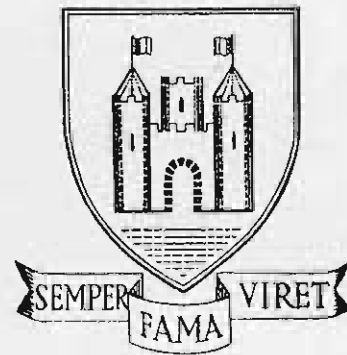


THE PENVRO



SUMMER 1969

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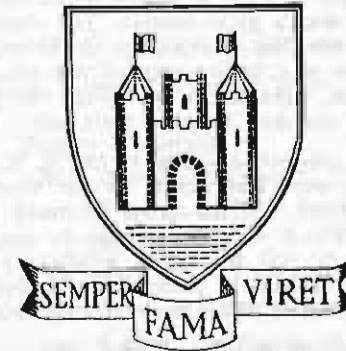
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ROYAL NAVY

THE PENVRO

No. 146

SUMMER

1969



EDITOR :

Miss C. M. Lewis

BUSINESS MANAGER :

K. J. Bowskill

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EDITORIAL

AS we go to press, examinations and "examination" weather have struck us and we offer our commiserations to those members of Forms V and VI who are having to resist the added temptation of the sun persuading them away from their books. Since January we have followed, more or less, the even tenour of our ways, taking the February examinations, the Eisteddfod and the Inter-House Sports in our stride. The school trip to Paris at Easter, under the able leadership of Mr. Emlyn Lloyd, was a great success. The disappointment of not having the Inter-House Play Competition in the spring term has been offset by the promise of a performance of two one-act plays after the summer examinations, when the Upper VIth can give us their swan song before shaking our dust from off their feet.

Our very warm congratulations go to Mr. A. W. W. Devereux who has been appointed next Headmaster of the Coronation Secondary School, Pembroke Dock. He has given so much of his life to the school that it is difficult to imagine how we can fill the gap. We sincerely hope that he will find great satisfaction in his new post, knowing that he will at least be returning to familiar ground that will bring back many memories of his earlier teaching days.

Another long-serving member of staff who will be leaving us is Mr. Stephen Griffith. His sabbatical year at Reading University has evidently given him a taste for travel, for he is going to Ghana to teach in September. We shall look forward to hearing of his exploits and reactions in a future edition of "Penvro." We wish "Ffarwel," too, to Mrs. Morfydd Lewis who is going to live in Aberaeron where her husband has been appointed manager of Barclays Bank. Miss Joyce Evans is leaving to get married and will begin teaching in September at Churchill, near Bristol. Mr. Ralph Coombes will be taking up a post teaching physics at his old school at Bargoed, and Herr Kröger is returning to Germany after his year with us. We offer to all of them our very good wishes for the future and hope that they will return to see us some time.

We were glad to welcome Miss Hughes and Miss Cleevly back amongst us and thank Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Comley who took their places for a time, fitting in so well with the way of the school.

PRIZE GIVING — January 22nd, 1969

For the occasion of Mr. Nelson's first Prize-giving Day as Headmaster of Pembroke Grammar School, the guest speaker was Mr. Donald Moore, B.A. (Wales), Dip.Ed. (Oxon.), who is at present Schools' Service Officer in Archaeology at the National Museum of Wales. Unfortunately, Mrs. Moore was unable to be present because of illness, and Mr. Moore distributed the prizes as well as giving the large audience a very thought-provoking address. We were delighted to see the former Headmaster, Mr. T. C. Roberts, and his wife at the ceremony.

PRIZE LIST FOR 1967-68

Form II—1, Peter Colley; 2, Carolyn Waters; 3, Janice Dodd; 4, Stuart Phillips.

Form IIIc—1, Patricia Scourfield.

Form IIIB—1, Albert McMahon. Industry Prize: Charles Gait.

Form IIIA—1, David Williams; 2, Colin Judge; 3, Jayne Baldwin.

Form IV Tech.—1, Robin Collis.

Form IVC—1, Irene James.

Form IVB—1, David Giddins; 2, Peter Best; 3, Theresa Croft.

Form IVA—1, Susan Catling; 2, Angela Bowen; 3, Jill Prout; 4, Janet Davies.

Form U.IV Tech.—1, David Stacey.

Form U.IVC—1, Michael Baker.

Form U.IVB—1, Carolyn Lloyd; 2, Kathleen Davies. Industry Prize: Ian Lightley.

Form U.IVA—1, Mary Phillips; 2, Karen Stevens; 3, Robin Campbell. Industry Prize: Cheryll Young.

Form V Tech—1, John Gittins.

Form VC—1, Martin Cavaney.

Form VB—1, Lorna Peck.

Form VA—1, Margaret John; 2, Selwyn Skone; 3, Lorraine Smith.

English Prize (given by Miss A. R. Lewis Davies, M.B.E.): Roland Perkins.

Welsh Prize (given by Alderman J. R. Williams): Mary Phillips.

Welsh Prize (the Brenda Lloyd Prize): Angela Smith, Lorraine Smith.

Latin Prize (given by Mrs. Hilda Thomas): Michael Thomas.

French Prize: Geoffrey Wilson.

German Prize: Helen McNally.

History Prize (given by the Rev. Lewis G. Tucker): Selwyn Skone.

Scripture Prize: Gwyn Campbell.

Geography Prize (given by Mrs. Nevin, in memory of Alderman W. Nevin): Michael Thomas.

Mathematics Prize (given by B. G. Howells, Esq., O.B.E.): Mary Phillips.

Chemistry Prize (given by Bernard Garnett, Esq., C.M.G., O.B.E., in memory of his father, J. H. Garnett, M.Sc.): Lorraine Smith.

Physics Prize (given by Bernard Garnett, Esq., C.M.G., O.B.E.): Selwyn Skone.

Biology Prize (given by Bernard Garnett, Esq., C.M.G., O.B.E.): Margaret John.

Agricultural Science Prize: Richard Pepper.

Art Prize (given by Mrs. C. Griffiths): David Harries.

Cookery Prize (the Beatrice Mary Williams Prize): Pamela Hayes.

Dressmaking Prize (given by Mrs. M. V. Jones): Rosemary Allen.

Woodwork Prize: David Harries.

Metalwork Prize (given by Alderman W. Carr): Peter G. Thomas.

Botany Prize: Helen Humber.

Human Biology Prize: Margaret John.

Pembroke Farmers' Cup for good work in Agriculture: John Gittins.

FORM UPPER VI

Prize for Best Performance at Advanced Level (given by Pembroke Rotary Club): Joseph Bowman.

English Prize: Dinah Haggard.

Woodwork Prize: Clive James.

Botany Prize: Joseph Bowman.

Domestic Subjects Prize: Joan Handley.

SPECIAL PRIZES

The Alice Mary Rees Prize (given jointly by Ralph L.I. Rees and Morwyth Rees in memory of their mother, for good work in Form LVI): Julie Davids, David Cooper.

Prize for the Spoken Word (given by Miss E. M. Young in memory of her father, Charles Young, J.P.): Elaine Hughes, Alan Searle.

Prize for Original Work (given by Mrs. Sarah Thomas): Roland Perkins.

Prize for Service to School Music (given by D. F. Hordley, Esq.): Margaret Davies.

The Chairman of Governors Prize for Service to the School (given by Clr. Mrs. V. Wisbey): Joan Handley.

Cricket Bat for gaining Welsh Secondary Schools Cricket Cap: Anthony Hodge.

EISTEDDFOD

5th March, 1969

If only all rivalry could be so healthy and enjoyable as that at the 1969 Eisteddfod at Pembroke Grammar School, the world would be a far pleasanter place. The pupils competed fiercely and wholeheartedly to forward the claims of their own particular houses to the Sudbury Shield, awarded to the winning house.

While the high standard of performance to which we have become accustomed was upheld in all fields, the most exciting and stimulating event was the prepared speech for the Parry Cup on the subject. "It is the function of the young to rebel; of their elders, to preserve." The speeches of the four sixth-formers who appeared on the stage were all so extraordinarily able, cogent and absorbing that Mr. Gordon Parry, the adjudicator and donor of the cup, admitted that it had been the best competition he had adjudicated at the school. As a result of this, he gave the first prize, for the second year running, to Anne Monico, and awarded an extra prize to Alan Searle for being such a very close runner-up. Hilary Thomas and Richard Allen tied in third place.

Mr. C. Nelson, the Headmaster, at his first eisteddfod ever, was very impressed by this "feast of culture," particularly by the masterly way in which the conductors of the house choirs, Elaine Hughes, Christina Muller, Margaret Bondzio and Helen Humber, controlled and trained their singers.

Picton House consolidated their narrow victory of last year by winning this year by a very large number of points, followed by Glyndwr, Hywel and Tudor.

LITERARY EVENTS

Verse Speaking: Junior Boys—1st, Stuart Phillips (T); 2nd, Brian Phillips (T); 3rd, Peter Colley (P). Senior Boys—1st, David Cooper (H); 2nd, Alan Searle (P). Junior Girls—1st, Jacqueline Davies (H); 2nd, Anne James (H); 3rd, Stephanie James (T). Senior Girls—1st, Elaine Hughes (G); 2nd, Angela Stevens (G); 3rd, Hilary Thomas (G). *Welsh Verse Speaking*: Junior—1st, Katherine Griffiths (P); 2nd, Ann James (H); 3rd, Peter Griffiths (T). Senior—1st, Angela Bowen (H); 2nd, Rhiannon Harries (P); 3rd, Karina Russell (G). *Prepared Speech*: 1st, Ann Monico; 2nd, Alan Searle; 3rd, Hilary Thomas (G) and Richard Allen (T).

Short Story: Senior—1st, Peter Thomas (G); 2nd, — (G); 3rd, Phillip Kendrick (G); Junior—1st Rosemary Cook (G), and Colin Judge (G), and Jayne Baldwin (P). *Original Poem*: Form II—1st, William Fell (P) and Brian Phillips (T) and Beth Prout (P). Form III—1st, Julie Armstrong (T); 2nd, Thomas Harries (T); 3rd, Carolyn Waters (G). Form IV—1st, Heather Gordon (P); 2nd, Anne Greenland (P); 3rd, Jane Baldwin (P). Form Upper IV—1st, Susan Catling (P); 2nd — (G) 3rd, Janet Davies (H). Form V—1st, Philippa Greenwood (G), and Cheryl Young (G) and Phillip Marsden (G). Form VI—1st, David Pendleton (T); 2nd, Martin Cavaney (H); 3rd, Jennifer Ricketts (G). *Essay*: Form II—1st, Karolyn Lovering (P); 2nd Christine Scaife (G); 3rd, Angela Jones (H). Form III—1st, Michael Jones (P); 2nd, Jennifer Dodson (H); 3rd, Sandra Cole (H). Form IV—1st, Paul Harries (P); 2nd, Anne Greenland (P); 3rd, David Bevans (P). Form

Upper IV—1st, Susan Catling (P); 2nd, Angela Bowen (H) and Irene James (H). Form V—1st, Robin Campbell (G); 2nd, Ann Batchelor (P); 3rd, Pat Howells (G). Form VI—1st, Vivien Lain (T); 2nd, Raydene Bateman (G); 3rd, Anne Monico (G).

VERSE TRANSLATIONS

Latin: Junior—1st, Denise Pendleton (T); 2nd, Jayne Baldwin (P); 3rd, Jean Davies (P). Senior—1st, Cheryl Young (G); 2nd, Gaynor Evans (P); 3rd, Elizabeth Thomas (G). Welsh: Junior—1st, Katherine Griffiths (P); 2nd, Nicholas Rogers (P); 3rd, Megan Davies (P). Senior—1st, Janet Davies (H); 2nd, Jacqueline Davies (H); 3rd, Jill Prout (P). French: Junior—1st, Denise Pendleton (T); 2nd, Jamie Larcombe (T); 3rd, Evan Thomas (T). Senior—1st, Hiliary Thomas (G); 2nd, Anne Monico (G); 3rd, Susan Catling (P). German: Junior—1st, Jerome Kelleher (P) 2nd, Angela Davids (T); 3rd, Malcolm Muller (T). Senior—1st, Angela Stevens (G); 2nd, Selwyn Skone (T); 3rd, Linda Davids (T).

AGRICULTURAL EVENTS

Stock Judging: Junior—1st, John Purser (G); 2nd, Robin Collis (G); 3rd, Gareth Edwards (G). Senior—1st, Eric Scourfield (H); 2nd, Stephen James (H); 3rd, Richard Davies (G). Tractor and Trailer Reversing: Junior—1st, G. Morris (H); 2nd, M. Whitfield (G); 3rd, J. Jones (H). Senior—1st, Eric Scourfield (H); 2nd, Patrick Maguire (T); 3rd, Stephen James (H). Agricultural Essay: Junior—1st, Karina Russell (G); 2nd, Wendy Richards (T). Senior—1st, Angela Stevens (G); 2nd, Paul Morgan (P); 3rd, Richard Davies (G). Machinery Identification: Junior—1st, J. Purser (G); 2nd, E. Hopkins (P); 3rd, J. Jones (H). Senior—1st, Geoffrey Grantham (H); 2nd, Colin Hurt (H); 3rd, David Stacey (H).

NATURE STUDY

Forms II and III—1st, Katherine Griffiths (P); 2nd, Ann James (H); 3rd, Lilian Thomas (H). Forms IV and Upper IV—1st, Susan Catling (P); 2nd, Angela Bowen (H); 3rd, Janet Davies (H). Forms V and VI—1st, Paul Morgan (P); 2nd, Ann Gibby (T); 3rd, Margaret John (T).

GEOGRAPHY

Form II—1st, Caroline Lee (P); 2nd, Haydn Phillips (G); 3rd, Kim Smith (P). Form III—1st, Roger Phillips (P); 2nd, Stephen Rule (H); 3rd, Gareth Gough (G). Form IV—1st, Anne Greenland (P); 2nd, Rhiannon Harries (P); 3rd, John Holmes (T). Forms Upper IV and V—1st, Timothy Hordley (P); 2nd, Ann Bowen (H); 3rd, Mark Bell (H). Form VI—1st, Margaret Bondzio (H); 2nd, David Reynolds (H); 3rd, Charles Watson (P).

STAMP COLLECTING

Junior—1st, Stephen Smith (T); 2nd, Nicholas Rogers (P). Senior—1st, Patrick Maguire (T); 2nd, Robin Campbell (G); 3rd, Gwyn Campbell (G).

PHOTOGRAPHY

Junior—1st, Peter Griffiths (T). Senior—1st, Peter Dix (T); 2nd, John Humber (G); 3rd, Alan Stephens (P). Open—1st, Dennis Thompson (P); 2nd, Timothy Hordley (P); 3rd, Stephen Andrews (H).

TABLE DECORATION

Flowers: 1st, Janice Doran (G); 2nd Vivien Lain (T); 3rd, Wendy Cole (P). Miniature Garden: 1st, Christine Lord (H); 2nd, Pat Howells (G); 3rd, Christopher Ball (G).

FELTWORK

Open: 1st, Pamela Hayes (P); 2nd, Carey Spencer (P); 3rd, Pat Howells (G).

KNITTING

Form II—1st, Elizabeth Scourfield (H); 2nd, Megan Davies (P); 3rd, Megan Ellis (G). Form III—1st, Christine Roblin (T); 2nd, Janice Dodd (H); 3rd, Yvonne Williams (P). Form IV—1st, Maureen Lewis (H); 2nd, Susan Davies (G); 3rd, Jean Davies (P). Form Upper IV—1st, Alyson Rowlands (G); 2nd, Caroline Reader (H); 3rd, Jill Prout (P). Forms V and VI—1st, Pamela Hayes (P); 2nd, Megan Arnold (P); 3rd, Vivien Lain (T).

EMBROIDERY

Junior—1st, Susan Andrews (H). Senior—1st, Megan Arnold (P); 2nd, Siân Bell (H); 3rd, Helen Humber (T).

NEEDLEWORK

Form II—1st, Jacqueline Huxter (P); 2nd, Caroline Lee (P); 3rd, Jane Thomas (T). Form III—2nd only, Janice Dodd (H). Form IV—1st, Jean Davies (P); 2nd, Rhiannon Harries (P); 3rd, Lynne Clayton (P). Form Upper IV—1st, Jane Russell (G); 2nd, Janice Doran (G); 3rd, Dorothy Hay (P). Form V—1st, Kathleen Davies (P); 2nd, Ailsa Davies (H); 3rd, Jacqueline Davies (H). Form VI—1st, Vivien Lain (T) and Ann Turvey (P).

COOKERY

Form II—1st, Megan Davies (P); 2nd, Siobha Goriah (T); 3rd, Christine Rule (H). Form III—1st, Helen Longhurst (P); 2nd, Sandra Cole (H); 3rd, Carolyn Waters (G). Form IV—1st, Leonard Mullins (G); 2nd, Andrew Dickie (G); 3rd, Megan John (G). Form Upper IV—1st, Clare Lynch (G); 2nd, Caroline Reader (H); 3rd, Linda Davids (T). Form V—1st, Kathleen Davies (P); 2nd, Ann Batchelor (P); 3rd, Simon Rogers (P). Form VI—1st, Julie Davids (T); 2nd, Pamela Hayes (P); 3rd, Alan Stephens (P).

ART

Form II—1st, Susan Andrews (H); 2nd, Peter Griffiths (T); 3rd, Gareth Deacon (P) and Sally Ann Scrace (G). Form III—1st, Nigel Harries (P); 2nd, Gareth Williams (T); 3rd, Nicholas Rogers (P).

Form IV—1st, Rhiannon Harries (P); 2nd, Leslie Kenniford (G); 3rd, Paul Harries (P). Form Upper IV—1st, Janice Doran (G); 2nd, Lucille Bowen (H); 3rd, Linda Davids (T) and Perryn Butler (T). Form V—No entries. Form VI—1st, Karen Mabe (P); 2nd, Stephen Andrews (H); 3rd, David Harries (P).

ART (THREE DIMENSIONAL)

Forms II and III—1st, Peter Griffiths (T); 2nd, Peter Meiring (T); 3rd, Phillip Doran (G). Forms IV and Upper IV—1st, Philip Gwyther (G); 2nd, Colin Sylvester (T); 3rd, Perryn Butler (T). Forms V and VI—1st, Christine Williams (T); 2nd, Rosemary Allen (T) and Stephen Andrews (H).

MUSIC

Piano Solo: Junior—1st, Jane Thomas (H); 2nd, Michael Hoy (G); 3rd, Jacqueline Davies (H). Senior—1st, Eric Scourfield (H); 2nd, Charles Watson (P); 3rd, Simon Rogers (P). Violin: Junior (standard points only). Senior—1st, Ian Cooper (H); 2nd, Joan Bendle (G); 3rd, Lawrence Underwood (T). Solo, Boys: Junior—1st, Jonathan Rees (P); 2nd, Nicholas Rogers (P); 3rd, Stephen James (T). Senior—1st, Richard Allen (T). Solo, Girls: Junior—1st, Celia Thomas (T); 2nd, Wendy Cole (P); 3rd, Jacqueline Davies (H). Senior—1st, Joan Bendle (G); 2nd, Angela Bowen (H); 3rd, Rhiannon Harries (P). Duet: Senior Girls—1st, Ann Bowen and Angela Bowen (H); 2nd, Karen Stevens and Angela Stevens (G); 3rd, Penny George and Pamela Morgan (P). Junior Welsh Solo—1st, Jacqueline Davies (H); 2nd, Bernice Thain (H). Instrumental (Open)—1st, Christine Main (T); 2nd, Karen Stevens and Angela Stevens (G); 3rd, Penny George, Pamela Hayes, Pamela Morgan and Bronwen Merriman (P).

HOUSE CHOIRS

1st, Hywel; 2nd, Picton; 3rd, Glyndwr; 4, Tudor.

TOTAL HOUSE POINTS

1st, Picton, 936.
2nd, Glyndwr, 786.
3rd, Hywel, 681.
4th, Tudor, 661.

PREFECTS

Owing to the involvement of the Upper VIth prefects in "A" level examinations, the following members of the Lower VIth were appointed prefects at half-term:—

Senior Prefects—Judith Phillips and Selwyn Skone.

Prefects—Rosemary Allen, Denise Grigor, Pamela Hayes, Margaret John, Vivien Lain, Karen Mabe, Helen McNally, Lorraine Smith, Ann Stephens, Angela Stevens, Frances Stewart, Gwyn Campbell, Paul Gandy, John Handley, David Harries, Rowland Jeffreys, Leslie Johnson, Paul Lindsay, David Lovell, Roland Perkins, George Thomas, Paul Weatherall.

SCHOOL VISIT TO PARIS, EASTER 1969

A school party, forty-eight strong, visited Paris this Easter. We were in Paris for a week, doing all the things expected of tourists, visiting all there was to visit. We saw not only Paris but also much of the typical French countryside on the rail journey from Dieppe—the high hedges, the tiny French hamlets with the typical French houses. For many of us it was our first visit to France, and all these things, small though they may seem, were completely novel and gave a sense of complete change.

Paris itself is a beautiful city. In our sight-seeing we were aided by the weather for it was fine all week. The Eiffel Tower typifies all that is French to the British, although we did not find it as interesting at the tiny chapel of Saint Chapelle. This surprised me—to many, the Eiffel Tower seemed a glorified Blackpool Tower. We had never heard of Saint-Chapelle on the Ile de la Cité, yet the beauty of the stained-glass windows was great indeed. Three walls seemed to be composed of vivid light. The more famous monuments of Paris we found interesting as well—most seemed either to have been built by Napoleon Bonaparte or to commemorate him. His influence on the city is evident.

We saw all the sights expected of us and were also fortunate in gaining a little of the atmosphere of Paris. For this we are grateful to the accompanying teachers who let our trip go beyond the normal sight-seeing of the tourists. The Latin Quarter and Montmartre were the two most evocative places and we learnt more of France and the French from seeing these places and their people than we could have merely by viewing the monuments and great buildings. Of course, we saw these great buildings and were suitably impressed, but the trip allowed us to get out and walk for ourselves, to see what we wanted to see. It was this happy combination that made the trip a success. For example, in the morning we could visit the Louvre and in the afternoon go shopping.

For those interested in history it was a fascinating experience, as well as for those who merely wanted a holiday. The cell where the aristocrats waited for their dawn ride in the tumbrils to the guillotine still has a chilling, forbidding atmosphere. We had the chance to see great Catholic cathedrals, the Notre Dame and the Basilica. The Basilica was impressive, viewed at night when illuminated, white stone gleaming on a hill. Old women in black came to light candles; the feet of the statues are worn by their kisses—the faith of the peasant, for these are indeed peasant people from the country. The Arc de Triomphe has battle honours proudly carved into it, as the eternal flame burns for an unknown soldier beneath it. The Mona Lisa smiles enigmatically. Montmartre moves with colour and smell. These are my memories of Paris.

ROLAND PERKINS, Lower VIA

VISIT TO THE SYNAGOGUE

On Wednesday, the 12th of March, a small party from the senior scripture classes visited Swansea Synagogue.

The coach left at 12.30 p.m. to begin the two-hour journey, and as the weather was typical for March—wet and dreary—everyone was relieved that it was not an outdoor trip!

After an uneventful journey, we arrived in Swansea—where, as inevitable on many school outings, we got lost! But, undeterred, we asked for directions, and half-an-hour and several puzzled natives later, we arrived safely at the Synagogue.

The first impressive feature of Swansea Synagogue is its unique style of architecture—which is unlike that of most other Synagogues. It is a comparatively new and very attractive flat-roofed, red-brick, building, which was consecrated by the Emeritus Chief Rabbi, Sir Israel Brodie.

The interior also proved to be unusual, with attractive natural wood fittings and large scenic windows, giving an atmosphere of light and cheerfulness. Particularly striking were the beautiful stained-glass windows, high on the eastern wall, depicting all the major festivals of the Jewish year, and also on another wall, windows representing the twelve tribes of Israel with biblically-inspired symbols.

There are naturally no images of any kind in the Synagogue because of the Second Commandment, but instead there are the beautifully ornate, 7-branched candelabra, known as “Menorot,” which stand before the Ark. The Ark, itself, containing the precious scrolls of the Law, is situated on the eastern wall (facing Jerusalem), and above it are the opening words of each of the Ten Commandments in Hebrew. On either side of the Ark there are wall plaques on which are written the prayers for the State of Israel and the Royal Family. One symbol used repeatedly throughout the design of the Synagogue is, of course, the traditional shield (star) of David, the symbol which, in darker times, was enforced as a badge of shame by the enemies of the Jewish people, and has now found honour again on the flag of the Independent State of Israel.

Unfortunately Mr. Schwarz, minister to the congregation, was not enjoying the best of health and was unable to attend. Nevertheless, our hosts, Mr. S. H. Goldberg and Dr. Neville Saunders, combined efforts to give a really interesting and entertaining talk on the Synagogue and its role in Jewish life as a place of worship, study and general assembly. Dr. Saunders showed slides of synagogues, ancient and modern from all lands; and answered any questions.

The highlight of the afternoon came when Mr. Jackson, the Life President, took the Scrolls of the Law, in Hebrew, the “Torah” (the five books of Moses), from the Ark and laid them open so that everyone had the chance to see for themselves the square Hebrew characters of the hand-written scrolls.

Before leaving at the end of the afternoon, we were given a very

welcome cup of tea and biscuits, kindly provided by Mrs. Goldberg and other members of the Ladies' Guild.

We did not go directly home from the Synagogue but were first let loose for half-an-hour on the unsuspecting populace of Swansea, though we are glad to report that the town is still intact! Nevertheless, when we eventually arrived home that evening, I think that everyone felt somewhat enlightened after an enjoyable and worthwhile experience.

CHERYLL YOUNG, VA

GRANDMOTHER'S MARKET DAY

*There's butter to churn and cheese to pack,
The eggs to be washed, and the chickens to wrap.
There's the trap to be cleaned, and Prince wants some hay,
There's oh! such a flurry on Market Day!*

*Mrs. Jones wants some cream and lots of fresh milk,
And we mustn't forget that we're selling the gilt;
Put the piglets in front and the lamb on top—Say!
Leave room for US! Oh, it's Market Day!*

*There's oh! such a flurry on Market Day!
The one day of the week when all were away
From the farm, where life's spent in a quiet way.
But oh, what fun was Market Day!*

BETH PROUT, IIA

MYTHICAL BEAST

*On a national flag
Not a lion or stag
But a dragon of legends old.
On a green and white field
You've your country revealed
And your country considers you bold.*

*O, bold red dragon, pride of Wales,
Famed from of old in a thousand tales,
O'er many a turret you fly,
Now a brand-new prince in Investiture Year
Will be seen by people from far and near.
The sight of you keeps spirits high.*

ANNE GREENLAND, IVA

EARLY MORNING LIFE

It's calm out there. The water is like a mill-pond. A sailor wouldn't have much luck today. The only movement this morning is a baby seal making his way up against the tide. A flash of bold whiskers and he dives, leaving a whirlpool where he disappeared. I wonder whether it's as peaceful down there as it is up here. He rises again, fifty yards to the right, a great flapping plaice adorning his mouth like a great white moustache shocked white in the sun. Again he dives down to all the fish swimming madly for their lives as if tomorrow had come and been forgotten in the rush. All madly rushing for their tribes, all ready for the race up the motorway to Lawrenny. Turn left at the wreck marker buoy. There goes the heron, all prepared to meet and entertain them when they arrive. Magnificent how they manage to carry all those legs and a fish, but who's to argue as he wings his way across the mud in slow, pulsating movements. Oops! nearly dropped it then, didn't you? Of course, that was only for show. After all, it's my day today, isn't it?

Hullo! Who's this? Bit late for this time of year, aren't you? Come on, don't be shy. What's that you say? Yes, I know your beak is golden on the outside and red on the inside. Aren't all dabchicks like that? Oh, come back, there's no need to be offended. I wasn't being personal. It's just that I like small things. Please come back instead of dipping and wavering away. Look out! Here comes Greedy! Annoying, that long palpitating neck. Do you know that they eat three times their own weight in food every day? You didn't? It's a wonder they don't have to take Rennies. Just look at him, sunning himself on the buoy. Who does he think he is? Standing there like that he looks like a policeman directing the traffic. Well, they are definitely not obeying him. Serves him right, officious brute! Off he goes again, going to book someone for parking, no doubt. You know what the penalty is—sudden death! They must be very lonely those johnny-dippers. Never seem to have any friends. There is someone above whose got friends, but he's on look-out at the moment. Lookout! he's looked out. Over there, on the far bank. Hundreds of seagulls squabble over a stale loaf and a mouldy cabbage thrown over the back garden wall. Haven't they anything better to do than to make noise and mess? Still, they can't soar today. No wind, so there is an excuse to start with. The poor small terns have a bad time. The big, vicious black-backed gulls are like bullies in a play-ground. They bully if they want something and if they don't there's nothing to do so they bully. It's the same the world over. The meal's finished, the air becomes clear again, and watch how it resumes its hour-long vigil. For a moment, peace.

But not for long. The man's world intervenes. The early morning boat chugs noisily up the river, sending waves crashing to the beach. A host of gulls rise up and they screech their protest. Who dares come between us and the sun? The little dippers forget their stone-turning and flash across the water like driven flakes of snow. But all is soon forgotten, the waves subside and die, and all returns to beauty, serenity and sky. And sky. Look up. Not at the white clouds scampering but further up, it seems. What is he doing so close inshore? Here he comes! Like a bomb he plummets down; like a shooting star flashing across

the blue void. He disappears into the dark depths, sending up sparkling droplet offerings to the gods. He hasn't missed, of course, and a plump herring, full of roe, is no more. Death here is so sudden. Only the crabs seem to go at half pace. Look over there. It's entertaining in Crabsville. Jack the Ripper takes on Bludgeon Bill. The prize? a delicious herring head and guts, of course. Crowds scurry in to watch and partake of the feast after. It's all in the fun of the game.

But my dog soon spoils that. She noses through the seaweed and empty squeegy bottles and daintily crushes the smallest crab with her paw; snuffles and pants, trying not to get wet but succeeding in falling in, growling, barking, destroying the peace again. She also realises that it's breakfast time and that we must leave this fantasy world of light and dark and pass back into ours. I'd like to leave it as it was when I came, but the devil tempts me to hurl a slate across the water, breaking a thousand mirrors and scattering a million souls. Goodbye, love, until this evening, when again I shall enter and live in this dream world for a million years to eternity.

PEPI

"THE SNAKE"

*The tall, sea-green grass stirred slightly
As the sleek, smooth, slimy snake
Slid along. Massive, muscular, mottled,
Hand-painted: its variegated form
Not appreciated until it found a tree
And displayed itself.*

*At first the head, hovering exotically.
Two malicious hungry eyes, unblinking,
Constantly on watch.
Its black, forked tongue
Constantly darting and probing.*

*Slowly, silently, its bulk followed,
Found the tree and coiled,
Caressing it.*

*Nothing stirred. All was quiet, hot and still,
Until a fat, clumsy pig
Disturbed the silence, grunting and snorting.
The tree-snake slept, hanging silently waiting,
With open eye, apparently charming
The stupid boar, which blundered blindly towards it—
All hot, steaming, stinking, overfed and fat.*

*Swiftly, silently, the muscular bulk looped,
Curled, coiled, caressed and
Crushed the life out of the squealing, gasping bulk,
Then, with mouth agape, swallowed it whole—
Tusks and all,
Pumping poison from the pockets of its mouth:*

DAVID PENDLETON, UPPER VIA

GLIDER SOLO

After a muttered conversation amongst several instructors they come to the decision that I am ready to go solo, and I, the bold aviator, intrepid birdman, victor of fifty dual launches, am reduced to a mass of quivering jelly.

After a strong cup of coffee (can only be strong after six hours in a thermos flask) and the equipping of the two-seat glider for solo flight, I am ready to be off.

For quiet, stable flight, a fuselage, two wings and a tailplane are necessary, and after ascertaining that these are in the correct position and stand a good chance of remaining there during the forthcoming flight, you are ready to take off.

Apprehensively I get into the glider, strap myself in and, as the canopy slams shut, mentally strangle the person who asks me kindly not to wrap the glider round a fence as he wants it next. The wings are level now and the glider is balancing on its single wheel, supported only by the helper at the wing tip. Pre-flight checks are now carried out. Controls? full unobstructed movement. Ballast? correct. Straps? mine are O.K. and those across the empty instructor's seat are taut. Instruments? correctly set. Trim? nose heavy for take-off. Canopy? shut and secure. Brakes? Airbrakes closed and locked.

Having ascertained that everything is working I know that the glider is capable of taking off, the only error now being human. The cable is attached. Oh well, better get it over with! "All clear above and behind?" (to the uninitiated, "Are there any aircraft coming?"). "Take up slack!" and the hitherto lifeless cable writhes around and becomes taut; the glider rolls gently forward. "All out!" Smoothly speed increases, the glider answers coarse movements of the controls so that when the person running with the wing collapses with exhaustion I can maintain a wings-level attitude.

At twenty knots, the airspeed indicator comes to life, at forty knots I gently ease back the stick and the glider rises into the air, the only sound now being the rush of air past the cockpit. 950 feet is read on the altimeter as the cable is released, and I am on my own. A 40-knot cruise is maintained and a left turn on to the crosswind leg is made. Here a few turns are made to lose some height; left "stick," touch left rudder. The ground banks 20 degrees to the right and the nose moves round in a left turn.

600 feet and another left turn brings me round on to my downwind legs, running with the wind parallel to the runway on which I took off. 300 yards past the launch point, another left turn on to the base leg is initiated. Speed begins to build up now. At 50 knots I turn on to "finals"; the glider is now aiming towards the point where it took off and in the same direction after completing a rectangular "circuit."

A slight movement of the controls lines up the glider to the launch point, but too high. The air brakes are now opened and a much steeper rate of descent is accompanied by a muted whistle as slats appear out of the wing, spoiling the airflow.

Altitude 15 feet. Pull out of the 30° approach dive and fly along

level, two feet off the ground. As speed drops off, all becomes quieter and quieter. There is a gentle swish of grass along the fuselage and a bump and trundle as touchdown is completed. The glider rolls quickly to a stop on the grass and one wing tip drops gently to the ground. All is quiet.

"How did it go?" asks one of the recovery crew. "Nothing to it," I reply, mopping my perspiring brow.

DEREK HEAD, VI GENERAL

ANIMAL CUNNING

*I'm Reynard the Fox and I'm clever,
And crafty as crafty can be,
With earnest endeavour
They try, but can never
Outwit such a fellow as me.*

*In hunting pink jackets they chase me.
In top hats and boots to the knee.
With "YOICKS! TALLY HO!"
Intent, don't you know,
On the extermination of me.*

*But I'll give them a chase they'll remember,
They won't get the better of me.
These hounds will be thinner;
They won't get their dinner
From biting great chunks out of me!*

*And they'll all return home disappointed,
Hard luck! I'll drive you "up the creek."
Though you think me a bore,
I've out-run you before,
And I'll do it again, Tuesday week!*

JAYNE BALDWIN, IVA

DESOLATION

Cold air hurled itself at his face. He flung out his arms to ward off the blow. Every nerve in his body strained as he tried to retreat. The sombre, eager swell opened its paws like a hungry beast to receive its prey, the man. The impact of the blow was felt in the core of his being, rose like an explosion, strangling his body and mind until his brain throbbed and his eyes lost focus, and then co-ordination between mind and body was obliterated completely.

Breath broke from his twisting mouth and his whole body shuddered as it realised the intensity of the cold. His eyes bulged in his white face.

Panic-stricken he beat his arms inadequately against the drag of the depth, sending spray over his face and fogging up his eyes until, once more, he was sucked down. He rose again to hit the continual, cold blackness. His stomach heaved and his body jerked with tiny gasps as he fought to regain his breath.

Then suddenly he gained control of his arms and legs. Self-confidence buoyed him up on the waves and he was swimming.

The waves unbalanced him and he thought himself lost once more, until he achieved a definite rhythm and knew he could continue thus for a long time.

Shouts reverberated through the night and the horrifying darkness was pierced by a broad and comforting shaft of light. It represented life itself to the drowning man, struggling in solitude against the unknown. A voice answered. It was high-pitched, un-naturally so, and sounded as if it came from afar. The man did not realize it was he who was screaming until the volume increased and filled his head completely. The light swung sharply, exposing him in its fierce, agonising glare.

Comforting words, kind hands, warm clothes. The pleasing pain of hot coffee scalding his mouth and lying heavy and warm on his stomach brought the swift awareness that he was saved. The towel was rough against his shivering skin as he tried to erase not only the cold but also the bitter memory of his desolation, which had been utter and complete.

The taste of salt water, filling his mouth and choking his lungs, came as a sharp and cruel blow. Anger arose in him. His thoughts had betrayed action with security, warmth and comfort. He strove with increasing despair against the turbulent, powerful monster which sought to engulf him. His nails tore at the sea; his feet jerked upwards—he struggled like a fish on a hook.

He slid downwards into warmth and oblivion. The surface of the sea, unbroken now, revealed no signs of war or victory.

ANNE LEWIS, LOWER VIA

MARKET DAY

*On Friday morn at break of day,
The market opens in bright array,
Stalls piled high, with eggs and ham,
Cheeses, fruit and cakes and jam.*

*The market is a friendly place,
With beautiful ribbons and satins and lace.
And butchers, shouting and selling their wares,
And farmers bidding for cows and mares.*

*A motley confusion where nothing is neat,
With a gorgeous smell of things to eat.
On Friday, my favourite day of the week,
To market, to market, a bargain to seek.*

WILLIAM FELL, II

"WARS AND RUMOURS OF WAR"

*In a shallow trench in Southern France,
Marking the edge of the troops' advance,
Covered with icy, clinging mud,
And sticky, sweet, congealing blood,
They waited—so many, so alone,
Steeped in death they thought of home.
The violet flash, the shell's high whine,
Inching through the oozing slime.
In the hostile searchlight's probing glare—
Lifeless eyes in a frozen stare;
With the gutting pain of the bayonet's blade
—Another line of history made.*

*In a torpid swamp in Vietnam,
A raging carnage of napalm,
A wild-eyed infant shrieks with pain,
Blackened and scorched by the searing rain.
What chance have they to turn and fight
In this man-made hell of liquid light?
The agonizing, frenzied cries,
As the flaming jungle flares and dies;
Their charnel-world from the map deleted—
And a bomber signals "Mission Completed."*

*One single bomb, but thousands killed,
A thriving city forever stilled.
Smouldering, level devastation
After the savage conflagration,
A smoking fossil—a blackened shell,
And a distant, futile ambulance bell
Under a lurid, orange sky
As the final, crashing echoes die.
And a sickened world recoiled again
At life in dust and ashes lain.*

*In sterile banks, computers lined
Decide the future of mankind,
Lifeless brains in calculation.
Submission? . . . or retaliation?
A raucous klaxon's strident note,
Announces the electronic vote . . .
Terror and annihilation,
Anguish and obliteration . . .
Faultless robots sound "All Clear"
. . . But there is no-one left to hear . . .*

SUSAN CATLING, UPPER IVA

PEACE OF MIND

*You look—your eyes can't see it.
You listen—your ears won't hear.
The older generation? O yes,
To them it's clear.*

*They found it in religion;
We see it in a haze,
In our senseless psychadelia,
An addictive teenage craze.*

*This peace and quiet pleasure,
To them so plain, so clear,
Is rarely felt by youngsters
Who feel unspoken fear.*

*But have they truly found out
What makes life's perpetual round?
Or is it only mystics
Who can knowingly expound?*

*The thoughts of young and ancient,
Are streamlined to one theme—
Of how to find true peace of mind
In life's fantastic dream.*

DAVID REYNOLDS, UPPER VIA

EAGLE

*Eagle of the Shining Mountains,
Far beyond the Little River,
Where the sunset meets the daybreak,
There, in peace, you bide forever;
Where the Pawnee graze their horses,
Over plains of lasting treasure,
There, your flight of gaudy splendour,
Pleased the 'Red Man,' gave him pleasure.
For your feathers, in their glory,
Tempted Man to thus befriend thee,
Gave the warriors their prizes,
Gave the chieftains golden clothing
And the people, gods to worship;
Thus, your beauty was to end thee.
Now the tides of time are turning,
And the 'Red Man' hunts no more.
But, the 'Pony Soldiers' learning,
Drives you from your life-long lair.
Though you live in numbers fading,
And the end must nearer be,
Through the misty phase between us,
Still, can Man your beauty see.*

HEATHER GORDON, IVB

TYPICAL

*Two bleary eyes,
A burnt piece of toast,
A kiss on the cheek,
A pile of post.*

*A long drive,
There is no train.
British Rail,
On strike again.*

*A hard day,
Lost three cases,
A freeze on pay—
Labour! hold the aces.*

*Endless queues,
A splitting head;
Tedious news,
Home to bed.*

HILARY THOMAS, UPPER VIA

JERUSALEM

*Pink rock and sandy slopes,
Covered with greenest olive trees
Hide sleeping buildings, golden-domed,
As silent as the ancient breeze,
That fills the city with a thousand martyred voices;
Unheard, and yet as real as the psalmist's soulful chant:
Resounding from Zion in David's day.
For two thousand years, lamenting,
The voices echoed through a city, defiled.
Her streets knew only the step of the dead;
Her living had been exiled.
She was haunted by souls who had spurned the damp
gloom of her earth,
And, instead, chose to wander her sun-kissed streets;
Awaiting the Messiah's birth.
But two thousand years is short to a city of such
antiquity;
And, at last, her eye-patched "Messiah" comes,
Uniting the Eternal City
With the rumble of tanks and guns.
Her crumbling walls sing once more with the prayer
That she, previously conquered by many lands,
May never again pass into non-caring, non-Jewish,
indifferent hands.*

CHERYLL YOUNG, VA

EARTH PROBE

It was nine a.m. in Lunamrica and all the important Lunamricans had gathered at New Lunar to discuss the Earth Probe Project that was being made in Lunamrica. The Lunamricans were all very worried as they started their meeting, all their antennae drooping with worry.

"This Earth probe simply must be successful," said the chairman, bristling with importance. "If it is not Lunarussia is going to land on earth before us."

Voices clamoured on all sides agreeing with this, and a general state of panic ensued. At last, however, the secretary called for order and the chairman proceeded.

"I think that we all realise the seriousness of our position," he continued. "If Lunarussia land on earth before us, they will, of course, be in charge of the green cheese production on Earth. As we are all desperately short of cheese here on the Moon, I am afraid that nothing short of a miracle will save us now."

Once again the hullabaloo broke out, and this time the secretary proved powerless to stop. These robots were desperate, for if their Earth probe was unsuccessful the next week, Lunarussia would certainly win the Earth race and therefore establish the Green Cheese factories on Earth. Gradually the noise died away as the Lunamricans realised that the chairman had more to say.

"Before I break up this meeting," he said, "it would perhaps be of some use to our brave robots who are departing to Earth next week, if any of you can tell us anything about the inhabitants of Earth."

There was a blank silence. The Lunamricans were obviously very ignorant on the subject of earthlings. However one little robot, with flat antennae and rather a rusty suit, squeaked nervously.

"Hm . . . Hm . . . Well, I know a little about these creatures. They, of course, differ completely from us. Firstly, they have no antennae and" (the professor then gazed straight before him and recited as if learnt by heart), "they are roundish or rectangular in shape and of a pale colouring. Their dress is very varied and colourful in both the male and the female of the species . . ."

Here he paused for breath and everyone applauded loudly. He looked around and beamed and was about to continue when the chairman brought the meeting to a close. The professor shrugged his shoulders resignedly and the meeting broke up, everyone talking worriedly.

Meanwhile, in Lunarussia, a similar meeting was in progress, and the Lunarussians were even more worried at the decline of the Green Cheese production.

"Aweel, now, min, what kin we do?" said their leader. "T'was only t'other week that one o' our factories were destroyed by a plague o' lunar moice. We mun' gin' awa' to Earth next ween."

These anxious meetings dragged on for a few days. Then, on the following Monday, something happened that shocked both the nations. Some strange beings had landed on their Moon! Immediately more

conferences were held, this time jointly, and a deputation went out to meet these beings, the professor included. When he saw the "beings," his memory jogged and he began to mutter, "No antennae, rectangular in shape . . . I wonder!"

"Hi!" said one of these beings, "we're mighty glad to see you!"

"Are you . . . you . . . from Earth?" stuttered the professor, immensely pleased with himself.

"Ja, dat is right," replied the other being.

All the Lunamricans and Lunarussians were speechless. They had been planning Earth probes for weeks and now these Earthlings had the audacity to land on the Moon.

"Och, but are ye here to start yon Green Cheese factories?" asked one Lunarussian suspiciously.

"Gosh, no," said one of the Earthlings, and hastened to explain that there wasn't room for everyone on earth and so they were searching for a place to put the surplus number. He added that indeed in Britain, on Earth, many cheese factories had been closed down because there was no demand for it.

The Lunars began to resemble goldfish more and more every minute. They nearly fainted at the very idea of cheese factories being closed down.

However, a few days later, after the inevitable conferences, Lunarussia and Lunamrica made Earth a present of a large unpopulated area in the east of the Moon, where cheese-making had proved unsatisfactory in the past because of the poor shade of green produced. In return the Earthlings promised that all their cheese-making factories on Earth should be reopened and were at the disposal of both the Lunarussians and the Lunamricans, who had settled their differences.

Finally, a few days later, to show their appreciation, a large box of mouse-traps was sent from Earth to Lunarussia to deal with the "Lunar moice"!

ANGELA BOWEN, UPPER IVA

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

*The garden weaves a tuneless spell,
The perfumed flowers, the humming bees,
The birds that sing their gayest song,
The wind that whispers in the trees.*

*With book and pen I sit and dream,
Of stories that are yet untold,
How wondrous things shall come to pass,
All in my mind, like hidden gold.*

*And as I dream, among the flowers,
In the gentle warmth of (the) day,
I wonder how all came to pass
How? and Why? But no man can say.*

JULIE ARMSTRONG, IIIA

THE MASTERPIECE

At last I'd finished it! After eight months of hard graft I'd created my first masterpiece. True it was an abstract masterpiece, a sort of Constable-cum-Picasso-cum-colour section of the Telegraph magazine. It has so much feeling and expression I just don't know how I managed to create it.

Well, after all, I only just managed to get an O-level at this art game and I had been thrown out of art school. Take it from me, it takes quite some doing to get thrown out of an art school, these days, you know. Well, I suppose flogging off half their paint stock to that interior decorator was going a bit too far; plus that incident with those girls from finishing school . . . the least of which is said the better.

I guess up to now you would have been quite justified to call me a dead-beat and a failure. However, now I had created something worthwhile, something to make me famous and rich. Instead of being plain old Sid Sharples, the unsuccessful artist and odd job man, I would be Sidney Sharples, M.B.E., the world-famous expressionist painter and playboy, the Picasso of the Jet Set.

My excitement grew when I received a reply from the company of art dealers I had written to (asking for a professional opinion of my latest masterpiece), saying that they were sending a person called Tony Finch-Morton round to see it that very afternoon. All afternoon I kept peering out of my flat window, hoping and wishing for this fella to come. It was four o'clock before somebody pulled up in front of the house.

A flame-red Volvo glided to a stop outside the house, and out of it stepped one of the most gorgeous dollies I'd ever set eyes on. She was dressed in a half-length mink coat and a mini-dress, that looked as if it was straight off the rack from Dior's, in Paris. Her hair was dyed platinum blonde and she had a figure like Raquel Welch. Then a voice said to me, "Stop kidding yourself, Sidney boy! You're expecting a fella from those dealers, not a bird."

Suddenly I came back down to earth. The voice was right. I slowly dragged myself away from the window and sat down in a chair.

A minute later somebody was knocking on the door. I sprang to my feet and opened the door. There standing in the door was the dolly who had got out of the Volvo.

"Mr. Sidney Sharples?" she enquired. I replied that I was, but who was she? "Oh, I am from the company of art dealers you wrote to," she said. I quickly invited her in, and asked her if she wanted a drink. "Oh, not on duty, thank you," she said. She then asked to see the painting. After she had studied it for a while, she said: "Interesting, quite interesting. In fact, it's very good. You wouldn't mind if I took it back to the firm for a second opinion, would you?" I replied she was at liberty to do what she wanted with it. I asked if I could help her down to the car with it. She replied, "Oh, how sweet of you, but I can manage alright, thank you." (I bet she could).

With that she walked out of the room and after a short pause to cast a smile over her shoulder, she disappeared down the stairs.

I had scarcely recovered from the shock of how anybody could call such a beautiful dolly Tony when a knock came on the door. I opened it to find a short, stocky man in a "city" suit and bowler hat standing outside. You can guess the rest. He was really the Tony what's-his-name and the bird a confidence swindler. He had the cheek to say that it was a pity about the painting as from the photograph I had sent it looked quite promising. He also said that with any luck I might have had an exhibition. With that, a little fat fella in a bowler was kicked down three flights of stairs.

I later read that a talented new young artist had been discovered. This "talented young artist" happened to be a platinum blonde as well. By the way, to add to my sorrow, I am being sued by a little man in a bowler for assault and battery.

(P.S.—If you hear of a promising young artist being found murdered or a poor artist committing suicide—don't worry. I am not that kind . . .).

FRANK WHITTAKER, UPPER IVA

MONDAY MORNING

*Wet sponge breaking warm, mug silence
Of my Monday morning sleep,
Stop! Stop! Stop! I shout in fury
But reply is Vite! Vite! Vite!*

*Out I jump to wash away
Sleep and dreams already gone,
Lost forever in the tumble
Of this Monday morning chaos!*

*On I cram my crumpled clothing,
Thinking of this Monday grey;
Physics, French and Biol. test,
What a way to start the week!*

*Stumble down and grab some breakfast
Then, on with shrunken, beastly beret,
Out into the howling blackness,
To start out on my dismal way.*

*Icy wind says, "Up with drosses!"
Hang on to satchel, beret, skirt;
On I rush to distant bus-stop
Muttering, cursing under breath.*

*Running, helter-skelter downhill—
Oh! Thank goodness! I'm not late.
There they all are in the shadows,
One more Monday rush is over!*

PHILLIPPA GREENWOOD, VA

ODE TO A WOLF

*Poets and writers never praise this creature,
They dislike his appearance and inborn trait
Of cruel savagery in ev'ry feature,
Upon him, through the ages, men vent their hate.*

*His skulking attacks allow him no glory;
But deep inside he fears not man nor beast
And revels in the chase and death so gory.
On dead and dying of his kind he'll feast.*

*His thought is swift, and body strong.
His decisions are fast; if right,
Then all is well for a while. If wrong,
Then for grim life he'll have to fight.*

*As he stalks an elusive deer or fowl,
He trusts himself to his hearing and sight.
At the slightest sound he'll snarl and growl,
And he howls to the moon in the dead of night.*

*And so, with all these wicked ways,
Along his lonely path he'll go,
Until, one of cold winter's days,
There's the crack of a rifle—he's dead, in the snow.*

COLIN JUDGE, IVA

STILLE NACHT

High in the Austrian Alps, a young boy gazes longingly at the toys in the shop window. It is Christmas Eve, and the boy longs for Saint Nicholas to come that night to him. But, the boy thought, surely so great a person would never bother with a poor, wretched being as himself. He sighed and slowly he dragged his reluctant feet away from the window. He thought of the whistles and trains he had seen, but most of all he thought of the sledge. He had seen it when returning from church last Sunday.

It had stood out amongst all the other toys in the window; its steel runners shining and the blue paint gleaming. He looked at the price—6 marks. Too much, oh, so much! He looked at the money he had in his pocket; only 2 pfennig, just enough to console himself with one of Frau Mäuer's sticky, round buns. He stopped and sniffed at the smell, savouring every morsel of aroma and went into the shop. It was warm in here, and a pleasant contrast to the snowy wilderness he had just left. The whiteness in here was mainly the crusty, white rolls and the dazzling apron of Frau Mäuer.

"Guten Abend, Kurt," she said, and her whole, huge frame shook

as she laughed. He pushed a brown, curly lock of hair from his forehead and nodded a bow to her. "You want something, I think," and she smiled at him. "Yes, a pastry please," he said. "With nuts and icing," he added. She chose the largest bun and gave it to him, and he placed the money into her hand, which dwarfed his own. His last few Pfennig were finally gone. They had been old friends in his pocket, comforting; and Kurt knew he could have always counted on them for a little extra he wanted to buy. "You will be having St. Nicholas come to you, no doubt," she said. But Kurt was not so sure. He was silent, but as he went out of the shop he called out, "Auf Wiedersehen!" and was gone.

He saw his cottage in the distance, the dim light shining on the snow. His father was home and Kurt's mother had lit the lamp to show Kurt the way home. People bustled past him, hurrying on their way. These were lucky people in Kurt's eyes, they never had to worry about where the next meal was coming from. As Kurt neared the cottage he bumped into someone. Kurt helped pick up his parcels and then, when the grey-haired man stood up Kurt recognised him. "Herr Kühn!" he exclaimed, and hugged him in greeting. Kurt had helped him many times in his shop. Kurt worked at his toy shop during winter, when there was no school. He owned the shop with the sledge; that beautiful blue sledge that Kurt longed for. "Hullo, Kurt! Merry Christmas. Saint Nicholas comes to you this night, eh?" Kurt sighed, and the old man knew the sigh. He had heard it many times when Kurt had been fingering the sledge in his shop; he knew Kurt's one wish was to own it. The old man smiled and looked thoughtful, but he carried on his way, calling Merry Christmas to Kurt and best wishes to his family.

Kurt turned for home. He was late and his mother would be worrying. He came to the door of the cottage and stamped the snow from his boots. He lifted the latch and walked into the dim glow from the lamp on the table.

"You are late, Kurt," his mother said. "Wash your hands and we will eat." She looked around her family; at her husband and Kurt's brothers and sisters. It would be an unhappy Christmas; no presents and little food. They said grace and ate their simple meal of bread, milk and cheese. After supper they went to bed.

Kurt climbed the ladder up to the hay loft. It was warm here, the hay making a cosy and comfortable bed, and as he went to sleep he saw the mountains and the trees with a frosting of snow and he heard the strains of the carol the people were singing, "Stille Nacht."

Kurt awoke to the squeals of glee from his brothers and sisters. They came to him to show what they had. Wooden dolls for the girls and trains and whistles for the boys. Kurt looked at the bottom of his hay pile and saw amongst the hay the bright, blue sledge. The runners shone and the paint gleamed. Kurt's happiness was complete.

In the village, someone was awake. This man was lonely. His shop window was without a few whistles, trains and dolls, but mainly a sledge. He felt lonely, but in his old heart he knew someone was happy and he was content.

SUSAN PENFOLD, UPPER IVB

"JUST WILLIAM?"

I have been asked to write a story about myself. Now you may not think that that's a very interesting or unusual thing to do—you say, "People are always writing about themselves." Well, this little autobiography is rather different. I'm a dog! No, I thought you wouldn't believe me, but it's true. What's that you ask?—"How can a dog write?" Elementary, my dear Watson. I simply pick a pen up in my well-manicured paw and write. No, of course every dog can't write—only special dogs, and even if I do say it myself, I am rather special.

I expect you've all seen photographs of me; you see, I'm very famous. I appear on a certain television advert. Oh, how clever of you! Yes, I'm William! But, of course, I don't really do all that prancing about. Well, I mean to say, what self-respecting dog would be seen gallivanting about like a young fool. You must admit, though, I do have a rather divine speaking voice, don't I?

But I'm rather straying off the point, am I not? I shall start this short autobiography at the usual place, the beginning. I was born (as happens to most decent dogs) about five years ago. Now, of course, this question of age is always a trifle complicated. I have been alive five human years, but in dog years (no, not doggie years, please!) I suppose I am about fifty years old. My mother and father were Dalmatians, so I suppose that it's not really surprising that I turned out to be a Dalmatian, too.

I had a few brothers and sisters; five was it, or was it seven? I really can't remember. Still, my dear parents knew that I was the only decent pup among them, so they promptly shoved the others in a bucket, God rest their souls, and let them drown. Rather reminds me of the song, "Ten green bottles." Ah yes! Where was I?

Well, my parents knew what was good for me—they fed me the right foods, you know; the one that Prolongs Active Life, and other such strength-giving foods. Also, of course, I was sent to a Dog-Finishing School (and believe you me, they finished quite a few dogs there!) and I went to Anton's Salon for Dogs quite regularly.

The Dogs' Finishing School was nothing to write home about. A lot of stupid humans (beg pardon!) whistling at you till they went quite purple. Ridiculous! Mind you, I learnt quite a few tricks there that have been useful. Such as sitting on my haunches and looking quite meek and rather pathetic; it's really surprising the amount of food one can cadge that way. But I'm letting out trade secrets, aren't I?

I remember one day at Finishing School when Buster (what an ugly Americanised name, that is), a boxer, and McTavish (we suffered his company despite the fact that he was frightfully barbarous), a Scottish Terrier, and yours truly, William, went for a walk round town. All spruced up we were, with Anton's latest perfumery creation wafting into the air, when we met half a dozen or so of the scruffiest, dirtiest, most uncouth yobs you have ever seen walking on four legs. Well, of course, these uneducated scatter-brained monsters started calling us names and having a real old giggle. Well, I mean to say, what self-respecting dog can stand by and do nothing? We just turned around and hurled ourselves at them. Eight, no twelve of them on to

three of us, but we licked them good and proper. Mind you, it spoilt my new hair-do and I must admit that dear Anton was rather upset.

You may think I slipped up there when I mentioned my new hair-do. Yes, I know I've got short hair, but Anton had designed a wig especially for me. Divine it was!

Well, after Finishing School, I had to find a job. Every decent dog works, you know. Oh yes, he does! Well, I was in Anton's one day and he says to me, "Why don't you go in for advertising or something of the sort? With a divinely, brutally handsome face like yours you'd be a star in no time!"

And that's how I ended up a film star. The producers and directors, of course, take to me immediately; well, I'm such a lovable dog. Do you know that I have three personal secretaries to deal with my fan mail? Yes, three!

Now, of course, there's another member of the animal family trying to oust me out of first place. You know who I mean; that horrible, mangy, flea-ridden member of the feline species, Arthur. Remind me to chase him up a tree next time I see him!

MARGARET DAVIES, UPPER VIA

A CATTLE MARKET

*The scene is all set for a lovely day,
The sun it is shining, the farmers are gay.
The noise is terrific, a hullabaloo,
With a grunt and a bleat and a moo-moo-moo.*

*The pedigree cattle are tethered in stalls,
The whole is surrounded with very high walls,
For Friesians and Jerseys and Herefords too,
Looking so peaceful, can be dangerous, though.*

*The sheep are in pens, packed tight as can be;
Merinos and Swaledales, wool for you and for me.
The Saddle-back pigs and the fine Large White
Will be the main course of a dinner one night.*

*Poultry and flowers and vegetables too
Are there in profusion. The sale must go through.
The auctioneer's ready, the biddings begin,
The work of the market is now in full swing.*

*The butchers all vie for top quality lamb.
"At fifty guineas, it's yours, Mr. Cram."
The butchers are happy, the farmers are gay.
Oh! What a glorious market day!*

BRIAN PHILLIPS, IIA

"AND, BEHOLD, A PALE HORSE . . ."

(Apocalypse V, v. 8)

A hoarse scream resounded across the gaunt courtyard, and stopped as abruptly as it had begun. Somewhere, a heavy door grated on its hinges, and a tramp of marching feet clattered down the corridor past his room and out into the yard. The expectant silence was broken by a short, sharp command and a burst of gunfire. A brief spasm flickered across the face of the prostrate figure in Cell 904, and a small vein high up on his forehead pulsated wildly as the firing-squad goose-stepped back up the corridor.

With a visible effort, the hollow shell of shattered humanity that had, only three months previously, been Mark Goldstein, dragged itself into a vertical position. Through the thick iron bars of his tiny cell window, he surveyed the cobbled square and grey walls that had been his home for the past weeks. With one glance, his sunken, red-rimmed eyes took in the same restricted view—the bare, dismal courtyard; the coils of malicious barbed-wire, and splintered shards of broken glass glinting evilly across the top of the twenty-foot high barrier of brick and cement separating him from the rest of the world. But on this occasion, there was something new, something different amidst the bleak uniformity of the prison compound. Eight convulsed corpses sprawled across the cobblestones at the foot of the wall, mangled by the deadly accuracy of the Nazi firing-squad, and across the other end of the square a man in grey overalls strolled casually towards the wall, pushing a wheelbarrow

His grip tightened on the window bars until the knuckles stood out white through the thin envelope of skin stretched across his scrawny hands; and a wave of nausea, starting deep in the pit of his stomach, shook his body till his senses reeled and the world swam red before his eyes. A picture flashed through his mind—it was his turn, now he was lying at the foot of the wall, staring with blind, lifeless eyes at infinity; black, congealing blood gumming his hair, trickling between the cobbles, and staining the grey stone red . . . and now the man with the wheelbarrow was shovelling his mutilated body into a gaping, mass grave. . . .

He sank to his knees, shaking, desperately trying to block the ghastly premonition from his mind; he lurched forward, face-first on to the stone floor of his cell, the walls spinning dizzily round his tortured, tormented mind; and he suddenly recognised the broken, hysterically-screaming voice as his own. . . .

Müller, the Nazi corporal on guard duty, careered up the corridor with a half-empty bottle of cognac in one hand, and a pistol in the other. His mood had just undergone a violent transformation—an abrupt change from extreme merriment, carousing and raucous laughter, to an evil-minded blind rage, as he staggered with an inebriated importance towards the source of the insane screams that were re-echoing through the camp. Hence, Corporal Müller was at that moment a very displeased official, having just been caused to leave the loud revelry of the guard-room, in order to deal with the disturbance. As he swayed up the corridor, it became apparent, even to his benumbed senses, that the screams were issuing from Cell 904.

Müller's smouldering passion reached a crescendo and ignited into blazing, frenzied fury as he hurled the cell door open, screaming a steady torrent of foul obscenities, and kicked hysterically at the figure on the floor. When his first onslaught did not produce instant silence and profound respect, swinging the cognac bottle against the wall and hauling the prisoner to his knees with the other hand, he held the shattered bottle-neck up to his face. But the prisoner was already unconscious; and Müller slowly regained his senses and realized what he was doing—to kill a prisoner due for execution the next day would hardly impress the Commandant.

Breathing heavily, Müller threw the prisoner contemptuously backwards against the wall, added a few more derogatory oaths, spat viciously at the crumpled heap in the corner and slammed the door again. Once outside, he stood shaking against the wall for some seconds to collect together the ashes of his burnt-out fury, glanced regretfully at the smashed stump of the bottle and returned down the corridor for an immediate replacement. . . .

Slowly, he became aware of a great roaring resounding through his head, and a million dancing lights searing his throbbing eyes. He reclosed his eyelids, and the roaring slowly subsided to a steady ache—he felt as if his brain had been pounded to jelly. Opening his eyes again, he found that the dancing lights were, in fact, glistening shards of glass, covering the floor and tinkling and cracking as he moved.

Then, he remembered—but there were only hazy impressions from the time he had collapsed after witnessing the execution—he had no idea where the glass had come from. It was now night, and the only light in the cell were periodic flashes from the prowling searchlights patrolling the grounds. He lay where he had been thrown, perfectly still, staring at the opposite wall; and suddenly, he knew that in the morning he would be shot. He had all night to resign himself to the fact that it was his last. . . .

As the first pale light of a desolate dawn penetrated the blackness of the cell, precise marching footsteps sounded down the corridor; and he slowly turned his dull, glazed eyes towards the door as the key screeched in the rusted lock. It registered slowly that the coarse, thick-necked sergeant was bawling at him, and mechanically he tried to drag himself upright. Clinging feebly to the wall for support, he swayed unsteadily to his feet. The floor was heaving drunkenly under him, and he saw the sergeant through a dim, red haze.

A voice which seemed far, far away echoed emptily through his oblivious brain, and he found himself being dragged indifferently along the corridor, draped between two striding Germans. His mind reeled as he was hauled out into the square—the first fresh air to stimulate his ailing senses for three months abraded his nostrils. Inhaling great gasps of air, he realized that he was now propped up against something cold and resistant. He opened his eyes slowly, and as he did so, a violent roar exploded in his head, and a great white light flashed before his eyes. A deep, final blackness descended round him like a shroud, and Mark Goldstein made his escape from Stalag 17.

QUESTIONS

*Modern standards set the pace
For a civilised society,
But where has modern man slipped up
In his race with humanity?
What place has progress in a world
Where nations are at enmity?
Why do we strive for outer space
'Stead of giving earth priority?*

*Consider many peoples at war—
Arab and Israeli, Czech and Russian,
The Pill and the Pope, black and Rhodesian—
The list is never near completion.
If President Nixon says, "Pull out!"
What will become of Vietnam?
If Nigeria and Biafra meet for talks
Will it mean war or eventual calm?*

*So let us remember, but thirty years since,
Nazi Germany fulfilled her threat—
In the age of the atomic bomb
She has not intervened—as yet!
Will there be a world war three?
If so, 'twill be one we'll regret;
But suppose it came, which nation would be
The cause? . . . Would you like to bet?*

JANET DAVIES, UPPER IVA

THOUGHTS ON A WINDY DAY

*Grey, chill
Fingers of rain
Knocking on the window-pane.
Wild, shrill
Voice of a gale,
Dashing rain, and sleet, and hail.
Howling, roaring.
Screaming, groaning,
Like a crowd of banshees wailing,
Sending slates and chimneys sailing.*

*Cold, tough,
Through every place
Icy blasts find the smallest space.
Loud, rough,
Seizing the trees,
Heeding not their soundless pleas.
Straining, hugging,
Pulling, tugging,
Till o'erturned at last they're lying,
In their final death throes crying.*

PHILIP MARSDEN, VB

BIRDS STILL SINGING

*No sun's warm breath and twinkling light to gladden earth today,
Dark dreary sky and wind at play.
River rippling cold, and grey mud soft and clinging.
But still the birds are singing.*

*Soon snow will come and winter's face be white,
With every dawn awakening in the depth of night.
Sharp ice sparkling, crystal clear and ringing,
But still the birds are singing.*

*New life will stir and tremble to waken at Spring's call,
Her tender young and fresh green mantle over all.
With promises of long and gentle days, and bringing
Birds, still singing.*

*Come Summer to its height, long, sultry hours,
Thickened hedgerows, festooned with Summer flowers.
Each tiny insect in the warm air winging,
And the birds still singing.*

JENNIFER RICKETTS, UPPER VIA

"HOPE"

*The hope of the world is an age of peace;
The dying beg their god for release;
The starving hope for their daily food;
While the old try to face life's changing mood.
The hope of the homeless is four strong walls.
The ambitious wait for great men to fall.
The hope of the sick is miraculous cure
Even when science can do no more.
My hope? Just to see his face each day,
To chase the gloom of my heart away.*

PAULETTE BROWN, UPPER VIA

HERE AND THERE

*Here
Rail falls.
Cat through window stares.
People talk.
Fire to room gives out its rays.*

*There
No rain falls.
Cat through jungle stares.
People groan.
Sun to kill gives out its rays.*

HAZEL SCOURFIELD, UPPER VIA

MUSIC EXPLOSION

*A guitar, flashing, twangs in rage,
The four dim figures on the stage
Disturb the quiet whispering,
Leaping into motion, threatening.*

*Electronic sound, furious and loud,
Explodes into the dark hall. Bowed,
The group let free their hidden feeling,
Down their faces, already, sweat pouring.
Through the darkness the pulsating beat,
The guitars' monotonous thuddings meet,
Resounding with the crash of drums.
The singer, pleading to the dancers, comes,
Frantically he holds the mike, grasping
His power; sinking to the floor chanting.
The driving sounds entrance
Boys and girls, compelled to dance.*

*The noise alive and exciting,
Deafening, commanding, throbbing;
Gripping, daring and forceful;
The four figures now powerful.*

*Swaying bodies, shaking hips,
Flying hair and singing lips.
The dancers are bright-eyed and overcome,
By tremendous sound—the guitars and drum!*

*The song ends suddenly
The dancers wait quietly—
Waiting for the next explosion
Of new frantic sound and motion.*

HELEN McNALLY, LOWER VIA

THE YOUNG FARMERS' CLUB

On January 29th, the club competed in the preliminary rounds of the Drama Competition in the School Hall and gained fourth place. The cup for the most promising performance went to Angela Stevens. A dance was held in school on March 29th, at which Jeremy Bentham and the Organized Chaos played. The girls' fashion competition was held in Llawhaden and proved a successful night, with several placings coming our way. Angela Bowen gained first place in the knitting section; Linda Palmer was second and Janice Doran third in the Junior Dress-making competition; Rosemary Allen was third in the Senior Dress-making and Judith Phillips first, the latter to go on to a further final in Malvern. On May 17th, we attended the County Rally at Haverfordwest and gained second place in the Junior Shield section. Many competitors gained good positions both in the rally and the pre-rally competitions, but we hope to do even better next year.

JUDITH PHILLIPS, Lower VI A (Sec.)

SENIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

Chairman: Selwyn Skone. Secretary: Raydene Bateman.
Vice-Chairman: Julie Davids. Treasurer: Pamela Hayes.

The Senior Scripture Union has enjoyed a very successful Spring and Summer term, despite the fact that the programme of meetings had been disrupted on several occasions. Our first meeting, a record and discussion session, gave prominence to the theme "The Christian Attitude to War." Most of our members favour an "Any Questions?" session and this term was no exception. The panel comprised Mrs. Bowles, the Rev. Derek Evans and Mr. Douglas Burton, who proved themselves very able in answering the questions.

The success of the film "City of the Bees" last term prompted the Union to invite the Rev. Norman Ellison, from Haverfordwest, to show another Fact and Faith film, "Dust or Destiny." This very successful meeting had an equally interesting follow-up — a talk by the Rev. Alun Williams, of Bethany, on the topic "Easter — fantastic, foolish or fundamental?" He expounded his view that Easter was foolish and fantastic to some people, but fundamental to Christians.

In mid-term the Union was host to the S.U. of the Coronation School for a treasure hunt. Our visitors were the winners by a narrow margin. The best-attended meeting of the term was a recital by a talented local musician, Mrs. Ivy James, of extracts from her cantata, "The Centurion." Mr. Lloyd Hughes and Mr. Gordon Davies joined her to sing several of the solos.

A barbecue will be held at the end of term, to be attended by the Scripture Union groups of neighbouring schools. 1968-9 has proved to be a very beneficial and successful year for the Senior Scripture Union.

JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

Since Christmas our programme of weekly meetings has been as varied as usual and began with two discussion sessions on the topic "Caring," when we talked of our need to be concerned for others. A practical outcome of this was the offer of several members to collect for the National Children's Home, and the total amounted to £8 6s. 10d. Four of our members faced questions in a Witness Box, giving the audience their views on life and faith, on January 28th. After a break for examinations and half-term, we held a "Twenty Questions" session, followed by a very interesting illustrated talk by Miss Mary Broad, who has recently returned from a three-year tour as a nurse in the Sahara. Our main speaker in the summer term was the Rev. Don Evans, who told us of his conversion from crime to Christ. Our treasure hunt was won by Andrew Palmer and David Robinson and a very interesting guitar session was led by Jacqueline Davies when we discovered several good soloists in our midst. Two open discussions proved very popular and the bell went far too soon for us to have talked as much as we wanted to.

We are hoping to visit Caldey Island at the end of term, a fine treat to look forward to after examinations. Our thanks to Miss Lewis for being so helpful with ideas for meetings.

MARION JENKINS, IVC

THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

An account of the visit of Professor D. Cooper in December was too late for inclusion in the Autumn "Penvro." Professor Cooper spoke on Computers and outlined the shape of things to come in the computer world. Although pressed with questions by his audience, Professor Cooper was unable to give assurances that computers would be available for solving problems in examinations—at least not in the immediate future. We invited ourselves to visit the Computer Department at Swansea and a group of the Science VI (plus two VAs) spent half a morning there in March. The afternoon at Swansea was spent in the Physics Department where Mr. Roy Griffin, a senior lecturer, showed us electron tracks, LASER beams, radioactive phenomena and the embryo of a very high voltage research section of the physics laboratories.

In January, Robert Wilcox, a student at Swansea, brought transparencies to illustrate the life of a first-year student at the University.

We organised the annual exhibition of Science and Craft work during Eisteddfod Day. This was of a high standard and much appreciated.

This year, we have felt that our officials in the Science Society lacked "drive." They failed to make their programme of interest to those outside the small circle of science enthusiasts.

THE STRANGER

Mr. Midshipman Bunting was the victim of mixed feelings. He had been a stranger on board his own ship, "Victorious," and now he was a stranger on the French prize, "La Rose." "Victorious" was short-handed, where officers were concerned, and it was for this reason that he was temporarily in charge of the captured fifty-gun French frigate. This had been captured in a furious battle, an hour earlier, by the English man-o'-war, James Bunting, more by luck than judgement, had led the first successful boarding party on to the Frenchman's decks. Partly in view of this, and what has already been stated, he was put in command of "La Rose," and given the same orders as "Victorious" herself: To harry French ports and shipping, and, if possible, gain some information on the newly-built warship — the 140-gun "La Vengeance" which out-gunned all British vessels of the time.

With these aims in mind, Acting-captain Bunting hesitatingly set a course due east, to waters hitherto uninvestigated by "Victorious." While he sat pondering, there was a knock on the cabin door, and a sailor came in, carrying a heavy belaying pin.

"Well?" Bunting looked up inquiringly. "You are new to me."

"Ah, oui, monsieur capitain, that ees right."

Before the astounded Bunting could move, the belaying pin swung in a vicious arc, and (for Bunting) the world dissolved into a myriad of stars. When he awoke, a burly sailor was kneeling beside him, and speaking soothingly to him. "Take yer time, cap'n, sir. 'E fetched yer a nasty bang, then nabbed the keys an' let all them froggies out—even the one with 'em curly whiskers on 'im."

Bunting sighed, his worst fears realized. He had suspected that

the heavily-moustached man was an officer of high rank, possibly an admiral. So far his command was hardly praiseworthy. "How did they escape?" he asked wearily.

"In the longboat, cap'n," continued the sailor, "all but the sneaky perisher what 'it you, sir. We nabbed 'im and locked 'im below." Bunting got up and ordered three men to escort their captive to his (Bunting's) cabin for questioning.

His interrogation revealed little about the Frenchman except that he was a strong patriot, and he would definitely not give his word not to attempt an escape. However, the conversation was rudely interrupted by the watch's cry of "Ship astern!" Bunting ran up on deck, unaware that the Frenchman had followed him, and saw a large vessel, under all the canvas she could carry, speeding after them.

"Nationality?" rapped Bunting. "I can't see her colours."

"French, sir," replied the watch, handing Bunting the telescope.

"La Vengeance! La Vengeance! Eet ees her come to rescue me!" babbled the prisoner, his eyes blazing with excitement. Bunting curtly ordered a sailor to tie him up below. When he had bitterly confirmed that it was "La Vengeance," Bunting received the disconcerting news that, despite the fact that "La Rose" was a fast frigate, they would be steadily overhauled.

After doing all he could to ensure his craft was at its fastest, Bunting went below to think. He racked his brains till evening to find a solution. Nevertheless, he could come to no conclusion, save that he would have to fight, and inevitably be slaughtered.

During the night, however, an immense stroke of luck occurred. A violent storm arose. Using the cover of black skies and driving rain, Bunting executed a series of evasive manoeuvres, and, by morning, there was no sign of their pursuer.

Aware that his knowledge of the whereabouts of "La Vengeance" was vital to the fleet, he set a course for the "Victorious" allowing her her speed and direction. He noticed with grave concern that the change of wind could easily bring "Victorious" and the dreaded "La Vengeance" together.

His conjecture became a certainty when, at midday, the watch reported a pall of smoke ahead of the frigate. A few minutes later, on deck, he witnessed what appeared to him to be the closing stage of a terrible combat. Locked together by grappling irons, "Victorious" and "La Vengeance" strained against each other. The 80-gun "Victorious" had obviously been severely out-gunned. She was listing badly and her main mast and ratlines were tilted appallingly. She had not submitted, though. "La Vengeance" had only the base of her mizzen mast and her rigging and sails had suffered extensive damage. Despite their gallantry, however, "Victorious" men were hard pressed trying to repel hordes of Frenchmen striving to board the English vessel.

Mr. Midshipman Bunting, though pale and trembling, knew his line of action. In a thin but grim voice he gave the order to his first mate, "Set alight the foredeck."

"But, sir, we'll be —"

"Do as I say, damn you!" shouted Bunting, livid; then, more

quietly, "Then steer us straight at the Frenchman's side, tie the wheel, and lower one of the lifeboats, containing the whole crew, into the sea. We shall then row (once I have joined you) up to the enemy's stern, and board."

All this was efficiently carried out, and as his small boat was rowed hard at its quarry, Bunting watched the flaming frigate, under full sail, hurtle with a rending crash into the port side of "La Vengeance." Simultaneously, "La Rose's" powder magazine exploded, setting fire to the French warship. This, combined with a savage attack in the rear by Bunting's party, completely disheartened the bewildered French, who, seeing their desperate plight, surrendered.

Hours later, after cleaning himself up, Bunting presented himself nervously in the captain's cabin of "Victorious." Captain Williams stood up at his entrance. "Mr. Bunting," he said, "I will make no ado over this matter. You have just turned a hopeless encounter into a brilliant action. You have saved me, my ship and my crew; and captured the most coveted French prize of the day." Then, offering Bunting his hand, "You are no longer a stranger on board my ship, sir, and I have — er, ahem — recommended you to Admiral Lord Nelson for promotion and decoration."

Rising to the occasion, Mr. Midshipman Bunting fainted on the spot!

COLIN JUDGE, IV A

CONFLICT

*Frosted pinnacles of sand
Bonded by an invisible compound
Of hardened water.
That lifeless orb of burning gases,
Rises as if in anger
And eats at the jagged structures.
The vast iron-hard fortresses
Grow damp and crumble
Into a pile of loose, soft gravel.
That same orb, that breathes life
Into the whole world,
Rises higher in the ice-blue sky
And spreads a warm light
Over the changing landscape.
That hard, craggy scene
Subsides into a soft, shifting one,
As the first primate
Bedecked in white, red and blue
Takes possession of that square
With its flat foot,
Beneath which perish a thousand lives.
Showered with ice cream, litter
And sun-tan oil.
The beach surrenders
To screaming hordes of humanity.*

PETER EVANS, UPPER VIA

SCHOOL SPORTS — MAY 15th, 1969

So wet had the weather been during the days preceding the planned date of the School Sports that it was inevitable that there would be a postponement at least until the Thursday morning. May 15th dawned gloomy and grey but the school bravely set off for Bush Camp, ready to ignore the rain that was already beginning to fall. Wishful thinking, however, did not succeed in keeping away the subsequent downpour, and the phrase "washed out" was never more apt as we sloshed and squelched our way back to school or home to dry off. Fortunately, by midday the sun was shining, and in a very short time the news was being spread by Bush telegraph and the Tannoy that it was "action stations." The Sports began just before two o'clock and within three hours most of the events had been jumped, thrown or run off, leaving only the relays and a few jumping events to be completed the following week. Under the circumstances, conditions were not always perfect, especially at the beginning of the afternoon, so all the more credit goes to those who put up good, and even record, performances.

The Victrix Ludorum for the second year in succession was Alyson Rowlands of Glyndwr, and the Victor Ludorum was fourth-former Andrew Lingard of Tudor, whose winning pole vault equalled the school record for the event. Glyndwr carried off all the cups this year, gaining the largest number of points in both girls' and boys' sections, and therefore becoming over-all winners.

Girls' events—Glyndwr	283	Boys' events—Glyndwr	494
Tudor	271	Hywel	458
Picton	242	Picton	279
Hywel	189	Tudor	252

Over-all Totals:

1—Glyndwr, 777; 2—Hywel, 647; 3—Tudor, 523; 4—Picton, 521.

DETAILED RESULTS:

100 yds.—Boys:

Sub-junior—1st, H. Phillips (G); 2nd, J. Davies (H); 3rd S. Sealy (G). (14.6 secs.)

Junior—1st, P. Watkins (H); 2nd, C. Lloyd (H); 3rd M. Muller (T). (13.1 secs.)

Middle—1st, J. Phillips (G); 2nd, M. Cole (G); 3rd, S. Griffith (H). (12.3 secs.)

Senior—1st, A. Hodge (G); 2nd, L. Smith (T); 3rd. D. Scourfield (P) (11.1 secs.)

100 yds.—Girls:

Sub-junior—1st, K. Smith (P); 2nd, E. O'Hara (T); 3rd K. Griffiths (P). (14.2 secs.)

Junior—1st P. Mathias (T); 2nd, C. James (G); 3rd, Y. Street (P). (14.1 secs.)

Middle—1st, A. Rowlands (G); 2nd, M. Bannon (H); J. Hughes (T). (13.8 secs.)

Senior—1st, F. Stewart (H); 2nd, A. Stephens (G); 3rd, L. Evans (G). (14.2 secs.)

220 yds.—Boys:

Sub-junior—1st, H. Phillips (G); 2nd, J. Davies (H). (30.9 secs.)

Junior—1st, C. Thomas (H); 2nd, M. Muller (T); 3rd, D. Willington (G). (27.3 secs.)

Middle—1st, J. Little (H); 2nd, M. Cole (G); 3rd, G. Scourfield (P). (26.2 secs.)

Senior—1st, A. Hodge (G), 2nd, S. Skone (T), 3rd, D. Scourfield (P). (25 secs.)

220 yds.—Girls:

Middle—1st, A. Rowlands (G); 2nd, M. Bannon (H). (29.8 secs.)

Senior—1st, M. Davies (P); 2nd, F. Stewart (H). (29.7 secs.)

150 yds.—Girls:

Junior—1st, P. Mathias (T); 2nd, Y. Street (P); M. John (G). (19 secs.)

440 yds.—Boys:

Junior—1st, C. Payne (P); 2nd, B. Busby (G); 3rd, S. James (T). (69 secs.)

Middle—1st, K. Johnson (G); 2nd, J. Little (H); 3rd, S. Longhurst (P). (61.3 secs.)

Senior—1st, L. Smith (T); 2nd, P. Evans (G); 3rd, B. Norris (H). (59.9 secs.)

880 yds.—Boys:

Junior—1st, G. Willington (G); 2nd, P. Burke (T); 3rd J. Spencer (P) (2m. 35 secs.)

Middle—1st, R. Campbell (G); 2nd, A. Davies (G), 3rd, S. Longhurst (P). (2m. 23 secs.)

Senior—1st, D. Lovell (G); 2nd, G. Campbell (G); 3rd D. Brown (H). (2m. 13 secs.)

880 yds.—Girls:

Middle—1st, J. Davies (H); J. Doran (G); S. Kenniford (G). (3m. 10.3 secs.)

Senior—1st, M. Davies (P); 2nd, E. Hughes (G); 3rd, A. Stephens (G). (2m. 46.7 secs.)

One Mile:

Middle—1st, R. Campbell (G); 2nd, A. Davies (G); 3rd, A. Smith (T). (5m. 7 secs.)

Senior—1st, G. Campbell (G); 2nd, D. Lovell (G); 3, S. Gwyther (G). (4m. 45.6 secs.)

Hurdles—Girls:

Sub-junior—1st, K. Smith (P); 2nd, C. Jones (T); 3rd, C. Lewis (G) (14.8 secs.)

Junior—1st, S. Davies (G); 2nd, M. Pryse (T); 3rd, D. McNally (P) (15.0 secs.)

Middle—1st, A. Rowlands (G); 2nd, S. Penfold (T); 3rd, A. Bowen (H) (15.2 secs.)

Senior—1st, M. Davies (P); 2nd, F. Stewart (H); 3rd V. Lain (T) (19.3 secs.)

Hurdles—Boys:

Sub-junior—1st, H. Phillips (G); 2nd, J. Davies (H); 3rd, P. Griffiths (T) (13.6 secs.)

Junior—1st, A. Lingard (T); 2nd, P. Watkins (H); 3rd, N. Cooke (P) (14.4 secs.)

Middle—1st, P. Brown (G); 2nd, A. Colley (P); 3rd, I. Cooper (H). (17.4 secs.)

Senior—1st, S. Skone (T); 2nd, P. Morgan (P); 3rd, P. Evans (G) (19 secs.)

200 yds. Hurdles—Boys:

Middle—1st, I. Cooper (H); 2nd, M. White (P); 3rd, M. Cole (G) (29 secs.)

Senior—1st, S. Skone (T); 2nd, C. Rees (H); 3rd, P. Morgan (P) (28.1 secs.)

High Jump—Boys:

Sub-junior—1st, C. Rule (H); 2nd, J. Davies (H) (3' 8½")

Junior—1st, A. Lingard (T); 2nd, C. Payne (P); 3rd, C. Thomas (H) (4' 6")

Middle—1st, K. Johnson (G); 2nd A. Colley (P); 3rd, S. Griffiths (H) (4' 9")

Senior—1st, P. Evans (G); 2nd, R. Davies (T); 3rd, C. Rees (H) (5' 4")

High Jump—Girls:

Sub-junior—1st, K. Griffiths (P); 2nd, S. Goriah (T); 3rd, E. O'Hara (T) (3' 10"—Record)

Junior—1st, Y. Street (P); 2nd, D. McNally (P); 3rd, S. Davies (G) (4' 0½"—Equals Record)

Middle—1st, J. Thomas (G); 2nd, P. Butler (T); 3rd, J. Davies (H) (4' 5"—Record)

Senior—1st, C. Donovan (H); 2nd, V. Lain (T) (3' 8")

Long Jump—Boys:

Sub-junior—1st, M. O'Connor and C. Rule (tied) (H); 3rd, P. Doran (G) (11' 10")

Junior—1st, P. Copp (T); 2nd, A. McMahon (H); P. Colley (P) (15").

Middle—1st, J. Asparassa (H); 2nd, T. Bannon (H); 3rd, A. Colley (P) (18' 8").

Senior—1st, N. Phillips (T); 2nd, J. Handley (P); 3rd L. Smith (T) (20' 2"—Record).

Long Jump—Girls:

Sub-junior—1st, K. Smith (P); 2nd, E. O'Hara (T); 3rd, J. King (G) (12' 4"—Record).

Junior—1st, S. Davies (G); 2nd, Y. Street (P); 3rd, H. Longhurst (P) (14' 8½").

Middle—1st, M. Bannon (H) and A. Rowlands (G); 3rd, S. Penfold (T) (14' 9½").

Senior—1st, K. Mabe (P); 2nd, L. Evans (G) and V. Lain (T) (13' 0").

H.S.J.—Boys:

Sub-junior—1st, J. Davies (H); 2nd P. Thomas (G); 3rd P. Henson (H) (23' 4").

Junior—1st, H. Campbell (G); 2nd, P. Colley (P) (30' 6½").

Middle—1st J. Asparassa (H); 2nd, K. Johnson (G); 3rd, M. White (P) (38' 5½").

Senior—1st, J. Handley (P); 2nd, P. Evans (G); 3rd, R. Perkins (G) (40' 4"—Record).

Pole Vault—Boys:

Sub-junior—1st, P. Griffiths (H); 2nd, A. Meads (P); 3rd, P. Thomas (G) (4' 9").

Junior—1st, A. Lingard (T); 2nd, P. Colley (P) and H. Campbell (G) (6' 9"—equals record).

Middle—1st, J. Bugby (T); 2nd, P. Best (H) (6' 3").

Senior—1st, P. Morgan (P); 2nd, G. Brown (H), 3rd, G. Russant (T) (7' 0").

Discus—Boys:

Sub-junior—1st, P. Griffiths (H); 2nd, P. Evans (H); 3rd, P. Doran (G) (15.22 metres).

Junior—1st, McMahon (H); 2nd, M. Whitfield (G); 3rd, P. John (T) (27.23 metres).

Middle—1st, J. Asparassa (H); 2nd, J. Kilcoyne (T); 3, S. Griffiths (H) (37.5 metres).

Senior—1st, P. Lindsay (H); 2nd, A. Hodge (G); 3rd, R. Perkins (G) (29.4 metres).

Discus—Girls:

Junior—1st, P. Mathias (T); 2nd, M. John (G); 3rd, L. Manning (G) (18.11 metres).

Middle—1st, S. Penfold (T); 2nd, P. Butler (T); 3rd, J. Davies (H) (21 metres).

Senior—1st, C. Donovan (H), 2nd, C. Williams (T); 3rd, V. Lain (T) (21.38 metres).

Javelin—Boys:

Sub-junior—1st, P. Griffiths (H); 2nd, S. Sealy (G); 3rd, P. Evans (H) (64' 5").

Junior—1st, A. Lingard (T); 2nd, D. Willington (G); 3rd, A. McMahon (H) (97' 2½").

Middle—1st, J. Asparassa (H); 2nd, A. Colley (P); 3rd, A. Davies (G) (107' 8").

Senior—1st, P. Morgan (P); 2nd, P. Spencer (P); 3rd, L. Johnson (H) (126' 4").

Javelin—Girls:

Sub-junior—1st, J. King (G); 2nd, J. Edwards (G); 3rd W. Cole (P) (58' 0"—Record).

Junior—1st, D. McNally (P); 2nd, L. Manning (G); 3rd, A. Greenland (P) (54' 10").

Middle—1st, P. Butler (T); 2nd, T. Croft (G); 3rd, L. Davids (T) (76' 4").

Senior—1st, A. Stephens (G); 2nd, M. Bondzio (H); 3rd, C. Williams (T) (79' 5"—Record).

Shot—Boys:

Sub-junior—1st, P. Griffiths (H); 2nd, S. Sealy (G); 3rd, P. Henson (H) (28' 4").

Junior—1st, A. McMahon (H); 2nd, D. Willington (G); 3rd, P. John (T) (38' 4").

Middle—1st, S. Griffiths (H); 2nd, K. Johnson (G); 3rd, P. Marsden (G) (35' 6").

Senior—1st, A. Hodge (G); 2nd, C. Rees (H); 3rd, R. Perkins (G) (40' 2").

Shot—Girls:

Junior—1st, E. O'Hara (T); 2nd, J. King (G); 3rd, J. Edwards (G) 25' 1".

Middle—1st, P. Butler (T); 2nd, J. Davies (H); 3rd, S. Kenniford (G) (25' 7").

Senior—1st, A. Stephens (G); 2nd, C. Williams (T); 3rd, C. Donovan (H) (28' 4"—Record).

Relay—Boys:

Sub-junior—1st, Hywel; 2nd, Glyndwr; 3rd, Picton (62.7 secs).

Junior—1st, Hywel; 2nd, Picton; 3rd, Tudor (not timed).

Middle—1st, Hywel; 2nd, Glyndwr; 3rd, Picton (51 secs.)

Senior—1st, Tudor; 2nd, Glyndwr; 3rd, Picton (50 secs.)

Relay—Girls:

Sub-junior—1st, Tudor; 2nd, Picton; 3rd, Glyndwr (61.2 secs.)

Junior—1st, Tudor; 2nd, Glyndwr; 3rd, Picton (59.4 secs.)

Middle—1st, Tudor; 2nd, Glyndwr; 3rd, Hywel (57.6 secs.)

Senior—1st, Picton; 2nd, Glyndwr; 3rd, Hywel (62.9 secs.)

COUNTY SPORTS RESULTS

- 100 Metres:** Frances Stewart, 4th (Senior).
Alyson Rowlands, 3rd (Middle).
Kim Smith, 4th (Sub-junior).
- 200 Metres:** Frances Stewart, 4th (Senior).
Moira Bannon, 3rd (Middle).
- Hurdles:** Alyson Rowlands, 5th (middle).
Kim Smith, 5th (Sub-junior).
- 800 Metres:** Margaret Davies, 1st (Senior).
Janet Davies, 3rd (Middle).
- High Jump:** Joanna Thomas, 3rd (Middle).
Yvonne Street, 3rd (Junior).
- Long Jump:** Margaret Davies, 2nd (Senior).
Moira Bannon, 3rd (Middle).
- Shot:** Perryn Butler, 2nd (Middle).
- Discus:** Perryn Butler, 4th (Middle).
- Javelin:** Ann Stephens, 1st (Senior).
Margaret Campbell, 1st (Middle).
Doreen McNally, 3rd (Junior).
- Relays—Senior:** Ann Stephens, Cecilia Donovan, Frances Stewart,
Margaret Davies — 4th.
- Junior: Kim Smith, Kathryn Griffiths, Eileen O'Hara, Jane
Taylor — 1st.

HOCKEY

Since Christmas, weather has affected the games, particularly at the beginning of term when the reasons for cancellations included rain, pitch under water, a 'flu epidemic and snow. All the teams had a reasonably good season, as will be seen from the summary of results for the season:

	Played	Won	Drew	Lost	Goals for	Goals against
1st XI	14	9	2	3	54	26
2nd XI	8	5	1	2	27	8
Junior	5	1	2	2	5	12
'A' XI	1	0	0	1	1	3
3rd Year	2	1	0	1	8	3
2nd Year	2	0	1	1	3	9
1st Year	1	1	0	0	2	0

Spring Term Results

- v. Taskers (A) 1st XI lost 0—3.
Junior XI lost 0—2.
- v. Milford G.S. (A) 1st XI lost 1—2.
2nd XI lost 1—2.
Junior XI lost 0—8.
- v. Carmarthen G.S. (A) 1st XI drew 2—2.
- v. Preseli (H) 3rd Year XI won 7—0.
2nd Year XI won 6—1.
1st Year XI won 2—0.
- v. Narberth (A) won 7—0.
- v. Whitland (H) 1st XI won 3—1.
2nd XI lost 2—0.
- v. Tenby (H) 2nd XI won 5—0.
Junior XI won 3—0.
- v. Coronation lost 1—3.
- Junior Austin Cup Leaders in first section together
with St. Davids.
- Staff match drew 1—1.

At the end of the Christmas term the first XI had reached a very high standard of play but the repeated cancellations at the start of the Spring term took away the edge of our attack and it was not until the latter part of the season that we regained a better standard. Frances Stewart, a County player, was away for the whole term in Germany, but her place was efficiently taken by Linda Manning. At Easter, First XI colours were awarded to Susan Penfold, Penny George and Jacqueline Davies; Second XI colours to Linda Manning, Pauline Mathias, Ann Bowen, Janice Doran and Susan Catling. The Senior House Hockey Cup went to Glyndwr House and the Junior Cup to Tudor House.

NETBALL

Spring Term, 1969

During the Spring term, several games had to be cancelled because of bad weather and we did not seem to get properly into our stride. We have great hopes for next season with a promising second team coming along to fill the gaps in the first team. The first team was represented by the following: Carey Spencer, Ruth Martin, Yvonne Evans, Teresa Croft, Megan Arnold, Pat Thomas, Cecilia Donovan, Joan Bendle, Karen Mabe. The second team included Doreen McNally, Angela Gwyther, Susan Ronald, Dorothy Hay, Ann Gibby, Bernice Thain, Wendy Richards, Irene James, Denise Pendleton and Clare Lynch.

Results:

Feb. 1: v. Tasker's (H)	lost 9—29.
Feb. 8: v. St. Clears (A)	Cancelled (snow).
March 1: v. Milford G. S. (A)	First VII lost 7—10. Seconds won 15—10.
March 6: v. Carmarthen G.S. (A) ..	lost 7—12.
March 20: v. Tenby (A)	won 20—7.
March 22: v. Coronation (A)	First VII lost 4—11. Seconds won 13—4.

At the end of the season, colours were awarded as follows:

First VII—Carey Spencer, Yvonne Evans, Teresa Croft.
Second VII—Bernice Thain, Dorothy Hay.

House matches

The Senior House matches were won outright by Picton, captained by Megan Arnold, with Glyndwr (capt., Yvonne Evans) second, Hywel (capt., Cecilia Donovan) third, and Tudor (capt., Ann Gibby) fourth.

	Played	won	drew	lost	Goals for	Goals against	pts.
Picton	3	3	0	0	43	25	6
Glyndwr	3	2	0	1	72	45	4
Hywel	3	1	0	2	28	50	2
Tudor	3	0	0	3	27	50	0

The junior House competition was won by Picton, who again won all their matches.

	Played	won	lost	Goals for	Goals against	pts.
Picton	3	3	0	44	18	6
					Capt.—D. McNally	
Tudor	3	2	1	39	22	4
					Capt.—D. Pendleton	
Hywel	3	1	2	21	35	2
					Capt.—B. Thain	
Glyndwr	3	0	3	9	38	0
					Capt.—P. Scourfield	

RUGBY

First XV— Spring Term

The promise of last term was amply fulfilled in the results of the Spring Term and we won all our games against rival schools during the Spring Term. The only defeat was at the hands of the Old Boys' Team but, as it was by only one point—and as they themselves are the product of previous school XV's!—we didn't feel quite so badly about it. The most crushing defeat was against Milford G.S., but probably the most satisfying was our win against Gwendraeth at the end of the season. Unfortunately, the match against Llanelli G.S. was cancelled because of weather conditions.

The team was represented by the following: A. Hodge (capt.), J. Power (vice-capt.), A. Searle (sec.), N. Phillips, P. Morgan, R. John, M. John, M. Davis, G. Campbell, R. Jeffreys, R. Perkins, P. Spencer, R. Davies, S. Skone, C. Barker, C. Rees, L. Smith, D. Scourfield and J. Reynolds.

Colours were awarded at the end of the season to Neil Phillips, Jonathan Reynolds, Christopher Barker, Paul Morgan, Alan Searle.

Results:

v. Milford G.S. (H)—	Won 44—0.
v. Fishguard (A)—	won 25—3.
v. St. Davids (H)—	won 14—3.
v. Preseli (A)—	won 9—3.
v. Haverfordwest G.S. (H)—	won 31—0.
v. Cardigan (H)—	won 11—5.
v. Whitland (H)—	won 9—6.
v. Gwendraeth (H)—	won 18—3.
v. Old Boys (H)—	lost 9—10.

An outstanding achievement by the team captain, Anthony Hodge, is worthy of mention. He was chosen to represent the Senior County Rugby XV towards the end of the season, the first Pembrokeshire schoolboy to be so honoured.

Second XV

The record of the School Second XV has been a very good one this season, as we have lost only one game. The Spring Term saw us undefeated, although we had a drawn game against a strong Pembroke Youth team. The away match that we lost to Gwendraeth in the Autumn Term was revenged—and revenge was sweet—when we beat them at home by 15 points to 8. We must have collected for ourselves, by the end of the season, one of the best second team records in the history of Pembroke Grammar School. The players responsible for this were Brian James (capt.), Robin Davies (vice-capt.), John Handley (sec.), John Asparassa, Graham D. Brown, Philip Pryce, Stephen Badham, David Reynolds, Peter Thomas, Leslie Johnson, Peter Miles Thomas, Gerald Russant, Keith Johnson, Alan Stephens, Paul Penfold, John Stephens, Philip Brown, Richard Brown. Since Christmas, we have missed the stalwart play of Malcolm Mathias, who left school half-way through the season.

Results for Spring Term:

- v. Milford G.S. (H)—won 36—0.
- v. Fishguard (A)—won 14—8.
- v. Pembroke Youth (A)—drew 8—8.
- v. Gwendraeth G.S. (H)—won 15—8.

JOHN HANDLEY, Lower VI A

Junior Rugby XV

Throughout the season the Junior Rugby XV has had a quite successful time. The team played well as a whole, but three individuals went forward to play for the County XV. They were Robin Campbell, Frank Whittaker, who won a County tie, and Ian Kilcoyne, who also played more than three times for the County:

The team's results were as follows:

- v. Coronation S.M.—won 9—8 (Home).
- v. Tenby—drew 9—9 (away).
- v. Coronation S.M.—lost 9—17 (Away).
- v. Haverfordwest—won 6—3 (Away).
- v. Fishguard—drew 3—3 (Home).
- v. Haverfordwest S.M.—lost 0—3 (Away).
- v. Coronation—won 17—3 (Home).
- v. Haverfordwest—won 6—3 (Home).
- v. St. Davids—won—6—3 (Home).
- v. Haverfordwest G.—lost 3—8 (Home).
- v. Cardigan—lost 0—11 (Home).

The boys who played for the team during the season were: Robin Campbell (capt.), Frank Whittaker (vice-captain), Ian Kilcoyne, Michael Perkins, Michael White, John Phillips, Terry Bannon, G. Powell, Philip Gwyther, Peter Best, John Merriman, Andrew Lingard, John Purser, Neil Rule, Albert McMahon, Michael Sanderson, Gareth Willington, Jim Spencer, Darrell Willington, James Bugby, Simon Rogers, Trevor Fish.

Out of the eleven matches played, the Junior XV: won 5; drew 2; lost 4; points for 68; against 71.

Also Frank Whittaker, Ian Kilcoyne and Michael Perkins were awarded Junior XV colours.

MICHAEL PERKINS (Sec.)

Under Thirteens XV

Owing to the examinations, the weather and a 'flu epidemic, the Under-Thirteens have played only two games since Christmas. The team has played well, losing only two games all season, both of which have been revenged.

The following have represented the team: Gareth Willington (capt.), David O'Connor (vice-capt.), Stuart Phillips (sec.), Michael O'Connor, Stephen Williams, John Davies, Stephen Smith, Peter Burke, Roger Phillips, Stephen Rule, Christopher Rule, Peter Burton, Martin

President: C. Nelson, Esq., M.A. (Oxon.)

Vice-Presidents:

Miss A. M. K. Sinnett, J.P., T. C. Roberts, Esq., B.Sc.

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

The Penvro Dramatic Society's Spring production, on 13th and 14th March, was "Devil May Care," by Alan Melville. This play, a light and witty comedy typical of its author, was directed by Molly Thomas. In it we saw Phillip Howells in his first major role. He played the main part with considerable success and was well supported by a cast of mingled youth and experience. The back-stage team produced an attractive, colourful set, and effects such as puffs of smoke, explosions and thunder, all contributed to the "infernal" atmosphere. The hard work of all concerned deserved far larger audiences. The small attendance was very disappointing, especially in view of the excellent support which the company had received at the autumn production.

The Badminton Club has continued to meet twice weekly throughout the winter and reports a greatly-increased membership. The Tennis Club is having a good season and the school courts are usually full on club nights.

Penvro's contribution to the local Croeso '69 programme will be the production of "The Queen and the Welshman," by Rosemary Sissons, in Pembroke Castle on six nights during the last two weeks of July. The play, based on the romance between Katharine, widow of Henry V, and Owen Tudor, is a most suitable choice in this Croeso and Investiture year, and the Castle will make an ideal setting. Molly Thomas is directing the play; several members of other local dramatic societies are playing parts; Ken Cooper has designed the sets, and the Borough Council has helped greatly by providing stage and seating. If only the weather is kind, this colourful costume play could prove a notable event in the history of the society.

As will be seen below, news of Old Pupils is again in short supply. Please write to tell us of your activities. We are interested, and so, we feel, are all Old Pupils who read the magazine.

NEWS OF OLD PUPILS

Roger MacCallum (1956-64) graduated B.Sc. Honours, Class II, Division 2 at Portsmouth College of Technology in June, 1968.

Two Old Pupils, Lawrence Phillips (1952-58), a journalist specializing in Naval matters, and Instructor Lieut. Glyn Macken (1952-59), met on board the Polaris submarine H.M.S. Repulse early in March at the Clyde Submarine Base at Faslane, Scotland. Lawrence was on a duty visit to the base, where Glyn is the Polaris Systems Officer.

David Williams (1959-65) is now a cadet engineer with the Reardon Smith Shipping Line and has been serving on the freighter "Cardiff City." He was home on leave in March.

Jacqueline Edwards, B.A. (1957-64) gained a first-class diploma after following a post-graduate secretarial course at St. Godric's College, London. She has been a secretary to the director of the overseas sales department of Messrs. Wiggins Teape, paper manufacturers, London.

Ann Semmens (1950-54) recently qualified as a State Registered Nurse after training at the West Wales Hospital, Glangwili, Carmarthen.

Mervyn Phillips (1934-39) was enrolled as a Freeman of the Borough of Pembroke by the Mayor, Councillor Edward Wrench, at a ceremony at the Town Hall, Pembroke, on 16th May.

Congratulations to Tony Davies (1958-65), who recently passed the Intermediate examination of the Institute of Municipal Treasurers. Tony is articled to the County Treasurer at Haverfordwest.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagements:—

- 7 February, Patricia Thomas (1956-64) to Rev. Richard Impey, of Leatherhead, Surrey.
- 11 April, Margaret Elizabeth Thomas (1949-54) to John McHardy, of Weston-super-Mare.
- 1 May, Mary Rose Woodward (1955-63) to Jeffrey Sinclair, of Ashton, Cheshire.
- 22 May, Angela Hay (1954-62) to Fergus McDonald-Milne, of Edinburgh.
- 29 May, Philip Bunyan (1957-62) to Irene Higgs (1962-67).
- 29 May, Ruth James (1957-64) to Graham George Turner, of St. Albans.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage:—

- 11 February, at Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, Dr. John Blencowe (1935-42) to En Kee, of Kuala Lumpur.
- 13 February, at St. Florence, Pembs., Carole Morgans (1954-62) to David Tyer, of Yelverton, Devon.
- 15 February, at Pembroke, Barbara Diane Llewellyn (1958-63) to Trevor Eynon, of Pembroke Dock.
- 1 March, at Pembroke Dock, Graham John (1954-61) to Shirley Lewis, of Pembroke Dock.
- 29 March, at Pembroke Dock, Peter Holmwood (1954-58) to Patricia Anne Hurne, of Swansea.
- 5 April, at Stackpole, Peter Thomas (1957-62) to Margaret Rose Miles, of Haverfordwest.
- 7 April, at St. Florence, Pembs., Stuart White (1958-65) to Anne Cole (1958-65).
- 12 April, at Pembroke Dock, Raymond Thomas (1954-60) to Ann Butler, of Pembroke Dock.
- 12 April, at Pembroke Dock, Brian Hall (1959-66) to Mary Kathleen Greene, of Dublin.
- 12 April, at Uzmaaston, Haverfordwest, Roger Horgan (1955-63) to Dr. Jennifer Davies, of Haverfordwest.

26 April, at Pembroke, Gerran Phillips (1960-62) to Caroline Skyrme (1955-60).

2 May, at Castlemartin, Margaret Kelleher (1961-67) to Raymond Watkins, of Angle.

2 May, at Jeffreyston, William Roberts (1953-60) to Janice Hughes, of Saundersfoot.

17 May, at Pembroke Dock, David Olyott (1961-64) to Barbara Ann Jones (1959-65).

— May, at Chard, Somerset, Paul King (1957-61) to Merlys Barbara Lush, of Chard.

We are pleased to record the following births:—

26 February, to Pat (née Harries, 1952-60), wife of Gerry Mountstevens (1957-61), a son, Justin.

1 March, to Carol (née Young), wife of Terence Threlfall (1954-61), a second son, Jason Mathew.

3 March, to Sheena, wife of Godfrey Scammell (1958-63), a daughter, Kirstin Jayne.

26 March, to Sheila (née MacDonald), wife of John Bowers (1952-60), a son, David Iain.

— March, to Wendy (née Smith, 1953-59), wife of Richard Baldwin, a son, Richard Mark.

— March, to Dorothy (née Lewis, 1953-60), wife of Huw Morgan, a second daughter.

18 April, to Margaret (née John), wife of Stuart Lewis (1954-61), a son, Martyn Richard.

5 May, to Shan (née Llewellyn), wife of John Skone (1955-63), a daughter, Jennifer Jayne.

18 May, to Hazel (née Golding, 1956-61), wife of Wilfred Johns, a daughter, Sian Eleanor.

Davies, Peter Colley, Malcolm Muller, Norman Cooke, William Canton, Alec Warburton, Kieran Hedigan, Maurice Lawlor, Stephen Gwyther, David Jordan, Malcolm Broxton, Gareth Gough.

Results for Spring Term:

- v. Haverfordwest S.M.—won 15—3.
- v. Coronation S.M.—lost 0—11.

Stuart Phillips, IIIA

All summer games results will be reported in the next issue as so much of the season still remained when we went to press.

IN DEFENCE OF INDUSTRY

*All day and night,
As in a continual fight
With strange forces above,
Huge steel towers of grey and black,
Point to the sky and yield
Smoky substances (that do not lack
Poison enough to kill our gardens and fields).
Though they blow out their dense black clouds,
They only seek to yield
For mankind.*

*They stand not as figures
Of death, though they belch out smog
And never-ending clouds that could clog
Your very life. They are not animals of deliberate torment,
Only the flow of life, our life.
They take up wasteland where nothing stood,
And serve us well. They do not seek to reap devastation,
But stand as everlasting monuments of our civilisation.*

MARTIN CAVANEY, LOWER VIA

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South West Wales Hospital Management Committee

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GENERAL NURSE TRAINING

at the West Wales General Hospital, Carmarthen, which is a new district general hospital with a pleasant and comfortable modern Nurses Home situated on the outskirts of Carmarthen.

REGISTERED MENTAL NURSE TRAINING AND ENROLLED NURSE TRAINING

is provided at St. David's Hospital, Carmarthen. This is a progressive Psychiatric Hospital with a modern teaching unit and pleasant Nurses Home situated in spacious grounds.

ENROLLED NURSE TRAINING

is provided at Pembroke County War Memorial Hospital, Haverfordwest, Pembs. This hospital offers particularly good facilities to obtain practical nursing experience over a very wide range of specialities. This hospital is situated within easy reach of the Pembrokeshire coast.

Enquiries are invited regarding training facilities available at these Hospitals, which should be addressed to the Matron of the Hospital concerned.
