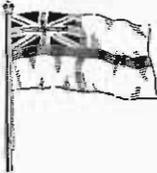


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THE PENVRO



SUMMER 1964

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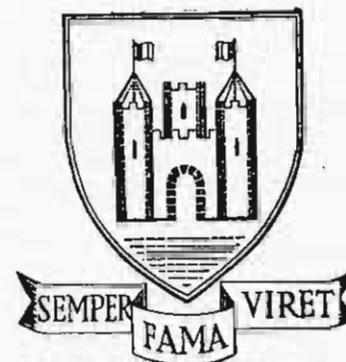
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THE PENVRO

No. 136

SUMMER

1964

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EDITORIAL

As we go to press we hear the groans of chairs being placed in position for the start of the G.C.E. Examinations on June 15th, only to be equalled by the groans of the Fifth and Sixth form pupils during the next few weeks. We extend to them our heartfelt sympathy for having had to curtail their enjoyment of the fringe benefits of school life. We wish them every possible success, and those who are leaving school we wish a good start in their new lives.

Our Easter term, although short this year, was packed with activities—Speech Day, the Eisteddfod, and the House Rugby competitions. Owing to the shortness of the term the House Drama competition had to be postponed, and will now take place this term after the examinations. A report on these will have to be held over to our next issue.

While the examinations crown the Summer term, we are glad to know that our pupils study their Brillat-Savarin, Mrs. Beeton and Larousse Gastronomique. A protest about the standard of school meals, we understand, was signed by a large number of the Upper Fourth and Fifth form pupils. Whether justified or not, we are pleased that we shall have school-leavers with educated stomachs.

"If music be the food of love"—let us pass on to Picton House and congratulate them on their initiative in forming an orchestra. We eagerly await their first performance to the whole school.

There has been and will be a number of changes in the status and state of the staff. We take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Bowskill on their marriage last term. We understand Mr. Bowskill's car has never felt the same since. We congratulate, too, Miss Jean Mansell on her marriage to Mr. Earle. We welcome Mrs. Tapley to the Staff to be in charge of the girls' P.E. Ave atque vale—we, alas, have to say farewell to Mr. Brian Howells who, as Careers master, has helped so many pupils with their future. We congratulate him on his new post as Lecturer in History at St. David's College, Lampeter. Mr. Key, Housemaster of Bush House, will be leaving to take up a post as Housemaster in a large Comprehensive school in Eltham, Kent. Mr. Rex Lewis is to become a Physics master at Chatham House Grammar School, Ramsgate. The choir will miss him. To all three we wish the greatest success in the future.

We have been fortunate this year in having with us Mlle. Machefer as French assistant and Herr Kroll as German assistant. Owing to ill-health, Mlle. Machefer had to return to France last term. We include a report from Herr Kroll in this issue. Herr Kroll settled down quickly and has taken a full part in all school activities. We shall be sorry to see him go.

We must end this editorial on a sad note, for just before going to press we were shocked by the news that Roy Kendrick of Form 3a had died suddenly on Sunday, June 7th. We take this opportunity of conveying to Mr. and Mrs. Kendrick the deepest sympathy of the Headmaster, the Staff, and pupils of the school.

PRIZE DAY

The Annual Prizegiving was held in the Hall on Wednesday, the 29th of January. The Guests of Honour were Professor E. T. Nevin, Professor of Economics at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, and Mrs. Nevin. Professor Nevin is an old pupil of the School, so it was of added interest that he should have come to address us.

FORM PRIZES

IIC—1, Rowland Jefferies; 2, Roselyn Bleach.
 IIB—1, Susan Richards; 2, Margaret Bondzio.
 IIA—1, David Cooper; 2, Hazel Scourfield; 3, Helen Humber.
 IIIC—1, Ritchie Davies.
 IIIB—1, Frank O'Leary; 2, Hugh Davies. Good Progress—Lionel Nutting.
 IIIA—1, Jane Sudbury; 2, Richard Davies; 3, Robert Arnold. Good Progress—Roderick Milne.
 IV Technical—1, David Ashley.
 IVC—1, Jane Watts.
 IVB—1, Barbara Hallam; 2, Joan Kenniford.
 IVA—1, Margaret Vernon; 2, Malcolm Cawley; 3, Sarah Monico. Good Progress—Barry Crawford, Margaret Rogers, Linda Williams.
 Upper IV Tech.—1, Wendy Donovan; 2, Malcolm Lewis.
 Upper IVC—1, Ruth Hall; 2, Catherine Rogers.
 Upper IVB—1, Harvey Thomas; 2, Frances Edwards; 3, Margaret Skone. Good Progress—Richard Wragg.
 Upper IVA—1, Maribelle Thomas; 2, Patsy Anfield; 3, Helen Butters. Good Progress—Roger Powell, Margaret Richards, Ann Gough.
 V—1, Richard James; 2, Keith Kneller; 3, Caroline James; 4, John Evans. Prize for Good Work in Welsh, given by Alderman J. R. Williams—Mair Davies.

SUBJECT PRIZES, FORM V

English Prize—Susan Stevens.
 Welsh Prize, 'The Brenda Lloyd' Prize—1, Myra Parsons; 2, Marilyn Jones.
 Latin Prize, given by Mrs. Hilda Thomas—John Evans.
 French Prize—Caroline James.
 German Prize—Ann Griffiths.
 Spanish Prize—Caroline James.
 History Prize, given by Rev. Lewis G. Tucker—John Evans.
 Scripture Prize—Ann Griffiths.
 Geography Prize, given by Mrs. Nevin in memory of Alderman William Nevin—Andrew Warlow.
 Mathematics Prize—Keith Kneller, Howard Barton.
 Chemistry Prize, given by Mr. Bernard Garnett in memory of his father, J. H. Garnett, M.Sc.—Keith Kneller.
 Physics Prize, given by Mr. Bernard Garnett in memory of his father, J. H. Garnett, M.Sc.—Richard James.
 Biology Prize, given by Mr. Bernard Garnett in memory of his father, J. H. Garnett, M.Sc.—Paul Green.
 Art Prize—Barry Hunter.
 Cookery Prize, 'The Beatrice Mary Williams' Prize—Caroline James.
 Needlework Prize, given by Mrs. M. V. Jones—Gwyneth Griffiths.
 Woodwork Prize, given by Mrs. David in memory of her father, W. N. Grieve, J.P.—Roger Baker, Peter Dalton.
 Metalwork Prize—Roger Baker.
 Pembroke Farmers' Cup for good work in Agriculture—Graham Evans.

THE EISTEDDFOD 1964

Once again the Eisteddfod proved to be one of the outstanding events of the School year. Glyndwr House repeated its success of last year and proved to be clear winners. However, the encouragement this event gives for pupils to display their talents in a variety of fields overrides the importance of purely competitive considerations. What was disappointing this year was the failure of the boys of the Fifth and Sixth forms to enter for events that required an appearance on the stage. We hope that in the future they will avail themselves of the valuable training this gives.

The results of the various competitions are given below: We print a selection of the written entries later in the magazine.

LIST OF EISTEDDFOD RESULTS

Junior Piano—1, Susan Richards; 2, Susan Thomas; 3, Carolyn Attfield.
 Nature Study, Forms II and III—1, David Reynolds; 2, Vivien Lain; 3, Helen Humber.
 Nature Study, Forms IV, Upper IV and V—1, Howard Robinson; 2, Susan Collins; 3, Helen Cooper.
 Nature Study, Form VI—1, Keith Griffiths; 2, John Armitage.
 Junior Boys Solo—1, Kevin Brady; 2, Robert Main; 3, Roland Perkins.
 Junior Short Story—1, David Everett; 2, Kay Scourfield; 3, Jennifer Ricketts.
 Local Studies, Forms II and III (Parish Memorials)—1, Angela Gwyther; 2, Gillian Brown; 3, Jennifer Ricketts, Barbara Lee.
 Local Studies, Forms II and III (Models)—1, David Cooper; 2, Pamela Hayes; 3, Elaine Hughes, Robert Davies.
 Local Studies, Forms II and III (Town Walls)—1, David Cooper; 2, Charles Watson; 3, Alastair Campbell.
 Local Studies, Forms IV and Upper IV—1, Jane Sudbury; 2, Timothy Drysdale; 3, John Davies.
 Local Studies, Forms V and VI—John Oaker; 2, Gareth Nicholls.
 Junior Welsh Poetry Speaking—1, Elaine Hughes; 2, Richard Pepper; 3, Kevin Brady.
 Photography—Elaine Hughes; 2, Christine Williams; 3, Sheila Kelly.
 Junior Girls Solo—1, Margaret Davies; 2, Jane Sudbury; 3, Sheila Richardson.
 Geography, Form II—1, Ann Monico; 2, Robert Reynolds; 3, Christopher Pickard.
 Geography, Form III—1, Margaret Bondzio; 2, Elaine Hughes; 3, Julie Davids.
 Geography, Form IV—1, Roderick Milne; 2, Susan Richards; 3, Roger Gregson.
 Geography, Form V—1, Brian Hall; 2, Margaret Barton; 3, Timothy Drysdale.
 Geography Form VI—1, Andrew Thomas; 2, Jeffrey Warlow.
 Junior Boys Verse Speaking—1, David Cooper; 2, Selwyn Skone; 3, Wyn Griffiths.
 Violin Solo—1, Ruth Morgan; 2, Jane Sudbury, Ruth Morgan.
 Embroidery, Open, Tablecloth—1, Vivien Lain; 2, Anna Sturgeon.
 Needlework, Forms II and III, Cotton Skirt—1, Pamela Hayes; 2, Raydene Bateman; 3, Margaret Waters.
 Needlework, Forms IV and Upper IV, Pinafore Dress—1, Rosemary Jenkins; 2, Pat Kenniford; 3, Susan Moffat.
 Needlework, Forms IV and Upper IV, Summer Dress—1, Jane Sudbury; 2, Janet Mullins; 3, Susan Richards.
 Needlework, Forms V and VI, Child's Dress—1, Catherine Rogers; 2, Gwyneth Griffiths; 3, Anne Johns.

Needlework, Forms V and VI, Cotton Suit—1, Suzanne Evans; 2, Anne Cole.
 Junior Welsh Solo—1, Robert Main; 2, Angela Smith; 3, Elaine Hughes.
 Essay—Form II—1, Ann Monico; 2, Carol Waite; 3, Judith Roberts.
 Essay, Form III—1, Carolyn Attfield; 2, Barbara Lee; 3, Roy Kendrick.
 Junior Girls Verse Speaking—1, Elaine Hughes; 2, Angela Stevens; 3, Helen Humber.
 Stamp Collection, Junior—1, Jennifer Ricketts; 2, Vivien Lain; 3, Roy Kendrick.
 Stamp Collection, Senior—1, Michael Edwards; 2, Margaret Richards; 3, Gareth Nicholls.
 Art, Form II—1, Karen Mabe; 2, Vivien Lain; 3, Judith Roberts.
 Art, Form III—1, Janet Phillips; 2, David Cooper; 3, Barbara Lee.
 Art, Form IV—1, Dinah Haggard; 2, Russel John; 3, Roland Jenkins.
 Art, Forms Upper IV, V, VI—1, Michael Edwards; 2, Katherine Campbell; 3, Philip Lain.
 Art, Open, Modelling—1, Michael Edwards; 2, Helen Cooper.
 Senior Duet—1, Ruth James, Maureen Thomas; 2, Sheila Davies, Lynne Shore; 3, Janice Brady, Susan Peach.
 Knitting, Forms II and III, Mittens—1, Megan Arnold; 2, Pamela Hayes.
 Knitting, Forms IV, Upper IV, V and VI, Cardigan or Men's Sweater—1, Prudence Pattison; 2, Ann Jones; 3, Jennifer Gwyther.
 Knitting, Forms IV, Upper IV, V and VI, Sweater—1, Pauline Bowen; 2, Jane Watts; 3, Julie Rogers.
 Knitting, Open, Bed Socks—1, Janet Mullins; 2, Angela Gwyther; 3, Judith Phillips.
 Floral Decoration, Open, Bridesmaid's Bouquet—1, Susan Thomas; 2, Sandra Staunton; 3, Margaret Waters.
 Floral Decoration, Open, Decoration for Main Hall—1, Sally-Ann Rees; 2, Vivien Lain; 3, Joy Smith.
 Feltwork, Open—1, Pamela Hayes; 2, Pat Thomas; 3, Karen Mabe.
 Senior Boys Poetry Speaking—1, Michael Jones.
 Milking Competition, Junior—1, J. Bevan; 2, P. Thomas; 3, R. Pepper.
 Milking Competition, Senior—1, R. Whitehead; 2, J. Bowman; 3, M. Woodford.
 Tractor Driving—Junior—1, J. Harris; 2, M. Gradon; 3, I. Bevan.
 Tractor Driving, Senior—1, T. Watkins; 2, D. Merriman; 3, R. Whitehead.
 Cattle Judging, Junior—1, J. Rudder; 2, D. Ashley; 3, I. Bevan.
 Cattle Judging, Senior—1, Donald Esmond; 2, Malcolm Lewis; 3, Peter Davis.
 Middle Piano—1, Ieuan Harries; 2, Richard Davies; 3, Veronica Sandell.
 Essay, Form Upper IV—1, Sarah-Jane Monico; 2, Caroline Hughes; 3, Florence Gooch.
 Essay, Form IV—1, Jane Sudbury; 2, Joy Smith; 3, David Everett.
 Senior Short Story—1, Maureen Thomas; 2, Sarah-Jane Monico; 3, Carol Woodward.
 Senior Boys Solo—1, Michael Jones.
 Welsh Junior Verse Translation—1, Judith Roberts; 2, Megan Sutton.
 Welsh Senior Verse Translation—1, Ieuan Harries; 2, Maureen Thomas; 3, Sarah-Jane Monico.
 Junior French Verse Translation—1, Sarah-Jane Monico; 2, Bernadette Henson; 3, Richard Davies.
 Junior German Verse Translation—1, Sarah-Jane Monico; 2, Elizabeth James; 3, Bernadette Henson.

- Senior German Verse Translation—1, Ruth Morgan; 2, Nina Pearman; 3, Susan Stevens.
- Senior Spanish Verse Translation—1, Jacqueline Edwards; 2, Patricia Thomas; 3, Patricia King.
- Junior Latin Verse Translation—1, Sarah-Jane Monico; 2, Bernadette Henson; 3, Caroline Hughes.
- Senior Latin Verse Translation—1, Susan Stevens.
- Prepared Speech—1, Michael Jones; 2, Sarah-Jane Monico, Veronica Sandell.
- Original Poem, Form II—1, Judith Roberts; 2, Robert Davies; 3, Vivien Lain.
- Original Poem, Form III—1, David Pendleton; 2, Peter Evans, Janice Howells.
- Original Poem, Form IV—1, Roselyn Parsons; 2, Elizabeth Lennon; 3, Megan Sutton.
- Original Poem, Upper IV—1, Caroline Hughes; 2, Florence Gooch; 3, Derek Skone.
- Original Poem, Form V—1, Maribelle Thomas; 2, Roger Powell; 3, Helen Butters.
- Original Poem, Form VI—1, Carol Woodward; 2, Elizabeth Holmes.
- Senior Girls Poetry Speaking—1, Kathryn Phillips; 2, Susan Collins, Carol Woodward.
- Essay—Form V—1, Maribelle Thomas; 2, Kathryn Phillips.
- Essay, Form VI—1, Michael Jones; 2, Philip Lain; 3, Patricia Thomas.
- Senior Girls Solo—1, Ruth James; 2, Maureen Thomas; 3, Janice Brady.
- Cookery—Forms II and III, Maids of Honour—1, Michael Davis; 2, Heather Hughes; 3, Alan Searle.
- Cookery—Forms IV and Upper IV, Apple Tart—1, Jacqueline Davies; 2, Sheila Richardson; 3, Angela Smith.
- Cookery—Forms IV and Upper IV, Sausage Rolls—1, Brenda Watts; 2, Lionel Nutting; 3, Ann Jones.
- Cookery, Forms V and VI, Savoury flan—1, Anne Johns; 2, Janet Mullins; 3, Pat Thomas.
- Cookery, Forms V and VI, Sponge—1, Veronica Sandell; 2, Lyn Smith; 3, Guy Pearce.

DAWN BY THE GALLOWS

I killed another man, for I hated him like death.
They tried me in the morning, all out upon the heath;
The jury they all chanted, a-chanted with one breath,
"We must hang him by the neck at the dawn."

The dawn or death chorus they're a-singing, my last lay,
The parson he falls on his knees and to the Lord does pray,
"Holy Moses! How I wish that the time was now midday,
For they'll hang me by the neck at the dawn."

The dawn, it is a-coming, the dawn is coming fast.
Soon the day will break, all be over then at last;
Upon the ground the shadow of the hangman's noose is cast.
Yes, they'll hang me by the neck at the dawn.

The golden gates are opening, and I'm a-walking in,
Going from the city of hate and death and sin;
The hangman's noose is tight, and the hangman's noose is thin.
They hanged me, May the fourth, at the dawn.

Caroline Hughes, Upper 4A

SPANISH VERSE TRANSLATION

LA INFANTA MARGARITA by *Manuel Machado*

Like a very pale flower her ashen face,
That a skilful brush has tinged with strawberry and milk,
Rises up from the pompous hoops and lace—
A prisoner in her courtly robe of silk;
At one side a costly handkerchief lies locked
Within her faintly yellowish hand that droops
In the folds of material held out over hoops,
And her eyes are blue, amazed, bewildered, shocked.
The last flickering gleam of the setting suns is there,
Gleams from all over Flanders, Portugal and Italy,
Captured and painted in her childish cheek;
And the ash blonde colour of her hair,
To which light pink lace is clasped so gently
Only crowns her regal brow majestic, never meek.

Pat King, Upper Sixth Arts.

ALL ON A WINTER'S DAY

The grey mist of November wrapped its cold and cheerless shroud around the little fishing village. Ceaselessly and monotonously the sea cast her waves onto the shore disturbing the grey pebbles from the small sandbanks, and washing them with its foam-crested waves. All was quiet on the shore, and the face of the sand lay smooth except for the footprints of a stray dog that chased the seagulls from the water's edge. There was a stillness in the air, save for the melancholy cry of a seagull. From the cottage windows shone beams of light that glimmered uncertainly from behind the curtain of mist, which had gathered the peculiar potpourri of chimney smoke, seaweed, and kitchen aromas into one nostalgic scent.

I sat aimlessly on the school wall throwing pebbles on to a rock, as if to vent my displeasure to the fullest. Through a classroom window I could see him seated at his desk, the merciless one who had evicted me from his little kingdom. He stood condemned by me as merciless, a tyrant, who had dared to spurn me when I told him that the decimal multiplication sum that we had completed on the blackboard was wrong. Never before had I witnessed such unjust wrath. There and then, I decided that if I ever became a doctor, I would prescribe him the most unpleasant medicine. For a while I heaped sympathy on myself, I became a martyr, and then because children have to learn to forget all injustice that adults inflict on them, I jumped down on to the shingle, and trudged across the shingle, leaving deep footprints in the sand.

Through the thickening mist I saw the ghost of the lifeboat. 'The Grace Darling' was the pride of our village; how we loved to show the boat to visitors and show them the wooden plaque that covered the width of the boathouse wall. Every name was a person who had been rescued from death and the cruel sea.

My mind had been dulled by the murmuring sea and distant sound of fog horns away over the horizon. It was at that moment that the brilliant flash of a rocket flared and boomed its warning of impending death. The call went out, an alarm to beckon the courageous to risk their life to do battle with the blinding fog that crippled a ship somewhere,

The village carpenter appeared on the scene first, his wife close behind him with an oilskin sou'wester, just in case he needed it. They came from all directions, a crowd of men, women and children. They helped, oh, how they helped! All hands to help, what a motley crowd! The frocked rector, his hat flung aside, pulled for all his worth despite his voluminous smock that impeded his movement somewhat. The crew began to assemble, things moving swiftly, until it was realized that one member of the crew was ill, and then mysteriously out of the crowd appeared a solitary figure. In the jostling with the crowd I was unable to identify the person. With one rush the lifeboat glided out into the water and out to the great beyond.

I looked at the grey shadow that was the boat. They were brave men—the lifeboat crew. I wanted to cry; there was Tom Evans, the postman—what would we do if he did not return? Now if that wicked monstrosity of a teacher had been sent, there would not have been a lump in my throat.

The beach was fast becoming deserted, for those who remained behind did not ponder to grieve, they prepared for the return of the merciful ones, and their cargo of rescued men. Up in the schoolroom desks were pushed against the classroom wall—campbeds were assembled on which lay a pile of red blankets. In the ante room the post mistress and the carpenter's wife busied themselves preparing hot soup and cans of hot, sweet tea. Standing by the cloakroom washbasin stood the village doctor and the district nurse waiting to help those who might have suffered at the hand of the fog and the ocean. I wandered in to the schoolroom, my curiosity would not allow me to go home. My presence was almost unnoticed and my revenge was completed when I wrote on the blackboard in huge Copper Plate writing—"This is the classroom of Lloyd the Merciless." It was worth it, even if I had to write 'Gray's Elegy' during the playtime next morning.

Time hung heavily, the hours sped by, but the suspense of waiting made me impatient. The village policeman charged in accompanied by Smith, the village undertaker. This was an arrangement made by the constable and old Smith, and was accepted by the villagers in the same manner as the months of the year were taken. This was terrifying to me, I was sure that I would become neither sailor nor a member of the lifeboat crew. The ship's hooter sounded the 'safely home' signal, the crowd assembled on the shore, and in a moment the strength of the helpers merged into one effort to pull the boat up into the boathouse.

In the warmth of the schoolroom, I gazed intently on the forms of the blanketed men who had been the victims of the shipwreck. There was the constant handing out of mugs of tea, while the doctor and nurse worked to alleviate any discomfort. It is strange how the human mind adjusts itself; gratitude for salvation reigned supreme over physical pain. The brave lifeboat crew took their places in the schoolroom, their womenfolk thankful for their safe return. It was then that I looked upon the face of the one member of the crew who had been injured in the rescue. From beneath the sou'wester I recognized the face of the man. I was stunned and then horrified—it couldn't be but it was—"Lloyd the merciless." In haste I jumped over the camp beds, and standing before the blackboard, rubbed with my elbow to try to erase the word "merciless" that I had written. What could I write, oh wicked child that I was? I tried to remember something that I had learned in Scripture lessons. I had managed to rephrase my sentence to "This is the classroom of Lloyd the merciful." Ah, the beatitudes, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." This I wrote in red chalk underneath, and signed my name. I was walking quietly towards the door, and

the well-known voice called "Come here, girl." Crimson-cheeked I faced him and walked towards him, my whole being trembling. He looked at me and as he spoke I saw him smile. "I may be a little late at school tomorrow, it would help me if tonight you could set a number of decimal sums for the class tomorrow; you are quite a little mathematician aren't you?"

One can learn a lot in one day. On one Winter day I learned that ordinary village folk were unselfish, shipwrecked sailors learned to overcome pain with gratitude, and above all, that I must not judge my fellow-beings by just one action that offended me. I vowed then to try to live with and for other people, and to understand other people just as the villagers did all on a Winter's day.

Sarah-Jane Monico, Upper 4A.

FRUSTRATION

I am in chains, condemned, not free to roam.
My mind is locked, my thoughts can ne'er be heard,
For though my basic principles are grand,
My diction makes them utterly absurd.
I try to put my feelings into words,
But while my aim is still sincerity,
By thinking how to say and write it best,
I move one step from true reality,
But there is hope that in the years to come,
I, too, may learn the power of speech sublime,
And in a flash of pure unmoulded thought
Reveal, unmarred, philosophy divine.

Ann James, Upper Sixth Arts.

WINDOWS

Windows I've seen that are dirty and dingy
In hovels and shanties in back alleys mean,
With curtains all tattered and many panes shattered,
And out peer faces so careworn, unclean.

Windows I've looked through in shops in the city,
Enraptured I've gazed at the goods on display,
Toys for the children, books, jewellery, china,
Things for the home; ladies' fashions today.

Windows I've noticed in modern construction,
Of factories, offices, hospitals, schools,
In dozens of windows, light, airy, uncurtained,
Are hundreds of people like fish in clear pools.

The windows I like are the windows of home,
Beckoning me back at the end of the day,
My brother's small hand tugs hard on the curtain,
Gives a bang on the pane, "Come on, come and play."

Judith Roberts, 2a,

FRENCH VERSE TRANSLATION

SONNET by Ronsard

By the light of a candle you will read my verses,
 When you are old and your beauty gone,
 And you will remember me, Ronsard,
 Praising your loveliness which age has won.
 Your sleepy servant, on hearing this news
 Of a famous poet and an old, grey dame,
 Will awake and listen to my words
 So great will be my immortal name.
 My formless ghost will be taking its rest
 Where the myrtle trees shade it from the dawn.
 You will be an old woman crouched by the fire
 Regretting my love and your proud scorn.
 Time will not wait: live now, be gay,
 Gather the roses of life today.

Carol Woodward, Upper Sixth Arts.

IF I WERE A MILLIONAIRE

If I were a millionaire! Just think of it, one thousand times one thousand pounds; the very thought of it makes me dizzy! With this huge sum of money I would think that life ever afterwards would be an earthly paradise, exciting, joyful, satisfying.

Certainly, shortage of money can cause much worry and many disappointments, but it is often the case that an excess leads to unhappiness and discontent. Knowing how to use wealth without becoming its slave would be something that I would have to be aware of.

In the first place, I should need a personal secretary to deal with all my correspondence and engagements, as I undoubtedly should be in much demand, both socially and in connection with business affairs. There would be an accountant, solicitors, and, of course, the bank manager, who would naturally be very charming to me because of my extremely large banking account.

I should have a magnificent house furnished with costly antique furniture and the best piano possible, because I love playing the piano; also, I should have an electric organ. I should buy many books and try to cultivate a love for reading. The garden would be laid out for lawns, flowers and shrubberies, with fountains and rustic furniture. I might have a swimming pool, an aquarium, and I would keep all sorts of wonderful pets.

With so much money at my disposal, I should, of course, travel the world,—Europe, Africa, Asia, America, and Australia. It would be my desire to spend some time in Paris, Rome, Vienna and many other great romantic world capitals, and to study the different peoples and their customs.

With all the pleasure and comforts which having a million may give, it would be my sincere wish to have many friends around me and to help and be generous to them, as well as to those relatives near and dear to me.

Perhaps my greatest wish of all would be to help the aged, the orphaned children, and so many of the people in the world who suffer from starvation. I would make donations towards the discovery of new drugs, to heal and cure some of the incurable and dreaded diseases, which kill so many people today.

Yes, if I were a millionaire, I should certainly enjoy life, but I hope it would be in a manner which would inspire and enrich my personality, and that the world would be a better place for my having lived in it.

Carolyn Attfield, 3B.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME ON MY WAY TO THE MENTAL HOSPITAL . . .

In 1961, a man called Alec Dickson stood in the campus of an American University and watched scores of young men preparing for service in the late President Kennedy's Peace Corps. Here the would-be volunteers went through rigorous physical training and spent hours in 'language laboratories' from which they emerged able to say a few halting words in Swahili—even if they were only "Take me to your leader."

Mr. Dickson was there in the capacity of an advisor. In 1958 he had started from this country Voluntary Service Overseas and reached what to many may have appeared the climax of a life devoted solely to helping others. As he stood watching this undeniably impressive spectacle, he heard his wife ask if, as training, it would be possible for these young men to work amongst indigent coloureds in Harlem. The reply was, "Good God, no! They're really wild down there."

So conscious was Mr. Dickson of the implication of these words that in May 1962 he founded Community Service Volunteers, a domestic V.S.O., to serve in the jungles of "Affluent England."

Since then about 180 people between the ages of 17 and 20 have come forward to serve in General and Mental Hospitals, Approved Schools, Remand Homes, Borstal Institutions, Institutes for the Old and Disabled, Children's Homes and Schools for the Handicapped, Work in Parishes, etc.

I chose the last kind and was sent to Christ Church, Lancaster. It is difficult to give an accurate picture of what it is really like. The macabre, the ludicrous, the nauseating, all distort or blot out the memories of uninspiring periods of some length. At times work was of an unedifying nature. Weeding the church path, stoking the boiler and cleaning the lavatories at the Mission Hall balance out the discovery of an old lady—almost completely blind, visiting her regularly, watching her thrive under attention, a really rewarding task.

In addition to my work in the parish, which was mainly visiting the sick and aged, I also contrived to work in the local Mental Hospital (2,000 patients) and the Prison. Here was enough material to fill a whole edition of "Penvro."

People tell you that the King is locked away in one of the buildings and that your advice is being sought in your official capacity as Home Secretary. Another offers you the chance to go to Egypt and iron out Anglo-Egyptian difficulties with Nasser (There'll be commission in it for you, of course!) The whole idea of my visits to the Prison was to take Bible classes occasionally for the Chaplain. Classes are attended simply because prisoners then can see television. Why Bible classes for some of them? "Well there's not a lot on the telly when you hold 'em." It's nice to know you're a greater attraction than Barry Bucknell. All the time these men try to assert themselves as individuals, often at your expense. You try to help by calling them "Mister ———" not just '808.'

Then you go to one particular ward in the hospital where all the patients seem devoid of any character and even if they had, they seem completely without the means of asserting it. Horribly distorted sub-human forms, legs only three or four inches in circumference at their widest, at the lives like this the inadequacy of languages is brought home to you. What are their feelings? Have they any? What can you do? A new face to smile at them, and they all offer their hands, if any, to be shaken; perhaps this helps. I hope so, there's nothing else to do. Parish life can be bizarre, too. There are corpses to be touched, and pints of tea to be drunk from unwashed cups.

C.S.V. does not exist just to provide people like myself with interesting, amusing experiences, it's not a sort of occupational therapy for what would otherwise have been a boring six months at school. Mr. Dickson, through his volunteers, is seeking to create a climate of opinion which considers it natural for a young person to want to offer help to someone else, and not become patronising, naïve, a sucker.

They can help, they *are* helping. As I write a scheme in Lancaster is underway to get local teenagers to undertake social service. I take them up to the Hospital in groups of two, or three (there are just over twenty volunteers) where they take some patients out in wheelchairs, others across to Church for a service, and help some to exercise their legs by supporting them, a necessary task in old people's wards but one too lengthy for the numerically inadequate nursing staff to undertake. It's all very much in the air at the moment, but they all went round the worst wards together fairly recently. Imagine the patients' delight at seeing twenty nervous, but young faces entering their "locked" wards. Seeing this made all the volunteers realise they were almost inevitably bound to succeed. What they do is not important; how they set about doing it is. Work like this is being done throughout the country with unqualified success.

Shut up in school trivialities assume gigantic disproportions. Routine becomes so accepted that any alteration in it is resented bitterly. When plucked from this self-inflicted predictability and placed in a new situation tact, patience and understanding must be summoned. Prejudice goes by the board. While retaining ideas about what is good, one must realise that there is no such thing as a bad influence if your approach is right.

This seems to be the attitude which I share with fellow volunteers. We try to combine these qualities as best we can. The sum total is not a competent trained social worker, and it's not meant to be. It might be a gauche, inept teenager, but always a teenager who cares. This is all that we have to offer and it is all we need to offer.

A funny thing did happen to me on my way to the Mental Hospital, but I chose the title simply to catch the eye. This is not glamorous, exciting, rewarding work, but it needs to be done and teenagers can help to do it. It's difficult to get adults to accept this, but this is only one of the many difficulties, albeit the greatest, which makes work so enjoyable and life so worthwhile.

Peter Lewis.

IMPRESSIONS OF MY STAY IN PEMBROKE

If you were to ask an average German what Wales is, he might answer "I think that is the name of one of the English football teams in the World Championships." But by now I have found out that this is not so.

When I approached Pembroke for the first time in my life, driving on the left side of the road, I still expected a big lorry to come round the corner on the "wrong" side and that I would have to slip under it. I passed through a thick forest which appeared to me to be like a jungle, and I expected to find Pembroke a place with a few little huts with some people talking in a strange language. I had heard that the Welsh are a very warlike people, and that there is still an underground movement fighting against the English. I began to wonder what my reception in Pembroke would be, and whether there might be a chance that I would be kidnapped and barbecued as a protest against the German Panzer troops in Castlemartin. My fear was unnecessary. I met Mr. Roberts and felt secure. Such are the bad prejudices you can get if you live far away from a country. They vanish immediately once you get to know it.

The next morning in School my first impression was funereal, because everybody was dressed in black. I thought that religious instruction must be the most important subject because I took all the teachers in gowns for preachers. But first impressions seem to be treacherous and show only part of the truth.

After some time I became familiar with the Pembroke way of life: big breakfasts, cold rooms, politeness, Coronation Street, talking about Rugby, hospitality, green peas and clubs. People do not seem to worry about the world north of Haverfordwest and east of Tenby with the one exception when Wales play Rugby against South Africa. Clubs have different purposes. You are a member of the Conservative Club if you want a drink on Sunday, and you are a member of the Quins if you want to sing hymns on Saturday evening in the pub instead of singing them next morning in Church.

In spite of the black clothing of its members, life in School is quite colourful. I was especially surprised and delighted by the activities in the different school clubs. At home everybody leaves school at half past one and usually nobody comes back until the next morning at eight. The clubs make school life brighter and help to create a friendly atmosphere. Another opportunity many pupils in Germany will envy is the chance pupils have here of taking part in Sport competitions of a kind you get only in sports clubs at home. Many German pupils dream of the day when they can stop going to some lessons. You have the possibility to specialise and take only your favourite subjects in the Sixth form. On the other hand old German schoolmasters probably think that a life cannot be fulfilled without a knowledge of History or whatever subject they happen to teach.

A feature of Pembroke Grammar School is its peace and quiet which never changes to an atmosphere of haste and hurry. One of the reasons for this is perhaps the beautiful surroundings in which the School is situated. I always wondered how teachers and pupils manage to work seriously while they have that marvellous view over the river out of their windows. Especially, I liked the coastline with its cliffs and sandy beaches. I will always remember it as one of the most beautiful things I have seen. Together with the very many nice people I have met here it will always make me think of Pembroke as a second home.

I have enjoyed my stay in Pembroke very much. I am grateful to the people who have helped to make my stay an enjoyable one and I am looking forward to coming back during my Summer holidays in the future.

Reinhardt Kroll.

TOWNS—OLD AND NEW
Oaken houses, stout and ancient,
Moulding made to last,
Mellow rafters carved and secret
Echoing days long past.

Modern villas—brick and concrete
Buildings of the atom age,
Central heated, air convected,
'Beatle' daubed and all the rage.

Sultry town, remote and sleepy,
Hidden from the wear and tear,
Streamlined Mecca—slick and gaudy,
Utter chaos everywhere!

Roger Powell, V.A.

PAPER MOON

It was a crummy place really—the kind you come to expect after a run of one-night stands. Only this time there was a patch of green out at the back and someone had gone crazy and used his imagination, putting chairs and tables there and stringing the whole shooting-match with those brightly-coloured Japanese lantern things.

Anyway it looked pretty good from a distance and, after singing my lungs away half the night, it was a relief to go and smell fresh air again and have a quiet drag without all the kids screaming round me.

Not that I've got anything against the kids enjoying themselves. It's just that sometimes I feel sick of everything and get to feeling I'm in the wrong business.

I'd thought I was alone out there and it gave me quite a jolt when she got up from the shadows and came towards me almost as though she'd been waiting for me. I recognised her from early on in the evening, a slight girl with pale gold hair that sort of glistened and great dark eyes that gave me a funny feeling like I'd been missing out on something really important all my life.

She'd been sitting right out in front, looking as if she didn't belong with the others, hardly moving at all and never taking her eyes off me—as if she was afraid I'd fade away or something if she let me out of her sight for a minute. I don't mind admitting that the young lady had had me interested all right. I flicked my cigarette-stub into the bushes and gave her a grin.

"Hi, sugar," I said. Girls don't have any secrets for me. In this business you meet them all the time—all shapes and sizes, and mostly, if I get the chance, I string them along a while, just for the kicks. An opportunist, I guess you'd call me.

The girl was still watching me as if too scared to speak—and when at last she found her voice, it was just a husky whisper. "You're Mal Barnes."

I wasn't going to argue about that, my name's on the bill anyway. Every third rate band has got to have a pull of some kind and just for the moment I was it. Don't get me wrong—I'm not boasting. Maybe next week somebody'll turn up who can sing and ride a bicycle at the same time and I'll be out looking for a job. That's show business.

"I came to see you last week at Mickfield," she went on, "and the week before that at Barnsby, and I was at Wickham, too."

"For a little girl you sure do a lot of travelling around," I replied.

But I was impressed, I mean, show me anyone who doesn't go big for admiration, especially when it's staring at you out of a pair of eyes like this kid had. Besides, the closer I got the prettier the kid was. In a couple of years when she had filled out a bit and lost that gawky look, she could even be beautiful. I'm telling you there was something about her that got me.

"My name's Julie Weston."

"Hi, Julie—nice knowing you!"

She opened her eyes even wider and a tense look came over her face as if she was scared to speak. When she did the words came out in a rush so that I only just caught them.

"I want to come with you!"

"With me? You've got to be kidding! Come where?"

"Wherever you're going. In the bus I know there are spare seats. I saw them. I wouldn't be any bother. Honestly, I just want to be with you. I've got to! I can't live without you any more. It's no good!"

I took a deep breath and looked at her. Like I said, I've been around this racket for coming on ten years now, and I know girls. But this was a new one on me.

Listen, Julie," I said, "how old are you?"

"Twenty," she said. But the way she dropped her eyes I knew she wasn't a day over eighteen—if she was that.

"You've seen me four—maybe five times . . ."

"Seven!"

". . . and you think you know me well enough to want to go on the road with me. Some hopes!"

I let her digest that one while I lit another cigarette. I didn't want to hurt the kid, but I had to make her see the whole thing was impossible. Wasn't it?

"How about your parents?" I asked.

"They don't understand me anyway, and what's more they wouldn't care."

"I'd thought the same when I left home at seventeen. My mother died a year later. People said she just lost the will to live. Sometimes I still try to kid myself it had nothing to do with me.

"Look, Julie, I smoke, I drink, I swear and I run around with girls. Sure I sing like a bird, but I don't shave when I don't have to. I'm foul-tempered in the mornings and the same at night. Believe me, sugar—I'm no catch!"

"I don't care. I love you!"

"Julie—you just think you do!"

She shook her head determinedly. —There was a hint of tears about the eyes but the mouth was set obstinately.

Then she repeated, "I love you."

In front of the joint I could hear someone jabbing the horn of the bus with an impatient finger, and the long night was calling me. There was a breeze blowing now, rustling the trees and setting the paper-lanterns swinging. Reaching up, I grabbed the nearest one and thrust it under her nose. "See it? Go on, take a good look. A really good one."

Up there among the others it had looked fine, but close to, it was a mess, coming apart at the seams, the paper scruffy and torn. The whole thing, in fact, was just a tawdry nothing.

I let her get a good look at it and then, when she raised her eyes, I tilted her face until she was gazing up beyond the dark fringe of trees to where the moon was riding over the clouds.

"Up there—there's the real thing. That's what you want to aim for, Julie—not just a piece of cheap junk you'll want to throw away tomorrow. It's love you're in love with—not me. Take your time—don't rush into it, and one day you're going to wake up and realise how wonderfully different it can be."

She gave a sort of sob and my arms went round her. For a second I stood there and never wanted to let her go. Here was youth, and Spring, and hope in my arms and a voice somewhere inside me saying, "Why not? Why not? Foot-loose and fancy-free is fine—but this could be something you'll never get again."

I kissed her once, full on the mouth, and then I gently loosed her hands.

"Good-bye, Julie Weston," I said and turned away.

I looked back just once. She was standing where I had left her, staring after me, looking very young and very alone. Only, somehow the way she was, I didn't think she'd be alone for very long.

Janet Mullins, Upper Sixth Arts.

WALES

Macabre, man-made mountains rise black
 From the scarred earth: pit-men
 Black-skinned and muscular, toil deep-buried.
 The slated and tightly-packed terraces
 Cling carefully to the subsiding slopes
 And green meadows spread themselves ad lib
 O'er the lumpy land that is Wales.
 Sheep and cattle stare steadily
 With Cambrian curiosity at the tourist
 Passing by, spell-bound, through their country.
 And the music, spontaneous as it is melodious
 Echoes through every valley in the Principality.
 Mr. Jones and Mrs., chapel-bound, sing.
 Dai and Evan at the Arms Park sing.
 This is Wales, land of dole and danger,
 Land of rugby and rich voices.
 The land we love.

Lynne Shore, Lower Sixth Science.

WELSH VERSE TRANSLATION

RONCESVALLES *by Iorwerth C. Peate*

A mountain grey, do you recall
 Adventures of the days of yore?
 "They are to us, both one and all
 A fraction of our time, no more.
 Of our mists comes no soldier tall
 From that dead world to Roncesvalles."

Did you see great Charles's army,
 Sulliman, Roland and his men,
 Spain's sobriety, France's majesty,
 Why do you these men condemn?
 "Their strength has gone, theirs is no fame.
 In Roncesvalles, all these remain—

Our greatness on the mountain brow,
 The quiet pealing of the bell.
 The peasant folk will kneel and bow
 In winter, when they hear the knell.
 The dawn, the mists, the stars of night
 In Roncesvalles, these are our might."

O'er the vale the mists descending,
 (O men of fame, how brief your praise!)
 Now hear the beasts, their heavy breathing.
 (O life, how short your small span stays!)
 I linger till the darkness call,
 Come mists, come night, in Roncesvalles.

Ieuan Harris, Upper 4A.

AN OLD SHIP

The once proud warrior of the seas,
 Days of glory past,
 Is left alone upon the beach
 With broken hull and mast.

No more now than a rusted wreck.
 But with the incoming tide,
 Round and round the once clean deck,
 Only the fishes glide.

In years long past she once did sail
 'Cross many an ocean wide,
 Her country's honour to uphold,
 Her Queen to serve with pride.

And many are the tales we've heard,
 We could hear many more,
 For her fame and glory we will guard
 When seas have washed her from the shore.

Roselyn Parsons, 4A.

SCIENCE WITHOUT MORALITY

A discussion of this topic involves two basic principles—those of good and evil. Perhaps we are in agreement with Bertolt Brecht who, through the character of Galileo Galilei, states that the one object of science is to ease the hardship of human existence. The production and explosion of the first atomic bomb introduced a new problem to world affairs and the scientist to a new role. Individual governments now found it necessary to produce weapons of greater destructive power in order to further their political ends, or rather, to use a diplomatic idiom, to restore the balance of world power.

"Science without morality" or as I would prefer to call it, the misapplication of science can lead only to destruction. However, this frightening thought is tempered by the realisation that in the process of destruction science would destroy itself. The social benefits which atomic power provides far outweigh its destructive potential, although the latter gains the greater publicity because of the fear engendered by the destructive capability of the atomic bomb. It is difficult to believe that any man, in complete possession of his mental faculties, whether scientist or politician, would sacrifice the world in a nuclear holocaust which would achieve nothing—since total destruction would ensue.

However, the accusation, which is levelled at scientists concerning their inability to distinguish the destructive or beneficial power of their science, is based on fallacy. Since a scientist holds such power in his grasp, he becomes an object of fear and suspicion and is charged with incompetence and madness, measures designed to deprive him of his supposed power. It is from this source that the conception, that all scientists are mad, has arisen.

The scientist, however, may be regarded as the one man who does understand the potential of his work. This fact is demonstrated by the actions of many research scientists who abandoned their work on nuclear projects and taught elementary physics, rather than become accessories to the devastation wrought at Hiroshima and Nagasaki,

Morality does not only apply to the recognition of good and evil, it extends to such questions as loyalty to one's nation and nationalism. Many nuclear physicists continued their work, despite the horrors which the end product could wreak, because they realised the immense benefit which atomic power could bring to their country. I would regard this as a moral as well as loyal attitude; although it is impossible to condemn those men who abandoned their work on the principle that the utilization of atomic power for anything but peaceful means was morally wrong.

Scientists are but ordinary men and their actions are governed by the same moral principles as are apparent in the whole of society. A newspaper editor wields as much power, perhaps more, than a scientist; therefore it would seem that the suspicion which the word scientist arouses in many minds is completely unwarranted; since they, for the most part, are completely incapable of estimating the significance of a scientist's work.

The suggestion that the scientist "is not always the best judge of what is morally right for society," needs enlarging and elucidating. The implications of this statement, as I understand it, are, that a scientist is concerned with science; therefore he cannot be expected to understand matters concerning the welfare of society. To whom then do we attribute these powers? The Government? The Government governs the country. Whether it does this satisfactorily is a matter for contention. The standards of a society are not produced by the Government—society rules society.

It is necessary to understand the forces which motivate a scientist, before judgment is passed on his ability to decide what is right for society. Because of the expense most scientific research centres are state controlled and as a result the scientists employed are engaged upon work specified by the Government. This may be regarded as reprehensible but it is necessary in advancing certain fields of research. Once occupied in a certain area of research a scientist may feel compelled to continue, until he has discovered all the facets of his work. He disregards the social or international consequences of his research, because he is a scientist engaged in scientific development. It is also possible that many scientists are motivated by religious principles. The idea that they have been given certain gifts by God and should use these gifts in the only way they know, is a reason given by many scientists for continuing their work.

Science, I feel, should be international in character. Steps are being taken to further this end but national prejudice and international suspicion hinder this development. The image of the scientist which is presented nowadays is detrimental to his profession and does little to dispel the fears with which his actions and ideas are widely regarded.

Michael Jones, Upper Sixth Arts.

JACOB WATTS, DECEASED

Slowly and silently the long black procession filed past me, smart white collars, dark suits and faces as grim as their long narrow shapes. The coffin itself, mounted high on its silver stand, went almost jauntily by and the shining hearse seemed to laugh at the mockery of those who followed. This, I thought, is selfishness in its purest form, the epitome of the fickleness of humanity.

The person in question had worked hard in the mines all his life, beginning at fourteen and continuing to sweat and toil until the day he died. His life had been one long misery. However, everyone knew that

Jacob Watts was a good Christian man for he had always thanked and praised God for the little he had. At length, the Lord saw it merciful to release Jacob from his life of toil and in his sleep took him quietly away, no pain but endless peace. Surprisingly, cries of sorrow were heard from his house and neighbours arrived with tokens of sympathy. Sympathy? Were they sorry that Jacob no longer had to sweat his guts out at the mine; that his old and feeble body no longer had to strain and fight what was becoming the impossible? His daughter, a stiff, ostentatious creature, donned her best black brocade and could be seen, handkerchief to eyes, mourning in the front parlour—hitherto only for visitors. Her tears were real enough but not for Jacob; she cried because now she would have to lower herself to find employment or, even worse, to draw National Assistance—a disgusting thought!! Her brothers, two layabouts, also cried unashamedly for they had quarrelled with their father the week before and after all he'd had ample time to cut them out of his will, not that there was very much anyway. The neighbours also wrung out their tears in the best traditional way. However, while they consoled the family by saying that he'd gone to a happier place, they could not help thinking whether or not they might fill his place on the Borough Council.

I followed the procession until they reached the graveside and watched as this grand old man was lowered into his grave. The hymns sung at the grave were solemn and one of the village elders who offered up a small prayer thanking God and rejoicing that Jacob had been taken from the toil and despair of the mines, caused many a closed eye to open in astonishment. Well, it is all over now but the hypocrisy of that day remains with me even now and in my opinion Jacob's epitaph should read something like this.

Here lies Jacob, good, faithful and true,
His sons and daughters left behind are blue.
They would recall him to the earth again,
To bear for them the work, the toil, the pain.

Ann James, Upper 6th Arts.

THE RUFF'S EGGS

"If I could get a photograph of the Ruff just settling down on her nest, I would die happy," said Peter to himself thoughtfully nursing his camera.

Peter's hobby was photographing wild birds, and at home he had a whole album of clever snaps he had secured. Lately, he had been rather lucky because a Mr. Carter, who was very keen on birds, had allowed Peter the run of his land of marsh and wood, and Peter had been able to get snaps of many rare birds.

A few days ago they had discovered the nest of a bird so rare that it is hardly ever seen in England at all, and that was the Ruff. Peter's one ambition, now, was to get a snap of the Ruff on her nest.

Unfortunately the bird was extremely timid, and he knew that it would not come near its nest while he was there.

"I know what I'll do," he thought suddenly. "I'll choose a time when the Ruff has gone to feed; then I'll focus the camera on the nest and leave it opposite. I'll fasten a piece of thin cotton from a bough across the nest, to the shutter, so that when the Ruff comes she will break the cotton and release the shutter. In that way she will take her own photograph."

The idea seemed splendid, and Peter could barely wait until the Ruff had left her nest before carrying it out. He focused the camera from the stump on to the nest in the reeds, and then came the more difficult business of

arranging the cotton. This took him longer than he thought, but at last it was done, and then he took an admiring look at the five neat shining eggs in the nest. He hurried off to a tree some distance away from where he could just see when the Ruff flew to her nest.

For several minutes he waited eagerly. Then suddenly he saw a form creeping cautiously towards the nest. As he watched it halted at the nest for a little, then, straightening up, darted back the way it had come. Then Peter saw it was a burly man, with a cap pulled down over his eyes, and a dusty coat which was very much the colour of his surroundings.

"He must have robbed the nest!" said Peter furiously to himself. "I bet he's a dealer and sells eggs to a rich collector!"

His first impulse was to shout angrily at the man, but that would only have made him run faster, and, anyhow, it was not likely that he would give up the eggs to a mere boy.

"No, I must get those eggs back to the nest without his knowing," decided Peter, as, slipping out of his tree, he followed the man warily.

"And I must get them back before they get cold, otherwise the Ruff will never be able to hatch them." The man had disappeared into a wood which came down to the marsh's edge, and on the other side, Peter knew, lay a lane. Now that the man was out of sight Peter dashed across the marsh as fast as he could. Then he crept silently through the wood until he came to the lane. Peter hid himself behind a clump of thick holly on the edge of the lane and peered through.

Directly below him lay the shining handlebars of a motor-cycle, and, craning to one side, he could see the egg stealer pumping up his back tyre. Peter, used to tracking birds, had come so silently that the man was quite unaware of his presence, and as he pumped he chuckled to himself in low tones: "I ought to get a good price for this little lot. It was lucky I spotted that Ruff's nest the other day. Ha ha! Carter doesn't know what a lot of money-fetching eggs I've lifted off his land this season!"

Peter burned with rage as he listened. So that was where some of the rare eggs had disappeared to. Mr. Carter had noticed it, and had put it down to stoats.

"Oh, I must get those eggs back!" Then his heart leapt, for just in front of him, hanging on the handlebars, was an egg-collecting case. If only he could get hold of it while the man was pumping—for obviously the eggs must be inside.

Cautiously he pushed his hand through the holly leaves. The prickles cut his hand and made it a painful process, but Peter gritted his teeth and went on with the job.

The man had nearly finished pumping. It was now or never!

He seized the strap as it hung over the handlebars, and would have slipped it off easily if it had not caught round the brake. Desperately he tugged and it came free, but the machine shook alarmingly. The man looked up and gave a shout as he saw his case disappearing through the holly.

The man chased Peter through the marshes. Peter was running towards the Ruff's nest when he ran into Mr. Carter.

"I can't stop!" panted Peter, and dashed on. He reached the Ruff's nest and replaced the eggs. Then taking his camera which was still standing on the stump, he hurried back to Mr. Carter,

Mr. Carter was standing talking to the egg-stealer, and as Peter came up he turned and said: "Peter, I'm ashamed of you!"

"W-what, s-sir?" stammered Peter, utterly shocked.

"Why, I did think I could trust you when I let you have the run of my land," replied Mr. Carter. "This man tells me that you stole the Ruff's eggs and offered to sell them to him. But when you saw me you rushed to put them back. I know the eggs are very valuable and that it must have been a great temptation, but all the same I'm bitterly disappointed in you. I suppose that's where the other eggs I've missed lately have gone to!"

"It's not true!" cried Peter wildly. "I never take eggs, only photos. I was waiting to take one of the Ruff, and I saw this man steal the eggs and make off with them. So I followed and got them back, and I couldn't stop when I met you because I was afraid that the eggs would get cold before the Ruff came back to her nest."

"Is this true?" asked Mr. Carter, turning to the man.

"Certainly not," replied the man with an ugly laugh. "I saw him take them myself and I threatened to tell you if he didn't put 'em back."

"You see, you are only making things worse by telling lies," said Mr. Carter coldly. "As you have put them back in time I will say no more, except that from now onwards you had better keep clear of my land. I must thank you for trying to make him return them," he added, turning to the man.

"That's all right," grinned the man, making off.

"Oh, sir," implored Peter, "do let me explain!"

"I've had enough of your explanations, thank you," replied Mr. Carter, walking off.

Peter walked slowly home with a heavy heart. It was awful to be accused of such a terrible thing. Suddenly he stopped outside the village photographer's, as a thought struck him. Then he turned into the shop to ask how long it would take to develop a film.

"You are just in time for the next batch," smiled the girl. "It will be done first thing tomorrow."

The next morning he called for the prints, and he could hardly wait to get outside before opening them. He sifted through the first six without looking at them until he came to the seventh, and then he gave a cry of delight. For the seventh was the one he had focussed on the Ruff's nest, but, instead of the Ruff, there was a man's face and hand in the act of bending over the nest. The photograph was a little over-exposed, but the face was clearly recognisable as the egg-stealer's.

"He simply broke the cotton and took his own photo," chuckled Peter, as he made off for Mr. Carter's house.

Mr. Carter was more than surprised when he saw Peter, but there was no doubting the evidence of the photograph.

"I misjudged you," he said to Peter. "We will have the man arrested at once. He is the sort of fellow who is responsible for the dying out of most of our rare birds."

The end of it was that the egg-stealer was heavily fined, and warned not to do it again or he would be in a lot of trouble.

As for the Ruff, she hatched out all her eggs successfully, and Peter was able to secure a snap of her actually feeding her chicks, in the same way as he had snapped the thief.

THE SPIDER'S THREAD

Bert Saunders had always been disliked by the decent folk of the village ever since he had arrived one stormy night. He was a great brute of a man, uncouth in manner and speech, aggressive and dirty; they didn't come any lower than Bert.

Shortly after his arrival he managed to secure a job with farmer Watson, and now lived in the old loft above Watson's Barn. Where he came from, no one knew, but he had a slight north country accent, which became quite prominent after he had had a few drinks, which was as often as he had money. In spite of all his other drawbacks, what the villagers hated him for most was his unspeakable cruelty to inferior animals and insects.

His latest 'conquest' had been at the local on Saturday night when, after a noisy evening with some of his cronies, Bert found a spider dangling from one of the pub's rafters. After toying with it for a while he began to wrench off its legs. Suddenly Old Gaffer Brown piped up "Put the damn thing out of its misery, and stop torturing it, will 'e." "Aw shut up you old fool," mouthed Saunders, and with a sudden start, dropped its remains into Gaffer's pint, and set everyone laughing again, as Gaffer searched for the 'body.' However, this incident was soon forgotten in the noise and drinks that followed.

Shortly after closing time Saunders staggered the few remaining feet to his miserable dwelling where, after a series of rude noises, Saunders fell into a deep sleep. The only light in the loft came from a few feeble shafts of moonlight which filtered through into the gloom of this spider-infested hovel.

After a few hours of blissful sleep, Saunders was awakened by a throbbing pain across his eyes, whilst at the same time sensing in his beer-befuddled brain that something was amiss.

Through bloodshot eyes, he peered furtively into the gloom. Suddenly he was wide awake, his headache gone, something had moved over there in the furthest corner of the loft. The next second he saw it. . . . Terror gripped his knotted stomach, the hairs on the back of his neck prickled against his skin, for there, bathed in a shaft of moonlight, was a gigantic spider. It was the height of any man, and its fat body and legs presented a gruesome sight for even the most hardened individual. But even these seemed trivial when compared with those two yellow, evil-looking eyes, which now held Saunders in a vice-like grip of terror. He vainly attempted to move away, but his mighty muscles had become a lifeless jelly. The spider advanced slowly, making a dry rustling sound over the hard boards of the loft.

Saunders opened his mouth to scream, but that too failed him. Feebly he raised an arm to ward off the monster that loomed over his limp form. A musty stench arose from the spider as it began its terrible plan of execution. Again he tried to scream as the coarse, hairy legs brushed against him, and caused him to gibber like a maniac. Having woven a rope-like cocoon around him, the creature spun the final thread which was to end his life.

Saunders became aware only of those terrible yellow eyes, which seemed to gloat at his futile attempts to obtain the precious life-giving air. Then, suddenly, everything lapsed into a sea of night, out of which he never returned.

"Heart attack, about four this morning," said the Doctor quietly as he closed his bag. "I wouldn't live here if I was paid, not with all of these spiders crawling over you," and so saying, he bent down and picked a silvery thread from around Saunders's neck.

Brinley M. Thomas, 5R.

THE PRESENT AS SEEN FROM 100 YEARS HENCE

The year is 2,064 and in a school library a group of students are busy preparing a 'paper' for a project concerning information on the year 1964. They have also been to the film library, and are ready now to turn back the pages of history, and enter the past.

A huge scrapbook, well preserved but with faded handwriting, is opened. This was donated to the museum, and this will prove interesting to our locality of Pembrokeshire, now known as the 'Western region—Atlantic division.' The first page shows a photograph of an oil refinery set among a background of what appears to be areas of grassland. It is evident that in 1964, this particular region was devoid of sky-scrapers and industry. On another page of a small newspaper are the headlines—"Bridge over the harbour visualized," "J. R. Williams' forthright speech silences councillors"—"Dr. Mathias Williams attends college prize giving," what an unusually interesting page! Evidently this area was in 1964 a county with the title of Pembrokeshire, and the administration of the county was carried out by elected persons who were residents in Pembrokeshire. The speech made by Dr. Mathias Williams, relating to the fact that ten years after 1964 scientific progress would be something that we would scarcely visualize, was not without truth. I wonder with what astonishment he would gaze upon us a century ahead.

A yellowed national newspaper when opened out from its imprisonment of glue, proved a great help to the students. A faded coloured advertisement depicted a picture of a young man standing beside an ancient-looking 1964 car. These are extinct now, except for the folk who own antique tiled roof homes, and who keep them in the grounds purely to enhance the antiquity of their homes. I note that the maximum speed was eighty miles per hour, this must have proved a wonderful asset to viewing the surrounding countryside, far better than the ever changing flattened panoramic view seen from the family helicopter. The picture of the young man who posed by the side of the car intrigued me. He wore a strangely designed suit, and his hair was cut in the strangest fashion. We are told that this was a follower of a band of people named 'Beatle Fans,' who paid much attention to a group of music makers who allowed themselves in this manner to gain publicity. However, we are agreed that the length of hair is much more suitable than the current Charles 1st hair style of twenty-first century man.

The second page of the National newspaper dealt with politics. We are told that in 1964 Britain enjoyed a Democratic government of Conservative majority, with a certain Lord Home acting the role of Prime Minister. Evidently, U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. were purported to be the two great nations, and much attention was centred around the two rival countries and their great leaders. The threat looming high was nuclear warfare by either of these two powers. Nuclear warfare has been forgotten now, for all nations on earth are busy trying to honour the space treaty with those who have been found to inhabit other planets.

In 1964 we found that research in medicine was intensified, and that the cure to physical diseases such as cancer was near at hand. Figures revealed in 1964 showed that there were more patients being treated for physical diseases than nervous diseases. This, of course, is in reverse in the year 2064, most of these cases occurring in the white-skinned races. Although the century has altered the lives of those who are natives of, shall we say, Africa and India, they are still now in their mode of life living as Europeans were living in 1964, and so they are not so exhausted mentally.

In the year 2064 there are some things about the young men and women of 1964 that are to be envied. We read that the fifteen-year-old school-girl of 1964 was protected in such a manner that it was not considered wise or proper for her to have to assume the responsibility of being a housewife, mother and student. The fifteen-year-old wife and mother of 2064 whose sixth form husband is away on an educational trip to the moon, while she studies at home and collects her son from the nursery after school, must envy Miss 1964. Progress has matured our young ladies, but at a cost to their health. The ban on marriage until sixteen years, apparent in 1964, may yet be the solution to the problem of overcrowded psychiatric clinics today.

Life has become a boredom for the housewife. An advertisement on the last page of the paper certainly gives food for thought, literally. We read that a housewife obtained fresh meat bought in chunks, and skilfully cooked it on a gas cooker. Although this needed skill, it certainly seemed more appetising than the dehydrated powder which is heated by infra-red rays, and heaped onto a plate automatically ready at the switch of a button to be placed on a side table. In 1964 housewives actually washed clothes, whereas our clothes today are treated chemically so that they keep clean. It is considered that the 'chores' of 1964 helped to divert obesity, common to many women in this century.

There still remain parts of England's green and pleasant land that are kept unspoiled for weekend visits from trippers from places like Moscow, San Francisco and Tokyo, but one's neighbours never seem to understand the language, so we visit Tokyo or New York mostly, where there are thousands of British people on Saturday afternoons.

A professional man usually takes his family to the moon at Easter for vacations, and during the Summer months may take a villa on rental at the popular under sea resorts that flourish around the coast of Britain. I would prefer somehow to have lived in 1964, when the majority of people spent their vacations above sea-level at the little seaside resorts, and where, when they asked the time of day, it was answered mostly in the same language.

Before we close the library doors we decide to 'run' a film preserved from 1964. This is a cinefilm that tells the tale of somebody's holiday trip within Britain. There are many breathtaking scenes of headlands, green, unspoiled by buildings; here is a picture of a small bay unspoiled by the talons of finance. I see an ornate building. Yes, this is a church and it depicts the people walking homewards from the church doors. Religion is the same in 1964 as 2064, there are still the small, but 'hard core' of sincere followers of a faith which they hold, and which affords them hope at all times. Shall we conclude then by saying that although scientific progress has completely altered the way of living as in 1964, the materialistic things have changed but the mystical and spiritual things remain unaltered, as ever.

Sarah-Jane Monico, Upper 4A.

THE TRAMP

Tattered scarf and battered hat,
Trousers frayed and torn,
Coat parting at its raggy seams,
Boots wrinkled, old, and worn.

But underneath the shabby hat
His eyes were kind and bright,
And in the old and wrinkled boots
His step was young and light,

I walked beside him down the lane,
And asked him as we strode
What made him live this kind of life
Upon the open road.

He talked about the flowers and trees,
The changing of the seasons,
And I knew that love of nature
And contentment were his reasons.

David Pendleton, 3A.

LATIN VERSE TRANSLATION

EXTRACT FROM THE BOAT RACE by *Virgil*.

Indeed the anger through his bones did race
As the tears ploughed a channel down his face.
Forgetting general safety, and his rank,
He caught the careful Menoetes' flank.
Into the sea headfirst did this man fly
From the height of the poop: why didn't he die!
But whilst Menoetes with the waters was merging
His successor as boatswain the sailors kept urging.
As steersman the rudder he turned to the shore
And rallied his crew still more and more.
When at last Menoetes emerged from the deep
He climbed to the top of the crag so steep;
But slowly he moved for in wet clothing clad,
With his young days gone by, he felt aging and sad.
He perched on dry rock, but in again slipped—
The Trojans did laugh at this man with pride clipped.
They watched as he coughed up the sea from his chest,
And showed their amusement in laughter and jest.

Susan Stevens, Lower Sixth Arts.

A MEMORY

One thing I remember distinctly
Is the old, low-limbed apple-tree
And the scent of a century of apple harvests wafting in the breeze.
I remember the long, cool grass in the paddock,
And the rushes by the stream,
And the way the bottle-blue dragonfly hovered around us,
And the ripple of the water where the river bed was choked with
branches.

I remember the sunlight on the huge, rosy apples
Which had fallen from the tree into the river,

And I remember turning to him and saying
"I will always remember this day. . . ."

But now it is forgotten

And only the aura of happiness remains—

The peace, the innocence, the love

Bobbing gently in my memory

Like the rosy apples on the little stream.

Carol Woodward, Upper Sixth Arts.

SEPTIMIUS FLUKE

The professor gazed down at his wife's dead body, gave a shudder of disgust and then turned to his grim audience. The Chief Inspector stepped forward, took the smoking gun from his trembling hands, and clicked on the handcuffs. It was first degree murder—but to Septimius Fluke that final click of the handcuffs seemed to move some sixth sense in him and he believed—no, *knew*—that, as usual, the police were wrong; the professor, however black the evidence against him seemed, was innocent and he, Septimius Fluke, a private detective of unfortunately small means, was resolved to prove it.

After a swift, professional glance around the flat, a hurried but thorough look at the corpse, which had been shot through the head, and a note of everyone present, Septimius hurried from the scene of the crime, musing on the stupidity of the police who, instead of examining the circumstances, jumped to the foolish conclusion that the professor had killed his own wife. Of course, the evidence against him was strong, but surely, to a mind as intelligent and sensitive as Septimius', it was not insurmountable. The smoking revolver had been found in the professor's hands and it was a well-known fact that he had often threatened to kill his wife as she refused to give him his freedom so that he could marry a can-can girl. To Septimius, however, this only gave his case the added attraction of proving what the police believed to be the impossible. Why, the real murderer had probably killed the woman, thrust the gun into the dazed professor's hands and then raised the hue and cry! It was all the work of a cunning and intelligent foe who, finding out that the woman knew too much about his dirty deeds, had murdered her, and promptly framed the professor. Cunning, it is true, but not too cunningly constructed for our hero, Septimius; why—he had seen through the plot in a matter of seconds.

That evening Septimius visited the night-club at which the can-can dancer worked—it was true that she was pretty, indeed, beautiful, and her legs were all that were to be desired, but she seemed extremely attached to a middle-aged millionaire, smoking a cigar in a corner of the club. Obviously, her said attachment to the professor was a mere fabrication, and, he pondered, everyone, at some time or another, quarrels with his wife—yes—even threatens to kill her. Why, even our hero could remember occasions on which he had made such uncouth and violent remarks, satisfied completely that the police needed their helmets to hide their long grey ears and their whistles to drown the braying, Septimius returned to his flat to dream of professors decked in frilly petticoats.

Next morning he woke up early as usual, sprang from his bed, looked quickly at his notes upon the murder, and then took his usual early-morning walk through the park as this, he found, refreshed him and cleared his mind. The park, he believed, was the best place to solve a case and that morning was no exception for, as he was passing the duck pond, the real murderer suddenly flashed into his mind. "It can't be," he thought, "and yet it must be!" The man who, as he had thought, had raised the hue and cry, the man who had looked ill at ease and slightly sick whilst the professor had been taken away and the wife's body examined, a man with whom the professor had shared his life's work, whom he had trusted—yes, Mr. Blake, the junior lecturer!

Septimius hurried to his office, made himself a stimulating cup of tea, and looked up the suspect's address in the telephone directory. He wrote it down in his diary and resolved to visit Blake (the rat did not deserve the

cursorily title 'Mr.') that very afternoon. Meanwhile, he must arrange his disguise.

That afternoon a shifty-looking character, his face half-hidden by a large, black patch, slightly awry, slouched along the neat drive leading to the before-mentioned Blake's abode. Septimius rounded the last bend in the drive and gave a gasp of astonishment for there, before his very eyes (or rather 'eye,' as one remained hidden by the patch) was a large and extremely elegant Georgian house. Here was something extraordinarily remarkable for Blake must surely be engaged in some under-hand dealings to be able to pay for the upkeep of such a masterpiece of English architecture. "The plot thickens," mused Septimius, and then he chuckled. "He may fool the police, but Septimius, my boy, you're wily. Cunning he may be but he can never outwit a man of such intelligence, no, genius, as yourself."

Suddenly, however, to Septimius' horror, he heard a car turn at the top of the drive. He darted into the bushes, regardless of the thorns, and then cautiously peered out. Who was coming now? A chauffeur-driven Rolls cruised down the drive and stopped before the front door. Two men came out, one of whom Septimius instantly recognized as Blake. He was carrying a small case in his hand and was talking to the other man. Septimius was unable to hear most of the conversation but, just before Blake stepped into the Rolls, our hero overheard just one word, Kensington. It seemed that Blake was about to disappear from the scene of the crime, perhaps to close his deal, perhaps to forget his conscience in London's gay night-life.

As soon as the Rolls had driven away, Septimius crawled out of the bushes and sneaked down the drive, his patch lost in the undergrowth. Once back in his office, it took him but a few moments to rectify his appearance, put the 'Closed' sign up on the office door, and run down the three flights of stairs to the street below. There he hailed a taxi, expensive but necessary if he were to outwit the villain, and, within twenty minutes, he was dropped in the middle of Kensington High Street. Here he hesitated—what next? But suddenly, by an extraordinary stroke of good fortune, his quarry emerged from a nearby shop; it seemed that Septimius would catch him yet. Blake, however, strolled to the kerb, waved his umbrella at an approaching taxi, and clambered in.

For no more than two seconds Septimius hesitated, and then he, too, darted to the kerb, waved his brief-case at a cruising cab, yelled "Follow that car" and jumped in, receiving a severe blow on the shin by the edge of the door as he did so. Bravely ignoring this, our hero concentrated on his desperate situation. Here he was, being led to a dangerous gang of criminals who would not even stop at murder; Septimius trembled but then remembered that it is those who are afraid but still continue who are the truly brave ones. Slightly comforted, he took his pen-knife from his inside pocket and gingerly tested the blade.

Suddenly the cab came to a shuddering halt; Septimius looked out in alarm and then in surprise, for he was not in some disreputable alleyway but in Fleet Street. After a short scene with the taxi-driver during which Septimius was forced to give his gold watch as payment for the drive (he had paid the last of his money to the other driver), he leaped onto the pavement and scurried along the street, his eyes upon the pedestrians. Once more Lady Luck was on his side. He could not have run more than a hundred yards when he sighted Blake standing outside a publisher's, looking shiftyly from side to side and then darting in. At last Septimius had solved the mystery—this must be the gang's hideout.

After a few minutes Septimius walked bravely in to be met by a young woman who asked him his business. He looked her shrewdly up and down and boldly demanded to see the boss. At this, the woman appeared taken aback as he had expected, but then she laughed and asked if he meant the publisher. Ten minutes later, Septimius found himself inside a smart office face to face with the publisher. (This, he decided, must be the leader's pseudonym). In his hardest voice, he asked what Blake had been doing in the building:—

"Blake?" said the publisher in surprise. "Never heard of him!"

"But he was just here!" exclaimed Septimius.

"You're very much mistaken, young man. That person was none other than Romeo Cassaine, the famous romance novelist. And now, get out or I shall be forced to call for the police!"

This, Septimius was clear-sighted enough to realise, although his mind was still dazed by the knowledge that Blake too had a pseudonym and a famous one, was a threat. Suddenly the door was flung open—"Trapped!" thought our hero—and in walked Blake, alias Romeo Cassaine, author of the third class, slushy romances which everyone had either read or heard about. He stared at Septimius, and then, extending a hand, walked over, exclaiming, "Why, Mr. Fluke! What a surprise to see you. I hope you'll keep my little secret."

Septimius suddenly gave a groan and collapsed onto the floor—the strain was too much for him. Above his head he could vaguely hear Blake's voice saying, "Poor man! Such a pleasant fellow too! I met him at that beastly affair with my professor . . . think he'll tell anyone about my books? Such slush, . . . never get a chance of a professorship if it's known I write them . . . but the money's good . . . never keep a Rolls and that house without it . . . we'd better get a doctor . . ."

Here the voices seemed to fade away. Septimius suddenly realized the truth—the professor had murdered his wife—Blake, or rather Mr. Blake, was innocent; he had only been making some extra money by writing popular, cheap, love stories. "Still," Septimius thought, "the professor never did look a very pleasant fellow; besides, the police must be right occasionally!"

Caroline Hughes, Upper 4A.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES THE SCRIPTURE UNION

The Senior Scripture Union continues to meet regularly every Thursday in the dinner hour.

We were very fortunate to have the Rev. R. Mulligan, who is a missionary in the Argentine, to give us a talk on his work, together with some slides. The Rev. Peter Trumper gave us a very enlightening talk on "Christianity, a life that is tough," and the Rev. Allsop of Haverfordwest, spoke on the topic "The Crucifixion. Is it a death that was planned?"

During the rest of the term the meetings took the form of Bible studies, Any Questions, and general discussions in which members themselves took part. All pupils of Forms Upper 4 and upwards are welcome to our meetings.

URDD GOBATH CYMRU

The Urdd carried on with folk dancing as usual, but few meetings were held owing to the Eisteddfod practices. The film "David" was shown at the beginning of term, and near the end of term Herr Kroll showed a film of

his Christmas skiing in the Italian Alps. Mr. G. Griffiths, a student teacher, from University College, Aberystwyth, sang Pennillion and the evening ended with folk singing and dancing.

At the end of this term the Welsh department and the Urdd are running a combined trip to Llandaff Cathedral to see Epstein's 'Majestas,' the Welsh folk museum at St. Fagans, and the Empire Swimming Pool, Cardiff. The trip will be on July 14th.

Maureen Thomas, Upper 6th.

THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB

As the club is 'international,' perhaps, I thought, I should try to write the report in various languages—but for the sake of the readers (and myself) I decided not to.

As usual, the Autumn term's series of meetings ended with a bang—the Christmas party, during which the members were visited by 'Father Christmas' (Mr. Emyln Lloyd) and his three 'daughters' (Paul Reynolds, Ann Griffiths and Suzanne Evans) who 'flew in' through the window, bringing with them various 'gifts' for the members. The party was concluded by a dance which was really 'swinging.' During the Christmas holidays members of the club went carol singing through Pembroke and Pembroke Dock, accompanied by Roger Horgan, an old pupil, who 'blew his own trumpet.'

The first meeting of the Easter term was called 'Holiday Night' and Richard Davies described his visit to France, Jacqueline Edwards spoke on her stay in Brittany and Michael Edwards showed a movie-film on his visit to a French pen-pal. The club was also 'privileged' to have two members of staff give short talks—Mr. Emyln Lloyd spoke on and showed films of his archaeological dig in Southern France, and Mr. Cooper spoke and showed films of his Lake District holiday. At the end of the meeting a competition was held for guessing the location of places in Pembrokeshire, shown on slides. This was won by Helen Cooper.

Miss Pamela Williams entertained the club one evening with a lively talk on her hockey playing visit to the U.S.A.—a country which appears quite large, with many 'towns' similar to Swansea, but slightly larger!

Certain members of the French classes aided Mademoiselle Machefer to conduct a French Evening for the club. This was followed by a 'keep fit session,' commonly known as a dance.

The club's last guest was Colonel Patrick Lort Phillips, who spoke and showed films of two journeys he had made in Swedish Lapland on foot and by ski. This was a very interesting and enjoyable evening, although many members agreed that the idea was too energetic for them even to consider it.

We hope that pupils will continue to join the club and make it a great success as they have done in the past. Every member plays an important part in the club by just coming to the meetings and we look forward to a large membership next year.

Suzanne M. Evans (Treasurer), L. VI Arts.

Y.F.C. REPORT—SUMMER 1964

The term's activities have been confined to preparation and training, under the guidance of Mr. B. J. Davies, Mr. W. H. Mackenzie and Mrs. M. Bowskill, for the annual County Rally, which was held at Haverfordwest on 23rd May. This was a day where the real club spirit showed through, and we came home the proud winners of the Shield for the Junior Competitions.

We also came fifth in the Competitions for the Senior Shield. This gave us an overall position of fourth. Competitions included Beef Cattle Judging, in which Robert Rogers was placed 2nd in the under 21 age group, Dairy Cattle Judging in which Malcolm Lewis was placed 2nd in the under 21 age group, Machinery Competitions where Donald Esmond was placed 1st in the under 25 age group, and Craftwork Competitions where Joseph Bowman and Catherine Rogers were placed fourth. The girls representing the Club were placed third, Rosemary Wrench coming first in the Floral Arrangement. Julie Rogers and Coral Lloyd were placed second in their competition, which consisted of changing the wheel of a car.

Robert Rogers and Donald Esmond will be representing Pembrokeshire in their respective competitions at this year's Royal Welsh Show. Rosemary Wrench will also be representing the County at the Royal Welsh and also at the Dairy Show.

So to celebrate our success at the Rally we hope to hold a dinner-dance towards the end of term.

Those interested will be welcome to join the Club next term.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

EASTER TERM, 1964

The Society continues to carry out its work in the school, but unfortunately support is still lacking. As mentioned previously, new equipment has been obtained and is ready for use. Pupils who wish to take part in photographic activities should use this excellent opportunity whilst they are able.

Mr. Lloyd and members of the Society will welcome anyone who wishes to use the darkroom, and will, if possible, give advice.

To finish on a happier note, it is pleasant to see the high standard of work which is being adhered to by the older members of the Society. Some of these members are sure to become expert photographers some time in the future.

Philip Lain (Secretary), Upper 6th Sci.

THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

JANUARY—FEBRUARY, 1964

The first meeting of this year took the form of a Brains Trust. Questions were put to Pat Thomas, Nina Pearman, Philip Lain, and Michael Jones under the chairmanship of Michael Edwards. The meeting was most successful and many topics were exhaustively considered. The meeting took place on January 15th.

The next meeting, on February 5th, was held to receive a paper on 'The Structure of the Earth,' given by Jeffrey Warlow, a VIth form geography student. The paper was well delivered and proved quite enlightening.

A visit to a colliery had been arranged, but owing to difficulties this trip was unfortunately cancelled. In its stead, a trip has been planned for the end of the Summer term and details of this will be given later.

As this term proved so short it was not possible to hold many meetings. The Committee regrets this, but hopes that the Society will open the session next September with vigour and determination.

Philip Lain (Secretary), Upper VI Science.

SCHOOL MUSIC

Owing to the continual practices for the Eisteddfod, the choir did not give concerts for the major part of the Easter term. The only exception to this was the long awaited return to Carew Church on January 16 to give a recital. Solos and duets were once again included in the programme. Owing to the very cold weather, certain members of the party found it necessary to use artificial forms of heating!

The choir is once again grateful to the ladies of Carew Church for providing such fine fare after the service.

Friday morning anthems have continued throughout the term; the latest addition to the service being psalms sung by the choir.

Since Mr. Whitehall has given lessons on the school organ, several pupils have played voluntaries at the morning assembly.

On Friday, May 22nd, the School received into morning assembly a number of music students from Trinity College, Carmarthen, who were interested in the form of service used in the School. After assembly the choir sang examples of both religious and secular music, and Mr. Whitehall demonstrated the capabilities of the School organ.

Sheila Davies, Lower VIth.

ATHLETICS

Boys' Committee: Captain, Stuart White; Vice-captain, John Mathias; Committee, Paul Driscoll, Brian Smith, Barry Crawford.

SCHOOL SPORTS DAY, MAY 15th, 1964

The School Sports meeting was held on the school playing fields again this year and again the jumping events had to be held during the week before Sports Day. This reduces the attractiveness of the Sports appreciably and we shall not be able to hold a successful event until jumping pits are constructed on the athletics field—though it is difficult to see how these can be fitted onto an already congested field.

Fewer school records were broken than usual—three were broken and one was equalled. This is to some extent attributable to the fact that the run-ups at the jumping pits at school are much shorter than those at Bush Camp where the records were established, and to the softness of the track on Sports Day. But more than anything else it is due to the fact that, although we have some good individual performers, the school is currently weak in athletic talent.

D. H. Lloyd.

Results

Ebsworth Cup (Awarded to the House whose girls gain most points at the Sports): Glyndwr 238 pts., the winners; Hywel 204 pts.; Tudor 184 pts.; Picton 162 pts.

Pembroke Rechabites Cup (Awarded to the House whose boys gain most points at the Sports): Picton 437 pts., the winners; Glyndwr 398 pts.; Tudor 245 pts.; Hywel 207 pts.

R.A.F. Athletics Cup (Awarded to the House that gains most points at the Sports): Glyndwr 636 pts.; Picton 599 pts.; Tudor 429 pts.; Hywel 411 pts.

Victor Ludorum: Barry Crawford (G) and Peter Evans (G).

Victrix Ludorum: Valmai Edwards (T).

RESULTS IN DETAIL

100 yds.—Boys

Sub-junior: 1, D. Scourfield (P); 2, J. Priestley (G); 3, L. Smith (T) 14 secs.
 Junior: 1, A. Hodge (G); 2, D. Rourke (T); 3, G. Jones (G); 11.7 secs.
 Middle: 1, B. Penfold (T); 2, J. Mathias (P); 3, M. Lewis (G); 11.2 secs.
 Senior: 1, M. Johnson (P); 2, A. Thomas (G); 3, D. Thomas (T); 11 secs.

100 yds.—Girls

Junior: 1, I. Higgs (G); 2, J. Roberts (P); 3, A. Griffiths (H); 14.4 secs.
 Middle: 1, V. Edwards (T); J. Sudbury (T); 3, L. Williams (G); 13 secs.
 Senior: 1, P. Anfield (H); 2, A. Griffiths (P); 3, V. Sandell (H); 13 secs.

220 yds.—Boys

Sub-junior: 1, P. Evans (C); 2, D. Scourfield (P); 3, N. Phillips (T); 31.9 secs.
 Junior: 1, A. Hodge (G); 2, A. Searle (P); H. Davies (T); 27.1 secs.
 Middle: 1, J. Mathias (P); 2, P. Hewitt (H); 3, P. Caradice (G); 26 secs.
 Senior: 1, M. Johnson (P); 2, A. Thomas (G); 3, D. Thomas (T); 25.7 secs.

220 yds.—Girls

Middle: 1, V. Edwards (T); 2, M. Hasler (G); 3, J. Bondon (H); 29.8 secs.
 Senior: 1, P. Anfield (H); 2, C. Bellamy (P); 3, J. Hasler (G); 30.2 secs.

440 yds.—Boys

Junior: 1, G. Jones (G); 2, J. Jenkins (P); 3, R. Main (T); 64.5 secs.
 Middle: 1, J. Mathias (P); 2, P. Hewitt (H); 63.3 secs.
 Senior: 1, M. Johnson (P); 2, P. Lain (T); 3, M. Jones (G); 59.6 secs.

880 yds.—Boys

Middle: 1, B. Penfold (T); 2, T. Driscoll (P); 3, J. Oaker (H); 2min, 23.4secs.
 Senior: 1, S. White (P); 2, D. Brown (P); 3, M. Roach (H); 2min. 33.5 secs

One mile

Middle: 1, M. Brace (G); 2, M. Blake (G); B. Penfold (T); 5min. 27.5 secs
 Senior: 1, S. White (P); 2, D. Campbell (G); 3, D. Hubbard (H); 6mins. 1sec.

Hurdles—Girls

Junior: 1, J. Roberts (P); 2, M. Bondzio (H); 3, H. Scourfield (G); 13.9 secs.
 Middle: 1, M. Jackson (G); 2, J. Sudbury (T); 3, J. Bondon (H); 13.5 secs.
 Senior: 1, V. Sandell (H); 2, H. O'Leary (P); 3, J. Hasler (G); 15 secs.

Hurdles—Boys

Sub-Junior: 1, D. Priestley (G); 2, P. Morgan (P); 3, P. Price (T); 12.6 secs. (equal record).
 Junior: 1, D. Rourke (T); 2, D. Williams (P); 3, N. Scourfield (G); 12.1 secs.
 Middle: 1, M. Lewis (G); 2, D. Williams (P); 3, K. Kneller (H); 15.9 secs.
 Senior: 1, R. McCallum (P); 2, M. Jones (G); 3, G. Thomas (T); 19.9 secs.

200 yds. Hurdles—Boys

Middle: 1, B. Penfold (T); 2, D. Williams (P); 3, M. Lewis (G); 27.6 secs.
 Senior: 1, M. Jones (G); 2, R. MacCallum (P); 3, G. Thomas (T); 29.2 secs.

High Jump—Boys

Sub-junior: 1, P. Evans (G); 2, D. Priestley (G); 3, M. Mathias (P); 4ft. 2in.
 Junior: 1, J. Clark (P); 2, N. Scourfield (G); 3, R. Britten (T); 4ft. 7½in.

Middle: 1, D. Williams (P); 2, H. Robinson (P); 3, H. Thomas (T); 4ft. 7½in.

Senior: 1, S. White (P); 2, P. Lain (T); 3, R. MacCallum (P); 5ft. 0in.

High Jump—Girls

Junior: 1, M. Bondzio (H); 2, A. Stephens (G); 3, J. Roberts (P); 3ft. 8in.
 Middle: 1, V. Edwards (T); 2, A. Willoughby (T); 3, J. Thomas (P); 4ft. 0in.

Senior: 1, V. Sandell (H); 2, H. O'Leary (P); 3, G. Griffiths (T); 4ft. 1in.

Long Jump—Boys

Sub-junior: 1, P. Evans (G); 2, J. Handley (P); 3, N. Phillips (T); 14ft. 4½in.

Junior: 1, B. Crawford (G); 2, R. Milne (P); 3, D. Rourke (T); 17ft. 0½in.
 Middle: 1, P. Driscoll (P); 2, B. Howells (H); 3, M. Brace (G), J. Armitage (T); 17ft. 5¼in.

Senior: 1, R. MacCallum (P); 2, B. Smith (H); 3, M. Jones (G); 18ft. 4in.

Long Jump—Girls

Junior: 1, Higgs (G); 2, A. Stephens (G); 3, A. Griffiths (H); 14ft. 0in.
 Middle: 1, V. Edwards (T); M. Jackson (G); 3, M. Phillips (T); 14ft. 11in.
 Senior: 1, A. Griffiths (P); 2, R. Morgan (H); 3, H. O'Leary (P); 14ft. 10ins.

H.S.J. Boys

Sub-junior: 1, J. Handley (P); 2, P. Evans (G); 3, L. Smith (T); 28ft. 2in.
 Junior: 1, J. Clark (P); 2, B. Crawford (G); 3, J. Jenkins (P); 32ft. 11½in.
 Middle: 1, M. Lewis (G); 2, D. Williams (P), M. Brace (G), R. Howells (H); 34ft. 2in.

Senior: 1, B. Smith (H); 2, S. White (P); 3, M. Johnson (P); 37ft. 0in.

Pole Vault—Boys

Sub-junior: 1, R. Brown (G); 2, G. Brown (H); 5ft. 0in.

Junior: 1, E. Ball (H).

Middle: 1, C. Thomas (T); 2, P. Roberts (P); 8ft. 4in.

Senior: 1, H. Owen (T); 2, M. Rickard (G), J. Brown (H); 9ft. 0½in.

Discus—Boys

Sub-junior: 1, J. Spurr (G); 2, M. Davies (P); 3, P. Morgan (P); 74ft.

Junior: 1, B. Crawford (G); 2, R. Boswell (P); 3, J. Clarke (P); 133ft. 11in. (School Record).

Middle: 1, P. Hewitt (H); 2, P. Driscoll (P); 3, R. Humber (T); 117ft. 4in.

Senior: 1, R. Baker (H); 2, D. Thomas (T); 3, M. Rickard (G); 102ft. 10in.

Discus—Girls

Junior: M. Davies (P); 2, M. Bondzio (H); 3, A. Griffith (H); 61ft. 5in.

Middle: 1, S. Richards (T); 2, S. Pannell (G); 3, C. Donovan (H); 73ft. 3in.

Senior: 1, M. Barton (T); 2, L. Shore (H); R. Morgan (H); 84ft. 3in.

Javelin—Boys

Sub-junior: 1, J. Spurr (G); 2, P. Nicholas (T); 3, I. Handley (P); 74ft. 5in.

Junior: 1, R. Boswell (P); G. Richardson (G); 3, J. Clarke (P); 101ft. 7½in.

Middle: 1, R. Howells (H); 2, M. Brace (G); 3, L. Smith (T); 140ft. 7½in.

Senior: 1, M. Rickard (C); 2, G. Lee-Cann (T); 3, D. Hubbard, 127ft. 5in.

Javelin—Girls

Junior: 1, M. Davies (P); 2, M. Bondzio (H); 3, A. Stephens (G); 52ft. 3in. (New Record).

Middle: 1, M. Thomas (H); 2, S. Pannell (G); 3, J. Thomas (P); 80ft. 0½in. (New Record).

Senior: 1, S. Huxtable (G); 2, J. Gammon (T); 3, R. Morgan (H); 75ft. 5in.

Shot—Boys

Sub-junior: 1, C. Butland (H); 2, M. Davies (P); 3, J. Spurr (G); 28ft. 8½in.

Junior: 1, B. Crawford (G); 2, A. Hodge (G); 3, R. Boswell (P); 37ft.
 Middle: 1, P. Roberts (P); 2, P. Driscoll (P); 3, R. Howells (H); 38ft. 7½in.
 Senior: 1, R. Baker (H); 2, M. Rickard (G); 3, G. Caveney (H); 36ft. 5½in.

Shot—Girls

Junior: 1, I. Higgs (G); 2, M. Bondzio (H); 3, C. Williams (T); 24ft. 2½in.
 Middle: 1, S. Richards (T); 2, S. Pannell (G); 3, C. Donovan (H);
 27ft. 4¼in.

Senior: 1, R. Morgan (H); 2, S. Huxtable (G); 3, L. Shore (H); 27ft. 6in.

Relay—Boys

Sub-junior: 1, Glyndwr; 2, Picton; 3, Tudor; 4, Hywel; 61 secs.

Junior: 1, Glyndwr; 2, Picton; 3, Tudor; 4, Hywel; 54.3.

Middle: 1, Picton; 2, Glyndwr; 51 secs.

Senior: 1, Picton; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Tudor; 4, Hywel; 49.9 secs.

Relay—Girls

Junior: 1, Glyndwr; 2, Picton; 3, Hywel; 4, Tudor; 64 secs.

Middle: 1, Tudor; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Hywel; 4, Picton; 59.5 secs.

Senior: 1, Hywel; 2, Picton; 3, Glyndwr; 4, Tudor; 57.9 secs.

COUNTY SPORTS RESULTS

held at Haverfordwest C.S. School on Saturday, 13th June, 1964.

The School won none of the County trophies this year but the boys were runners-up in the competition for most points in boys' events. The positions of the first three schools were—

Milford G.S.	190 pts.
Pembroke G.S.	163 pts.
Haverfordwest G.S.	149 pts.

These were also the positions of the three leading schools last year.

Our boys gained the following places:— First—8; Seconds—6; Thirds—8; Fourths—5.

Of the eight firsts seven were in field events. On the one hand this indicates a lack of track talent in the school but on the other hand it is commendable in so far as it indicates that we did well in those events which require perseverance to master technique.

Name	Event	Position
David Priestley	Sub-junior Hurdles	4th
Peter Evans	Sub-junior High Jump	2nd
Anthony Hodge	Junior 100 yds.	1st
	Junior 220 yds.	3rd
David Rourke	Junior Hurdles	2nd
Barry Crawford	Junior Discus	1st
	Junior Shot	2nd
John Clark	Junior High Jump	3rd
Bruce Penfold	Middle 100 yds.	3rd
	Middle 200 yds. Hurdles	2nd
	Middle 880 yds.	4th
Malcolm Lewis	Middle 110 yds. Hurdles	4th
Christopher Thomas	Middle Pole Vault	1st
Bobby Howells	Middle Javelin	1st
Peter Hewitt	Middle Discus	3rd
Stuart White	Senior 200 yds. Hurdles	2nd
	Senior Mile	3rd
	Senior High Jump	1st

Martin Rickard	Senior Pole Vault	1st
	Senior Javelin	1st
	Senior Shot	3rd
Roger MacCallum	Senior Long Jump	2nd
Brian Smith	Senior Triple Jump	1st
Barry Crawford	Junior Long Jump	4th
Relays	Sub-junior	3rd
	Junior	3rd
	Middle	3rd
	Senior	5th

RUGBY**FIRST XV**

Officials: Capt. Guy Thomas; Vice-capt. Philip Lain; Secretary, Martin Rickard; Committee, Hugh Owen, Michael Johnson.

Notes: The following boys played for the county: Philip Lain, Martin Rickard, Guy Thomas. Roger Baker was reserve. Philip Lain and Guy Thomas also played in the first Welsh Trial. The school seven-a-side team won the J. F. Johnson Challenge Cup.

Results:—

December 7—Llanelly (home) Lost 13-0.
 December 14—Carmarthen (away) Lost 11-0.
 December 17—Old Boys. Won 6-3.
 January 11—Tenby (away) Won 11-8.
 January 18—Kilburn, cancelled due to frost.
 January 25—Whitland (home) Won 12-3.
 February 8—Milford (away) seven-a-side. Won.
 February 15—Fishguard (away) Lost 5-3.
 February 22—Llanelly (away) Lost 46-3.
 February 29—Carmarthen (home) Lost 6-0.
 March 7—Gwendraeth (away) Lost 11-0.
 March 21—Kilburn (home) Lost 9-5.
 March 24—Old Boys. Lost 8-3.

SECOND XV

Officials: Capt. John Brown; Vice-capt. David Thomas; Sec. William Clift.

Results:

December 7—Llanelly (home) Lost 9-0.
 December 14—Carmarthen (away) Lost 15-0.
 January 11—Manorbier S. of A. (away) Lost 16-3.
 January 18—Pembroke Dock Sec. Mod. (away) Lost 6-3.
 January 25 (Whitland (home) Won 15-6.
 February 15—Fishguard (away) Won 11-3.
 February 22—Llanelly (away) Lost 31-0.
 February 29—Carmarthen (home) Lost 11-8.

HOCKEY

First XI: Captain, Pat Moor; Vice-captain, Marilyn Mckee.

Second XI: Captain, Gwyneth Griffiths.

Matches played:—

First XI

Jan. 11th—Milford Sec. Won 7-0. 2nd round Austin Cup.

Jan. 18th—Tenby S.S. Away. Won 4-1.

Jan. 25th—Narberth. Home. Won 2-0.

Feb. 1st—Preseli. Away. Cancelled.

Feb. 8th—Whitland. Away. Cancelled.

Feb. 10th—Coronation. Away. Won 4-2.

Feb. 22nd—Fishguard. Away. Drew 1-1.

Feb. 29th—Haverfordwest S.M. Home. Cancelled.

March 7th—Haverfordwest S.M. Won 2-0. 3rd round Austin Cup.

March 14th—St. David's. Cancelled.

March 21st—Final of Austin Cup, Pembroke v. St. David's. St. David's won 4-1

2nd XI

Jan. 18th—Tenby S.S. Away. Lost 4-1.

Feb. 10th—Coronation. Away. Lost 2-4.

Feb. 22nd—Fishguard. Away. Lost 1-5.

March 7th—Coronation. Away. Won 5-3.

3rd XI

Feb. 22nd—Fishguard. Away. Lost 0-5.

March 7th—Coronation. Away. Won 7-0.

On February 29th a coach load of hockey enthusiasts travelled to Port Talbot to see the Wales v. England International at Margam. All thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

County Hockey

Feb. 22nd—Pembs. v. Glamorgan—Cancelled.

March 14th—Pembs. v. Carms. Home. Won 4-3.

Patsy Anfield and Ruth Morgan played for the County as left inner and left wing.

NETBALL

Captain, Ellen Nash; Vice-capt., Janice Brady; Sec., Pat Thomas.

Jan. 18th—Tenby S.S. Home. Lost 8-12.

Feb. 15th—Junior VII v. Coronation. Away. Won 9-7.

March 7th—Coronation. Away. Won 22-7.

March 22nd—Staff. Lost 6-10.

ROUNDERS

The following represented the First IX: Ellen Nash, Valmai Edwards, Susan Huxtable, Ann Griffiths, Margaret Barton, Linda Williams, Hefina Bowen (Capt.), Rhiannon Bowen, Jacqueline Davies.

The Second IX were represented by: Ann Stevens, Joan Kenniford (Capt.), Margaret Bondzio, Christine Bellamy, Diana Richardson, Joan Handley,

Rachel Pannell, Hazel Scourfield, Margaret Newton, Cleddau Gibby, Susan Richards.

The Junior IX were represented by: Rachel Pannell, Ann Stevens, Cecilia Donovan, Margaret Davies, Jennifer James, Irene Higgs, Hazel Scourfield, Margaret Bondzio.

First IX:

April 28th—Coronation. Home. Won 1½-0.

May 1st—Tenby. Away. Won 6-2.

May 2nd—Fishguard. Away. Won 5-4.

May 29th—Tenby. Home. Draw 1½-1½.

Second IX:

April 28th—Coronation. Home. Lost 0-2½.

May 1st—Tenby. Away. Lost 1½-8.

May 2nd—Fishguard. Away. Won 10-6½.

May 29th—Tenby. Home. Won 9-1.

Junior IX:

May 2nd—Fishguard. Away. Won 4-3.

TENNIS

The following represented the School. Ruth Morgan, Pat Thomas, Janice Brady, Patsy Anfield, Marilyn Mckee, Marilyn Thomas, Jane Sudbury.

April 25th—Coronation. Home. Won 9-0.

May 1st—Tenby. Away. Lost 10-6.

May 2nd—St. David's. Away. Won 8-1.

May 9th—Fishguard. Away. Won 5-4.

May 29th—Tenby. Home. Lost 4-5.

The school tennis team reached the third round of the Dora Lewis Cup, but were then beaten 4-5 by Tenby.

The preliminary rounds of the school tennis tournament are being played. This year the inclusion of a junior and second form competition has aroused much interest among the younger pupils.

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OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

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We are very pleased to be able to announce that supplies of the Old Pupils' tie have now arrived. Old Pupils may obtain ties from the Magazine Editor at 17/6 each. The tie is in Terylene and the design, which incorporates the school crest, has met with general approval. We have had several enquiries from Old Girls as to the possibility of obtaining an Old Pupils' scarf or silk square. Such articles might well be produced in the same material as the tie, but we feel it is wise to wait and see how great is the demand for the tie before embarking on this new venture.

The annual summer sale and fete in aid of the School Organ Fund will be held at School on Wednesday afternoon, 15 July. We would draw the attention of all Old Pupils to the fact that the Organ Fund is still only slightly over half-way towards its target, and that continued efforts will be needed to clear off the remaining debt. We therefore appeal to all Old Pupils who are in the district on 15 July.

At the end of this term the School will be losing the services of Brian Howells (1939-41), one of the four Old Boys on the school staff. Brian has been appointed Assistant Lecturer in History at St. David's College, Lampeter, where he takes up his duties in October. We congratulate him and wish him well, and are pleased to know that he will be keeping on his home at Lamphey and will maintain close contact with the School through his wife, who is Head of the German Department.

We also congratulate Mr. R. G. Mathias, Headmaster of this school 1948-58, and since then of the Herbert Strutt School, Belper, on his appointment to the headmastership of King Edward VI Grammar School, Five Ways, Birmingham.

NEWS OF OLD PUPILS

S.A.C. John Bettison (1954-60) returned from R.A.F. service in the Persian Gulf in March and has been posted to the R.A.F. Station, St. Athan, Glamorgan.

Eleanor Birrell (1955-57), an Executive Officer in the Ministry of Pensions and National Insurance, has been transferred from Newport to London, where her office is in the middle of Soho. Her work as an inspector for the Ministry has brought her into contact with interesting people all over the West End, particularly those engaged in the 'Rag Trade.' Eleanor's picture of this business is very different from that of viewers of the TV show of the same name.

David Horn (1948-56) continues to distinguish himself in the world of sculpture. Last Spring he was one of the two winners of the St. David's Open Exhibition of painting and sculpture, the major event in the Welsh art calendar. Mr. Cooper, the School Art Master, recently went to London to see David's work in the exhibition of work of the final year students of the Royal College of Art.

Raymond Llewellyn (Jones), (1940-47) recently went on an extensive theatrical tour of Central and South America as a member of a Shakespearean company led by Sir Ralph Richardson. Writing from Quita, Ecuador, in March, he said that the plays had been well received everywhere. The entire tour has been by air and Raymond said that in places the scenery had been magnificent. Shortly after writing he was due to fly to Lima, Peru, for the next engagement.

Glyn Macken (1952-59) who graduated at Swansea University College last year, has joined the Instructor Branch of the Royal Navy.

Margaret Mathews (1953-60) and Angela Wilson (1958-60), who left school together to commence nursing training, have both qualified as State Registered Nurses, Margaret at the Royal Masonic Hospital and Angela at St. George's Hospital.

Mr. R. G. Mathias, who is a member of the Derby Welsh Society choir, tells us that the choir pianist is Mrs. G. F. Parsons, née Pauline Francis (1947-54), who is in charge of music at Shelton Lock Junior School, Derby.

Ken MacGarvie continues to appear on television, both BBC and ITV. He has been in 'Emergency Ward 10,' 'Compact' and 'Lysistrata' and will also appear in the current 'Detective' series.

Alec G. Moffat (1943-47) who has for some time been head of the Economics Department at a Birmingham grammar school, has been appointed Lecturer in Economics at the Nottingham Regional Technical College.

David Nicholas (1949-54), who is now employed as a project designer at Hovercraft Development Ltd., at Hythe, Southampton, has distinguished himself in his shipbuilding career. He has been awarded the Silver Medal of the City and Guilds Institute as a result of his final examination. In this examination he obtained the highest aggregate marks in the United Kingdom, for which he received an award from the Royal Institution of Naval Architects. He gained a further prize from the Worshipful Company of Shipwrights for obtaining distinction in naval architecture at the Higher National Certificate level.

Graham Phillips (1951-58) has a post at the North Oxfordshire Technical College, Banbury, where he teaches Geography. He also runs the college film society and is in charge of the college library.

Wendy (Gray) Power (1954-61) wrote recently from Chicago, where she has been living for over two years. Her first post there was as a secretary, but for the past six months she has been a ground hostess with Trans World Airways at Chicago International Airport. In this post she is making great use of her French and German and has met an astonishing number of well-known people, ranging from Senator Goldwater to Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor. For her holiday this year she plans a 'plane trip which will take in the Grand Canyon, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Las Vegas. Her 'plane fares will be paid by T.W.A., her employers. She has already visited Toronto and the Niagara Falls this year.

George Reynolds (1949-56) left at the end of January for Ceylon to take up an appointment as Edible Production Manager with Lever Bros. (Ceylon) Ltd. in Colombo. He was accompanied by his wife Anne (née Campodonic, 1951-58).

William G. Smith (1944-51), head of the Department of Liberal and General Studies at the College of Technology, Kingston-upon-Hull, is a very busy man these days. Apart from running a department with ten full-time and 35 part-time staff, in a college of 3,500 students, he is also an examiner for two examining boards and business manager of the 'Anglo-Welsh Review,' which was founded in Pembroke Dock under the name of 'Dock Leaves.' In

his 'spare time' he is working on two theses for higher degrees, M.A. (Education) and M.Sc. (Sociology).

Denise Tyndall (1952-57) is still working in Liverpool and is now at the head office of the Inland Revenue there. Her brother Geoffrey, also an Old Pupil—he was in his first year here when the family moved—is hoping to enter Manchester University next October to read Physics. It may interest our 'beat-fan' readers to know that, according to Denise, not all Liverpoolians spend day and night in the 'Cavern' and similar places! Denise, for example, is a hiking and climbing enthusiast, and spends all her spare time either in the Lake District or in Snowdonia.

Joyce Willoughby, S.R.N. (1951-56) whose marriage is reported in this issue, is a member of the R.A.F. Nursing service and met her husband when they were both stationed in Aden. Also in Aden at the same time were Beryl Johns (1932-38), another member of the R.A.F. Nursing service, and F.O. John Roblin, R.A.F. (1952-58). John met the two nurses when he had a spell in hospital in Aden.

Brian Jancey (1946-52) wrote recently from Oslo, Norway, where he has lived for some years and is working in a bank. He would be glad to show any Old Pupils who may be visiting Norway the sights of Oslo. His address is: Arbeidernes Landsbank, Youngs gate II, Oslo.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagement:

- 3 January—Raymond Dony (1954-58) to Lesley Waite, of Pembroke Dock.
- 3 January—Gerald Mountstevens (1957-61) to Patricia Harries (1952-60).
- 10 January—Graham Thomas (1951-59) to Iona Jones (1953-60).
- 10 January—David Weale (1949-57) to Elizabeth Mary Howard, of Sale, Cheshire.
- 17 January—Marilyn Bowers (1955-60) to Claus Hohmann, of Mainz, Germany.
- 20 February—John P. McNally (1951-59) to Ann Protheroe Davies, of Wrexham.
- 13 March—Lilian Scourfield (1959-62) to Malcolm Styles, of Pembroke Dock.
- 27 March—Diana Palmer (1955-61) to Hefin Iorwerth, of Denbigh.
- 1 April—William Kavanagh (1955-63) to Joy Phillips (1954-62).
- 3 April—Ann Hall (1955-61) to Jim Meldrum, of Newcastle Emlyn.
- 8 April—Wendy Fortune (1959-62) to Barrie Caudwell, of Pembroke Dock.
- 17 April—Terence Threlfall (1954-61) to Carol Young, of Pembroke Dock.
- 14 May—Arthur Brady (1954-60) to Shirley Hicks, of Milford Haven.
- 8 May—Rosemary Simlett (1957-63) to Robert Barker, of Monkton, Pembroke.
- 29 May—Christine Macken (1953-60) to Peter John Sudbury, of Framfield, Sussex.
- 25 June—Margaret Rebecca John (1956-62) to Petty Officer Barry Pullin, R.N., of Bristol.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage:

- 7 March—at Pembroke Dock, Vernon Blackmore (1950-57) to Maureen McNally, of Pembroke.
- 14 March—at Haverfordwest, Anthony James (1950-54) to Barbara Preece, of Haverfordwest.
- 28 March—at Pembroke, Sylvia Leslie (1941-45) to William Campbell, of Renfrewshire.
- 28 March—in Portsmouth, Stella Margaret Dean (1954-60) to James Ernest Price, of Newport, Mon.

- 30 March—at Pembroke, Jean Pamela Bowen (1948-53) to Brinley J. Edwards, of Pembroke.
- 30 March—at Pembroke, David J. Morgan (1953-57) to Brenda Morgans, of Pembroke.
- 30 March—at Llawhaden, Keith J. Bowskill (1944-51) to Muriel James, of Llawhaden.
- 30 March—at Castlemartin, Patricia John (1954-59) to Brinley Edwards, of Rhoscrowther.
- 1 April—at Pembroke, Valene James (1955-61) to David H. Colley, of Pembroke.
- 4 April—at Pembroke Dock, Derek Swift (1948-52) to Patricia Ann Waite (1953-59).
- 4 April—at Stackpole, Andrea Jones (1956-60) to Peter Lilley, of Swansea.
- 4 April—at Pembroke Dock, Ann Dix (1954-58) to John C. Gilbert, of Pembroke Dock.
- 4 April—at Lawrenny, Rosemary Wisher (1958-62) to Henry Davies (1953-57).
- 20 June—at Pembroke Dock, Joyce Willoughby (1951-56) to Flight Lieut. Clifford John Watson, of Welling, Kent.

We have pleasure in recording the following births:

- 13 January, in Cyprus, to Ann (née Sherlock, 1950-55), wife of Michael Mitchell, a daughter.
- 25 January, to Janet (née Munt, 1954-61), wife of David Saunders (1953-59), a daughter.
- 13 February, to Betty (née Bowling), wife of Glyn Lawrence, a son, Guy.
- 2 March, to Janet (née Pritchard), wife of Michael Knill (1953-57), a daughter, Ceri Elizabeth.
- 9 March, to Maryse (né La Hausse de Lalouviere), wife of Stephen Brown (1950-57), a son, Andrew Stephen Francis.
- 7 April, to Sylvia (née Smith), wife of Michael Tee (1950-55), a son, Philip Kellaway.
- 3 May, to Marian (née Wells, 1945-49), wife of Clifford Skone, a daughter, Sandra Lorraine.
- 9 April, to Jacqueline (née Hay, 1953-58), wife of Paul Evans (1951-58), a daughter, Nicola Julie.
- 15 June, in Gibraltar, to Mary (née Phillips, 1950-56), wife of Flying Officer Roger Meldrum, a daughter, Claire Mary.
- 17 June, in Southampton, to June (née Sangster), wife of David Nicholas (1949-54), a son, Michael John.

The following University results are to hand. We congratulate the Old Pupils concerned.

- Jean Shore (1954-61)—Honours in German, Class II Division 2, at Nottingham University.
- John H. Lewis (1953-61)—Honours in Theology, Class II Division 2, at Cambridge.
- Charles James (1954-61)—Honours in Law, Class II Division 1, at Southampton University.
- Tom James (1954-61)—Honours in Chemistry, Class II Division 1 at Swansea University College.
- Brian Anfield (1955-61)—Honours in Chemistry, Class II Division 2 at Cardiff University College.

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