

THE PENVRO

In common with other periodicals and magazines, this issue of "Penvro" appears later than usual owing to production difficulties occasioned by the dispute in the printing trade. We apologise to our readers for this delay due entirely to circumstances beyond our control.



PEMBROKE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

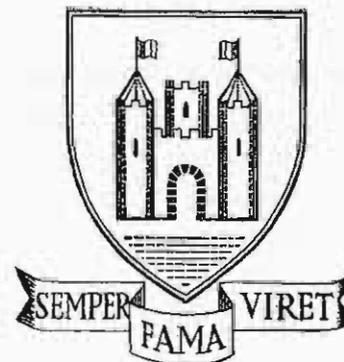
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THE PENVRO

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Editorial Board: Mr. Gammon, Eira Brickle, Suzanne
Brown, Ruth Cole

EDITORIAL

A NEW Penvro for a new school, but editorially we can only repeat the headmaster's remark on speech day, that although we have been furnished, no school better, with a fine new building, the real school of boys and girls with their varying abilities and idiosyncrasies remains the same. The Penvro has undergone superficial alterations, but there has been little change in the apathetic attitude of the main body of the school towards contributing to it. We are reluctant to begin the New Year on a carping note, but it seems to us that the Penvro is regarded by most pupils simply as another national right, to be enjoyed with no effort on their part and we are envious of those schools, which are many, where the acceptance of a contribution to the school

magazine is regarded as an honour as concrete as any that the school can offer. We notice also that often, when contributions do arrive, they bear obvious signs of haste and lack of trouble. All this we strongly deplore and we sincerely urge the adoption of a new attitude. Each contribution we receive is carefully considered, and advice may be freely sought.

Now that's said, it is pleasant to turn and welcome, however tardily, Mlle de Banque and Messrs. Hewish, Thomas and Lloyd to our staff. Last term too, we had the pleasure of Mr. Stone Davies's company, but he has now left us for the Coronation School. We wish him good luck.

Days that have been

THRIVING grass and thickening dust can tell
The empty tale. Freshness of paint can blame
The childless rooms, bare walls, the silent bell.
Unlittered dustbins hide in rusty shame.

No more the crowd through twisted iron gates,
And lettered Hall echoing hymns of praise.
In vain the discarded building still awaits
The vanished throng of happy boys and days.

No more the muffled songs that used to rise
From cluttered changing-rooms and muddy boys.
In silent walls remain the laughs, the sighs,
The illicit whispers,—ecstasy of noise.

Now, baleful windows stoically stare
At leafless trees, pathetically bare

RUTH COLE, VI Arts.

Candlelight

WHEN for some reason or other science fails to provide us with the electric light is there anyone who is really sorry? Perhaps it is some discomfort at first, but surely everyone is thrilled when first a nightlight is stuck on the mantelpiece, then a candle appears on the table, and finally you find enough candles to fill those rather beautiful but, until this moment, useless candlesticks.

After trying for a few minutes to finish whatever you were doing you give it up and are content to let your eyes wander round; everything is strange and still. The steady light of the candles seems to dare you to talk, to hurry or to do something useful. You dare not. All is very quiet and beautiful.

Suddenly there is a splutter and a crackling, for science has also failed to provide the metallic glow of the electric stove. It is the glowing, roaring log fire that reigns for this one night. Every corner of the room is lit up for a second with a strange orange light, and then silence. The silence of candlelight is supreme again.

Your mind rambles over many things—not sensible, not foolish, just dreaming. The most weird ideas come into your head but they are at least, for a few seconds, quite natural. Candlelight has taken you back many, many centuries, to the days when people were less civilised than they are today. But who is more civilised than those men? Who cannot see the minstrels, the chieftains and the warriors rise up before their eyes? Can you not hear the very words of the minstrel, see the wind as it howls over the desolate country this castle was built to defend? How easy it is to imagine morning with these people at their work—the blacksmiths, the tailors, the knights with their shining armour. Perhaps they go out to a lonely forest and your imaginings become even more fanciful.

The peace of candlelight is suddenly interrupted by a loud shout, followed by a blinding flash of light. You remember leaving certain mechanically minded people in the midst of plugs and switches, screw-drivers and bits of wire. Not content with almost blinding you, they drag you along to see the repairs. "Look, all we did was to fix this bit of wire to . . ."

A long, technical explanation follows. Your guilty conscience makes you think you ought to have helped. It is strange how switches and plugs interest you once candlelight has vanished.

MARGARET SCARR, Lower VI Arts.

A Case of Mistaken Identity

THIS story which I am about to tell has been told so often in our family that it has been put down in family history.

In mid-winter of the year 1890 my Uncle Abraham was returning to the Theological College at Ystradgynlais from a preaching engagement in a small Pembrokeshire village. He had the carriage to himself and was absorbed in a book. Outside, the fields and trees were heavily laden with snow, which glistened in the sun. But my uncle preferred reading his book of 17th century sermons to admiring the scenery.

It was not until the train reached Carmarthen that he was interrupted. The door of the carriage opened; he looked up from his book and saw a young man enter in a rough cloth cap and a long, loose overcoat. He slammed the door noisily, sat in a corner seat, rubbed his hands together and blew on them at the same time.

"Very cold outside," he said.

"Yes," said my uncle, returning to his book.

"Lots of snow in the night."

"Yes," said my uncle.

"Been an awful year for farming."

"Yes," said my uncle.

"Good book you got there?"

"Yes," said my uncle.

Here the conversation died, as it became obvious to the young man that my uncle Abraham was not very talkative.

The train did not stop again until it reached Llanelly. It was some time after the train had stopped when Uncle Abraham became aware of a draught around his knees. He looked up and saw the carriage door swinging. The young man had gone. Uncle Abraham got up and closed the door, lowered the window and leaned out to secure the door-handle. As he gazed idly up the platform he noticed the young man getting on a steam tram. There was no mistaking that cloth cap . . . and oh! no mistaking Uncle Abraham's new brown suitcase that the young man had.

"Hi!! Stop there," my uncle cried. But his voice was lost in the bustle of the station. He jumped out of the carriage and pushed his way through the crowd. On reaching the barrier he hurriedly explained the situation and the ticket collector let him through. He rushed out and saw to his horror the tram disappearing round the corner.

"Cabby," he cried, "follow that tram as fast as your horses will go."

"Right, gov'nor."

"Faster, faster!" my uncle cried.

"All right, gov'nor, keep your hair on."

"Well! a man on that tram has got my suitcase."

"A man with a suitcase has just got off, gov'nor."

"Yes, that's the man! Drop me here, cabby."

Uncle Abraham tossed him his fare and ran off.

"Stop! stop!" he shouted, "that's my suitcase." He raced off with a few children at his heels. At every fresh shout a few more passers-by joined his trail. At last, aware of the noise behind him, the young man turned round.

"You want me?" he said.

"Yes," shouted Uncle Abraham, "I want my . . . er . . . my . . . er-er . . ."

His voice trailed off. He said no more, but turned red, pink, then white for, looking at the suitcase, he could see I. O. M. stamped on the side. It was not his suitcase at all.

MARY JONES, V Remove.

The Seaside in Winter

I NOTICED the first change as I walked down the steep path to the beach. The bungalows had a deserted look without the verandah rails bedecked with towels and bathing costumes, and children dashing back and fore pleading for ice-creams. The place was changed; it was quiet; television had triumphed now over sand buckets.

The horizon was a clear line against the greyness of the sea and the white cloud—and the mystic haze of July had vanished with a million

more things. Was this the paradise of joy and laughter that I had known during the summer months? There were no children diverting the little streams, no over-indulgent father in his old-fashioned bathing costume running after a very elusive beach ball, and no contented mother revelling in "the little bit of shade" that she had traversed the beach to find. Instead there was a vast expanse of golden sand stretching in front of me, marked only by the last eddies and ripples of the ebb tide.

I stepped from the rocks and began to walk along the water's edge. The blustering wind blew the sand against my legs and tossed a faded cigarette packet into the air. There was scarcely any litter: the crisp packets, ice-cream cartons and lollipop sticks had grown less in number at the beginning of the new term. In their place were scores of little scallop shells that have no time to lie on the sand in summer because of a little girl's love of pretty things.

The patches of black crinkly sea-weed do not deter me now I had thick shoes on—but I walked across it only to be disappointed—the crackling of summer had given way to the damp hissing which can only suggest winter.

The pieces of cork which compose make-shift water wings, in season, now lie scattered on the sand. I picked up a piece and threw it. It was taken by the wind, and just then my peace was shattered. A cocker spaniel rushed from the marram grasses, retrieved the cork and placed it at my feet. She was a friend of summer days—at least here was something to remind me of them.

Together we walked along the sand; there were no footprints to follow so I created some by walking heavily and digging my heels into the soft shingle. The dog ran on up the headland, barking loudly, disturbing the kittiwakes so that they rose into the air mewing plaintively—not mockingly as usual. The turf felt flat like park grass under my feet; the bracken was brown and blew backwards and forwards in the wind, exposing its dark roots. There was not even the gentle lap of the waves on the rocks below to redeem the scene—instead they crashed against them with resounding force.

That ship out there on the horizon: how I had envied her crew some time ago. Now I shivered, turned up my coat collar and tried to shut out the bleakness of the surroundings. With the dog walking quietly at my heels I turned away and tried to think of at least one thing that was beautiful in this desolation. But no, I could think of nothing. Then two lines of Robert Browning's forced themselves on me—

God's in His Heaven,

All's right with the world.

I looked at the spaniel. She stood with a piece of cork in her mouth; she had sensed my mood and her eyes pleaded with me to play and forget. I took the cork and threw it, and then ran after her—laughing, calling to her. I laughed because I had learnt a lesson, and the barriers of melancholia that had threatened to engulf me were broken down.

Back across the beach—the wind blowing my hair furiously, tugging at my scarf and taking my laughter up and up. The beach was no longer deserted—it was overflowing with shadows and memories—memories of days that are gone, and shadows of days to come. This was now a paradise transformed into a paradise! Which do I like best—the sea-side in winter or in summer? Well, that is a secret between a cocker spaniel and myself.

SUZANNE BROWN, VI Arts.

Away from Home

NOT what he's looking at, he sees—
 The climbing hill-road, apple trees
 With grey arms wide beneath the green
 Of leafy twig and branch, they lean
 (From where he's sitting) on a cloud;
 And pines, convening in a crowd,
 Are voiceless as cathedral towers
 Between the clocking of the hours;
 Because his journey looms so near,
 He's started now; he is not here.
 He'll give his mother vague, half sorry pats . . .
 The dog will lick his hand . . . the cats
 Will wind a serpentine good-bye
 Around his legs. His dreaming eye
 Seeks distance on the beaten track—
 He has no thought of coming back.

PAULINE ARMITAGE, VI Sc.

In the West

TEN miles out of Cork, the guide stopped the bus. "Take a look at that," he said, "and bring your cameras with you."

We got down, most of us English tourists, some Americans and an Australian couple. So far the guide had talked of the points of interest in an uninterested voice: the scenes of Black and Tan ambushes, the roadside shrines built in the Marian Year of 1950, the fluid and delicate beauty of the Lee. Now he enthused, but over no landscape or historic monument. He was showing us the new dam being built by French engineers on the Lee to harness the hydro-electric power of the river.

Again and again in Ireland we met this pride of achievement and desire to be regarded as a modern country, and not as a picturesque enclave of leprechauns and lakes in an industrialized Europe. A man we met in Limerick was appalled to hear that we were going to leave the city without seeing Shannon Airport. He drove us the sixteen miles there and back before he started work in the morning, and we watched the huge Constellations from America silently slip in through the Atlantic mist. "It's the finest free Airport in the world," he said. Later, in the remote North west, we were shown with pride the neat, brand new government subsidized farm cottages standing beside the old turf cabins now used as out-houses.

Yet we were never disappointed in Ireland, although for us the holiday was a consummation of the delight and glamour we had felt as boys in the Sixth form in the Irish poets and playwrights, in Yeats and Synge and O'Casey. The literary Ireland, the antiquated and slightly comic Ireland, the Ireland of superbly soft beauty, constantly delighted us. They build Ford cars in Cork, but if you are buried there, touch wood, your hearse will be drawn, more likely than not, by four great black-plumed horses; the shops in Dublin are full of cheap cigarette lighters for the tourist trade, but back of O'Connell Street, the slums and snugs that O'Casey knew and Stephen Daedalus roved are violently alive

still. The Post Office is still scarred with the bullets of 1916. We walked down King Street and remembered that they had found the O'Rahilly there, shot to death in a shop doorway—the O'Rahilly who had refused to bring his Kerry men "into that crazy fight," around the City Hall, but had come on his own to show he was no coward.

But the Ireland of the Easter Rising, of Pearse and Connolly and the Civil War and Michael Collins, seemed very distant to us as we followed the roads along the west coast from Galway town through Connemara into Mayo, and beyond. A priest had driven us into Galway, and we heard our first Irish spoken in the streets there—a country couple in town to shop evidently. The priest was from Kenmare and thought we were mad to leave Kerry for Connemara. "It's all bare," he said. "A couple of stones only." Certainly in Kerry, in spite of three thousand foot high mountains, the country had been lush with fuchsia and soft valleys, and we had taken photographs at the Ladies' view in Killarney with the best of them; but once we'd seen Connemara the south seemed brash and obvious. That western part of Galway was all water and mountains, lily covered lakes, some of them, like Corrib, vast in size, and always behind them the dominant purple shadows of the Twelve Pins in the hazy Atlantic light. The fields, when there were any, were rock strewn and tiny, providing grazing for little more than a donkey. I stayed there for three days, failing to catch trout in the lakes, which had been reduced to their lowest known points by the fierce summer. Alongside the little roads and at the brooks' edges the few notices were not forbidding. "Trout and Salmon Fishing Free," they said, and "Free Shooting"—and some of it perhaps the finest in Europe.

It was soon after this that I left my friends and went north into Mayo, first to Achill Island, where the fishermen still use the *curragh*—absurdly frail, canvas-covered boat—in the roughest seas. Here they hunted the blue shark for its liver-oils, though I was told that well-equipped Scandinavian vessels were beginning to poach their fishing grounds. A little further on, right in the Gaeltacht now, the Irish speaking districts, I came on the wild moor of Erris. A Belfast man on holiday gave me a lift along twenty miles of the road—a cart track really, from which we rarely saw a house, only miles of bogland stretching distantly to the heights of Neifin behind us; then the Owenmore river, reduced to a trickle with the summer-long drought, and the straight road to Ballina, on Lough Conn, where John Garvin caught a fifty-two pound pike in nineteen-twenty-odd. My friends had made for Sligo, to look for Yeats' grave "under bare Ben Bulbin's head," but a sea mist had come in, soaking them to the skin in a few minutes, causing them to turn back. I met them at Ballina, and we decided to cut straight across the Great Bog of Ireland to Dublin—Mayo, Sligo, Roscommon, Leitrim, Longford, Westmeath and Meath and Kildare—back to the Ireland of rich cattle grazing and horse raising.

Back in Dublin, leaning over the Liffey and watching the swans, we regarded each other: we'd been on the road a fortnight and looked it. Our only chance was to be taken for eccentric Americans, because we'd booked into a five star hotel in Dublin, for fun, to end the holiday on a note of luxury.

The hall porter gave me a cool look. "I've put your-er-Knap-a-sack in your room," he said.

I didn't tip him.

C.G.

Dylan Thomas

LET us picture for a moment the school-hall in Laugharne during a documentary broadcast; let us imagine the rich, full voice of Dylan Thomas acclaiming his "beautiful, barmy" town to the audience, and consequently to listeners of the B.B.C. Home Service. Imagine the thoughts of his wife, sitting in the audience, hearing her husband's voice, and yet knowing that he was at that moment lying unconscious in an American hospital.

The time was early November, 1953, and it is two years ago that Dylan Thomas died, thus depriving Wales of her greatest poet, a semi-Bohemian of outsize personality, an everlasting schoolboy who communicated to the world all the experiences of his intensely-lived 39 years. All the lives and births, ancestors and descendants and landscapes he had known were crammed into his single, separate being.

Through his prose-writing, semi-autobiographical, we have a colourful account of the poet's life—his earliest recollections of Swansea; his school-life; his youth and his love for small Welsh towns by the sea.

Dylan Thomas was born in the Uplands part of Swansea on 27th October, 1914. His childhood was naturally shrouded by the dark years of war, and in his youth his whole world consisted of Swansea, beyond which lay the rest of Wales, England and a mysterious country called the "Front," where many of his neighbours went, and never returned

Gradually the poet's world expanded to Cwmdonkin Park, where he explored every nook and cranny, recognising and remembering every inhabitant. It was to these childhood memories he returned when he wrote, years later, his "Hunchback in the Park."

Dylan's school life, as told by himself, seems remarkably ordinary for such an extraordinary character. In his "Return Journey," a poignant collection of youthful memories, he tells us that he was no better, brighter, or more respectful than other schoolboys—he "cribbed, mitched, spilt ink, rattled his desk and garbled his lessons with the worst of them; he appeared regularly in detention classes, hid in the cloak-room during algebra and was 23rd in trigonometry."

Then why is it that the life of this very ordinary sounding schoolboy, with one poem printed in the "Western Mail," and the Editorship of Swansea Grammar School Magazine to his credit; why should his recollections of childhood stand out before us like a gay patchwork quilt?

The answer can perhaps be found in one of his stories, when he tells us that, when he was playing Indians he was aware of himself in the exact middle of a living story, for whether he was pelting swans in Cwmdonkin Park Reservoir, reading over his exercise book of poems in his bedroom "by the boiler," standing under a dripping railway arch listening to the noises from the muffled town; whether he was reporting on a soccer match of Swansea Town and working it out in tries or arguing among friends in the Café Royal, High Street, he is essentially the exact middle of the story or experience.

Dylan Thomas was 15 when he left school, not having sat his school certificate examination. He spent some time as a junior reporter on the "South Wales Evening Post"; "Young Thomas," as he was called, was a familiar figure around Swansea, in his check lined overcoat, old Grammarians' scarf, and as he describes himself, his semi-Bohemianism-plus-fours and no breakfast!

Even in his youth, Dylan knew his vocation and would often have pangs of conscience, as it were. In his story, "One Warm Saturday," he tells us how he finds himself alone one Saturday afternoon, and thinks regretfully that he would like to be with his friends. Then he thinks that "poets should live and walk with their poems; a man with visions needs no other company." But his zest for material life would make him think that

at the moment he was not a poet living and walking, but a young man in a sea-town on a warm bank-holiday.

At the beginning of the second World War Dylan was rejected for the army and spent some of the war years at New Quay, the town embodied in his essay, "Quite Early One Morning." This essay, and twenty more, forms his book of the same name, compiled by Aneurin Talfan Davies, of Radio Broadcasts made by Dylan during the ten years preceding his death.

Dylan Thomas's joy in words is too great to be contained in silence and it is fortunate that his skill as a broadcaster and poetry reader has partly been saved for us by recordings.

His "Under Milk Wood," broadcast on both sides of the Atlantic, was written over a period of ten years, not being completed at his home, the "Boat-house," Laugharne, until a month before his death. In it he has absorbed through his amusing characters the true spirit of the small Welsh towns he loved best.

But it is to his poetry we must turn to find the medium through which Dylan Thomas burst like a bombshell into the intellectual world of the '30's. His first poems, a slim volume entitled "18 Poems," was published in 1934, followed by "25 Poems" in 1936, and "Deaths and Entrances" in 1952, and awarded "The William Foyle Poetry Prize" that year, and the "Etna Taormina International Prize in Poetry" in 1953.

These poems mark the end of one period of Dylan's literary development. He had meant to turn from subjective poetry to a more public form of expression, particularly large-scale dramatical works. His studies of Wilfred Owen and the prose of de la Mare are brilliant examples of sympathetic criticism, and, had he spent more time on it, he would have been an accomplished literary critic. He was strictly critical of himself, which accounts for the astonishingly high standard of his published verse. In moments of severe self-criticism he would describe himself as a "second-rate Charles Laughton," or a mere man with the "gift of the gab." He admired Vernon Watkins, who works in a Swansea Bank, because he was not qualified, as Watkins is, "to extract his livelihood other than by the use of language."

Dylan's poetry is inextricably bound up in the legend of himself, and he declaims his poetry from the high tower of his built-up personality. His poems "out-elbow" space as it were; the images he uses are blurred memories of things once emotionally felt; his poems use the past, especially childhood memories, to invoke the endless moment of childhood which lasts through all life, and includes tomorrow as well as yesterday. He says—

"The ball I threw while playing in the Park
Has not yet touched the ground."

If we do not understand all the images we must not condemn from ignorance, but try to realise that Dylan Thomas was living ahead of his time. His poems dazzle and dazzle; they are the result of struggling and wrestling in the darkness of his thoughts until he emerged into the radiant sunlight and lyric splendour of his finest poems.

It was his untimely death that resulted in a shock of public awareness. His Bohemianism and moral obscurity is now thrown into perspective and is seen to be the result of his intensity of living. We now believe that his poems are truly written for the "love of Man and in Praise of God."

The ecstatic life of the Poet, who could so happily describe a Spring day—"Carefree, open-collared, my eyes alight and my veins as full of the spring as a dancer's shoes should be of champagne," this life seems to have led to a false impression of a boisterous swash-buckling rebel whose outrageous conduct was a deliberate attack on the conventions. Although his sense of the gloomy side of life was doubtless heightened by frequent drunkenness, this aspect of life does not prevail in his poetry and prose.

In November, 1953, Dylan began his ill-fated trip to America. He developed a brain tumour and died within a week. We may ask of him, as has been asked of Marlowe, Chatterton, Keats and Rupert Brooke—how

would he have developed had he lived longer? This is a question we cannot answer.

Whether he knew intuitively or not of his early death, it is almost certain that, with his own peculiar religion of life, he did not fear it. As Paul fervently declared, in the first century "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; the Lord will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom," so in the 20th century Dylan Thomas as fervently and triumphantly declared that "death shall have no Dominion."

RUTH COLE.

The Lark

OH see how the lark soars in the air,
Its feathers glistening in the sun.
Far below is the foxes lair
And the downs where the rabbits run
Keep to your course, fly up and up,
Singing your song as you go.
Linger not to look back or to sup,
Nor linger for friend or for foe.

When the first break of the morning's rest
Comes, and the sun shines down,
The lark drops from his flight, down to his nest
As happy as a king with a crown.

MARY ROSE WOODWARD, 2A.

As Far as Wimbledon

TO play at Wimbledon must be the ambition of every young tennis player, so it is not surprising that from the time I first took an interest in the game I made up my mind that I would one day play on those famous courts.

Little did I dream that my ambition would be achieved before I reached seventeen, for the road to Wimbledon is no easy one; and the number of competitors accepted for the Junior Championships is strictly limited and this year the number of acceptances was decreased to 64. These championships take place early in September, and in order to qualify it is necessary to win at least one recognised Junior County Tournament and be nominated by an Association.

I began playing in tournaments in July and once the local competitions were over I set off to play in tournaments in South Wales, the South of England, and eventually at Wimbledon itself.

I enjoy travelling from tournament to tournament, for I meet many old friends and make many new ones at each. I also meet many well known players, among them Michael Davies, Dan Maskell, Angela Buxton, Joy Mottram, Ann Haydon and Pancho Gonzalez, thought to be the greatest player in the world today. There is a friendly atmosphere prevailing at tennis tournaments and a real comradeship among competitors which I don't think can be found in any other sport.

My most thrilling experience this summer was to be invited to play with H. F. David, the captain of the British Davis Cup team. He was very charming and made me feel completely at ease. I played with him for two hours and enjoyed every moment of it.

The climax of a wonderful season came when I was playing at Bristol. There I received the news that I was to play at Wimbledon and that I was to be the South Wales representative in the Boys' Singles.

I was a little nervous when I reported at the "All England Club" and signed the competitors sheet, but I soon found myself among friends. The tournament itself is wonderfully organised and the games went off like clockwork, and I had to play even when it was raining. The facilities are superb and especially the girls' dressing rooms, which are well equipped with supplies of cosmetics and such useful fittings as electric irons and ironing boards.

I was fortunate enough to stay in the tournament until the Wednesday. My conqueror was Roger Brawn of Essex, who is a well-known Junior player.

I watched the finals and semi-finals and saw Ann Haydon lose her temper and give an exhibition of "star's tantrums." I saw Prens win the Championship, and a very worthy winner he was, for he played wonderful tennis.

At the finals I had another of those never-to-be-forgotten experiences, for Sir Anthony Eden came and sat in the seat immediately in front of me, and "Pancho" Gonzalez occupied the seat next to me. I am looking forward to 1956 when I hope that I will have the opportunity of meeting again the many friends I have made this year.

CHRISTOPHER MACKEN, V Remove.

The Battle of the Winds

THE sun arose one morning
Its daily course to go,
Giving joy to living creatures
With its radiant warmth and glow.
But the cold North Wind said "I'll spoil your fun,"
I'll make it cold and grey,
I'll blow dark clouds across your face
To take your warmth away.
The West Wind heard the spiteful scheme
And wondered what to do;
It said "I'll get across your path
And make it hard for you."
So North and West blew at each other,
But the West increased its pace
And with one great gust it blew the clouds
Right off the sun's bright face.

ROGER HORGAN, 2A.

Smokey

SMOKEY is a Bedlington terrier, a breed not well known in these parts. He is recognised by a few outsiders as "the lamb" because of his grey silky woollen coat. His head is long and fairly narrow, eyes are small and coloured brown, ears are long and filbert-shaped, and his tail about ten inches in length. He stands approximately twenty inches from the ground and is six years old.

Poor Smokey cannot often be taken out because Mummy has to take the baby in the pram when she goes shopping. Richard, my brother, cannot manage a dog as he is only five, and Daddy has no time as he is in the shop all day. I am afraid to take him for a walk because of a big bulldog which often roams round town. However, when our house

bell rings, Smokey tears downstairs barking as loudly as he can, because he knows that his Auntie "Webbo" has come to take him for a walk.

Smokey is not always good, for if sweets are left within his reach they are gone in a few minutes, together with the wrapping. One morning I found the remains of a chocolate box on his mat outside a room, and it was discovered later that he had stolen the chocolates from my aunt's drawing room. Another thing he does often happens when Mummy goes out and leaves him alone in the dining-room. For, on her return, he is to be seen lying on one of the armchairs, a thing which he is never allowed to do.

When our new baby came, dear old Smokey was not quite sure what had happened. Whenever he went near him he was shooed away and told to return to his basket in the kitchen. At first he was not very pleased with Andrew (the baby) who took so much attention, and who now seemed boss over all. However, he soon got used to him and is very good with Andrew at the moment.

Apart from being happy, naughty and sad, Smokey is very clever. He can sing. One day, some time ago, when Mummy was singing, he suddenly joined in. From that day he always sings with her and Mummy has a special song for him. He sings this very well and also the scales.

You have now had the story of Smokey. He is a beautiful dog, loving and faithful. Sad with you when you are sad, happy with you when you are happy. He nearly always does as he is told, and very patient when waiting for something. He has many pals and never fights unless he really has to. Above all he is very good with small children and has never been known to snap at them. There was only one exception, when someone pulled the fur on his back; that made him very angry, of course. However, on the whole he is as good as gold, and all our family are very proud of him.

WENDY GRAY, IIIA.

A Red-letter Day

OCTOBER 28th, 1955! What a wonderful day in the history of the new Grammar School. We are starting a new tradition as our forefathers did in the old school fifty years ago. What a wonderful experience it was to see the Minister of Education. After the opening ceremony of turning the key in the main door, I expected to see Sir David as a superior looking gentleman with the traditional M.P. costume of "Bowler hat, attaché case and 'broolly'" but instead I was rather surprised when an ordinary gentleman with a buttonhole, presented by the head girl, entered. After seeing Sir David enter I had had a very good view of his back only; also those of all the other "V.I.P.'s. Literally I was "breathing down his neck."

Various persons gave short speeches, and afterwards Sir David spoke. He gave a short speech based mainly on the technical part of the school. He especially noted the ornamental furniture on the stage, for which the pupils of the school had paid. Sir David referred to our teachers as rare birds and amidst loud applause said that he thought that they deserved a holiday. Of course, if they have one we have one too, and what he says goes.

Everywhere was decorated with flowers and some of the classrooms seemed as if they had been transformed in the night by some strange, mysterious creature (probably the ghost!) from classrooms into gay gardens of flowers. Everywhere was so "spick and span" that it seemed such a pity to have us "hooligans" trampling over the place like non-

caring elephants. I can quite imagine the River Cleddau praying to the gods, as Spenser says in his poem:

"That even the gentle stream, the which them bare
Seem'd foul to them, and bade his billows spare
To wet their silken feathers."

The grand finale of the day was a dance, organised by the old pupils' association. I think we can rightly say:

"Semper Fama Viret."

DOROTHY LEWIS, 4A.

Tarka the Otter

TARKA the otter so sleek and slim,
Dark brown in colour with a grey-white chin;
He was born in a tree trunk on the riverside,
Nothing could daunt him in his pride.

Tarka the otter had a lucky life,
Caught in traps with teeth like a knife;
Snow on the ground, no food to eat
Not even the barest scrap of meat.

Tarka the otter so sleek and slim,
His life had to end like all good things;
He was caught by Deadlock the big old hound,
They were drowned as they went together down.

TONY SCOURFIELD, IVC.

In Defence of the Victorian Era

"**WE** are not amused" has been the phrase with which the Victorian era has been most associated, and with which the man in the street has grossly exaggerated life in those very important sixty years.

When Queen Victoria uttered those words she inexorably fettered the word Victorian with the meaning of "the spirit of reticence and sober morality," but even if life was over-respectable for the middle classes and unduly hard for the working classes, it is impossible to over-stress that without the Victorian Era our country would possibly have followed the path of other European countries—forming a republic and causing bloodshed and strife in the process.

We pride ourselves on our democratic way of life and on our loyalty to the Throne, but all this might never have come about but for the Victorian Era, which stopped the rot of the Throne, and which established something new in Court life—a high standard of morals and behaviour.

Perhaps we consider the two great world wars a product of the Victorian Era. But I believe this view to be incorrect. Admittedly from the historical and political point of view we had fallen into a dangerous policy of isolationism, but this was soon rectified by Edward VIII; and if it had not been for our industrial and colonial development during the Victorian Era, it is to be doubted whether we could have stood the strain of two world wars.

Of course there is the argument that we would never have achieved this wealth and our position in the world if it had not been for the poor wages and low standard of living which prevailed in Britain at the time. However, this was not a fault of the Victorian Era but a throw-back to the Laissez-faire policy of the 18th century and also to the state of Parliament, which was not representative of the people at that time.

This state of affairs was slowly but surely rectified through those sixty years, and at the end of the century practically every man had the right to vote and education was improving, while the sadistic pleasures of the early 19th century had been nearly banished from every man's train of thought.

Comparing the men of national repute or perhaps of notoriety of today with those of the past I cannot help thinking that our great men cannot even bear comparison with men of the Victorian Era. Such names as Peel, Palmerstone, Gladstone, Disraeli, remind us that Parliament no longer possesses great geniuses but is made up of adequate but rather uninteresting characters.

It is true that Churchill has proved this wrong but even he was born in the Victorian Era. Admittedly the standard of education of the nation has risen and this perhaps balances the lack of political geniuses, but it will be a great pity if the Victorian Era goes down to future generations as something quaint, old-fashioned and totally separate from our modern civilisation.

JOHN TRICE, V R.

Divided Germany

DURING the last war Germany was occupied by eastern and western powers. At the end of the war the foreign troops remained there, and so Germany is still divided into an Eastern and Western Zone because up till today there has been no peace treaty.

You know a lot about Western Germany and its life, which in important things is similar to yours. But life in Eastern Germany is quite different and more difficult. It is governed from Russia and the difference between it and Western Zone is due to the communistic philosophy of life which is being imposed upon the people. Nobody is allowed to have his own opinion and confession of faith, to speak about it or to spread it. One wrong word against the communist government would cause imprisonment or confiscation of property. So everybody is suspicious of communistic spies, so you cannot find many happy, sincere and unburdened people.

If you are not a member of the Communist party, you will lose many privileges, especially if you are young. It is more difficult for you to attend a Grammar School or a University. It is not easy for you to be a good pupil because everything you learn is influenced by Communism—you cannot go sailing, riding, playing tennis or hockey without paying as the members of the party can do. If you decide not to join the Communist party, you have to give up many tempting opportunities and begin a very difficult life. It is a fight against Communism which is forced upon people by a powerful government and it is a fight to get a job and to earn of humanity which allows everyone to be his own master.

Many people have become indifferent and unwilling to build up a philosophy of feeling and humanity against the powerful philosophy of reason and materialism. There are people who joined the Communist Party because of privileges and an easier life and no one can blame them for doing this. There are some people, too, very often intelligent and clever men, who have become fanatic Communists and they are in the leading positions and in the government. You can not convince a fanatic that he is wrong except by force and so the fortunes of Eastern Germany with her government of fanatics seems to be hopeless. But there are still people thinking like us in the East, teaching the children that there is something else and something better than materialism; there are still people spreading patience and hope for the unification of Germany and people fighting resignation and Communism. There are many young people who leave their home country and go to the West because they want human rights and freedom of confession and opinion. But there are too many refugees for us to be able to help them all. They are not only a great burden for Western Germany and her enemy, but they are

also dangerous for the Eastern Zone. By leaving their farms and their houses in the East they are making place for Russian settlers and so make it easy for Communism to spread.

It is very urgent for the people of the Eastern and Western Zones to be re-united and to work together to overcome the damage and dangerous influences of the last ten years.

ANKE MATTHIES.

The Spirit of the Rhine

IT was almost fairyland. But if it wasn't the real thing it was an excellent substitute and in an age of substitutes for practically everything under the sun, including peace, it was acceptable. There is a price to pay for all good things and in this case it was a long journey stretching over hundreds of miles, land and ocean, two or three different countries, and three days. But the end was worth it. For the goal was the Rhineland. The Rhineland—just a name of course for an ever-varying kaleidoscope of Palatinates and Duchies and Princedoms and Bishoprics all linked together by the ethereal chain of the ever-busy Rhine.

The image of the Rhineland does not burst in upon the "inward eye" all at once. It takes its time. Everything about it is leisurely except the Rhine itself. That is a curious contrast, the Rhine slipping busily away to the sea between the mountains that encompass it and look as though they have fallen asleep in a very comfortable position. The Rhine is no longer aristocratic—it is now a democrat in the fullest sense of the word. But the hills are like old Tories—they will never change. Their essence is aristocratic and the castles that appear on the top of them are the crown of their ambition. They look down with a sneer of the old Prussian aristocrats and with something of a French refinement amidst their bluff bearing, upon the enthusiast who dares to think of visiting them.

The notices on the Rhine banks by the towns are a source of tantalizing pleasure. "To Köln Dusseldorfer, Mainz, Bingen," read the notices of steamer trips. They say that the stretch of the Rhine from Mainz to Bingen or Cologne is the best, but Heidelberg has a fascinating name, and a fascinating history. The lower Palatinate had its chief city there and from its heart came Rupert of the Rhine to marry the Queen of Hearts and fight for Charles I in the civil war.

The rural bustle of the Neckar, though much changed from and several cadences softer than the rural bustle of England, is different from the impression of peace and rest intimated by the quiet waters and the gently sloping hills, if hills they might be called

that shape hath none

Distinguishable in member joint or limb

The peace of the Neckar was broken only by a consumptive dredger and perhaps the leisurely barges picking their way to the Rhine and the Ruhr. It is able to hold its own even with the magic of Heidelberg. The great woods, seeming to be the

Silvarumque virentium

Saltium reconditorum

Arniumque sonantum

of Catullus' songs. Villages on top of the great hills and the crosses on the churches glinting in the sunlight. These were delights of the Rhineland as great as any other it could offer.

The great vineyards were clinging precariously to the hillsides and clustered around the lowland in the Pfaltz country. Vineyards, especially terraced ones, hold an especial charm in this undulating context. But the people seemed more chary of their produce than the French. The great wine areas of the Moselle Valley, the Rhine Valley and the Pfaltz

area are all enhanced by the vine. The valleys appear with the soft green foliage clinging almost vertically to their soil.

From this sketchy account, it may perhaps be seen that the Rhineland is a place of charm, not without a perennial scent of mystery. But like all faint scents no-one can say what it is. This is perhaps the essence of the Rhineland. That and the sunshine which is not too frequent but always seems to infect the land with its own gaiety and a never-failing spring of enchantment, drawn as it were from one of the wells unquenchable which one reads about so often in myth. That is the spirit of the Rhine.

JENNIFER A. GORDON, VI Arts.

Winds

THE winds of heaven blow
From North, South, East and West,
Upon us here below
With undiminished zest.
At sea the North wind howls,
A ship for mercy pleads,
Ahead the thunder growls,
Its hunger wild to feed.
The gales that lash our shores
Bring havoc wide and near.
In winter without pause
We wait for skies to clear.

DAVID FRASER, 2A.

W. B. Yeats

THE Irish Nation had great cause for excitement in September, 1948, since it was in this month that the first expedition of the Irish Navy outside territorial waters took place. Its mission, however, was not such a happy event since its object was the transportation of the body of the great Irish poet—William Butler Yeats—back to Ireland for re-burial. He had died in the South of France in January, 1939, and had been buried in the cemetery of Roquebrune.

Yeats began writing with the Pre-Raphaelites and it is the best known and perhaps the worst of his poems which date from this period. Yeats himself hated all his early poems and "Innisfree" most of all. One of his friends said that one evening he begged Yeats to read him this poem and "a look of tortured irritation came into his face and continued there until the reading was over." He developed with the times and adopted a contemporary idiom. Yeats conceived his own dramatic progress to be from the emotional to the intellectual. No longer did he write romantic themes carried by hypnotic themes and a Yellow Book diction, but he treated any and every theme in active, wide-awake rhythms and a diction perpetually refreshed by contact with common speech.

At this period he held great interest in magic and occult. An abundant measure of material was near at hand in the Celtic legend. There were sufficient memories in place-name and legend and dramatic episodes at his very door. The theory of the common myth, its peculiar symbolism and its undoubted power gave him grounds for belief that this consciousness of the past might yet unify the people. There should be pride in that national heritage that would lead to a new flowering of art and national life. The quest for a myth also had another object besides a national one in that it afforded a release for that nostalgia generated by memories of the Sligo

mountains as seen from his grim London surroundings. Above all the myth gave him power to shape a world in which the heroes were virile and violent, the women gentle and dreaming.

The literary revival in Ireland was closely linked with the National Movement. Yeats was connected with this movement in that he was associated with the Sinn Féin, a group objecting to the declared British loyalty of the Irish Nationalists. He changed his views about this when the leaders of an insurrection who held the General Post Office in Dublin for a week of siege were captured and shot. He felt remorseful because he thought that his writings had played a large part in this. As a result he turned his back on politics for the remainder of his life.

In 1889 Yeats met Maud Gonne and there began a great and enduring love. They shared the same deep patriotic enthusiasm and ambition. As a result he began "The Countess Cathleen," which was important both as embodying the first projection of his own love and despair, and as his first effective step to drama. Yeats proposed twice to Maud Gonne, but was unsuccessful, and 1903 brought disillusionment. Maud Gonne married MacBride and Yeats' bitterness is apparent in many poems after the event, though his rejection in 1889 had left its mark.

In later years he had an increasing interest in symbolism and occult, as can be seen in the Byzantium poems. It can be associated to Yeats' poetry in the fact that Byzantium had been a province of the Roman Empire. It had suffered from rigidity and lack of imagination, concerning its own ancient and complex traditions. Parallels could be drawn between Rome and England as imperialistic powers, and Byzantium might well symbolise a new Ireland breaking away from its masters so that it might develop its own philosophical, religious and artistic destiny.

His final style was a pure and straightforward one. He rejected all his former ideas and adopted a simple outlook on life. His thoughts were confused, however, and he began to wonder whether it was worth writing at all since a great part of his life had been spent in writing poetry that had no great depth and as a result he had adopted no particular style of his own. This was a great disappointment to Yeats. He said himself in a letter to a friend, "At my time of life a man wonders if the time has not come to cease from verse."

But we know that Yeats' poetry will remain through the ages as Kenneth Allott says in his poem, "The Memory of Yeats"—

"You are elect to linger here
As man and myth
As long as our intemperate literature."

YVONNE RICHARDS, U. VI Arts.

Winter

WINTER at last is here,
The snow is on the ground.
The robin pecks upon the lawn,
But nothing can be found.
Some crumbs upon the sill
He sees and flies in glee.
To find his little wife to share
His great discovery.
The children come to play
Out on the snowy ground,
Their cheeks are red, their noses raw,
In joy they play around.

MARY MATHIAS, 2A.

A Little Bird

AS walking down the leaf-strewn lane,
Some colour caught my eye;
A piece of moss? A twisted skein?
I paused as I drew nigh.

Stark near the hedge a blue tit lay,
Its ruff a bluish haze;
Where once was life, now only clay,
And cold and bleak its gaze.

No more to sing as yesterday:
Its voice now hushed and still,
I sighed aloud and went my way,
Knowing it was God's will.

JUNE MOSES, 2A.

REVIEWS

"Little Women"

THERE is an attraction about the familiar: it makes us want to re-create, re-enact, re-discover experiences which we have already enjoyed. Perhaps this is the reason for the touch of disappointment felt by most pupils who witnessed the production of "Little Women" by the Milford Haven Grammar School Dramatic Society last October. A compound of two of Louisa M. Alcott's novels, the play failed to live up to the expectations of those who had long known and loved the famous members of the March family.

"They're not the people I knew," was the comment of one junior critic, roughly summing up the situation. However, it was not the characters in themselves who were unfamiliar so much as the general mood of the play. One looked in vain for the homely atmosphere of the original: the naturalness, the reality, the simplicity; all this was lost in the transfer from the imagination to the visual medium. Instead, a latent sentimentality came to the surface and made one feel slightly uneasy about the sincerity of it all.

However, disappointing as this was to those thoroughly versed in the doings of the March family, there was still much to enjoy in the production. There were several good dramatic performances, and the characters of the four "little women" were well defined, each providing a perfect foil for the others. Particular mention must be made of one of the senior pupils, Anne Aldridge, who played the part of the exuberant, tomboyish Jo with great zest, darting swiftly and easily from one emotion to another. Mrs. March was also well cast and, with her gentle dignity and mature kindness, was an epitome of all one might expect of her.

It was unfortunate that the male element of the school was not able to give much in the way of support. The boys hardly seemed to be at home in the play—not, perhaps, a very surprising fact when one considers the nature of the play and the nature of the schoolboy. Mr. March, for example, seemed far more concerned with making a hasty exit than with comforting his dying daughter and he did not have the warm humanity nor the uprightness of his counterpart in the novel.

The background against which the players moved was entirely convincing in its cosy domesticity and those in charge of these matters

are to be congratulated upon the stage-management. The lighting and the very effective costumes deserve a particular word of praise.

The faults of the production, then, lay chiefly in the choice of play. It is difficult to behave naturally with hundreds of eyes watching your every movement, and the play demanded just this—perfect naturalness. Moreover, there was not the dramatic significance, the conciseness of idea, to compensate. It was not a suitable subject for acting at all; such emotions are better imagined than seen. One can only hope that the company will choose, next time, a play which will give more scope for the talents of these children.

M.C.

Nature Films at Haverfordwest

ON November 16th, 1955, a school party was formed to go to Haverfordwest Secondary Modern School to see three films made by Mr. Harold Restall. These films were in colour, and the subjects were Snowdonia, Skomer and Grassholm. Mr. Restall, together with some climbers and botanists set up camp in a club house in the Snowdon Range near Llyn Idwal. There were some very fine shots of the surrounding countryside. To the south of the lake there is a deep fault in the rock called the "Devil's Kitchen." A rare plant is reputed to grow only on the side of the "Devil's Kitchen," and some botanists from the camp climbed up to search for it. Mr. Restall took shots of this exploit, and later of the flower itself when one had been found. At this juncture we saw some shots of other mountain flowers. Several members of the party, including Mr. Restall, set off to scale a nearby mountain, three of its climbing routes being called "Faith, Hope and Charity." Their aims were successfully accomplished and we saw them reach their objective. There were shots, also, of the mountains in winter and we saw a winter skiing party with some climbers.

After this film there was a short interval, followed by the other two films. These were of Skomer and Grassholm. Having obtained permission to bird-watch on the islands, Mr. Restall set up camp in a derelict farmhouse on Skomer. He took many shots of the islands and birds, including some of gannets, razor-bills, puffins and a pair of buzzards. The film showed up the puffins' brightly coloured beaks to perfection, and also the inside of a puffin burrow. These burrows sometimes extend into the ground for seven or eight feet. Mr. Restall found some sea's who were very wary of him in a bay on one of the islands. There were some photos in black and white of shearwaters, which fly far out to sea during the day, returning to the islands only at night. At about 10 o'clock the films came to an end, and we were sorry that such an enjoyable evening had come to a close.

J.G. and P.E.

The Robe

EFFECTIVE scenery and more than competent acting were the essence of the film version of Lloyd C. Douglas's novel, "The Robe."

Richard Burton portrayed the character of the gradually converted Roman centurion consistently, although the background—a panorama of beauty—stimulated the atmosphere. But it was neither background nor individual acting that appealed most: it was the crowd, small at first but gradually growing as the film drew near its climax—all fighting for the common cause of Christianity.

The crowd scenes, a feature of the new wide screen, unable to be equalled by television, were excellent, especially the procession to Calvary—a picture we all carry in our minds, but which brought home to us all, at this point, His sacrifice to us.

Individual laurel wreaths must go to Victor Mature for his brilliant interpretation of Demetrius, the Greek slave; Jean Simmons as Diana, unafraid to face death; and last but not least Richard Burton.

It is only to be wondered at that it was nine years before this novel reached the screen.

SUZANNE BROWN, RUTH COLE, VI Arts.

"Officers and Gentlemen"

By EVELYN WAUGH

"Officers and Gentlemen," by Evelyn Waugh, is a novel which is chiefly concerned with the army life of an officer, Guy Crouchbank, during the earlier stages of the Second World War. It is a sequel to a previous novel, "Men at Arms," which was generally acclaimed as a brilliant and humorous picture of army life. Mr. Waugh intended these books to form the first parts of a trilogy, but has decided that two books are sufficient. The reader's enjoyment of "Officers and Gentlemen" will be greater for having read the first—but each book is complete in itself, so it is not necessary to have done so.

I did not find "Officers and Gentlemen" as engrossing as the plaudits given it by the critics had led me to believe it would be. Perhaps the greatest drawback to one's enjoyment is the long time it takes to get to the point. It does not grasp the reader's interest until the later stages when the rather laborious task of wading through the earlier pages is rewarded. The account of the Crete campaign is worth waiting for, and reclaims the reader's thoughts, which have been inclined to wander previously. "Officers and Gentlemen" could have been immensely enjoyable if it were rather more rapid in action. As it is, one is waiting for some thing to happen while reading most of the story.

SHEILA DONOVAN, VI Arts.

The Mechanism of Cheap Money

By EDWARD NEVIN
(University of Wales Press 25/-)

DR. Nevin's book deals with the history of British Monetary policy in the years between the onset of the great economic depression of the early thirties and the outbreak of the Second World War. The stage is set by a description of the economic forces which caused Britain to forsake the traditional monetary yardstick of the Gold Standard in September, 1931.

The abandonment of gold necessitated the search for a new discipline to take its place. In the novel conditions of the day British monetary authorities were faced with a choice between several different policies. As the bankers and economists of the time could agree neither as to the causes nor the remedies of the current financial chaos reorganisation was neither very prompt nor very thorough.

Massive underemployment of labour and capital had laid its dead hand on the national economy and the tide of human misery was rising in the depressed areas. A post-war economist would probably prescribe credit expansion and public works as remedies for the conditions of the early thirties. In fact the policy adopted was one of "further drastic economies," and, perversely, this had something of the desired effect, for business men welcomed what they thought was a necessary tightening of the belt.

But by 1932, for a variety of reasons, cheap money was regarded as the immediate economic objective. Dr. Nevin traces the steps by which the reign of cheap money was instituted, including the conversion of the

5% War Loan, and goes on to outline the career of "cheap money" up to the outbreak of war. His description of the effect of cheap money on industrial activity and the housing boom are particularly interesting to those of us who are old enough to have personal memories of this fascinating period of Britain's economic history.

Dr. Nevin's debt to certain leaders of modern economic thought is shown by the emphasis his work puts on concepts such as liquidity preference and the propensity to save.

The author's exposition is in general clear and direct, and maintains a balance and objectivity which are likely to make it a standard text for the student of economics, particularly as this field has not previously been so comprehensively surveyed.

R.H.

The Royal Welsh Show

THE Royal Welsh Show was held on the 20th, 21st and 22nd of July, 1955, at Haverfordwest.

We were expecting to go there in the morning but had to endure a morning's school before embarking on the bus. While waiting for the latecomers the rest ate their lunch.

We were going on the first day of the show and for about three miles outside Haverfordwest the bus crawled along amid a stream of traffic. The policemen nearly waved their hands off. Arriving at the show ground we were told that we could have our money back and so began the task of finding the office. We all had plans of the ground but in spite of this Mr. Greenwood had to lead us over acres of tents before we finally found the office.

Then began a tour of the showground. The main attraction was the show-ring where children were cantering round on their ponies. Later in the day the huntsmen and the hounds came on, running after an imaginary fox.

In a quiet part of the show ground, away from the hustle and bustle of the show-ring was the Education tent. Here needlework embroidery, basketwork, pottery and art were on view, all done by the children of the schools throughout the country. Just inside the door was a display of a fairground made by children of ages ranging from four to seven.

Along the same avenue was the Rural Industries stand. Here stood some horse patiently waiting to be shod. Nearby was the Church, in Wales tent and the Women's Institute stand.

In the Chamber of Trade's tent was a television set and camera. Anybody who went in front of the camera saw themselves on the screen, and several little boys were pulling faces at their faces.

At the milk stand was a milk bar where they were selling flavoured milk shakes. Never having had one before, my friend and I tried one. Whether it was the flavour or the mixture or not we didn't do anything else for quite some time.

There were numerous farm machinery stands and in the N.F.U. stand was a silage pit. To get to the main building we had to pass it. One man was standing in the pit shovelling out the silage and the smell was terrible. Inside were cows and calves in pens.

Opposite this stand was a flower and vegetable show. There were marvellous flower arrangements and massive peas and beans. There was also a Forestry stand with amusements for children and chairs made from wood.

There were large stands for the Gas and Electricity and each held cookery demonstrations during the day. Nearly all the stands were serving free teas for their patrons and some boys got teas that way. Others ate their sandwiches.

At last it was time to return home so we went to the car park and got into the bus. Some of us had bought bags of cherries and were shooting the stones out through the window. When everyone had returned we set off for home after an enjoyable but exhausting day.

DENISE TYNDALL, V Remove.

International Camp 1955

MAY I tell you the story of a perfect day? It is rare indeed that within a few hours one can encompass pure enjoyment, sensible talk, spectacular scenery, moments of hilarity, and the awakening to the seriousness of one's position, as youth, in the world today. However, on August Monday, 1955, something of all these elements had a part, and it was on days such as this that the success of the International Camp depended.

The day started with an early departure from the school gates in a Silcox bus at least two-and-a-half sizes too small for the dimensions of our party. But when you are all such good friends as we, of ten different nationalities, were, then such a defect quickly becomes an advantage. How much more fun it is to sing when the gangway is packed with layers of squatting figures, when there are at least four on every seat—and several under—and cameras, packed lunches, bathing costumes and . . . is that a leg? . . . overflow the baggage rack and dangle near our heads. "Ole," "etlatéttlebecetlaqueue . . . a . . . lou . . . ette . . . E" German songs, popular songs, hymns, "The Red Revolution" . . . we sang our way to Stackpole! Arriving at the head of the lane to Stackpole Quay, the bus disgorged its contents and we began our walk—a walk remarkable mainly for the evidence given by one of the Austrians of his mastery of the more colourful epithets on finding that the Spanish boy had succeeded in removing the cork of his lemonade bottle, which protruded from his pocket, and that half the contents now formed a trail on the road behind him. An Iberian face flashed, laughing, over the hedge and vanished. The pair were the best of friends from that moment—one had displayed his vocabulary, the other his wit, and they were mutually grateful for the opportunity.

To pass first down the steep slope at one side and then up the equally steep slope of the other side of Stackpole Quay itself, the party had to fall into single file, and many an impressive photograph was taken of these our explorers—cutting-through-equatorial-undergrowth formation. We found our way up the headland side and along the cliffy coastline, and finally, down again, steeply, into Barafundle Bay. By this time the sky was unbelievably blue, the sun hot, and this bay, "one of the secrets of the West," revealing itself at its most beautiful. It was quite empty and we felt it to be our particular property. Those who wished to, swam. A dip is no description of the marathon swims which were to characterise certain members of the party, and we were soon to become accustomed to the sight of familiar heads bobbing away on the horizon, but on this occasion the experience was a new one, and several mild heart-attacks threatened among the watchers. However, all was well and groups settled on the beach to talk, sunbathe or sing. Mohammad told fortunes, and Live demonstrated primitive refrigeration by burying bottles of lemonade in wet sand—generally unknown to the bottle-owners, and several burial places were forgotten. One climbed.

After a few hours we moved off again and made our way up to the cliffs, across the windblown seaturf and ling, and right out to the rocky peninsula that is Stackpole Head. There, high above the bluest sea, far beneath the heat-hazy sky, we slowly ate our lunch, whilst below us on the rocks seals played and an occasional ship passed on the distant skyline. We talked of Indian national dishes, winter sports in Germany, fruitgrowing in West Africa, and the price of travel in Austria. Some took photographs and one with climber's longing eyes calculated the cliff faces. Lunch over, we rose and walked, talking as always, along this high wave-cut plateau and soon descended—to the amazement of a small bank holiday crowd—into Broad Haven Bay.

Here again there was swimming, and this time some of us were not in the least surprised to be hailed from the heights of a rock, far out in the bay, by several members of the party; indeed we observed with blasé expressions the shock that this sight produced among "der massen"—as we came to call anyone not of the group. Once more, after very wild international football, the groups, changing pattern all the while, formed and re-formed, and the exchange of views and accounts of conditions and customs recommenced. One of the most interesting topics in one group was the position of women in modern India and Pakistan—"purdah," "sutec," emancipation, all were explained, illuminated, discussed. At this point everyone's attention was caught and fixed for horrified minutes on the cliff face opposite; he was climbing again. Slowly, carefully, an Austrian was climbing up the seemingly sheer rock, pausing to test each grip, occasionally flinging a loose stone down to the beach which was by now agonizingly far below. Beseeching cries in a variety of colonial and European accents attempted to persuade him to give up, but no, Martin "Leathershorts" calmly continued, reached the top, sat gazing at the sea, ate something, and then as a grudging concession to our fears walked some distance to the easy-way-down. As on the occasion a few days later, when he was left behind at another beach but somehow managed to arrive home only a few minutes later than us, he made no comment!

Now our seaside-day-with-a-difference was over: the tide was crowding us off the beach, and, prompted by its advance, we walked back through the lily-ponds to Bosherton, where we met the bus and sang our way home again. There was just time for a quick shower and a large dinner, and then we gathered in the lounge—the cookery kitchen—for a lecture. The subject, "The World Family of Nations in a Scientific Age," and the speaker, Dr. William Thomas, an ex-Chief Inspector of Schools in Wales, in a philosophical manner brought home to us all the problems of peaceful life in the modern world. After the lecture there was a discussion amongst the campers, where the particular problems, aspects, and opinions of many different countries were put to the speaker and made manifest to us all. In such public discussion as in the talks between individuals lies the value of a meeting like this, and the seeds of some tangible results are sown: no person of normal intelligence can hear and take part without being profoundly moved, and realisation is a first step to solution.

To make abundantly clear the importance of such realisation and the absolute necessity for a solution, we watched immediately after the lecture the film "Children of Hiroshima." This is a Japanese film which is truly horrific in the sense that any human being must be horrified to to the core to witness an event so terrible as the dropping of the atom bomb and the whole train of tragedy set off by it. There is no malice or reproach on the part of the film-makers: they merely state the facts and set the film before us. We cannot but revolt. This is the film which the youth of the world should see, and if possible see it as we did, not as the youth of any one nation and opinion, but as universal youth in whose hands lies the

responsibility—will such a thing happen again? In the intervals as the reels were changed no one spoke; no one moved. The effect of the film was to stun, to stimulate, and to sober the mind.

Later in the evening we gathered to sing. "Children of Hiroshima" had needed no discussion. After lectures there was always room for debate, but after this we knew that our feelings were unanimous, and this added to the bond of sympathy and affection that was already growing strong amongst us. Singing together seemed to symbolise the lesson which the film had taught us. That evening we learnt and taught many new songs, and often found ourselves on common ground in certain tunes although the words were in different languages—for instance we heard "Red River Valley" in Norwegian, English, French, and a Gold Coast dialect. The day ended with a reading from the works of a philosopher, and, much wiser people than we had been twelve hours earlier, we went to bed.

The account of one day in such a meeting may seem fragmentary in the extreme, and it must give only a small glimpse of the fortnight as a whole. I could have told you about the conditions of the camp—imagine sleeping in Room II, breakfasting in the dining hut, and lounging in the domestic science centre! Or about the high spots of fun—a play produced by a Spaniard—in one day!—and starring an international cast; Pedro eating breakfast in pale green pyjamas, made respectable by the addition of a carefully knotted tie; a major ragging enterprise which resulted in one figure, notable in the Pembroke Dock Academic world, spending the small hours in search of his mattress, and the reprisals devised but inadequately carried out by this same gentleman together with a group of conspirators; cricket "à la française" (use of the feminine not due to bad grammar). Or about the other more serious activities: how the camp ran itself, producing chairmen and officials for every meeting, and organising meetings amongst its members, for instance, a recital of violin and piano music by a German girl and boy; or of calypsoes by the two West Indian boys; a fascinating presentation of life in a communist state by the Yugoslav group; a discussion of the colour problem led by the colonials; a talk about East Berlin illustrated by smuggled photographs of the Berlin riots . . . and so much more. But still I prefer to describe this one day in detail, for you can then see quite clearly the success of the camp, for you see not only the organised programme aiming at international sympathy as represented by the lectures and films, but also the informal and much more important side, as represented by our harmony as a group enjoying itself. There is the success: we enjoyed the companionship of human personalities, not merely the interesting meeting of nationalities: it was the motto of the camp come to life, "Above all nations, humanity."

ANN DAVID, University College of South Wales, Cardiff.

The Foreign Tour

"THERE'S Ostend!" I heard, and I leaned eagerly over the rail of the "Prinse Philippe," as the roar of the engines died away and the waves, suddenly very loud, slapped against the ship's side, sending out a milky-white spray.

The time was 3.30 a.m. on the second morning of the much anticipated 'foreign-tour' which still seemed to me more of a fantasy than a reality. In the half-light the seemingly intangible buildings, strung along the quay-side, merged into the grey-brown background, only their edges outlined against the pale sky. Gradually they took distinct shape, with sharp, geometrical fineness. Within fifteen minutes we had landed and the long trip to Dover and the rolling cross-channel voyage were behind us.



Two aspects of the New School: Above, the potter's wheel; below, the library.





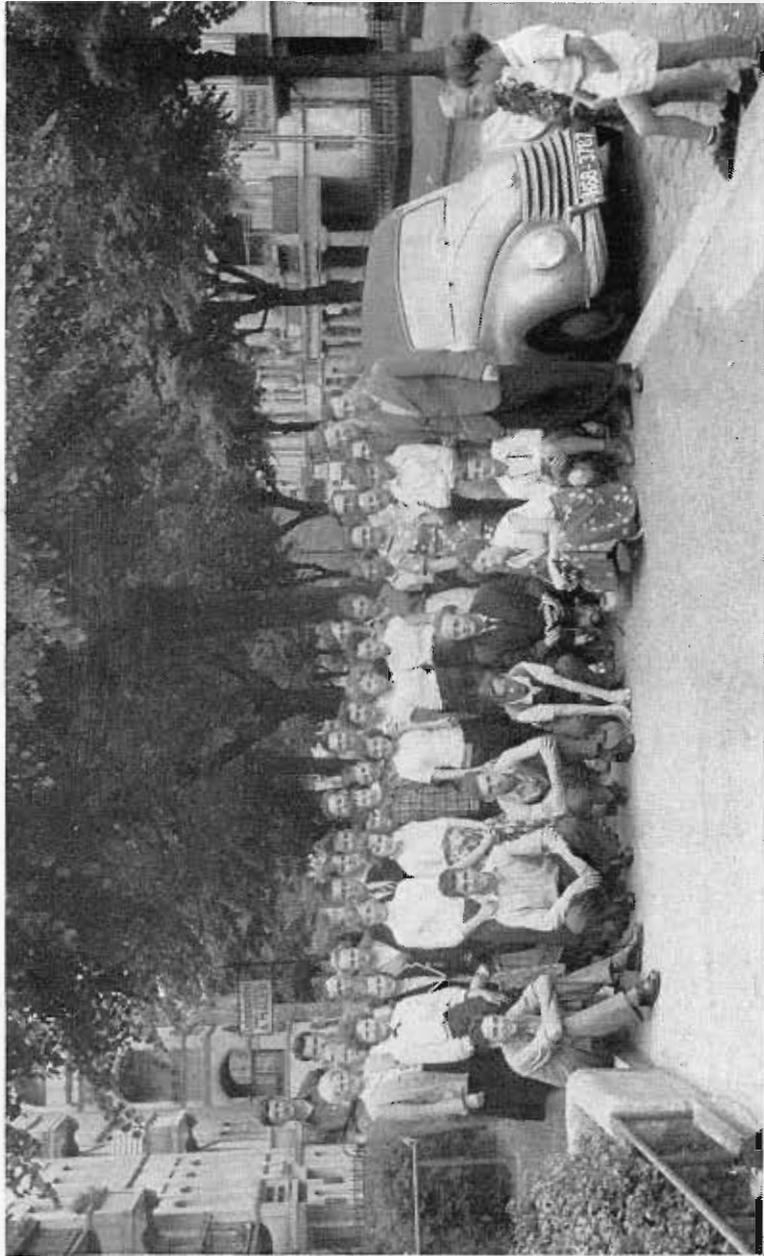
ROUNDERS XI — 1955

Standing : Gwyneth James ; Delphia Welham ; Joyce Willoughby ; Rhona Gassner ; Sheila Jones ; Nanette Brickie.
 Seated : Mrs. Ebsworth ; Jean Devote ; Suzanne Brown ; Jean Crutchley ; Mr. Mathias.
 In Front : Rae Gammon ; Margaret Thomas.



CRICKET IX, 1955

Standing : Geoffrey Wainwright, David Weale, David Morgan, Stephen Brown, Michael Owen, Derek Blake, Clive Harkett,
 John Cornwell.
 Seated : Mr. Mathias, George Reynolds, John Jones, Stephen Griffiths, Terence Panton, Malcolm Joy, Mr. Devereux.



The German Tour Party with Frau Schroeder at Wiesbaden

Some time later, after sampling our first Continental breakfast, we were speeding across Belgium, esconced in the bus that was to be the only communal link with home for the next fortnight, and feeling as replete as one could having breakfasted at 5.0 a.m. I was soon asleep and fear that much of the Belgian countryside appeared to me in sleepy snatches of neat, balanced, detached houses, or wide, flat, golden landscapes.

Boppard-am-Rhein, our destination, seemed as far away as did the morning before when we had left Pembroke Dock, and yet, at 7.0 p.m. we had arrived! Boppard certainly lives up to its name of "Die Perle am Rhein." Although it was already dusk by the time we arrived, the quaint cobbled streets, the painted shutters and gay window-boxes of the houses, and the glimpse of the Rhine down one short street was enough to set even the least fertile imagination on fire.

Darkness comes early to Boppard, transforming it to an ethereality of light and shadow; the trees along the river-front become a shadowy avenues, pricked with fairy-lights; the infinite rows of grape vines, a stone's throw, it seems, across the Rhine, become an earthy green-black mountain; the exclusive hotels, formal-looking in the day-time, become living worlds of light and song. The river itself—what does that become? What happens to that silvery serpent, ever-busy in day-time, as it twists its own peculiar way through Germany? The Rhine becomes a cool, black, wine-deep rifer of whispers; a holiday launch slips out of darkness into darkness, the sound of "O Mein Papa" being played on deck gradually grows fainter as the launch, with its laughing crowd of holiday-makers, shedding some of its quick-silver light into the water, disappears round a big bend in the Rhine, out of Boppard.

An unrestrained atmosphere of gaiety pervades Boppard along the river-front at night. Everything was new and exciting to us. This was the place where it seemed just the thing to do, to walk five or six abreast along the Rhine, singing English and Welsh songs—and even if one hotel did pointedly shut its windows, we were amply compensated by the curious crowd of people who stopped to listen to us. Again it seemed natural to dance under the trees to the music of a banjo produced from somewhere, and later to eat apples just as mysteriously produced.

Fairy-like as it is at night, the Rhine loses practically none of its charm during the day. Boppard had more experiences and adventures to unfold than I had days to find them.

We had every opportunity of exploring the town as we pleased, and everywhere we were met with the friendliness typical of the German people. Language presented a little difficulty, confining at first, between-meal drinks to "Coca-Cola," which mercifully is the same in all languages; one could feel satisfied having entered a shop with the intention of buying a head-scarf, and eventually emerging after fruitless explanation with a clock-work doll! But with sign language and a stray word of German, we soon acquired a means of communication.

Although the whole tour remains a single experience bracketed in my life, certain episodes stand out as strong links in the chain of happy events.

It was a beautiful day when we took the Cologne—Dusseldorf steamer to Oberwesel. We travelled on the "Bismarck," a graceful white ship carrying 2,500 passengers. As we cruised down the Rhine we had ample time to absorb the beauty on either bank. On either side of the river appeared an ever-changing panorama of thinly-wooded cliffs, rows and rows of terraced grape-vines, a sudden tunnel from where a similarly sudden train would hurtle, only to be lost in the depths of another tunnel, villages, churches, castles and ribbon-like roads, all of which contribute to "der romantische Rhein." There were the "Burg Kats" and "Burg Maus"—Rhine castles so named because they were owned by two brothers who were constantly quarrelling; then the tall Lorelei Rock reared its stately head. An old legend of the Rhine tells us that a siren once sat on this

rock, luring hapless sailors onto the treacherous rocky shore. The Rhine here is at its narrowest, the banks being less than 130 yards apart.

We reached Oberwesel in brilliant sunshine and were left to our own devices for awhile. At the top of a neighbouring hill stood a ruined castle, and with some more girls I climbed to it. The steps were steep, hewn with obvious toil out of stone, now worn almost smooth. On the way we sampled some delicious sun-warmed cherries, only afterwards realising that perhaps they hadn't been growing wild at all, and the close wire fencing was to deter such miscreants as us. Although somewhat straitened circumstances prevented us from entering the castle, we were rewarded with the view that took away what little breath we had after the climb!

Another never to be forgotten experience was a trip on the Sesselbahn. The mountain-chair took us way up over Boppard at a speed by which one could admire the lazy bends of the Rhine, the clean, white roads, the terraced vines piled against the noon-day sky, and the buildings looking more like toy models as we rose. From the top we could see Kamp, our "neighbouring" village, that stood on the edge of the dome-shaped peninsular that divided the Rhine into its "Four Lakes." And we could see all Boppard, sparkling and complete, not in the least betraying the unexpected thrills and pleasures to be found within her boundaries.

The one Sunday we were at Boppard we went to church, and I was most impressed by the great number of people attending morning service and the complete silence of the congregation during the sermon.

In direct contrast was a dance the seniors of our party attended one early evening. The proprietor of the Rheineck Hotel invited us there, beamed a pro-British smile, put a small Union Jack on our table and left us to enjoy ourselves. Although this included buying wine, this was our only entrance-fee, and it did give one a feeling of well-being (or was it dizziness) to sit at the windows of one of the hotels sipping wine (brought communally), or dancing with the ultra-polite boys that Boppard produced.

But in this place even the most ordinary things became extraordinary. Shopping became an adventure of admiration. Would-be presents displayed in windows took money and breath away. One afternoon we found a small pool near the Rhine. We gathered that to walk round it three times in a clockwise direction and the subsequent dipping of the arms in another small pool meant perpetual freedom from rheumatism. Only time can tell whether or not this is true! This reminds me of the time when we sat by the Rhine, dangling our feet in the water, eating hot, greasy doughnuts; the day we enquired casually for the Bank and were promptly escorted to the very entrance—or the not infrequent meetings with other British people—the animated conversations, the link of language breaking through the usual British reserve.

Yet the carefree air of the people and place was one born of forgetfulness. New buildings are replacing the blackened scars of destruction by war. This made me realise more than ever that war has changed from its glorious conception of bows and arrows and red and white roses to blind jealousy of one country to another, has changed from "trumpets, plumes, chargers, pomp and excitement" to wilful destruction and murder.

However, the friendliness we received everywhere showed none of this; it was only the ruined buildings, stoically staring into laughing streets.

It was all too soon that we were packing and saying last good-byes to the now familiar town characterised by its twin-peaked church, happy children playing on amusements beautifully carved from tree-trunks, and above all the romantic, mysterious feeling that surely belongs exclusively to the Rhine.

RUTH COLE.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES

Dramatic Society, 1955

The officials appointed this year are:—Secretary: Delphia Welham. Committee: Jean Devote, Eleanor Birrell, Margaret Thomas, Valmai Jones, Sheila Donovan, Margaret Scarr, Graham Phillips and David Gwyther.

During this term the Society produced a melodrama called "Blood Money," performed by the seniors of the school. The Society had the honour of performing the first play in the new school. Congratulations and credit must go to Eleanor Birrell as producer, and to all the cast: Valmai Jones, Cyril Macullum, Ann Woolnough, David Gwyther, Malcolm Davies and Eric Goding, who all portrayed their parts extremely well. They gave a most enjoyable performance before a large and enthusiastic audience.

Eleanor Birrell wishes to thank the following people for their invaluable help: Jean Devote, Pamela Griffiths, Sheila Donovan, Valmai Jones, as well as other members of the cast.

Next year it is hoped that more talent will be discovered, especially in the junior school.

Yr Urdd

THIS term's meetings of the Urdd have been outstanding for their interest and for the attendances which they have drawn.

The hall of the old school was full to hear Eric Morgan, an old boy of the Urdd, speaking of his experiences in the uncharted areas of the province of Quebec with the British Schools' Exploration Society. We were all fascinated with this illustrated talk and the vivid style in which it was given.

In spite of the confusion of the move to our new premises, or, perhaps, because of it, we held the annual "Ducking Apple Night," and Room 12 was well and truly christened the Welsh Room. Raymond Dony told his usual horror, and Margaret F. Thomas and Jacqueline Godfrey sang for us. We were also entertained by Form II choir.

The United Nations' week was celebrated by the Urdd for the first time this year. The corridors were hung with many posters, telling of the many functions and of the great humanitarian work of this organisation. Eira Brickle spoke in Assembly, and we were honoured with a visit from Mr. Jacob Jones, M.C., B.A., the South Wales Organiser of United Nations Association. The upper school was thrilled with his challenge and his enlightened approach to the international situation. Here was a man of seventy years of age speaking to us as if he stood on the threshold of life, and making us feel very guilty of our apathy and disinterest. To round off this week of opening windows on the world there were two showings of the magnificent documentary classic—"World Without End."

This year we are fortunate in having amongst us Julie Berntzen, our first visitor from Scandinavia. She lives in Oslo. She told us about life in Norway. Gillian Lewis had also spent some time in Norway during the summer holiday with the Girl Guides, and she added to Julie's talk a visitor's impressions of that country. The talks were illustrated by a film.

The number of German visitors this term was increased to four—but they are still all girls. They were regular attenders at Urdd meetings, and at one meeting they gave us an interesting insight into life in Germany, including the great problem of a divided nation. Before they left us Anke, Christiana, Erika and Katharina were presented with an Urdd badge and a book about Wales.

The Christmas party was held during the last week of term and was a great success. There was the usual fancy dress, and Father Christmas, who appeared very effectively through a hole high up in the wall, accompanied by snow, the neighing of his reindeer and the sound of bells. A feature of this year's party was the preparation in the dining hall, which was lit by candles. At 9 o'clock the juniors retired—unwillingly—to give place to a very enjoyable session of strenuous dancing.

The officers for this year are:—Chairman: Joan Lewis; Secretary: Suzanne Brown; Treasurer: Eira Brickle.

SUZANNE BROWN.

Debating Society

THIS term there has only been one meeting, probably because of the upheaval during the move to our new quarters. This meeting was in the old school in room one at 4 p.m. on Wednesday, September 21st, 1955, and the Chairman was Mr. U. William. The first item was the election of officers and committee for the new session, 1955-56. They were appointed as follows:—Chairman: Eira Brickle; Vice-chairman, David Thomas; Secretary, Anne Campodonic; Members of Committee: Pauline Armitage, Jennifer Gordon, Patricia Kavanagh, Christopher Law, Gillian Lewis and Michael Owen.

After this we were given three very interesting accounts of the Foreign Tour, 1955. The first speaker was George Reynolds, who described how the party arrived there and how they returned, while David Thomas gave an account of visits to interesting and historical places around the Rhine. Eira Brickle, speaking last, recalled what happened during the tour and described the food. Several questions were asked and answered and then the meeting was closed. Meanwhile we are looking forward to our first debate in Pembroke Grammar School.

Science Society

THE only function performed by the Science Society this term has been the election of officials for the coming year. A talk on "Isomerism" by George Reynolds had been planned, but this was delayed several times for various reasons. It is hoped that this talk, together with others by members of the society, will be given early in the Easter term.

The elected officials were:—President, N. H. Greenwood; Chairman, G. H. R. Reynolds; Secretary, S. F. Brown; Committee: M. Owen, J. Cornwell, G. Lewis, P. Armitage, J. Carr, D. Weale, C. Harkett, K. McGarvie, G. McClean, W. Tucker.

The Stratford Trip

IN July a small party, including three German girls, visited Stratford, and later spent a day at Oxford.

The name "Stratford" conveys a hackneyed impression. Before I had seen the actual place I was prepared for any sort of commercial iniquity, and when we arrived at Stratford the first impression I had was governed by a street of advertisement hoardings, so my expectations were realized. However, gradually some cynicism was dispersed as we penetrated the town. The usual nondescript centre which one expects to find gave way in places to sham and genuine Tudor style houses. It was a relief to see that the exploitation for tourist purposes of Shakespeare's connection with Stratford was not entirely vulgar.

We saw two plays—"Macbeth" and "Twelfth Night": the latter was the superior production by far. The set for the first scene of "Macbeth" was very effective, though dramatic effect was weakened considerably by the witches' accents, which were far too refined.

"Twelfth Night" was well cast, and although when a play has a good cast it is more difficult to distinguish between the good and the outstanding, it is inevitable that Sir Lawrence Olivier should stand out above the rest of the cast. His interpretation of Malvolio was both brilliant and original. Vivien Leight as Viola enchanted the audience with her superb voice, though she was not as successful in "Macbeth" because, although her Lady Macbeth was adequate, she did not possess sufficient venom to give the lines the required vehemence.

DAVINA EVANS.

Soon our journey around some of the colleges came to an end, and we then made for Blackwell's Bookshop. It was then we realised that we had squandered so much money in Stratford, for few of us could produce little more than a few shillings to buy books. The day, however, would not have been complete without a trip on the River Cherwell. We borrowed a punt, but managed little more than floating from one side to the other. However, two of our party, who shall remain anonymous, decided that it may be better to stand up in the punt, but this nearly resulted in a mud bath.

JOAN LEWIS.

SCHOOL NOTES

From the beginning of term, the list of prefects has been as follows:—

Head Boy: George Reynolds. Head Girl: Joan Lewis.

Picton House:

Clive Harket (H.P.); Jeremy Gordon; W. Tucker*; Timothy Mason*; Jennifer Gordon (H.P.); Jennifer Rickard*; Pat Kavanagh*; Jean Crutchley.*

Glyndwr House:

Gordon Rickard (H.P.); David Weale; David Horn; Christopher Law*; Suzanne Brown (H.P.); Davina Evans*; Awena Jones*; Delphia Welham.*

Hywel House:

George Reynolds (H.P.); Stephen Brown; Kenneth MacGarvie*; John Cornwell; Gillian Lewis (H.P.); Yvonne Richards*; Sheila Donovan*; Eleanor Birrell.*

Tudor House:

Michael Owen (H.P.); Malcolm Davies*; Georg Grossmann*; Joan Lewis; (H.P.); Eira Brickle*; Ruth Cole; Joan Carr*; Pauline Armitage*

* — Sub-Prefect.

This term the school has enjoyed the company of four German visitors—Katharina Schaad, from Stuttgart; Anke Matthies, from Hamburg; Erika Zebel, from Duisberg, and Christiane Hoffmann, from Folkenstein. During their stay the girls took a very active part in school activities, and we were all sorry to see them go.

We hope that Julie Berntzen, who is spending this year at our school, will enjoy our school-life.

The following pupils entered University Colleges last September: Raymond Angle, Marie Bearn, Anthony George, Mary Griffiths, Terrence Panton and Geoffrey Wainwright (Cardiff); Una Flint (Bangor); Megan Harries and Noreen Jones (Swansea). The following entered Training Colleges: Dorothy Thomas (Swansea); subject to National Service claims—Derek Blake, Stephen Griffiths (Loughborough); Owen James (Lough-

borough); Malcolm Joy (Trinity, Carmarthen) and Derek MacGarvie (Culham College).

A nursing career attracted many "leavers" this year. The following went to hospitals to train: Charmaine Ellis, Joyce Gullam, Ann Phillips, Joyce Phillips and Margaret Thomas.

David Nicholas became a Drawing Office Apprentice; Dennis Pascoe, an engineering apprentice; John Rowse is taking a building course; Daniel Stewart is a Dockyard apprentice; Michael Tee is a temporary scientific assistant at Aberporth; John H. Thomas is an aircraft apprentice, and Marjorie Williams has entered the Civil Service.

We must congratulate John Ebsworth on becoming a member of the Welsh Secondary Schools Rugby XV. We wish him every success in his game against Yorkshire in January.

School Diary

- 6 Sept. Term began.
New Staff:—
Messrs. Hewish, Thomas, Dennis Lloyd, Stone Davies, Mlle. de Benque.
Also:—
Dieter Hundertmark.
Rosemarie Gombert.
Julie Berntzen.
- 8 Sept. Re-visit of Jean Besida.
- 12 Sept. Visit of Ballets Minerva.
S. Mansfield O.P. gift to Library.
- 20 Sept. Lecture by J. Forrest Whiteley.
- 21 Sept. Pauline Armitage spoke on Madame Curie.
Arrival of German pupils:—Christiane Hoffmann, Anke Matthies, Erika Zobel and Katherina Schaad.
- 23 Sept. Meeting of the Urdd, at which Eric Morgan (O.P.) spoke on his experiences in the region north of Quebec.
- 26 Sept. Dieter Hundertmark left (spoke in Assembly about an interchange between schools).
- 28 Sept. Talk by Mrs. J. A. Lakin (O.P.), of Nigeria.
- 17/18 Oct. Move to Bush.
- 19 Oct. New School opened.
- 21 Oct. Concert by Malcolm Troup.
- 24 Oct. United Nations Day.
Talk by Mr. W. K. DeDouall, of the Southern Sudan.
- 27 Oct. Talk by Mr. Jacob Jones on UNESCO.
- 28 Oct. Official Opening of the School by Sir David Eccles.
O.P. Dance in the evening.
- 31 Oct./4 Nov. Hall Term.
- 8 Nov. Visit of Mrs. Williamson and Mr. Christopher, of the Central Youth Employment Executive.
- 9 Nov. Ruth Cole spoke on Dylan Thomas.
- 11 Nov. Preview of "The Robe" at Haggars Cinema.
Social in evening.
- 16/18 Nov. Parties visited "The Robe."
- 21 Nov. W.J.E.C. Examination began.
- 23 Nov. Suzanne Brown spoke on Lady Charlotte Guest.
- 29 Nov. Concert by Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra at Haverfordwest.
- 6 Dec. Party visited "Hansel and Gretel" at Tasker's School.
- 9 Dec. Prize Day—Guest of Honour: Mr. Wynne Lloyd, Her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Schools for Wales.

- 12 Dec. Yvonne Richards spoke on W. B. Yeats.
2nd Form Party.
- 14 Dec. Old Boys' Match. 3rd Form Party.
- 15 Dec. 4th Form Party.
- 16 Dec. Senior Party.
- 17 Dec. Urdd Party.
- 19/20 Dec. House Drama Competition. Adjudicator—Mrs. Mary Lewis.
Llandyssul.
- 21 Dec. End of term.

W.J.E.C. Result

GENERAL CERTIFICATES OF EDUCATION, ORDINARY LEVEL

V Remove:

- Frederick Breese—English Language, English Literature, Welsh*, History, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry and Woodwork.
Anne Campodonic—English Language, English Literature, French*, History, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry and Cookery.
Beti Evans—English Language, English Literature, French*, Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology and Art.
John Rees—English Language, Mathematics, Physics and Woodwork.
David Thomas—English Language, English Literature, French*, History, Geography, Mathematics (e), Chemistry and Woodwork.

VO:

- Fredrica Bearne—English Language, English Literature, and the Special Examination in Arithmetic.
Vernon Blackmore—Woodwork.
Gretel Charles—English Language, English Literature, Biology and Art.
John Chilton—Special Examination in Arithmetic.
John Ebsworth—Geography and Woodwork.
David Evans—English Language, English Literature, Biology and Homecraft.
Victoria Fogwill—English Language, Biology and Art.
Rae Gamman—English Literature and French*.
Brian Griffiths—English Language, Scripture, Mathematics, Woodwork.
Joyce Gullam—English Language, English Literature, Scripture, Biology and Homecraft.
John Jenkins—English Literature and History.
Dennis Jones—Woodwork.
George Jones—English Language, English Literature, Scripture, Geography, Biology and Homecraft.
Michael Lumsden—English Language, English Literature, Biology, Art.
Cyril MacCullum—English Language, Scripture, Geography, Art.
Rhona Miller—Geography and Homecraft.
Bernardine Murphy—English Language, History.
John Ougham—Geography, Biology, Art.
Edgar Owen—Mathematics, Woodwork.
Vivien Paine—English Language, English Literature, Art, Needlework, Homecraft.
Gillian Richards—English Language, English Literature, Art, Homecraft.
William Scone—English Language, English Literature, Welsh*, Woodwork.
Ann Sherlock—English Language.
Dorothy Uphill—English Language, Cookery, Needlework, and the Special Examination in Arithmetic.
Cyril Williams—Woodwork.
Ann Woolnough—English Language, English Literature, Cookery and Homecraft.

Eleanor Birrell—English Language, English Literature, Latin, French*, Scripture, Geography, Mathematics, Art.
 Jean Crutchley—English Language, Art.
 Malcolm Davics—Mathematics, Biology.
 Jean Devote—English Language, English Literature, French, Biology, Cookery, Needlework.
 Grace Edwards—English Language, English Literature, Welsh*, Scripture, Mathematics, Cookery.
 Rhona Gassner—English Language, French*, Mathematics, Needlework.
 Aïun Griffiths—English Literature.
 Pamela Griffiths—English Literature, Scripture, Cookery.
 Georg Grossman—German*, Geography, Mathematics.
 David Gwyther—French*, Chemistry, Art.
 Geoffrey James—Welsh, Biology.
 Anita John—Scripture, Geography, Music.
 Patricia Kavangh—Latin, German*, Mathematics, Chemistry.
 Christopher Law—English Language, English Literature, Scripture, History, Mathematics, Physics.
 Christopher Macken—English Literature.
 Timothy Mason—English Language, Geography, Economics, Chemistry, Biology, Art, Homecraft, and the Special Examination in Arithmetic.
 Richard May—English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.
 David Morgan—Mathematics, Physics.
 Joan Morgan—English Language, English Literature, German*, Mathematics, Cookery, Needlework.
 Michael Nicholls—English Language, English Literature, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology.
 Patricia O'Brien—French, Mathematics, Needlework.
 Ann Phillips—English Language, Art, Homecraft.
 Graham Phillips—English Language, English Literature, Welsh*, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Woodwork.
 Mary Phillips—English Language, English Literature, German*, History, Cookery, Needlework.
 Bryn Price—Mathematics.
 Ann Roberts—English Language, German*, Scripture.
 Margaret Scarr—English Language, Scripture, History, Homecraft, Art.
 John Thomas—Geography, Art.
 Margaret Thomas—English Language, English Literature, Welsh*, Scripture.
 Michael Thomas—English Language, French*, Art.
 Delphia Welham—English Language, English Literature, Scripture, Cookery.

VI Commercial :

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, ADVANCED LEVEL

Nanette Brickle—Welsh, Commercial Subjects.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

Nanette Brickle—Typewriting—Stage I with credit ; Book-keeping—Stage I with credit ; Shorthand—50 yards per minute with credit.

GENERAL CERTIFICATES OF EDUCATION, ORDINARY LEVEL

L.VI :

Eira Brickle—Latin, Mathematics.
 Olive Harkett—Mathematics (e), Physics.
 John Jones—Welsh, Mathematics (e), Chemistry.
 Malcolm Joy—Practical Plane and Solid Geometry.
 Sandra Loveluck—Geography, Homecraft.

Margaret Phillips—Welsh, Scripture, Homecraft.
 Gordon Rickard—German*, Mathematics (e), Physics, Practical Plane and Solid Geometry.
 Jennifer Rickard—French*.
 Michael Tee—Chemistry.
 William Tucker—German*, Chemistry.
 David Weale—German*, Mathematics (e).

Upper VI :

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, ADVANCED LEVEL

Raymond Angle—Pure and Applied Mathematics (Advanced), Physics (Advanced), Chemistry (Ordinary).
 Marie Bearn—English, French* (Advanced), Latin (Ordinary).
 Derek Blake—Mathematics, Chemistry (Ordinary).
 Suzanne Brown—English (Advanced), Welsh, Mathematics (Ordinary).
 Ruth Cole—English (Advanced, with Distinction), French, History (Ordinary).
 John Cornwell—Pure and Applied Mathematics (Advanced), Chemistry (Ordinary).
 Sheila Donovan—English, French* (Advanced), History (Ordinary).
 Una Flint—English, Scripture, History (Advanced).
 Anthony George—English, French* (Advanced).
 Jennifer Gordon—English, History (Advanced), Latin (Ordinary).
 Jeremy Gordon—Chemistry, Zoology (Advanced), Latin (Ordinary).
 Mary Griffith—English, Art (Advanced), History (Ordinary).
 Stephen Griffiths—Woodwork (Advanced), English, History (Ordinary).
 Megan Harrés—English, History, Geography (Advanced).
 Owen James—Woodwork (Advanced).
 Noreen Jones—English, Geography (Advanced), French (Ordinary).
 Gillian Lewis—Chemistry, Botany, Zoology (Ordinary).
 Michael Owen—Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry (Ordinary).
 Terrence Panton—Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry (Advanced).
 Dennis Pascoe—Mathematics, French* (Ordinary).
 George Reynolds—Pure and Applied Mathematics (with Distinction), Physics, Chemistry (Advanced).
 Dorothy Thomas—Welsh (Advanced), English (Ordinary).
 Geoffrey Wainwright—English, History (Advanced), English, Welsh (Ordinary).
 Marjorie Williams—Scripture (Advanced), English, Welsh (Ordinary).
 State Scholarship—George Reynolds.
 * With oral proficiency.

SCHOOL SPORT

CRICKET — SEASON 1955

THE season was again a poor one. Of nine school matches played, five were won and four lost. It is worthy of note that double figures were not once reached by the first wicket pair, in spite of the fact that the batting order was frequently changed. Several boys who had shown promise in previous seasons were most disappointing this year, in particular S. Brown and J. Jones. Fortunately their batting failures were redeemed to a certain extent by their excellent fielding. C. Harkett batted well on several occasions and should do even better next year, while T. Panton improved as the season went on.

The most consistent all-round performer was undoubtedly S. Griffiths, the captain, who headed both batting and bowling averages. Griffiths had a very good season, playing in all the Pembrokeshire and combined Pembroke—Carmarthen teams. His performances in these representative matches were so good that he was awarded his County Cap and was selected to play in a Welsh Trial, but unfortunately he did not do well enough to be selected for the Welsh XI. There is no doubt that Griffiths' all-round playing ability as well as his captaincy were badly missed by the School when he was playing in representative matches. J. R. Jones and M. Joy also played in the Pembrokeshire XI.

In most previous seasons the School's poor batting has been redeemed by good bowling, but that was not the case this season. Although both Blake and Joy bowled fairly steadily, there was no really hostile bowler to open with Griffiths. Weale, slow left-hand, was not so effective as last year, though it must be admitted that in this dry summer he had no help from the wicket.

The following boys played in the XI:—S. Griffiths (Capt.), J. R. Jones (Vice-Capt.), T. Panton (Secretary), M. Joy, D. Blake, S. Brown, J. Carr, J. Cornwell, D. Evans, J. Gough, C. Harkett, G. Jones, C. Macken, D. Morgan, G. Reynolds, G. Wainwright, D. Weale.

Colours were awarded to S. Griffiths and M. Joy.

Results:

- May 14: v. Milford G.S. Home.
Milford 54 (Griffiths 4—9),
School 66 (Joy 34, Blake 11).
- May 27: v. Narberth G.S. Home. 1st Round Bowen-Summers Bowl.
School 45 (J. Jones 20 n.o.),
Narberth 21 (Griffiths 5—8, Joy 4—2).
- June 4: v. Carmarthen G.S. Home.
Carmarthen 101—7 (Weale 3—22),
School 70 (Griffiths 25, Harkett 17).
- June 18: v. Narberth G.S. Away.
School 75 (Panton 18 n.o., Griffiths 20, Harkett 13, J. Jones 12),
Narberth 41 (Griffiths 5—12).
- June 25: v. Carmarthen G.S. Away.
Carmarthen 72—6 (Joy 3—11),
School 36 (Blake 11).
- July 2: v. Haverfordwest G.S. Home.
School 60 (Panton 17),
Haverfordwest 110 (J. Jones 3—6).
- July 7: v. Whitland G.S. Away.
Whitland 41 (Griffiths 7—11),
School 59—7 (Brown 16, Griffiths 16, Harkett 12, Panton 11).

- July 13: v. Milford G.S. Home. 2nd Round Bowen-Summers Bowl.
Milford 89 (Blake 5—20),
School 54 (Harkett 15, Wainwright 10).
- July 14: v. Staff. Home.
Staff 51 (Joy 6—12),
School 52—3 (Brown 25 n.o., Griffiths 13 n.o.).
- July 16: v. Tenby G.S. Away. School 34,
Tenby 27 (Joy 4—2, Weale 2—5).
- July 20: v. Old Boys. Home.
Old Boys 77 (A. F. Morgan 45, Griffiths 5—14),
School 42 (Cornwell 17, R. Beynon 6—9).

TENNIS — 1955

THIS season showed little improvement in the general standard of play. Although the Tennis VI, captained by Noreen Jones, lost their four matches, they played consistently. Their opponents were: Tasker's High School (2 matches), Millford Grammar School (1 match), and Whitland Grammar School (1 match). The team consisted of Noreen Jones (captain, old colour), Joan Carr, Rhona Gassner, Davina Evans, Pauline Armitage and Penny Grant.

Margaret Thomas and Davina Evans were awarded their tennis colours. We must congratulate Margaret Thomas on reaching the finals of the Junior County Championship. Let us hope that the juniors will be inspired to follow her example.

In this year's School Tennis Tournament Chris Macken added to his many successes this season by winning the Boys' Singles Cup; the Girls' Singles Cup was won by Davina Evans, and the Mixed Doubles Cup by Chris Macken and Noreen Jones.

Others who reached the semi-finals were Gordon Rickard, John Carr, Stephen Griffiths (Boys' Singles); Rhona Gassner, Gillian Garnham and Noreen Jones (Girls' Singles); Davina Evans and Gordon Rickard; Joan Carr and John Ebsworth; Marie Bearne and Stephen Griffiths (Mixed Doubles).

An encouraging feature this year was the comparatively large number of juniors who entered the Tournament.

The result of the Staff versus School match was a victory for the School by 36 games. Although the girls were valiantly assisted by the boys in this match, it was an optimistic note on which to end the season.

Results

	May 14th	June 18th	June 25th	July 2nd	Tasker's H.S.	Whitland G.S.	Tasker's H.S.	Milford G.S.	Away	Home	Away	Home	Lost	Lost	Lost	Lost	45—18 games	34—29 games	63—18 games	47—34 games

ROUNDERS — 1955

THE 1955 Rounders season was once again highly successful. The first IX won five of their six matches and drew the remaining one. The team was captained by Suzanne Brown and Jean Devote filled the dual role of vice-captain and secretary.

This season the batting improved considerably, maintaining a very high standard, and the fielding, too, excelled that of previous seasons.

Altogether 53½ rounders were made for, and only 8½ made against, the team. Outstanding throughout the season were Rhona Gassner (8½); Jean Crutchley (8); Rae Gammon (6); Joyce Willoughby (6); Suzanne Brown (5½); Margaret Thomas (5); and Sheila Jones (5), and newcomer to the team, Gwyneth James (4½). This term colours were awarded to Margaret Thomas, Sheila Jones, Gwyneth James and Joyce Willoughby.

The second IX were unfortunate in that they were unable to arrange more than two matches. The team, captained by Gwyneth James, won

their match against Narberth Grammar School and lost to Whitland Grammar School. Consistent throughout were Stella Donovan (5); Sheila Jones (4); Pat Greenhow and Verona Fox (3 each).

A new feature was the introduction of Rounders House Matches: Picton won the competition, followed by Glyndwr, Hywel and Tudor respectively. The cup, given by the Rev. Garfield Davies, was presented to Margaret Thomas, captain of the successful team. The following represented the School 1st IX:—*Suzanne Brown, *Rhona Gassner, *Jean Devote, *Jean Crutchley, Margaret Thomas, *Nanette Brickle, *Rae Gammon, *Delph'a Weirham, Joyce Willoughby, Pam Clarke, Sheila Jones, Gwyneth James.
* Old colours.

2nd IX: Gwyneth James, Audrey Higgs, Jacky Godfrey, Jacky Hay, Anne Wright, Verona Fox, Gillian Garnham, Pat Greenhow, Stella Donovan, Myra Cook and Charlotte Ambrose.

Games played were:—

1st IX:

May 14th	Tasker's H.S.	Away	Drawn	2½—2½
May 28th	Narberth G.S.	Away	Won	5—0
June 18th	Whitland G.S.	Home	Won	16½—4
June 25th	Tasker's H.S.	Home	Won	2—1
July 2nd	Milford G.S.	Away	Won	7½—0
July 9th	Narberth G.S.	Home	Won	20—1

2nd IX:

June 18th	Whitland G.S.	Home	Lost	5—4
July 9th	Narberth G.S.	Home	Won	17—0

Other Matches:

June 13th	V Remove and U. IVA (1½) v. Form IV (5).
June 17th	Form III (½) v. Form II (½).
June 21st	Form IV Girls (1) v. Form IV Boys (5).

RUGBY

Results—First Term

FIRST FIFTEEN

September—				
17—v. Ardwyn G.S. (away)	Lost	3—5	
21—v. Welch Regt. 'A' (away)	Lost	0—8	
October—				
1—v. Haverfordwest G.S. (away)	Lost	0—6	
8—v. Aberaeron G.S. (away)	Won	17—0	
15—v. Tenby G.S. (home)	Won	29—5	
22—v. Cardigan G.S. (away)	Lost	6—12	
29—v. Pembroke Dock 'A' (away)	Won	17—0	
November—				
12—v. Whitland G.S. (home)	Won	18—0	
19—v. Carmarthen G.S. (home)	Lost	3—6	
26—v. Whitland G.S. (away)	Won	12—0	
December—				
3—v. Llanelly G.S. (home)	Won	8—3	
10—v. Gwendraeth G.S. (home)	Won	8—6	
14—v. Old Boys (home)	Won	21—5	

SECOND FIFTEEN

September—				
17—v. Ardwyn G.S. (away)			
24—v. Haverfordwest G.S. (away)	Won	9—0	
October—				
1—v. Pembroke Dock Youth (home)	Lost	0—13	
15—v. Pembroke Youth (home)	Lost	0—14	
22—v. Cardigan G.S. (away)	Won	3—0	

November—

19—v. Carmarthen G.S. (home) Lost 5—8

December—

17—v. Pembroke Youth (away) Lost 3—9

HOUSE TOTALS

	Glyndwr	Hywel	Picton	Tudor
Sports (20)	20.0	12.2	14.0	16.8
Cross-country (5)	5.0	4.0	3.0	1.0
Hockey (10)	7.5	4.2	10.0	3.3
Rugby (10)	10.0	4.0	2.0	8.0
Eisteddfod (25)	25.0	16.3	19.9	17.8
Drama (10)	10.0	6.0	6.0	4.0
Academics (30)	30.0	24.8	20.4	25.3
	107.5	71.5	75.3	76.2
Detention (—10)	—8.0	—7.1	—7.8	—10.0
Total out of a possible 110	99.5	64.4	67.5	66.2

OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

President: R. G. Mathias, Esq., M.A., B.Litt.

Chairman: Miss Kathleen Rouse. Vice-Chairman: Mrs. Eileen Macken.

Secretary: D. F. Hordley. Treasurer: M. G. Thomas.

Committee:

Miss Joan Tucker, Mrs. Joan Sudbury, Mrs. Joyce Hall, J. H. A. Macken,
John Ross, Dennis Lloyd, David John.

THIS is an eventful number of the magazine, as it is the first to be issued from the new premises at Bush. The actual move from the old premises and the opening ceremony performed by the Minister of Education, Sir David Eccles, are described elsewhere in this issue. A ceremony that possibly concerns Old Pupils more closely was the unveiling, also by the Minister, of the Memorial Plaque to the Old Pupils who lost their lives in the war. The Memorial was dedicated by an Old Boy, the Rev. Frank Hobbs (1919-23). The ceremony has been described for us by the secretary of the Association, but it is worth recording here that Sir David told Mr. Wynne Lloyd, who was our guest speaker on Prize-Day, how very moved he was by the way in which the dedication ceremony was conducted.

After the official opening of the School on Friday, October 28, the Association held a dance in the new hall. About 160 Old Pupils, members of staff, and friends attended and as a result a substantial sum was realised for the Memorial Fund.

Plans are already being made for the Annual Dinner, the projected date being Wednesday, April 4. Will all Old Pupils please keep this date in mind?

The Memorial

A MEMORIAL Plaque to commemorate those of the School who fell during the 1939-4. War was unveiled by Sir David Eccles, Minister of Education, on Friday, October 28.

The Plaque has been erected at the entrance to the School Library and, appropriately, is opposite the Memorial which was raised to those who fell in the 1914-18 War. The Old Pupils' Association has for many years waited for the erection of this Memorial and was fortunate in arranging the unveiling to coincide with the opening of the new School.

The Plaque itself was designed and made by Mr. Edward Barnsley, who is one of Britain's most famous craftsmen, and it is a very beautiful piece of work.

The Ceremony was attended by many relatives and friends of the fallen, members of the Staff and representatives of the Old Pupils' Association.

Miss Kathleen Rouse, Chairman of the Old Pupils' Association, called upon Mr. J. H. A. Macken to give an outline of the Memorial's History since its conception at the end of the war. He emphasised that the Plaque was only a part of the Memorial which would eventually perpetuate the memory of those whose names were engraved thereon. He then called upon Sir David Eccles to unveil the Memorial on behalf of the Old Pupils' Association.

Sir David performed the Ceremony most graciously and the Memorial was then Dedicated by the Rev. Frank Hobbs, Vicar of Lamphay,

and an Old Boy of the School, who had himself served as a Chaplain in the R.A.F. during the war.

In a very simple yet moving address he told the assembly that he had known all those whose names were inscribed on the Memorial and that he had carried out the last rites at the interment of many of them.

At the close of the Ceremony of Dedication many of the Relatives present thanked the Association for setting up such a beautiful Memorial and for inviting them to be present at the Ceremony.

Off Course

WHILE engaged on the construction of the Baghdad Oil Refinery (two shifts were employed—one from 6 a.m. to 2.30 p.m., the other from 2.30 p.m. to 11 p.m.), with mixed feelings (at the time) I was appointed by my American employers as "Late Shift Superintendent." However, it was an arrangement that suited me very well indeed. Of course I had every day up to 2 p.m., and having explored all the coffee-shops in the famous Raschid Street and neighbourhood I thought it was time I occupied myself to better purpose. Reading the "Iraq Times" one morning I noted an advertisement—"Wanted, qualified lady teacher, preferably English, to teach English at advanced level. Apply Box —."

Well — I was no lady — I was not academically qualified — I was not English, nevertheless, on the principle "try anything once," I answered that advertisement (so did many others), but I was requested in a day or so to be at the Turkish Embassy at 9 a.m. Apparently I was on the "short list" anyhow.

So it was that I met His Excellency M. Muzzafer Goksenen, the Ambassador for Turkey in Iraq—former Air Force Commander in Eskisser, Adviser to the Air Force in the Ministry of Defence, General of an Army Corps, Commander-in-Chief for Defence, Commander-in-Chief Air Force, Full General in the Army, Governor of Ismir, but now—most important of all—a first-class chap.

He explained why he wanted a woman teacher to live at the Embassy. His wife and daughters, as well as himself, wished to improve their English at mealtimes and at every other suitable occasion, in addition to normal lessons. Moreover, this was a Turkish establishment, and it was clear to me that I would be one male too many living there permanently. The Ambassador sought my aid in finding the right person for the post, and until this person (a Scottish widow) was available (she was also a Government teacher) I was invited to "have a go" at improving his English—my only credentials being the P.D.C.S. report whereon Miss Salisbury (bless her) had commended my English Language and Literature with appropriate marks (I hope) and an "Excellent" in each case, while other worthy masters and mistresses (including T. H. J.) had written their say. In addition there was some evidence of further education in the Royal Navy—this was good enough for His Excellency.

He was a very busy man, and lessons had to be done between 8 and 10 a.m., and sometimes earlier, as other appointments and social occasions were many. Moreover this was the hatching period of the Baghdad Pact.

For some months I was at the Embassy early, and had the pleasure of breakfasting with the Ambassador while he manfully struggled to

understand idioms and figures of speech which had been thrust at him before breakfast, and were now being digested accompanied by hard-boiled eggs, toast and coffee.

The combination seems to have had a considerable measure of success for (after some weeks of tuition) when I arrived at the Embassy the Ambassador could hardly conceal his excitement. As we took up our usual positions in the study he said, "I am so pleased. Last night I was at a dinner given by King Faisal, and we had a long conversation in English, and he understood all I said, and I had no difficulty in understanding him."

I had many requests to teach English, and for a school year took a class of thirty-nine students to G.C.E. level, and had private students too—all of whom (I hope) acquired some lasting benefit in English, and, I suspect, perhaps a trace of the Pembrokehire accent too.

The present crisis in the Middle East leads me to think of the Baghdad Pact, and I feel I might in a very remote kind of way have had a very indirect "something to do with it."

To bring this to a close, here are a few "slip-ups" of other Arab Students.

1. (My comment—One for the opposition). "There may be weaknesses in our argument which should be **illuminated** (for **eliminated**)."

2. I gave a student a photograph of the Queen to describe in written work. He asked me how to spell "bucket." I told him, and gave him the easier word "pail" as a near alternative for use when required. When correcting his work I found he had written "This is a photograph of the Queen of England with a **pail** in one hand and shaking hands with the other." He meant, of course, "bouquet."

3. When describing another photograph, of a sportsman (wearing sombrero) and his servant (also wearing a sombrero) while carrying many dead ducks, a student wrote "The picture shows a sportsman and his servant holding many ducks each one wearing a sombrero."

4. Demonstrating the use of prepositions, another student wrote "The meal consisted of several **corpse**s" (instead of **courses**).

There is a whole lot of truth in the old saying "The best way to learn a subject is to teach it"—especially applicable when the pupils have to be converted to a new alphabet, a new direction of reading (left to right), and to begin reading a book from what used to be to them **The End**.

JOHN E. McTAGGART (1914-18).

Blakang Mati

WITH remarkable skill the Malayan helmsman drew up to the jetty, and as I jumped off the boat I was immediately reminded of the hazards of Hobbs Point. At last I had arrived at Blakang Mati, situated somewhere in the Malay Archipelago, somewhat to the south of Singapore. So this was my final stop after a wonderful flight which took me half-way round the world, with stops at Rome, Cyprus, Bahrein, Karachi, Delhi, Bangkok and Singapore.

I felt that I was on the brink of a wonderful adventure until I was informed that Blakang Mati meant "Island of Death behind." Bi-concave in shape, the island is approximately three miles long and one mile wide at its narrowest point. It is typically tropical, being clothed in dense jungles, and its white-sanded beaches are fringed with tall, elegant palms.

I found it rather amazing to see bananas and pineapples growing wild. The animal life is rather extensive, and has a special state protection. Here is a little more on this point: I was wandering along the beach one day—Robinson Crusoe like—when I was confronted by a group of large monkeys. I did not realise at the time who was the more shocked, but after viewing me with an air of disgust they disappeared back into the jungle.

The temperature out here is very high, and owing to the humidity of the air mosquitoes are very prevalent. This necessitates sleeping under horrible, weird constructions known as mosquito nets.

The waters off the island have a shark population which hang around the reefs just off the shore. The result of this has been the construction of the "Paga," a fenced-in region of the beach. I frequent this nearly every afternoon, and imagine my surprise on meeting Roger Lloyd, an old pupil, bathing in the waters of the "Paga." We had a really good chat about old times before I left to do a spot of fishing further along the beach.

The population consists of Malayans, Chinese and Moslems, the latter worshipping in a peculiar mosque in the centre of the island. These people live in bamboo huts grouped together to form a kampong or village. The only means of transport is by means of the one and only 'inland bus,' which is a rather obsolete affair driven by a crazy Chinaman. This bus is more like a taxi than a bus as it has no schedule whatsoever. It is quite a thrill to speed along the twisting, narrow roads of the island at speeds which you could never imagine possible from such a vehicle.

From my verandah where I am writing this I can see numerous small islands such as Shell Island, owned by the Shell Oil Company, Pulau Brani—"Island of the Brave," and in the distance I can see the dark outlines of Borneo and Sumatra. The island has two definite ends, Serapang and Siloso. At the top of Serapang Hill there is a School of Religious Instruction, from which one has a wonderful view of all the shipping entering the harbour, i.e., Singapore harbour.

Now as the sun sinks and illuminates the sky with an abundance of colours put together to make a sunset quite common out here, but so beautiful it would have to be seen to be believed, I'm off with my friend to the small open-air coffee-stall on the jetty, owned by an Indian, whose only knowledge of English consists of the phrase—"Tea, Coffee, Milo, Ovaltine, Ginger, Nescafe, Milk Water, sir," which he repeats at regular intervals to the people who have just arrived off the ferry. Here we squat on tiny stools, and if we have enough courage to-night we may resort to some of the more weird of the Chinese dishes.

DAVID L. PHILLIPS (1947-54).

News of Old Pupils

GLYN T. Brown (1943-50) passed his final examinations at the Medical School of Birmingham University last summer, with the degrees of M.B., Ch.B. He also won the Joseph Sankey Prize in Clinical Surgery, and now has a House Surgeon's post on the Surgical Professorial Unit.

John W. Brooks (1947-53) passed his examinations in History and Philosophy at the end of his second year at Aberystwyth last June.

Roland Bentley (1951-55) passed the examination for entry to the Army Apprentices' Schools last summer, and is now training to become a vehicle mechanic in the R.E.M.E.

V. S. (Tony) Bowling, C.B.E. (1921-25) has been promoted from the rank of Air-Commodore to that of Air Vice-Marshal.

Nanette Brickle (1949-55) has a post as shorthand-typist with Mr. Lowless, the solicitor, in Pembroke.

Keith Bowskill (1944-51) obtained his Teaching Diploma at the University of Nottingham last summer. He is now doing his national service in the R.A.F., and is an Education Officer, stationed at St. Athan.

Early last summer Miss Gwen Bancroft (1908-9) spent a holiday in the town with another old pupil, Miss Constance Allen, of Cresswell Buildings.

Christine Copeman (1946-53) obtained a pass degree last summer at the Queen's College of Household Science, and has taken a post as Apprentice Cook in the Schools Meals Department of the Worcestershire Education Authority.

At the end of last July Mrs. Pamela Fullerton (née Crook, 1942-48) left this country by air for Kaduna, Nigeria, to join her husband, Capt. Bernard Fullerton, who is stationed there with the Royal Artillery.

Kenneth Davies (1942-46) left with his wife for Mombasa at the end of August, to take up an appointment under the Admiralty. He had previously been on the staff of the Mines Depot at Milford Haven.

Anne Davies (1944-45) was in the town in November on the occasion of the diamond wedding of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Davies. She is a dental nurse at London Hospital.

Glenda Davies (1946-50), who has been employed at the local telephone exchange since leaving school, is leaving the town this month. She was one of two selected recently out of a large number of applicants to train as instructors. She will have six weeks initial instruction at Rhyl before being posted to a large centre like Cardiff.

Margaret Evans (1945-53) was appointed to the staff of Cosheston School in September.

Shirley English (1946-53) was appointed to the staff of East End School, Pembroke, in September.

Charmaïne Ellis (1952-54), who transferred to the City of Bath Girls' School when her parents moved there, left school last summer. She intends to take up nursing as a career, and is at present working in the Ambulance Department of a large engineering works in Bath, while waiting to be admitted for training to one of the London Hospitals.

Valmai Folland (1947-54) passed in English, French and Philosophy at the end of her first year at Aberystwyth last summer.

A letter from Jill Field (1942-48), written in September, tells us that her brother David (1945-48) is still serving with the Royal Engineers in Kenya. She tells us also that Dennis Rendall (1945-51), who is doing his service with the Royal Engineers at Newbury, had visited them at their home in Reading.

The *Times Educational Supplement* of November 25 reported that Dr. W. F. Grimes (1922-23), Director of the London Museum, had been appointed Director of the Institute of Archaeology and Professor of Archaeology in the University of London.

Peter Gibby (1950-55) passed the examination for entry to the Army Apprentices' Schools last summer, and is training to be an armourer in the R.E.M.E.

Valerie Heath (1946-53) was appointed to Pwllcrochan School last September.

Derek Hayward (1943-49) was picked to represent Pembrokeshire in cricket for their match against a South Wales and Monmouthshire League on June 16th.

Morfwyn Henry (1945-52) is now teaching at Camrose South School.

Donald L. Hitchings (1924-30) has been for some time Headmaster of Oxford Gardens Junior Boys' School, Ladbroke Grove, London, W.10.

The *Western Mail* of December 7 carried a report of a concert held at St. Michael's Church, Aberystwyth, at which David J. Harries (1944-50) scored a marked success when he conducted the choral society and orchestra of the university college in the first performance of his own composition, "Missa Brevis, Op 4." The report goes on to say that "the work was a severe test of the abilities of choir and orchestra in view of its rhythmic complexities, and they and their young conductor are to be congratulated on their excellent performance." He is a Mus. Bac. with honours of the University of Wales, and is now engaged on "A critical appreciation of the work of some 20th century Welsh composers," which he hopes to submit later as a thesis for his M.A. degree. He is also the conductor of the Students' Choral Union at Aberystwyth.

Roy Jones James (1941-46), assistant clerk and accountant with Little Lever Urban District Council, near Bolton, was, on December 12, appointed accountancy assistant to the Cardigan Town Council.

Geoffrey James, who left last summer, having passed the Dockyard Apprentices' examination, left for Devonport in October to serve an apprenticeship as an Electrical Fitter.

Owen James, who left school last July, and is now doing his national service in the Army, left for Malaya on December 6.

Derek John, of Coventry, who was in School for a short time during the war, has obtained an Honours degree in Jurisprudence at St. John's College, Oxford.

Noel Jones (1943-51) has been appointed to Caludon Castle Boys' Secondary Comprehensive School, Coventry, to teach Woodwork and Practical Drawing.

Horton Jones (1929-36), whose marriage is recorded in this issue, is an Officer of Customs and Excise in Cardiff.

Mrs. Gwyneth Wilson (née James, 1933-40) wrote in November with some news of herself. She now lives in Chester, where her husband has been for nearly ten years on the staff of the Shell Oil Company. In January, 1950, he was sent by the company to Cambridge to do research. While he was preparing for his Ph.D. degree she did some supply teaching near her old college, Homerton. She has a little daughter, Sarah, aged three. She mentions three Old Pupils who are married and living in Chester—Frances Newell, Mary Thomas and Olwen Monk. Her sister Dilys (now Mrs. Nutt, 1938-43) lives in Torquay, where her husband has a teaching post. They have a little boy, Roger, aged three.

Early last year Mrs. Edith Martha Russell (née Jenkins, 1910-17) had two Doctorates (Doctor of Theology and Doctor of Philosophy) conferred upon her by the St. Andrew's Ecumenical University College, London. She was also elected a Fellow of St. Andrew's Collegiate of Masters. She and her husband, Mr. John Gwynne Russell, of Neyland, live in Skewen.

Dennis Lloyd (1940-45) joined the staff of the School last September for a year, to take the place of Mr. Humphreys, who is doing a year's course in Physical Training at Cardiff.

Billy Lewis (1943-51) was appointed last September to Gibbons Secondary Modern School, Willesden, London, to teach Art, Scripture and Games.

Frank Manning (1945-51), who completed his B.Sc. degree at Hull in 1954 is now doing his national service in the R.E.M.E. at Manorbier.

Gean Macken (1946-51) passed her S.R.N. examination last summer. She is at a hospital in Bristol.

Valerie Morse (1945-49), who was trained at Balls Park Training College, Hertfordshire, obtained an appointment last September as Geography and Needlework Mistress at Gosport County Secondary Modern School.

John McTaggart (1914-18) is now staying in the district, after much wandering, which includes a long period in Iraq, and also in the West Indies. He has sent us an interesting account of his work in Iraq, which we print in this issue. He also enclosed a photograph showing his sister, Mrs. Isabel Burtenshaw (1925-32) being presented to the Queen at Arundel Town Hall on May 19, 1951. Another photograph he enclosed shows him, as he says, "after a good afternoon's sport in the jungle near the border between Santo Domingo and Haiti in the West Indies, where I spent many happy years."

Stephen Mansfield (1920-25) was on holiday in the town last summer with his wife. His family moved to Devonport on the closing of the Dockyard, and he later joined the Plymouth City Police, in which he served for eighteen years until he was invalided out in 1948. He is now a traveler for Copigraph Ltd. in Cornwall. In September he presented to the School Library a book he has written on mining in Cornwall.

Margaret Nicholls (1946-53) passed her examinations last summer at Aberystwyth, in preparation for completing her honours degree next June.

The latest report of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, mentions the following publications by Dr. E. T. Nevin (1936-41):—"The Problem of the National Debt" (1954); "United States Foreign Investment and Dollar Shortage" (*Review of Economics and Statistics*, Nov. 1954); "Some facts about Tap Treasury Bills" (*The Banker*, Jan. 1955); various articles on aspects of Welsh economy in the *Western Mail* (Sept. 1954) and *Industrial Review* (Jan. 1955).

Chriszena Pask (1948-51), who has been learning the hotel business in Tenby since leaving school, spent a few weeks in Paris before Christmas as part of her training.

Colin Palmer (1943-49) starts this term as art master in Barmouth Grammar School.

When Janice Picton (1948-54) was home on holiday at the end of June, she told us that she had, after three months at her hospital in Bristol, passed her preliminary nursing examination.

Joyce I. Phillips (1950-55) started work on September 6 at the Homeopathic Hospital, London, as a Pre-Student nurse. Next April, on reaching the age of eighteen, she will go into the Preliminary Training School for three months. For the remaining three years she will return to the hospital to proceed with her training.

Marjorie Philpin (1945-50) has passed the S.R.N. examination. She is on the nursing staff of the Royal Masonic Hospital at Ravenscourt Park, London.

We were very pleased to read in the *Western Mail* of September 24, the announcement of the engagement of Miss Stella Pennington, who taught history here from September, 1948, to December, 1951, to Mr. Paul Langtry-Linas, of Belfast.

David L. Phillips (1947-54), in a letter dated September 3, written

from Blakang Mati, Singapore, gave us some news of himself. He says "I am settled down in really extreme comfort on the little island of Blakang Mati, a mile or so to the south of Singapore. I am with a R.E.M.E. light aid detachment, attached to the 1st Singapore Regiment Royal Artillery (all Malaysians). The island controls, or better is a vantage point which could control all the shipping entering Singapore harbour. I was extremely surprised to see Roger Lloyd out here on the island. He is holiday-making here, to see his parents, from Salisbury, in England. I played last Wednesday in a R.E.M.E. rugby trial, as a result of which I was chosen to represent R.E.M.E. Singapore in their first fixture against the New Zealand Air Force next Saturday. I found it hard going—the temperature out here is fantastically high, and I never believed it was possible to play rugger in such heat. The grounds are also iron hard and sparsely grassed." We print an article by him in this issue which we received earlier, in August.

Clifford Roberts (1942-47), who entered the Army for his national service after completing his A.T.D. in the summer of 1952, later signed on for five years, and now has a commission, as Lieutenant, in the Royal Army Education Corps. He is at present stationed at Shrewsbury.

F. P. (Ted) Rogers (1928-31), who has been a member of the County Planning Officer's technical staff since 1947, has been appointed an Engineering Assistant under Pembroke Borough Council. He begins duties on January 9.

Sheila Randell (1948-53) finished at college last July, and started teaching last September at a primary school at Over, near Nantwich.

Bernard T. Rouse (1929-32) is now a Master at Arms in the Royal Navy. He joined the Navy on leaving school. He served afloat for many years, and was latterly stationed at Brawdy. From there he moved to H.M.S. Sea Eagle, Londonderry, and then to the R.N. Barracks at Plymouth, where he is now.

George Rees (1925-31) is now Deputy Principal Probation Officer for the County of Durham.

Alan Rubython (1936-42), whose marriage is reported later in these notes, is on the staff of British Thomson Houston Co., Dublin.

Glyn Smith (1947-50) reported for his national service with the R.A.F. in December. For the past five years he has been an apprentice with the South Wales Electricity Board at Pembroke Dock.

William G. Smith (1944-51) passed the examination for the Diploma in Education at University College, Bangor, last July.

Lawford Siddall (1920-27), in a letter written in October, gave us some further news of himself and his family. His eldest daughter, Derian, is at Girton; his son Beverley has finished his national service; and his young son Roger is still at Reigate Grammar School. "This year," he says, "I am Chairman of the London School Journey Association, and as such I have been invited by Jack Longland to speak to the Derbyshire teachers at a Buxton conference in December. This is terrifying in contemplation, but the cold feet are warmed at the thrill of knowing that my fellow-guest at the conference will be Sir John Hunt."

E. G. Taylor (1921-29), who is Associate Professor of Chemistry at Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts, is spending a year's leave in this country, and is doing research at University College, Swansea, his old college. His research has to do with his previous work on aluminium.

Sq.Ldr. Kenneth Thomas (1927-30) and his wife (née Dorothy Taylor, 1927-34) arrived home in August after a year in Egypt.

John A. G. Thomas (1927-34) has been appointed to the staff of the school, to teach mainly mathematics. He begins duties in January, 1956.

David Thorne, who left last Easter when his parents left the district, is now at Huntingdon Grammar School.

Margaret E. Thomas (1949-54), who is now living at Bridgwater in Somerset, is entering St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London on February 6 to train as a nurse.

A letter from Mrs. Dorothy Hurst (née Williams, 1924-28), written from Gibraltar in the middle of August, told us that she and her husband had just arrived there, and are to be there three years. To quote from her letter—"We arrived last week, having travelled out by car through France and Spain. My husband is a Principal Scientific Officer in the Air Ministry, and as he is a Senior Meteorological Officer we came out to a very pleasant house situated right on the beach. Diana, aged 12, is a boarder at the Bedford High School, and will fly out here for her holidays."

David L. Williams (1947-53), in a letter written at the end of September from Sundern in Germany, where he is doing his national service in the R.A.F., tells us he passed his L.A.C. trade test in June, and was then waiting the result of his S.A.C. trade test, taken on September 6. He says that he had a good season in cricket, and that he was then playing for the Station 1st XI in hockey. He is studying for the Officer of Customs and Excise examination to be held in May, 1957. He is serving with the 2nd Tactical Air Force.

Derik Welby (1946-52) completed three years service with the Welsh Guards last June. He has now found what promises to be a good post with a firm in Hatton Garden, London, who are, among other things, "Bullion Refiners and Dealers and Engineers specialising in the precious metals."

Alan Williams (1937-42), whose marriage is recorded later in these notes, is now teaching at Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire.

We offer our congratulations to these Old Pupils on their engagements:—

July—Glyn Hughes (1945-50) to Vernice Evans (1944-51); Mervyn James Cole (1945-49) to Jean Mary Webb, of Bilston, Staffs.

August—Norma Shears (1942-48) to Stuart Shaw, B.A., of the School Staff.

September—Pauline Francis (1947-54) to David Dunsire, of Fochabers, Morayshire, Scotland.

October—Wendy Lees (1949-53) to John Weaver, of Beccles, Suffolk.

November—Leslie Christine Davies (1938-46) to Lewis Roy Griffin, M.Sc., of University College, Swansea; L. E. C. (Toby) Price (1938-43) to Marjorie Burton, daughter of the Mayor of the Borough.

David Michael John (1947-54) to Joyce Agnes May Cornwell, of Pembroke Dock.

Brinley Thomas (1945-52) to Jean Watkins (April to December, 1953).

We congratulate these Old Pupils on their marriage:—

June 11—Dorothy Eileen Edwards (1947-51) to Kenneth Terry Scarth, of Pontefract.

June 25—Maureen Joyce Watson (1940-46) to J/T Peter John Morfee, R.A.F., of Brighton.

June 27—Louisa Ann Smith (1948-52) to L/Cpl. Philip Ronald Price, R.E.M.E., stationed at Llanion Barracks, Pembroke Dock.

July 26—Bernard Colin Palmer (1943-49) to Norma Janet Watham, of Skewen.

August 1—Ethel Phyllis Margaret Thomas (1942-47) to George Mac-Dougall, of Greenock, Scotland.

August 6—Horton Idris Jones (1929-36) to Edith Marion Scourfield (1932-37).

August 11—John Maurice Brock (1939-43) to Nesta Ann Phillips, of Carew.

August 18—Sylvia Rose Pain (1942-49) to Geoffrey Hendry, of Sandy, Bedfordshire.

August 20—Brenda Elizabeth Whitehead (1945-50) to Raymond Henry Thorne, of Aberbeeg.

August 20—Dorothy L. A. Williams (1937-44) to John A. Jones, B.A., of Greenhill Grammar School, Tenby.

August 20—Alan Cole Rubythron (1936-42) to Joan M. Dunne, of Blackrock, Cork.

August 20—Alan Kneen Williams (1937-42) to Margaret Mary Jones, of Ogmere.

August 27—Daisy Small (1946-50) to Colin Lloyd, of Tenby.

September 3—Kathleen Elizabeth Street (1947-52) to Reginald Williams, of Monkton.

September 10—Barbara Evans (1945-53) to Derek Hayward (1943-49).

September 12—Mrs. Marjorie Elizabeth Baldwin (née Richards, 1936-41) to Councillor George Arthur Wheeler, of Pembroke.

September 17—Anthony William Thomas (1941-45) to Carole May James, of Talbenny Hall, Little Haven.

September 17—Joy Dorothy April Maidlow (1947-50) to David Benjamin Furlong, of Pembroke Dock.

September 24—Dorothy Parkinson (1947-52) to Vincent James Simes, of Pembroke Dock.

October 19th—Pat Flavell (1946-49) to Roy Hancock, of Coventry.

October 22—Lorna Winifred Armstrong (1946-51) to Peter Harries, of Pembroke Dock.

October 22—Margaret Evans, S.R.N., S.C.M. (1941-45) to Sergt. Herbert Patrick Pennington, Welch Regiment, of Cardiff.

November 26—Lilian Parkinson (1948-53) to Leslie Thomas, of Pembroke.

December 12—Alfred J. Panton (1944-49) to Inez R. Threlfall (1946-51).

December 14—Stephen Johnson (1933-37) to Mary James, of Narberth.

December 17—Alfred David Parkinson (1945-49) to Jean Margaret Thomas (1945-50).

December 26—June Glaister (1943-46) to Edward Riley, of Bexley Heath.

December 27—William George Courtenay Price (1936-41) to Lilian Iris James, of Hundleton.

We have pleasure in recording the following births:—

July 13—To Margaret, wife of Dr. Eric Manning (1936-40), a daughter.

July 21—To Diana (née Marendaz, 1933-38) and Bill Gray, a second son, Andrew.

November 30—To Marian (née Preece, 1939-42), wife of Peter Hyshe (1939-42), a daughter.

December 2—To Nesta and Leonard Silcox (1933-35), a son, David.

Penvro Dramatic Society

THE Dramatic Society tried a rather different experiment for its autumn activities. With the idea of giving new producers experience and employing nearly all the members of the Society, it was decided to produce three one-act plays. Generally speaking, it can be said that this experiment was a miserable failure and it is to be hoped that the "it's bound to be right on the night" attitude which seemed to pervade these plays was only temporary. The Society must not make the mistake of underestimating the intellectual capabilities of its audiences, who are becoming more and more interested in drama through the medium of T.V. The Society, faced already with the problem of how to attract audiences to the new school for their productions, must make sure that they have something worth seeing when they get there.

"The Insuperable Obstacle" by F. Sladen Smith is a very light, perhaps rather obvious comedy about a mermaid. Lydia Mason had put a lot of time and care into the production. Movements, set, pointing of comedy lines had all been carefully worked out. But this was callously thrown away by the players who had not bothered to learn their parts and tried to hide their embarrassment by rummaging in picnic baskets and presenting an even more embarrassed audience with the tops of their heads, which were invariably unflattering. A play, which should have tripped lightly along, lumbered and lurched to the final curtain which should have dropped ten minutes earlier.

Perhaps the opposite is true of the second play, "Lights Out," by Walter Hudd. It was pathetic to see the five players, three of whom we have come to respect as quite fine amateur actors, not knowing what to do on the stage. If one made a move, he found that he was being masked by someone who had moved similarly in the opposite direction. Therefore, being skilled actors, they found it better to stand still, wearing alert, frightened expressions, wondering what the next move was going to be. The entrances and exits were bungled where they should have been rehearsed repeatedly. The whole production lacked planning and rehearsal. The producer can consider himself fortunate in his choice of actors.

The third play, "The Happy Journey," by Thornton Wilder, was the most successful, from both production and playing points of view. As the mother, Joan Sudbury gave her best performance to date. Paul John as the father made his debut with the Society an impressive one. The children, played by Jean Watkins and John Trice, were quite convincing, and John Ross played well as the Stage Manager. June Roderick completed the cast as the married daughter. This difficult play had been carefully worked out and was impressive in performance. But it did not quite succeed because unaccountably the end of the play was completely misunderstood. Ma should make her final exit singing "There were ninety and nine," thereby bringing the play to a poignant close. Instead we found Ma hustling off chanting inaudibly. Then the Stage Manager appeared and wished us all goodnight in his matter of fact voice. The Stage Manager's preamble at the beginning of the play was unnecessary, too. The producer should have had faith in Thornton Wilder, her fine actors, and in her audience.

Four people, Ray Sandell, Clifford Davies, Aubrey Phillips and Stuart Shaw, were left unemployed by these one-act plays. At the performance in the Coronation School they produced the most monstrous, embarrassing, inane 'puppet show' that it is almost impossible to realise that adults devised and performed it. If they must do these things let them save them for a seven-year-olds' Christmas party and, I hope, be booted off the stage. The rest is silence.

The plays were performed at Stackpole, at the new school for the Arts Club, and at the Coronation School in aid of the Teachers' Benevolent and Orphans' Fund. The Society should write a letter of apology to all concerned.

G.S.S.

Careers in the Coal Industry

Modern Coalmining is very largely a new industry. More accurately, it is an old and vital industry which is being reconstructed to serve the present and future needs of the nation. While other forms of energy will help, the main source of power in the foreseeable future will continue to be coal.

TECHNICAL CAREERS.—Many well-paid and absorbing jobs are available and the Coal Board are ready to train you for them, either through a University Scholarship or—if you prefer to earn and learn at the same time—by taking you into the industry straight from school and providing technical training without loss of pay.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS.—Highly-trained mining engineers are urgently needed. The National Coal Board offer a hundred University Scholarships a year: most are in Mining Engineering, but some are available in Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical Engineering and in Fuel Technology. They are worth about the same as State Scholarships and successful candidates receive them in full—parents' financial position makes no difference to the value of the awards.

PRACTICAL TRAINING.—When you have qualified—either through the University or through technical college while working—you are eligible for a two or three year course under the Coal Board's management training scheme. Each trainee has a course mapped out for him personally and a senior engineer gives him individual supervision. If you come in to the industry on the mining engineering side, you have a very good chance of becoming, between the ages of 25 and 30, a colliery undermanager at a salary between £975 and £1,300 a year—or even a colliery manager with a salary in the range £1,050 to £1,800.

OTHER CAREERS.—There are also good careers in the Board's Scientific Department and in administrative posts. Young men and women of good educational standard (who have preferably spent some time in the sixth form or have attended a university) are also needed in such fields as marketing, finance and labour relations.

Full details can be obtained from any Divisional Headquarters of the Board or from the National Coal Board, Hobart House, London, S.W.1.