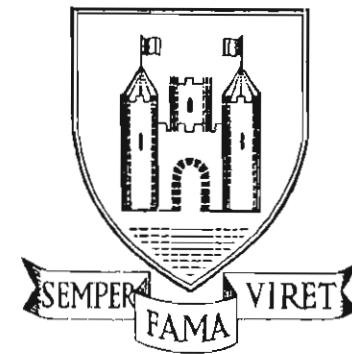


THE PENVRO



SUMMER 1971

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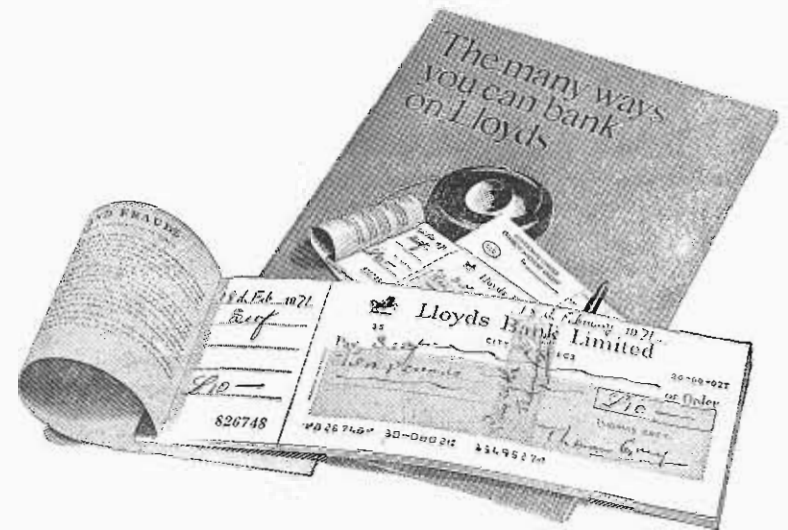
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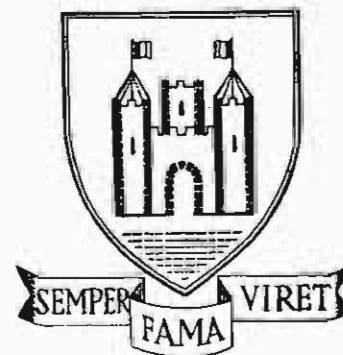
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THE PENVRO

No. 150

SUMMER

1971



EDITOR:

Miss C. M. Lewis

BUSINESS MANAGER:

K. J. Bowskill

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EDITORIAL

Since the last issue of "Penvro" came out, great strides have been made in the building programme and by the end of term some of the existing classrooms will be attacked by the workmen, in the process of doing the necessary alterations involved in re-planning the school campus. We have become so used to the presence of noise that the comparative silence of the terminal examinations period was even more uncanny than usual, the site manager having accommodated us in this matter.

Life has been enlivened for many this term by the preparations for the Fête on July 3rd, in aid of the Sports Fund—everyone is keenly awaiting the news of the winner of the boat and looking forward to seeing Barry Llewellyn, the Rugby International, opening the fête. This event, together with the outings to Llangollen and the Royal Show, the beach-clearing expeditions and other trips, should provide a pleasant change to the usual routine of school life.

At the end of term we shall be saying goodbye to Mlle. le Mettais, Mlle. Juzon, Mrs. Vincent, Mrs. Mortlock and Herr Habluetzel. We wish Mlle. de Mettais great happiness on her marriage in August and hope that she will enjoy teaching and living in London. We hope that we shall be seeing Mrs. Vincent again, as she lives so near, but this is hardly possible regarding the others as Mrs. Mortlock will be going to live in the Lake District, where her husband has been appointed a lecturer; Mlle. Juzon is returning to France and Herr Habluetzel to Switzerland. To all these members of staff we give our thanks for all they have given to the school during their year's stay and offer them our sincere good wishes for the future. We also wish those pupils who are leaving this term a happy and successful life, whatever they may be doing in the world outside school.

SCHOOL PREFECTS

The following members of Form VI were appointed prefects with effect from June 7th, 1971: Ann Bowen, Janice Doran, Moira Bannon, Jacqueline Bird, Angela Bowen, Susan Catling, Linda Davids, Janet Davies, Elaine Fenwick, Jane Lewis, Claire Lynch, Susan Penfold, Jill Prout, Alyson Rowlands, Karina Russell, Petra Sutton, Ian Kilcoyne, Bernard Lewis, John Asparassa, Terence Bannon, Peter Best, Patrick Burke, Austin Davies, Gilbert Lewis, Gareth Scourfield, Frank Whittaker.

EISTEDDFOD, 1971

Once again this year a large and enthusiastic audience was present for the annual Eisteddfod. One of the most enjoyable features of the Eisteddfod is the variety of entertainment provided. During the interval, visitors had the opportunity of seeing the high standard of work displayed in Art, Needlework, Cookery, etc. It must be remembered, too, that, apart from those who appear in finals on the stage, many pupils have spent hours in producing work, often of an excellent standard, in various aspects of literature—poetry, essay work, short stories and verse translations.

On the stage, a high standard of musical achievement was revealed by the singing of individuals, the playing of instrumentalists, the poetry speaking and the House choirs.

Again one of the most popular features was the prepared speech. Mr. Gordon Parry, in a witty adjudication, commented on the high standard of this competition and the variety of material and presentation, from the amusing, personal approach with much audience-involvement to the quiet, reasoned serious speech. Karina Russell, Robin Campbell and Mark Bell are to be congratulated on their speeches.

The House choir competition, into which so much work had been put, was won by Picton House, whose choir was conducted by Richard Walters.

What is so valuable about the Eisteddfod, as with the House plays, is that everything done is the unaided work of the pupils. The final result was victory for Picton House by a very substantial margin of over 200 points, with Glyndwr second, Hywel third and Tudor fourth.

RESULTS

Musical Events

Piano (Junior): 1, Nigel Davies. (Middle): 1, Jamie Larcombe; 2, Michael Hoy; 3, Nicholas Rogers. (Senior): 1, Janet Davies; 2, Richard Walters; 3, Simon Rogers.

Violin Solo (Open): 1, Rhiannon Harries; 2, Ian Cooper; 3, Jane Taylor.

Instrumental Solo (Open): 1, Richard Walters (organ); 2, Celia Thomas (flute); 3, Kevin Morgan (euphonium) and Peter Griffiths (clarinet).

Instrumental Group (Open): 1, Angela Bowen, Stephen Freeman and Peter Best; 2, Karen Stevens.

Solo (Senior Boys): 1, Richard Walters; 2, Simon Rogers; 3, Ian Cooper. (Senior Girls): 1, Joan Bendle; 2, Celia Thomas and Janet Davies. (Junior Boys): 1, Stephen Morrissey; 2, David Ball; 3, John Morgan. (Junior Girls): 1, Wendy Cole; 2, Karen Dodd; 3, Ann Davies.

Welsh Solo: 1, Janet Davies; 2, Celia Thomas; 3, Ann Bowen. **Duet** (Senior Girls): 1, Ann Bowen and Janet Davies; 2, Joan Bendle and Karen Stevens; 3, Penny George and Pam Morgan. **Choir**: 1, Picton (conductor, Richard Walters); 2, Tudor (Celia Thomas); 3, Hywel (Janet Davies); 4, Glyndwr (Karen Stevens).

Literary Competitions

Original Poem (Form VI): 1, Janet Davies, Peter Best, Martin Cavaney. (Form V): 1, Frances Kingston; 2, Christine Lord. 3, Denise Pendleton. (Form IV): 1, Julie Armstrong; 2, Joyce Little and Stephen Smith. (Form III): 1, Shobha Goriah; 2, Helen Penfold and Beth Prout. (Form II): 1, Glenda Pemberton; 2, Christopher Cross, Sara Davies, Karen Riley. (Form I): 1, Janet Davies, Julie Spicer, Clare Busby, Gwyneth Cook.

Essay (Form VI): 1, Steven Griffiths; 2, Penny George; 3, Pat Howells. (Form V): 1, Rosemary Cook; 2, Mary McNally; 3, Lynda John. (Form VI): 1, Julie Armstrong; 2, Frank Twynham; 3, Ian Williams. (Form III): 1, Rebecca Judge; 2, Stephanie James. (Form II): 1, Jacqueline Blackmore; 2, Prabha Goriah; 3, Sara Davies. (Form I): 1, Stephen Cole; 2, Christine Gwyther; 3, Rosemary Russell.

Short Story (Senior): 1, Moira Bannon and Keith Johnson; 2, Angela Bowen and Pat Howells. (Junior): 1, John O'Connor. Paul Griffiths, Stephanie James.

Verse Speaking

(Junior Boys): 1, Brian Phillips; 2, Jonathan Hughes; 3, John O'Connor. (Junior Girls): 1, Megan Davies; 2, Ann James; 3, Prabha Goriah. (Senior Girls): 1, Janet Davies; 2, Ann Batchelor; 3, Angela

Bowen. (Senior Boys): 1, Richard Walters; 2, Stuart Phillips; 3, Peter John. (Junior Welsh): 1, David Ball; 2, Janine Jones; 3, Christine Gwyther.

Middle School Welsh: 1, Ann James; 2, Megan Davies; 3, Gareth Russell. (Welsh Speaking Pupils): 1, Rhiannon Harries; 2, William Miles; 3, Tom Evans.

Prepared Speech: 1, Karina Russell; 2, Robin Campbell; 3, Mark Bell.

Language Work

Verse Translation (Senior French): 1, Jane Lewis; 2, Janice Doran; 3, Angela Bowen. (Junior French): 1, Angela Jones; 2, Karen Riley; 3, Andrew Rossiter. (Senior German): 1, Denise Pendleton; 2, Jayne Baldwin; 3, Cheryl Johnson. (Junior German): 1, Sharon Lloyd; 2, Terence Davies; 3, Marie Davies. (Welsh Essay, Senior): 1, Angela Bowen; 2, Janet Davies; 3, Rhiannon Harries. (Welsh Essay, Junior): 1, Gareth Russell; 2, "Tepot"; 3, Megan Davies.

Art

(Form VI): 1, Mark Bell; 2, Robert Jenkins; 3, Michael White. (Form V): 1, Rhiannon Harries; 2, Chris Lord; 3, Joanna Thomas. (Form IV): 1, Peter Meiring; 2, Jane Pope; 3, Alec Warburton. (Form III): 1, Peter Griffiths; 2, Shobha Goriah; 3, Peter Doran. (Form II): 1, Prabha Goriah; 2, Jayne Evans; 3, Jane Monsen. (Form I): 1, Karen Dooley; 2, Andrew Morgan; 3, Janet Thomas.

Three Dimensional Studies (Junior): 1, Alan Griffiths; 2, Teresa Butler; 3, Glenys Griffiths. (Middle): 1, Peter Meiring; 2, Eileen O'Hara; 3, Jane Pope. (Senior): 1, Jeremy Johns; 2, Carolyn Roch; 3, Diana Byers.

Floral Decoration (Junior): 1, Julie Thomas; 2, Jane Thomas; 3, Kevin Miller. (Senior): 1, Theresa Croft; 2, Linda Manning; 3, Carolyn Lloyd. Dried Flowers (Senior): 1, Robert Davies; 2, Janice Doran; 3, "Tanyata".

Craft

Needlework (Form I): 1, Moira Blackmore; 2, Sylvia Case. (Form II): 1, Beverley Davies; 2, Aileen Miller. (Form III): 1, Megan Davies; 2, Jennifer Nunnery. (Form IV): 1, Tina Morris; 2, Catherine Powell; 3, Janice Dodd. (Form V): 1, Jean Davies; 2, Ann Greenland. (Form VI): 1, Lesley Smith; 2, Vivien Kyte; 3, Carolyn Lloyd.

Embroidery (Junior): 1, Sheila Beesley; 2, Lesley Williams. (Senior): 1, Kathleen Davies; 2, Joan Bendle; 3, Karen Stevens.

Feltwork (Junior): 1, Rosemary Russell; 2, Kathryn Griffiths; 3, Caroline Lee.

Knitting (Form I): 1, Julia Thomas; 2, Clare Busby; 3, Heather John. (Form II): 1, Sharon Jenkins; 2, Elizabeth Nicholas; 3, Sara Davies. (Form IV): 1, Joan Bowers; 3, Margaret Pryse. (Forms V and VI): 1, Elizabeth Thomas; 2, Joan Bendle; 3, Maureen Lewis.

Cookery (Form I): 1, Christine Gwyther; 2, Glenise Kent; 3, Jane King. (Form II): 1, Nicholas Gait; 2, Roy Davies; 3, Sharon James. (Form III): 1, Kathryn Griffiths; 3, Peter Doran. (Form IV): 1, Jane Huyshe; 2, Ann Richardson; 3, Sandra Cole. (Form V): 1, Stephen Phillips; 2, Jean Davies; 3, Maureen Lewis. (Form VI): 1, Diana Byers; 2, Peter Smith; 3, Lesley Smith.

Photography (Senior): 1, Ian Williams; 2, Pamela Morgan. (Junior): 1, Peter Griffiths; 2, Nigel Davies.

Slides (Open): 1, Jean Davies; 2, John Humber; 3, "Pintmug".

Coin Collection (Junior): 1, Peter Griffiths; 2, Andrew Mead; 3, Karen Riley. (Senior): 1, Neil Rule; 2, Ann Bowen; 3, Clare Lynch.

Stamp Collection (Junior): 1, Dolores Dempsey and Shirley Mason; 3, Anthony Parkinson. (Senior): 1, Martin Cavaney; 2, Terrence Bannon and Michael Jones.

Nature Study (Senior): 1, Jill Prout; 2, Karen Stevens; 3, David Williams. (Middle): 1, Julie Armstrong; 2, Janice Larcombe; 3, Helen Morris. (Junior): 1, Prabha Goriah; 2, Heather John; 3, Andrew Morgan.

Geography (Form I): 1, Jonathan Phillips; 2, David Ball; 3, Karen Dodds. (Forms II and III): 1, Shobha Goriah. (Forms IV and V): 1, Michael Jones; 2, John Brayford; 3, Stephen Phillips. (Form VI): 1, Ian Cooper; 2, "P. & O."; 3, Mark Bell.

Agriculture

Machinery Identification (Senior): 1, D. Lovegrove; 2, J. Purser; 3, E. Carlisle. (Junior): 1, P. Rees; 2, T. Harries; 3, M. Frazer.

Machine Milking (Senior): 1, M. Whitfield; 2, G. Edwards; 3, K. Bromley. (Junior): 1, T. Harries; 2, P. Rees; 3, W. Miles.

Essay (Senior): 1, K. Russell; 2, J. Davies; 3, "Tanyata". (Junior): 1, E. Stacey; 2, G. Gregor; 3, G. Russell.

Tractor Reversing (Senior): 1, O. James; 2, P. Davies; 3, M. Whitfield. (Junior): 1, T. Harries; 2, P. Rees; 3, B. John.

Stock Judging (Senior): 1, M. Whitfield; 2, M. Penlington; 3, J. Harries. (Junior): 1, R. Parry; 2, T. Evans; 3, C. Lord and W. Miles.

Gymnastics (Girls only)

Floor Work (Form I, Double): 1, J. Spicer and J. Jones; 2, K. Manning and H. John; 3, K. Dooley and A. Clode. (Form II, Singles): 1, A. Miller; 2, D. Brown; 3, D. Henson. (Form III, Singles): 1, J. Taylor; 2, P. White. (Doubles): 1, J. Taylor and E. O'Hara; 2, P. White and D. Clarke. (Senior, Singles): 1, S. Hargreaves; 2, B.

Ford and J. Pope. (Doubles): 1, B. Ford and J. Pope; 2, A. Gutch and H. Morris.

Apparatus (Form I): 1, J. Thomas; 2, K. Dodds; 3, L. Bird. (Form II): 1, A. Miller; 2, D. Henson; 3, D. Brown. (Form III, Singles): 1, P. White; 2, J. Taylor; 3, H. Thomas. (Doubles): 1, P. White and D. Clarke; 2, H. Thomas and J. Taylor. (Seniors, Doubles): 1, S. Lewis and A. Gutch; 2, S. Hargreaves and T. Morris. (Singles): 1, A. Gutch; 2, S. Hargreaves; 3, H. Panton and H. Ford.

THE MOONLIT STREET

*In the deep silence of a dark night
The street lies empty. From a rooftop
A dark, shady, shadowy cat creeps softly down
To a world devoid of light.*

*Then the moon breaks from a mantle of cloud
And the stars and planets smile suddenly down
And the street is a moonlit street
In a fantasy town.*

*And the cat reappears, and its eyes shine green
And light shines on its coat with a velvet sheen;
And the houses are bathed in ethereal light
On this silent moonlit night.*

*And the moon is an orb which glides like a queen
And the houses are moonwashed houses of dreams.
The street is silent, silvery pale,
Shrouded in a milk-white veil.*

JULIE ARMSTRONG, Form IVA

*Shadows, merging into the darkness of crumbling masonry,
As meaningless daubs painted by a child;
Stark tower stands alone, piercing the sky,
Black and menacing in the deathly light—
Moonlight in the street.*

*Footsteps, coarse boots clicking on frosty pavements;
Incessant echo sounds beneath the dripping viaduct.
Cloth-capped miners, jovial voices ringing, breathing deeply,
Cigarettes, as fireflies in the blackness—
Moonlight in the street.*

STEPHEN SMITH, Form IVA

AMAZING!

The whole amazingly fictitious episode began in that much maligned suburb of Pembroke known as Orange Gardens. To those of you not aware of the fact I will explain that Orange Gardens is a Victorian grid-iron deposited at the foot of a hill and separated from Pembroke by the flood-plain of a small, open sewer. Its population is largely made up of the people who live there, and these number about six hundred. However, this seemingly unimportant suburb was to become world-famous as being the focal point of the great limpet scourge.

Unknown to the outside world, the people of Orange Gardens were becoming increasingly annoyed at being told that they lived in a Victorian grid-iron by geography teachers and the like. Despite their apparent unconcern about the supercilious attitude of their curvi-linear neighbours in the The Green, deep down inside the Orange Gardeners felt a rising resentment and a need to strike a blow for recti-lineality. None felt this resentment more than Julius, who, while serving time at the local grammar school, had been given an inferiority complex about his dwelling place by his geography teacher, who took delight in talking at length on the disadvantages and drabness of Victorian grid-iron terraces, and drooling over the beauty of such twentieth century developments as The Green, Bishop's Park and Monkton Estate.

Even at university, Julius could not rid himself of this feeling of being socially inferior, and so when he had obtained his degree, following a superb thesis on gastropod molluscs, he returned to his parallelogram birthplace in order to get some kind of revenge.

Thus it was that Julius called a meeting of the more anarchistic of the disgruntled population of Orange Gardens in order to discuss a manner of making the world aware of the plight which the inhabitants of Victorian grid-irons are in. Julius already had a plan conceived, and the rest of the group listened amazed as it was outlined to them. Julius realised that to make the world sit up and look something drastic had to be done, more drastic even than going on strike, for what would such a drop in the ocean mean in these days of national walk-out? The plan was weird, and there were essentially two stages to it. The first of these was for Orange Gardens to declare independence, and the second phase was to flood the outside world with phalanxes of highly-trained, giant limpets. The former would require full-scale co-operation and complete secrecy within the community; the second would be taken care of by Julius himself, with his years of experience in dealing with gastropod molluscs.

Three months later all was settled. There had been universal approval of the scheme within the community, and large stocks of supplies were at hand in case of a long, long siege. The "Black Rabbit Club" was also over-stocked, because when the water would be cut

off the locals would have to drink something. The people were also well equipped with weapons to hold off the invading army. What was more important was that Julius' hybrid limpets were reproducing by the bucketful in his garden shed, and were raring to be released on the outside world. Such was the brilliance of Julius that these limpets could be trained to do virtually anything, and also had developed a special form of suction enabling them to stick fast to whatever they pleased. They were amazingly voracious and very fond of galvanized rubber.

At midnight on the 15th March, Julius declared the formation of the second Orange Free State, and this declaration was supported by the damming of the sewer, causing a large, uncrossable cesspit to form between the town and the new autonomous state. Roads were barricaded, walls were built, and a flag raised to keep the small state isolated.

The following day was somewhat of an anti-climax. From radio and TV broadcasts it appeared that little attention was being paid to the declaration of independence, the forthcoming League Cup final commanding more interest. Julius was prepared for this, and as soon as his small country was functioning smoothly he launched the second phase of his attack. Late at night and armed with fifty highly trained limpets he stole across the barricades and made his way to the grammar school, where he had some old scores to settle.

The limpets which he carried were all specially fitted with small microphones which could be operated from his house in Orange Gardens. Julius placed a limpet securely inside each inter-com. and retreated into his homeland across the cesspool. The following morning Julius had great pleasure in rousing great chaos inside the school, making weird and amazing announcements and convincing the staff that the time had come for inter-coms. to take over the world. They fled the school and at last Pembroke began to get the sort of interest which usually only follows the collapse of bridges or the explosion of oil refineries.

A Party Political Broadcast was arranged on behalf of the nation, but Whitehall appeared only amused at the thought of equality for grid-ironites. Julius decided to bring the nation to its knees.

In the fifth day of Home Rule, the master-plan was swung into operation, and the barricades were lowered temporarily to allow ten van loads of ravenous limpets to leave the defiant grid-iron. These limpets were deposited at various places about the country and soon the nation realised the true power of Orange Gardens. The nation's car tyres were in jeopardy! Soon "Nationwide" was broadcasting horrific scenes of slurping limpets roaming the countryside and chomping their way through car tyres. The nation was at a standstill, car production ceased and thousands were put out of work. The government realising that the economy was in jeopardy, put a 50p reward for the capture of a limpet, but then realised they could

not afford it, having lost the revenue from the taxes on petrol and motor-cars. When the Prime Minister realised that his favourite inflatable life-raft had been savaged he decided it was time to act. It was obvious that Julius held all the cards and it was imperative to answer his demands.

And thus the episode was closed. Julius agreed to withdraw his limpets on condition that there should be no more discrimination against Victorian grid-irons, and that a branch of the Race Relations Board be set aside to deal with any complaints arising from this. The Government willingly complied and soon Julius was scouring the countryside for his merry limpet band, who were later put to work in a waste disposal factory, eating surplus rubber.

Keith Johnson, Upper VI Arts

THE RESCUE

It was a stormy night in mid-winter. Rain lashed the waves and small boats tied up on the shore were smashed to matchwood by the heavy winds and seas. Chimneys were blown down and large trees uprooted.

At ten o'clock an S.O.S. signal was picked up at the coastguard station. A small fishing trawler had cut its engines and drifted on to the rocks at a local beach. The maroons were fired and the lifeboat station was alerted.

The crew stopped what they were doing and started out as fast as they could to the station through the pouring rain. Within a few minutes of their arrival the boat glided smoothly down the well-greased slipway into the foaming water.

The huge waves tossed the boat around so much that the crew had to hold tight to the rails. Spray lashed into their faces and oversized waves broke over them as they fought to keep the lifeboat under control. Suddenly a gigantic wave hit the ship, causing it to lurch sideways. As it almost capsized, two crew members were washed overboard. The coxswain bellowed to the crew to throw a rope to the men in the water. But the wind blew the rope away from them and they passed out of sight in the trough of a huge wave. When they re-appeared, the rope had been tied to the rail and was ready to be thrown again.

The lifeboat was manoeuvred closer to the helpless men, and the rope was again thrown to them. This time one of them caught it and was hauled to safety. But while one was being rescued the other was drifting nearer the rocks by the shore. Although a powerful swimmer he could not fight the strong current. The boat was steered dangerously close to the rocks and the rope was flung to the struggling crewman. He caught it, and they had started to pull him in when the knot loosened and the rope slipped through the men's hands into the sea.

The man was washed up onto the rocks, and managed to get a grip and haul himself out of reach of the waves. He lay there, soaking and exhausted. There was nothing the crew could do except radio a helicopter to winch the man to safety. Then the lifeboat proceeded on its way to help the stricken trawler.

After much battling through heavy seas, the lifeboat finally reached the trawler, which was listing heavily.

As the lifeboat approached, its propeller got fouled in the long line of nets. It shuddered to a stop, and the coxswain stripped off his oilskins, was quickly greased down, and plunged into the icy water. He was going to try and free the propeller while the rest of the crew tried to fire a line over to the stricken trawler's crew. Under the stern he struggled to free the propeller. But the nets had got well entangled and he had to come up many times for air before he finally managed to free it. Meanwhile, the rest of the crew had failed to reach the trawler. The strong wind had carried the rope away from it, and when they re-coiled it, it was too sodden to fire again.

The coxswain was hauled out of the water and given tots of brandy to revive him a little. Then he was brought below and made as warm as possible. It was evident that rescuing the trawler's crew would be perilous, to say the least. The constant pounding of the wind and waves would cause the trawler to break up. If the rivets loosened, the water would force the plates off and it would be the end for the trawler's crew.

The lifeboat was manoeuvred closer to the doomed trawler so that a rope could be thrown to the trawler. The rope was flung out, and it landed on the trawler's deck, but started to slither back into the sea, and would have done so if one of the crew had not dived on it to stop it. It was tied to the rail, and when all was ready the lifeboat tried to pull the trawler off the rocks. It took all the power of the lifeboat's strong engine to start the trawler moving. All seemed to be going well when the rope snapped with the immense strain, and the trawler was once again left to the mercy of the winds and waves. It was tossed around so much that the crew had to hold on for their lives. Huge waves broke over the deck, forcing them below.

The lifeboat kept as close to the trawler as possible. The skipper of the trawler came up on deck carrying a length of rope, and threw it across to the lifeboat. The rope was tied to the rail and the trawler was again taken in tow. This time they were successful, and the two boats started the journey to the fishing harbour.

On the way they had to pass through a group of small islands, most of them no more than one mile across at the most. There were many small and narrow channels through the islands, and these were very dangerous to pass in bad weather. But if a detour round the islands was made this would mean travelling an extra ten miles through unprotected waters. There were many strong currents, so the lifeboat would have to travel at full speed or it would be carried along

and might end up on the sharp jagged rocks that were frequent in those parts.

As the two boats entered the narrow channel they felt the wind drop a little. This made the journey slightly less dangerous. They managed to avoid the currents, but had to be even more vigilant because their path was littered with small, sharp rocks jutting out of the water. They edged their way successfully through these and left the group of islands.

The lifeboatmen received a message from the coastguards to say that the crewman who had fallen overboard had been safely rescued by a cliff rescue team. It had been so rough that the helicopter had been unable to take off from the airfield.

The journey to the harbour did not take long, and when they reached there the coxswain was taken to hospital to be treated for exposure. The trawler was left in the harbour to be repaired, and the lifeboat started back to its station, having saved the lives of ten men.

John O'Connor, II Alpha

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

*From his side of the chasm
He sees her, his dark girl,
And wonders at his foreknowledge
Of this moment. He stares
Discreetly, fuming against
The waitresses and a nearby coatstand
For their obstruction.*

*Across the rift of carpet, eyes
On her plate, aware of him,
She keeps her knees together and
Forks éclair into a delicate,
Crumby mash.
Her gloves are lilac.*

*They pay their bill and, for
A brief century, share the same
Doorway. She walks away, and he
In turmoil, watches her,
Raising his collar against the rain.
Inside the teashop their coins,
Cooling on a bed of baize,
Lie with each other.*

DENISE PENDLETON, VA

THE FINAL HOUR

The clock on the mantelpiece began to strike eleven, softly, as if regretful of the necessity for doing so. Professor Edward Crendon's long, thin fingers stopped in their dance over the keys of the typewriter, and for a moment the other sounds which filled the dim book-lined study faded into the background as he listened to the chiming of the clock.

. . . Five, six, seven, eight . . .

One more hour, Crendon thought, with a spasm of dread. Just one more hour to live.

. . . Nine, ten, eleven.

Sweet as a breath of an old melody, the last note of the chimes faded. Once again, dominated the fitful crackling of the smouldering logs in the fireplace, and the murmuring patter of the rain which fell in the night outside.

Crendon remained motionless a moment longer, frozen in the act of typing, gazing fixedly at the clock. Then slowly he relaxed, as if the influence of the chimes were only now leaving him. His hands slid from the keys of the typewriter to the edge of the desk on which it stood. He slumped back in his chair, his long, gaunt face bitter with the knowledge of his approaching end.

He did not want to go. There was still so much to live for. It was not fair that existence should end now. Rebellion stirred within him.

How much of his feelings were inspired by fear. Crendon dared not guess. He knew his end would not be one in the literal sense. It would be only the end of the beginning. A new life would begin, compared to which his present existence would be a moment's glimpse of paradise.

A convulsive shudder swept through Crendon. An eternal sojourn in Hell was not a pleasant thing to look forward to.

With an effort of will, he rallied his waning courage. He had to face the inevitable. A bargain had been made—it would have to be kept.

After all, he realised, so many things would have remained forever impossible if he had not made the compact with Satan. Incurably ill, he could never have finished his book. There had been a mortgage on the house, and all the doctor's bills. It had all at the time looked so hopeless. Satan's offer had been the only way out. Crendon thought of how eagerly he had accepted. He glanced at the scar on his wrist, source of the blood in which he had signed to the terms of the exchange.

The price had been high, but he had been freed from the shackles of his illness. He had been able to continue his book, and the publishers had made generous advances. All the bills had been paid, and there was now a comfortable sum in the bank. He had no regrets, except where he himself was concerned. The seven years which he had been

granted were almost over. At twelve, Satan would come for payment—Crendon's soul.

On the mantelpiece the clock ticked away the seconds. The rain pattered against the study windows like watery fingers tapping for admittance.

Crendon stirred with reburning purpose. There was still much to do—the closing chapter of the last volume of his book had to be completed. He thought with satisfaction of what had already been done. The book, a study in six volumes, was going to be a fine thing to leave behind. It ought to be, as he had worked hard on it, giving it everything he had.

Just at that moment a knock sounded at the door; it was Ellen, Crendon's wife. She was carrying a tray upon which were a pot of black coffee and a cup and saucer.

"I thought a little coffee would help, since you are staying up so late." Crendon smiled back at her. Tenderness and longing swept him like a pain.

"I could use some coffee," he said, striving to keep his voice casual. Then he turned her gently toward the door. "Now go to bed, and don't worry about me."

"I have been worried, but not about you staying up late. You've been acting so strangely lately. Tell me, is anything wrong?"

"No, I'm just excited, I suppose, about finishing my book."

"You haven't been eating though. It's as though you've been putting yourself into your work ounce by ounce."

"It's nothing to worry about. I'm just in a hurry to be through."

"Well, Good-night."

"Good-night, Ellen." Only he knew it was good-bye. He watched, aching, as she went to the door, knowing he would never see her again. He wanted to call her back, but realised he could not do so. There was still that last chapter to write.

The door closed softly. Crendon was alone. He glanced in sudden apprehension at the clock. It was 11.15 p.m.

He hurried back to his desk, and feverishly resumed his work. The words came to him more easily than they had ever done. Everything he had to say seemed to be there inside him, vibrant and alive, impatient for expression. Crendon wrote as he had never written before.

Finally, he sat back, exhausted but content—it was done. And somehow, in spite of what lay ahead, he felt a deep happiness. Though life as he knew it would soon be over, a part of himself would live on. He could not wish for a better memorial.

Crendon looked at the clock. Five minutes before twelve. He gathered together the pages of his last manuscript, and laid them in a pile on the desk, placing a weight on them so that no chance breeze would blow them away. He tidied his desk, then refilled and lighted his pipe, and sat back to wait.

On the mantelpiece, the clock ticked busily, a metal heart pumping

the blood of seconds through the arteries of time. It was raining more heavily. The logs in the fireplace were reduced to glowing embers, amid the grey-white ashes.

The clock began to strike twelve. Crendon put aside his pipe, and listened anxiously.

From outside came an unusually large flash of lightning, which seemed almost like a signal to Crendon. He felt what might have been a cold wind sweep through the room, and then there was a soft knock on the door.

"Come in," Crendon said quietly.

Satan strode briskly into the study, flicking rain from his trench coat with a sodden brown hat. He stopped before the desk, and looked down at Crendon.

"Your contract has expired, Edward Crendon, and you are expected to fulfil its terms."

Crendon moved his head in reluctant acknowledgement. He had already taken one glimpse of Satan's eyes and did not relish another, so looked at the ground. Except for his terrible eyes, Satan might have been any slight, dark man on a mission in the rain.

Crendon said: "It is useless, of course, to ask for a little more time?"

"Quite useless. According to our contract, Edward Crendon, you are to surrender to me your soul promptly at midnight—and not a moment longer."

"Of course, I suppose you often receive such requests from those . . . from those are to — go?"

"Quite often."

"It's understandable," said Crendon. "It isn't easy for a debtor to give up the first real happiness he has ever known for eternal imprisonment in Hell."

"Imprisonment?" Satan laughed softly. "I assure you there will be more to it than imprisonment."

"Torment?" Crendon lifted his shoulders. "If that's the price I have nothing to regret. My book is finished. You will pardon me, I'm sure, if I say it's a good book. I gave it everything I had. I poured my heart and soul into it."

"Your soul?" Satan echoed. Then he gave a low chuckle and relaxed. "You are speaking figuratively, of course, not literally."

Crendon turned his eyes to the clock. It was almost through striking the hour.

. . . Ten, eleven, twelve.

With an abrupt movement, Satan leaned over the desk, his awful eyes blazed down into Crendon's.

"Come, Edward Crendon, come to me!"

There was eagerness on Satan's face; then in a flash all vanished to be replaced by a vast dismay. In another whirl of movement, Satan leapt back from the desk. His terrible eyes stared in raging perplexity.

"Where is the rest of it?" Satan snarled. "Speak, Crendon, where is the rest of it? Have you tricked me?"

"Wh-what . . .?"

"Your soul! It is not all there. I've got to have all of it."

"You want the rest of my soul?" Crendon pointed abruptly at the thick manuscript lying on the desk. "It's there. I wasn't speaking figuratively, but literally, when I said I'd poured my soul into my book."

"Paper and type do not obey my will. The missing part of you is forever beyond my reach. And I must have all of you—or nothing."

"Then it must be nothing," Crendon said. "This manuscript is the last of six volumes. My publishers have already given me advances on the other five, and so that part is beyond my reach also. You can't have me, Satan. I have been set in type and run off the presses, locked away safely in five volumes. The essential part of me lies beyond danger, in a vault of print on paper, which has no keys."

Satan had grown calm. "It is not often I lose out on a contract. When I do I concede defeat gracefully." Satan took a piece of paper from his pocket, looked at it, and it blazed suddenly in his hand. "The contract is no more. You are free, and all that you have gained is yours to keep." Satan replaced his hat, walked to the door, and closed it softly behind him.

Crendon remained seated. In all great creations, men put a part of themselves. It was because of this that famous works possessed the quality called genius. To do his best, a man must give a portion of his heart and a large piece of his soul.

The clock ticked on the mantelpiece. The fire in the hearth had died. Outside the rain had stopped. The moon hung bright in a star-flecked sky.

Patricia Howells, Upper VI Arts

MESSIAH

A fine rain was falling all over London as all the cars moved haltingly through the traffic lights on their way home to the suburbs. The rain seemed to amplify the roar of the traffic, all of which had lights on already, and there was a constant hooting to be heard.

The streets were packed with pedestrians, too—harassed mothers, burdened with toddlers, trying to finish their last-minute Friday afternoon shopping; girls, just out from school, delighted with the sense of freedom that Friday afternoon brings, lingering to look in shop windows longer than they dared to on other days; girls going home from their jobs, too, with a far-away look in their eyes, thinking about how they were going to look that night, with hair set and a new dress, at the dance at the Palais.

Amongst this seething busy crowd was a young girl, alone, listless compared with the busy mob and not seeming to be aiming for anywhere specially. However, although she looked listless, if she had been carefully watched, as no one in the whirling crowd had time to do, it would have been noticed that she acted very oddly and furtively indeed. She carried a large bag and now and again she would slip into a shop and quickly back out again. A seemingly odd collection of objects began to assemble in her bag, as she furtively snatched them from counters amidst the hustle and bustle of the seething mob—cotton-wool, scissors, talcum powder, a shawl. However, she knew exactly what she wanted, and after everything had been "obtained" she made her way out of the crowded, busy high streets into quieter, smaller winding back streets.

She walked along, eyes downcast, the fine drizzle still falling, until she came to a very dilapidated, dismal-looking house in one of the narrow streets. She went up flight after flight of stairs, whose walls were oozing with damp, and continued her ascent until she came to a door which was sadly lacking paint. Slight sounds could be heard from within. She knocked briefly and then entered.

The room which she entered was appallingly bare. The walls were as damp as those flanking the stairs, and remains of wallpaper flapped dismally. The floor was bare save for a few blankets, and the only furniture was two old couches, with the stuffing sadly peeping out of them, a table, and a few cushions. Most of the occupants seemed hardly aware of her entrance, and the sickly-sweet smell of "pot" filled the air. The occupants were in various postures of sitting or lying down, while in one corner one, who had a scraggy black beard and blurred eyes, strummed on a guitar, singing a song by Dylan in a melancholy voice, completely unaware of his surroundings.

Only one person moved on her entry. A youth, with long fair hair, bearded, who had blue eyes, approached her, looking worried.

"Did you get the things?"

"Yes, I've got them all," she replied slowly, her dark eyes

flashing and her long black hair swinging as she walked towards him.

"We're going to need them soon," he replied.

Despite his beard, underneath he was pale and frightened like a little boy.

"I've never seen Lin look so frightened or so ill," he added, "and she won't let me get a doctor, 'cos if I do that half-doped lot sitting in front of me will be arrested by the police. And to think I was one of them once," he said, his gaze resting vehemently, yet pityingly, on them.

"I'm still one of them," the girl said, her speech languid, "'cos it's too late for me. I've opted out of society. Besides, I couldn't leave Richard, not now," she added in a softer tone, with a resigned smile on her face. "But you can, Paul," she said, as vehemently as her habitually drugged mind enabled her. "For God's sake get out as soon as you can, you and Lin."

A low moan stopped her talking and Paul darted across the room and through a curtain which separated a narrow slip of room from the main room. In this room a girl was lying on a couch, obviously very pregnant and in great pain. She grabbed Paul's hand.

"I'm so frightened, Paul. Don't let go. Don't . . . let . . . go."

"I'm here. I'm here, love." Paul held her hand gently, trying to hide his fear as he looked at her tenderly. "Bring those things. And fast, Sue," he said.

Sue moved as quickly as she was able and handed him the things from the bag. "I'll help you all I can, Paul," she said.

Just then a hammering was heard at the outer door and Sue rushed out, pulling to the curtain behind her. Two policemen had entered the room and were looking gravely at the scene which met their eyes. Languid, bleary eyes half gazed back at them while their owners made no attempt to get up.

"Alright you lot. I want all the drugs in the middle of the floor. and be sharpish about it," said one of the policemen.

As he finished saying this a loud wail, followed by continued crying, was heard from the next room. The policeman, taken aback, walked across the room and disappeared behind the curtain. He found Paul, looking at Lin with radiant eyes, and in her arms was an exceedingly small baby, a boy, wrapped in a shawl, making an enormous row for one so small. "Well, I'll be jigger . . ." The policeman stopped himself just in time.

"Why have you two kids got yourselves mixed up with a bunch of drop-outs like them?" the policeman said gruffly, but kindly.

"We WERE mixed up with them," corrected Paul.

"It's taken HIM to show us that we were messing up our lives."

The constable looked at Paul and Lin's radiantly happy faces and realised that indeed the baby had forced them to see that the life they had been living definitely didn't fit in with him, and wasn't for them.

"Nothing much wrong here that a bit of help and a job for the lad can't put right," he thought.

Meanwhile, the other room slowly emptied as all its occupants trailed out into the rain and the waiting police van.

Angela Bowen, Lr. VI Arts

"I LIKE . . ."

*I like the slow tick-tock of a grandfather clock
And the second when ball meets bat with a "chock".
I like the crackle of bus tyres on wet roads,
The sensation of feeling the slimy backs of toads.
I like the smell of new-cut grass and hay,
The scent of tar, the haunts where I play.
I like the moment when the "house" falls dark,
The touch of new-peeled sticks, and bark.
I like the whirl of wind round chimney pots
The musty reek from old wood as it rots;
The pungent smell of burning heather,
The rhythmic creak from saddles of leather.
I like the sombre richness of black velvet,
The innocence in the eyes of a young leveret,
The placid surface of new-spilt oil,
Quivering gossamer which we try not to spoil.
I like gold globules of sunshine fruit,
The old-fashioned smell of an old-fashioned suit;
The cool, cool sheets that smooth away trouble,
The trembling delicacy of a virgin bubble;
The hiss of frying bacon and calor-gas lamps,
The feel of the dew under feet as it damps;
The rustle of trains and silk petticoats,
A crust of fresh bread, and a mother who dotes;
The wheeze of the bellows, the swish of the scythe;
I know it is good to be well and alive;
I like the gas from pop with a fizz—
Best of all, I like the world as it is.*

JANET DAVIES, Lower VI Science

SCHOOL GYMKHANA

On May 28th, the second school gymkhana was held on the small hockey pitch, an ideal setting with the natural grandstand of banking to accommodate spectators. It was good to see a few competitors from the Coronation School taking part, adding to the increased number of entrants from the Grammar School.

We were again indebted to Mr. and Mrs. P. Lord, Miss Wendy Donovan and Mr. J. Williams for their invaluable specialised help and to Mr. Buttle for organizing a first-aid team in case of accidents. The Lower VI stewards, Gareth Scourfield, Michael White, Bernard Lewis, Philip Howell, Greig Headley and Michael Perkins, worked tirelessly to prepare the field and make sure that all went smoothly during the afternoon's events. Mr. A. B. Griffiths' voice, announcing results and events, made a pleasant change from certain other sounds that emanated from the loudspeaker.

The results were as follows:—

Bending Race (over 13' 2")—1, E. O'Hara; 2, H. Morris; 3, R. Frazer. (Under 13' 2")—1, W. Cole; 2, G. Evans; 3, P. Greenland.

Bending Pairs—1, E. O'Hara and K. Lovering; 2, G. Evans and B. Prout.

Musical Sacks—1, E. O'Hara; 2, G. Boswell; 3, R. Frazer.

Walk, Trot and Gallop—1, D. Boswell; 2, G. Evans; 3, E. O'Hara.

Supermarket Snatch—1, V. Heap; 2, L. Thomas; 3, G. Boswell.

Obstacle Race—1, L. Thomas; 2, P. Greenland; 3, V. Heap.

Rescue Race—1, L. Thomas and V. Heap; 2, B. Prout and G. Evans; 3, D. and G. Boswell.

Musical Mugs—1, K. Lovering; 2, H. Morris; 3, L. Thomas.

Changing Pony Relay—1, L. Thomas and V. Heap; 2, E. O'Hara and K. Lovering; 3, H. Morris and A. Gutch.

Jumping (Experienced Riders)—1, C. Lord. (Novices)—1, V. Heap; 2, D. Boswell. (Open)—1, C. Lord.

MAGIC

*I think it very strange indeed
That caterpillars change
Into lovely moths and butterflies.
It's really very strange.*

*It's most peculiar, too, I think,
That tadpoles, one by one,
Turn into little jumping frogs.
I don't know how it's done.*

*It really shows, without a doubt,
That magic must be still about.*

JULIE SPICER, Form I Alpha

*Magic is a wonder word,
It brings all kinds of pleasure.
Just to see the rising sun
Or find some hidden treasure.*

*Snowdrops on a sunny bank,
Catkins on a tree;
Horse-chestnut blooms, the scent of Spring—
All these are magic to me.*

*When I stand and watch the waves
Break over rocks and shore,
The swirling water round my feet—
Then, suddenly, there no more.*

*The rain pours down, the sky is grey,
As far as one can see.
Then suddenly the sun bursts forth,
And fills us all with glee.*

CLARE BUSBY, Form I

PEACE

*The city slumbers.
Night's soft grey mantle, o'er her grime-soiled walls
Soft and silent falls.
Stilled is the stir of labour and of life.
Hushed is the hum, forgotten is the strife.
Man is at rest with all his hopes and fears;
The young forget their play, the sad their tears.
The grave and joyful, those who laugh or weep,
All rest contented in the lap of sleep.
Sweet is the pillowed rest of turmoil now,
Serenity upon her tranquil brow.
Soft moonbeams lead her to the ebbing tide;
Upon whose waters she may safely ride.
And so in cleansing cast her cares aside.*

AILSA DAVIES, Upper VIA

Y.F.C. REPORT FOR 1970-71

The Y.F.C. has had a very active and quite successful year. During the months of October and November, social evenings were held at Bush House, once every fortnight, and this experiment proved to be very successful with club members. One week a variety evening was held, on another evening a Novelty Quiz, compèred by Mr. Pat Russell, and on another films of the Uganda schools' cruise were shown by Mrs. Robinson. In December, the Discothèque night was held. It was well attended and very much enjoyed by members of the Y.F.C. and by other members of the school. Also in December several girls tried Proficiency Tests. Kathryn Davies, Anne Russell, Karina Russell and Angela Bowen passed the Baking Proficiency Test, and Janice Doran, Lesley Smith and Kathleen Davies passed the Pastry-making Proficiency Test.

At the beginning of January, another social evening was held at Bush House, and a guest speaker, Mr. Judge, an Australian Veterinary Surgeon, gave us a very interesting talk on the methods and equipment used by veterinary surgeons in Australia.

At the end of January, the Y.F.C. Annual Public Speaking Competition was held. Sandra Evans and Ann James were second in the Under-16's section. The Under-20's team were placed first, with Karina Russell as the speaker, John Purser, the chairman, and Gareth Edwards the proposer of the vote of thanks. The Under-25's team were as follows: Chairman—Angela Bowen, Panel—Ann Bowen, Kelvin Bromley and Michael Whitfield. This team were placed fifth, with Angela Bowen the best chairman. At the end of February the preliminary round of the Y.F.C. Drama Competition was held, and our play reached the finals, in which we were placed second, our play being "The Pigeon With the Silver Foot." The members of our cast were Janice Doran, John Kilcoyne, Christine Toulouse, John Purser, Jane Lewis, Angela Bowen, Peter Stafford and Stephen Ashworth. John Kilcoyne and Janice Doran were mentioned amongst the three best actors and actresses, respectively, of the evening. Our funds were running low at this point, so a Variety Evening and a Discothèque Night were held at the end of March to raise money. This variety evening consisted of our play, "The Pigeon With the Silver Foot"; Llawhaden Y.F.C.'s play, "The Naval Volunteer," which won the Y.F.C. Drama Competition; and Brawdy Y.F.C.'s winning talent show in the Y.F.C. Talent Competition. Also in April, Kelvin Bromley, Michael Penlington and Gareth Edwards were successful in passing the Machine Milking Proficiency Test.

Later in April several members of our club were in the teams representing Pembrokeshire in the All-Wales final of the Y.F.C. Public Speaking Competition. Ann James was in the Under-16's team which was placed third, and Karina Russell and Angela Bowen were in the Under-20's Debating Team which was placed third. Also in April,

Kathleen Davies won the Junior section of the Dressmaking and Modelling Competition, and is going forward to represent Pembrokeshire at the Royal Show. Several Proficiency Tests were passed. Karina Russell, Kathleen Davies, Jean Davies, Janice Doran, Angela Bowen and Jane Russell passed the Floral Arranging Proficiency Test, and Ann Bowen, Kathleen Davies, Lesley Smith and Janice Doran passed the Needlework Proficiency Test.

At the end of May the Pembrokeshire Y.F.C. Rally was held, and our club was placed sixth overall. In the Individual Competitions, Janice Doran won the Cup for Craftwork; Angela Bowen and Martin Kirk came second in the First-Aid Competition; Richard Parry was second in the Cook-a-Breakfast Competition; Martin Lale and Ann James came second in the Junior Novelty; and Michael Whitfield was second in the Stock Judging. Also the room portraying a proverb, a collective effort, was placed second.

I would like to extend grateful thanks on behalf of the club members to Mr. Davies and Mrs. Robinson for all their invaluable help during the year, and also we would like to thank Miss Owen for her great help. She is a new recruit to the club this year who has settled down extremely well.

Angela Bowen (Secretary)

CROSSROADS

*Here I am,
At the crossroads on the lonely road.
Why did I leave home?
Now I have nowhere to go
As I stand here at the crossroads,
Wondering which way to turn,
So my mind is at a standstill,
Wondering which path in life to take.
I must choose one,
And if it is the wrong road
Then I must try to make the best of it—
Or else I must die.*

FRANCES KINGSTON, Form VA

HOUSE PLAY COMPETITION

The evenings of March 29th and 30th provided excellent entertainment for those who came to see the House plays in the School Hall. Mr. Kenneth Lee's adjudication gave first place to Hywel House, whose play, "Festival Nightmare," by Nina Warner Hooke, was produced by John Little, who also took a major part as a member of the cast. Glyndwr's "Careful Rapture," by Jack Popplewell, produced by Janice Doran, was placed second. "Mr. Twemlow is Not Himself," a play by Philip Johnson, and produced by Lesley Smith, came third for Tudor House, just ahead of Picton House, who presented "The Inconstant Moon," by Philip Johnson, under the direction of Ann Batchelor and Stephen Badham.

Again one can congratulate those involved, both on stage and backstage, for their hard work and team effort in presenting such absorbing entertainment. Those taking part were as follows:—

HYWEL. Cast: Jacqueline Davies, Ann Bowen, Angela Bowen, John Little, Diana Byers, Ailsa Davies, Vivien Kyte, Mark Bell; Stage manager—Ian Cooper; Asst. manager—Graham Brown; Stage hands—Terry Bannon, John Asparassa; Lighting—Martin Cavaney; Prompter—Stephen Griffiths; Make-up—Janet Davies, Susan Andrews, Moira Bannon, Jacqueline Davies.

GLYNDWR. Cast: Janice Doran, Jane Lewis, Karen Stevens, Gareth Edwards, Sandra Evans, Karina Russell; Stage managers—Greig Headley, Gareth Powell; Stage hands—Michael Perkins, Philip Marsden, Meyrick Rowlands; Lighting—Martin Cavaney; Prompter—Jane Russell; Make-up—Joan Bendle, Alyson Rowland, Clare Lynch; Properties—Phillippa Greenwood, Elizabeth Thomas.

TUDOR. Cast: Stephen Smith, Jennifer Hughes, Susan Penfold, Petra Sutton, Stuart Phillips, Carol Slee; Stage hands—Peter Smith, Mark Hargreaves, Frank Whittaker, Ian Kilcoyne; Lighting—Christopher Gandy; Prompter—Elaine Fenwick; Make-up—Susan Penfold, Celia Thomas, Linda Davids; Scenery—Carolyn Roch, Sylvia Jones; Costumes—Lesley Smith.

PICTON. Cast: Ann Batchelor, Jo Frost, Richard Walters, Stephen Badham, Penny George, Christine Toulouse; Stage manager—Pam Morgan; Stage hands—John Merriman, Robert Brawn, Alastair Colley, Michael White, Gareth Scourfield, Wendy Griffiths; Lighting—Stewart Longhurst; Prompter—Ann Greenland; Make-up—Lynne Clayton, Susan Lee, Jill Prout; Properties—Gaynor Evans, Kathleen Davies.

"USE OF ENGLISH" EXAMINATION — MARCH, 1971

Successful candidates from the Upper VI :

Jacqueline Davies	Christopher Gandy
Joan Davies	Keith Johnson
Gaynor Evans	John Little
Robin Campbell	Richard Walters
Stephen Freeman	

THE CLEARING

*The heat shimmered from streams winding
Down through the steaming forests and dry
Barren slopes. Birds serenaded, sending
Their messages far into the blue sky.
High above, the sun perched, alone,
Except for a few scurrying clouds
That seemed somehow to sense the horror
That followed them across the sky.*

*In a clearing men crowded around their meagre fare,
Their toil finished now, in the cool of the early eve.*

*Above, a silver shape, sinister and cold,
Crept along its deadly path, cringing
From the light of day, nervously seeking for a cleft
In the sea of unbroken green that stretched before it.
Inside, a pilot, more machine than man, his hands
Darting over controls that were etched
Upon his brain. Mindless.*

*The men jumped as one,
Searching the sky, blinded by the sun.
The aircraft screamed and dived—
The men scattered, shouting, anywhere to hide,
As an evil cargo retched from the sun.
Falling . . . falling . . . a cruel ton
Of burning, screaming death;
Napalm, delivering the heat
Of hell to innocents below.*

*Chingli crawled from behind the crumbling trees,
Trying to ignore the charred, barren bodies
Strewn around. Next time they must be more careful
Or else more would die and their families hunger.
Perhaps one day their "protectors" would leave them
To live in peace.*

MARTIN CAVENEY, Form VI Arts

INTER-HOUSE SPORTS — MAY, 1971

For those with memories of past drenchings on Sports Day, it was a relief to have a dry and sunny day this year for the Inter-House Sports at Bush Camp. Competition in most events was very keen and twenty new records were set up. The title of *Victrix Ludorum* was shared by Alyson Rowlands (Glyndwr) and Eileen O'Hara (Picton), both girls breaking three records in the process. John Davies (Hywel), of Form III, and Andrew Lingard (Tudor) were joint victors, with John setting up records in all of his four events.

The Tudor girls' team were clear winners of the Ebsworth Bowl again this year. The Boys' Trophy was won by Glyndwr, who snatched victory from Hywel by a mere two points, everything depending upon the result of the last event on the programme, the Senior Boys' Relay. This also enabled Glyndwr to amass enough points to win the R.A.F. Athletics Cup as best House overall.

RESULTS

Sub-Junior Girls

100 m.—1, K. Dodds (14.5 secs.); 2, S. Hughes; 3, A. Clode.
Hurdles—1, K. Dodds (13.5 secs.); 2, S. Hughes; 3, G. Kent.
High Jump—1, K. Dodds (115 cm.); 2, K. Dooley and C. Busby.
Long Jump—1, S. Hughes (3.74 m.); 2, G. Cook and G. Trask.
Shot—1, C. Busby (24' 1"); 2, G. Cook; 3, K. Dooley.
Relay—1, Hywel (62.7 secs.); 2, Tudor; 3, Glyndwr.

Junior Girls

100 m.—1, K. Smith (13.9 secs.*); 2, A. Miller; 3, C. Johnson.
150 m.—1, K. Smith (22.4 secs.); 2, D. Brown; 3, C. Johnson.
800 m.—1, J. Taylor (2 min. 52.7 secs.*); 2, K. Smith; 3, P. Simes.
Hurdles—1, K. Griffiths (14.8 secs.); 2, C. Johnson; 3, J. Parker.
High Jump—1, E. O'Hara (130 cm.*); 2, K. Griffiths; 3, V. Thomas.

Long Jump—1, E. O'Hara (4.21 m.); 2, K. Smith; 3, A. Miller.
Discus—1, E. O'Hara (21.98 m.*); 2, V. Thomas; 3, P. Toop.
Javelin—1, J. King (53' 5½"); 2, W. Cole; 3, S. Jenkins.
Shot—1, E. O'Hara (29' 10"*) 2, B. Holden; 3, J. King.
Relay—1, Picton (58 secs.); 2, Tudor; 3, Glyndwr.

Middle Girls

100 m.—1, Y. Street (14.5 secs.); 2, C. Morris; 3, J. Little.
800 m.—1, L. Manning (2 min. 50.1 secs.*); 2, Y. Street; 3, S. Hargreaves.
Hurdles—1, L. Manning (14.8 secs.).
200 m.—1, C. Morris (32.8 secs.); 2, S. Hargreaves.
High Jump—1, Y. Street (130 cm.); 2, J. Huyshe; 3, H. Panton.

Long Jump—1, Y. Street; 2, H. Longhurst; 3, H. Panton.
Discus—1, L. Manning (17.70 m.); 2, P. Mathias; 3, D. Cater.
Javelin—1, A. Greenland (50').
Shot—1, J. Little (26' 5"); 2, A. Davies; 3, L. Manning.
Relay—1, Picton (62.8 secs.); 2, Glyndwr; 3, Tudor.

Senior Girls

100 m.—1, A. Rowlands (13.3 secs.*); 2, M. Bannon; 3, C. Toulouse.
200 m.—1, A. Rowlands (29.1 secs*); 2, M. Bannon; 3, C. Toulouse.
880 m.—1, M. Bannon (2 min. 58.1 secs.); 2, J. Doran; 3, L. Davids.
Hurdles—1, A. Rowlands (18.2 secs.*); 2, J. Doran.
High Jump—1, C. Toulouse (130 cm.*); 2, J. Thomas; 3, J. Doran.
Long Jump—1, A. Rowlands (4.45 m.); 2, M. Bannon; 3, C. Toulouse.
Discus—1, S. Penfold (19.52 m.); 2, M. Campbell; 3, P. Sutton.
Javelin—1, E. Fenwick (45' 10"); 2, P. Sutton; 3, P. Greenwood.
Shot—1, S. Penfold (27' 9"); 2, M. Campbell; 3, P. Sutton.
Relay—1, Glyndwr (60 secs.); 2, Tudor; 3, Picton.

Sub-Junior Boys

100 m.—1, J. Davies (13.8 secs.*); 2, J. Phillips; 3, L. Jones.
200 m.—1, J. Davies (29.2 secs.); 2, P. Tait; 3, T. Davies.
Hurdles—1, J. Phillips (12.6 secs.); 2, P. Tait; 3, G. Randlesome.
High Jump—1, L. Jones (120 cm.); 2, P. Tait; 3, M. Goodacre.
Long Jump—1, L. Jones (21' 1"); 2, C. Davies; 3, D. Moon.
Triple Jump—1, M. Goodacre (7 m. 03 cm.); 2, P. Evans; 3, P. Evans.
Discus—1, M. Goodacre (14.88 m.); 2, P. Evans; 3, P. Nunnery.
Javelin—1, T. Davies (65' 10"); 2, J. Davies; 3, S. Ronald.
Shot—1, J. Phillips (31' 3"); 2, M. Goodacre; 3, J. Davies.
Relay—1, Picton (64.4 secs.); 2, Hywel; 3, Tudor.

Junior Boys

100 m.—1, J. Davies (12.9 secs.*); 2, F. Cawley; 3, C. Jenkins.
200 m.—1, J. Davies (26.5 secs.*); 2, F. Cawley; 3, S. Thirkell.
400 m.—1, J. Davies (60.3 secs.*); 2, M. Hoy.
800 m.—1, J. Davies (2 min. 22.8 secs.*); 2, S. Sealy; 3, R. Davies.
Hurdles—1, F. Cawley (13.4 secs.*); 2, G. Davies; 3, J. Nicholson.
High Jump—1, P. Busby (130 cm.); 2, N. Gait; 3, R. Davies.
Long Jump—1, N. Gait (4.50 m.); 2, F. Cawley; 3, P. Guest.
Triple Jump—1, P. Guest (9.76 m.); 2, N. Gait.
Pole Vault: 1, P. Griffiths (6'); 2, J. Kilcoyne.

Discus—1, P. Griffiths (26.67 m.); 2, P. Busby; 3, J. Kilcoyne.
 Javelin—1, P. Guest (77' 3"); 2, C. Jenkins; 3, P. Griffiths.
 Shot—1, C. Jenkins (33' 9"); 2, P. Guest; 3, J. Kilcoyne.
 Relay—1, Glyndwr (55.8 secs.); 2, Hywel; 3, Picton.

Middle Boys

100 m.—1, A. McMahon (12.9 secs.); 2, J. Batt; 3, M. Lawlor.
 200 m.—1, J. Batt (27.3 secs.); 2, M. Lawlor.
 400 m.—1, C. Thomas (61 secs.); 2, N. Cooke; 3, P. Burke.
 800 m.—1, M. Whitfield (2 min. 27.7 secs.); 2, P. Burke; 3, M.

Jones.

Mile—1, C. Payne (5 min. 12.5 secs.); 2, M. Whitfield; 3, P. Bargery.

Hurdles—1, A. Lingard (18.4 secs.); 2, N. Cooke; 3, B. Busby.

200 m. Hurdles—1, A. Lingard (1 min. 10.6 secs.); 2, N. Cooke.

High Jump—1, A. Lingard (145 cm.); 2, C. Thomas; 3, F. Twynham.

Long Jump—1, F. Twynham (5.12 m.); 2, G. Samuels; 3, C. Thomas.

Triple Jump—1, H. Campbell (10.26 m.); 2, F. Twynham; 3, C. Thomas.

Pole Vault—1, P. Colley (7' 3"); 2, A. Lingard; 3, A. Dickie.

Discus—1, D. Willington (31.82 m.); 2, M. Whitfield; 3, A. McMahon.

Javelin—1, G. Willington (106' 1½"); 2, D. Willington; 3, M. Lawlor.

Shot—1, D. Willington (35' 5"); 2, M. Whitfield; 3, S. Phillips.

Relay—1, Picton; 2, Hywel; 3, Glyndwr.

Senior Boys

100 m.—1, R. Brawn (12 secs.); 2, J. Phillips; 3, P. Brown.

200 m.—1, R. Brawn (24.5 secs.*); 2, L. Smith; 3, A. Davies.

400 m.—1, R. Brawn (56.2 secs.*); 2, T. Bannon; 3, M. Hargreaves.

800 m.—1, G. Brown (2 min. 13.6 secs.); 2, J. Stephens; 3, A.

Davies.

5,000 m.—1, S. Griffiths (18 min. 56.2 secs.); 2, H. Campbell; 3,

G. Warburton.

Hurdles—1, I. Cooper (18 secs.*); 2, A. Colley; 3, P. Brown.

200 m. Hurdles—1, M. White (1 min. 4.3 secs.); 2, P. Brown;

3, J. Johns.

High Jump—1, A. Colley (165 cm.); 2, G. Brown; 3, K. Johnson.

Long Jump—1, J. Asparassa (5.46 m.); 2, M. White; 3, L. Smith.

Triple Jump—1, M. White (11.95 m.); 2, J. Asparassa; 3, R.

Brawn.

Pole Vault—1, C. Pattison (5' 9"); 2, G. Brown.

Discus—1, J. Asparassa (35.29 m.); 2, P. Lindsay; 3, S. Badham.

Javelin—1, A. Colley (107' 10½"); 2, A. Davies; 3, J. Asparassa.

Shot—1, L. Smith (39' 8"); 2, I. Kilcoyne; 3, S. Griffiths.
 Relay—1, Glyndwr (49.7 secs.); 2, Hywel; 3, Picton.

HOCKEY—EASTER TERM, 1971**First XI**

The season has been on the whole a successful one, our record standing at 11 games won, 1 drawn and 5 lost. Since Christmas the team has played well under the captaincy of Penny George, and at the end of the season colours were awarded to Marilyn Scourfield, Elaine Fenwick, Alyson Rowlands and Helen Longhurst. At the Austin Cup Tournament, held on the Tasker's pitch at Haverfordwest, we came fourth with 21 points.

Results (January—April, 1971):

- v. Tasker's (A)—lost 3-2
- v. Milford S.M. (H)—won 2-1
- v. Preseli—cancelled
- v. Milford G.S. (H)—lost 2-1
- v. Narberth G.S. (A)—won 2-0
- v. Fishguard (H)—drew 1-1
- v. Haverfordwest (H)—won 1-0
- v. Carmarthen (A)—won 3-2
- v. St. Davids (H)—won 2-1
- v. Old Pupils (H)—won 1-0
- v. Staff (H)—lost 4-1

Second XI

After an unbeaten record during the Christmas term, we took some time to find our form again at the start of the Spring term, losing the first two games by a very narrow margin. The other games were successful and we ended the season with an excellent win. Colours were presented to Jane Pope, Jennifer Dodson, Linda Davids, Christine Toulouse, Kathryn Davies, Sandra Cole, Margareta Campbell.

Results (January—April):

- v. Tasker's (A)—lost 2-1
- v. Milford G.S. (H)—lost 2-1
- v. Fishguard (H)—won 4-1
- v. Haverfordwest (H)—won 5-0

Junior XI

The Junior team has played more games during the second part of the hockey season than we played before Christmas and won all except the first game of the term against Tasker's High School. At the Austin Cup Junior Tournament, held at the Central School, Milford Haven, we came ninth with 15 points. The team was selected from the following: Kim Smith (captain), Wendy Cole, Helen Penfold, Judith

Edwards, Sharon Jenkins, Cynthia Lewis, Jacqueline Williams, Kathryn Griffiths, Diane Brown, Helen Thomas, Jane King, Catherine Jones, Pauline Symes, Sheila Beesley.

Results (January—April):

- v. Tasker's H.S. (A)—lost 0-3
- v. Narberth (A)—won 2-1
- v. Fishguard (H)—won 5-2
- v. St. Davids (H)—won 3-2

House Hockey Results:

The Senior tournament was won by Picton House; the Junior Cup was shared by Picton and Tudor.

NETBALL—1970-71

First VII

The season has not been an outstanding success as far as results go, but we have enjoyed all our matches and hope that a good foundation has been established for next year's team to build upon. The team consisted of Irene James (captain), Josephine Frost, Karen Stevens, Phillippa Greenwood, Ailsa Davies, Ann Greenland, Theresa Croft; reserves—Vivien Greenhalgh, Bernice Thain, Joanna Thomas. At the County Netball Trials on September 26th, Irene James was selected to play for the Second County Team. At the end of the season, Ailsa Davies and Jo Frost were presented with their First VII colours.

Results:

- 1970 12 Sept. v. Tasker's (H)—lost
- 17 Sept. v. Tenby (A)—lost
- 24 Sept. v. Coronation (H)—won
- 3 Oct. v. Carmarthen (A)—lost
- 14 Nov. v. Milford (A)—lost
- 28 Nov. v. Fishguard (A)—lost
- 5 Dec. v. Coronation (A)—won
- 1971 9 Jan. v. Tasker's (A)—lost
- 13 Feb. v. Milford (H)—lost
- 27 Feb. v. Fishguard (H)—lost
- 27 Mar. v. Carmarthen (A)—lost

Second VII

We have had an average season, winning four games out of ten. The team consisted of Susan Shires (captain), Helen Lloyd, Megan Davies, Janice Dodd, Deborah Clark, Bernice Thain, Jennifer Hay. Reserves—Susan Andrews, Patricia Toop.

Results:

- 1970 12 Sept. v. Tasker's (H)—lost
- 17 Sept. v. Tenby (A)—lost
- 24 Sept. v. Coronation (H)—won
- 3 Oct. v. Carmarthen (H)—lost
- 14 Nov. v. Milford G.S. (A)—lost
- 28 Nov. v. Fishguard (A)—lost
- 5 Dec. v. Coronation (A)—won
- 1971 9 Jan. v. Tasker's (A)—won
- 13 Feb. v. Milford (H)—lost
- 27 Feb. v. Fishguard (H)—won

House Netball

Senior Tournament—1, Glyndwr; 2, Picton; 3, Hywel; 4, Tudor.
Junior Tournament—1, Hywel; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Tudor; 4, Picton.

RUGBY

First XV

Officials for 1970-71 were as follows: Captain—Graham Brown. Vice-captain—Robert John. Secretary—Robin Davies. Committee—Lyn Smith, John Asparassa. Other members of the team included John Stephens, Richard Brawn, Kenneth Phelps, Terry Bannon, Philip Brown, Keith Johnson, Ian Kilcoyne, Steven Griffiths, Frank Whittaker, Stephen Badham, Michael Perkins, Michael Whitfield, Darrell Wellington, John Phillips, Alistair Colley, Malcolm Cole. Playing in the team for not more than three games were Alan Davies, Paul Watkins, Christopher Payne, Michael White.

Results :

- v. Whitland G.S. (A)—lost 8-12
- v. Tenby (H)—won 33-3
- v. Milford G.S. (H)—won 19-3
- v. Llandovery College (A)—lost 11-27
- v. Carmarthen G.S. (H)—lost 0-6
- v. Cardigan G.S. (A)—won 11-6
- v. Gwendraeth G.S. (H)—won 14-6
- v. Fishguard (H)—won 28-5
- v. Old Boys (H)—lost 6-21
- v. Whitland G.S. (H)—won 8-5
- v. Milford G.S. (A)—lost 3-9
- v. Maltby G.S. (H)—won 42-5
- v. Haverfordwest G.S. (H)—won 11-0

Graham Brown, John Asparassa, Lyn Smith and Steven Griffiths were chosen to represent the County XV, and Philip Brown also played in one game for Pembrokeshire. Brown, Asparassa, Smith and Griffiths

went forward to the first Welsh trial and Brown and Griffiths were later chosen to play in the second Welsh trial.

At the end of the season, First XV colours were awarded to G. Brown, R. John, R. Davies, L. Smith, J. Asparassa and S. Griffiths.

Our appreciation goes to Mr. Dennis Lloyd, without whose coaching the team would not have been so successful this season.

Junior Rugby XV

The team has not played nearly so well since Christmas as it did before and has suffered two defeats. Weather again took a heavy toll and no fewer than ten matches were cancelled during the season. This was an important factor in our subsequent form. The pack lost the superiority over other teams which it had gained in earlier matches, and the backs lacked fluidity in their movements.

Six boys, P. Burke, N. Cooke, M. Muller, D. O'Connor, S. Rule and G. Willington, played for the County XV, and each gained his county tie. Willington also played in the first Welsh trial at Gorseinon. County calls and injuries robbed us of key players for important matches, and only once, against Llandovery College, were we able to field a full strength team. Significantly this match was our best performance of the season. I would like to express the team's thanks to Mr. Thomas for all the time and effort he has put in to train us.

At the end of the season colours were awarded to Peter Burke, Norman Cooke, Malcolm Muller, David O'Connor, Stuart Phillips, Stephen Rule and Gareth Willington.

Results:

Sept. 16th	v. Tenby (H)—won 19-3
Sept. 26th	v. Llandovery (H)—won 18-12
Nov. 4th	v. Llandovery (A)—cancelled
Nov. 7th	v. Haverfordwest S.M. (A)—cancelled
Nov. 14th	v. St. Davids (H)—cancelled
Nov. 21st	v. Haverfordwest G.S. (A)—cancelled
Nov. 25th	v. Coronation (A)—won 15-3
Nov. 28th	v. Gwendraeth (H)—cancelled
Dec. 5th	v. Coronation (A)—won 13-0
Dec. 12th	v. Fishguard (H)—won 30-0
Jan. 23rd	v. Coronation (H)—cancelled
Jan. 30th	v. Preseli (A)—cancelled
Feb. 3rd	v. Coronation (H)—cancelled
Feb. 13th	v. Preseli (H)—cancelled
Feb. 19th	v. Tenby (A)—won 6-0
Feb. 20th	v. Milford S.M. (H)—won 9-0
Feb. 24th	v. Wandsworth (H)—won 6-3
Feb. 27th	v. Haverfordwest G.S. (H)—lost 0-11
Mar. 6th	v. Haverfordwest S.M. (H)—won 9-8
Mar. 16th	v. Fishguard (A)—cancelled
Mar. 27th	v. Coronation (A)—lost 9-11

Played 11, won 9, lost 2, points for 134, points against 39.

The following played in one or more matches: D. O'Connor (vice-captain), M. Jones, G. Gough, B. Phillips, S. Williams, P. Henson, S. Smith, N. Thorpe, J. Kilcoyne, T. Evans, P. Burke (committee), J. Davies, J. Halsted, G. Williams, M. O'Connor, G. Willington (captain), S. Rule, P. Griffiths, S. Phillips (secretary), C. Rule, M. Muller, F. Twynam, J. Batt, P. Colley, M. Davies, P. Burton, N. Cooke (committee), N. Kingston, P. Stafford.

Top scorers: N. Cooke, 29 points; F. Twynam, 28 points.

UNDER-13's XV

Unfortunately several of our planned fixtures had to be cancelled this season because of bad weather condition, so altogether we played only seven games out of a possible fourteen. The team for 1970-71 consisted of C. Jenkins (captain), N. Gait (vice-captain), J. Main (secretary), T. Asparassa, A. Batt, N. House, S. Culliford, J. Lynch, J. Norris, J. Nicholson, A. Jones, F. Cawley, B. Phillips, S. Thirkill, J. O'Connor. Reserves—G. Mills, R. Waterman.

Results:

v. Milford Central (A)—lost 24-3
v. St. Clears (A)—lost 12-6
v. Coronation (H)—won 17-0
v. Coronation (A)—lost 6-5
v. Coronation (H)—won 6-5
v. Milford (H)—lost 15-0
v. Coronation (A)—lost 6-5

SECOND RUGBY XV

The season was successfully completed with the team losing only another two matches in the eleven played.

Results

1970

12 Nov.	v. Coronation (H)—won 11-0
21 Nov.	v. Gwendraeth (H)—won 23-3
5 Dec.	v. Coronation (H)—won 18-0
12 Dec.	v. Fishguard (H)—won 28-0

1971

9 Jan.	v. Whitland (H)—won 26-0
16 Jan.	v. Canton C.S., Cardiff (A)—won 9-3
23 Jan.	v. Milford G.S. (A)—lost 6-5
6 Feb.	v. Tenby C.S. (A)—won 28-0
27 Feb.	v. Coronation (A)—drew 0-0
6 Mar.	v. Cardigan (H)—won 11-0
20 Mar.	v. Gwendraeth (A)—lost 14-3

The new fixture with Canton was a great success, both on and off the field.

The season's final analysis is as follows: Played 18, won 12, lost 5, drew 1, points for 262, points against 87.

The team consisted of the following: J. Stephens (captain), M. Cole (vice-captain), A. Colley, M. White (committee), M. Perkins (secretary), D. Willington, J. Phillips, Richard Brown, J. Johns, A. McMahan, M. Rowlands, G. Powell, T. Bannon, G. Samuels, A. Davies, P. Watkins, C. Payne, P. Marsden, P. Gwyther, C. Gait, I. Cooper, P. Smith, G. Edwards, J. Evans, I. Lightly, S. Longhurst, I. Kilcoyne, Robert Brown.

PENVRO OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

President: C. Nelson, Esq., M.A.

Vice-Presidents: Miss A. M. K. Sinnett, J.P., T. C. Roberts, Esq., B.Sc.

Magazine Editor: I. G. Cleaver

The continued temporary unavailability of the school hall for the annual productions of plays has not deterred the Penvro Dramatic Society from its normal activities. On the 26th February, the Penvro players successfully presented the revue entitled "Oh, Rhoscrowther," in the Courtroom, Pembroke Dock.

In July, the Society, in connection with the Pembroke Borough Chamber of Trade Week, presented a One-act Play Festival. There were two performances of three one-act plays. The first on July 6th in St. John's Schoolroom, Pembroke Dock, and the second on July 8th at the Grove School Hall, Pembroke. The plays presented were: "Saxon Wives," by L. du Garde Peach, and "The Eccentric," by Dannie Abse, both produced by Miss Molly Thomas, and the third, produced by Mr. Ray Sandall, was "The Sky is Overcast," by Anthony Booth. Both performances were well attended and well appreciated.

We congratulate Miss Elnith Griffiths, M.A., formerly Vice-Principal, Eaton Hall College of Education, Retford, Nottingham, and a former pupil, on her appointment to the Governing Body of our school. On the 13th May, Miss Griffiths performed the opening ceremony of the Park Infants' School, Pembroke Dock, the first open plan school in Pembrokeshire, and one of the first in Wales. Miss Griffiths was ably supported on this occasion by another former pupil, Miss A. M. K. Sinnett, J.P.

NEWS OF OLD PUPILS

Stuart Lewis (1954/61), was recently one of the four regional winners in the "Mechanic of the Year" competition, which attracted over 4,000 competitors. As the regional winner, Stuart competed against five other regional winners in the national final at Feltham, Middlesex, the headquarters of the Spark Plug Co., Ltd. Stuart now holds the Motor Vehicle Mechanic's Certificate, the Motor Vehicle Technician's Certificate, and the National Craftsman's Certificate, and is a part-time lecturer in Neyland Technical College.

Robert John (1951/58) visited the school in February and informed us that he had recently been promoted to Territory Sales Manager of Pet Foods, Ltd. He now resides at Wick, near Cowbridge, Glam.

David Merriman (1959/65), who qualified as a Chartered Accountant in August, 1970, left for South Africa in January, where he will spend two years with a Johannesburg firm of chartered accountants. He was accompanied by his wife Susan (née Peach) (1946/58), who is a qualified midwife, and will take up a nursing appointment.

We congratulate Ann Durean (née David) (1947/54) on being elected unopposed to the Borough Council in the May elections.

Michael Baker (1964/70) visited school in May on his return from a lengthy tanker voyage in the Persian Gulf. He has now entered Greenhithe College, Kent, for four months study prior to taking his First Mate's Certificate.

Dr. Jeremy Gordon (1948/57) is now a member of a large practice in Manitoba, Canada.

Jennifer Ann Bispham (née Gordon), is now practising law with her husband in Penzance, Cornwall.

Lysbeth Ford (née Gordon) (1949/57) is now teaching classics in the University of Kenya, Accra.

Nicholas Gordon is on the editorial staff of the "Liverpool Daily Post". He holds a Law degree of St. Andrew's University, Dundee, and recently completed one year V.S.O. in Sudan.

Christopher Carne (1968/70) is now in the Metropolitan Police Cadets. He recently completed seven months initial training, and he is now at the Police College, Ashford, Kent, where he is preparing for "O"-level English and "A"-level Geography. He recommends a career in the police.

William Smith (1944/51) was appointed Principal of the Technical College of Monmouthshire, Cross Keys, in April, and will commence duties on 1st September. He is pleased to be back in Wales again, and continues to be actively interested in the "Anglo-Welsh Review" as treasurer.

Susan Morgan (née Evans) (1959/66) recently qualified as a Nursing Sister at the Cardiff Royal Infirmary.

John Brock (1948) has been appointed President of the Methodist

Association of Youth Clubs in South Wales. He is the leader of the Carew Wesley Victors, a singing and instrumental group who have been in great demand throughout Wales and have made several TV appearances.

Terry Panton (1947/55), who is a Physicist with the Atomic Energy Authority in Bowden, Cheshire, was recently awarded the "Manchester Evening News" Oscar for an outstanding performance as the poet Robert Browning in the recent run of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" at the Capesthorpe Theatre, Macclesfield.

Tony Davies (1958/65) has been appointed Deputy Treasurer of Pembroke Borough.

Derek Swift (1948/52) recently took up an appointment as advertising sales manager with the "Observer" in Fleet Street. His wife Pat (née Waite) (1953/59) has been appointed lecturer at the North West Kent College of Technology.

Malcolm Morgan (1951/58) has left his appointment as engineer in St. Vincent, in the West Indies, and taken up a new appointment in Anguilla as the Supervisor of Public Works.

Margaret Ann Rogers (1960/67) has secured a post as Personal Assistant to an Associate of Davies-Weeks and Partners, a firm of Architects, Town Planners and Health Service Consultants in London. Margaret recently completed a post-graduate secretarial course, having previously taken a Higher National Diploma in Business Studies at the North London Polytechnic.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage:

12th April, at Rhoscrowther, Maureen Rees (1961/67) to David Hay (1956/63).

12th April, at Pembroke, Cleddau Gibby (1961/66) to Michael John Allen, of Stepside.

17th April, at St. Albans, Mary Ruth James (1957/64) to Graham George Turner of St. Albans.

17th April, at Lamphey, Sheila Richardson (1960/67) to David F. M. Greaves, of Ropely, Hants., and they will make their home in Adelaide, South Australia.

17th April, at Lawrenny, Janice Brady (1961/68) to Anthony Scourfield (1953/59).

17th April, at Sully, near Penarth, Frederick Ralph Phillips (1960/61) to Morfydd Marsh, of Barry.

17th April, at Pembroke, Ian Robert Henson (1963/67) to Sally Ann Blake, of Pembroke.

17th April, at Edinburgh, Helen Butters (1959/66) to Nat Bond, of Kelty, Fife, Scotland.

17th April, in Lisa, Uganda, Cerith Evans (1953/59) to Brenda McCrudden, of Blackpool.

5th June, at Pembroke Dock, Anthony John Davies (1958/65) to Pamela Griffiths, of Milford Haven.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagement:
January, 1971: Sheila Richardson (1960/67) to David Hargreaves, Ropely, Hants.

January, 1971: Susan Richardson (1961/64) to Roger Miles, Stowmarket, Suffolk.

February, 1971: John Evans (1959/65) to Joan Hopkins, of Pembroke.
February, 1971: Judith Phillips (1963/70) to Michael Colley, of Pembroke.

April, 1971: Hugh Emmment (1964/66) to Vivien Lain (1963/70).

April, 1971: Barry Gwyther (1961/68) to Pamela Eastick (1963/69).

May, 1971: Brian E. Rees (1956/59) to Gillian Stephens, of St. Florence.

July, 1971: Helen Pritchard (1966/70) to James Spurr (1962/68), of Pembroke Dock.

We are pleased to record the following births:

7th January, at Freeport, Grand Bahama, to Anne (née Power) (1960/65) and Bob Howells (1959/65), a son, Sean Anthony.

11th February, at Chipping Sodbury, Glos., to Christine (née Nash) (1954/62) and Kenneth Rushen, a daughter, Ceinwen Judith.

14th February, at Northallerton, to Elaine (née Stewart) (1954/60) and Brian Swift, a daughter.

7th March, at West Hartford, U.S.A., to Susan and Patrick McCloghrie (1949/53), a daughter, Lisa.

15th April, at Pembroke Dock, to Priscilla (née Tee) (1958/64) and Barry Stubbs (1956/63), a daughter, Joanne Christine.

19th April, at Haverfordwest, to Maureen and John Powell (1944/47), a daughter, Gwyneth Ann.

23rd April, at Claygate, Surrey, to Ann (née Campodonic) (1951/58) and George Reynolds (1949/56), a son, Justin David.

30th April, at Cardiff, to Eiry (née Bowen) (1957/62) and Brian Anfield (1955/61), a son, David.

14th June, at Birmingham, to Patricia (née Thomas) (1956/64) and the Rev. Richard Impey, a daughter, Sally.

20th June, at Penzance, to Carolyn and David Frazer (1955/63) a daughter, Jennifer Ann.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their academic successes:

Joseph Bowman (1962/68): B.Sc. Honours, Class II, Division I, in Agricultural Botany at Leeds University. Awarded an Agricultural Research Council Post-Graduate Studentship at the Welsh Plant Breeding Station, Aberystwyth. He will work in the Cytology Department and will do research leading to a Ph.D. on inter-specific

crosses between rye grass and fescues.

Neil Campodonic (1961/68): B.Sc. Honours, Class II, Division II, in Architectural Studies. Will be doing one year's practical training with Cwmbran Development Corporation before returning to U.W.I.S.T. for a further year to take a B.Arch. degree.

The above are the only successes brought to our notice at the time of going to press. Old pupils are invited to inform the editor of any successes for inclusion in our next edition.

Peter Watts (1960/67) gained his Diploma in Theology at St. Michael's Theological College, Llandaff. He will be ordained at Brecon Cathedral by the Bishop of Swansea and Brecon, Dr. J. J. A. Thomas, in September, and will take up his duties as curate of St. Mary's Parish Church, Swansea, later in the month.

PLACES I LOVE

*Where the gentle brook trickles and runs to a stream,
Where floating green weed hides some small trout and bream,
Where woods shelter wild life, the squirrel, the doves;
These are a few of the places I love.*

*Where golden brown carpets on hills turn to valley,
Much paler, though greener; sheep graze in this alley.
I watch them and wonder, in their peaceful way,
Could they savour moments of one glorious day?*

*The sun moves quite quickly to die in the west,
Where people are lacking in the place I love best.
To watch in the silence, to love and to see
The countryside places that keep calling me.*

SHOBHA GORIAH, Form III

*A forest in winter,
A windy grey moor,
A snow-covered hillside,
Deserted sea-shore.*

*A warm room in winter,
Away from the cold;
The rocks on the cliff top
So rugged and bold.*

*A place in the country,
The heavens above.
Yes! All of these are the places I love.*

HELEN PENFOLD, Form IIIA

SHOPPING

*Catch the bus at half-past nine,
Hope the weather will keep fine.
Things to buy and bills to pay—
Glad it isn't every day.*

*Need some tins of veg. and fruit!
Wish there was a shorter route—
Squashed to death—the bag is breaking!
What a fuss they all are making!*

*Only half the shopping done,
Nearly all the morning's gone!
Bother! I forgot the meat—
Dinner won't be such a treat!*

*Brother's birthday comes next week.
Some kind of gift I HAVE to seek.
Boys are—Oh! so hard to please!
Girls you buy for with such ease.*

*Need some shoes for my poor feet—
Holes in soles are not a treat!
Something nice, and new in style,
My big feet stick out a mile.*

*Almost finished my hard task.
"What's the time?" myself I ask.
Goodness me! It's time for tea,
Nothing turns out right for me!*

*Have to catch the last bus home—
Haven't got the time to roam.
In my bag a hole I find!
All my shopping's left behind!*

GLENDIA PEMBERTON, Form II

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Or if you're going straight out to work, you can have your salary paid directly into the bank - no fear of losing your hard-won earnings.

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