

The Penvro.



Pembroke Dock
County School Magazine.

No. 72.

DECEMBER.

1932.

PRICE—SIXPENCE.

PEMBROKE DOCK :
NEWS IN A NUTSHELL OFFICE,
QUEEN STREET.

County School, Pembroke Dock.

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Miss V. LEWIS, 1st Class Diploma of Liverpool Physical Training College, with Distinction.
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Woodwork—G. F. ROBLIN, Certificate of City and Guilds Institute.

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Editorial.

The prophecy so diffidently expressed in last term's PENVRO has been happily fulfilled, as the builders began work at the beginning of October, and already a considerable amount of the work has been done. The beautiful greensward on which the boys were wont to disport themselves has been practically obliterated, together with most of that on the girls' side, but they are no doubt far too public-spirited to regret that. We must congratulate ourselves that the dragon Economy did not, after all, devour our new buildings, especially as the immediate future of education is rather gloomy. More and more economies have been projected, including higher fees. However, this need not worry any of the present pupils (or rather their parents), as they will not be affected by raised fees.

Apart from the advent of the builders, the term has not been eventful. The numbers in School remain remarkably high when

one considers the extent to which the population of the town has dropped since the closing of the Dockyard. In sport, both boys' and girls' teams continue to keep up a good standard of play, and both have been rather more active than usual, as the boys have very successfully continued the experiment of having regular Second Eleven matches, and the girls have added netball matches to their fixture list.

The magazine again contains a number of items of news of Old Pupils, and it is pleasant to think that the School receives numerous letters from those who have left, all speaking with affection of the time they spent at School.

At the moment of writing, very little of the term is left, and we are all anticipating with mixed feelings the terminal examinations, which, when these lines are read, will be once more concluded. No doubt all look forward with more pleasure to the Prize Distribution, to be held at the end of the term. Congratulations to those who are to receive prizes; may their success prove a stimulus both to themselves and to those who are less fortunate.

Peeps Into the Family Album.

Pattering feet and a subdued rustling broke the stillness of the early morn. These were no human sounds, however, marring the dawn hush, but the eager rustling made by countless wind-sprites as they went to perform their eternal duty. First, they stirred, causing the small leaves to whisper in the morning mist; next, they fluttered around, tapping at every bird's nest to warn the little feathered folk that the day had begun; then, with a joyous lilting song, they soared straight up to the sun. With delicate, mischievous fingers they pulled aside the curtains of finest cobweb veiling his broad face; with gossamer wings they brushed the sleep from his yellow eyes, and then flew half-way round the world for the sheer joy of living.

But even fairies have to rest, and their gentle sighing filled the green meadow and the black pine wood, standing sentinel on the cold hillside. One majestic tree stood out in inky blackness against the violet and growing orange of the morning sky. The tiny wind-fairies fluttered round it, greeting an old friend, and with little caressing movements flew down its mighty bole.

Suddenly, the sprites raised their myriad voices in excited cries and the calm wood was filled with their sounds of delight. Little sandy hares, rabbits with bobbing white tails, and prickly hedgehogs ran to share the good fortune. Scores of eager birds

flew round the old pine tree, their feathers ruffled by the passing and re-passing of the wild children of the wind. Above all the noisy clamour of the woodland folk, rose the incessant chatter of the wind-fairies eagerly acclaiming their good fortune.

At the foot of the tree, amongst the moss-grown stones and tiny leaves, lay a large book, its stiff leaves lifted ever and anon by hundreds of eager little forms. They consulted amongst themselves and decided to carry this treasure to a retreat known only to them, where they could study it at their leisure, for curiosity is not confined to mortals. Calling to all their brothers, within hearing distance, the sprites made a mighty effort to lift the hard-covered book. It defied their hardest attempts, and even the aid of the birds proved of no avail. A moaning, wailing sound filled the pine wood, and humans said wisely one to another, "There is going to be a storm." But it was only the grief of the wind sprites filling the air. Soon, however, a sweeter note arose. They would leave the book where it was, and calling their friends, examine it there. Even the woodland folk approved of this decision, since they could then see the wonderful thing, too.

Thousands of tiny creatures helped to turn the heavy leaves of the book, and perching on the edges gazed earnestly at the glossy pieces of cardboard, while woodland folk sat enthralled, crowding round their leader, the lop-eared rabbit, who looked at all these things wisely and silently. Suddenly, the gusty laughter of the wind roused the pine tops and ruffled the fur of the animals. Before them lay four of the queerest things they had ever seen, fastened by their corners into this queerest of all books. The wind sprites recognized them as people of the world, but they could not understand their stillness.

A lady and gentlemen were sitting on a seat, bolt upright, their feet placed primly in front of them, their hands folded carefully in their laps, and their lips pressed into a grim line. The children of the wood rather pitied them, wondering what torture they had been undergoing. A huge mastiff lay at their feet, and the timid rabbits shrank back at the snarling teeth and bared fangs, the only natural objects in the picture.

All glanced hurriedly at the next three pictures; then turning to one another in silent amazement, they wondered what had been happening to the mortals of this world. A lady stood up stiff and straight, her immense plume overshadowing her grief-stricken face, her puffed out sleeves making her body of unnatural width, and her trailing, clinging skirts seeming to drag her body down to the depths of worry, which her face portrayed. On another of these curious pieces of cardboard a little boy was

shown. If it had been possible for him to move, his head would have wriggled in his high white collar, for his face certainly gave the sprites that impression, and sorry for him in their windy hearts they blew across his face with great gentleness. This, however, caused the thick pages to turn slowly over, showing smiling ladies, with flashing white teeth, gentlemen who looked as if they wanted to run away, boys and girls with shining scrubbed cheeks, and people dressed in so many different kinds of clothes that the woodland folk looked on with envious eyes, and wished they might sometimes change their thick glossy fur or feathery coats.

At last the end was reached and a single piece of black and white cardboard lay on the large page. The wind hushed its laughing chatter to the ancient pine, and the animals' eyes grew as round as glazed saucers. A kind, good face of a man looked out from that dead surface, seeming to live through its beauty. His tall smart body was attired in the clothes of a soldier, though the watchers did not know this. The greedy fingers of the wind sprites stretched out to snatch the picture from its place in the book. With a whirl and a roar they left the guardian trees of the pine wood, and carried the picture away to their retreat.

As the sun sent a golden slant of light over the meadow and through the darkening branches of the pines, the hurrying figure of a woman came to a stop on the edge of the woods. She stooped, and with a sigh of thankfulness, lifted up the volume which she found there. Without hesitation the lonely figure turned the pages until the last was reached. The book tumbled from her nerveless fingers as she saw the blank that was there, and many curious eyes followed her progress as she left the wood.

They never knew the pain that filled one human heart, but the derisive cries of the wind were always connected in her mind with the lost picture, a last link with one who was dead.

OLIVE CANTON, IVa.

Examination Results.

Central Welsh Board Annual Examination, July 1932.

HIGHER CERTIFICATE.

G. Phillips—Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry; W. J. L. Sutton—Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

The figures in brackets indicate the number of subjects in

which the candidate passed with credit. L.M. indicates London Matriculation Equivalent, and W.M. Welsh Matriculation Equivalent.

R. H. Bracher (5); L. Brown (5, W.M.); D. E. Clements (8, L. and W.M.), with distinction in English, French, Mathematics and Needlework; N. I. Collins (5), with distinction in English; N. V. Coulman (6, L. and W.M.); A. F. Davies (5); J. B. C. Davies (3); M. S. Davies (4); E. J. Gibby (2); A. B. Graham (3); M. N. Gray (5); R. G. F. Huzzey (4), with distinction in Physics; D. A. Johnson (5); E. M. Kendrick (3); B. May (7, W.M.), with distinction in Needlework; N. W. Nash (6, W.M.); L. Phillips (8, L. and W.M.), with distinction in Mathematics and Chemistry; E. J. Rees (4); F. E. Rees (3); R. G. Rees (5); T. J. Rees (4); L. C. Rickard (3); W. G. Smith (4); Z. Smith (3); D. I. Taylor (6, L. and W.M.), with distinction in English; A. C. Thomas (6, W.M.); G. O. Thomas (9); J. O. Thomas (6, L. and W.M.), with distinction in Chemistry; O. F. Thomson (7); M. J. Walkey (4); J. Y. Ward (6); C. P. Williams (5); D. M. Williams (7, L. and W.M.), with distinction in English and French; W. Williams (4).

SUPPLEMENTARY CERTIFICATE.

M. P. Castle, Needlework; I. E. Howells, Arithmetic; Ronald Rees, Latin; E. M. G. Thomas, Domestic Science.

The School Sports.

On Thursday, July 21, after much preparation, the School, in company with a large number of parents and friends, including many old pupils, assembled on the Cricket Field for the Sports. The weather was kind, and the whole affair was a far greater success than had been anticipated by the organisers. The athletic events were arranged on the same system as the Eisteddfod, points being awarded to the Houses, and not to individuals. Glyndwr were easy winners, having a lead of 21 points over the second House, Picton. The other part of the programme, the gymnastic display, was excellent, the girls' march being most spectacular. The applause left no doubt as to the popularity of this item and that of the display given by the boys. But it seems invidious to single out any items of the display, as all were splendidly carried out and clearly much appreciated by the audience. The thanks of the School are due to all who helped to make the affair a success, not only to those who were in charge of the display and the sports themselves, but also to those who took charge of the rather dull tasks of looking after the stalls and the tea, and last, but not least, taking the tickets. As usual, our sincere thanks must be given to those friends of the School who helped as judges. They were:—Mrs. Seymour Allen, J.P., Paskeston; Miss M. L. Phillips, Neyland; Rev. R. Rice Thomas, M.A., Llanstadwell; Rev. D. D. Bartlett, M.A., Pembroke Dock; Major J. Loftus Adams, J.P., Holyland; Dr. E. A. Saunders, Pembroke Dock;

Mr. T. P. Owen, Pembroke Dock. At the conclusion the winners were decorated by Dr. E. A. Saunders, Mr. David John, J.P. and the Rev. D. D. Bartlett.

COMPETITIVE EVENTS.

80 Yards Three-Legged Race, Girls Under 14.—1, Phyllis Griffiths and Gwen Scourfield, G; 2, Maureen Williams and Gwyneth Evans, G; 3, Dorothy Walkey and Peggy Thomas, T.

Throwing the Cricket Ball, Girls Over 14.—1, Lorna Griffiths, G; 2, Joan Tucker, P; 3, Beryl May, T.

50 Yards Sack Race, Boys Under 14.—1, C. Davies, T; 2, G. Hancock, G; 3, T. Kelleher, P.

100 Yards Race, Boys Over 16.—1, E. Rees, G; 2, J. C. Richards, P; 3, N. Nash, G.

Slow Bicycle Race, Under 14.—1, P. Saunders, P; 2, C. Davies, T; 3, Florence Utting, T.

50 Yards Egg and Spoon Race, Girls Over 14.—1, Elsie Addis, P; 2, Kathleen Rouse, T.

Tug-of-War, Picton v Tudor.—Tudor won, two pulls to one.

High Jump, Boys Under 14.—1, E. Williams, G (4 ft. 5 ins.); 2, P. Saunders, P; 3, F. Denzey, G.

Throwing the Cricket Ball, Boys Over 14.—1, G. Phillips, P; 2, D. John, G; 3, R. Huzzey, T.

80 Yards Race, Girls Under 14.—1, Phyllis Griffiths, G; 2, Dorothy Walkey, T; 3, Marigold Bonham, P.

50 Yards Boat Race, Boys Under 15.—1, Picton; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Tudor.

High Jump, Boys Over 14.—1, N. Nash, G (5 ft. 2 ins.); 2, L. Rickard, T; 3, T. Edwards, T.

Throwing the Cricket Ball, Boys Under 14.—1, F. Denzey, G; 2, E. Williams, G; 3, W. Rickard, T.

100 Yards Race, Girls 14 to 16.—1, Dorothy Brannigan, G; 2, Audrey Davies, T; 3, Dorothy Clements, G.

440 Yards Race, Boys Over 16.—1, N. Nash, G (60½ secs.); 2, J. C. Richards, P; 3, I. Addis, P.

High Jump, Girls Over 14.—1, Irene Canton, G, and Doreen Reynolds, T (equal); 3, Phyllis Moses, T.

Costume Race, Boys Over 14.—1, F. Hordley, P; 2, B. Parry, P; 3, R. Jones, P, and H. Baker, G (equal).

100 Yards Race, Boys 14 to 16.—1, W. Priday, P; 2, F. Rogers, T; 3, F. Devonald, T.

80 Yards Three-Legged Race, Girls Over 14.—1, Jessie Halliwell and Sylvia Jones, P; 2, Dorothy Clements and Gwenda Edwards, G; 3, Lorna Griffiths and Marjorie Mathias, G.

80 Yards Race, Boys Under 12.—1, T. Kelleher, P, and C. Childs, T (equal); 3, P. Winter, T.

Slow Bicycle Race, Over 14, Open.—1, J. Humber, G; 2, Edith Dew, P; 3, E. Foss, T.

Obstacle Race, Girls.—1, Gwenda Edwards, G; 2, Beryl May, T; 3, Margaret Davies, T.

Tug-of-War, Glyndwr v. Tudor.—Tudor won, two pulls to one.

50 Yards Sack Race, Girls Under 14.—1, Matilda O'Hara, G; 2, Ivy Trott, G; 3, Gwyneth Child, P.

High Jump, Girls Under 14.—1, Hilda Miller, G; 2, Maureen Williams, G; 3, Gwyneth Child, P, and Emily Osborn, P.

House Relay Race (Mixed).—1, Picton; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Tudor.

80 Yards Three-Legged Race, Boys Under 14.—1, V. Wells and R. Roch, T; 2 (equal), F. Denzey and E. Williams, G; and A. Hopla and T. Kelleher, P.

50 Yards Egg and Spoon Race, Girls Under 14.—1, Jean Liniker, G; 2, Marigold Bonham, P; 3, Audrey Roberts, T.

Obstacle Race, Boys.—1, F. Rogers, T; 2, W. Priday, P; 3, B. Parry, P.

100 Yards, Girls Over 16.—1, Phyllis Moses, P; 2, Margaret Davies, T; 3, Gwenda Edwards, G.

80 Yards Race, Boys Under 14.—1, F. Denzey, G; 2, E. Williams, G; 3, K. Sudbury, T.

Tug-of-War, Glyndwr v. Picton—Glyndwr won by two pulls to nil.

FINAL PLACINGS.

1, Glyndwr, 86½ points. 2, Picton, 65½ points. 3, Tudor, 53 points.

Last Year's "Leavers."

The number of senior pupils who entered Universities and Training Colleges in September and October is smaller than last year, but they are equally scattered. C. W. Parry has gone to King's College, London University, and Geoffrey Phillips and W. J. Sutton to the University College, Exeter. The number of Old Pupils at the Training College of Domestic Arts in Cardiff has been increased to three by the entry of Mary Thomas and Isabella McTaggart. Other Training Colleges have claimed the remaining four aspirants to the teaching profession. Rona Rouse is at Fishponds College, Olwyen Dudley at Swansea, T. J. Edwards at Borough Road, and J. C. Richards at Bangor Normal. Three others are still at School, Joan Ward at Malvern, W. Figgins at Barry, and J. Locke in Bermuda.

Among the others who left, nineteen have definitely found employment of various kinds. Of these, six have become clerks, and four are in shops. Among the remaining nine, E. J. Rees is apprenticed to Mr. Mendus the Chemist, of Pembroke, and R. Davies is on the staff of the Pembrokeshire Telegraph. Aldwyn Johnson is an observation teacher at Pennar School.

School Notes.

The number of pupils in school this term is 345, 198 girls and 147 boys. There are three student teachers—Gwyneth Thomas, Irene Canton and N. Nash, and two observation teachers—Daisy Allan and Iris Miller, which brings the total on the registers to 350.

The Prefects are :—

Tudor :—Kathleen Rouse (Senior), Marion Castle, Beryl May, A. H. Bull, Alan Davies, Rowland Rees.

Picton :—Joan Tucker, Phyllis Moses, Nita Collins, T. A. Owens (Senior), R. C. Jones, J. R. Tucker.

Glyndwr :—Dorothy Taylor, Winifred Williams, Dorothy Clements, P. Bevans, D. John, J. G. Clements.

We congratulate Warlow on passing 22nd in the examination for appointments under the Lancashire County Council.

Dorothy Clements is to be congratulated on obtaining full marks in Arithmetic in the C.W.B. examination last July. It is only the third or fourth time that this has happened at this school.

The Mrs. Rees, Ty-Gwyn scholarship, which was last held by Betty Jones, has been awarded to R. C. Jones, Upper VI.

R. G. F. Huzzey left school recently to take up an appointment as clerk in the County Offices, Haverfordwest.

Miss Perman visited the town on Wednesday, November 9, when she opened a bazaar at Trinity Church.

On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, November 30 to December 2, Dr. Middleton and Dr. Dorothy Rees visited the school for the annual medical inspection.

News was received recently of the death, after a short illness, of Mr. R. J. B. Rowlands, Headmaster of Llanberis County School. Mr. Rowlands was formerly a master at this school.

On Tuesday, November 8, the Dorian Trio visited the school, and gave two very enjoyable lecture-concerts, one to the pupils in the afternoon, and one in the evening to the public. It was quite obvious that both audiences thoroughly enjoyed the excellent entertainment which they were offered. The players were, as last year :— Miss Enid Lewis (piano), Miss Leyshon (violin) Miss Pauline Taylor (cello).

On December 9th, we held a very successful Junior Social, which went with a swing and a yell as usual. The games proved both warming and amusing and no one was at all sorry to sit down when the various variety artistes performed a very interesting programme. The play from "David Copperfield" was amusing as well as instructive and proved that the Junior School can produce really good actors and actresses as well as talented little musicians, dancers, and elocutionists.

As usual, however, supper was *the* item of the evening and amidst roars of laughter, jokes and crackers, all contrived to do justice to a jolly good supper. An air of Christmas festivity was lent to the scene by the ample holly decorations and brightly coloured crackers. Altogether the evening was a great success and after "Auld lang syne," the English and Welsh national

anthems were sung, and the Happy Revelers turned homeward, tired, but happy.

Examination Humour.

One of the effects of an electric current is to kill people, e.g. the electric chair.

Parallel lines meet at eternity.

Wolsey died in 1530 by falling from Leicester Abbey.

The Town Hall—'La Ville Vestibule.'

'Tout à coup il sentit la faim'—Suddenly he smelt a farm.

Julius Caesar entered the Capitol in his coat of many colours.

Caesar turned his head and saw Calpurnia crying on the doorstep.

They tooked Arthur to a mysterious barge manned by several queens.

Amenhotep IV's new religion was unpopular with the priests because it would cause them to lose their jobs.

A black man had killed Herkhuf's father with a poisonous pea, so Herkhuf brought the man home to lay him by the side of his father to punish him.

A sinister is a man who has sinned.

They filled the sinister with oil.

Feign means to be good, e.g. They who feign would serve thee best.

Marionette means (a) a little mariner, (b) the feminine of mariner.

Mr. Trumbull, an old hypocrite, was conducting a sermon and smuggling.

The Yang-tze-Kiang has a type of immigration which is: dividing into two continuously.

From an essay on the film of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde":— I had come to forget stark reality and to steep myself in what was unreal, and all I got steeped in was a douche of cold water from the brick bats who sat around me.

The 'Ancient Mariner' introduces the supernatural into the poem in many different parts, withholding the reader's attention throughout.

Old Pupils' Notes.

Congratulations are due to a number of Old Pupils who have achieved success in various directions. J. H. West, the son of Mr. G. H. West, who was Second Master here for eleven years, and who still takes a lively interest in the School, has completed

his medical qualification, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. At the colleges, W. G. Morgan has been granted a renewal of the scholarship he was awarded at Lampeter last year on the result of his Higher Certificate Examination, and our three candidates for the Teachers' Certificate examination, Louie Rees, J. V. Morgans and W. G. Evans, were all successful, Evans obtaining distinction in Advanced Mathematics.

C. W. Wells has distinguished himself by winning a second medal at the Royal Veterinary College, as he has been awarded a silver medal for being first in anatomy.

Four other old pupils have recently passed examinations. E. Dew, who has just left the Masonic Hall at Bushey, completed his school career by passing the Higher Certificate, and N. D. Crocker, who went from Pembroke Dock to a school in Birmingham, passed the School Certificate last July.

After a year at the Westminster College for Lady Dispensers, Mamie Roberts and Mollie John have passed their dispensers' examination. Molly was under the regulation age, so has done very well.

S. G. Voyle, who has been teaching for eleven years in London special schools, has now been appointed headmaster of one of them.

C. O. Thomas, who spent two periods of teaching practice here, was appointed to an elementary school in Bristol at the beginning of the term. He is also taking some evening classes in Economics.

Both J. V. Morgans and W. G. Evans have found teaching appointments, Morgans at Shrewsbury, and Evans at Kenton, Middlesex; and Maisie Hicks, who spent some time as observation teacher at Pembroke after leaving school last year, has been appointed to a school in Yeovil, Somerset.

There are two other appointments to record. Dennis Robinson, whose people moved to the North of England a year or two ago, has become a bank clerk, having started in the Midland Bank, Ebbw Vale; and Joan Young has begun work as a clerk in the offices of Mr. Phillips of Tenby, who is carrying out the alterations and additions to the school premises.

Various items of news have been received from different sources, the chief being letters from Old Pupils. Blanche Rowley who is teaching at Southsea, Hants, appears to take keen interest in her work there. She is prominent with the local branch of the N.U.T., and is also doing a good deal of acting, as the local teachers have formed a society for the presentation of Shakespeare's plays to the children.

Joan Ward is playing in the 1st XI at her new school, Mow-

bray House, Malvern. She spent her first free day with Mrs. Fisher (better known to the school as Miss Laing) at Worcester.

Olive Pankhurst is engaged to be married; the wedding will take place some time next year.

Sandy Manning now plays regularly as a forward in the Tenby Senior XV.

W. A. Francis, who is now at Merton College, Oxford, and who has contributed to this issue a very interesting article on his college, has taken up rowing, being a member of the College Second Eight, and having rowed in the winning "Freshmen's Fours" at the College Regatta. There are now two rowing enthusiasts in the family, as Mary won her boating colours when at Aberystwyth.

Perhaps this is a good opportunity for wishing all happiness to Edith Francis, who is to be married shortly, and will make her home at Maidenhead, where she will be near Mrs. Richards, whom senior pupils will remember as the enthusiastic House Mistress of Pieton House.

We have pleasure in recording the following marriages of Old Pupils, whom we wish every happiness:—

Sept. 5—Winifred Thomas to Mr. A. Catherall.

Sept. 26—Josephine Hughes to Mr. V. H. Evans.

Sept. 28—Vida Saunders to Mr. Cyril Saunders.

Oct. 10—Kathleen Knight to Mr. W. D. Hall.

Oct. 12—Winifred Besant to Mr. C. A. Cavill.

Nov. 23—Mary Thomas (Eastington) to Mr. Victor Phillips. (Mr. Phillips is also an old pupil of the School.)

A reunion of Old Pupils will be held at the School on Tuesday, December 27, at 7 p.m. It is hoped that present members of the School will bring this to the notice of all Old Pupils they know.

Thirty-Five Years Ago

(From The Penfro No. 3, Winter Term, 1897).

The 28th July, 1897, will always be regarded as a "red letter day" in connection with the County School at Pembroke Dock, as the day on which the foundation and memorial stones were laid respectively by H. G. Allen, Esq., Q.C. (chairman of the Governors), the Mayoress (Mrs. Allen) and the lady governors (Mrs. Williams and Miss Aird). Mr. Allen was presented with a silver trowel and a mallet by the Mayoress, and by their aid he duly laid the foundation stone, under which was placed a bottle containing the silver and bronze coins of the realm, copies of local papers, the school magazine, and the programme for the day.

The Debating Society was started again after the holidays, but as too many visitors (i.e., boys not in the IVth or Vth Forms) were allowed in, and speakers used to upset inkwells to enforce their arguments, it soon fell through, but it may, we hope, be restarted shortly.

The Western Mail, in a recent issue, publishes a leading article on the study of foreign languages, quoting in full the article which appeared in our last number on French correspondence. The Western Mail compliments the County School, Pembroke Dock, on the system it has adopted and the evident interest taken by the pupils in corresponding with their French friends.

The Treasures of Merton.

Merton, besides having a valid claim to being the oldest college in Oxford, the college having been founded in 1264, has other attributes which draw visitors from far and wide, and fill those who are privileged to live within her walls with a love and respect which can never fade.

Perhaps the most famous part of Merton is her library, which is the most perfect example in England of a medieval library. It contains an astrolabe, believed to have belonged to the poet Chaucer, and the helmet of Sir Thomas Bodley, a member of Merton College, and founder of the great Bodleian Library. There is also in the library one of the ancient chests in which the books of the College were kept before the library was built, and near this chest are two books bound with the chains which most of the more valuable books wore until so late a date as 1792. The ceiling of the library is of the fifteenth century, and has on its bosses the Rose of the Tudor Kings.

Leaving the library, one enters Mob Quad, the oldest quadrangle in Oxford (built 1306-11), and one sees on the other side of it the College Chapel, the nave of which was built in 1294. The great east window is said to be the most beautiful in Oxford, and the side windows contain the oldest glass in the city. The sixteenth century brass lectern is one of the finest in the country. Near the altar lie the bones of Sir Thomas Bodley, whose monument hangs on the chapel wall.

"It is necessary to notice," says a guide book of 1821, "that this College is always the hostel or inn set apart for the Queens of England, whenever they visit the University." There is in fact, a suite of rooms in Merton which is called "Queen's Rooms," and in them have stayed Queen Katherine of Aragon and Queen Elizabeth, while Queen Henrietta, the Consort of Charles I,

resided in them a whole winter.

Merton's garden was the centre of the social life of Oxford during the fifteenth century, and since then it has lost none of its charm, for still is it a source of never-failing delight at every season, with its groves and avenues, its birds and squirrels.

The treasures of Merton are many, and seemingly inexhaustible, for from day to day one discovers fresh wonders, which only serve to deepen one's growing sense of affection for the College. But neither space nor the Editor will allow me to write more, though much could be written of the many treasures of Merton, and of the histories of those great men who made Merton, and gave to her a motto fitting to their work: "Qui timet deum, faciet bona."
W. A. P. FRANCIS.

School Sports.

"Every man shift for all the rest and let no man take care for himself."—*The Tempest.*

TENNIS.

The Tennis finals were as usual among the most exciting events of the summer term. The Senior finalists were, as last year, Beryl May and Joan Tucker, and this year the latter succeeded in carrying off the medal after a very strenuous game. The score was 2-6, 8-6, 7-5. Keen rivalry was shown in the IIIrd and IVth Forms, who this year had a singles tournament. Marjorie Mathias and Gwyneth Rees were the finalists, and after an excellent game the latter was victorious by 6-4, 6-2. The winners in the Second Forms were Glenys Williams and Matilda O'Hara, who beat Phyllis Rea and Nesta John by 6-1, 6-4.

The return match was played against the Staff, and again we enjoyed a pleasant evening and some excellent tennis. This time the staff succeeded in getting their revenge.

The last match of the season was against the "Old Girls," and we were fortunate in having real tennis weather for the event. The result of the match was a victory for the school, the school team winning 12 sets to the "Old Girls'" 8. The "Old Girls" were represented by the following:—Mary Bull, Winnie Bull, Daisy Rogers, Gladys Rea, Marjorie Mould and Dorothy Evans.

The School Team was chosen from the following:—

B. May,* J. Tucker,* M. Mathias,* G. Rees,* I. Canton,* J. Thomas,* J. Thomson,* E. Addis (*Colours).

CRICKET.

In last term's edition of the Penvro the hope was expressed

that a successful season would be completed by beating Fishguard and the Old Boys. This hope was well realised, as both teams were beaten by a good margin. The Old Boys' team included a number of former stars, being composed of the following :— A. F. Morgan (captain), H. Goodrich, J. Campodonic, G. Campodonic, W. Bevans, J. Morgans, C. O. Preece, W. J. C. Rouse, L. Jones, G. Lewis, F. I. Pierce.

RESULTS :—

July 23—Fishguard County School (home). Won 113—55. (L Rickard 35 and 4 for 8)

July 26—Old Boys. Won 90—31. (A Bull 17, L. Rickard 16, W. Hopkins 6 for 11, G. Phillips 4 for 18).

HOCKEY.

This season the weather has favoured us, and we have managed to play six matches. We were fortunate in securing for the first time a match with the Milford Ladies. This was one of the most enjoyable matches of the season. The outstanding player of the match was the Milford goalkeeper, and although our forwards were pressing most of the time, they only succeeded in securing two goals. We learnt afterwards that this player was a former county goalkeeper.

We think by now we have learnt the art of keeping on our feet, even when the field is literally a mud bath.

The team was chosen from the following :—

B. May* (Capt.), K. Rouse* (Vice-Capt.), P. Moses* (Sec.), J. Tucker*, N. Collins, I. Canton, G. Thomas, J. Halliwell, K. Davies, G. Rees, O. Thomson, F. Davies, F. Smith. * Colours.

J. Tucker resigned her captaincy, and M. Davies her position in the team.

Matches played :—

October 15th—Narberth Ladies (home). Won 9—0
 November 5th—Pembroke Dock Ladies (home). Won 3—0
 November 12th—Milford Ladies (away). Won 2—0
 November 19th—Tasker's School (home). Won 7—2
 November 26th—Fishguard Ladies (away) Won 10—0
 December 3rd—Whitland Ladies Cancelled
 December 10th—Tenby School (home). Won 4—2

NETBALL

This term School Netball has been revived. We have had three matches and have been victorious in all, so we soon hope to rival the hockey team and be a source of dread to the rest of the county. We had the novel experience of playing indoors at Milford Central School, but sad to relate we played havoc with their electric-lighting system and it was feared that if we remained there longer that new hall would soon be reduced to a total wreck. Like the hockey team, we succeeded in rewarding each visiting team with

a mud bath in the hope of improving their complexions.

The Netball team is as follows :—Joan Thomas, Lorna Griffiths, Marjorie Mathias, Marion Castle, Doreen Reynolds, Irène Phillips and Dorothy Clements. Our reserves are Morwyth Davies and Audrey Davies. Matilda O'Hara played for us at Milford.

Matches Played :—

November 19th, Tasker's High School, Home, Won, 19-2; November 26th, Milford Central School, Home, Won, 14-0; December 3rd, Milford Central School, Away, Won, 26-12.

FOOTBALL.

The school 1st XI up to the time of going to press has played 9 matches, out of which 5 have been won and 4 lost.

The season has not been very successful for football, the team having been hampered by injuries and other unfortunate interferences. Our greatest rivals, Fishguard County School, defeated us by a decisive margin, and our only excuse for defeat is that it was impossible to turn out the strongest school team.

Results :—

October 1st, v. Band Boys, Home, Won, 4-0; October 8th, v. Milford Haven County School, Home, Won, 7-0; October 15th, v. Pembroke Dock Stars 2nd XI, Away, Won, 3-1; October 22nd, v. Fishguard County School, Away, Lost, 1-4; October 29th, v. Regimental Band, Essex Regiment, Home, Won, 4-2; November 12th, v. Johnston Institute, A.F.C., Away, Lost, 1-2; November 19th, v. Whitland County School, Away, Won, 4-1; November 26th, v. Pembroke Dock Stars 2nd XI, Home, Lost, 6-7; December 10th, v. Narberth County School, Away, Lost, 1-2.

The 1st XI was chosen from :—*T. A. Owens, *A. H. Bull,* P. Bevans, *R. G. Rees, *F. Hordley, C. Roblin, J. Hunber, L. Phillips, F. Denzey, F. Rogers, N. Nash (*Old Colours).

Second XI Notes.

The second XI has played four matches this term, out of which 1 was won, 1 lost and 2 drawn.

Results :—

October 15th, Milford Haven "Emeralds," Home, Won, 4-1; November 5th, Tenby County School, Away, Drawn, 2-2; November 26th, Milford Haven "Emeralds," Away, Lost, 1-2; December 3rd, Tenby County School, Home, Drawn, 2-2.

The team was chosen from :—

J. Clements (Captain), R. Jones, W. Priday, A. Davies, W. Smith, J. Gibby, A. Graham, G. May, C. Thomas, F. Devonald, J. Rees, M. Taylor.

On several occasions R. Jones, J. Gibby, F. Devonald and W. Priday assisted the 1st XI.

Officials elected for the season :—

T. A. Owens, Captain; A. H. Bull, Vice-captain; R. S. Davies, Secretary.

Castles In The Air.

Bobby was just five. He imagined all sorts of funny things about what he would do when he would be a man, and, of course, he told all these things to his mother.

"Mummy," he said to his mother one evening, when she was knitting by the fire, and he was playing with his blocks, "Mummy, do you know what I'm going to do when I'm a big man?"

"No dear, what are you going to do?" was the reply.

"I'm going to drive a big, big engine."

"Are you! and where will you drive it to?"

"I'll drive it anywhere I like, and I'll get very dirty, and I'll make a lot of money."

"What will you do with all your money, dear?" asked his mother, looking up from her knitting.

"I'll buy a big house, and I'll have a lot of people to look after me, and I'll play all day."

His mother smiled.

"But if you play all the time, when will you drive your engine?"

Bobby thought a little, then he said, "Well, I'll play half the day, and I'll drive my engine the other half."

"Will you do the same thing on Sundays?"

"Ah! no, I'll go to church, and I'll put on a long shirt, and I'll preach, then some men will go round with plates, and the people will put money in the plates, then I'll be very rich, won't I, mummy?"

"But you know Bobby," his mother answered, "the preacher does not get the money that the people put in the plates, it——"

"Then I won't preach on Sundays, I'll drive my engine and play instead."

There was a pause, during which his mother wondered if any of these things would come true.

"I won't make you pay to come in my train, mummy," said Bobby, "nor Daddy, nor the people who are very poor."

"That will be very kind of you," said his mother. "but will you keep all your money for yourself, dear?"

"Of course not," replied Bobby indignantly, "I'll make all the poor people rich."

There was another pause, then Bobby remarked, "Then they will be able to pay to go in my train, won't they mummy?"

"Yes, of course, dear" answered his mother smiling. Bobby thought for a while, then he said, "When I'm tired of driving my

engine, I'll sell it, and buy an aeroplane, and I'll take people about in it, and I'll make them pay a lot, so that I'll be very rich."

"But, Bobby, if you charge too much, people will not ride in your aeroplane."

"But if I don't make them pay very much, will they come in my aeroplane, mummy?"

"Yes, if you drive it well."

"Then I'll drive it very well, and get a lot of money." His mother left the room to get some darning she had to do.

When she returned, Bobby continued again.

"Mummy, do you like going in the big steamers?"

"No, dear, I do not." His mother was always sea-sick when she went on the sea.

"I do, though, and when I'm tired of my aeroplane, I'll buy a big steamer, and I'll take people everywhere."

"But you will have to have other men to help you sail your boat."

"Ah! yes, but I won't give them much money, so that I'll still be rich."

"But don't you think that will be unkind of you, Bobby?"

"Why will it be unkind of me, mummy? I'll give them enough money for them to have enough to eat."

"Yes, but perhaps they will want to save up to buy a steamer of their own."

"But I won't want them to buy a steamer of their own, because they won't be able to work on my steamer then."

"Well we won't talk about that any more now, it is time for you to go to bed."

As his mother was tucking him up, Bobby said to her, "Yes, mummy, I'll give them enough money to buy a steamer, because there will be plenty of other men to work on my steamer."

E. F. FOSS, Vs.

The Complaint of a Deserted Home.

Now I am down-hearted, miserable, lonely, dreary and deserted, though a few years ago I was happy, and had plenty of company. The path leading up to me is overgrown with thick grasses. Straggling brambles creep across it where everything once was trim and neat. My gate, which was once painted green, is now a rotten mass, and is thrown in the ditch nearly hidden by grass, weeds and briars. The borders in front of me are now overgrown with thistle, couchgrass and weeds, and only a few brave flowers still struggle to lift their heads above the tangled

mass of disorderly growth. All the pretty roses which once trailed above my windows and around the door are now running wild and untended, nearly strangled by the masses of ivy which are gradually creeping like snakes over the garden walls.

The garden is nothing but a desolate mass. The beds are grown over with grass, the hedges are untrimmed, and it makes me down-hearted when I look and see the garden destroyed and bewildered.

The pretty front used to be a pride and joy to me in my former days, with its dainty roses climbing up over the walls, and the grass all trimmed and looking so neat with the little buds of flowers peeping up through it. The borders were filled with a variety of flowers. The green gate, where many a person had admired me and all the pretty flowers, stood there showing off its bright colour.

The merry voices of the children could be heard ringing out as they ran round about my surroundings, and up and down me. The loving care of my master and mistress as they cleaned and polished me to make me look nice, the cheerful blaze and the healing warmth of the fire which always burnt brightly in the grate, made me feel happy and contented. My walls were decorated with pretty pictures, and coloured paper, and the windows shone in the sun with their snowy curtains hanging down beside them.

But now I am all alone in the silence, and am neglected, and my walls are beginning to decay. My windows are all broken by the cruel thoughtless boys throwing stones at them, little heeding that it nearly breaks my heart to see them. Now there are only gaps where the shining windows and the painted doors were. The howling wind and the driving rain now beat into and upon me, making my walls crumble because there is now no warmth to cheer and strengthen me. My roof is torn by the cruel winds and the storms, and gradually I am being torn to pieces, until now each storm threatens to lift me off altogether, and wounds me deeper and deeper.

My only joy now is to give shelter to some birds, and it does brighten my aged and feeble spirit to see their nests safely hidden in my creviced wounds, and to see their fledglings nursed safely until they follow their parents to the outside world. Sometimes a poor wayfarer shelters beneath my tottering roof. Like myself, he is beaten by the storms, and has no one to tend him with loving care, and I feel proud that my poor shell can give him shelter, though it may be scant. Some of them light a fire on my neglected hearth, but that only gives me sorrow, as it causes me to dream of the past, and brings back to me the

thoughts of the joys which once were mine. Then, when I realise that these are no more for me, my misery almost overwhelms me.

I have just heard two men talking outside, and one has said that he is going to build a new house on the other side of the road. He also spoke of pulling my walls down to use the stones for the new building. I fear that will be my end. Then my sorrow and suffering will cease. I do not care how soon it comes. My poor remains will be at rest, and that will be better than the disappointment and decay that has been eating my heart. Nothing is left for me now but to wait patiently for the end.

PHYLLIS GRIFFITHS, IIIb.

The House I Should Like to Live In.

In a certain place, on the Southern bank of the river Thames, in the suburbs of London, there is a handsome old Elizabethan house standing majestically in its own grounds. Stately portals stand as white sentinels on either side of the massive arched doorway, which leads into a typical old English hall, with a cheerful open hearth.

The dining room spells mystery with its oak panelling, and high straight-backed chairs. There might, even now, be a secret passage carefully tucked away behind a spring door, and the library book cases might be sham doorways.

In a dimmed, further corner of the spacious hall, at the foot of a wide, polished oak staircase, crouches a large brass lion, as if prepared to spring. It defies anyone to mount those curiously carved stairs, but one yearns to find what secrets might be revealed at the top.

A picture gallery! A wonderful work of art! Row upon row of pictures stretch away into the purple dusk of a stained glass window, and standing erectly at intervals, as if to punctuate the line of portraits, coats of mail show their bold outline.

And yet another mystery: appears a large, heavy plush curtain hanging over a darkened door. What is behind it? The most wonderful dressing room, fitted with all necessary equipment, and beyond it a lavender-scented bedroom with shaded lamps. The bathroom further on is furnished in the same colour. Nine sets like these are to be found on the same floor, all repeated in a different colour.

Then on the floor above is the nursery, full of all childish joys. The dainty bedrooms can be dear to any child's heart, with their downy beds, and midget dressing tables, washstands and wardrobes.

This house, so conveniently near town, and yet so deep in the country, with the river flowing at the end of the wide-flung grounds, could not fail to stir anyone. OLIVE CANTON IVa.

Shakespeare and Cars.

The following evidence has been gathered in support of the fact that Shakespeare knew all about motor cars :—

- “ Here is the Talbot.” (Henry VI, II, 2).
 “ Whence is this knocking ?” (Macbeth, II, 2).
 “ Will this gear ne'er be mended ?” (Troilus and Cressida, I, 1).
 “ I will remedy this gear e'er long.” (2 Henry VI, I, 1).
 “ Thou hast wore out thy pump.” (Romeo and Juliet, II, 4).
 “ How the wheel becomes it !” (Hamlet, IV, 5).
 “ Come, let me clutch thee !” (Macbeth, II, 1).
 “ And here an engine fit for my proceeding.” (Two Gentlemen of Verona, III, 1).
 “ You shall see how I handle her.” (Measure for Measure, V, 1).
 “ To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first.” (Henry VIII, I, 1).
 “ O, most wicked speed !” (Hamlet, I, 2).
 “ This Lapwing runs away with the Shell !” (Hamlet, V, 2).
 “ Give me Swift for transportation.” (Troilus and Cressida, III, 2).
 “ Which of you know Ford of this town ?” (Merry Wives of Windsor, I, 3).

FORM NOTES.

VI Girls —Room 2 calling :—

Before the news to-night there is a police message. We are asked by the Commissioner of the C.S.P.D. Police, to broadcast the following :—Wanted for the murder of King Henry III of France, Jack Clements, believed to be in hiding somewhere in the Sixth Form Domain. Anyone having witnessed the atrocity, please report to the Prefect Constabulary, Sixth Form, Telephone 14.

Here is the Weather and News :—A deep depression centred immediately above the Staff Room, is extending its influence to the Girls' Landing. Serious earthquake shocks are feared, as gigantic fissures have appeared in the smoke-clouded region of the “Sweep.” Heavy snow-showers have been prevalent during the past weeks resulting in the reversion to heavily powdered wigs amongst the studious Sixth. We fear that it may be only a warning of falling ceiling in the near future, but as a well-marked anticyclone is situated in the extreme west of the building, and is steadily increasing in dimensions, the forecast for the future is, “Brighter Still and Brighter.”

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“ We are pleased to announce that the worthy Sixth have taken vows of silence, and it is hoped that these will influence the communications of the whole of our Scholastic Empire.

That is all the news for to-night, “ Good-night, everybody, Good-night.”