smith (3); Ann Stephens (3); Angela Stevens (1); Frances Stewart (2); Gwyn Campbell (2); Robin Davies (3); Peter Dix (1); Michael Gwyther (2); David Harries (2); Brian James (1); Jeremy Jenkins (2); Leslie Johnson (1); Paul Lindsay (2); Christopher Maggs (1 Gr. 1); Roland Perkins (2—1 Gr. 1); Clayton Rees (2); Meyrick Rowlands (1); Selwyn Skone (2—1 Gr. 1); George Thomas (2); Michael Thomas (2); Geoffrey Wilson (2—both Gr. 1).

## TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL

The play chosen by the school Dramatic Society for this year's production was James Bridie's "Tobias and the Angel," based on the Book of Tobit from the Apocrypha. The angel Raphael was sent to earth, disguised as Asarius, for two purposes—to restore Tobit's sight and to bring about the marriage of Tobias and Sara, by defeating the demon, Asmoday, alias Stinker. The scene moves from Tobit's hovel in Nineveh to the banks of the River Tigris and to Raguel's house in Hamadan, and thence back to Nineveh.

Tobit is a poor devout Jew who has known better times. To restore some of his lost fortunes, he sends his son, Tobias, on a journey to reclaim some of the money owed him. Tobias was accompanied by Asarius (Raphael) who, with his spiritual, other-worldly powers, enabled him to complete his journey successfully. After many adventures Tobias marries the seven-times-married Sara, whose previous husbands had all been murdered on their wedding-night by the demon, Asmoday. The angel prevents "Stinker" perpetrating another strangling and then accompanies Sara and Tobias back to Nineveh, where he restores Tobit's sight. His mission successfully completed, the archangel, Raphael, returns to the heavenly abodes.

This is a difficult play for a school company to attempt, but the performance of it reflected great credit on the producer, Mr. V. R. T. Hughes, and the players. The amount of work and time which has to be put into a school play is not sufficiently appreciated. We take this opportunity of paying tribute to all those involved in this year's production.

The part of Tobias was played by Philip Spencer. He has a strong, clear voice, and is an experienced actor in school plays. He brought life to the part, and we followed his adventures to Hamadan with interest and expectancy. His father, Tobit, was played by Alan Searle. He was very well made-up and his voice, movements, and mannerisms all contributed to portray the old blind man. His impatient wife, Anna, was played by Prudence Pattison, a newcomer to school plays, who put great energy and enthusiasm into her part. As the Archangel, Keith Allen was assured and confident, and brought angelic authority and a clear audible voice to the part. He is an actor of experience who showed his ability to project character to the audience. Elaine Hughes was a graceful, attractive Sara, and, as usual, played her part competently. Even the whipping of her slave was gracefully done.

In the supporting parts, Joan Handley, as Sherah, and Carol Kaye, as Azorah, were very promising newcomers to school dramatics, and Joan sang very tunefully. The other three maidens, Sheila Kenniford, Catharine Pryke and Diana Byers, looked most decorative, and Diana, as Tamkah, danced effectively. The bandit, played by Damian Clarke, was a suitably frightening figure, armed with his scimitar. Another newcomer to the stage, he shows promise, but at times was slightly inaudible. Michael Davis played the white-haired father of Sara. Despite having rather a light voice, he acted well and easily. Clive James, heavily disguised with dark make-up, was his slave. Although he had only a few lines to speak, Anthony Hodge, as the demon Asmoday, conveyed the impression of sinister evil, and to his following in the Junior school was seen as the star performer!

Stage sets were up to their usual high standard, and our thanks and admiration go to Mr. K. Cooper and his helpers, Christine Williams, Linda Panton, Margaret Davies, Sheelagh Kelly, David Reynolds, Charles Watson, David Cooper and Ian Cooper, for the realistic Eastern background they provided. John Whitehall, who has been so efficient in arranging the lighting for several school plays, deserves our thanks for coming out of "retirement" to help once more. He was assisted by David Cooper and Timothy Hordley. Peter Badham produced the realistic sound effects, and the musicians were Jane Sudbury, Joan Bendle and Karen Stevens. The wardrobe mistress was Miss J. Jones, and the properties were in charge of Helen Humber and Susan Richards. Mr. E. Lloyd was once again stage manager, helped by stage-hands Richard Pepper, Mark Grey, Geoffrey Grantham and Stephen James. The excellent make-up was the responsibility of Miss J. Jones, Mrs. B. V. Hughes, Jane Sudbury, Susan Richards, Annette Thomas, Vivienne Ireland, and Joan Handley. Diana Griffiths was the prompter, the business manager Mr. K. Bowskill, and the organists Susan Thomas and Eric Scourfield.

P.M.W., D.C., D.R.

#### SOCIAL SERVICE FUND

The following Charities have been assisted by the Social Service Fund this Christmas, 1967 :

	£	s.	d.
The Muscular Dystrophy Group ... ..	5	5	0
The Save the Children Fund ... ..	6	6	0
The Sunshine Fund for Blind Babies ... ..	6	6	0
The Helen Keller House Fund ... ..	5	5	0
Action for the Crippled Child ... ..	7	7	0
The National Children's Home ... ..	6	6	0
The Coomb Cheshire Home, Llanstephan ... ..	10	10	0
The Tenby & District Mentally Handicapped Children ... ..	6	6	0
The Imperial Cancer Research Fund ... ..	7	7	0
The National Spastics Society ... ..	6	6	0
The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children ... ..	6	6	0
Help the Aged ... ..	5	5	0
Freedom from Hunger, Welsh Schools' Kenya Project ... ..	15	15	0
Pembroke Borough Junior Christian Aid Movement ... ..	5	5	0
	£99	15	0

In addition to the above-mentioned, the following organizations have benefited from our efforts:

	£	s.	d.
Dr. Barnardo Box Collections ... ..	39	9	3
Sale of U.N.I.C.E.F. Christmas cards ... ..	48	10	0
U.N.I.C.E.F. House-to-House collection ... ..	41	16	3
Save the Children Fund (proceeds from Carol Service and VIth Form carollers) ... ..	10	18	7

This brings the total for the term to £240 9s. 1d.

#### THE DEVONIA CRUISE 1967

For twelve long months we saved our pence, whilst parents saved the pounds,  
So we could join the "Devonia" cruise and go to foreign lands.  
From Swansea Docks we sailed away to find the golden sun;  
We made new friends and learned some facts of Spain and Portugal.

At Vigo Bay we saw the sights and tasted foreign food.  
The flags were out—but not for us, as Franco was there too!  
The Spanish dancers came that night. Guitars and castanets  
Kept time with clicking heels and toes. Oh! what a sight that was!

Then on to Malaga we sailed and joined in all the fun;  
A regatta in the bay was held. Three cheers for everyone!  
We saw the bull-ring and the bulls, but did not see them fight.  
The gory details we were spared in case we died of fright!

We swam about in sea so warm, while others went by bus  
To see the ruins at Grenada, miles away from us.  
On board we played some games of skill—deck tennis, quoits, were good.  
We danced at night and saw some films. The food was jolly good.

Then back to Gib! and to the Rock, to see the Barbary apes.  
An English stronghold, proud to stand away from Spanish rule.  
The shops were full of tax free goods. Our money we did spend.  
What fun to use our English coins instead, of foreign ones.

We sailed on now to Portugal, to Lisbon on the coast,  
A city packed with history and many a monument.  
That night we saw a wondrous sight, when all the lights came on;  
The figure of Christ in majesty shone far above us all.

But all good things come to an end, and soon we're back in Wales.  
We wave goodbye to all the friends we hope to meet again.  
The sun has gone, the skies are grey, but we shall not forget  
The fourteen glorious happy days aboard the "Devonia."

TIMOTHY HORDLEY, UPPER IVA

#### CALLING FROM KENYA

On August 29th of last year, an old pupil of the school, Anna Livingstone, flew from Gatwick to Kenya. She was on her way to take up a teaching appointment at the Orgarde Girls' School, Homa Bay. She has written to school to tell us something of her first impressions of Kenya.

" . . . We arrived in Nairobi at 3.10 a.m., and, after declaring that we had no fire-arms, flowers, ammunition or live animals, we went to the University of Nairobi where we stayed for three days, having a mixture of sightseeing and lectures. We went round Nairobi Game Park and saw many wild animals—but, surprisingly, no lions. On the last day we had lunch with the British High Commissioner, after which we were driven by Roger Hunter, the British Consul representative, to Kroumu. Mr. Hunter is the biggest man I have ever seen, at least six feet eight in height, and a very kind man who managed to quell our misgivings.

We travelled down the Rift Valley by Land Rover. The scenery was magnificent, one panorama after another. At Kisumu we were met by our head teachers and then mine drove the remaining eighty miles here on a very bumpy murrum road. The school is situated in a beautiful spot with a fine view of mountains. We are right in the middle of the bush and very isolated. Our nearest village is Homa Bay, six miles away, a shanty town which doesn't sell meat, cheese or butter. There is no electricity or running water. Water is a real problem, as we don't have much rain. Already our tanks have been dry and we've had to use the doubtful stream water—and the dry season isn't until January! (Anna wrote at the beginning of November).

The school is a secondary boarding school of a hundred and forty girls. All secondary schools are grammar schools. If the entrance examination is failed, the child either resits or leaves school for good. Most of the girls are fifteen or sixteen when they enter, and at the end of four years Cambridge O-Level is taken. At the end of two years a junior secondary examination is taken. There is quite a strong emphasis on exams and on the bits of paper resulting!

I'm teaching Biology and Health Science for O-Level, and Biology, Chemistry and Physics in the junior school. I also teach games at the school. The girls are *very* lazy. Their tribe has a wide reputation for non-activity. I had great fun hacking out a hockey pitch—we cut down trees to use as goalposts.

Another problem is snakes! I've killed one and seen many others. A thirteen-foot python was seen in Homa Bay and a cobra not too far away. This is a mosquito area, so I regularly take tablets and sleep under a net—but still manage to get bitten. I have a new laboratory, which is quite well stocked. I share it with the lizards! (not locusts!).

I have my own bungalow, and a boy comes to do my washing and ironing for a ridiculously low wage. I inherited a cat and three non-laying hens, and have since been presented with a kitten. We start school at 6.45 a.m. and finish at 1.15 p.m. During the afternoon, games clubs, and societies are held. We are only six miles from Lake Victoria, but unfortunately it is infested with bilharzia, so no swimming. I hope to get to Mombasa for Christmas and catch up on some swimming there. There's so much I want to do and see before I leave, and the school term goes so quickly. O-Level examinations are only two weeks away so we're very busy. I've been cutting up rats for the practical ugh! . . .

#### HIRAETH

*As I wander along the lonely cliff top  
With the wind blowing through my untamed hair,  
Following the path of nimble sheep  
Who walk at times, so near to certain death.  
I hear below me the crashing breakers  
As they race from the shore to the ocean.  
Beyond, I see before me a headland  
Shrouded in a cloak of shimmering mist;  
And I feel a pain deep inside myself,  
A longing for the wild coast far away,  
Close to my own home which I know and love.*

MARGARET JOHN, VA

#### DONT' SHOOT THE REF!

*Behind one goal, a crowd of toughs  
Were fighting happily,  
When through a shower of toilet rolls  
Came out the referee.  
The linesmen both were dressed in black,  
As was the referee.  
"Now there's a clever choice of clothes,"  
My friend remarked to me.  
I asked him why, and with a grin,  
He took a bottle out.  
He threw it at the referee  
And nearly knocked him out.*

*Then two policemen came along  
And took my friend away.  
I go to see him once a week,  
On every visiting day.  
He only has six months to serve,  
And when they set him free,  
He'll be back there throwing bottles—  
At another referee!*

KEITH JOHNSON, Upper IVA

#### HARD FACTS ABOUT ATLANTIC COLLEGE

"What time is it?" croaks a voice. Somewhere from the Antipodes comes the indistinct reply.

"Five to seven." Time to crawl out of bed and change into swimming trunks, track-suit, and gym-shoes. All right so far!

In the house, in its surroundings, across the field, down the round, over the gate and into the changing rooms straggle dazed, shivering boys. Now begins the ordeal, with the stripping off of the track-suit. Having braced themselves, they plunge one by one into the open, down the steps and across the pool.

"You can't turn back now. Take courage!" and in one goes. Having recovered from the shock, one begins to swim, wondering what has happened to the heating. Having survived the swim, and a record for the hundred metres having been set up, one has the persistent and very pleasing thought in one's mind—"No swim for another two days!"

Now wide awake and beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, one wanders up to breakfast, where the usual topics are discussed—the water, the weather, and the day's sailing. Feeling sturdy and satisfied the procession back to the house begins, at a veteran's pace. Having changed and amassed the necessary books, one joins in the dash down



to assembly, where a daily refreshing anecdote of "either philosophical or literary merit" is delivered.

Lessons follow, with a twenty-minute break at ten past eleven. After five periods and a queue, one manages to obtain lunch. During the afternoon the activities take place, each choosing his—or her—particular activity, from rugby for the robust Welshmen to sailing for the Scandinavians. It is compulsory to do a "rescue service," of which there is a choice of four: inshore rescue boats, which co-operate with the R.N.L.I.; beach rescue, which teaches every known method, as one of the masters is an Australian; Social service, which works in the neighbouring towns and villages; and cliff rescue, which has been described as the only decent rescue!

Tea is available after the activities, for those who want it, and then it is necessary to change into clothes suitable for the evening, in order to be ready for the first class at five o'clock. On Mondays, there is a Current Affairs lecture, which may have as its subject anything from "Cancer" to a recent address by His Excellency, the Belgian Ambassador, on "The role of a small nation in the International Alliance," this pertaining to Belgium's position in NATO, now that France has withdrawn active participation.

After supper, at 6.30 p.m., one is free until 7.30, when study takes place until 9.30. Lights out at 10.45. We are free from Saturday lunch-time until Monday morning, and are allowed to go to the neighbouring towns and countryside.

The college is based in St. Donat's Castle, a fourteenth century building which was extensively altered by William Randolph Hearst, the newspaper tycoon, in the 1930's, one notable alteration being the building of Bradenstoke Hall, which was originally three small rooms. After the walls were built the window and the roof of the Bradenstoke Abbey were added. About 1909, the castle was exorcised, as the present owner, Mr. Godfrey Williams, is said to have been disturbed by ghostly apparitions and noises. The ghosts were a panther, a white light, an old hag, and a continuously playing piano. Apparently after the exorcism a great gust of wind is said to have rushed forth from the room that the exorcist was in and to have nearly carried the owner away with it! There is still one ghost left, the White Lady, whom three people, since the founding of the college, have seen. Also, one of the previous inhabitants, an elderly lady, visited the castle and suddenly asked about her. She is said to walk through the long gallery, but has also been seen in what is now the medical department. She was the wife of Sir Harry Stradling, who went on one of the Crusades. One wonders what she thinks of the present inhabitants, the students of forty-one nationalities that work and play together, drawn from all parts of the world. For the first time this year students have come from Australia, Bhutan, Brazil, East Germany, Guyana, India, Tanzania, Thailand, Venezuela and Yugoslavia, adding to the teen-age "United Nations" their own individual ingredients in the art of living.

(This article was contributed by Noel O'Byrne, of last year's Lower VI Science. He is now a student at Atlantic College, studying four "A"-Level subjects).

## THE MEMORIES

*The memories of  
A summer past and gone.  
The clocks have changed  
And evenings are so long.  
The memories of  
Bright sunshine and flowers;  
But Autumn's here  
With strong winds and showers.  
The memories of  
The sands and swimming;  
Now it's so cold,  
The fire is beckoning.  
The memories of  
Long hours of fishing  
By lakes so blue,  
Now dark and brooding.  
It is so pleasant  
To sit and remember.  
But Christmas is coming!  
I can't wait for December!*

KIM WESTON, IIIA

## REMEMBRANCE

*The blood that flowed, and not in vain,  
In those dread forties, to defend our land,  
Has never intermingled with the rain,  
Nor seeped into the absorbent snow.  
  
It has not with the year congealed,  
Grown black and dry, like blood long shed;  
The mouths of wounds it has not sealed.  
They are unhealed, are fresh and red.  
  
It spurns indignity of greening  
With springing grass and sprouting rye;  
Its crimson blazes forth its meaning  
Like trumpets in the sunset sky.  
  
Lest, as we listen to orations  
Lauding the triumphs of a later day,  
Forget: their roots, their preparations,  
Trace to the blood—spilled yesterday.*

ROLAND PERKINS, VA

## THE BI-ANNUAL VISIT TO BARNESLEY'S WORKSHOP

On Sunday, July 2nd, Mr. I. G. Cleaver, six other pupils and myself set out in two cars for a small village, near Petersfield, called Froxfield. There we were to visit places of interest, chiefly the woodwork shop of Mr. Edward Barnesley, C.B.E., a place which has, in the past, provided much interest for former members of the school.

Mr. Barnesley's father, Sidney Barnesley, was one of the group of architects, designers and artists who followed the example of the

revolutionary William Morris, who rebelled against the cheap work made by machinery and formed a movement to keep the well-made, hand-made work alive. Edward Barnsley's workshop carries on this tradition, and his work has been recognized, as he was awarded the C.B.E. for his contribution to the arts.

In our stay of two days we accomplished a great deal. After rising from our tents at 4.45 a.m. on our first day (not a common occurrence, thank heaven!) we spent the morning looking round the Barnsley workshop, where we saw pieces of furniture which, owing to their high standard of workmanship, left us quite speechless. We were able to mingle with the workmen there and they were very willing to stop and answer our questions.

After dinner, which we bought in Petersfield, we were shown round an extremely modern school in the district, in which the freedom of the pupils was practised on a large scale. Some notable differences from other schools included the use of Christian names between the pupils and the staff and permission for pupils to choose their own subjects to a large extent. A visit to the library built by Edward Barnsley concluded our first day.

We started our final day with a visit to the workshop of Mr. Alan Peters, another woodworker who lived in the area, whose work differed slightly from that of Mr. Barnsley's. Here we found many items of interest, especially the designs of some table lamps and some beautiful book-ends. In the afternoon, a flying visit to Portsmouth to visit Lord Nelson's famous flagship, H.M.S. Victory, more or less completed our stay.

All that remained for us to do was to thank Mr. and Mrs. Barnsley and their neighbours for the excellent hospitality that we had received, and to pack our tents and other equipment for the return journey. On the way home we visited the cathedrals at Winchester and Salisbury, and the even more ancient Stonehenge. Despite the cooking—of which I shall say no more!—and the driving, we all returned home safely, highly enlightened by our visit.

NEIL CAMPODONIC, Upper VI Science

#### THIS MODERN LAND

*I can't understand this modern land  
Of cars and rockets and planes.  
I'd much rather be in an old-fashioned land  
With a cart, a horse and no trains.*

*I can't understand this modern land  
Of hating and fighting, yet loving.  
I'd much rather be in an old-fashioned land  
With quiet and peace everlasting.*

*I can't understand this modern land  
Of alcohol, sex and drugs.  
I'd much rather be in an old-fashioned land  
With a book, an armchair and soft rugs.*

*I can't understand this modern land  
This rat race of speed and fear.  
I'd much rather be in an old-fashioned land  
A place quite different—not here.*

HILARY THOMAS, Lower VI Arts

#### SOLITUDE

*When life's one great big strain  
With its worries and depressing rain,  
Men still seek the silent bliss  
Of solitude.*

*Alone, alone, to think life out,  
Away from crowds; and the noisy shout  
Of the world ceases to exist, in the bliss  
Of solitude.*

*The gifts of walking in the silent mist,  
In which the lonely trees are kissed  
With the paradise, the eternal bliss  
Of solitude.*

*It is the gift that all men crave.  
So, when the fight seems lost, be brave,  
Or walk in that quiet world of bliss,  
Of solitude.*

ALYSON ROWLANDS, IVA

#### THE COUNTY YOUTH ORCHESTRA AT ORIELTON

The County Youth Orchestra, under the directorship of Mr. Gethin Jones, music organizer for the county, came together for the second time this year, at the field study centre at Orielson, near Pembroke. The course lasted from November 1st to the 5th, and out of the forty-five members of the orchestra, chosen from schools all over Pembrokeshire, not one was reluctant to give up his or her half-term.

The orchestra was well blessed with members of Pembroke Grammar School, and we provided one of the most varied selections of instruments out of all the schools. The musicians from this school were Christine Main (clarinet), Stephanie Main (trumpet), Roger Parsons (trumpet), Nigel Phillips (trombone), and Christina Müller (viola).

I think it was a relief for everyone to find that Orielson Manor had been put at our disposal, as previous courses have been held in school buildings where one dormitory consisted of twenty-five, all sleeping (or trying to sleep) on camp beds. This time, however, everyone was provided with a very comfortable bed, which, needless to say, offered a great temptation on cold mornings—that is, on every morning of our stay. This, however, did not deter the eager musicians who appeared ready for hard work every morning. The course was by no means easy, as you can see from the time-table we followed.

The alarm bell rang at 8 a.m. to get us up and ready for breakfast at 8.30. There were two morning practice sessions, from 9 o'clock to 11 o'clock and 11.30 until 1 p.m. Our afternoons were free until 4 o'clock, when we gathered for practice until 6 o'clock. After dinner there was another hour's practice, and we "officially" went to bed at 9 o'clock. So it really amounted to a series of practices, inter-

spersed with meals and sleep—quite a rigorous course considering that the youngest member was just twelve years old.

The climax of our efforts came on Sunday, November 5th, at Monkton Priory Church, which, judging by the large attendance at the concert we gave there, was reward indeed for our endeavours. The varied selection of music was appreciated by the audience and very much enjoyed by the participants.

Altogether this was a very happy and stimulating way to spend half-term. The atmosphere at one of these courses is marvellous, for the bond of music is very strong.

CHRISTINA MÜLLER, Lower VI Arts

### UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS

*The country's in an uproar,  
A statement is required  
From learned men, to give some "gen,"  
On objects unidentified.*

*Some saw a flying saucer  
Glide straight across the sky;  
A moving star, or golden ball,  
A green cigar, suspended high.*

*Pulsating with light, as in its flight  
It changed from red to dazzling white.  
Are we observed from outer space?  
Have Venus and Mars joined the space race?*

*Calmly the experts dismiss all our fears  
With a pat on the head, as they murmur "Poor dears!"  
It seems we are guilty of fancy indeed,  
Of our observations they take little heed.*

*I've studied the heavens by day and by night,  
Hoping a UFO would drift into sight;  
But my efforts are vain! No UFO I see!  
For nothing unusual has appeared unto me.*

JILL PROUT, IVA

### OH! MINI!

*Mini-coaches, mini-cars,  
Mini-rolls and mini-bars;  
And something that has stopped the work—  
Those very mini mini-skirts!*

*Mini-this and mini-that,  
Mini-everything, in fact.*

*And now to show 'em  
With a mini-poem!*

LINDA DAVIDS, IVA

### SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

*Sun blazes down from burning skies.  
Only the heat and the stinking flies  
Day after day—no drop of rain  
To ease their suffering and their pain.*

*The tortured ground is cracked and baked,  
The burning clay and brickwork flaked.  
Nothing will grow here—nothing lives;  
Nature takes what Nature gives.*

*And the swollen children, too weak to cry,  
Care little if they live or die;  
Their bodies wracked with cruel starvation.  
Only rain can save this stricken nation.*

*Yet we in Britain only complain  
About the flooding, gales and rain.  
Nothing compares—no! nothing can,  
With the ingratitude of man!*

SUSAN CATLING, IVA

### ABERGLYN R.F.C.

Deep in one of the Welsh valleys there lies a little village called Aberglyn. This is a village which once flourished, but in the 1930's it dwindled to a population of two hundred. Even though there was not much talent available, however, it still had its own rugby team that played neighbouring village and small town teams quite regularly. This is the story of how "cup fever" swept this village, the day its gallant rugby team took the field to play in the "Villages' Challenge Cup" competition.

The cup was played for on a knock-out basis, eight teams competing. Aberglyn at that time were not on the best form, having lost five league games out of the seven already played. Even so, when it was announced that they would meet Cymmer R.F.C. in the first round, hopes ran high in the Aberglyn camp. The Cymmer record was only one victory better than that of Aberglyn, so it was thought that the game would be a close one. So, on Saturday, November 10th, Aberglyn R.F.C. arrived at Cymmer to face them in combat on the rugby field. Also present were 173 Cymmer and 47 Aberglyn supporters.

The magnitude of the occasion did not prevent the 3 p.m. kick-off taking place at 3.12 p.m. From the first whistle to the last the two teams fought for their lives and, as forecast, the game was close. Seventy-five minutes of strenuous and exacting effort had not produced a score and the minutes were passing quickly.

Then it happened! the crowning effort for one team—the last straw for the other. A lively loose maul had formed just in front of the Cymmer goalposts when suddenly the ball appeared at the Aberglyn scrum-half's feet. Seeing a sixteen-stone opponent coming to tackle him, and he being only nine stone, he decided to get rid of the ball as

quickly as possible. He dropped the ball, swung his right foot, and made a drop kick, his eyes shut tightly in expectation of sixteen stones landing on top of him. Consequently he did not see the ball fly up into the heavens, come down, land on the crossbar of the goalposts and fall down over the Cymmer goal-line. That was it! Five points for Aberglyn, and, when the final whistle sounded, a ticket to the semi-final of the Knock-out Competition for them.

There was much jubilation in the village that night, and the scrum-half became king. This feeling was dampened somewhat when, the following morning, the draw for the semi-final was made. Aberglyn had to play a team that had already defeated them 26-0, away. This match was expected to be a walk-over for Cwmaber—but it was not.

Strengthened by the knowledge that the team had been prayed for at Aberglyn Baptist Chapel, and further encouraged by a drop of whisky each, the Aberglyn XV began their task. By half-time all was going well for the underdogs. The referee had disallowed four quite legitimate tries by Cwmaber, for no apparent reason; had sent off two Cwmaber players for arguing with him; and had earned a very bad reputation with some supporters. But this had kept Cwmaber's score down to five points. The second half was similar to the first. A third Cwmaber player was sent off for swearing and other doubtful decisions were made. These included the awarding of two penalties to Aberglyn and led a final score of Cwmaber 5, Aberglyn 6. The jubilation in Aberglyn and the dissatisfaction in Cwmaber were of equal magnitude.

On January 26th, our heroes faced Hafren All Stars, the league leaders, who were much favoured to coast home with the "double" that year. Again strengthened by prayer, by whisky, by over half the village, and by the satisfaction of having reached the final, Aberglyn were prepared. Their humble pitch was exalted by having the cup final played on it. The home team was attired in new kit and clean boots for the occasion. They were even all wearing socks of the same colour, an extremely rare sight. The average age of the team was 30 (a little high?); the average weight of the forwards was 13 stone 7 lbs. (a little low). In contrast Hafren fielded a team of average weight in the pack of 15 stone, and their average age was 26. Those who had not prayed for Aberglyn had been suspected of placing bets that Hafren would win, greatly shocking some home supporters.

One thing in Hafren's favour was the field. By rule the match had to be played there, and much hard work had gone into trying to improve it. It could not be helped that a narrow river cut off one corner of the field, neither could it be helped that there were some spots on the field to be avoided. To cut the grass, sheep and cows had been put to graze there for a week. The consequences were inevitable. To help matters more, the weather had not been too kind, leaving the pitch quite wet and slippery, and the river in danger of flooding.

All was carried out in correct style for the match, and, to begin, the National Anthem was played. Lacking a band they had borrowed a loudspeaker van! The teams were then presented to the Mayor of the nearest town that had a mayor, and, only two minutes late, the final started, with Aberglyn kicking off. Things went well for the home team at first as both teams struggled to control the slippery ball. Hafren seemed to master the ball better, but stout resistance foiled their attempts

to score. Once they were almost home and dry—but they ended up away and wet! The right-wing went racing down the touchline and seemed certain to score. The only Aberglyn defender was a very worried-looking full-back in that river corner of the field. As the winger rounded him, he made a great effort to stop him, by diving. His two hands out in front of him, he pushed the winger firmly towards the river, two yards away. Unable to turn on the greasy turf, he touched down in the river. Unfortunately for him it was no try, and a very cold shivering young right-wing was removed from the game to dry off, before he caught "nermonier."

Dropped passes, and having three opponents (a team, a field and the elements) prevented Hafren from scoring in the first hour of play. At last, however, they crossed Aberglyn's line for a try, scored by their 20-stone prop-forward trotting twenty yards, while Aberglyn, not too keen to tackle him, appealed for offside. Unfortunately for them, "no joy," and a five-point deficit when the try was converted.

That was not the end of Aberglyn, however, and after the Hafren "twinkle-toes" outside-half had scored a drop goal, to give his team an eight-nil lead, the home side fought back. Boyo Johns was rather naughty and pushed his opponent's face into an inconveniently placed "dark patch." Obtaining the ball thus, he raced off in the direction of the line, after using another opponent's foot as a starting block. He had to beat four men, and this he managed beautifully. A mud-covered hand in the face momentarily blinded the first defender. A very fast centre, unable to stop when Boyo stopped suddenly in his tracks, slipped on the wet turf, and a second Hafren player had a premature bath. Two other players descended on Boyo, together, but the little chap kicked the ball on a little, over the try-line, and the Hafren tackles were judged by the referee to have been too late. He gave Boyo a penalty try and, with a conversion, the team had now three points to score to even matters.

They tried everything they knew to score again, and within the last five minutes they succeeded. The ball was kicked high up in the air by the home team, and the Hafren full-back sought to "mark" it. He caught it but, digging his heel into the soft earth, he found that the force behind the ball pushed him back, his heel forward, in a very awkward position. An alert and balding home player came racing up, picked up the ball from the prostrate full-back, and scored a try. All held their breath as the Aberglyn back tried to convert to score the winning points. The ball rose, struck the goalpost and — came down on the right side for Aberglyn!

Seconds later the match was over, Aberglyn winning by two points. That night the village was again full of jubilation, joy and merry-making. Disloyal Aberglynites were embarrassed, but happy; loyal supporters felt very generous. Argument raged over whether prayer or the whisky had caused the victory, but no decision was arrived at.

Even so, there were fifteen more members in the congregation of Aberglyn Baptist the next morning!

## WINTER DAYS

*When all the summer days are past,  
The rain begins and north winds blow.  
Icicles on window sills stick fast,  
While thickly upon the ground falls snow.  
Now all the flowering plants are dead,  
The trees which were green are now all bare.  
The squirrel now asleep in bed,  
Warm and snug in his tiny lair.  
In every home coal fires flicker,  
While woods and gardens become alive,  
And every week the days pass quicker,  
Till the longed-for days of spring arrive.*

M. SCOURFIELD, III B

## A LONG TIME BEFORE

*Long time before the earth was made,  
Long time before the stars were born,  
Lived a little old man and an animal  
In a place dark and forlorn.  
They knew no evil, they knew no joy,  
They knew no grief or pain.  
They just existed, just those two,  
No sun nor moon to wax and wane;  
No sun, no water, did they have,  
No clothes, no house, no friends.  
Only themselves in a quiet place  
Where the darkness never ends.  
But as the years passed by and planets grew  
And stars and earth were formed,  
The little old man and the animal  
Were never quite the same.  
Suddenly they disappeared.  
To a place where they had no foes,  
And why they came, and where they went,  
Not a single person knows.*

CAROLYN ROCH, VA

## THE MYSTERIOUS RATTLE

*Rattle, rattle, in our car,  
How we wonder where you are.  
In the boot or in the bonnet?  
Or is someone sitting on it?  
First a squeak and then a groan  
It always makes my father moan!  
He's checked the door and window frame.  
He's nearly driving us insane.  
It sounds in the back! It sounds in the front!  
Stop the car! Get out and hunt!  
We search and search. At last we find  
A piece of wire, stuck behind.  
And now at last we're on our way!  
No rattle now to spoil our day!*

LINDA PALMER, IVA

## THE FIRST DAY

The sky was overcast and the air damp and oppressive as Sylvia walked towards the school which was partly hidden by a row of bleak terraced houses. As she entered the gate she began to realise why this school was hated by the students who had taught there in the past.

The building itself looked small and cramped, and every window seemed to be either broken or cracked, and the peeling paint on the window sills and doors did nothing to make its appearance more attractive. The playground seemed large compared with the size of the school and was filled with dirty, ragged, screaming children, who looked at her as though she was a character from last week's adventure of "Dr. Who"!

She felt depressed as she waited outside the Headmaster's room and wished that she was starting her teaching practice at the new primary school on the other side of the town. When she was finally admitted she was confronted by a tall, dark man, who told her rather brusquely to sit down.

"Well, Miss Hill, there is not much point in my saying that I hope that your stay here will be a happy one, because I know that it won't be."

"Oh," said Sylvia, rather surprised; she had expected him to gloss over rather than announce the fact. The Headmaster continued with a reproving glance in her direction.

"I want you to take Form 3B today as their master is away."

"I beg your pardon?" said Sylvia, trying to sound as shocked as possible.

"I understood that I would be observing for the first week."

"Well, I'm afraid you will have to take this class. I have had to take it myself for the last week," replied the Headmaster with a smile. By now, Sylvia felt like crying.

"But I . . . I haven't prepared a lesson. Why can't you get a supply teacher?"

"In answer to the second question, no-one with any choice will come to teach in this school, so I am afraid you will have to do your best. Good morning."

Sylvia realised that there was no point in arguing, so made her way to where she had been told she would find Form 3B. As she approached their classroom she could see numerous heads peering around the door, but as soon as they saw her they all disappeared. She bent forward to open the door, but it was opened for her from the inside, and, thinking that perhaps the behaviour of the children in this area had been exaggerated she turned to thank the small boy facing her. However, before she could open her mouth, she was confronted by,

"Hello, mushy face, are you our new student teacher?" and gales of laughter from the rest of the children.

Trying not to look surprised, Sylvia told him to sit down, demanded silence, and then formally introduced herself. She proceeded to put on the blackboard various types of mathematical problems, while one of the girls distributed writing paper. For the following hour all the

children worked surprisingly quietly and break was reached without anything eventful happening.

It was not until she started to correct the children's attempts at arithmetic that she encountered any problems. She found that the majority of them had not bothered to attempt answering the questions correctly, but had written down the first number that came into their head, and the rest contained so many mistakes that Sylvia began to wonder whether two plus two did equal five! The result of this was that everyone spent a boring morning reciting "tables" and doing mental arithmetic.

As she had not prepared any lessons, and felt that she could not stand an afternoon trying to determine her class's grammatical achievements, she decided to prepare for an art lesson. After she had provided each of the long desks with paint, brushes and scissors, she felt that she deserved her lunch and went to the staff-room to eat her four "starch-reduced" rolls. To her pleasure her fellow teachers were extremely friendly, and spent most of the time advising her how to prepare her lessons and explaining how to overcome the difficulties of teaching in a slum-area. She felt in a slightly more humorous mood as she returned to her class after lunch, mainly because of one of the teacher's stories about the little boy who wrote in his essay about school, "I hate school because we have to do rotten old sums," but it made her realise that they wrote down on paper exactly what they would say in every-day speech.

The art lesson proved to be more riotous than Sylvia had expected, with the majority of her class resembling Red Indians within the first five minutes. She enquired about the absence of two boys from the back of the class, and was answered by a chorus of,

"They're up before the beak this afternoon."

Sylvia then remembered that one of the teachers had told her that the Assizes accounted for fifty per cent. of the absenteeism in the school.

The rest of the afternoon passed quite peacefully until about half-an-hour before the end of school. The class was putting the final touches to the frieze they were making when suddenly a cry of pain sprang from one of the smaller boys. Sylvia turned to find a steady stream of blood flowing from a gash about three inches long on the boy's arm. Her mind went suddenly blank, and she felt squeamish; she instinctively ran towards the boy, but had no idea how to stop the bleeding. Luckily, one of the other pupils had gone to notify the Headmaster, who gained Sylvia's respect by admirably dealing with the situation.

Half-an-hour later, Sylvia found herself in the casualty department of the nearby hospital waiting for the little boy to appear. When he did appear he was smiling all over his face, for he told her that he had never been in a hospital before and the doctor had told him that he could go back the following week. As she walked out through the hospital gates with the little boy clinging to her arm, she realised that she had completed one eventful day as a student teacher; had made one friend at that formidable school; and knew that she would be able to teach her class without any qualms the following day.

PAULETTE BROWN, Lower VI Arts

### COOL

*Cool as a mountain stream  
Trickling from the whirlpool of mystery so high,  
Into the clear blue heavens.  
Cool, sliding down  
Into the sharp darkness  
Of what is known as the interior;  
Cool, jumping from hill to hill,  
Searching for the happiness  
Never found  
Until it is lost.  
Cool as a mountain stream;  
On; so cool.*

CATHARINE PRYKE, VB

### BOXING DAY

*Christmas is finished.  
The turkey's diminished,  
The crackers are pulled,  
Festivities lulled.  
But deep in our hearts  
We remember this day —  
A day-old baby,  
Asleep in the hay.*

PAT SCOURFIELD, IIIC

### A TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE

The mad crowd, a seething mass of bodies, swept forward. Hands tried desperately to grasp the glistening bar which meant freedom. At last my hand gripped it and, with a mighty effort, I heaved myself on to the platform, resisting the attempts made to drag me back into that wild, blood-thirsty mob.

I scrambled up a step and collapsed in a corner, breathing heavily. Then, after all I had been through, I was confronted by a man who carried a large silver machine which looked capable of inflicting some terrible torture. The man demanded some kind of payment. Feverishly I searched in my pockets, while he became more and more angry. At last I found a small coin which seemed to satisfy him. The strange machine clicked and whirred and a pink tongue protruded from its mouth. The man tore it off and savagely threw it into my lap. I stared at it, not quite sure of what to do. Then, through the window I saw a familiar landscape, surrounding my home. Gratefully I stumbled out into the clean fresh air.

The words kept going round in my head, "I'm alive! I'm alive and back home." Yes! It was true. I had travelled home from school by bus and survived!!!

MARY PHILLIPS, UPPER VA

## CHRISTMAS TIME

*Not too long ago, at this time of the year,  
When I'd realised Christmastime nearly was here,  
I'd think of the presents I really would like—  
Some books, doll and pram, and maybe a bike,  
And all the surprises my stocking would hold.  
I'd be glad when the Day came I hadn't been told  
But each had been kept as a secret surprise,  
For the wonderful moment when I opened my eyes.  
But now when I'm asked what I'm wanting this year,  
All I can think of is "Lots of fab gear."  
For wouldn't I look silly when Christmas Day came,  
Holding a doll or playing with a game?  
Or riding a bike on my way to a dance,  
Dressed in my very new jacket and pants?  
I admit that the secret surprises have gone;  
How can they be secret when I've tried them all on!  
But it's I who enjoy now surprising the others.  
I buy presents and hide them—Mum's, Dad's and my brother's.  
And what pleasure I get when they open their eyes  
And say, "Just what I wanted! What a lovely surprise!"*

DENISE PENDLETON, IIIA

## A THUNDER STORM AT NIGHT

*What has broken my slumber?  
What has disturbed my sleep?  
Then I hear the crash of thunder  
And out of my bed I leap.  
The rain is lashing the window,  
The lightning streaks the sky,  
Silhouetting the stark bare branches  
Of the trees that stand near by.*

*All the heavens are angry,  
Pouring forth their scorn  
As I look, and listen, and wonder,  
Until the break of dawn.  
Then suddenly it's all over.  
The dark clouds roll away,  
And down in the woods, the song of the birds  
Heralds a bright new day.*

JAYNE BALDWIN, IIIA

## A PAGE OUT OF THE DIARY OF A GIRL IN THE YEAR 2168

... Mother promised to take me to a pageant in the huge town of Pembroke today. We left at precisely fifteen minutes after 11 a.m., our silver helmets and suits, specially polished for the occasion, gleaming in the sun. We reached Pembroke, only two hundred miles away,

at about 11.30 a.m. We found the rocket station, cleared for the occasion, filled with people from every planet. People from Mercury, Venus and even from Mars were there. We suddenly saw Aunt Joan from Venus. She joined us and then there was an expectant hush as the pageant began.

We shouted with delight as a famous band from Venus began to play. The strange instruments, borrowed from a museum, enthralled us. Aunt Joan, a music teacher, told us that they were called drums and guitars. Following the band, there came a famous Martian robot, dressed in strange clothes. It was driving a peculiar object and it began to describe both this object and the clothes. It appeared that the queer leg-coverings called "trousers" and the coat of some odd material called "tweed," formed the typical dress of the primitive Welshmen of some generations ago. We looked at our silver suits with superior smiles. Then the robot explained that the object was a "car," a very ancient means of transport. It had a top speed of only about 120 m.p.h. Mother said we should be thankful for our efficient hovercrafts, capable of a thousand miles per hour.

The pageant progressed, showing scenes from history, such as the first signs of contact with other planets — the strange objects of 1967. Later a fashion parade was held for the women to watch. The clothes seemed to have been worn very short at that time. By special permission of the museum, the school uniforms of the 1960's, worn by pupils of the ancient school in Pembroke, were shown. This funereal uniform of black, with slight touches of yellow, seemed very strange to us children in 2168. . . .

... I am writing this in the hovercraft. The warm atmosphere makes me feel sleepy. I am left to dream . . . to dream of going to the school on the hill . . . wearing a black and yellow uniform . . . 200 years ago. . . .

ANGELA BOWEN, IVA

## DAWN

*The moonlit lake with silver sheen  
Awaits the dawn, calm and serene;  
And the willow bends her branches down  
To adorn the water with a leafy crown.*

*Upon the lake young rowers go,  
For what reason? They only know.  
Their boats send ripples far and wide,  
As over the water they lazily glide.*

*Then suddenly the sky turns red!  
Out comes the sun from her fiery bed,  
Throwing down her golden beams,  
Bathing the lake, as the village dreams.*

YVONNE GREGITIS, IVA

## MY RIVER

*My river is not the Rhine, Amazon or Nile;  
Neither is it England's bustling River Thames,  
Flowing so swiftly from its source for many a mile  
To carry commerce to the vast, open sea.*

*No! My river is the stream in Constable's "Hay Wain."  
A stream in flood, it meanders through meadows green;  
Giving of its power, a mile it may gain  
After leaving the mill which dominates the scene.*

*But how I long to wander along its banks  
And, perhaps, to punt in its shallows,  
Hoping to catch a glimpse of trout or otter,  
And, in bliss, to lie under those beautiful willows.*

ANGELA STEVENS, VA

## WHO HAS TAKEN OUR PHLIX?

In the year 1967 in the sleepy long-forgotten resort of Coasthaven-by-sea, a yak, pulling a dust-covered yakir, turned the oblique corner into the long tree-lined avenue of Old Kent Road. Outside number 27, one of three roomy Victorian terrace houses, the leader of the vehicle stopped it and jumped off. He was quickly followed by a small army of lamas wearing highly-prized Yakskin coats. They were armed with stakes and blood-curdling curved daggers.

"Humph—ya!" the head lama said as he banged on the freshly-oiled teak door.

"Clear off! I'm busy with my homework!" came the reply from Raymond Grout, schoolboy double agent. "It says that I'm only free after seven!" he went on, as the lamas were puzzling over the figures 007½ on the polished brass plate on the door.

Bang! Bang! Another heavy fist resounded on the door, together with shouts of "Let uz in!"

With a grumble, Raymond Grout, 007½, strolled across to the door and unlocked it. "All right! You can come in," he said, half a minute after they had bulldozed their way in. He was just going to say, "And what do you want?" when he noticed that one of them was holding a knife close to his throat and he knew that it would do his precious Adam's apple no good, so he refrained.

"We have come to make you find our Phlix," said another, in a tuneful foreign accent. As Grout was at their mercy he thought he might as well help them — so he agreed.

"And what is a Phlix?" he asked.

"You should know!" came the reply, and before Grout could say "My dead body over Tom Tweed" they had slammed the door and were driving away at top speed in their yakir.

For ten hours and three days, Grout puzzled it out, poring over learned books of Tibetese in the library. At last, in the "Oxford Book of Pidgin English and Slang," he found it. It was the Tibetese pidgin for a bead.

After another three days of hard thinking, the answer to the problem came to him. The next day every hippy at Coasthaven-by-sea

Secondary School loaned his beads to Grout for one day in exchange for two sticks of bubble-gum and a gob-stopper each.

That evening the Yak and yakir, complete with lamas, came rolling back along Old Kent Road. After being half throttled and getting a little tired of the continual danger to his Adam's apple, Grout showed them the beads. After two hours of frantic searching one of the lamas gave a blood curdling "Yugh!" and declared that he had found the sacred Phlix.

After awarding Grout the Order of the Red Phlix (which they found on the floor!) and giving him two hundred gallons of sour yak's milk, they took leave of him and rolled away in their yakir.

So ended another episode in the eventful life of Raymond Grout, 007½. Needless to say, he donated the yak's milk to his favourite charity, the Society for Destitute Dogs and Lost Cats.

DAVID STACEY, UPPER IV TECH.

## VICTORY

*The youngest stood upon a stone,  
Cold and wet, and watching alone.  
Would the enemy press and then attack,  
Or silyly pretend to draw aback?*

*A bugle call, a sudden cry,  
A hail of arrows, spears let fly.  
The foe advance, ranks red and gold.  
Could the defenders possibly hold?*

*Battle begins with a turbid roar,  
Many a brave man dies on the moor.  
But defenders sweep o'er hill and lea,  
Through valley and dale — to Victory!*

COLIN JUDGE, IIIA

## BOY MAD!

*"Did you see Billy last night with a girl!"  
"The one with a figure and permanent wiggle?"  
"That's right," said Mary, smothering a giggle.*

*Many times these two girls would talk,  
Going to school, on a lengthy walk.  
They speak of last night or the night before.  
They talk of boys, boys and boys more,  
And never of school work or daily chore.*

*"Isn't he fab! Isn't he great!  
How could he go with that girl Kate!  
She's tall and skinny, with dark brown hair,  
And he doesn't like me, and that's not fair."  
Two girls disappear behind a wall  
And carry on the story of a boy called Paul. . . .*

KAREN MABE, VA



## THE TRIP TO SKOMER

Last Spring about thirty pupils, led by Mr. D. E. Lloyd and Mr. and Mrs. Harris, went on a trip to Skomer. Despite setting out at about seven o'clock it was nearly nine before we arrived at Martin's Haven, where the boat was waiting. This was mainly because we had to walk the last mile as the bus couldn't turn any closer to the boat. Although the boat looked small it held us easily, and after ten minutes we landed on Skomer.

Laden with kit-bags and cameras we climbed the steep winding path from the boat. Having placed our bags in the shade of some rocks we set off in a westerly direction. We were amazed at the number of rabbit holes — this was due to the fact that myxomatosis never reached Skomer. After straying into a field full of gulls' nests, we were told to keep to the paths by somebody who emerged fleetingly from a hide. Undeterred we carried on, keeping to the paths.

Around midday we decided it was time for lunch and returned to base camp. After lunch it was decided to go round the coast until we reached the point where we would be going back over the ground that we had covered in the morning. By the time we had reached the northern corner of the island we were strung out for almost a quarter of a mile. While we were waiting for the stragglers to catch up we noticed three grey seals basking on the rocks far below. It was then that our plan of going round the coastline proved impossible since the part of the island in front of us was closed to the public.

Having skirted the area we came back to the coast above a sheltered inlet just as the puffins changed duty guarding the eggs. They appeared as little black dots due partly to the distance and partly to their size. Setting off again we soon came upon the part of the coast we had seen before, and swung inland to come back to our starting point. On our way back we passed the ruined farmhouse which had been abandoned just before the Second World War owing to the cost of shipping animals to and from the mainland. Soon we were on the boat bringing us back to the mainland. Some of us were set ashore on the edge of what the boatman called the Deer Park. Unfortunately it was covered in gorse and we were more than a quarter of an hour later than the others getting back to the bus. Next day in school everybody agreed that despite some aches and pains the trip had been thoroughly worth it.

DAVID WILLIAMS, IIIA

## THE SEA

*With a thundering roar it breaks on the shore,  
Returning again and again.  
The wild waves piled high, reflecting the sky;  
The sea, no man can defy.  
Her moods they are many—at times so serene,  
Then at others, a raging hell-cat.  
The lives she has claimed; brave men and their fame  
Go on, with the sun and the rain.  
In summer she shimmers and sparkles and shines,  
Her waves soft and gentle leave gold sands behind.  
She laps at the tall rocks towering above.  
Oh! to be near to the sea that I love!*

TOM HARRIES, FORM II

## SPAIN

*Sunshine, blue skies and sparkling seas,  
Arcaded streets and pavements lined with trees.  
Moonlight and throbbing music of guitars,  
The fiery flamenco danced beneath a thousand stars.*

*The bulring with excitement hot and tense,  
Warm beaches, and from towns we wandered hence,  
To orange grove and mountain range,  
This friendly place so new and strange.*

*Olives, lemons, almonds in profusion grew,  
Irrigated by windmills, which we knew  
But had not seen before.  
A castle and cathedral, too, and more.  
Warm-blooded, dignified and friendly folk,  
We laughed and smiled and gently spoke.  
These memories in my thoughts remain —  
One day I shall return again.*

JENNIFER RICKETTS, LR. VIA

## THE OLD SMALLS LIGHTHOUSE

In 1770, a small ship-owner from Liverpool, Captain Phillips, was shipwrecked on the largest island of the Hats and Barrels group, twelve miles west of Skomer Island. He and his crew swam to the island and were stranded there without food or drink for three days before being rescued by a passing ship. He was so thankful for his deliverance that he decided to build a lighthouse on the reef.

Lighthouses in those days were privately owned and received money from the ships they sighted, the captains of which paid money at the next port they reached. It was left to their honour to pay as they recognised the value of the lighthouses in the matter of safety.

Captain Phillips formed a company and advertised for a designer. They were most surprised when they found that one applicant, a Mr. Whiteside, was a violin-maker. However, it was he who was given the job, even though he had no previous experience in lighthouse building.

The first lighthouse built was a construction of six cast-iron pillars supporting a single-roomed hut and light on top. It took three years to build but, before it could be occupied, a gale blew it over, snapping the cast-iron pillars, into the sea.

Mr. Whiteside and his six Cornish assistants returned the following year and substituted the iron pillars for oak, as these would give with the wind. Each pillar was eighty feet high and each cost hundreds of pounds to buy and transport from the grounds of stately homes to Solva. Two men lived in the lighthouse and lit four oil

lamps each night. Later there were sixteen oil lamps with silver reflectors.

Once, during one of the many storms, the waves reached the eighty-foot high floor of the hut and removed the floorboards. The men lay in their bunks, violently sea-sick with the swaying of the lighthouse and unable to move. A wave flung the clock from the wall across the room on to a bunk.

One autumn one of the men was taken ill and died, leaving the other to carry on their duties. It would have been quite legal for him to have given him a burial at sea but, as he was the only witness to his companion's death, he knew that others would suspect foul play. He strung his comrade up outside and there the body remained with its arms outstretched until the spring, when the survivor was relieved by the supply vessel. When he returned home, his wife and children did not recognise him as he had aged so much with worry. Since then Trinity House have made a rule that there must be at least three men in a lighthouse and all must be trained in home nursing.

Trinity House bought the lighthouse eighty-three years after it was built. They paid £440,000, and £175,000 compensation. They built a new lighthouse, the traditional type made from 4000 tons of granite, and for a time both stood together on the same rock, the new one towering three times as high as the old. Five men now live in it in comparative luxury, with kitchen, living room, and a telephone to the mainland.

This information came from Mr. Nash of St. Davids. He is Chairman of the St. David's branch of the Seaman's Benevolent Society. Many ships have been wrecked on the North Pembrokeshire coasts and this society provides food, clothing and money for those who come ashore safely from such wrecks.

IAN COOPER, UPPER IVA

#### MY GARDEN IN WINTER

*Covered in a blanket of snow,  
Forlorn and forgotten it lies.  
The trees look full of woe,  
Gazing at the blackening sky.*

*The robin with its tingling toes  
Still cheerfully lives on,  
Searching for food, wherever it goes,  
Through the winter's mournful song.*

*The rockery is like steep white stairs,  
Climbed by the robin daily,  
Showing for the cold not a care;  
And I slide down the garden path gaily.*

MARY McNALLY, IIIA

#### MY DOG

*Susie is my faithful pet.  
At the R.S.P.C.A. we met.  
She was only three months old  
And would not do as she was told.*

*I love my dog so very much.  
She is so very soft to touch.  
She wakes my mum for morning tea  
And then she comes to wake up me.*

*For her meals it's tins of meat  
With gravy, and it looks a treat.  
At night my dog sleeps on a chair  
Which is covered with her long white hair.*

*Now my dog is three years old  
And always does as she is told.  
But I can still recall the date  
When together we were brought by fate.*

TEENA WILLIAMS, IIIC

#### AUTUMN

*In Autumn the weather is getting cold,  
The leaves change colour to red and gold,  
The wind blows hard and down they fall;  
They make a carpet for us all,  
And clouds of birds begin to swarm,  
Heading south to where it's warm.*

*The creatures of the field and wood  
Have been collecting what they could,  
To store away, to keep them well  
Until the buds begin to swell;  
To keep them while the Winter snows  
Cover everything that grows.*

*The days grow short, the nights get cool;  
It's almost dark when leaving school.  
Sometimes there's mist and sometimes rain,  
And sometimes it's almost like Spring again.  
There's Guy Fawkes Night and Hallowe'en,  
To help us through the Autumn scene.*

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, IIIA

## TYDDYN PANDY

I once lived in an old stone farmhouse in the mountains of North Wales. It was the most beautiful place I have ever lived in. It was called "Tyddyn Pandy."

The house was on the side of a mountain where we had a view of the beautiful Mawddach estuary. It had half an acre of garden, surrounded by a rough stone wall. Although the garden was rocky, there were plum, lilac and cherry blossom trees and, at the far end, a Scots pine. Just within the shelter of the walls grew gooseberry bushes. One summer my mother made delicious jam from the plums we had collected in the garden. There was a sort of patio in front of the house, with a small vegetable garden in which my mother planted lettuces. On warm summer days we would sometimes have our meals there.

We also had a view of Cader Idris, the second highest mountain in Wales, which was always changing colour. Sometimes it would be a light grey-blue; sometimes a greenish-brown; in a storm, a dark blue-black; and at sunset a fiery gold.

There was a stream near our house and my brother Timothy and I would spend many hours diverting this and making miniature waterfalls. This was fun but hard work, and we would become very wet in the process.

Our shed where we would put the coal was once a stable which had been a loft. In it were chairs, pots and pans, bags of oats, tins of paint, a sofa, metal tools, pieces of wire, and many other things. Timothy and I would play games in the shed and get very dirty. A pigeon and a little wren lived in this shed and the wren would often come into our house. A field mouse sometimes came into the house and once frightened Timothy by jumping into his wellington.

As a family we were very much alone, as our nearest neighbour, a local farmer, lived a long way from us, although his son would often call upon us in the evening, and Timothy and I would call at the farm each day for milk. In summertime we would have more visitors, usually hikers who were lost or seeking refreshment.

Our school was at Bontddu which, in English, means Black Bridge. We travelled there by taxi. It was a very small school with only twenty eight pupils in all. In winter the roads would sometimes be impassable because of the snow and we were unable to go to school.

We went to Barmouth sometimes in the summer and would ride to the main road in a trailer. Barmouth is a clean, pleasant seaside town with a long and sandy beach. We would come here to bathe in the sea until it was time to go home. Once, looking out to the mouth of the estuary we were lucky enough to see a school of porpoise.

In this part of the country we had to be very careful of adders and although they were not often visible, when gorse had been burnt, many were seen lying dead. When we went for walks we would hear the curlews crying and often see red grouse, pheasants, squirrels, woodpeckers and rabbits. We would be woken up in the morning by the sound of large carrion crows pecking the putty off the windows.

At Bontddu there were gold and copper mines, some now disused and filled with water. The Queen's wedding ring is made from

the gold from one of these mines. Timothy and I spent much time looking for gold in quartz outcrops but all we found was "fools' gold," which is iron pyrites. Gold is a mustard colour and "fools' gold" is more like brass.

Near our house was a famous stone called the "Sword Stone" which has, apparently, been struck by lightning, split, and where the two faces were exposed, the impression of a sword is clearly visible. There is a legend that after a battle the victor drove his sword into the rock completely out of sight. Perhaps this is impossible and yet it appears that the impression in the rock shows evidence of great heat. An interesting problem.

At that time my father was in charge of development of several hundred acres of woodland at a place called Cae Gwian and during the summer holidays, in fine weather, he would take us to the woods in his Land-Rover. He would fell scrub oak trees with a chain saw and Timothy and I would help him to burn the branches. The trunks of straight trees were split with wedges and made into fencing stakes or gate posts. Often on Autumn week-ends Timothy and I would walk to Cae Gwian and see men planting the cleared ground with red oak, beech and larch plants. At this time Mr. Edwards, who was foreman at the St. David's mine, was working with my father and he would let us help him plant spruce in furrows. When not working he would tell us many tales about goldmining when rich seams were found and how he thought some day he would be lucky once more.

Someday, when the trees have grown, I shall return to Tyddyn Pandy. Perhaps by then "Uncle Ned" Edwards will have made his fortune but, somehow, I think not.

CHRISTOPHER HARDING, IIA

## THE GLEN

*Past the heath and up the hill  
Grew the golden daffodil,  
By the babbling mountain rill,  
Where the children used to fill  
Their buckets every day.*

*Every day a herd of deer  
Fed upon the lush grass near,  
And foxes lived not in the fear  
Of the hounds, as they hunted near  
For their unlucky prey.*

*Now when flowers have died away,  
Farmers have gathered in the hay,  
And everything is white or grey.  
Only the hedges still are gay  
With berries blue and red.*

*No longer children go to play  
And fill the woods with laughter gay;  
But horns are heard, and hounds that bay  
As they pick up the trail of a fox, that has strayed  
From its shelter in the glen.*

JACQUELINE DAVIES, UPPER IVA

## REVENGE

*The haunted house stands on the hill;  
'Tis quiet now and all is still,  
But 'twas not so the other night  
For then it glowed with an eerie light.  
The ghosts of the dead were about.*

*At one time it was quiet and still,  
But now that house bodes nothing but ill.  
Yells, shouts, blood-curdling screams,  
Gun-fire, murder—woke us from our dreams.  
Yes. The ghosts of the dead were about.*

*We, scared, thought our last hour had come;  
The air was chill, our bodies felt numb.  
We gathered in the old church square;  
We dared not go up till morning was there.  
The ghosts of the dead were about.*

*We buried a man in the cemetery, yon—  
He was found by the house at the crack of dawn.  
He was murdered, that's sure,  
But by whom, and what for . . . ?  
The ghosts of the dead were about.*

*The men from up London came down today;  
Says he was a killer, convicted last May.  
He'd murdered four men in the house on the hill.  
Now he is gone, and the dead souls are still.  
Yes, the ghosts of the dead were about.*

JENNIFER HUGHES, UPPER IVA

## AUTUMN

*Once more the sun lies low in the sky,  
Marking the end of summer. Leaves, soon to die,  
Wrinkle and shrivel in the dying sun,  
Falling helpless on the rain-soaked ground.  
The leaves lie in a thick carpet on the ground,  
Adding colour to the dull brown around.  
A brief star in an empty, cloudy sky  
Brings life to the dismal scene.  
With the end of the summer the nights grow long  
And, in the short days between, no happy song  
From joyful bird is heard, only harsh cries  
Given out by storm-blown seabirds overhead.  
And now the irregular showers of rain  
Merge into the snows of Winter. Yet, again,  
The snows will herald the rebirth of life,  
That accompanies the warm sun of Spring.*

GEOFFREY ALBURY, Lower VI Arts.

## FORM GOSSIP

## FORM II

Form II here! We're composed of 14 girls and 18 boys and only one person has left, at the beginning of term. R.G. was too old so he moved up to the third form. Mr. B. A. Griffiths is our form teacher and he holds all the boys (innocent little angels) in awe because of his stylish rigger kicks and passes. In our form we have two outstanding boys, G. Gough and N. Harries, who came first and second respectively in the Brooke Bond Art competition. We think they stand a good chance in the Eisteddfod. We have a good strong section of Picton House in our form. A lot of boys have had bookings and we might break a record. We are all thankful to Mr. Griffiths for keeping a wild mob in order, especially on Monday mornings. This is Form II, the Greatest, signing off ! !

## FORM IIA

We're the pupils of IIA, all so happy, bright and gay;...  
Boys all handsome, girls all pretty,  
But in our work—oh, what a pity!  
We turn our teachers' hair to grey.  
Although at rigger we excel, we boys simply cannot spell.  
Their prowess in the gym  
Keeps the girls both sleek and slim,  
But their sewing leaves much to be desired.  
The prefects all detest us; we drive them round the bend.  
But though they often book us,  
We hope they are our friends—  
And will love us in the end!  
The teachers try their hardest to make us use our brain  
They hope one day we'll show them that it wasn't all  
in vain,  
And we'll have certificates to frame !

## FORM II ALPHA

Hello! Our form consists of 15 boys (little devils?) and 14 girls (little angels). Brian W. left us on December 2nd for Shoeburyness and we wish him well. S. Rule is our budding Rembrandt. Our form captains are G. Willington and E. Reynolds. Three of the form, Evelyn, Patrick and Stephen, were all in school together in the Middle East and find themselves together again. G. Willington is our secret threat to the New Zealand rugby team. He has been in every Under-Thirteens match so far. E. Reynolds, C. Williams and J. Stevens are the best of the girls at gym. We would like to thank Mrs. Harris for her co-operation with us.

## FORM IIIA

This Autumn term has been rather uneventful for IIIA. Two matches in hockey have been played between the boys and the girls. Needless to say, the boys won each time, and deny strongly the accusation that they foul. Several of the boys have played in Under-Thirteen matches and some of the girls for the Third Form Hockey team. Unlike most forms we do not claim to be the noisiest form in

the school but our classroom is certainly not like a cemetery! Gareth Samuel is our boxing champ and went to Ireland to compete earlier in the term. We provide the Under-Thirteens with their captain, Vice-captain and Secretary, and the Third Form netball team with its captain and three other players.

#### FORM IIIB

This year IIIB has probably taken over the reputation for being the rowdiest form in the school, as every year. We have a good many representatives in the Under-Thirteen rugby team and have also branched out into hockey. B. Busby, C. Payne, L. Mullins and M. Sanderson play for the hockey team. We should like to thank Mrs. Gwyn Davies for looking after us while Mrs. Morgan was away. We congratulate Mrs. Morgan on having a bouncing baby daughter and wish her the strength to be able to cope with us as well as Mrs. Davies did. Our form captains for the Christmas term were Jonathan Harries and Maureen Lewis.

#### Featuring FORM III

I started my dinner with (Huw) Campbell's cream of tomato soup, followed by (Stuart) Piper's chicken croquettes. I gave my cat (Gareth) Sam(uel). I give my dog, (David) William(s), Winalot each day. I left my house and passed through a (Charles) Gait. In a shop window I saw a boy-doll called Paul (Harries). Then I saw my friend (John) Cumming along. A short while later I felt a (Christopher) Payne. A (Albert Mc.) Mahon asked me (Paul) Wat(kins) was wrong. I had a (Stephen) Ball and bounced it home. At the gate I saw a dog (Paul) Bar(ger) my way. I ran into the house, went to bed and fell asleep like a (Darrell) Willing(ton) of bricks.

J. WIGGELL, IIIB

#### FORM IIIC

Nothing much has happened this term apart from a few unfortunate misunderstandings with teachers and prefects. W. L\*\*s suffered from having 3500 lines on one occasion and a couple of us have been in the detention room a few times—just as well it's our formroom! J. Purser, A. Lingard and D. Bevans are in the Under-Thirteens team. V. Cole, D. McNally, W. Richards and P. Scourfield are in the Third Form netball team. We are hoping to make a good show in the Eisteddfod next term as most of us are entering for several competitions.

#### FORM IVA

This year IVA finds itself in the Art Room, under the ever-watchful eye of Mr. Cooper, surrounded by weird and terrifying objects hanging from the ceiling and adorning the walls! We've had a very peaceful time of it so far—unless you count such trivialities as locking up two prefects in the store room (quite by accident) and somehow forgetting where the key was; barricading the doors with desks, thus preventing the entrance of certain people (who weren't 'alf mad); and other such jovial indulgences. We find it our duty to report that certain anonymous members of our community were observed some weeks ago walking down the corridor in bare feet,

much to the rage of someone who again shall be nameless. We've found a new method of collecting social service money—at least, Petra S\*\*t'n has—namely the old Dick Turpin "stand and deliver" method. We think it might be adopted by other forms—all in a good cause! Cheerio for now!

#### FORM IVB

Hi, folks! Some of the latest news from IVB for you. We have a budding Henry Cooper in our midst, Gerald W\*\*\*j\*\*d. He went to the Emerald Isle a few weeks ago but the opposition proved too much for him. We are happy to inform you that the teachers have been more pleased with our behaviour of late and we haven't any longer the reputation of being the worst form in the school—we hope! Several of the girls consider themselves up and coming gymnasts—they certainly put energy into their efforts! Several members of the form represent school teams and house teams. We confess that we still like talking, just as much as ever.

#### FORM IVc

Pressure is really falling on us in this first term of chosen subjects. For the girls, cookery is a brand new subject which so far has resulted in very few burnt offerings, but possibly there are more to come. Our form-master has been on the whole very patient and understanding with us all and hardly ever loses his temper—big deal! He is still quite handy with the "ole slipper." Recently he sustained a few injuries in a rugby match but I'm glad to report that the "patient" suffered no ill effects and arrived at school on the Monday morning his usual cheerful self. Nobody has been outstandingly naughty this term, besides two boys who shall be nameless, but I'm sure that pleasure is still to come. There have been no broken bones this term, only a few scratches, the latest casualty being our athletic James Bugby who injured his ankle trying to vault over a fence. That's all IVc's gossip. We'll be looking forward to reporting back to you soon.

#### FORM IV TECH.

IV TECH. reporting. This year, as is the fashion, we have a "mini-form" of 11 members, mainly from Bush House. Jackie Jones, our latest recruit, and Ian Lammie, were in the Young Farmers' Talent Competition. We won, of course. All the boys from Bush House are new, with the exception of Timothy and Martin. It has been a rather uneventful term—we thank the teachers who have put up with us, and we hope they will be just as helpful next term.

#### UPPER IVA

We should like to welcome Elizabeth T. to our form this term and we all hope she will enjoy her stay with us. Our vital statistics are now 17 boys, 18 girls and 1 form teacher. We have lost any reputation we might have had of being a noisy form, believe it or not. When the Headmaster took us in Maths. one day he told us to make a noise, so that he would know we were still there! Several members continue to belong to the choir and orchestra and we hope they are not the reason for Mr. Whitehall's departure. Congratulations to

those who have passed music and other "out-of-school" examinations this term. A few boys play regularly for the junior Rugby XV. Robin C. was concussed in an early match and was very upset to be forbidden to play for several weeks. As the Dr. said no rugby, he made up for it by playing soccer with extra vigour at break. Certain of the male members of the Long-haired fraternity were told by Mr. Cleaver to have their hair cut—S.F. had the threat of the electric saw treatment! Congratulations to Sheila K. who was crowned Activities Queen for the Youth Club Activity Week in the Summer holiday, and had a part in the school play this term. Timothy H. has joined the backstage boys who do the lighting for the school play. We should like to thank Miss Lewis for her help this term.

#### UPPER IVB

We very much hope that everyone's feeling as good as the teachers who take our form for lessons! Perhaps it's because we're such a delightful class to teach. Out of the Upper IV<sup>TH</sup> Netball Team, four come from our form, as do two of the reserves. Other girls represent the hockey teams and some of the boys are members of the various rugby teams. We welcome the four newcomers to our form—we all know how well they have settled in! Once again we should like to thank Mrs. Hughes for putting up with us.

#### FORM UPPER IVC

Here we are again—the glorious UPPER IVC. I was going to say the noisy UPPER IVC but the prefects said, "Don't! Everyone is saying that!" If you think life is lousy and that you need a rest, come and spend a few days with us and you will soon have to go to a rest home. This term has been pretty uneventful really, but there's always Christmas to look forward to, and for pupils who like exams. there are the January exams. to keep them going. I should like to thank Mrs. Tapley for enduring another term with us—how she does it I'll never know! There was more to this report but there's always the censors with their little blue pencils. I would like to leave you with this motto: "If you can't beat them, leave school."

#### FORM VA

VA consists of 35 very hard-working (?) and intelligent (?) pupils. I must not forget the locusts which have become part of the scenery in our formroom, Room 21. Though the majority of the girls are petrified of them, G. T\*\*m\*s looked after them over the summer holidays and kept the cage of locusts beside his bed every night. In the midst of the ranks that crowd into Room 21 every morning for registration, you will find members of the hockey, netball and rugby teams. Special mention must go to A. S\*\*h\*\*s (alias ('cousin')) and F. S\*\*w\*\*t who were both successful in gaining places in the County Hockey team. A. S. is also a reserve for the S. Wales team. D. B\*\*r\* represented us in the cast of the school play as one of the dancing girls who actually danced. A. S\*\*v\*\*s also brought fame to the form as a member of the Y.F.C. team that won the talent competition at Llawhaden. Finally I should like to thank Miss Jones for keeping us under control for yet another term.

#### FORM VB

Best wishes to all for 1968 from us in the heights of Room 18, on the planet Earth. Not long ago, a formidable member of our set, namely P.M.T., caused one of Room 17's chairs to fall apart as soon as his sit-upon sat upon it. However, the foundations remained intact. Several boys, i.e. M. M\*\*h\*\*s, P.G.T. (1st team) and D.Sc'fd, P. P\*\*s\* and G.R.\*\*s\*\*t (2nd team) play rugby for the school. The two Marilyn's represent us in the Hockey Second XI and Beatrice is in the second Netball team. We're not all lazy! Many members of the form are devoted members of Christian Aid and are partly responsible for the majority of dances for "us" at the Pater Hall. It's time for me to sign off and mount those stairs which kill us but which lead us home, up, up and away in Room 18.

#### FORM VC

How do! This is your favourite disc jockey spinning a few home truths on the antics of the inhabitants of the one and only Room 7. First of all we had to say goodbye to that celebrated character, Ronnie Davey, a very sad occasion for us all. Then we had to say "We'll keep a welcome" to Andy Evans after he returned from a bout of pneumonia and he seems to be convalescing well. Yvonne and Ruth display their potential in the netball teams and a few of the boys play rugby for the school. This year we have to keep on running from our dear friends, the prefects, (should I say it), seemingly more this year than at any other time in our history, which is very fishy. Some of our teachers have had a rest from us this term, through illness—I bet they wish they had never come back! (Joke!) Once again I have to congratulate Mr. Smith for his wonderful and heroic attempt to reform us. Well, ta-ta for now. This is your favourite disc jockey being thrown out head first by the You-know-who!

#### FORM VR

This year has probably been the most disappointing year in our lives. However, members of the form have not lost their sense of fun and are striving hard to make amends. On the lighter side, many of us have been allowed to do Sixth Form work and on behalf of the whole form I should like to thank the Headmaster and the staff for putting their trust in us. Nothing of exceptional interest has happened in the term, except, of course, that we've all been working. I know many members of the staff who would disagree. Guess who! So, with Alan Freeman's famous saying, "All right, stay bright!", I'll say ta-ta.

#### LOWER VI ARTS

This year sees one of the largest forms for several years gracing LOWER VI ARTS. It seems as if the goading of several members of staff last year paid off!! Having achieved our aim of five subjects or over, we all looked forward to the privileges that went with them. However, due to the fact that the numbers in the Sixth were larger than usual, it was found necessary to relegate the Lower VI<sup>TH</sup>. to the Hall for all prep. periods. Our achievements have removed one of our most prized privileges, such is the irony. The "X" group now have two members of our form infiltrating the ranks of the choir, swelling the bass section, which for several terms has had few, if any,

from the VITH. form. Several members of the form have been very helpful with the school play, both as actors and in preparation of the set. We are grateful to Miss Williams for being brave enough to return as our form mistress after having sustained a painful injury while rock-climbing.

#### LOWER VI SCIENCE

Hello, everybody. This is the report you've all been waiting for. Haven't you? You lucky lot! We will make it short and sweet. Short, anyway. Lots of things have been happening . . . somewhere . . . we think. At last, after five years, we have a new form teacher and we hope that our VITH. form career will be a thumping success. We have made the usual contributions to the various school social services, of course, "that man" seeing to that. We also gave a helping hand in the school play and as a result of our initiative there is now an active Badminton club. The best of luck to all you fifth-formers in the coming examinations. You'll need it!

#### UPPER VI ARTS

We have had no additions to the form this term but have lost Terry Williams who left for Trinity College, Carmarthen. He is doing well, so he says, as "one of THEM." Everyone has been going on interview recently and the suspense, waiting for the postman to bring the results, is terrible! Attempts, as a last fling, (creaking joints, etc.) have been made by two of us to learn the 'cello, and another member has started to scrape the violin—no names will be mentioned, especially as the 'cello teacher gave up her job, giving no reason, so we are reliably informed. However, we are all eagerly awaiting the return of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra—not that some of the girls have suddenly become cultured, but because there is one extremely handsome violinist sitting in the front. Finally we should like to wish Corenne Jones goodbye as she is leaving in January to go to Flintshire. We hope that she will soon make many new friends and do well in her 'A' levels.

#### UPPER VI SCIENCE

Notable this term, in addition to the return of certain notorious former members and the arrival of a new female to add to our sparse ranks, was the unprecedented festivity of December 18th. which should be a night to remember for many. Notable also by his remarkable achievement is Barry, who has set an attendance record that may never be broken. One member left us at half term—Roderick, whom we wish well.

### SCHOOL SOCIETIES

#### SCIENCE SOCIETY

We haven't held as many meetings as usual this term owing to various difficulties, but it is hoped that next term we shall have a fuller programme. The committee consists of Patricia Gibby, Jane Sudbury (Secretary), Desmond Parry, David Reynolds, Peter Sendell and Robert Wilcox (Assistant Secretary).

The first meeting was the annual quiz against the Y.F.C. which resulted in yet another decisive win for the Science Society. The team was R. Milne, P. Gibby, A. Searle, R. Davies and R. Wilcox. Neil Campodonic made a very efficient chairman. At the beginning of November two members of the society gave excellent talks, R. Milne on the World Youth Science Conference that he attended during the summer holidays, and R. Wilcox on the subject of Radio Transmission. Later in the term we had a lecture from Mr. T. R. Owen, of Swansea University College, on "Forecasting the weather." We hope that past school pupils who have entered University or College will visit us at the end of term and answer any questions we may have.

Membership of the Science Society is free, and open to all members of Forms V and VI who care to attend the 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 public speaking. Perhaps if the Arts people took more interest, a wider scope could be given to the topics selected for the meetings. We would like to thank Miss Julian Jones and the other members of staff for their guidance and co-operation.

JANE SUDBURY, UPPER VI SCIENCE

#### CHESS CLUB

This term there has been a marked increase in chess playing, to the tune of some twelve extra sets in use every Monday and Friday during the lunch hour. This is due largely to the increase in attendance of the younger members of the school who, encouraged by the older members, will provide the material for good chess players in the future. The drive behind the club's enthusiasm this term has been largely that of Peter Morgan.

R. J. PARSONS, UPPER VI SCIENCE

#### PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

Although one of the school's smaller clubs, the Photography Club is, without doubt, the most active. One of the strange quirks of this club is that almost half its members openly admit that they have little or no knowledge of photography and the techniques involved, and that they have joined in order to rectify that ignorance. This we now hope has been done, since, during the course of the Autumn term, Mr. Emlyn Lloyd has been showing us some film strips that were successfully cadged from Kodak Ltd.

Once again the Physics Light Laboratory has been our dark room where all the processing is carried out. In fact, one could hardly hope for a better dark room since such necessities as thermometers and stop-watches are at hand. Also, as the cold water pipes run parallel to the central heating pipes the water remains fairly close to the 20°C desired for photographic work.

We are glad to say that so far this year there have not been any accidents in the dark room and nobody has been caught in the process of a delicate operation by someone barging in and putting the light on, thus ruining the project in hand.

The Photography Club is not one which holds regular weekly meetings but its members can usually be found on most evenings in the dark room, endeavouring to make an enlargement or a print—but keep it dark!

ROBERT WILCOX, UPPER VI SCIENCE

### SENIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

The committee this year consists of Joan Handley (chairman), Julie Davids (Secretary), Jane Sudbury, Angela Stevens, Frances Stewart, Desmond Parry, Gwyn Campbell and Selwyn Skone. Our meetings this term have been held once a fortnight, the first one being a talk, illustrated by slides, by Mr. and Mrs. Leader, missionaries in Thailand. Other meetings have included a discussion, "Drugs—a problem or an answer?," a topic on which pupils aired their conflicting opinions; a talk given by the Rev. R. Doxsey on "Has the church anything to offer young people today?"; and an 'Any Questions' panel consisting of Fraulein Hannemann, Mlle. Delelis, Mr. Griffiths and Desmond Parry. This last meeting was one of the most successful of the term, being so full of interest. We have had more films than usual this term, including "Head in the Sand" and "The Crunch," both filmstrips seeking to examine the problems of present-day living; and two "Fact and Faith" films which drew large audiences as they were open to the whole school.

During the term six members of the committee attended an evening conference at Milford Grammar School where the leaders of I.S.C.F. groups in the county met for discussion. Three members of the society hope to attend the regional Inter-School Conference at Bristol during the Christmas holiday.

The term's activities ended with the annual carol service, at which the collection taken for the Save the Children fund amounted to nearly £6.

JULIE DAVIDS, LOWER VI ARTS

### INTERMEDIATE SCRIPTURE UNION

Most of the meetings during the Christmas term have been well supported and all but two were discussions. We have tried to solve the Colour Problem; we have argued over the rights and wrongs of taking part in war, even to the extent of having a special session to consider the war in Viet-nam (the girls were noticeably absent on that occasion!); we have discussed the advantages and disadvantages of having compulsory R.I. lessons; and on Friday, October 13th, we talked about Superstitions, past and present. An attempt was made to discuss mixed marriages, but the snow put paid to that! Probably the best meetings were the film strip "Head in the Sand," and the "Any Questions?" session at the end of term, when Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Harries bravely composed the panel to answer some very interesting questions. Next term we hope to have a week of activities to raise money for the Kenya Development Scheme.

The committee this year consists of Derek Ambrose (Chairman), Jennifer Hughes (Secretary), Ann Batchelor, Doreen Stephens, Michael Henderson.

JENNIFER HUGHES, UPPER IVA

### JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

This term our chairman is Bernard Lewis and the rest of the committee are Huw Campbell (Vice-chairman), Bronwen Merriman (Secretary), Robert James (Treasurer), Heather Harries, Helen Longhurst and Timothy Meiring. We chose the committee at our first meeting and the second meeting took the form of a very interesting "Any Questions?" The panel consisted of some of last year's J.S.U. members—Jennifer Hughes, Doreen Stephens, Robert John and Robin Campbell. We combined with the other S.U. groups to see the film "The Crunch," which was very good. Huw Campbell and Robert James conducted a "Criss-Cross Quiz" the following week. There have been three visiting speakers—the Rev. Alun Williams, who gave an interesting talk on "Facts, Faith and Feelings"; Mr. D. Burton, who talked on "The Ten-stringed Instrument"; and the Rev. L. Jones, representing the Inter-Schools Christian Fellowship.

We have had a very exciting Parachute Debate, at which Julie Davids, Desmond Parry, Selwyn Skone and Robert Wilcox spoke. Julie was voted second, as a missionary, and Robert first, as a scientist. We joined the other S.U. groups for "Fact and Faith" films on two occasions when Mr. Russell and Mr. Ellison came to show the films.

On behalf of all present J.S.U. members I should like to ask many more people to come to our meetings, even if Room 16 becomes too cramped—we can always move to the hall! So come along and be sure to enjoy it.

BRONWEN MERRIMAN, IVC

### YOUNG FARMERS' CLUB

This term has been a quiet one for the Y.F.C. At the beginning of term the committee for the 1967-68 session was elected. They were Richard Pepper (Chairman), Peter Sendell (Vice-chairman), Gerald James (Treasurer), Susan Richards (Secretary), Annette Thomas, Angela Stevens, Pamela Hayes, Susan Morris, Roger Evans, John Rudder, Nigel Hall.

Teams were chosen for the Public Speaking competitions and the Knockout Quiz competitions, but owing to the foot and mouth disease restrictions, all inter-club competitions have been postponed until further notice. The talent contest took place on November 11th., before the ban, and after tough competition our club were pronounced winners for the second time in succession.

SUSAN RICHARDS, UPPER VI SCIENCE

### BADMINTON CLUB

After a lapse of some two years, the Sixth Form Badminton Club has been revived this term. Ritchie Davies (Captain), Peter Canton (Vice-captain), Damian Clarke (Secretary) and Alan Searle (Treasurer) form the committee. The annual subscription of 5/- enabled the club to buy its own equipment to the value of £5. 18. 6d. We are indebted to the Headmaster for kindly advancing us a loan, which has since been repaid. Although only one fixture has been played—a 1 - 2 defeat at the hands of the staff—others will be arranged next term.

DAMIAN CLARKE, UPPER VI ARTS



## SCHOOL GAMES

## TENNIS — SUMMER 1967

This year we have been unfortunate in having only a few matches. In fact only four have been played, of which two were won and two lost.

Pembroke v. Fishguard .....	lost by 4 sets to 12
„ v. Fishguard .....	won by 9 sets to 7
„ v. Taskers .....	lost by 13 sets to 3
„ v. Tenby .....	won by 9 sets to 7

The following people have played in these matches: Jane Sudbury, Janice Gamman, Elaine Hughes, Helen Humber, Annette Thomas, Jacqueline Croft, Ann Stephens, Angela Stevens, Megan Arnold, Barry Gwyther, David Williams, Philip Carradice, Malcolm Cawley.

The Dora Lewis Cup matches took place on July 5th, when the school players put up a good performance. Barry Gwyther and David Williams beat last year's holders, Milford G.S., to win the boys' section. Also, Philip Carradice and Damian Clarke reached the semi-final of the Boys' Cup. Elaine Hughes and Helen Humber put up a good fight but unfortunately lost in the final, 6—0, 4—6, 3—6.

The tennis tournament results were as follows:

- Senior Girls' Singles—Ann Stephens.
- Senior Boys' Singles—Barry Gwyther.
- Senior Girls' Doubles—Elaine Hughes and Helen Humber.
- Senior Boys' Doubles—Barry Gwyther and John Power.
- Junior Girls' Doubles—Ann Bowen and Perryn Butler.
- Junior Boys' Doubles—Stephen Badham and John Stephens.
- Junior Mixed Doubles—John Stephens and Doreen Stephens.

At the end of the summer term, colours were awarded to Elaine Hughes, Helen Humber, Barry Gwyther and David Williams.

JANE SUDBURY, UPPER VI SCIENCE

## ROUNDERS — SUMMER 1967

The First IX had a good season and showed its ability by scoring 21 rounders for, with 12 against. Only five matches were played, of which only one was lost (not to the staff!).

The team consisted of Pamela Morgan, Carolyn Roch, Sheila Kenniford, Margaret Davies, Lyn Boswell, Perryn Butler, Elaine Fenwick, Priscilla Palmer and Ann Stephens (captain).

May 6th—v. Tenby (away) .....	drew 3—3
May 13th—v. Fishguard (away) .....	won 8—1
May 30th—v. Fishguard (home) .....	won 3—1
June 3rd—v. Haverfordwest (away) .....	lost 1—3
July 13th—v. the Staff .....	won 6—4

The Second IX had an average season, winning two matches, losing two and scoring 17 rounders for, with 14½ against. However,

everyone played well. The team was chosen from Mary Donohoe, Susan Penfold, Ann Bowen, Marilyn Cole (captain), Yvonne Evans, Theresa Croft, Susan Thomas, Anne Monico, Zita Smith, Jean Huddleston and Margareta Campbell.

May 6th—v. Tenby (away) .....	won 9 —2
May 13th—v. Fishguard (away) .....	lost 0 —5½
May 20th—v. Fishguard (home) .....	lost ½—5
June 3rd—v. Haverfordwest (away) .....	won 7½—2

## HOCKEY—AUTUMN TERM 1967

## FIRST XI

So far the First XI have had a reasonably successful season, with three wins, two draws and two losses.

v. St. David's .....	won 1—0
v. Milford G.S. ....	drew 1—1
v. Preseli .....	won 2—0
v. Taskers .....	lost 1—0
v. Haverfordwest S.M. ....	lost 3—1
v. Coronation S.M. ....	won 2—0
v. Milford Central .....	drew 1—1
Goals for: 7; against: 5.	

The team has been represented by the following: Margaret Jenkins, Helen Humber, Jacqueline Davies, Margaret Bondzio, Ann Stephens, Frances Stewart, Joan Handley, Pamela Morgan, Jane Sudbury, Sheila Kenniford, Margaret Davies, and Susan Penfold. Ann, Frances and Helen have played for the First County XI and went through to the South Wales trial, while Jane has played for the Second County XI.

We should like to thank members of the First Rugby XV who regularly attend hockey practice. We still have hopes of beating them!

## SECOND XI

The team has had a relatively successful Christmas term and has lost only one match. However, two of the scheduled matches were cancelled owing to the weather conditions. Fortunately we were able to play the match against Milford Central later in the term, on November 18th.

v. St. David's (away) .....	won 3—0
v. Milford G.S. (away) .....	lost 3—6
v. Preseli (away) .....	won 4—0
v. Fishguard (away) .....	Cancelled
v. Milford Central (home) .....	drew 0—0

The regular players are Perryn Butler, Janet Davies, Helen McNally, Penny George, Elaine Fenwick, Ann Bowen, Susan Penfold, Marilyn Cole, Angela Stevens, Alyson Rowlands, Melanie Phillips (captain). Linda Davids, Marilyn Jones and Susan Morris have also played in a few matches.

MELANIE PHILLIPS, UPPER VI ARTS

## NETBALL

FIRST VII—the team was chosen from: Lyn Boswell, Ruth Martin, Cecilia Donovan, Jacqueline Croft, Annette Thomas, Julia Bannon, Yvonne Evans, Vivienne Ireland, Priscilla Palmer and Megan Arnold.

FIFTH FORM VII—The team was chosen from: Beatrice Kelleher, Yvonne Evans, Ruth Martin, Ann Gibby, Angela Gwyther, Judith Phillips, Karen Mabe, Carolyn Roch.

UPPER IVth. VII—the team was chosen from: Cheryll Young, Janet Williams, Jeanette White, Jeanette Hopkins, Angela Picton, Mary Donohoe, Lyn Boswell, Avis Arthur, Janette Lovering, Sheila Kenniford, Helen Evans.

FOURTH FORM VII—the team was: Theresa Croft, Marilyn Blair, Elaine Davies, Irene James, Marion Harries, Jane Richards and Dorothy Hay.

THIRD FORM VII—the team chosen from: Pat Scourfield, Anne Greenland, Jean Davies, Denise Pendleton, Jacqueline Davies, Doreen McNally, Siobhan Morrissey, Susan Davies, Bernice Thain and Jennifer Dodson.

The results for the term are rather misleading for, although we lost the majority of the games played, on the whole the matches were good and enjoyable. We hope to do better next term with more practice.

## v. Taskers (away)

1st VII—lost 7—31  
2nd VII—lost 7—15  
Jun. VII—lost 3—8

## v. Gwendraeth

Senior 1st VII—lost 8—42  
Senior 2nd VII—lost 2—36  
Junior 1st VII—lost 18—28  
Junior 2nd VII—lost 4—48

## v. St. Clears

Form V—lost 8—34  
Upper VI—lost 11—32  
Form IV—lost 11—14  
Form III—WON 24—2

## v. Carmarthen

1st VII—lost 34—6  
2nd VII—lost 18—9

## v. Coronation

Form III—won 31—12  
Form IV —won 38—8  
Upper IV—v. Coronation 1st VII—lost 14—22  
Upper IV—v. Coronation 1st VII—lost 12—28  
Form V and VI—lost 12—28

JACQUELINE CROFT, UPPER VI SCIENCE

## CRICKET, SUMMER 1967

## FIRST XI

The officials this season were: David Eastick (captain), Lyn Smith (vice-captain) and Brian Jones (secretary). The following boys played for the First XI: D. Eastick, L. Smith, B. Jones, H. Davies, A. Hodge, W. Griffiths, G. Jones, K. Allen, B. Gwyther, K. Brady, R. Davies, D. Williams, J. Jenkins, J. Reynolds, D. Reynolds, W. Mills, Robin Davies.

We had a very good season, losing only one match. Unfortunately that was to Preseli in the semi-final of the Bowen Summers Cup. The annual County game against Glamorgan Secondary Schools was played on our school field and the school was represented by D. Eastick, A. Hodge, G. Jones, W. Griffiths and R. Davies.

D. Eastick represented Pembrokeshire in a Welsh Secondary Schools Cricket Trial, and he was also invited to play for Glamorgan Colts in a two-day match at the Gnoll, Neath.

School Colours were awarded at the end of the season to B. Jones, A. Hodge, W. Griffiths, D. Williams, B. Gwyther, H. Davies, and G. Jones.

v. Coronation (away)—won by 32 runs.

v. Stackpole C.C. (home)—match drawn.

v. Fishguard (away)—won by 42 runs.

v. Tenby (away)—won by 6 wickets (1st round Bowen Summers Cup).

v. Cardigan (home)—won by 8 wickets (2nd round Bowen Summers Cup).

v. Tenby (home)—won by 6 wickets.

v. Preseli (away)—lost by 32 runs (Semi-final Bowen Summers Cup).

v. Staff (home)—won by 7 wickets.

v. Parents (home)—match drawn.

BRIAN JONES, UPPER VI ARTS

## JUNIOR XI

The officials this season were Neil Phillips (captain), Robin Davies (vice-captain) and David Scourfield (secretary). The following have played for the school: N. Phillips, R. Davies, D. Scourfield, A. Lewis, G. Russant, M. Rowlands, E. Dade, R. Campbell, P. Thomas, B. James, G. Campbell, R. John, I. Marchant, G. D. Brown and M. Mathias.

## BATTING AVERAGES—Qualifications 6 innings

	Not		Highest		
	Inns.	Out	Runs	Inns.	average
D. Scourfield ...	6	1	104	75 n.o.	20.4
G. Russant .....	7	0	85	26	12.1
A. Lewis .....	7	2	58	15 n.o.	11.6

## BOWLING AVERAGES—Qualification 50 overs

	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Average
D. Scourfield .....	66	25	121	21	5.7
R. Campbell .....	51.1	17	145	25	6.09

The junior team had a very successful season, losing only one game. We reached the final of the Bowen Summers Competition, the third year in succession for the Junior XI to achieve this. In an exciting game we just failed to beat Milford by only one wicket, repeating last year's finish. Pembroke, 63 (G. Russant 14, E. Dade 22); Milford, 64-9 wickets.

D. SCOURFIELD, VB.

## HOUSE CRICKET COMPETITION, 1967

Played in beautiful weather on a perfect batting wicket, the highlight of the contest was the final between Tudor and Glyndwr. Tudor batted first and, thanks to a high score from Robin Davies and a fine spell of controlled bowling from their captain, David Eastick, were able to defeat Glyndwr despite a defiant 50 by Gareth Jones, who eventually ran out of partners.

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

## RUGBY FIRST XV

Officials for the year are John Jenkins (captain), Wyn Griffiths (vice-captain), Brian Jones (secretary), Anthony Hodge and Gareth Jones.

The following have represented the First XV: R. Davies, C. Barker, N. Phillips, N. Campodonic, D. Rourke, W. Griffiths, A. Searle, D. Scourfield, G. Jones, B. Jones, M. Mathias, K. Brady, D. Clarke, A. Hodge, J. Jenkins, P. Spencer, B. James, J. Power, R. Milne, P. Thomas, G. Asparassa, P. Sendell, P. Morgan, K. Harries, and G. Campbell.

This year the team is physically smaller than usual, and as yet has not had a very successful season. Gradually we are overcoming this lack of brute force and we hope that by using our brains we will be able to get past our difficulties and become more successful. Although we have not reached our best form as a team, we do have some capable individuals amongst us. P. Sendell, R. Milne, A. Hodge, W. Griffiths and J. Jenkins received County Trials, and the last three mentioned were selected for the County XV. W. Griffiths and J. Jenkins received Welsh trials, and the latter played for West Wales against Mid-Glamorgan.

Results :—

September 9th, v. Whitland (H), lost 3-0.  
 „ 16th, v. Tenby (A), lost 19-0.  
 „ 23rd, v. Milford (H), won 26-3.  
 October 7th, v. Carmarthen (A), lost 14-5.  
 „ 14th, v. St. Davids (H), cancelled.  
 „ 21st, v. Preseli (A), drew 6-6.  
 November 11th, v. Fishguard (H), cancelled.  
 „ 18th, v. Gwendraeth (H), lost 6-0.  
 „ 25th, v. Haverfordwest (A), won 3-0.  
 December 20th, v. Old Boys (H), won 8-0.

BRIAN JONES, Upper VI Arts.

## RUGBY SECOND XV

The team has had a fairly successful start to the season, winning three out of its five games so far. The following boys have played for the team during the Christmas term: B. Gwyther (captain), P. Morgan (vice-captain), B. James (secretary), R. Davies, J. Reynolds, M. Mathias, B. Mills, C. Rees, P. Penfold, N. Campodonic, D. Scourfield, A. Hyde, S. Skone, R. Perkins, G. Campbell, P. Pryse, K. Harries, L. Johnson, M. Davis, G. Evans, P. Thomas and G. Russant.

Results :—

September 9th, v. Whitland (H), won 9-3.  
 „ 16th, v. Tenby (A), won 3-0.  
 „ 23rd, v. Milford (H), won 20-3.  
 October 7th, v. Carmarthen (A), lost 8-14.  
 November 18th, v. Gwendraeth, lost 8-11.  
 (Points for, 48, points against, 31).

BRIAN JAMES, VA

## JUNIOR XV

The following boys represented the Junior XV in one or more games during the Christmas term: R. John (captain), R. Campbell (vice-captain), S. Badham (secretary), J. Asparassa, M. Cole, J. Stephens, R. Davies, P. Smith, P. Thompson, M. John, K. Johnson, I. Cooper, A. Colley, P. Brown, S. James, M. Grey, S. Griffiths, P. Marsden, K. Phelps, R. Aston, G. Campbell, S. Longhurst, I. Kilcoyne, F. Whittaker, M. White.

Three boys, Robert John, Martin John and John Asparassa, went to the County trials and Asparassa was picked as a reserve for the County team.

A seemingly unimpressive record was not helped by the unfortunate non-spirited attitude towards the team at the start of the season. Disaster seemed inevitable at our first result, but, as the season progressed, the team improved, and, as can be seen from the result of our last match, the team is now in top form.

Results for the Christmas term :—

September 9th, v. Coronation S.M. (A), lost 0-40.  
 „ 16th, v. Coronation S.M. (H), lost 3-15.  
 October 7th, v. Carmarthen G.S. (H), cancelled.  
 „ 14th, v. St. Davids (H), cancelled.  
 „ 21st, v. Preseli (A), lost 3-5.  
 „ 28th, v. Carmarthen G.S. (H), lost 0-9.  
 November 11th, v. Fishguard (H), cancelled.  
 „ 25th, v. Haverfordwest G.S. (A), won 27-9.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points for	Points against
5	1	4	0	33	78

Top points scorer—Robert John, with 9 points.

STEPHEN BADHAM, Upper IVA.

## UNDER THIRTEENS' RUGBY XV

The team has played fairly satisfactorily so far this season and has had a few second formers playing regularly. Our heaviest defeat has been against Carmarthen, who beat us 11-3.

The team consists of: G. Samuel (captain), D. Willington (vice-captain), G. Willington, M. Sanderson, A. Dickie, A. Lingard, C. Payne, P. John, J. Percer, J. Spencer, P. Watkins, P. Harries, H. Campbell, C. Thomas, P. Bargery. The reserves are: J. Cumming, B. Busby, A. McMahon, and P. Burton.

Results:—

September 9th, v. Coronation S.M. (A), lost 3-0.

„ 16th, v. Coronation S.M. (H), won 5-3.

October 28th, v. Carmarthen G.S. (H), lost 3-11.

November 18th, v. Coronation S.M. (A), lost 6-0.

„ 25th v. Coronation S.M. (H), won 6-0.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points for	Points against
5	2	3	0	14	23

PAUL HARRIES, IIIA.

## RUGBY SEVEN-A-SIDE HOUSE MATCHES

In the Senior tournament, Glyndwr won the trophy for the third time in succession. Apart from this achievement, the other points worthy of note are that Tudor made a great team effort and managed to oust Picton from second place; and that Hywel had the points scored against them reaching double figures in only one game. This fact, coupled with their having fielded a full team in all but one game, surely points to a move from bottom place in next year's contest.

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

The last two changed hands in the Junior Competition, the final results, after some good games, being as follows:

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

## OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

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

*Vice-Presidents:*

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

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

Many generations of Old Pupils will be saddened by the news of the death last August of Mr. Herbert Rees, M.A., History Master at the School for 37 years and one of the Association's vice-presidents. A tribute to Mr. Rees, written by Mr. I. G. Cleaver, his colleague and close friend for many years, appears below.

## THE LATE MR. HERBERT REES, M.A.

It was with heavy hearts that we assembled on the first day of the autumn term 1967 after hearing of the passing of an esteemed and respected former colleague in the person of Mr. Herbert Rees.

Mr. Rees joined the staff in 1921 straight from the University College, Aberystwyth, where he had interrupted his studies to volunteer

for military service in the R.A.M.C., during which time he saw active service in Salonika. After his demobilisation he returned to Aberystwyth and graduated with honours in History. From 1921 until his retirement in 1958, Mr. Rees served the school loyally and well, and generations of Old Pupils still cherish his memory with affection and gratitude.

A born teacher, he had the gift of making his lessons live, whilst his original and effective methods have always evoked great admiration from those who were privileged to be in his classes. For many years Mr. Rees was also in charge of the boys' physical education and games, and his devastating slow left-arm spinners were always a source of trouble to the School Cricket XI in their annual match against the Staff.

As a colleague it was a joy to work with him, and those of us who were privileged to be on the Staff with him for so long will always cherish the happy memories of those years. His interest in the School continued right up to a few weeks before his death, and he was always eager and pleased to hear any news of former pupils.

We mourn his passing deeply, and our heartfelt sympathy is extended to his widow, Mrs. Olwen Rees, who looked after him so devotedly during his prolonged illness.

Mr. George H. West, who was senior master at the School from 1906 until the end of World War I, under the headmastership of Mr. T. H. Jones, died at Cambridge last December at the age of 92 years. Mr. West, who retained his interest in Pembroke Dock and his contact with former colleagues there long after he had left to teach at Bedford School, was a great friend of the late Mr. J. H. Garnett, who succeeded him as senior master.

The first production of the winter by the Penvro Dramatic Society was Shaw's "Pygmalion," which was presented at the School on 26th and 27th October under the direction of Aubrey Phillips. In spite of some misgivings that a theme which was so well-known as a film, and also in its musical version "My Fair Lady," might not appeal, the Penvro production was one of the Society's most successful in recent years. The excellent attendances on both nights were extremely encouraging to the Society.

In the Spring, Mollie Thomas will be producing another three-act play, and in the meantime members are thoroughly enjoying the preparation of the mini-pantomime, "Cock Robin Hood," which will be presented to invited audiences in the Old Court House in January.

Old pupils are reminded that Penvro ties, price 17s. 6d., are always available from the Magazine Editor.

## NEWS OF OLD PUPILS

We are pleased to record the following university successes, which arrived too late for inclusion in the last issue of Penvro:—

Pat King (1957-64) graduated with Honours in Spanish, Class II, Division 1, at Liverpool University.

Ruth James (1957-64) graduated G.T.C.L. and L.T.C.L. at Trinity College of Music, London.

Peggy Athoe (1939-46) left for Singapore last August. Peggy, who is a Major in the Women's Royal Army Corps, will probably be there for a two years' tour of duty.

David Howells (1947-53) left this country in October to take up an appointment in the electronics industry in Canada. He had previously worked in London.

Joyce Johns (1931-38) has recently been appointed Principal of a new School of Physiotherapy in Cardiff.

Peter Lundie (1961-62), who gained his M.Sc. degree at the University of East Anglia last September, has now moved to the University of Birmingham to do research for the Ph.D. degree. His wife, Margaret (née Morgan, 1954-61), who has been teaching at Brain-tree High School for Girls, will take up a teaching post near Birmingham in January, 1968.

Terry Panton (1947-55) returned home last August after some years in Japan, where he was a technical adviser to the Japanese Government. He has now taken up another appointment in this country.

Ralph Ll. Rees (1912-16) retired in 1967 from the Central Electricity Generating Board, where he was chief chemist and Director of Research. He has come to spend his retirement at Manorbier.

John Ross (1940-46) was appointed headmaster of a school for handicapped children in Liverpool last October. He has for some years been in charge of the remedial classes at the Coronation Secondary School, Pembroke Dock. His wife, Shirley (née English, 1946-53) is also an Old Pupil.

Olive M. Williams (née Scurlock, 1943-50) was recently appointed Deputy Headmistress of Nantwich County Secondary School for Girls, Cheshire.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagements:—

- 18 August, Rachel Parnell (1962-66), to Christopher Howlett, of Ilford.
- 18 August, Christine Jones (1955-56) to Brian Lavender, of Pembroke Dock.
- 1 September, Phillip Carradice (1959-67) to Elaine White (1960-66).
- September, Gwyneth Mathias (1961-65) to Gerald Mitchell, of Milford Haven.
- 1 September, Ken Deveson (1959-66) to Susan Stevens (1958-65).
- 8 December, David Fraser (1955-63) to Carolyn Russell, of Cheltenham.
- 29 December, Susan Evans (1959-66) to Tom Morgan, of Cardiff.
- 29 December, Ann Jones (1959-65) to David Olyott, of Colchester.
- 5 January, 1968, Paul Davies (1957-64) to Julia Woods, of Totteridge, London.
- 5 January, 1968, Linda Welby (1955-57) to Michael Bryan, of Cobham, Surrey.

- We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage:—
- 26 July, at Pembroke Dock, Sandra Jones (1958-62) to George Henry Lawlor, of Liverpool.
  - 29 July, at Bridgend, John Skone (1955-63) to Shan Llewellyn, of Bridgend.
  - 29 July, at Pembroke, Margaret Haslar (1961-65) to Ernest Charles Little, of Pembroke Dock.
  - 31 July, at Pembroke, Robert Brownlee (1961-62) to Pauline Bowen (1956-64).
  - 2 August, at Monkton, Peter Lundie (1961-62) to Margaret Morgan (1954-61).
  - August, at Bolton, Lancs., Robert Thorne (1957-61) to Kathleen Gillian Fay, of Bolton.
  - 12 August, at Penarth, Glam., Brian Anfield (1955-61) to Eiry Bowen (1957-62).
  - 12 August, at Pembroke, Wendy Rees (1954-59) to Keith Liddiment, of Bristol.
  - 18 August, at Hayes, Middlesex, Jeffrey Warlow (1957-64) to Glenys Barbara John, of Hayes.
  - 19 August, at Carew, Alan Colley (1955-61) to Geraldine Rosemary Hart, of Milton, Tenby.
  - 19 August, at Pembroke Dock, Jane Goodrick (1961-66) to William John James, of Pembroke Dock.
  - 26 August, at Wennaston, Suffolk, Paul Reynolds (1956-64) to Sandra Roberts, of Wennaston.
  - 28 August, at Pembroke Dock, Moya Oliver (1955-60) to Peter Cousins, of Pembroke Dock.
  - 9 September, at Pembroke Dock, Janet Mullins (1957-64) to David Kendrick, of Coventry.
  - 9 September, at Hereford, David Hughes (1958-64) to Heather Mussell, of Hereford.
  - 16 September, at Pembroke Dock, Morag Roche (1957-64) to David Neil Morris, of Narberth.
  - 30 September, at Llanstadwell, Barry Stubbs (1956-63) to Priscilla Tee (1958-64).
  - October, in Edinburgh, Geoffrey Bettison James (1951-58) to Janita Woodhouse, of Edinburgh.
  - 14 October, at Pembroke, Catherine Rogers (1959-64) to David J. H. George, of Pembroke Dock.
  - 14 October, at Carew, Victoria Howells (1955-61) to Terence John Cole, of Carew.
  - 14 October, at Southgate, London, Raymond Jones (1953-60) to Ursula Baker, of Southgate.
  - 21 October, at Rugby, Michael Rowe (1957-61) to Carol Ann Collins, of Rugby.
  - 21 October, at Nottingham, Geoffrey Smallbone (1956-61) to Joyce Taylor, of Nottingham.

- 28 October, at Henley-on-Thames, Vernice Evans (1944-51) to Thomas Devereux, of Henley-on-Thames.
- 28 October, at Oxford, David Alan Jones (1955-56) to Elizabeth Brown, of Swansea.
- 28 October, at Tenby, Susan Mabe (1957-63) to Thomas Francis Grennan, of Athlone, Eire.
- 28 October, at Pembroke Dock, Patricia Bearne (1958-62) to Eric Gilbert, of Dagenham.
- 28 October, at Pembroke Dock, Sandra Gaccon (1956-63) to Malcolm Edwards, of Pembroke Dock.
- 11 November, at Pembroke, Brian Owen (1954-58) to Marian Williamson, of Pembroke Dock.

We are pleased to record the following births:—

- 13 August, to Rosemary (née Andrew, 1952-59), wife of John Bowen, a daughter, Sarah Louise.
- 15 August, at Nottingham, to Maryse (née La Hausse de Lalouvière), wife of Stephen Brown (1950-57), a third son, Christopher Giles.
- 4 September, to Dorothy (née Lewis, 1953-60), wife of Huw Morgan, a daughter.
- 20 December, to Pat (née Jones, 1954-61), wife of Geoff Rowley, a son.
- 8 January, 1968, to Janet (née Thomas, 1957-60), wife of Phillip Roberts (1959), a daughter.

## FRED ROGERS

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