

**Pembroke Grammar  
School  
REPORT**  
for the year 1956-57

**MADE BY THE  
HEADMASTER  
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## Headmaster's Report 1956-57

MR. CHAIRMAN, MR. MAYOR, PROFESSOR AND MRS. GITTINS, GOVERNORS, PARENTS, FRIENDS, MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL: My first duty is both to welcome and explain. Those of you with good visual memories - and I hope there still are *some* in the age-group venerable enough to be invited officially to School Prize-givings, or I shall have to stop holding you up as examples to the School - are surely still seeing set up in firm black type the names of Professor Idwal Jones and Mrs. Idwal Jones as Guests of Honour today. Those of you who have already been inattentive enough to squint at your programmes will have observed with a degree of amazement (lessened only by bad memory in some cases) that we welcome today as our Guests of Honour Professor Charles Gittins and Mrs. Gittins. This is neither mirage nor mistake. Let me explain how it came about. About a fortnight ago I received from Mrs. Idwal Jones at her home at Mold a letter telling me that her husband had been positively forbidden by the doctor to undertake any public engagements this side of Christmas. Professor Idwal Jones was very seriously ill a couple of years ago, and in this, I trust, less dangerous recurrence of his trouble he has, I am sure, our warm sympathy - which I shall take the liberty of conveying to him after today's ceremony. You may readily imagine, therefore, the dilemma in which I stood a fortnight ago, and how difficult I felt it was going to be to approach anybody else at such short notice. I cannot but record, then, my intense gratitude to Professor Gittins who, as soon as I phoned him up, consented without any boggling at all to come here to speak to us today. There was a moment last spring when Professor Gittins thought to visit the School but in the end could not. Now he has picked up his stone again, found his bird still fast in Bush, and if I plead with him not to kill it stone-dead, that is in no sense intended as a forecast of the contents of his address! May I speak for you all in extending a very warm welcome both to Professor and to Mrs. Gittins, whom I have tried to warn about the stamina required for the Prize giving itself? I hope she has been putting in some half-hour standing stints by way of preparation!

And now I must perforce make an abrupt change of mood. In no previous year of my Headship have there been such marked and vital changes in the roll of persons whom this community of ours holds in deep regard. On 27 February, as we were completing our Eisteddfod, came the news of the sudden death of Mr. D. T. Jones, our late Director, in the act of addressing another School. Those of us who are at least halfway along our bounden road and are old enough, anyway, to have known him personally could hardly help being moved at the departure of one who was not only a friend but a living institution, a part of Wales's brilliant heyday of moral oratory and outspoken conscience. In welcoming heartily his successor, Mr. Wynford Davies, who is prevented from being here for the first time in his new capacity by the necessity of giving the address at a similar ceremony at Haverfordwest Grammar School this afternoon, I nevertheless remember, as I am sure do many of you, not merely past glories and the remorseless passage of time, but a *man* in whom flowered the warm and idealistic aspirations of our race. May what Mr. D. T. Jones so well began be as honourably realised!

Hardly had we accustomed ourselves to deprivation, when with equal suddenness and of the same blow our Clerk of the Governors, Mr. T. P. Owen, was taken from us. That was on 13 April. Only two days before, he had been in a Governors' Meeting,

seemingly well. Time forbids even a summary of the kindnesses done by Mr. Owen, not merely to myself but to many listening here - and indeed to many who will never listen at gatherings of this sort: they were legion. Ever since he carried the bag for Mr. Jones-Lloyd, his predecessor, back in the first decade of this century, he had been closely connected with this School. How long is that? Fifty years? A long time, more than a single age in the School's development. The change is the more poignant in that not merely have we lost the company and counsel of a most lovable personality but that the School will never again, in the foreseeable future, have another Clerk of its own. Though this change will make in many ways for administrative improvement, it underlines finally the alteration in the status of the School from Voluntarily Controlled to Maintained Grammar. Even if a change be for the better, those who have known and loved the old, both in human and constitutional terms, cannot help being rather sad about it. The death of Mr. Owen has a quality of finality as well as of mourning.

Unfortunately, our toll of loss is not yet complete. Very recently, on 23 November, passed away Mrs. Bertha Garnett, wife of Mr. J. H. Garnett, Chemistry and Geography Master from 1906 and Second Master for many years before his retirement in 1943. Here we have a link which all but connects us with the old Victoria Hotel at the foot of Barrack Hill, where the lab. was a room with a couple of trestle tables and a bunsen burner. The link is not quite forged, for Mr. and Mrs. Garnett came to Pembroke Dock about the time of the move to what was then the new building opposite the park, and Mr. Garnett's service to the School coincided very nearly with the great formative Headmaster-ship of Mr. Trevor Jones. As we move inevitably on, from building to building and year to year, we nevertheless cannot forget those who have laboured to make *our* efforts possible. Mr. Garnett's great loss is the School's too, but nothing can efface the memory, whether ours or his, of a very gracious lady.

The death of one Old Pupil, Mrs. I. P. Hammond, B.E.M., may also be mentioned here, not only because she lived locally but because her life was devoted to the service of the community. Many are the folk who owe grateful thanks, and more, to Mrs. Hammond, and the life of our district will be the poorer for her passing. The year 1957, fortunately, has been unique in my experience here in depriving us of so many friends at once, and, anxious to strike a note more earnest of the future, I turn now to a consideration of Staff changes during the academic year. In September 1956 the newcomers were Miss C. M. Jones, filling Mr. George's place in the Mathematics Department, Mrs. C. Shepherd, under whom the new R.D.E. Department was to flow with milk (if not honey), and Mrs. A. M. Rowlands, whose services we shared with the Coronation School. In that month also Mr. R. M. Humphreys returned from his year's course. Among dispositions necessary at the beginning of the year were the establishment of Mr. Cleaver as Housemaster of Picton in place of Mr. George, and the reinflation, under the tutorship of Mr. C. E. Bumstead, of the collapsed woodwind class. It was interesting, too, to see one of our Old Pupils, Mr. Graham Harper of University College, Bangor, back on teaching practice for a few weeks.

The close of the Christmas term brought another change in the establishment, the retirement after long service of Mr. Sidney Evans. Mr. Evans joined the Staff, I believe, in 1921 and was one of the great triumvirate (now reduced to a single

imperial glow) who crossed the thickly-populated desert of the years and arrived at Bush in the guise of wise, if not wiser, men. For well over thirty years, therefore, he served the School and there can have been few events in which he has not had a part - from playing *The Policeman's Holiday* at School parties to the coercion of discordant Staff noises at Musical Society Meetings. So great an interest in the School is not to be measured and assessed in a few sentences. Mr. Sidney Evans's best epitaph will lie always in the hearts of pupils and colleagues who remember him with esteem and affection. January, then, saw a new dispensation and the arrival from Haverfordwest Grammar School of Mr. W. H. Whitehall, whom you see at the piano today. He succeeded Mr. Evans as Music Master, and Mr. K. A. Cooper took over the Housemastership of Hywel House. I think perhaps that this is the place to mention that Mr. Evans, still interested, even in his retirement, in the fortunes of his House, presented Hywel with a Cup for the best individual score in the Eisteddfod - the first recipient of which you will hear of anon. Mr. Brenig Garrett and Mr. W. D. Thomas came here for teaching practice in March, and at the end of that month, Mr. Humphreys was appointed to an organiser's post in the Cardiff area under the Central Council of Physical and Recreational Education. He had been on the Staff, with one year's intermission for a course at Cardiff P.T. College, for nearly eight years and his promotion to the administrative sphere was well-earned. Mr. Humphreys's departure at Easter seemed likely to put me in a difficulty, but I was fortunate in securing the services temporarily of Mr. G. L. Jones of Ystradgynlais, who acted for the Summer Term both as P.T. Master and as Assistant Housemaster at Bush House. No sooner was the complement full again than there happened something as important diplomatically as Christmas Island - Mr. Moses rocketed off to the Headship of Presteigne Grammar School. Here was a promotion which had been long anticipated: Mr. Moses had been not merely Head of the Mathematics Department since 1951 but a propulsive force academically and administratively. Undoubtedly, he has much to offer to the organisation of his new School (which, incidentally, claims to be the oldest foundation in Wales), and I have already had some little entertainment at conferences in listening to the new Tales of the Marches - mostly marches stolen over the Radnor backwoodsmen. They have advanced, I am credibly informed, from bows and arrows to inter-continental ballistic missiles in the space of one term, and the VIth form material in the Over-80 group is most promising! Seriously, however, I do congratulate Mr. Moses both on your behalf and my own on his elevation, and I am confident that he is going to make an excellent job of his new Headship. He had hoped to be here today, and June with him, but at a late moment he was called to a conference he had not expected. Whether or not it was that one of the props of the School was thus suddenly removed, I dare not venture, but some of the Staff went almost immediately to pieces. Miss Cynthia Brown announced that she intended to return to the University to study Social Science, Mr. Urien Wiliam decided to *guide* children in a North Wales Clinic rather than chase them around here, and Miss J. M. Lewis and Miss C. M. Jones, apparently even more desperate, plunged into matrimony and emerged as Mrs. Cowl and Mrs. Morris respectively. Not since I have been here have so many fingered their wings and flown, or stayed marked 'Migration deferred.' We must all be growing old and restless. It would be ungrateful of me, however, to pass on without thanking Miss Brown and Mr. Wiliam for five years' interested and enthusiastic service. Our best wishes lie with them already for divergent careers in Personnel Management and Child Psychology. Among the new faces in the Staffrooms this term there is one already familiar, that of Mr. Dennis Lloyd, returned from Loughborough College to take charge of P.T. and Games in the

room of Mr. Humphreys. Newcomers entire are Mr. D. V. Llewelyn, to teach mainly Physics with the Technical Forms, Miss N. E. Phillips for Latin and Games, Miss Brenda Jones for Welsh and French, Mr. J. Bevan in place of Mrs. Rowlands and Mr. A. L. Lester temporarily for this term in the place of Mr. Moses. We welcome also Mile. France Bianchi of Ajaccio as French Assistante. Miss Cleevely has become Housemistress of Picton, in the place of Miss Brown. I cannot bring my Staff saga to a fitting end without congratulating Mr. Cleaver on his election as this year's Chairman of the Welsh Secondary Schools Rugby Union. This is the first time, as far as I know, that the honour has come to Pembrokeshire, let alone to this School.

Perhaps I may begin my comment on the School year 1956-57 by describing it as the most successful year in both work and play (as far as results go) that I have seen since I came here. I say 'as far as results go' and that is an important proviso: an educational team, like one in football, can play hard all the time and still only click, as the saying is (*pace* old Will Boniface), once in a while. Naturally one would like to repeat a try - or goal- scoring orgy over and over again, but even in thinking it over one finds it difficult, if not impossible, to discover just what that factor was that brought the whole team into gear. So here: let me say quite simply that we have had a good year and leave that statement without implications either for past or future. It was a year, too, in which we reached a numerical peak. At the end of September 1956, despite a smaller number admitted, the total on the School roll reached 564. This term, although only 76 pupils were admitted - the smallest intake for eight or nine years - the total on roll still topped 550, though the departure of many children with fathers in the R.A.F. has, during the autumn, brought down that figure markedly. There is, of course, a hidden factor at work here. When, back in my sun-spotted adolescence, I studied the causes of the immense increase of population during the Industrial Revolution, the teacher's voice like an auger would penetrate my semi-consciousness with the phrase 'It's not the birthrate you want to watch: it's the death-rate.' The same is true here. The birth-rate - the famous bulge - which should be at its most bulging in 1957, is apparently a fiction in our catchment area. Nothing at all inflating has come our way, and it certainly looks as though in a few years' time our vital statistics will be those of well-advanced emaciation. But watch the death-rate - I beg your pardon, I've laid my chopper by for today - I should have said, the *survival* rate. This School has now a VIth Form of over 80, derived from a catchment area of no more than 15,000 souls. Some of these 80 - I am sure they will pardon the liberty and will succeed, as usual, in looking at *each other* - are not quite the dream that dons still occasionally have over their port; nevertheless, the tendency to stay on is increasing significantly. Of those who sat the Ordinary Level in June last, I have counted only nine who left School; the remainder either entered Form VI or returned to Form V to try again. Even while Industry is making moaning noises and the State Planners are mumbling audible prayers to the Goddess of Technology, the social revolution, of which the Grammar School is the mechanism, is quietly being pressed a stage further. We can say here, I think, whatever may be the case in the Midlands of England, that there is no significant wastage of human material - very, very little indeed that could have made more ground academically than it has done.

While we reflect thus nationally and statistically, we may perhaps have a look at the Examination results. At the Advanced Level last June the School presented 33 candidates, who passed in 65 of the 86 subjects attempted - which represents a percentage of success of nearly 76. Since the mean pass percentage is reputedly 60, I

think we may congratulate ourselves suitably, but not for too long. After all, it is many years since we were last in these heady regions, and it is only fair to admit that so high a pass-ratio was not unconnected with the considerable proportion of V1th formers in their third, fourth, and - yes, breathe it not ! -in their fifth years, who were necessarily repeating the examination. To expect, with the material available, that we can do it again and again, simply because it has been done once, is wishful rather than realistic thinking. Among the ribbons in our cap this year may be mentioned Ruth Cole's distinction in English for the third time running - so unlikely an achievement as to be unique in our records - and the State Scholarship won by David Thomas (marked by four Advanced Level Passes and distinctions in Pure Mathematics and Physics). David, however, had already, in March, won the G. H. Latham Science Scholarship at University College, Cardiff, and his presence as an undergraduate had been commanded at the early age of 16 years 9 months. This was something I had neither intended nor expected - I confess it - and we miss this year his versatility on stage and in eisteddfod as well as his brilliance in class. Who now is going to win the Prepared Speech? For the first time for some years the question is really open. I should be prepared to venture - sundry esoteric wizards notwithstanding - that David had the best all-round intelligence I have ever had the pleasure of teaching. Certainly I shall never be able to look the Mayor of Criccieth straight in the face without laughing and thinking of that 'respectable noise' we were treated to at the last Eisteddfod. How stands the supply of illiterate scientists now?

The Ordinary Level Examination also contrived to leave me cheerful. Passes were obtained in 367 subjects out of a total of 702 attempted, figures which compare with 314 out of 617 last year. Somehow, we have contrived to stay on the tightrope: we have both increased the number of candidates and raised the level of results. An improvement of just over 2 % in the pass-ratio as against last year, which in turn was an improvement of over 8% on some of our poorish ratios in years like 1953 and 1954 - an improvement, in fact, of about 10% in the last three or four years - suggests that we have climbed into that region of rugged endeavour - a veritable Western Cwm of carefully hacked-out steps - where the impassable obstacle will not be the examination crevasse itself but the weight on the rope of the quality of our 40% intake. I would ask my audience to remember that at this level, far more than at Advanced, we have to stand comparison with Schools whose entry is markedly more selective. The public, not unnaturally, are under the impression that School vies with School in running exactly the same race and that inferences may fairly be drawn from published results. I would choose this year, therefore, when we have a result that *will* stand comparison, to point out that in general the race is not the same race for everybody, even if the finishing-tape be in the same place, and that results are relative to a number of factors which cannot possibly be known to more than a few people. Our performance this year was improved vastly in appearance (more so, indeed, in appearance than in fact) by the success of the youngest entrants from Form V. Remove, who had taken only four years to this point, and by one or two sterling efforts from Form V.R. Robert Holmes, Valerie Colley, Margaret Kavanagh, Dorothy Lewis and Allan Butler passed in all nine subjects, and a number of others passed in eight.

From examination results I turn to those who have passed the bar of examinations and burst into the main channel of national life - in a word, to some of our Old Pupils. What I say must necessarily be very selective: time permits the mention of only one

or two. First and foremost, I wish to set on record my sincere congratulations and those of the Staff and School to Mr. Edward Gibby, O.B.E., J.P., on his nomination in March last as High Sheriff for the County of Pembrokeshire. Mr. Gibby stands in no need of introduction to any of us, and it is a real and distinctive pleasure to have Mrs. Gibby present at our Prizegiving today. As I sat listening to the Lord Bishop of St. Davids speaking not so long ago at the Prize Day of another School and pointing out with the pride of possession the High Sheriffs of Breconshire and Cardiganshire on guard on either side of the platform (he had come to the point of worrying whether they were 'packing rods'), my mind was giving a little skip and a jump and saying: 'I know one they haven't got and we have!' A very primitive reaction, perhaps, but at least indicative of the pride we all feel at a high honour bestowed on one of our best-known and best-loved Old Pupils. Noteworthy achievements too in the last year were Eric Morgan's First Class Honours in Engineering at the University of Nottingham, a follow-up worthy of the State Scholarship with which he left School, and Jean Crutchley's discus-throw of 103 feet 7 inches at the Welsh Women's A.A.A. Meeting at Maindy, Cardiff, by which she becomes the first senior to exceed 100 feet on Welsh soil. Of course, Jean had done this as a schoolgirl here in Pembrokeshire, but ribbon-developed officials from the East are inclined to feel that what happens in the castellated mists of this county is bound to look smaller in their smog. In this case they were resoundingly wrong. Dr. Edward Nevin - a name I am particularly happy to mention in the hearing of the First Citizens of the Borough, whose presence today honours us - has been seconded from Aberystwyth as Economic Adviser to the Government of Jamaica, and Dr. Jack Blencowe has left Rothamsted to take up a post as Senior Pathologist at the West African Cocoa Research Institute in Ghana. You will like to know too that I have recently been in touch with Mrs. Brooks of Oxford, who as Emily Potter was the first girl from this School to take a B.Sc. degree. After a lifetime of teaching Science, including some years in the Lancashire town of Todmorden, where she hammered something into the head of a brightish lad by the name of John Cockcroft, she is "now 73 and still going strong." 'Pembroke Dock to Harwell in two moves,' I reflected on reading this: have we someone here now who will do it in one?

Somewhere in my narrative I must condescend to chronology. This looks like the moment. When we opened in September 1956, Clive Harkett and Suzanne Brown were Head Prefects. Bush House had accepted its second intake of boarders and shortly buttressed some of the existing pinnacles by providing two newcomers to the prefectorial ranks. Dinner money was collected on Mondays for the first time, in response to the impassioned behest of the Authority, to whom this seemed the panacea for all financial ills. On October 5 the School was again rash enough to have its collective photo taken, to the accompaniment, as usual, of a twitting wind and a more courteous, understanding rain.

In November appeared *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, our first School production for two years and certainly the first Shakespearean offering in my time. This play is not, perhaps, everybody's lark, but with book by Shakespeare, business by Shaw and background by Cooper (no w), the cast could hardly fail to bring something fresher than caviare to the general. Indeed, despite some rustiness from the year's lay-off, the players fully maintained that high standard which I believe we may fairly claim to have created over the last decade or so. David Thomas as *Falstaff*, ponderously amorous; Gordon Rickard as the military and incomprehensible *Dr. Caius*; Stephen

Brown as that demon of jealousy *Ford*; Kenneth MacGarvie as the Welsh fairy, *Sir Hugh Eva*; Eira Brickle as a lively, genteel *Mistress Quickly*, and Suzanne Brown and Eleanor Birrell as the samples of the Windsor fast set whom we find in the title: all reached a high standard. Among the bit players were several who have had further opportunities this year.

If we leap, permissibly, from Herne to Hearn, from Oak to Pentrefelin signal-box, we shall arrive at our Easter festival, the House Drama Competition. Adjudicated for the second time in four years by Miss K. Hearn of Tenby (who will forgive, I trust, the quip that just slipped out), it resolved itself into a keen struggle between Valerie Gough's amazingly smooth production of Tchekov's *The Anniversary* - into which Kenneth MacGarvie strolled at no more than a few days' notice to give an almost faultless rendering of polite embarrassment - and the riper tones of Picton's version of T. C. Thomas's *Davy Jones's Locker*. Here an admirable set by Geoffrey Bettison, the pasty bonhomie of David Thomas on his stool, and David Griffiths's display of goon-like rapacity as *Fred the Lamp-Boy* were perhaps the main contributions. I am not likely to forget either Michael Paterson of Hywel appearing for about ten seconds as a painstaking bank clerk. Hywel won - to keep up their first-class record in this competition (is there a selector in the House ?) - but it was encouraging to see even among the also-rans performances like those of Christopher Law, Suzanne Brown and David Weale in Glyndwr's *St. Simeon Stylites*, and the brave attempt of a much less experienced Tudor party. It is surprising how successful these House plays are, if only because they have to battle against the spent feeling that follows the Eisteddfod.

Prodded into February again, this other very different competition has a shape which, if too bloated for those who can do only with the slender and too proletarian for those who keep their heads aesthetically in the clouds, is now assured both by custom and enthusiasm. A 28% increase in the total points scored suggests that once more a few of the stragglers, a few of the unwilling, a few of those who don't care about anything much (except perhaps themselves) were persuaded to try something, and that the dedicated worked even harder. On the day itself (after the usual five days' preliminaries) Hywel fluttered a number of hearts by taking an early lead, and although this was lost soon after lunch, the form of Hywel Juniors suggested that their turn at the top is not too far away. At tea-time Glyndwr, solid as ever in the craftwork sections, were comfortably ahead, but I for one was waiting for that irresistible spurt from Picton Seniors which in 1956 took them first to the tape. The spurt came, sure enough: but Picton were a hundred points behind by then, much too far behind to win. Glyndwr had only to make sure of a place or two in the platform finals to get their hands on the Sudbury shield again. Once more it was proved to my satisfaction that it was not the few talented individuals with whom the balance lay, but with the mass effort of the House. Which is why the Eisteddfod is scored as it is, in lure to the novice or the nervous one prepared to try rather than the coloratura soprano who can collar the audience. The first recipient of the Evans Cup in Hywel House was Jillian Rich, who had amassed over 50 points. Tudor too may take heart: one of their old members, Joan Lewis, now of Wrexham Training College, intimated to me earlier this term that she intends to provide for Tudor the counterpart of the Evans Cup - a generous offer from a very recent Old Pupil. Glyndwr and Picton, their present advantage notwithstanding, may be forced to follow suit in order to compete! Especially pleasing, among the inevitable ups and downs of standard in different sections, was the continuing improvement in pianoforte items. The Senior competition



yielded an excellent duel between Kenneth MacGarvie and Shirley Dundas. I particularly liked too an intelligent rendering of the poem for Senior Girls by Pat Kavanagh. No report of the Eisteddfod could be complete without a word of thanks, insufficient as it must be, to the many friends of the School who act as adjudicators. Their interest makes the final day both happy and possible.

The other events of the School year must be telescoped. Medically examined by Dr. Harrison in November, vaccinated by Dr. Bowen in February, plumped out by Christmas parties and thinned out by School socials, the basic physical framework of our pupils can obviously take the lot. We were able on Goodwill Day, 18 May, to muster six languages, including for the first time Spanish: Mr. Whitehall's end-of-Easter-Term Concert, with Staff billing, was a pleasant occasion: Hywel House, not satisfied either with Mother's Persil, the purity of their intentions or the unfortunate necessity of spotlessness, announced that they were changing the House Colour from white to gold (obviously an attempt at a new standard): School societies, Musical, Dramatic, Science, Debating, Field, Y.F.C., have all had their meetings, and a new Technical Science Society has been formed this term, mainly for juniors for whom the Science Society proper is too lofty and demanding. International activities continue through the Urdd and even more through the International Camp in July and August: Brigitte Vogt, Hartmut Gabler, Barbel Jacob, Dietgund Beier, Marion Kudicke, Ingrid Hesse, and Helga Walinski of West Germany (two of them sisters of former pupils of ours) and Gunilla Pehrson of Sweden all spent a term with us, and Imre Kerner of Hungary, who arrived in Bush House on June 13, will, we hope, stay as long as we can be of service to him. You need look no further than the orchestra to find our latest visitors, Woif-Heiner Schibel and Wolfgang Keil, whose assistance musically has been of the utmost value this term. I am happy to tell you that some months ago the School was awarded a prize of 5 for international activities by the David Davies Memorial Institute, and that John Trice crowned what has been for him a successful year's work by submitting to the European Youth Campaign an essay which won him a free holiday in Denmark.

No term has lacked its extra-curricular attractions: the Ballets Minerva, Madame Mislap-Kapper, and a programme of Arts Council Art Films fed the aesthetes: lectures by the Rev. W. E. French of Bengal, Mr. A. S. Ryan on *Jamaica*, Mr. John Barclay of International Help for Children, Mr. R. S. Matano of Kenya, Mr. Aneurin Hughes on *American Field Service Scholarships*, Mrs. Rutter on *New Zealand*, the Rev. T. M. Carr on *Tanganyika*, Mr. Bernard Newman on *Spies in Fact and Fiction*, Lt. Commander L. A. Wintle of the Navy League, and Mr. J. P. Athisayam on *Singapore*, were food for those who wished either to help or to be informed: the adventurous, or perhaps the flush, went to the Arts Club production of *Iolanthe* at Haverfordwest, *Toad of Toad Hall* at Tasker's, *The Mikado* at Fishguard, or even Skomer, the Aberystwyth Plant Breeding Station and Stratford-on-Avon. There were reflections of our own special interests in the films of the British Schools' Exploring Society's expedition, of the Young Dragons in South Africa and of *Children of Hiroshima*, as well as Sucksdorff's amazing nature composition *The Young Adventure* and weightier standbys in *Odd Man Out* and *War and Peace*. Any pupil prepared to cultivate wide interests should have found something here, but the emphasis lies on the preparedness, a point I shall come back to in a moment. With formers who underwent a certain deliberate deployment over the intellectual field gave papers both in *Current Affairs* sessions and in Assembly, and, as is my custom, I list those who

underwent the greater ordeal: Anne Campodonic opened with a talk on *Ferdinand de Lesseps*, followed by Kenneth MacGarvie on *Dr. John Dalton*, Pat Kavanagh on *T. E. Ellis*, George McLean on *Baden-Powell*, William Tucker on *Von Liebus*, Jennifer Gordon on *Julius Caesar*, Christopher Law on *Louis Kossuth*, Anne Campodonic (again) on *Herman Melville*, Pat Kavanagh (again) on *The Indian Mutiny*, John Trice on *The Act of Union of England and Scotland*, and Graham Phillips on *Louis Agassiz*. To have to look at over five hundred people in this Hall who in their turn are looking at you and wondering (a) when you are going to begin or (b) if you have begun, what on earth you are talking about and when you are going to end, is not the most reassuring experience I can think of (I speak from personal feeling at this moment). Our aim is to provide nerves of iron which will hold in any council, no matter how high, and independence of judgment, which will test every statement rigorously, however revered its source.

I should like to pursue this point further, but having spoken of deployment, I must first take a turn around two of our more distant bastions, Bush House and the School Farm. The third intake into the boarding-house leaves us now with only four spare places, and a steady and comfortable routine is possible with what might be called a 'capacity group' for food, prep. and sleep. I cannot fail here to pay tribute to the excellent work of the Staff at Bush House, both resident and non-resident, and a word of thanks in particular is due to Mr. Bevan, who assumed the duties of Assistant Housemaster this term, for adapting himself so well to a job which was essentially novel to his experience. As to the farm, I shall probably be blacklisted by the N.F.U. for admitting that we made a handsome profit on our early potatoes - but we did: and in the adjacent financial territory of main-crop the tests we made for the N.A.A.S. resulted in an announcement in the press of the superior blight-resistant qualities of the variety *Ulster Torch*. There have been pigs on hot bricks, and fatter ones too, since we heated the floors of our over-cold piggeries, and experiments we are making at present with strip fluorescent lighting to encourage the sprouting of potatoes may well end by saving us a great deal of valuable space under glass. It is pleasant to see the County Treasurer at our management meetings lately, if only because nowhere else does he get such a chance to rub his hands in anticipation! Having struck 'doh' with such a delicate trill, I can surely revert to National Savings, which last year reached the record figure of £925, as against the 1955/56 figure of £647, itself a record. This may be the moment to recall that the School Savings Group was first formed in 1917, and though it has plainly been at a low ebb at times, it has never succumbed entirely. I mention this because, somewhat to my surprise, we were the only Secondary School in the County to qualify for the Forty Years Savings Certificate. It falls happily that such a reminder of past effort should coincide with our peak achievement so far. The Barnardo Box Opening yielded £57, and a special collection for the Hungarian Refugee Fund brought in over £16.

Last, but not least, I am sure, in public interest, comes the sporting record of the School. And here I suffer some embarrassment of riches. Normally, I try to mention boys or girls who play for County as well as School, who win colours for games, who break records. This is simply not going to be possible this year. I shall have my work cut out to refer to those who have weightier reasons for inclusion.

First a word about Rugby. Despite ground difficulties, we continued to field five XV's, of which the 1st, though by no means unbeaten, produced on occasion the sparkling

play which we expected from so many good individual players. The pack did really well only when led by David Weale, whose fine form took him at last to that Welsh Secondary Schools Cap which in his more distant youth had seemed inevitable. It was a new experience for us to have two Welsh Caps in School at the same time, in the persons of John Ebsworth, very much an Old Colour, and David Weale. The running of Gordon Rickard at outside-half was the mainspring of our attack, and it was a pity that he could get no further than a Final Trial, for on his day he had no schoolboy superior in Wales. This season we have to congratulate John Ebsworth on his appearances both for Swansea and Llanelly, Eilwyn Morris on playing for West Wales in the penultimate Senior trial, and Brian Anfield and Keith Lewis at Junior level on being picked to represent West Wales versus Monmouthshire on New Year's Day. The John Ebsworth Cup, given by the Borough Council to the School (in the second instance), in commemoration of John's Rugby exploits, is not being awarded today but will be competed for next week as the trophy in an inter-House Sevens Tournament.

Of our five Hockey XIs, the 1st and 2nd continued their devastating way through a fifth season without a School defeat. They scored between them 153 goals in 23 matches and conceded only 5. The 2nd XI had the slightly superior record in that they gave away no goals at all and actually - tell it not any further away than Bush Corner ! - beat the 1st 2-1 in a mid-week match. Suzanne Brown captained the 1st XI for, I think, the third season running, and Jean Devote was the most consistently dangerous attacking player we had - which made her omission from the County team, for which five or six of her colleagues *were* chosen, distinctly odd. Her playing skill, however, the sportsmanship with which she took disappointment as well as triumph, her all-round athletic ability and her loyalty to the School, all made her the obvious recipient of the Jean Crutchley Cup, awarded to the School by the Borough Council in circumstances parallel with those of the Ebsworth Cup. It remains to recall that Sheila Jones was named as reserve to the South Wales Schoolgirls XI last season and that Dorothy Lewis has already gone one better this season by earning her place for South Wales as right-half.

At Netball, begun under the encouraging eye of Mrs. Shepherd, we were very much tyros and could win only one match out of three. But our two Rounders IXs were once again invincible and the Tennis VI gave a slightly better account of themselves than usual. It is a strange but constant feature, however, that whatever our deficiencies in inter-School tennis fixtures, mention a tournament and our girls become at once symbols of dogged determination, grimly (but still, of course, attractively) capable of defeating opponents who in 'friendlies' had beaten *them*. Thus Joan Carr and Margaret Thomas, who contested both the School Singles Final and the Councillor Morgan Cup, were also victorious in the Doubles for the Dora Lewis Cup. On the boys' side Christopher Macken and Gordon Rickard, again so often rival finalists, were so much the best players in the county, whether singly or together, that the Dora Lewis Cup could have only one destination.

The cricket season was remarkable chiefly for the fast bowling of Nigel Phelps, who in winning his colours, was the first boarder to be so honoured. The form of other members of the XI was not very consistent, though John Jones did well enough with the bat to earn a place in the Pembrokeshire/Carmarthenshire joint team.

The three sections of the Cross-Country were won by David Cole, Tudor Williams and Christopher Macken respectively.

Victor Ludorum at the School Sports for the third time was Roland Waite, and the Victrix Cup was carried off jointly by Gillian Garnham and Dorothy Lewis. At the County Sports we collected what can only be called a conurbation of cups. Out of the nine competed for, we took five and lost another by only one point because of a slip-up in the relay. There have been previous occasions when fortune has looked our way briefly and obviously not cared for the experience. This time we couldn't complain: the light was right behind us and any blemishes passed unnoticed. High hopes were entertained, naturally, of success at the National Sports at Colwyn Bay and here again we turned in a performance which may be described as 'best ever.' Gillian Garnham was first in the Senior Girls' Long Jump, Rhona Gassner first in the Senior Girls' Shot, and Christopher Macken the victor in the Senior Boys' Half-Mile in the record School and County time of 2 minutes 0.6 seconds. Even more indicative of rising standards here and in the County were the successes of two relay teams: the Junior Girls, captained by Susan Griffiths, were third, and the Senior Boys, consisting of John Ebsworth, Richard May and Brian Griffiths of this School, with Hancock of Milford Haven Grammar, broke the tape in second place, a bare foot behind the winners. Roland Waite was second in the Hop, Step and Jump and Richard May third in the Quarter. Christopher Macken, running as an individual, was earlier in the year second in the Welsh Youth Cross-Country.

This recital now grows tedious, however, and I have done. If I have perhaps laboured our successes, be kind enough to remember that they are salve for near misses and disappointments in the past, and pardon accordingly. I wish to say only one thing more, and that as briefly as I can. There are, perhaps, among you some who would criticise the School for attempting so much at the same time, for muddying in mid-field and flannelling in the nets, for carolling and arguing and dramatising, when we should all, in your opinion, have been better employed nose in book, chalk in hand, blackboard handy and concentration, gowned both for constancy and success, standing close at our shoulder. If you do so feel, I would ask you first to note the number of *different* names which non-academic activities throw up, and to remember that it is given to only a small proportion of pupils to reach excellence academically. Success in one field so often breeds at least self-respect in class, and there is remarkably little evidence to show that longer hours ground away at books, without variation of activity, would produce better academic results. Too often they produce just the opposite. What is required is real application for the time prescribed, rather than a day-dream for longer. In any case, every boy and girl must learn individually to balance the interests in his or her life, placing them in order of priority by personal decision, and trying to appreciate what the *full* life can mean. It is the failure of intelligent pupils to apply their intelligence widely, with a purposeful curiosity, that I find distressing, failure to see that they waste hours every day, not in group activity of the sort you have heard about earlier in my report, but in unimaginative behaviour and unconstructive talk, both at home and in School. Hardly ever, in my experience, is academic failure related to over-dedication to other School activities: it is far more closely related to under-dedication to any sort of activity.

I would end, therefore, with a plea to Sixth Formers, potential Sixth Formers and parents of both categories. See that time, particularly time at home and in the

holidays, is used wisely. Concentrate on reading. Fathers, please don't resent it if your sons and daughters (particularly your daughters) have collared the newspaper when you want it. Buy them one of their own, especially one which finds *less* space for teen-age idols and gossipy personalia, *more* for sensible discussion of cultural and artistic values, *more* again for the serious presentation of issues religious and political. I find the ignorance both of the first principles of society and of the elements of current affairs quite frightening at times, especially when it occurs, as it often does, in pupils whose application to particular texts and particular slabs of scientific "fact" (in inverted commas) is entirely satisfactory. Two of our girls and one boy, all prizewinners, are not here today because they are being interviewed for Oxford and Cambridge Colleges after taking the requisite Scholarship papers, and I hope very much they will be successful. But I would point out to the many who fall far short of this standard that Universities are not going to find places for, let alone award Scholarships to, those who know only what they have been taught, who have read only what they have been positively instructed to read, and whose every idea can be seen to have been "planted" in some class or other. What is required is a vital, intelligent, curious and persistent attitude to every aspect of life that presents itself, to every useful activity that may be offered. It is worth hours spent dozing over-lengthily over set work. It will indeed be as valuable at fifty as it is at eighteen and may, incidentally, collect far more honours on the way.