

**Pembroke Dock Grammar
School
REPORT
for the year 1954-55**

**MADE BY THE
HEADMASTER
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REPORT 1954-55
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HEADMASTER'S REPORT

MR. CHAIRMAN, MR. WYNNE LLOYD, GOVERNORS, PARENTS, FRIENDS AND MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL: If there can be such a thing as a nostalgic Report, prepare to hear it now. For I am going to remind you all of the academic year 1954-55, the last year of squalid conditions in what was for many, past and present, a building of happy memories. As I stand here on this platform, in this fine hall, from which the colour schemes by Walpamur stretch away into a greening distance, it is already a feat of imagination to go back down to the swallowed steps, to the wind in the asbestos, and to what I may call, not irreverently, the Stabb chocolate and cream. Who in cold blood would wish to perpetuate those 1917 huts of ours—and were we not always in cold blood there? Yet we are made obstinate and to an extent unreasonable. I was not quite out of sympathy myself with some of the sad last messages I saw written on the soon-to-be-borrowed blackboards nor entirely forgetful of joys experienced in those cobweb-cornered, emptying rooms. Yes, the end of Pembroke Dock Grammar School in one sense - and its brave continuance in another. This hall and these corridors have no memories yet: we shall provide them. These buildings still lack a personality: we shall create it. We, all of us, Staff and pupils and Old Pupils, are what remain of P.D.G.S.: we are its product and the guarantee of the persistence of its spirit on this new hillock, the spirit, I venture to say, of friendliness, of co-operation, of willing service and a common loyalty—qualities which made those sombre corridors below echo happily for more than two generations. We have brought with us much - too much in the way of furniture: we have brought our Honours Board and our Memorial of the First World War: we have had a new Memorial dedicated in this building to those who fell in World War II, so that the public, and Old Pupils in particular, will know that the same School goes on: and we have brought our most senior members of Staff - if I may be indelicate enough to refer to them by name, Mr. George, Mr. Evans and Mr. Rees—to prove to all who care that some of the warriors of 1920 may still be seen brandishing their clubs at Bush in 1955: and lastly, all of us, down to the veriest toddler in I2D, have known the old and the new and are part of both. We shall not forget either the impossible conditions or the happy days. We are here in better conditions to make happier. The School is dead. Long live the School!

And now, before I begin to sound like the Public Orator at Cambridge, let me materialise definitely in the present for long enough to extend a very warm welcome to our Guest of Honour, Mr. Wynne Lloyd, Her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Schools for Wales. Mr. Lloyd is not quite a stranger to the School: he was here on our Opening Day on October 28, and there were two things about him then which I thought merited immediate and closer acquaintance: first, that he was allowed, and indeed encouraged, to act as chauffeur for a Minister of the Crown - from which I judge that he is a man to be reckoned with on A.40: and second, that on his first visit to the site he followed the course (something of an Architect's marathon) so zestfully as to be right on the spot for the *Western Mail* photographer - cross-country form far above anything shown on the day either by the Chairman or myself, both of whom were plainly off-colour. You will understand, therefore, why we look upon him with

some respect, not to mention awe. Seriously, however, we do give Mr. Lloyd the heartiest of welcomes to our Prize giving, and take leave to hope that this is merely the second of many visits to Pembroke Grammar School. His predecessor as Chief Inspector, of course, Dr. William Thomas, lived, and lives, much nearer to us at Trefloyne. But I believe that Mr. Lloyd, his driving reputation now established, will ... *(There seems to be a line missing from here in the original document.)*

I proceed now with grave hierarchical tread towards the Governing Body and changes in its ordered state. Councillor S. J. Dickenson, for whose years of service as a Governor we are grateful, was succeeded by an Old Pupil of revered generation in Mr. G. Courtney Price of Bangeston Hall, and the vacant seat of the late Alderman E. B. Davies was eventually filled by Mr. E. C. Roberts of Loveston. To both these gentlemen, a sincere welcome. While I have breath too, it would be ill of me not to congratulate two of our Governors on extending their spheres of influence. I refer to Alderman B. G. Howells, an ex-Chairman of Governors, who attained the distinction this year of election to the Chairmanship of the Pembrokeshire County Council, and our well-loved Clerk, Mr. T. P. Owen, who now clerks it over the new Petty Sessional Divisions of Pembroke and Tenby. To both, our sincere congratulations. May I just say too (though this is technically an intrusion into Governors' territory) how pleasant it is to see back in Pembroke Dock a Prize Donor, Old Pupil and old friend of the School in the person of Mrs. Ida David, whose company we shall hope now to enjoy more frequently than of yore?

My round will not be complete without an official welcome to our new Chairman - new only in one sense, for he has been Chairman before, and this second time has served since June - and a grateful acknowledgment of the help received from him both generally and in his present capacity. A word too, if somewhat of hail and farewell, for our ex-Chairman, the Reverend J. Garfield Davies, who, not content with sharpening everything from a vote of thanks to the Chairman's address with a free blade of wit, saw fit, before his year of office was over, to present the School with a silver cup, intrinsically among the most valuable that we possess, to be awarded for Rounders. To Mr. Garfield Davies our most sincere thanks, not alone for his generosity, but for his continuing interest in the School. In the last week or so, moreover, our Vice-Chairman of Governors, Mrs. Sara Thomas, has intimated to me that she would like to give a prize for Original Work, and I have therefore very gratefully designated our existing prize by her name.

And now I must leave the Governors. Yet before I do, my mind turns naturally, as indeed it should, to an ex-Governor in the person of Mr. F. O. Sudbury, who with Mrs. Sudbury, made the School last February the gift of a very fine shield to be competed for at the Annual Eisteddfod. You will see the Sudbury Shield - and, indeed, the Garfield Davies Cup - presented to day at their first Annual Prizegiving, and the names of the awards will last down the years, I know, as a memento of the kindness of these benefactors of the School. It is cause for happiness that the School as an institution keeps the devotion of its friends and the memories of its Old Pupils. Even the smallest return of regard must make me glad of the opportunity, Prize Day after Prize Day, to make mention of the honours bestowed by a wider community on former members of this one. The New Year's Honours List in January last contained a C.B.E. for Mr. W. F. (Mithras) Grimes, Keeper of the London Museum, and only a fortnight old is the news of his appointment both as Director of the Institute of

Archaeology, London University, and as Professor of Archaeology. Dr. Edward Nevin has had two treatises published within the year by the University of Wales Press, one on *The National Debt* and the other, weightier in the literal sense, on *The Policy of Cheap Money 1931-39*. He must surely rank as the most active economist in Wales! Still academically circling, I mention too Mr. Glyn Brown of Clay Park, Manorbier (so designated to distinguish him from Mr. Glyn Brown, M.P.S., also an Old Pupil) who after his examination this summer for the M.B., Ch.B. in the Faculty of Medicine, Birmingham University, was awarded the annual prize in Clinical Surgery and has since been appointed House Surgeon to the Surgical Professorial Unit. But the emphasis should not be solely on successes such as these. We can be proud too that Graham Tregidion in his first year out of School was not merely an outstanding member of the Technical Training Command XV victorious in the R.A.F. Cup but was subsequently capped at outside-half for the R.A.F. versus the Navy. May I mention finally something which moved me more than any of the personal triumphs I have outlined? - the action of Miss Joyce Johns in giving up her post as Chief Occupational Therapist to the Lancaster hospitals in order to go to work for next to nothing at an Old People's Home, an adjunct of a D.P. Camp, close to the Friesian coast—an action which embodies the social conscience and the spiritual values our undynamic attitude to living so sorely needs.

The Old Pupils' Association has had a ring of health about it lately. Productions of *Ambrose Apple John's Adventure* and *Ring Round the Moon* have come from the Penvro Players, the timid shuttlecock has been beaten from end to end with the same ferocity as in years past, a scratch XV on Easter Monday brought the vociferous Old Veseyans to defeat, and both fortnightly square-dancing and the Christmas Reunion Dance were obviously very much to the popular taste. The Reunion Dinner on 13 April attracted a smaller and more senior group to the Royal Edinburgh Hotel, Pembroke Dock, where the Guest of Honour was an Old Boy in the person of Air Commodore Tony Bowling.

Having been outside the pen, I turn again now to those who still have scratches on the wall! In referring to Staff changes, I must endeavour, however, to deal only with those which were part of the last academic year. Mr. Hewish, Mr. L. M. Thomas, Mr. Stone Davies, Mr. Dennis Lloyd and Mlle. de Benque must forgive me, therefore, if I regard them solely as ornaments of Pembroke Grammar School, their few ultramontane weeks notwithstanding, and concentrate on those who pushed and were pushed down below some time before July last. In September 1954 came Mr. Clive Gammon and Miss Marjorie Cleevely, the one to take English and the other Form Subjects. With them, but temporarily, we welcomed Mr. William Smith, an Old Boy who had just completed his degree in English and Philosophy at Bangor, and who very generously offered to fill a vacancy I had on the Staff until he had to go back to College. This was another example of willing service, for which I was then grateful and of which I am still proud. When the first week in October came I was able to call on the help of Mr. Peter Howells, of Haverfordwest, who remained with us until the end of term, when he moved to Gosport High School. Two Aberystwyth students, Mr. J. C. P. Griffiths (Biology) and Mr. Idris Thomas (Geography) spent three weeks at the School in November on teaching practice. Then in January came Miss Mary Lewis, from Westcliff School, Weston-super-Mare, for whom Messrs. Smith and Howells had been deputising so nobly. In her we welcomed a former Head Girl Prefect and indeed the first Old Pupil for a number of years to return to the Staff in more than a

temporary capacity. Coming events, too, began to illumine the distance: Bush began to burn, in topic, if not in fact. In November 1954 Mr. J. H. Hunt of Inkpen, Newbury, had been appointed as Farm Bailiff and had taken up residence in South Lodge. It was to be many months before the trim little house he calls Glan-y-mor could be occupied. At the end of April Mr. B. J. Davies, until then Deputy Head of Llysfasi Farm Institute, Ruthin, took up his duties as Agricultural Scientist and Head of the Technical Department, and the shape of things to come lumbered out of the corner and into the conversation.

Meanwhile down below the *ancien régime* had begun to topple. The hierarchy cracked right across in December when Mr. Stabb announced his intention of retiring to his native Brixham and winding himself again into the euphonium he once played. Plainly revolution could not long be defied. Mr. Eric Rice, of Bordon, Hampshire, who succeeded him, decided after a few months that filling pupils was a more rewarding occupation than cleaning up after them, and took over the unofficial tuckshop from Mrs. Ridley. As we came away, Mr. F. V. Wright had charge and dominion over the emptying building, but that was, so to speak, under another dispensation. I knew, if no one else did, that the old order had begun to crumble with the news that 'Charlie' would not come again. Much of our happiness had been bound up with Mr. Stabb, hardworking and willing to help as few are these days, and as he and Mrs. Stabb followed their few possessions away into a freezing February dusk, hard with packed snow, an era came silently to an end.

For the rest, there were echoes of earlier triumphs to recall. Mr. Garlick, ours once but ours no longer, brought out in December his volume of poems *The Welsh-Speaking Sea*, which proved to be one of the finalists for The John Llewellyn Rhys Prize, and in April sent up clouds like barrage balloons over Pwllheli by winning the Chair at the Falmouth Road Semi-National Eisteddfod with a poem in English. These clouds are still releasing radio-active rain. On the same note of semi-alarm I mention the step, brave or rash according to stomach, taken by Mr. Urien Wiliam and Miss Ebsworth in venturing into matrimony, not of course jointly, but under cover of the same Exchequer-cheeking week. Both, may I say in extenuation, had the consideration to leave their names unchanged? In July we had to say goodbye temporarily to Mr. Humphreys, who was bound for a year's course at the Cardiff P.T. College. And with this I bring the Staff saga to an end.

At the beginning of the Autumn term 1954 the Head Prefects of the School were Terrence Panton and Ann David, the latter with us only until the University term began and soon to be succeeded in office by Megan Harries. Numbers in the first week reached 495, the effect of a four-form entry, 114 recruits of all shapes and sizes. We had never been so near 500 before, and the sensation began to be unpleasant — almost, one imagines, like hovering outside the sound barrier with a considerable acreage of glass beneath. Room 9 had to be shared between two 12nd Forms - that is, two forms kept their books in the room's 56 desks - and 2c, the official cuckoos, had to register their names and calls in the Physics Lab. Meanwhile, an agonised plea had gone forth to Haverfordwest and we were allowed, on 28 September, to take over the schoolroom of St. Andrew's Church. A few days later, a penetration was made into the smaller vestry room at what was, I am sure, considerable inconvenience to the Minister, Elders and Members of the Church, for whose forbearance I am very grateful. If it is any consolation to them *post hoc*, I can

tell them that it was only from October 4 that the timetable really worked—that is, that there were as many ‘teaching places’ (in inverted commas because some of them were impossible) as there were classes to teach. Without St. Andrew’s we could not have gone on. But on the night of November 29, 1954, there blew a hurricane, nay, a tile-and hencoop-lifter beyond the asseverations of the oldest inhabitant, and suddenly we were an academic bastion, some rugby posts and hundreds of yards of fencing the less. Amid politely muted huzzas the news spread that the hut in the field was roofless, that the farther half was a mite too draughty even for Mr. Cooper’s extensively arctic experience - and hey presto! we were two classrooms short again. There followed what is called in Sandhurst a shortening of the lines of communication - put bluntly, a rapid bunk with what was unraind upon and still reasonably kempt - and the Art Department re-deployed, by courtesy of Mr. Devereux, in Room 10. A patrol action westwards, the Vicar kindly consenting, attempted the occupation of St. John’s Schoolroom. Some desks were installed, but distance and lack of heating made the room untenable in winter. No alleviation was possible for the short period of our command, and we therefore retired in good order to occupy some more impossible places.

If this sounds like a passage from the twilight of imperial history, the likeness is not without force. Only the knowledge that we managed six weeks this autumn with 533 pupils in the same conditions diminishes in any respect the strait we were in. Indeed, if there was one thing which made a mock of mourning and underlined our going as inevitable, it was the fantastic duet in the canteen and French-cum-P.T. in the Hall. I have said before, and I do not scruple to say again, that the one benefit emerging from these impossibilities was that canteen-and-backstage VI Formers who passed their Advanced Level examinations were not likely to fail at the University. Which our records make demonstrably true. They had already suffered all conceivable distractions and survived.

I am brought willy-nilly to the examination results, which for the first time we have decided to set out for you in the programme. It is not to be inferred from this that I am proud of them. I am not. At the Ordinary Level there were good results from a few of Form VR and from the youngsters in V Remove, but an overall percentage of passes exactly on 50 does not suggest for the majority a very lofty standard. This was perhaps one of a number of year-groups in which we recognised soon after its entry to the School that the academic content did not reach the bottom even of the A form. To that extent the age of miracles is not over. But it is not enough that I should be satisfied that all that could be done for a large number of weak candidates was done. It would be infinitely better that more of the laggards should work harder in the Lower School and relieve me of the necessity of being surprised at their 0 level candidature.

The results at the Advanced Level leave no room for complacency either. I have spoken both at Prize Day and elsewhere of the continual upward creep of syllabuses which has been a feature of Wales in particular during recent years and I have no doubt at all of the sad and illiberal effect it has had both on teachers and learners. At the same time I am not a little dismayed at what seems to be a growing belief that one has to be *very good* to pass in three subjects at the first attempt. This is not merely untrue: it is part of the philosophy of defeat. Once again the simplest prescription is harder work, coupled with a determination to make a wise use of leisure for reading

around and indeed far away from the set course. What was surprising about this year's results (which showed an overall pass percentage of 60) was a comparative failure on the part of better-than-average candidates and a tendency by weaker ones to improve on their School ratings. This bunching, which I have noticed before, does not make me more impressed with the Examination. George Reynolds's State Scholarship, an excellent performance made possible only because he took and passed Physics in one year, was a timely salve for wounds. Two candidates earned distinction marks in English: Ruth Cole on the Advanced papers and Jennifer Gordon on the Scholarship. The destinations of many of these University entrants, together with those of some other leavers, have been set out in your programme.

Let me now turn to that vast world of School which is not bound by or created for examinations - the world of games and societies and outings and concerts, yes, and of noise in the playground and *cave* round the huts. One or two changes were made in the Medean Laws. Afternoon School began at 1.50 instead of 1.45 in order to round up the Pembroke home-lunchers (who now, of course, have the laugh): the Penvro remembered the cost of living and went up to 1/3d : extra-Welsh was provided as a third language option to match extra-French, and for those who were demonstrably poor linguists there came at last release in the shape of a concurrent Social Studies set. Hearts may have been saved in one place to break in another. We cannot know yet. The woodwind class broke up when Mr. Sackett fell ill and it has never reformed. In February, Room I gave birth to the Field Society, which has since been active over heath and dune. If some accounts are to be believed, the most remarkable progress so far has been in the evolution of a variegated habit for stalking, well-adapted to a background of carboniferous limestone, mud and blown sand! The formation of the International Friendship Society, though not, strictly speaking, a School society, was so much the result of our previous efforts that it cannot be passed over here. The four Yugoslav boys whom the School had to camp at Freshwater in 1954 had become by this last summer a campful of students of eleven different nationalities, and the overwhelming success of this venture, our last in the old buildings, was due almost as much to the interest, the effort and the ready half-crowns of members of the School, present and past, as to the working out in happy practice of the incessant labours of Mr. Islwyn Griffiths. This was an occasion whose so great pleasure and triumph we can hardly hope to repeat.

This may be the place to mention the steady stream of students from the Continent who, by the generosity of one or two local residents, by no means all connected with the School, have been able to join our company for a term each. It gives me a good deal of pleasure to reflect that there are now nearly forty young men and women in Germany and Austria who have been happy in Pembroke Dock and who in many cases still keep regularly in touch. In the Autumn term of 1954 we welcomed Helga Oberzaucher of Graz, Christa Roters of Hanau and Georg Grossmann of Bad Salzhausen. Perhaps I may say in parenthesis that Georg liked his term so well that he came back again in April as a full and permanent member of the School, which he now represents both as a Prefect and as a forward in the 1st XV. In the spring came Christa and Erika Kolin of Hamburg, followed, after Easter, by Annemarie Westerhaus of Fulda and Gertrud Hesse of Duisburg. Our four visitors from Germany this term, as well as one from Norway, are evidence that this tradition of hospitality is growing rather than declining, and I for one believe that what is being done in this respect, both by us and for us, is of infinitely more value than the mouthings of

official spokesmen. My invitation goes out to the people of this district to help the School and the International Friendship Society in every way they can, generously and with thought for the peace of the world.

While the mood is solemn and yet hopeful, I feel I can say a word about one very sad incident, the like of which had never happened before during my seven years as Head. I am speaking, of course, of the death, of the tragic death, of one of our number - Hilary Jenkins of Bentlass Farm. It serves no purpose here to enter into explanations, many of which have already been made sufficiently public. The perhaps unnecessary fact was agonising enough. At Hilary's funeral at Gilead one unbearably sunny day during the Easter holidays, there were some forty of us, Staff and pupils, representing the School, Tudor House, Form 3b and our sad individual selves, assembled, among hundreds of others, to wish her what we believe to be Godspeed and not goodbye. 'In the Sweet Bye and Bye' there shall be, come what may, full choir.

If I were to pick one day more than another out of the last year for a place happy in memory, it would be the day in June when there was rapt silence in the Hall, the day when Pastor Niemoller told how his U-boat experiences in 1917 brought him to the choice he could not escape, the choice between right and wrong. This was for some, if not for all, a deeply impressive occasion. There were, of course, other speakers in School and other, if related, challenges: Miss Joyce Johns, for instance, who spoke very touchingly about her old people in the D.P. Home in Germany, Mr. John Barclay, asking for help for Greek children (a plea underlined by Jane Evans, then a 2nd former, in Assembly one day following) and the Rev. Adle Nakhosteen of Persia, heard by the courtesy of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at St. John's Church. Some lecturers are by this time perennials, notably the Forces' Liaison Officer and Mrs. Williamson and her male colleague (more liable to change than she) of the Central Youth Employment Executive, Cardiff. Lt.-Col. B. T. V. Cowey, Commanding Officer of the 1st Btn. the Welch Regt., with his amusing preview of recruit-treatment, and Mrs. Pauline of the Women's Advisory Council for Solid Fuel, were, on the other hand making positively their first appearance. But we were not merely talked to, or at. Eye and ear were differently teased and petted by the Ballets Minerva, the Arts Council Matinee of *Pygmalion*, Madame Marianne Mislapp-Kapper (mezzo-soprano), and Rosemary Rapaport and Else Cross (violin and piano). Mr. Derek Lawrence also entertained, not quite so culturally. Parties from the School were lured afield to a Concert given by the National Orchestra of Wales, under the baton of Rae Jenkins, to the Garrick Players' production of *Hamlet*, and to matinees of the films *Martin Luther* and *Julius Caesar*. When the School projector was working (which it isn't now) *Henry V* was shown - it was one morning at term end: and another day the C.C.P.R.E. film *The All-Blacks on Tour*. For the second time, too, there was a showing of Fact and Faith Films. In bashful undertone I tell you that the Staff put on what was nearly a whole Concert, and more stridently that among many Socials was one at which the School entertained the Blesboks party from South Africa - which Social proved as effective as any on-the-field tactic in the following day's taming of the South African XV.

These last items may help to dispel any impression that we are unsociable or lacking in disputation. In fact, we go so far as to lecture ourselves. Speakers in Morning Assembly have continued to praise great and famous men, beginning with Derek

Blake's talk on *Ohm*, and continuing with Gillian Lewis on *Louis Pasteur*, George Reynolds on *Joseph Louis Lagrange*, Megan Harries on *David Livingstone*, Una Flint on *Samuel Johnson*, Michael Owen on *Alfred North Whitehead*, Dennis Pascoe on *Gerardus Mercator*, John Cornwell on *Jean-Joseph Fourier*, George Maclean on *René Descartes*, David Weale on *Karl Friedrich Gauss*, John Jones on *Robert Recorde*, George Maclean (again) on *George Stephenson*, David Horn on *Vincent Van Gogh*, and Jeremy Gordon on *Albert Schweitzer*, to Kenneth Macgarvie on *George Green*. Eira Brickle, to be different, spoke on *Unesco*.

Even this recital, confusing or not according to whether your diet is the D.N.B., leaves the main creative events of the School year unmentioned. The November production of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* had an admirable and moving gravity. However strange may have been the convention of mime in a propless, or nearly propless, world, audiences every night responded strongly to this small-town saga of love, tears and struggle. Among many excellent performances - and I think it is a number of years now, perhaps six, since the voice of the prompter was last heard — I choose that of Gordon Rickard as the one that satisfied me most because it was the most difficult to achieve, but there was scarcely anyone, as far as the stillest tombstone, who did not do really well. In fact, *Our Town*, I place it on record, was in my opinion equal with our very best and Mr. Shaw, whose first School production it was, has every reason to be proud. I met very few people who did not forget, quite early on, that it was a School play at all.

The Eisteddfod on 2 March had certain marked features of difference from those of recent years. It was plain that our reservoir of talented individuals was almost dry. But House spirit seemed better than ever, and I still had to contend with 128 entries for the junior Poetry-Speaking. Glyndwr, for whom Mary Jones with 48 collected more points than anyone else in the School, again got home by a mile or two to be the first winners of the Sudbury Shield, but the old pantechnicon seemed to be backfiring a bit and possibly on the next round it may have to pull in to the pits and give the others a chance. Among many worthy and hardworking prefects and organisers I mention particularly the work of Malcolm Davies, if only because of the aura of success with which he surrounded himself *before* the day!

The House Drama Competition was adjudicated this year by Miss Arwyn Wodehouse, and in a tight contest Glyndwr, produced by Dorothy Thomas, acting a poorish play to the limit, just got the verdict over Hywel, speaking rather fast in a good one, and Picton, merely finishing rather fast. Tudor had trouble with the moon. The average standard in this competition is still going up, and however much the best offerings may vary, one can have no doubt these days that a House to win must both have ideas and strive hard to work them out.

I can pass lightly over expeditions to Skomer and Stratford. These are familiar peaks, though this year isolated and far from a massif. The chance of distant travelling disappeared when we took three days' holiday in the last full week of term by way of compensation for the postponed ending. Perforce too I pass with barely a mention our party of girls who had suddenly to *vachel* and *congo* without male support on Haverfordwest's big stage, and indeed our boys who were confined without warning to praise of Pembrokeshire. Goodwill Day and the Schools Music Festival have sufficient custom on their side to be well known.

Games are usually the last bound before the Delectable Mountains of end, and I will balance as delicately as may be upon these diverse foothills. The 1st Rugby XV appeared at the beginning to be very strong and indeed did not lose a match before that against Penzance Grammar School. But never was there a worse season for injuries than last: two of our forwards retired entirely, and two other players suffered a nasal reorientation away from the point of beauty. Despite some excellent performances, notably those against The Lewis School, Pengam, whose unbeaten XV began to look very worried, and Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, Bristol, the end of the season was undistinguished. Some measure of glory came to us in providing five players, including in Derek Blake the captain and in John Ebsworth the scorer, for the County Schools XV which drew 5-5 with the South African Schoolboys at Tenby in February. Blake played in the Welsh Schoolboys Final Trial but was unlucky. Colours were awarded to Terrence Panton, Gordon Rickard, George Reynolds, Geoffrey Wainwright and David Horn. The Junior XV, looking the worse by contrast with so many good predecessors, were poor both in spirit and in play.

The Hockey XIs had what was perhaps the best of a number of excellent seasons recently. I am not sure how long it is since the 1st XI lost a School match—I think three years at least. However that be, this last year four XIs scored 144 goals and let in only 5 between them. Even the 3rd Form XI are learning how to look invincible! In honour of the fine season, I am specially making no reference to the Staff match. Suzanne Brown, Jean Devote, Jean Crutchley and Rae Gamman all represented the County: Joan Lewis, Delphia Welham, Rae Gamman and Jacqueline Godfrey were awarded their School Colours.

The cricket season, very short these days, lacked highlights. Our XI did not appeal loudly enough for the Bowen Summers Bowl even to look round, and once again we failed to produce any real batting consistency, probably because of the home hazards at the 19th. Stephen Griffiths, John Jones and Malcolm Joy, however, all found a place in the County XI, and Stephen, probably our best all-rounder, besides taking 5 wickets for 11 runs when playing for the Pembrokeshire-Carmarthenshire Joint XI versus Monmouthshire, went as far as a Final Trial. He and Malcolm Joy were awarded School Colours.

In Athletics we certainly climbed a little this last year. Beginning with the almost inevitable win for Glyndwr in the Cross-Country, and a pretty heavy defeat for our Middle and Junior teams over the same course at the feet of the Coronation School, we survived and learned to do better. The Welch Regt. provided our older boys with opposition near at hand, and perhaps because of greater match practice the Middle Boys made a second mark on the plinth of the Young Cup. Some members of this team had an excellent season, notably David Evans, whose javelin throwing became consistently longer till it reached the 157 feet he achieved in the National Sports. David was our first outright winner at National level, though I remember Derek Davies some years ago being beaten by inches in the 110 yards hurdles by the now well-known Onllwyn Brace. The girls, too, did well and lost the main Cup at the County Sports by no more than half a point to Tasker's School. An outstanding contribution on the day was that of Jean Crutchley, who threw the Senior Discus 102 feet 4 inches. Encouraged by this, she entered the Welsh Women's A.A.A. Championships at Maindy Stadium, Cardiff, a week or so later, and though this time she could manage only 94 feet 7 inches, it was still ten feet beyond the

existing record and far too good for the field. At the School Sports earlier, held as usual in a very good imitation of rain, Gillian Garnham jumped 15 feet 3 inches in the Junior Long Jump, while Roland Waite and Margaret Phillips, the latter for the second time, were Victor and Victrix Ludorum respectively.

Our Tennis VI were perhaps stylish but certainly statuesque, and most other Schools succeeded in playing all round them. When it came to the County Junior Tournament, therefore, it was a little odd that we should provide—not merely the boy finalists, for Christopher Macken was expected to win and Gordon Rickard is a very solid player—but a girl finalist in Margaret Thomas, who had made a quick exit from the School Tournament. In this last the Girls' winner was Davina Evans, the Boys' Christopher Macken, and the Victorious Pair Noreen Jones and Christopher Macken.

Whatever our deficiencies in Tennis, the Rounders IX were as brusque to strangers as our Hockey XIs, scoring rounders against 84- and remaining unbeaten. Margaret Thomas, Sheila Jones, Joyce Willoughby and Gwyneth James received their colours.

Such a recital is necessarily brief and to a degree unsatisfactory. Those who are interested would like to hear more and those who are not could do without it altogether. May I therefore assure anyone whose nails are cutting his or her palms that I have all but finished? I want only to record a few figures, to note, for instance, that £568 was collected in National Savings, our 1953/4 total plus 3/-, and over £60 in Social Service Money. This last was in excess not only of the £47 odd contributed in boxes to Dr. Barnardo's Homes and of the £44 odd for the same end collected by Miss Lewis Davies's posse of appealing girls, but of a special Unicef Collection of £23. Not all the Social Service contributions went away to charity, for on 16 June last I appealed for the money to purchase from Mr. Edward Barnsley the ceremonial furniture you now see before you, and from that date our own Charity at Home began. In this connection I should like to acknowledge with sincere gratitude a generous donation from Mr. and Mrs. Kavanagh and a cheque for £50 from the Hadsphaltic Construction Company in honour of their completion of the School, their interest in and satisfaction with it.

You will perhaps expect me, before I close, to animadvert for a minute or two upon the opportunities in this our new School. Quite frankly, with one exception to which I shall come later, this is a topic which I should prefer to avoid. Opportunities there certainly are: but without hard work and cohesion we may muff them. I should prefer to talk when we have something of achievement between us and the last talking-point. Neither do I wish to spend minutes telling you what you already know, namely, that buildings don't make a new School and that what matters in teaching is the inter-relationship of teacher and taught, the willingness of the teacher to work and give out, the willingness of the pupil to work and take in. Better facilities improve the mechanics of this relationship, but may affect the spirit of it either for better or worse. You know this, I am sure, and will not expect the School suddenly to produce £300,000 worth of results, as though it were simply a matter of down-town dwellers sliding in spacious corridors, taking deep breaths of hilltop air (provided in the correct cubic quantities by a Ministry-approved schedule) and forthwith rushing into the Hall to win State Scholarships by the dozen. State Scholarships we hope to win, and others too, but they will have to be won by the same boys and girls who were down below, and after these have passed, by the same sorts of boys and girls. There may be more

peace for VIth Formers - though that I doubt at present - but the prescription for success will still be hard work, indeed harder work than many have acquainted themselves with so far. There will be difficulties, of course - there *are* difficulties. Perhaps I am not alone in finding my job very much more exhausting since our move. There are settling-in troubles of all sorts, but I believe that with the effort and goodwill of every participant we can create a community here worthy of the traditions of our old.

May I say just a brief word of thanks to parents? I am bound to confess that I find you on the whole very long-suffering towards us and very willing to help, very little given to fault-finding or to that foolish over-indulgence of children which passes for kindness, and, with no more than a few exceptions, the fathers and mothers of children whose attitude is pleasant, cooperative and, up to the bounds of nature, willing. But before any new hats become necessary, may I ask you to inscribe on your hearts one new maxim? Try to get your children to know and appreciate and enjoy what it is to *sing* with heart and energy fully engaged. As I survey the School each morning I notice the boys in particular looking very worried : they are under the impression, I am sure, that if they open their mouths too wide their ears will drop off! The feebleness of our singing seems to me to reflect a corresponding weakness and lack of interest in the district. In that respect we are not in Wales, and I wish we were.

One last word. I am hoping very much that in January Bush House will be opened to boarders and the Technical Form will begin its work. You who know the School, particularly you who live in the country and are of the agricultural community, can help us a lot by impressing on your neighbours and friends the opportunities that this School has to offer, with its Farm Laboratory, its Rural Domestic Economy Room, its Wood and Metalwork Shops and its Implement Repair Department. I am thinking particularly of Further Education, of the possibilities for both men and women in evening classes. Anyone worth his salt should not need convincing that he has something yet to learn and that he will be a better farmer for being instructed in farm accounts, or being taught how to maintain his own implements, or being given some appreciation of the scientific theory not merely behind what he does but what he does not yet do. You can help in making sure that everyone knows what he can obtain here if he cares to ask. With such help, the new School will be something we have all created, teachers and pupils and parents and friends: it will be something that the community has made, yes, bricks and mortar too, and of which it may come to be proud.