

**Pembroke Grammar
School**

**REPORT
for the year 1955-56**

**MADE BY THE
HEADMASTER
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ANNUAL PRIZE DAY—FRIDAY, 7 DECEMBER, 1956
HEADMASTER'S REPORT 1955-56

MADAM CHAIRMAN, MR. AND MRS. OLDFIELD-DAVIES, GOVERNORS, PARENTS, FRIENDS, AND MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL: When I made my last Report from this platform - when indeed I made my first Report from this platform (for first and last are here, as Biblically, the same) - we were all very new at Bush. We had but barely been pulled up by the roots at the Minister's trenchant command and dibbed in again. We were surprised, nostalgic, hopeful, possessors of new bikes or cars (this was pre-Burnham but also Pre-Squeeze), out of breath with unaccustomed hill-climbing and lino paddling, mollified and aerated by the breezes, and altogether in a state, albeit a new one. We were certainly not settled. This is the first Prize Day, therefore, on which we can offer the hospitality of a building that we have in some sort lived in, paw-marked, and made our own. It is as hosts of a year's standing, walking with the short step suited to those who live on the side of a hill, that we now advance to extend the warmest of welcomes to Mr. and Mrs. Oldfield-Davies, the School's Guests of Honour today. Certain parts of the School, I may say, notably Bush House and the Canteen, are not entirely strange to Mr. Oldfield-Davies, who has had evidence of us before this immediate and present occasion. I, for my part, have evidence of him that he knows more of Pembroke Fair than many here present would deem possible, let alone likely, and I have speculated often of late whether in the public interest I ought to make this available to I.T.V. Seriously, however, let me bid Mr. and Mrs. Oldfield-Davies a most sincere welcome and place on record my fervent hope that nothing they experience here today may bar forever the scions of Pembroke Borough from the sound-proof halls of fame.

My custom is first to mention changes in the Governing Body of the School. But before I do so, I should like to refer briefly to the passing during this last month of the Rev. W. S. Evans, once of Neyland and latterly of Sutton Coldfield, who was for some years a Governor. I never knew him, and there must be few here now who did: but by repute he played no small part in the School's history and with his death there snaps another link with that past which made us even though we may no longer recognize it.

There are no changes to record among the present Governors, but the Instrument of Government has been rattled by the long arm of the Authority. The Bush Management Committee - to many people the very semblance of *The Man Who Never Was* - has now officially disappeared. The School Governors have taken over the responsibility for Bush House, and there is a new Farm and Gardens Committee, like Spring on the horizon, which will worry about the pigs and the lettuce and how to keep the two apart. During the last academic year Mrs. Sarah Thomas, who has since assumed the mantle of the Chairman of Governors, most generously gave a Prize for Original Work, to be competed for annually, and Alderman B. G. Howells presented us with two fine photographs of the Opening of the School by Sir David Eccles on October 28, 1955. To both these benefactors we are extremely grateful. More is the pity that the Authority has not deemed, and does not deem, the Minister's visit worth even the smallest of commemorative plaques. Apparently not even a foundation stone may serve as a precedent!

The Staff changes made necessary by the move to Bush give me more to say than usual. In September 1955 the School welcomed Mr. R. Hewish of Marlborough Grammar School as Housemaster-elect of Bush House, Mr. L. M. Thomas of Loughborough College as Metalwork Master and Assistant Housemaster-elect, Mr. Dennis Lloyd as stand-in for Mr. Humphreys, who had gone for a year's course to the Cardiff P.T. College, and Mr. Stone Davies as temporary Mathematics Master until the arrival in January of Mr. J. A. G. Thomas from Gwernyfed Secondary School, Breconshire. Mr. Thomas is the second Old Pupil to join the Staff in a permanent capacity in the last few years, and for a while, if Mr. Dennis Lloyd were counted, we could claim *three*. There are signs at last, perhaps, that the tide is setting homeward. September brought too Mlle. M-C. de Benque of Tonnerre as French Assistante. Later in the Autumn term was appointed Miss J. Gwynne of Sutton St. Nicholas as Canteen Supervisor (interestingly, again, the daughter of an Old Pupil) and after half-term, when the crowds at the Official Opening were making towards limbo, appeared Miss N. Brown of Christ's College, Black-heath, in the capacity of Matron of Bush House. The absence of Miss Bishop, with severe rheumatic trouble, for the entire Spring term was worrying both to her and to me in view of her extensive commitments at both Examination levels. Mrs. Clough, an experienced teacher, though not of Biology, filled the gap nobly, and we were further encouraged by the return of Miss Bishop, rarin' to get at her examinees, when term began in April. Mr. L. M. Thomas was likewise absent for some six or seven weeks of the Summer term. Duty for part of this time was done by Mrs. Jones of Park Street, though there was no replacement in Bush House, where Mr. Hewish had the *fardel* all to himself.

My tale so far has been of incomers, a tale indicative of new undertakings and swollen numbers, but there has been one loss too. A year ago I was boasting of the triumvirate - the 1922 Committee, one might almost say, though by no means Tory - who accompanied us through the Red Sea, across the Sinai desert and into the Promised Land. I have now sadly to record that one of them has ended his pedagogic march, and that another within a stride or two will be hammering in his stake and setting up his title. The first of these, Mr. E. B. George (and to him alone I can now refer), is known to many generations of Old Pupils as half of the indestructible Maths Department which gave way only in 1950 with the departure of Mr. Nagle for his native Cork. He served the School faithfully as teacher and of late years Picton as its Housemaster. No words of mine can hope to sum up what we feel in the face of thirty and more years of continuous service, and I must leave to the memories of those who have known him both the undimmed gratitude they owe and the happy recollections of him personally which will follow him into what has become, I understand, a sort of travelling retirement. Goodbye was said also in July to Mlle. de Benque, who unfortunately for us has had no successor, and to Mr. Dennis Lloyd, who in his turn has begun a year's course in P.T. at Loughborough College. Both were members of Staff whose willingness gave real pleasure. Replacements and additions have included a returning Mr. Humphreys, Mrs. C. Shepherd of Birmingham, who has taken over our Rural Domestic Economy Department, Miss C. Jones of the Royal Holloway College who has succeeded Mr. George, and Mrs. A. M. Rowlands, additional Biology and General Science teacher, whom we share with the Coronation School. All, I am sure, have felt they were welcome and are settling down in our midst. At the beginning of the Autumn Term 1955 the Head Prefects were George Reynolds of Hywel House and Joan Lewis of Tudor. For some six weeks of that term 533 pupils, not to mention Staff, were stacked, if not tiered, in that dressed-stone building

with washed-brick additions which was ours for so long and which now, almost incredibly refurbished and refurnished, de-treed and replotted, is known as the Upper Coronation School. There was no doubt, sentiment apart, that we had to go. The move took no more than the two days of October 17 and 18. Two Pickford's pantechnicons shuttled up and down. Mr. Moses and a duty squad of senior boys chosen for their progressive, up-in-the-air outlook, came as vanguard into our new dominion and Caleb-like reported all well. Mr. Davies with a more conservative, feet-on-the-ground party emptied the old building of all but its dust and a few far-gone desks and chairs. The rest of the School marched up on the Monday, were allotted their form-rooms, tried to remember their way about, and were dismissed till the Wednesday morning. That the operation was practically hitchless was entirely due to the members of Staff named and their several henchmen. Nevertheless, it was some time before we could all sit down, and a far, far longer time before many could see a blackboard, even from the front row. Some little boys, especially when sent to fetch the detention book, still did not know at Easter how to get to the Staff room. Classrooms were seriously short: there were only eleven in all which would hold thirty or more pupils. Legend has it that there was once a Medical Inspection room. Unaccountably the tonic prescribed proved to be Music. Staffrooms and storerooms and prefects' rooms were shuffled around rapidly. The incredible fact was that there were already too many bodies even in what bore some faint resemblance to Coventry City centre. Time will not suffice to tell of our vicissitudes, of the long lack of equipment, of the slow drip-drip of deliveries some even now incomplete—and of the new hardships encountered because our playing fields were not, and indeed *are* not, ready. We *had* to be in, and we *had* to look lively. The Official Opening by Sir David Eccles himself had been timed for October 28, only ten days after our arrival. The Old Pupils' Association had arranged with me that on the occasion of the Opening the Rev. Frank Hobbs should dedicate and Sir David unveil the Memorial to those Old Boys of the School who fell in World War II. The very moving ceremony on the library steps was attended by the relatives of the fallen and by as many others as space would allow. Tea in the Canteen followed for those who could get inside the door. Sir David will be remembered best by the School, I know, for his courtesy in giving the Staff an extra day's holiday, which they duly took at the February half-term.

Much of the rest of the year was makeshift. The move caught us half-rehearsed in *As You Like It*, uncertain whether to play *up* or *down*. As day followed day it became obvious that our new stage would never be furnished that term. Nor indeed was it furnished the next. Cast and producer, experiencing frustration in several stages (all of them bare) fell disappointedly apart. 1955 was the first year for a long time without a full School production. Meanwhile we had paid upwards of £200 of our own for new flats of a height suitable for this stage, a fact which made the absence of our admiring public genuine bereavement. House Plays were hastily promoted to Christmas, and examinations put back to January: the Eisteddfod came hurrying on in mid-February leading gently and with the utmost consideration our last hope of a full production. But it was not to be. The stage remained obstinately uncurtained, unflooded and unbattered until the first week in April - just a fortnight after we needed it! *Sic transit mens sana!*

Advances, of course, there have been. A number of seniors have enjoyed clay-puddling in the Pottery Room: our done-up, illuminated glass cupboard in the foyer contains some creditable work: and there has even been talk from some of a career in

ceramics. Most of the essential equipment is now *in situ*, one or two laboratories dishonourably excepted. Mr. Mackenzie and his brigade of gardeners have planted trees and shrubs in various windswept spots, and one of these, the only real concentration area, has been so assiduously cut and tended by Mr. Boyett, the Assistant Caretaker, that it is actually beginning to resemble the genuine British lawn. Elsewhere the red of rab banks has been overcome by the spread of weeds and grasses. Nature, human and vegetable, is beginning to settle in. Other developments, less natural, may also be mentioned. We decided to order at enormous cost - to wit, £350 - and to pay for ourselves, the handsome hand-made ceremonial furniture in oak which now graces this platform. Made by Mr. Barnsley of Petersfield, it sets a standard which those who have the wit to observe it will come to honour. The memorial plaque to the fallen, already referred to, was also made for us by Mr. Barnsley and it hangs now outside the Library as a sign and token of the improvements we hope before long, with the aid of the Old Pupils' Association, to make within. A fine leather Visitors Book, hand-tooled in the School colours by Mr. Roger Powell, completed our private acquisitions on entry here, and the Minister of Education himself was the first to write his name in it.

In January we acquired a new Roneo duplicator. *Post hoc, sod non propter hoc* (I am speaking of different spheres) the School tuckshop was opened, amid much muttering about precedent, and Mrs. Hunt was installed as the Goddess of Plenty. The curious may care to remember that the date was January 14, 1956. No social investigators have so far blessed us, but we live in dread. Have you had the boys weighed before and after? Are gobstoppers a good thing? Do iced blues chap the ears? Who knows? Shall we simply say that the service seems to be appreciated (that is, the stuff is vanishing) and that the profit will be very usefully employed for some time to come in settling our considerable debts on the stage and covering the recurring deficit on the Penvro? The tuckshop, too, has been engrossing farm produce of late. Seventy dozen eggs a week, for instance, produced by the prisoners in deep litter, are sold over the counter. And down below, far below, at the bottom of the Steps of Time, there have been seen chickens - broilers to the informed - incredibly neat in cellophane bags, plucked and groomed and ready for the oven, popping with alacrity into satchels and moving off in large numbers. And now behold! - the promise of turkeys similarly caparisoned. What other School can boast of being such a gourmet's paradise?

Other novelties, in this case unwrapped and excessively variegated, have been the participation of Form VI in the Western Mail's *Form-Room Forum* (this with a serious absence of distinction), the substitution in the Canteen of Family Service (or vive the tureen) for our former sub-Lyons or XYZ cafeteria queuing, and the provision of a new and more complete set of subject options from Form IV upwards. For some time it has been true that every subject except English and Mathematics has been a matter of option. What the new scheme does is to avoid the old clash between Latin and Physics by introducing greater complexity, and to make it possible for a pupil, while retaining the essential matriculation subjects, to indulge his full bent towards the Natural Sciences, the Social Sciences, the Modern Languages or the Crafts. Maximum freedom for the pupil has to be paid for in administrative difficulty, of course, but certainly no new Elizabethan in arms or older can now claim that his peculiar genius is not well met by opportunity, unless he be charlatan rather than zealot.

The greatest development of all, undoubtedly, was the opening of Bush House in April last. For long frustrated by the recurring delays in the process of repairing the fabric, we had seen Christmas, the Spring half-term and finally Easter itself slip away before any action of ours might be allowed. Matron and Housemaster were standing by: anxious parents hung about in the offing, mutely willing their offspring under the armorial bearings and in through the door. Nothing was wanting but the smile on the back of a contractor retiring satisfied and at speed. At last, on April 16, came the day. Bush House opened with seven boarders (who were now faced with doing three terms' work in one) and a full complement of resident Staff. Since then the hall and landings have resounded with industry: the House shines as it has not done at least for eight years and probably much longer; the old seventeenth century kitchens have been lifted and transformed; and Matron, with feminine members of the House Committee, has been busy blending greens and pinks in the dormitory colour schemes. The boys have a wardrobe each and easy chairs in their recreation room - unbelievable to those of us who years ago hitched our rears on to the pipes in a classroom (as the focal point of consolation) and tremulously hooked our best suits over tubular bed-heads. The House, with such small numbers at first, developed very much on a family basis, and to Mr. Hewish and Miss Brown, together with some amenable and not-too-uncivilised boys, must go the credit for making the boarding side the showpiece of a School that is itself something of a show.

I have come a long way and have managed to avoid for a record number of minutes the topic of External Examinations. But it cannot any longer be put off. At the Advanced Level we presented 27 candidates, to the best of my knowledge the largest entry yet. An expansion of this sort is hardly likely, under stable conditions, to be accompanied by an increase of the *quality* of academic material available. Nevertheless, that is no explanation of a result that had patches of brilliant light isolated by sombre, flanking shadows. In English three distinctions were earned - the best result in Wales (not including, for this purpose *only*, Monmouthshire) - and all ten candidates got through. Mathematics showed a similarly clear bill with all nine candidates through. From these summits the descent was in parts precipitous. Once again better candidates did not in several subjects justify our high opinion of them, while worse brought us happy surprise. I still have the feeling that in all subjects where a value-judgment rather than factual correctness is involved, this examination is not playing the part it should, but that does not absolve some, at least, of our more gifted pupils from a charge of unnecessary temperament and lack of determination. We could not manage a State Scholarship this year, but Jennifer Gordon was placed on the reserve list. For the second year in succession the Ordinary Level results showed a slight improvement, but the beanstalk is tall, and Jack is still a long way from his giant. 93 candidates were presented, of whom 14 were Sixth-formers hoping to collect odd subjects. 314 subject passes were obtained out of 617 attempts, which represents a percentage of 50.9. Nobody would claim that we are very loftily perched on this node, but we have climbed farther than appears, if only because for the first time three whole forms were presented instead of two. It stands to reason that the additionals were not disguised State Scholars. Our pass percentage, however, was compounded from some curiously different subject results. Pride of place must be allotted to Woodwork and Needlework, with Art, Biology, Welsh and French not far behind. History and Geography recovered well, too, from their unaccountable behaviour in 1955 and the return of these prodigals did much to re-jollify me against the news that one or two elder brothers had left the patrimony and sloped off.

This year's examinations have brought into Form VI a veritable flood of pupils who have satisfied the minimum entry standard of five subject passes. Two facts are patent: first, that very very few of last year's Form V have left School, and second, that of those who entered Form VI, the smallest number for years have entered VI Science. That 35 examinees from 1956 think that their future will be best provided for in VI Arts is a curious reversal of current trends, encouraging more from a social and cultural aspect than from that of national survival. But I feel considerably less happy, in any case, when I survey this amorphous mass more closely. Too many of them, it seems to me, have no acquaintance with excellence in any subject, and have their eyes trained only on that minimum standard which a future examination will require. I want parents to know that I have no use at all for this attitude. If there is to be no reading around and off the subject, no conscious striving for the highest standard attainable, no serious attempt made to think in and through the specialist studies taken, then there is no education in the true sense, whatever vocational qualifications may or may not result.

I would counsel many of these newcomers to Advanced Level work to look a good deal higher than the few scrambling feet they have mounted so far and to turn for example to what some of the best of our younger Old Pupils have achieved in the past academic year. I mention first Mr. Brian John, who was awarded a First Class in the Joint Honours School of English and Philosophy at University College, Bangor. If ever a result was earned by endeavour, here was one, and it is pleasant to know that he returns to College with a Research Studentship in his hand. Mr. John Maynard, too, has crowned his already brilliant achievements at University College, London, where he was in turn Andrews Science Scholar and Rosa Morison Memorial Medalist, by obtaining both his Doctorate of Philosophy and the award of the Ramsay Memorial Medal for outstanding research in Chemistry. He is now a Scientific Officer under the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, and it requires no special art of prophecy to predict for him a brilliant future. Non-academic Old Pupils have been quieter of late, and it is therefore fitting that the labours at Birmingham Technical College of Mr. J. A. Forrest, so long out of, but at last in, fashion, should have been rewarded with the M.B.E. Also in the Honours List was Flight/Sergeant Donald Davies with the B.E.M. That activist among economists, Mr. Edward Nevin, has recently given Welsh politicians of varying degrees of sobriety and hue what they most desire - a bunch of statistics which they can hurl in every direction. His team publication, *The Social Accounts of the Welsh Economy 1948-52*, breaks genuinely new ground. It is matter for some satisfaction, too, that in Raymond Jones and Clifford Moses we can claim two members of the cast of the production of *Under Milk Wood* at the New Theatre, St. Martins Lane. In last year's report I made reference to the work of Miss Joyce Johns among the older refugees in North Germany. That she should recently, on her return to this country, have hit the headlines of the popular press as *The Angel of Varel* neither adds to nor detracts from the essential humanity of the work that she has done. I could not wish any better word said for the Old Pupils of this School than that they were prepared to serve their generation, not merely in academic studies, but in those ways which, out of the nobility of the human heart, add to the fund of justice, gentleness and love at work in the world towards its future peace.

I propose not to comment here on the second and most successful International Students' Camp, which was held in this School during July and early August, because

although it depended on the devoted labours of Mr. Islwyn Griffiths and Mr. Stephen Griffith above all, it has grown far beyond the scope of a School activity and now rests on the support both of Old Pupils and of the district. It may be sufficient to say that the Camp was attended by over 60 students from some fifteen different countries. We have, however, maintained our School quota of visitors from abroad. Julie Berntzen of Norway spent a year with us; Dieter Hundertmark and Rosemarie Gombert from the 1955 Camp remained in School for the first weeks of the Autumn term. Christiane Hoffmann of Frankfurt, Anke Matthies of Hamburg, Erika Zobel and Catharina Schaad of Stuttgart, Irene Badenhoop of Cologne, Heike Ahrens of Hamburg, Hilde Pfeifer of Vienna, Erika Menzer of Frankfurt, Eva Buhk and Sigrid Wilms of Hamburg all spent a term here and made their own specific contribution to School life. Irene was a most promising flautist, whom the National Youth Orchestra would have been glad to acquire, and Eva was the third of our visitors from Germany to inscribe her name on the School tennis-cups. United Nations Day and Goodwill Day were celebrated as usual.

There are still several items from the School year which have been shouldered out of their place in the queue. The House Drama Competition, rushed up at Christmas with whatever flats were available instead of being propelled with greater leisure at Easter, was adjudicated by Mrs. Mary Lewis of Llandysul (one s). In honour of her visit, an already good standard rose perceptibly higher. Hywel's win with that 1955 potion-brewer *The Laboratory* (pestled throughout by Kenneth MacGarvie) was well-deserved and undisputed. Glyndwr were second with Miles Malleson's *Michael*. Picton with *The Boy Comes Home* and Tudor with Sacha Guitry's *Villa for Sale* were bracketed third. It was gratifying that not a single one of these productions could be called poor, that all of them contained individual performances of merit, and that on neither evening did the scenery collapse or the moon fail to rise.

The Eisteddfod seemed very little the worse for having deserted its patron saint and run on into February. Once again there were droves of juniors to be shepherded through the preliminaries, which took the by-now-official five days, and there was a pleasantly encouraging rise in the standard both of the piano items and the senior boys' solo. One notable change, however, cannot be passed over. Glyndwr, so long dominant, lost the Sudbury Shield. Picton seniors packed with fine spirit into most of the finals, and although Glyndwr were running neck and neck at three-quarters time, nothing could match Picton's gold-medal sprint to the tape. Significantly, the highest individual total of points (55) was recorded by Joan Lewis, who had to play too much of a lone hand for Tudor, but the next best - Margaret Scarr with 48, Margaret Kavanagh with 43 and a string of others - were all Picton. Scores apart, it was a very entertaining day, and a great deal of creditable work was heard and shown. The Choral Competition was won by Hywel, a salve for their defeat elsewhere. A Schools Music Festival was held in this Hall on June 20. Its significant features from our point of view were choral speech items by parties from IIIA and IIIB and the fact that we were able for the first time to produce a string quartet which did not decisively banish happiness. One of its players, George McLean, became some weeks afterwards the first member of this School to be awarded a place in the National Youth Orchestra of Wales. There was no Staff Promenade Concert last year. Once every decade is enough! But a sufficiency of other festivities crammed both time and tum - Rugby and Hockey Socials, Christmas Parties, and Picton's own private and unparliamentary session after the Eisteddfod.

Many, too, were those who came to entertain or instruct us. I shall not enumerate our regular visitors - the Services representatives or the Central Youth Employment Executive officials. There is too long a list without. 'Musicals' (in inverted commas) included the Ballets Minerva, J. Forrest Whiteley with that alarming instrument of his which he calls 'the fifth form of music' (and which like all fifth forms calls forth screams at times), and the brilliant young Canadian pianist Malcolm Troup, who gave the very first performance in this Hall. Talks were given by Mrs. J. A. Lakin, one of our Old Pupils and now a missionary in Nigeria, by Mr. W. K. McDougall of the Southern Sudan, by Mr. Jacob Jones on *Unesco*, by Dr. John Paxton of Millfield School, Street, on his explorations with schoolboys in Norway and Morocco, and by Mr. Stuart Gore of the Imperial Institute on *Australia*. Films included *Bicycle Thieves*, *A Day at the Races*, featuring that distinguished pianist C. Marx, *Alexander Nevsky* and *Scott of the Antarctic*. Parties were also sent to see *The Robe* at the local cinema. Milford Haven Grammar School's production of *Little Women*, Tasker's School's *Hansel and Gretel*, and the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra all attracted parties during the Autumn term. Nor can I close my dissertation on School life without naming those martyrs who suffered in Morning Assembly on our behalf and their own, namely, the members of Form VI who brought their birthday wishes to the platform. Chronologically they read as follows : Pauline Armitage on *Madame Curie*, Ruth Cole on *Dylan Thomas*, Suzanne Brown on *Lady Charlotte Guest*, Yvonne Richards on *William Butler Yeats*, Gordon Rickard on *Sir Isaac Newton*, Jennifer Gordon on *Mae Hen Wlad fy Nhadau*, Michael Thomas on *Benjamin Franklin*, George McLean on *Mozart*, David Thomas on *Dr. Felix Borel*, David Gwyther on *Beau Nash*, Stephen Brown on *Professor Henri Chrétien*, Clive Harkett on *Dr. H. F. Baker*, Georg Grossmann on *Copernicus*, Joan Lewis on *Robert Schumann*. I am cherishing a private hope that these lists of mine may one day have a historical interest not now apparent - when, shall we say, the Professor of Applied Electricity at the University of Sing-Sing is found in his shady and never-mentioned days at Pembroke Grammar School to have celebrated publicly and without obvious repugnance the birth of Raymond Chandler or Dashiell Hammett. That will be the time for the significant and sadistic biographical comment that I am withholding (albeit with some difficulty) at present.

I am conscious that time is well advanced, and that I still have to say something about Sport. Briefly then, a good year— perhaps the best all-round year we have had, if only because of our great improvement in Athletics. The most notable features of a Rugby season that was particularly successful up to Christmas were the attractive back play we could provide on occasion, the consistently good showing of Gordon Rickard at outside-half and David Morgan in the pack, and the outstanding success of John Ebsworth in winning his way both to a Welsh Secondary Schools Cap and to a place in the Young Dragons XV which toured South Africa this summer. John is our second cap in the last three years, and it is matter for fresh hope that both he and Gordon Rickard are in the West XV to play at Tonypandy tomorrow, with David Weale standing by as a reserve. With all our hearts we wish them well. A comment on our general standard is provided too by the fact that George Reynolds, last year's captain, took part in the first Freshmen's Trial at Oxford, has already been awarded his College Colours, and has had a game for the Grey-hounds. I cannot omit, as postscript to the season, our 1st XV's Easter tour to Hanover in company with Truro School, which proved an enjoyable missionary enterprise.

Hockey brought the usual avalanche of goals. Our 1st and 2nd XIs remained unbeaten by a School for the fourth season in succession, scoring 76 and 82 goals against 5 in each case. The Junior XIs were not invincible, but did very well. Undoubtedly the experienced leadership of Suzanne Brown, Jean Devote and Jean Crutchley, with an almost complete team of Old Colours, had a decisive effect on the season's results. Even the Staff XI slipped up on this occasion (the light must have been bad) and lost by the odd goal. Suzanne Brown, Jean Devote, Joan Lewis and Jean Crutchley were all awarded County Colours. There was no less solidity in the Rounders IX captained, like the Hockey XI, by Suzanne Brown. They also were unbeaten, and a very scratch Staff nonet who elected to challenge them found their rounders bats far too small.

Cricket was probably the least distinguished of our games. But so many excuses come immediately to mind: no pitch all season, no nets after half term, the usual cricket-wrecking examinations. We owe a very considerable debt of gratitude to Pembroke Cricket Club for the loan of their ground on a number of occasions, and I am glad to acknowledge this publicly. The XI, captained by Clive Harkett, showed good teamwork, even though individual distinction seemed to be missing. Undoubtedly the worst shock to their morale came in being beaten for the first time for years by the Staff XI, for whom Mr. Hewish worked wonders of opportunism in making 49 not out (an unheard-of and unlooked-for magisterial score).

Athletics and Tennis brought the School a steadier share of glory, though I confess to a certain old-fashioned distrust of the individualism that these pursuits vaunt, however the credit may afterwards redound. Our own Sports Day on May 18 gave us a foretaste of success to come. Roland Waite was for the second time Victor Ludorum: Gillian Garnham and Jean Crutchley (who threw the discus 108 feet at this meeting) dead-heated for the position of Victrix, both of them ousting the holder. At the County Sports promise became performance: our girls, particularly the seniors and middles, were in fine form and wrested from Tasker's School the Gwyther Cup which they had held for some years past. The boys were well in the hunt too, but some sterling first places were not enough to win any team cup. To use a phraseology which I am sure will be understood, we were short on silvers and bronzes. Meanwhile at National Level and even in Senior Meetings some of our members were making their mark. Richard May won the West Wales Quarter at Llanelly, and Gillian Garnham the Long Jump at the Welsh Junior Championships at Port Talbot. Jean Crutchley broke her own discus record in the Welsh Women's A.A.A. Championship at Maindy Stadium, Cardiff, though the 97 feet 2 inches she then returned was far from her best. Her victory in the Schools National at Swansea was a foregone conclusion. Neither Christopher Macken, who had won the Pembrokeshire Schools Mile and Half-Mile in good style, nor Richard May, our 'quarter' expert, could win at Swansea, but their times of 2 minutes 3.2 for the half and 52.3 for the quarter were the best ever produced by members of this School. There was no doubting the extent of our all-round advance.

Time will not serve to tell of our Tennis Cups. Despite an undistinguished season for the VI, we had in Eva Buhk and Margaret Thomas a good first pair, who became the winners of one of the Dora Lewis Inter-Schools Cups competed for the first time in 1956. Christopher Macken and Gordon Rickard were so much the strongest pair in the boys' section that their victory was no surprise. They reappeared in the County Youth

Tournament, the Morgan Cup Competition and elsewhere as rival finalists, and Christopher went on to win at so many of these meetings, including the Under Eighteen Tournament at Swansea, that I have lost count. He went to Wimbledon as one of only two representatives from Wales, but was by no means so fortunate there. I am looking forward to the day when all these cups, our own and those we hold temporarily, may be housed behind glass in the School entrance, of which procedure one happy result may be that I shall be able to stretch again without making the insurance company turn in its sleep.

Having as naturally as possible reached the topic of the School silver, I may now boldly state that National Savings totalled £647- 16s.-0d. for the year. Of this peak figure £111-11s.-0d. and £97- 4s.-0d. were collected by Forms V.R. and V.O. respectively. Social Service contributions came to over £70 and our Dr. Barnardo's Box-Opening, delayed until this term, produced another £59. Only yesterday was I presented with a shield in recognition of the School Helpers' League contributions over the years past. No one, I think, could rightly call us ungenerous, but our present large numbers do mean that totals such as I have quoted represent no great strain on the pockets of most of us. Those who are far, far worse off than we are should be ever present in our consciousness, and now most of all.

What more I have to say I will put as briefly as possible. Resisting for the present the temptation to 'mix it' with any educational politician or political educator - or indeed to comment, unless obliquely, on the parlous condition of the country - I refer to a change I feel to be taking place in the body of this School. We have moved to Bush, and there are 560 of us. These are the outstanding facts. The great advantage of new buildings is ours. We have far more space, if still not enough. But we are in danger of losing something too, the something that every unit loses when it becomes larger, when it is split up and spread about as we are. We stand in danger of weakening the School bond, the ideals we hold in common as a School, merely because of numbers and geography. Training for citizenship and for life is best acquired in small communities which can offer to each of their members the maximum of responsibility and the greatest sense of belonging. Our problem at present is very definitely to find means of holding on to the oneness we had when we were crowded together, lest we fall to reflecting little more than the feelings of society beyond our doors. A School should be better than society, better than the fragmentary and often selfish collection of attitudes which we group under that name, and it must be our concern to keep it so. Very briefly I should like to outline what seems to me to be an academic problem not unrelated to what I have already said. We have passed in recent years through a social revolution, and I should be among the last to regret most of what it has achieved. But amongst its benefits it has left us with a pronounced weakness, the weakness which comes from having had too many good things too easily, the weakness which is making hard work a seemingly unnecessary and unfamiliar thing. In saying this, I am not making of my pupils a scapegoat. They reflect the lack of pressure in society. But I think you can safely relate the comments I made earlier on Form VI to this point. A facile anxiety about the future, rarely transmuted into action; an absence of determination when faced with difficulty; a too-great choosiness, again arising from that lack of determination; and far too much excuse-making - these are the factors of which I am conscious when I regard that section of the School which is intelligent enough to work up to University level. These strictures concern a minority, obviously, but too great a minority. And here I would ask parents to help. One can, it seems to

me, be too understanding, one can demonstrate too clearly that in the circumstances, of course, one doesn't expect much. Naturally, in those circumstances, one doesn't get it. Excuse-acceptance - for which psychology and that easygoingness which is too often the selfishness that would rather not be bothered are equally to blame - has been at a high level for some time. In saying this, I am not seeking to comment unfavourably on this district in particular. Indeed, it often strikes me how much better in hand most of our families are than those in more metropolitan areas. But it is still true, even here. I get the feeling from some parents that they are so impressed with the fact that their son or daughter works, or purports to work, for hours at a time at academic studies that their deserts are automatic. I would say to such: Expect a little more, and show that you expect it. Try deliberately to raise the sights through which your children look. Do not be proud too easily of what may have been achieved, even if son has surpassed father or daughter mother. These are days when standards must rise, and go on rising. I return to what I was saying about society. Society's pressures are insufficient at present for the improvement needed. And my personal fear is that if Schools are to continue to grow larger they too may fail to press and mould their pupils to greater self-sacrifice, to more sustained endeavour, to a wider and more Christian view of their responsibilities to mankind. I want this School to go on standing for what it stands now, in idealism, in willingness to help others, in loyalty to a common bond. If we are not a better, saner, more moral and harder-working unit than ordinary adult society, then there is very little hope of putting right in the future the things we know are wrong.