

*P. Hughes*

# The Penvro

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**Pembroke Dock  
County School Magazine.**

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No. 101.

JULY.

1947.

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**PRICE—SIXPENCE.**

*Pembroke Dock:  
West Wales Guardian,  
Bush Street.*

# COUNTY SCHOOL, PEMBROKE DOCK.

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## EDITORIAL.

Once more we have to ask ourselves how many people are going to read this? Are they going to say—"H'm, as dull as ever, nothing in it we don't know already."

Nevertheless, we will address ourselves to that loyal, select band whose policy it is to begin at page one and plough their way steadily through to the last word on the last page. We therefore proceed boldly in our usual manner.

It is pleasant to have to report only one change in the staff. When Mrs. Jones left us in December we were lucky to get Mr. Elwyn Davies to take her place temporarily until July. He has fitted very well into the ever cordial atmosphere of the Masters' Room, and into the school as a whole, and we hope he will fit equally well in his new post as French Master at Hereford High School for Boys. There is evidence of Mr. Davies's versatility in the interesting article he has contributed to this issue.

We were very sorry to be without Mr. Cottrell at the end of the winter term, and particularly sorry that he could not join in the various end-of-term functions. The good wishes he sent along were much appreciated. We were glad to see him back fit and well in January.

Miss Rees, too, is looking more like her old self after her serious illness at the beginning of term.

We are delighted to congratulate Miss Thomas on her engagement and approaching marriage to the Rev. Douglas Evans. They have the best wishes of us all for their future happiness. We hope, however, that she will not be leaving us very soon, as we shall certainly miss her cheerful personality in and out of the class-room.

It would be impossible to end without a reference to the poor victims of the examination system, who will have reached the last lap when they read this. May their names be prominent in the office window, with a string of capital letters after them.

## CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Of I have I slipped the heavy bonds of earth,  
And soared the skies on silver, spreading wings;  
Heavenwards I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of feathery clouds, and seen a hundred things  
One has not dreamed, nor yet has ever seen.

I've topped the wind-swept heights of boundless space,  
Where never lark nor ever eagle flew;  
I've seen, reached out, and touched a face,  
The face of God among the burning blue,  
Majestic, yet so peaceful and severe.

High in the sunlit silence I have swung  
My eager craft along, and hovering there  
I've chased the breathless, roaring wing among  
The sun-split clouds, my castles in the air,  
My home, the place where I alone am king.

MARIAN DAVIES, Lower VI.

## A WISH.

I wish I had a racing horse  
To run all races round the course,  
And jump all hedges and high walls  
Not caring for the bumps and falls.

This horse should be of glossy black  
With a small white patch upon his back;  
I'd call my lovely horse "Black Bell,"  
And feed and groom him truly well.

Perhaps a race for me he'd win,  
How proud I'd be to lead him in;  
Then I'd take him quietly home  
He'd be too tired far to roam.

But after resting all the night  
He'd try next time with all his might,  
We'd go for runs o'er hill and dale,  
Then away again to enjoy the breeze,  
If all wishes could come true

That is my wish and what I'd do.

IVY FLAVELL, III.a.

## WHITE MAN'S GRAVE.

If you were to ask the next person you met what he (or she) knew about West Africa the chances are that your victim would stroke his (or her) chin thoughtfully for several minutes before muttering something about "White Man's Grave . . . pretty hot . . . monkey nuts . . . Dorothy Lamour in a sarong . . . malaria and mosquitoes . . . Tarzan of the Apes . . . jungle." My own knowledge of the place was as scanty until one fine morning in 1943, when the Adjuvant declared brightly that the Medical Officer wanted me for a Y.F. injection. Y.F., I ruminated with a sinking heart, means Yellow Fever, so I must be going somewhere where you can catch it, and as the place where they have Yellow Fever in the largest quantities is in West Africa, it looks as if I'm going there.

I was.

A week or so later with tropical kit in my bag and a depressing War Office booklet called "Health in the Tropics" in my pocket, I watched the blue Scottish hills recede as the convoy sailed down the Firth. Two years were to pass before I saw those shores again.

My first glimpse of the vast continent of Africa was from Gibraltar. Across the Straits rose the tawny Atlas Mountains, with a solitary cloud above their peaks. Next port of call was Casablanca, with its magic-looking white buildings shimmering in the heat. Then came Freetown, Sierra Leone's wide natural harbour set among forest-clad, emerald-green hills, our first sight of British West Africa. A lovely place, seen from a ship, but one of the eyesores of the Empire seen from among its streets. And if you think Wales has a wet climate, look up the rainfall figures for Freetown. While we were anchored in the harbour I saw my first tropical storm, more magnificent and awe-inspiring than anything Hollywood technicolour can devise. Thunder roared across the multi-coloured sky; lightning shot vicious roots earthwards, illuminating the whole scene with neon blue; and the rain! It drummed down so furiously on the ship that we had to shout to make ourselves heard, and if you put your hand out in it you were reminded of the day when the Head gave you six smarters on the palm for forgetting your homework.

Well, I was bound for Nigeria, so on we sailed, watching the silver flying-fish skimming away from the prow; seeing, occasionally, the triangular fin of a shark sunning himself near the surface, until we tied up in Lagos harbour. Scores of African "boys" (a misnomer, because plenty of "boys" are octogenarians!) clad in an astonishing variety of cast-off European clothing, gabbled at us in pidgin English as we embussed, but soon we were being driven along a tarmac road, past the mangrove swamps around the lagoon, past the tumbledown corrugated iron shacks and mud huts of the African quarter, past the tall white buildings of the town, past the fine lawns and red-roofed houses of the European residential district, to the transit camp of bamboo and thatch huts. Here I spent my first sleepless night on African soil, sweat pouring from me in the stifling heat, cocooned in a white gauze of mosquito net, and the din of the crickets in my ears. My West African "tour," to use the quaint colonial parlance, had begun. And just to cheer myself up, I recited an old rhyme I'd read somewhere that day—

Beware and take heed of the Bight of Benin,  
Few go out, though many come in.

I soon discovered that this ditty is now very much out of date. In recent years the Medical authorities of the Army and the R.A.F. in West Africa, and the Colonial Government Health Departments, have combined in an all-out fight against the main carriers of disease, the mosquito and tsetse fly. You will often see Africans wandering around the swamps and pools with a contraption like a flame-thrower strapped to their backs. This is used for spraying oil on the surface of the water to kill the mosquito larvae. Other new weapons in the fight are D.D.T., a powerful insecticide, which is dusted on walls, and mepacrine, yellow tablets swallowed once a day to lessen the effects of fevers.

Following these measures the death rate among Europeans and Africans has dropped remarkably even during the last ten years, and, while it's still no health resort, the West Coast can no longer be justly called the White Man's Grave.

Let's go for a walk around the town. During the day mosquitos take their siesta, so shorts and an open-necked shirt are worn—and don't forget your hat to protect your neck from the sun. We're near the equator and the sun is almost immediately overhead.

Red, green and purple lizards scamper away as we walk. They're the friendliest of Africa's fauna, because they feed on insect pests (They're fond of cake, too: one half-tame little fellow used to come to my room every evening at 4.30 to gulp down the scraps I threw him).

Many of the Africans are dressed as we are, European style. That's because the white man's influence is strong here on the coast. But if you went up into the "bush"—or the interior—you'd find

that all the Africans wear native dress, which varies from the string of beads worn by the pagans of the Jos plateau to the voluminous white robes of the Mohammedans of Northern Nigeria. There's a Mohammedan trader squatting on the ground over there, selling his wares of leather, ivory, ebony and Kano cloth. That woman with a "piccin" or child, strapped on her back, and a basket full of pots and pans balanced on her head, is one of the Ibo tribe. You can tell by her big turban, loose blouse and the cloth swathed round her waist and reaching to her bare feet. All her garments are gaily coloured, with bright patterns, and they were made in Manchester!

Look at the names on the big stores. English, French, Indian, Syrian, Armenian. In all the coastal towns you'll find traders of these races mingling with the teeming Africans in the hot streets.

Two things will strike you about the Africans. Their happy smiles and their graceful, leisurely walk. They're simple folk, loving laughter. They stand erect, because, from childhood, if they have anything to carry, they carry it on their heads. A "piccin" on her way to school with a bottle of ink carries it on her head. In the Burmese jungle four West African soldiers could walk all day head-loading the barrel of a Dofors gun. And the African never hurries, for he's accustomed to walking long distances, and he knows that you can't hurry under the tropical sun.

At six o'clock we must bath and change into evening clothes—long trousers, collar and tie and mosquito boots. Soon after that the first crickets will begin chirruping, a warning that the mosquitos will shortly be searching for bare flesh to feed on. Now the "boy" comes in to spray the room with a flit-gun and to tuck in the mosquito net. Suddenly, round about seven (all through the year) night falls, the splendid African night, its velvety-blue, star sprinkled sky covering a vast, age-old land of mystery and myriad life.

I went to this land reluctantly, and I won't say that I shed any tears when I boarded the Mauritania at Freetown for the voyage home. But I shan't soon forget the majestic beauty of Africa or the gleaming smile of the happy people who live there.

R. T. D.

## PRIZE DAY.

The Prize-giving was held on Wednesday, December 4th, in St. Andrew's Church. The decision to hold it outside the school was taken with reluctance, but it was made necessary by the fact that there were over 400 pupils in school.

It was a very pleasant function, presided over by the Chairman of the Governors, Mr. Frank Sudbury, and attended by most of the Governors and by a large number of parents and friends. The prizes and certificates were distributed by Mrs. Sudbury.

We heard a very interesting and valuable address from the principal speaker, the Rev. Canon T. Halliwell, Principal of Trinity College, Carmarthen. He gave encouragement to those who had not won prizes by stressing the importance in the world of the average person. He showed the importance of doing in the best possible way whatever one is called upon to do, and made the point that it is by no means only the brilliant academic pupil who is valuable to the community.

In his report the Headmaster reviewed the work of the school during the year and referred also to successes won by old pupils. He defended the external School Certificate examination, because it sets a standard and enables us to make a rough comparison with other schools in other parts of the country. In conclusion he deplored the fact that such a large proportion of our young people leave the district. It was a cause for much misgiving that the finest export of Wales consisted of her young men and women.

During the afternoon part songs were sung by a group of senior pupils and staff, and a German folk song by Form IIIA, who did very well to reach this standard after only one term's study of German.

## PRIZE LIST.

Form II.—First Class Prizes: Pamela Davies, Phyllis John. Second Class Prizes: K. D. Catherall, Sheila Bunt, A. D. Parkinson, Doris Mathias, Olwen Thomas, B. C. Bowen. Art: Pamela Davies. Needlework: Phyllis John. Woodwork: D. A. W. Phillips.

Form III.—First Class Prizes: Marjorie Kenniford, K. J. Bowskill, Barbara Davies. Second Class Prizes: Marion Phillips, W. G. Smith, D. F. Thomas, Betty Fawcett, R. T. Eynon, N. G. Sheppard. Art: W. R. Lewis. Needlework: Pamela Cook. Woodwork: K. J. Bowskill. Cookery: Margaret Perkins.

Form IV.—First Class Prizes: J. C. Maynard, Mary Phillips, G. T. Brown. Second Class Prizes: A. J. Evans, J. T. D. Bartlett, Margaret Prout. Art: D. R. Rogers. Needlework: Maureen Birmingham. Woodwork: G. T. Brown. Cookery: Olwen Jones.

Form VB.—Form Prize: E. K. Thompson. Needlework: Betty Crutchley. School Certificates: E. K. Thompson, Betty Crutchley, Jean Evans, A. T. Richards, Antonia Sabido, K. B. Thomas.

Form VR.—First, J. M. F. Averill. Second, D. E. J. Williams and Marion John. Art: J. M. F. Averill. Cookery: Marion John. Science: Beryl James. Woodwork: D. Rees. Needlework: Olive Richards. School Certificates: J. M. F. Averill, D. E. J. Williams, Marion John, L. T. Cole, Beryl James, F. G. Lovering, D. Rees, Olive Richards, J. D. Ross, C. E. Sabido, Ivy Scourfield, Sylvia Thomas, Mary Williams.

Form VA.—First: Minnie Davies. Second: Marian Davies and Josephine Yates. Art: C. J. West. School Certificates: Minnie Davies, Marian Davies, Josephine Yates, B. G. Birmingham, Mary Delves, Margaret Elliott, Patricia English, Jill Field, Audrie Hay, E. T. S. Hughes, Gwyneth Lloyd, W. G. Long, D. S. Morgan, R. J. Palmer, Valerie Phillips, Norma Shears, A. W. Thomas, Claire Thomas, Ethel Thomas, C. J. West.

Lower VIA.—Form Prize: Ivy Garlick.

Form VIB.—Form Prize: Catherine Day.

Supplementary Certificates.—Jean Colley, Margaret Cunningham, A. G. Moffat, Gwendoline Sutton, Nelly Voyle, Nancy Willcocks, Mavis Williams.

Preliminary Examination of Nursing Council.—Daphne Weekes and Mary John.

Royal Society of Arts.—Margaret Fletcher, Joan Rees, Maureen Watson.

Upper VI.—Form Prizes and Higher Certificates: Peggy Athoe, Leslie Davies, Mary Lewis, B. C. Arthur, E. J. Pope, C. A. Roberts.

Trophies.—South Pembrokeshire Rechabites Cup for Athletic Sports—Glyndwr. Rowland Rees Cup for Champion House in all games—Glyndwr. Miss Mathias Cup for Hockey—Picton. Shield presented by Mr. F. O. Sudbury for the Eisteddfod—Tudor.

## ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

The thought of leaving school naturally recalls entering it. I remember well how, as a shy youngster, the novelty of everything filled my mind, so that I did not have much time for reflection.

After a time, however, the novelty wore off. The first time I hurried to school on the first day of term to grab a new desk before the rest of the form came in was a new, exciting experience. But after a few terms this too became just a matter of form. The only things which seemed to change were the staff, several of whom left to join the Armed Forces, and the prefects, who left for Universities or to lead some other more peaceful life.

Then came the Vth Form and C.W.B. I remember well the trials and tribulations of this period, and also the honour of receiving the certificate on Prize-Day. This novelty came and went as most things seem to in school.

However, after this exciting year came my entrance into the Sixth Form. It was then that I realised all I had gained at school. Now I could enjoy school life to the full. I seemed to become of importance suddenly. My interest in the football and cricket teams grew, and this, added to my prefectship, helped to make me aware of my position, which held its share of responsibility. By this time some of the staff had become old friends; it became easier to talk to them. I felt that I was not "talking up" so much.

I do not think that even the staff, kind and gentle as they are, can ever replace the strong ties of friendship I have in the Sixth form. It is just like a family—there are quarrels, often quite serious, but everything settles down again. I believe that the bonds which bind me to some of its members are stronger than I now realize. I sincerely hope that I shall have friends among them for life.

In a short while I shall be either at the University or in the army, neither of which is a happy prospect. I shall lose much of my direct contact with my friends and the school. Both will mean much hard work and some realization of what the school means to me. Probably both will be good for me; perhaps I have been living a sheltered life too long, but with our crowd of boys, none of the boisterousness of the outside world is missing either on the playing field or in the form-room. I have certainly been toughened up in the gym., and the Sixth Form boys are justly very proud of their handball record.

The prospect of leaving school does not make me happy, but no-one can really help. All the staff can do is to shake hands and say "You're on the threshold of life. You've got your chance. I only wish I was young again." This is not much consolation to a boy who has spent six years in the same place, and is now leaving all his close friends for a community of strangers.

I hope it will not be thought that I am without hope. When normal, I repeat, normal days return once more, when there will be no more strikes, no more peace talks, when I shall be able to see Glamorgan play cricket without having to queue up for a meal. I hope to return and settle down among my Sixth Form friends. Perhaps I am an optimist, but hoping never did anyone any harm.

PETER MAYNARD, VI.

## A VISIT TO HAMPTON COURT.

Last Easter I was fortunate enough to spend my holidays in England's busy capital, and I decided that it would be a splendid opportunity to visit the beautiful palace of Hampton Court.

Fortunately for me my uncle has a car, so it was easy to get there. It was a lovely Spring day when we set out, and as we travelled we could see signs of spring. Almond trees and Forsythia were in full bloom, and their pale pink and yellow blossoms made a beautiful scene.

Soon we reached Hampton Court. This is one of the finest buildings of its kind, and is very old. It was first built by Cardinal Wolsey and made bigger, first by Henry the Eighth, and later from designs produced by Christopher Wren.

It is a huge building for it contains over a thousand rooms. George the Third was the last king to live there; but some parts are occupied by private persons.

There are wonderful gateways and above one of these is a curious old clock. The great hall has a marvellous ceiling and in the rooms are beautiful pictures, wonderful tapestries, and lovely pieces of furniture of Georgian design. There were four-poster beds with heavy drapery but I should not like to sleep in them.

There are acres of beautiful gardens and we saw hundreds of daffodils in full bloom. A huge vine grew in a green-house all to itself. This is called the Great Vine and we could see many bunches of grapes just beginning to form. We made our way to the maze

and we had great fun trying to find our way into the centre and out again.

Before leaving for home we went down to the river bank and I do not think I shall ever forget what a grand sight this fine old building made as it stood just above the banks of the River Thames.

BRIAN JOHN, IIF.

## THE SCHOOL CONCERT, 1946.

Towards the end of the Christmas term the School gave a public concert on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 17th and 18th.

The programme opened with a one-act play, "They Went Forth" by R. F. Rubinstein. The plot dealt with the conscription of young Jews by the Czar in the early nineteenth century and the efforts of the Rabbi to save one of these children from the rigours of army life. Those taking part were:—Reb Joseph Rubinstein, Brian Arthur, Belle (his wife)—Marian Davies, their children—Barbara Davies, Alfred Panton, Glenda Davies, Brian John and Brian Lee; Sarah Kleinman—Ivy Scourfield, Baruch (her son)—Brian Jancey, Russian officer—David Williams. The producer was Mr. E. G. Davies and the stage manager Miss Thomas.

Then a set of Second Form girls, trained by Miss Eynon, gave three delightful dances, a Slovak dance, Tancuj, and two English dances, "If all the world were paper," and Black Nag. The dancers were Joyce Horn, Mary Phillips, Inez Threlfall, Thelma Phillips, Doris John and Shirley English.

The next item was a lively physical training display by boys from Forms III. and IV., who showed free-standing exercises, jumps and vaulting. These boys, who had been trained by Mr. Howells, were Eynon, Hayward, W. Evans, D. Thomas, David Lovering, Alan Smith, Greenwood, George, McCallum and Brian Robinson.

Last came another one-act play—Pinero's "Playgoers," produced by Miss A. R. Lewis-Davies. This is a delightful comedy of a young wife who, sheepishly supported by her equally young husband, attempts to provide entertainment for her servants, newly arrived, and very likely to depart at any moment in a huff. Their reactions to her offers and her gradually mounting despair, afforded real amusement to an appreciative audience. Those who took part were: The Master—Clifford Roberts. The Mistress—Glenys Preece, The Cook—Jeanette Greenwood, the Kitchenmaid—Pamela Crook, the Parlourmaid—Glenys Deveson, the Housemaid—Mary Lewis, the Useful Maid—Beryl James, the Odd Man—Peter Maynard.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Having written Essays on the "Ideal School Magazine," we, although the most despised and detentioned form in the school, humbly proffer the following suggestions for future "Penvros." Pauline and Joan would like to have the House Colours on the front of the magazine. Iris and Ivy want more stories about School life, and poems about School incidents, instead of stories and poems about ghosts and animals, etc. Betty and Doris would like to have a poem about each teacher, and Margaret wants an account of the part taken in public life by both staff and pupils and a word from the Headmaster on the school's progress. Thelma wants a representative on the editorial staff from every form and says that it would do the Commercial Sixth some good to type out the magazine. She would welcome more frequent copies of the "Penvro," because many good articles are rejected because of lack of space, while many budding journalists have been disillusioned



by their efforts being rejected. Jean and Phyllis think that every-one should keep on trying, like them, until they get their names in the magazine, and then it will be a real School magazine for the pupil, by the pupil, and of the pupil. Janet wants a serial comic strip and not so much about things we already know (to our cost, such as the names of the Staff and Prefects, etc.). She has a sneaking fondness for form ABC's and does not want to discontinue them, as some of us do. She also wants a corner for jokes, but she prefers other people to supply the jokes. Beryl wants a page for parents, to bribe them not to do their children's homework for them. Doris and Pat, like Oliver Twists, want bigger helpings of "Penvro," and would charge 9d. for it.

Now for the boys' ideas. Preece would like to have contributions from Epinal children with descriptions of Epinal. Williams wants competitions, jokes and riddles, with answers complete. McCullum is in favour of more jokes like "Sir Marmaduke Montmorency's famous collection of fleas—started from scratch." We dutifully disapproved of this joke, although secretly we thought it rather good, possessing the true Itma flavour, which we all like, but when Form V. assured us that jokes about fleas were in quite good taste (see Kinglake's humorous description in Eothen of the fleas that attacked him in Jerusalem) we insisted that this joke must be included as an encouragement to budding Kinglakes. Greenwood thinks that masters ought to write articles for the "Penvro," for they take as much part in the School as we do, if not more.

If, sir, you would consider some of the above suggestions, we are sure that the Penvro would live up to its name in the true sense of the word. For the benefit of new pupils, Pamela points out that the word Penvro has been coined from the initial letters of the following words—Progress! Entertainment! News! Verses! Rhymes! Odes!

We are, sir, Yours, etc.,

FORM IIIA.

[Read, marked and inwardly digested.—Ed.].

## SCHOOL NOTES.

At the beginning of this term there were 381 pupils in school, 172 boys and 209 girls. There is one student teacher, Mary Martin.

The Prefects are:—

Tudor—Glenys Preece, Nancy Willcocks, Josie Yates, B. C. Arthur (senior), P. F. Maynard, D. E. J. Williams.

Picton—Jean Colley, Ivy Garlick, Norma Shears, A. G. Moffat, F. G. Lovering, C. E. Sabido.

Glyndwr—Mary Lewis (senior), Ivy Scourfield, Betty Jones, C. A. Roberts, D. A. Vaughan, R. Ll. Jones.

The sad news of the death on February 3rd of Beryl James had a numbing effect on the whole school, but more especially on her classmates of the Vth Form. We knew she was ill, but had not realised that her illness had taken such a serious turn. It will not be easy to forget Beryl's natural cheerfulness and constant good humour.

A fairly large number have left since December. We congratulate Marion John on passing the clerical classes examination of the Civil Service. She gained a high position—81st in the examination as a whole, and 16th in the class for typists. She has now started work in the Inland Revenue Office at Haverfordwest.

Others who have left the Vth form are Gwyneth Lloyd, Zoe Jermin, and Olive Richards. Gwyneth is at the Food Office, Zoe at the Gas Company's Offices, and Olive at the office of the Liverpool and Manchester Insurance Company.

In March Marion and Keith Thomas of the Vth left for Malta, when their parents moved there.

We were very sorry to lose Celso Sabido in the middle of June, when he left to join the army. His cheery smile is missed in the Vth Form room, and it seems strange to see someone else taking the detention book round.

Many of the Vth will probably be going to college in October. Mary Lewis expects to go to Cardiff, Peter Maynard to Exeter, Clifford Roberts to the Chelsea School of Art, and Jean Colley to the Cardiff Domestic Science College. Others are still waiting for definite information. Brian Arthur has elected to do his military service first, probably in the Navy.

The various practical examinations have been held this term as follows:—June 2nd, Woodwork—Mr. J. L. Harby; June 10th and 11th, French Oral—Dr. Annie Owen; June 23rd, Practical Physics (at Tenby); June 24th, Needlework—Mrs. Lloyd; June 25th, Practical Geography—Irf. E. G. Bowen.

We were very pleased to see Mr. Dawes at school at the beginning of May. Younger readers will have to be informed that Mr. Dawes was the first headmaster of the school, and that he left here in 1906. He looked exceedingly well and cheerful for his eighty odd years, and entertained the masters with some amusing tales of the school as it was more than forty years ago.

The school has been visited also this term by various inspectors, Miss Jane Evans, Miss Cassie Davies, and Dr. T. I. Davies.

On Sunday, May 18th, Empire Youth Sunday, a service was held in the Park, at which many past and present members of the school took a prominent part—announcing the hymns and reading prayers and passages from the scripture. A large body of pupils attended the service, with many of the staff.

We had another visit, on May 20th, from Mr. Shapcott and Miss B. G. Payn of the Ministry of Labour, who talked to Forms IV., V. and VI. about careers.

On the previous Friday Mr. Noot of the Ministry of Information showed some films to illustrate the need for care on the road.

There were two enjoyable "educational excursions" on Wednesday May 21st, both to Bosherton and Freshwater East. Miss Hughes took her Lower VI. Geography class, and Mr. Harries his V. and VI. Biology class. The trips have been described for us by a member of each party.

We boarded the bus in blazing sunshine at 10.45 accompanied by Mr. Harries and Miss Hughes. We disembarked at Bosherton and went straight down to the lily ponds where the boys risked life and limb getting specimens of water-lily and mare's tail, which showed the characteristics of hydrophytes which we had been studying. We then collected wild flower specimens. On our return journey we were fortunate enough to see a pike, half-hidden by the rushes. After a meal in Bosherton we left by bus for Freshwater East. Here we studied the marram grass all around us, and were told that the tip of it is of the hardest known material—silica. We came home via Stackpole, reaching school about 3.45 after what we all thought the nicest biology lesson of the term.

On May 21st the Lower VI. Geography class paid a visit to Bosherton with Miss Hughes. On our arrival we walked round the lily pools to Broad Haven, from where we walked a few miles along the coast to New Quay, studying the many land forms of the limestone topography. After lunch at Bosherton we returned by bus via Freshwater East.

The first Inter County School sports was held at Milford Haven on Saturday, June 7th. The school did very well, as the girls' team were first in the county and the boys' team second. Here are the

## GIRLS.

SENIORS. 100 yards.—Marion Davies 2nd; High Jump—Josie Yates 2nd; Discus—Ivy Scourfield 2nd; Relay—(Ivy Garlick, Jean Colley, Doreen Jones, Marion Davies) 3rd.

MIDDLE SCHOOL. 100 yards—Margaret Elliott 1st; High Jump—Mary Phillips 1st; Hop, step and jump—Margaret Elliott 1st; Discus—Margaret Elliott 1st. Relay—(Margaret Elliott, Toni Sabido, Ivy Flavell, Norma Shears) 1st.

JUNIORS. Relay—(June Strachan, Dorothy Shears, Pat Blake, Nancy Macken) 2nd.

## BOYS.

SENIOR. 880 yards—D. Vaughan 2nd; Mile—D. Vaughan 1st; Long Jump—A. G. Moffat 3rd; Hop, Step and Jump—A. Richards 2nd; Javelin—A. G. Moffat 1st; Weight—D. Williams 2nd; Cricket Ball—A. G. Moffat 2nd; Relay—(Vaughan, Moffat, Williams, Richards) 2nd.

MIDDLE SCHOOL. 100 yards—G. Polhill 3rd; 220 yards—C. Palmer 3rd; 440 yards—G. Polhill 1st; 880 yards—G. Cook 2nd; 880 yards Walk—T. Baker 2nd; High Jump—A. Skone 2nd; Javelin—A. Smith 3rd; Relay—(Polhill, Palmer, Eynon, Skone) 1st.

JUNIORS.—100 yards—J. Griffiths 3rd; Hop, Step and Jump—N. Smith 3rd; Weight—P. Nutting 2nd; Relay—(B. Thomas, D. Thomas, V. Fretwell, J. Griffiths) 2nd.

Vaughan, Polhill and Palmer were selected, as a result of this meeting, to represent Pembrokeshire in an inter-county sports held at Pontypridd on the following Saturday, but Vaughan was unable to go as he was sitting an examination. Polhill was second in his heat of the 440 yards, and fourth in the final, and the relay team, in which both boys ran, was second in the heat and fourth in the final.

On Wednesday, June 18th Forms II., III. and IV. attended the Music Festival held at the Methodist Church, Pembroke Dock.

The school Social Service fund continues to function and the respectable total of £20 7s. 11d. has been contributed this session up to Monday, June 16th. Donations have been made to the following charities:—£10 10s. to the Meyrick Hospital, £2 2s. each to the National Folk Museum, the Lord Mayor's Flood Distress Fund, the Mumbles Life-Boat Fund, "Youth Helps Youths," "Save Europe Now," and St. Dunstan's, and £1 1s. each to Dr. Barnardo's Homes and the Friends of St. David's Cathedral.

We have to thank Mr. Frank Sudbury for the gift of another shield, as a companion to the shield he gave us some months ago.

At the moment of writing we are looking forward to the visit of our friends from Epinal. We hope their stay here will be very enjoyable and useful. We acknowledge with thanks two parcels of books we received from them at the end of June.

The School was greatly honoured by the selection of two members of the cricket team—Clifford Roberts and David Williams—to play for the "Rest of Wales" against Monmouthshire at Bedwelly on Saturday, June 21st. Roberts bowled remarkably well, taking three wickets for twenty-four runs.

## OLD PUPILS' NOTES.

It is pleasant to be able to offer congratulations to a number of Old Pupils on their success and on their resumption of civilian life.

Bernard Garnett, after a long period of service at the Foreign Office since his return from consular work in Italy, has now returned to Siam, where he has been promoted to the rank of First Secretary at the Embassy.

Congratulations to Philip Sudbury, headmaster of the Coronation School, who recently obtained his M.A. (Wales) for a thesis dealing with the ancient boroughs of Pembrokeshire.

Grahame Davies got his degree at Bristol University some years ago with Honours in French. He ended his military service as a captain in the Indian Army. He is now in Nigeria where he has received an appointment in the administrative branch of the Colonial Service.

Wilfrid Smith, who won the D.F.M. during the war, has returned to the Metropolitan Police.

Two old boys, J. A. G. Thomas and D. F. Hordley have changed over to teaching since the war. Thomas is doing his training and Hordley is teaching at the Coronation School while waiting for a vacancy at a training college.

John Gray recently left the R.A.F. He begins a course in Medicine at the Cardiff Medical School in October.

Peter John, whose marriage we report later in these notes, has left the R.A.F. but remains in the Meteorological Section of the Air Ministry, where he is now a Physicist.

We congratulate Jim Morgans, who is still serving in the army, on passing the final examination of the Auctioneers and Estate Agents' Institute held last March. He passed out first in order of merit with First Class Honours.

Jim Owen, who left the army as a captain, has now been articled to Mr. Owen Lowless, the solicitor in Pembroke.

D. C. Davies, who began his journalistic career as a reporter for the "Guardian," is a sub-editor with Reuter and Press Association, dealing mainly with sport.

Ted Rogers recently left the Ordnance Survey and has been appointed assistant to the County Planning Officer for Pembrokeshire.

Glyn Brown and Catherine Day are both doing well in their pharmaceutical studies at the Chelsea Polytechnic. Catherine did very well in her terminals at Easter. She sits her final examination this month. Brown, who is taking a four-year course, is also doing very well. Last winter he played rugby regularly.

Fred Hughes, who is a sergeant in the Field Security section of the Intelligence Corps, was home on leave in May from Malaya, where he is stationed at Kuala Lumpur.

Eric Carr, who is a lieutenant in the Royal Signal Corps was selected to play in the final trial of the B.A.O.R. XI. to play the Arsenal and Southampton in the Olympic Stadium, Berlin.

Peter Davies has now set up as a veterinary surgeon in Narberth.

Cecil Parry was lucky enough to be posted to the local R.A.F. Station early in the year.

John Neil is serving with the R.A.O.C. in Trieste.

It is a great pleasure to offer congratulations of the same kind to three members of the same family—to Dr. and Mrs. W. Skyrme Rees (nee Marjorie Mathias) on the birth of their son, Timothy David, on November 30th, to Mr. and Mrs. Drewett (nee Gwyneth Rees) on the birth of their daughter Sarah, on February 7th, and to Dr. and Mrs. Macaskill (nee Louie Rees) on the birth of their daughter Victoria Claire on June 17th.

We also offer our sincere congratulations to Mrs. E. W. Leigh (nee Joan Hinchcliffe) on the birth of her daughter Patricia.

Congratulations to Mary John on her engagement to Mr. Kenneth Pitman, and to Pat Morris on her engagement to Mr. Glyn Merriman.

We congratulate three old boys on their success at college. Eric Howells, who left here for Caerphilly Secondary School when his parents moved there a few years ago, has just completed his B.Sc. degree at Cardiff with First-Class Honours in Mathematics. Ralph Castle has obtained his B.Sc. degree in Horticulture at Reading University. He is the first old pupil to take a degree in this subject. Desmond Roch has had a successful first year at Swansea, where he has passed all his subjects at the Intermediate stage.

It was a great shock to us all to learn of the tragic death through a motor accident on June 27th, of Mervyn Howells, of Pembroke. The shock was all the greater because he was, and always had been, such a fine athlete. He went from school to Loughborough College to do Physical Training. From there he joined the army, and had just been promoted captain. We offer our very sincere sympathy to his parents in their sorrow.

We congratulate the following old pupils on their marriage :—

- Jan. 10th, Wilfrid G. Smith to Rae Fenton, S.R.N.  
 Jan. 25th, Margaret Rouse to William Harris.  
 Feb. 8th, Emrys Gay Pendleton to Gladys (Peggy) Tranmar.  
 April 3rd, John W. Blencowe to Maisie George.  
 April 5th, Peter John to Mollie Thulbourn.  
 April 8th, Valene Bowling to Edward (Teddy) William Smith.  
 April 23rd, Mary Myers to Cpl. James R. Clarke, R.A.F.  
 April 24th, Roy Cox to Geraldine Poulton.  
 May 17th, Mary Frances Thomas to John Hillman Hoskyns Jones, R.A.F.  
 May 24th, Doreen Beynon to W/O John Noble, R.A.F.  
 June 4th, Beryl Elvis Owen to Tom Ellis Roberts.  
 June 11th.—Nancy Eleanor Brown to Mervyn Phillips.  
 June 14th, Alan Ricketts to Beryl Hall.  
 June 21st, Jean Elizabeth Paterson to Lt. (S) James Hogg, R.N.

## THE GIRL GUIDES' RALLY.

The Scouts of Pembrokeshire were invited to Haverfordwest, where Lady Baden-Powell, Chief Guide, was to visit the Girl Guides of Pembrokeshire. The Scouts were to act as Guard of Honour.

The Parade was at 2 o'clock, and the scouts lined up on either side of the road leading to the County Theatre. There were about six hundred guides, and they marched past in companies. It was a very smart affair. Three guides carried the Chief Guide's Pennant, then appeared the person we were waiting for—Lady Baden-Powell. She passed, talking to the Scouts, and the Rover Scouts, who were in charge of us.

At the County Theatre, after introduction by the Mayor, and a speech by the Chief Guide of Wales, Lady Baden-Powell told of her travels, and ended her speech by saying that the guides of the world sent them their love and wished them good luck.

A tableau was then performed by the Guides, illustrating heroic deeds and showing the meaning of the Guide Laws. After the afternoon's ceremonies, we marched back to tea, which had been provided for by General Massy.

## MY DREAM.

In bed last night I dream't a dream  
 It really was a perfect scream.  
 All the school was upside down,  
 With each one acting like a clown :  
 Came Mr. Nagle on a scooter  
 Turning the corner he blew the hooter.  
 As we stood on our heads for prayers  
 A most queer noise came from the stairs—  
 Miss Davies arguing with Shaw  
 And thinking him a frightful bore.  
 Miss Hughes was climbing the Pyrenees  
 With hockey pads upon her knees.  
 Mr. Rees was walking with Canute,  
 I really thought they looked so cute.  
 Mr. George came as a vulgar fraction  
 With rule in hand all ready for action :  
 Miss Rees she was the Queen of Hearts  
 With lovely dish of hot jam tarts.  
 Mr. Harries brought a dissected rabbit  
 Which we all thought a most strange habit !  
 Miss Thomas walking in with Caesar  
 What does she see in that old Geyser ?  
 Miss Eynon dribbled a hockey ball  
 Gaily down the length of the hall,  
 Mr. Davies chanted, Mr. Devereux too,  
 " Bonjour mon vieux, comment allez-vous ? "  
 The science masters, one, two, three,  
 Were having fun with T.N.T.  
 Just as the school went up in smoke  
 Whizz ! Bang ! Crash ! with a start I woke !

B. DAVIES, IV.9.

## EPSOM—THE DERBY, 1938.

Before coming to Pembroke to live, I used to live only a few miles from the famous Epsom Downs. I can very well remember being taken to see the great race being run. The downs are situated in some of the most beautiful country in Surrey.

The race itself is not very interesting, as it is over in a very short time. On Derby day traffic of every description is to be seen slowly making its way to the racecourse, while the roads leading to the Downs are packed with people who have been unable to get on the crowded buses. Showmen from all over the country congregate for the big event. One is able to see men doing all kinds of tricks, such as chewing glass, sword-swallowing, and walking through fire bare-footed, other men are dressed in all kinds of costumes, all claiming to know the Derby winners. I remember best of all a massive negro, claiming to be a Prince, who was dressed in his native costume and wore a head-dress of gaily coloured feathers.

Lorries scattered about are loaded with fruit. Some sell bunches of bananas and others grapes, while other men hawk pine-apples cut in slices. Beautiful caravans are to be seen dotted over the downs and brightly coloured gipsies are busy telling people's fortunes. From a high platform, the photographers take photographs of the race from start to finish.

IVOR WILLIAMS, IIB.



Glitter ! Glitter ! Glitter !  
 The grass is all a-glitter ;  
 Covered with the morning dew ;  
 And the birds are singing, too.  
 Twitter ! Twitter ! Twitter !  
  
 Singing ! Singing ! Singing !  
 The birds are all a-singing ;  
 Each bird has a little nest !  
 Where tiny eggs or fledgelings rest.  
 Twitter ! Twitter ! Twitter !  
  
 Frisking ! Frisking ! Frisking !  
 The lambs are all a-frisking,  
 Prancing round the fields all day ;  
 Till they tire of their play,  
 Playing ! Playing ! Playing !

TERENCE DARLINGTON HIF.

## THE SOUTH PEMBROKESHIRE COAST.

When I think of this rugged coastline a picture of overwhelming beauty comes to my mind. Many days in the summer months have I walked along the heather-covered cliffs, and gazed out into the clear blue sea.

One of my favourite views is from the Fisher's Rock—a little headland jutting out into the sea, which was once supposed to be a smuggler's harbour. From here I watch the guillemots hovering over the "Stack Rocks," and beyond these rocks I can see the broad flat rocks of the "Wash," which have proved fatal to many ships, and then beyond this point I can see in the background Linney Head, which appears like a needle sticking out into the blue.

There are also many places of interest among the coast, one of the most popular being St. Govan's Chapel, a little chapel built under the shelter of the cliffs. A few hundred yards along the cliff top are two large rocks pointing out to sea, which are said to have been jumped from one to another by an excited huntsman in full cry, but he had the misfortune to die from shock afterwards. These rocks have been given the name of "Huntsman's Leap." Then further along the cliffs is a little wood which has sunk so much that the tree tops appear to be little bramble bushes in the distance.

One of my favourite bays along the coast is "Bullslaughter." It is a little bay which is gradually being widened by landslides. In this bay are numerous caves, one of which is full of bats, and it gives you quite a shock if you happen to disturb them.

I know so many stories about these cliffs that I could not possibly tell them all, but I hope the little places I have described will interest you, and that one day you may go and see them all.

DAVID MORGAN VR.

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

## Hockey.

Owing to rather bad weather during the Spring term several of the fixtures had to be cancelled. Of the matches played, the school team won three, drew one and lost one.

The results were as follows :—

January 18th.—Narberth (away). Won 2—0.

January 25th.—Milford Central (home). Draw 4—4.

March 1st.—Milford Central (away). Won 4—1.

March 22nd.—Milford Grammar (away). Lost 5—1.

April 2nd.—Old Girls' Match. Won 2—0.

House matches were played as usual at the end of last term when Picton House was victorious. The results were :—Picton 3 points, Glyndwr 2, Tudor 1.

At the end of the term colours were awarded to H. Hughes, N. Shears and M. Davies.

The school team was chosen from the following :—\*T. Sabido (captain), M. Lewis (vice-captain), \*J. Colley (secretary), \*H. Hughes, \*N. Shears, \*M. Davies, M. Elliott, I. Scourfield, M. Phillips, G. Deveson, M. Bermingham, B. Griffiths, D. Colley.

\* Old Colours.

## Football.

The season did not end as successfully as it began for the School XI. Many matches had to be cancelled because of bad weather, but of the five matches played, one was won, and four were lost.

The results were as follows :—

December 7th.—Pembroke Borough Junior Eleven (home). Lost 3—1.

December 14th.—Milford C.S. (away). Lost 6—1.

January 18th.—Tenby C.S. (away). Lost 4—0.

April 2nd.—"Old Boys" (home). Lost 3—1.

The team was selected from :—

C. Roberts\* (captain), D. Williams\* (vice-captain), A. Moffat\*, P. Maynard\*, B. Arthur, R. Palmer, D. Bailey, J. Griffiths, G. Lovering, C. Sabido, R. Robinson, D. Hayward, J. Polhill, D. Rogers, A. Richards.

(\* Old Colours).

A word of thanks must be accorded to those masters who have refereed the school games during the season, and also to the ladies who have prepared tea after our home matches.

## Rounders.

Owing to bad weather conditions, we have played only three matches, but we hope that there will be more to report in the next issue of the magazine. The results were as follows :—

May 10th.—Tenby C.S. (away). Drawn 3—3.

May 31st.—Narberth C.S. (home). Won 22—11.

June 21st.—Milford C.S. (home). Lost 21—2.

The team was chosen from the following : I. Garlick (captain), M. Elliott (vice-captain), T. Sabido, H. Hughes, J. Yates, M. Phillips, B. Griffiths, I. Scourfield, M. Bermingham, B. Williams, M. Sutton.

## Tennis.

Owing to bad weather, we have had only one match up to the present, but we hope to play some more before the end of term, when the house tournaments will also take place. The school team of two couples has already been chosen—they are:

Ivy Garlick and Jean Colley (1st couple).

Nancy Wilcocks and Norma Shears (2nd couple).

The results of the match was:—

June 21st.—Milford C.S. (home). Won 8 sets to 4.

## Cricket.

Only four matches have been played so far this term and of these only one has been won. However, we hope to play more successful matches before the end of term. Once again, the all-round performance of C. Roberts deserves to be mentioned: so far he has taken fifteen wickets for a personal cost of forty-nine runs.

Thanks are due to the ladies who have prepared such fine teas and the masters who have umpired the games. The following have been played:—

May 14th.—v. Pembroke C.C. (h). Lost 30—61 (C. Roberts 5 wks. for 8 runs, D. Williams 4 for 9; J. Griffiths 11 runs).

May 20th.—v. Pedagogues (h). Lost 22—72 (C. Roberts 4 for 18, D. Williams 3 for 20).

May 31st.—v. Milford G.S. (home). Won 79—45 (C. Roberts 21 and 5 for 11, D. Williams 3 for 19, C. Sabido 1 for 4).

June 13th.—“B” team v. Milford C.S. (away). Lost 39—41.

June 18th.—v. Pembroke C.C. (away). Lost 17—56 (A. Moffat 4 for 16, C. Sabido 3 for 8).

June 21st.—v. Milford G.S. (Away). Won 74—46 (A. Moffat 27 and 5 for 14; D. Rogers 12).

It will be seen that three of the above matches have been against mens' teams: from this point of view the season has therefore been comparatively successful. The team has been selected from:—\*C. Roberts (captain), \*D. Williams (vice-captain), I. Griffiths, P. Maynard, A. Moffat, C. Sabido, G. Lovering, D. Rogers, I. Maynard, D. Hayward, R. Robinson, A. Richards, T. Jones, A. Skone, H. Mackay.

\* Old Colours.

## AN ADVENTURE.

One Saturday afternoon, my friend Myfanwy and I decided to go for a picnic. We set off at two and cycled about five miles into the country. It was an extremely warm day, and we were feeling very hot.

After a while we came to a wood, and Myfanwy decided to go there. We chose a sheltered spot for tea, and after we had packed up we had a game of ball. We were enjoying ourselves so much, we failed to notice the sky darkening. Then there was a clap of thunder and rain poured down. We looked for shelter, and came across an old hut.

The hut was of wood, and when we opened the door, an evil smell met us. We looked around and Myfanwy noticed a loose floor-board. Underneath the board were five bottles. We were about to examine them, when we heard footsteps, then voices. We looked around, and saw a window.

Myfanwy climbed out first, and I was about to climb when a cruel hand seized me. I looked round, and my heart sank. The most hideous man I had ever seen stood before me. His pal was nearly as frightening in appearance. From what I gathered their names were Mac and Jud.

Mac tied me with cords, and in a frightening voice asked, “Where you from?”

In a shaking voice I replied, “From Invergordon.”

“What you doing here?”

“Sheltering from the storm.”

“Well, you'll pay for this.”

Meanwhile Myfanwy had run off and arrived at a small cottage, and she soon returned with help. The crooks, who were just about to leave, were caught red-handed. I was rescued and taken home.

When I went to visit Myfanwy the next morning she was in bed with a severe cold, but she was still cheery. She knew she would be in bed for some time, but she said she would not have missed the adventure for anything, and I agreed.

MARGARET SMITH IHS.

## THE NURSING SIXTH.

I'm in the good ol' Nursing Sixth,  
The form that holds but four,  
But we make enough noise,  
To make do for a score.

I'm in that good ol' nursing form,  
Much domestic work I do,  
From washing dirty dish-cloths,  
To clearing out a flue.

We cook for all the prize-days,  
And make the governors ill.  
We make jam-tarts and sandwiches,  
Our aim to please and fill.

We are the miscellaneous form,  
That wanders round the school,  
We never hear a kind word,  
Just drudges as a rule.

But when school parties are arranged,  
And the staff are in a fix,  
Who do they ask to cut the bread?  
Yes? the good old Nursing Sixth.

BETTY CRUTCHLEY.

## SAFETY FIRST.

When you cross the road by day or night  
Just look to see if a car's in sight.  
When the road is nice and clear  
You can cross without a fear.

You must not play ball in the road;  
Always remember the Highway Code,  
The place to play and have a lark  
Is in the playground or the park.

PAT FLAVELL IIB.

## MRS. MALAPROP'S SPEECH AT PRIZE-GIVING.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls.

I am greatly slighted to be asked here this afternoon by your notorious Headmaster to contribute the prizes. It is the first time I have been acquired as a pest to squeak at a prize-giving. Some of you pupils have worked excruciating well during the year, especially you Perfects. I would like to mention how plucky the prize-winners are to retrieve such dud bucks from the platform. I extend my blighted congratulations to them. I feel very snappy this afternoon, and I'm sure, so do you, at the end of the terminus. I am afraid I am quite ineligible to you, lads and gentlemen, at the back of the hall, so I thank you for listening so tentatively and I feel great pressure in wishing you a very happy and preposterous New Year.

VB.

## Va NEWS.

When you are down or get the blues,

Just read about the Va news!

On the 5th Form Biology trip, Gillian Davies began a new fashion—bathing fully clothed.

Our deepest sympathy to Margaret Hannam for the damage to her arm, whilst showing her prowess in the gym. Such inconveniences, however, have their compensations!

We extend our sympathy to W. F. James, who was taken ill on the afternoon following the woodwork exam., and to Mary Phillips, who failed to jump two feet, and twisted her knee, after ably jumping 4ft 5ins.!

What, in the opinion of our Maths. Master, is the greatest vacuum Nature ever created? (We strongly suspect it is to be found on some person in our classroom); and, who was the girl who was told that her nose was a running commentary? Not to be taken literally, of course.

And now my work is truly done,

I hope you'll take it all in fun,

And so my Va news I end,

Hoping I haven't lost a friend.

ZINA JUDD VA

## UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR.

Famous Greek philosopher—Pluto.

The Trojan wars were fought in the Nineteenth Century.

Q. What colour is the water-lily-stem?

A. Juicy.

Q. What does the chlamydomonas feed on?

A. Mineral waters.

A triangle is a square with three sides and three eternal angel.

Ammonia is a deadly disease.

The Pyramids are a tribe of people living in Egypt.

Heard in the school bus queue—I can't stand that girl, she's a proper parachute.

## AN ACROSTIC POEM.

Alan often shows his teeth H  
Like Bradman, playing cricke T  
Alan is not very sh I  
Name me someone like hi M

Some people often tell such lie S  
My goodness, 'tis a si N  
If someone cried out, "Hip hurr A  
The cause is he, our 'a L  
Hip, hip, hooray, hurr A

A. PANTON IV9.

## A FAREWELL ODE.

Farewell to the school and pupils in it,  
A rising each morn with the rook and the linnet,  
R isking one's life on the ropes in the hall,  
E nding the week with the rounders ball,  
W hen the day's done, there's homework to do,  
E nglish and maps and needlework, too,  
L ong were the days of work and play,  
L ong may you flourish, by night and by day!

DAPHNE COLLEY, VB.

## THE EISTEDDFOD 1947.

The Eisteddfod was held on Wednesday, March 12th, and was as exciting as ever. The result was as close as it is possible to be, Tudor winning by one point. The final scores were:—Tudor 109, Glyndwr 108, Picton 96.

Results (commended points in brackets).

### MUSIC.

Solo, Junior Boys.—1, Derek Davies (T); 2, D. Thomas (G.).  
3, A. Tilbury (P.). (P—1, G—1).

Solo, Junior Girls.—1, Margaret Hughes (P.); 2, Sylvia Watson (G.); 3, Margaret Nichols (T.). (T—2; P—2; G—2).

Solo, Senior Girls.—1, Marion Jenkins (G.); 2, Marion Davies (T.); 3, Norma Shears (P.). (T—2; P—1; G—3).

Unison Song, Junior Girls.—1, Glyndwr; 2, Picton; 3, Tudor. (T—1, P—2, G—2).

Unison Song, Junior Boys.—1, Glyndwr; 2, Picton; 3, Tudor.  
Duet, Senior Girls.—1, Norma Shears and Pamela Crook (P.);  
2, Pat Jefferies and Megan Sutton (T.); 3, Mary Lewis and Grace Kenward (G.).

Unison Song, Senior Boys.—1, Glyndwr; 2, Tudor; 3, Picton.

Piano Solo, Junior.—1, D. Willington (T.); 2, Alma Rees (P.);  
3, Diana Jones (G.). (P—2, G—1).

Piano Solo, Senior.—1, D. Harries (T.); 2, Mary Lewis (G.);  
3, Pauline Tucker (P.). (T—2, P—1).

Choral.—1, Tudor (conductor P. Maynard); 2, Picton (conductor Norma Shears); 3, Glyndwr (conductor R. Jones).

### RECITATIONS.

Junior Boys.—1, T. P. Williams (T.); 2, G. Tregidon (G.);  
3, K. MacCallum (P.). (G—1).

Junior Girls.—1, Mary Phillips (T.); 2, Margaret Hughes (P.); 3, Glenda Davies (G.). (T—3; P—2; G—2).

Senior Boys.—1, J. Maynard (T.); 2, A. Richards (G.); 3, T. Baker (P.).

Senior Girls.—1, Glenys Preece (T.); 2, Zina Judd (T.); 3, Ivy Scourfield (G.). (T—1, P—2, G—1).

Welsh Recitation.—1, Mary Phillips (T.); 2, Marion Dix (G.);  
3, Margaret Pannell (P.). (T—2, P—2).

### POEMS.

Senior ("Castles in the Air").—1, Marion Davies (T.); 2, Gillian Davies (G.); 3, Zina Judd (P.). (T—1, G—2).

Junior ("A Wish").—1, Ivy Flavell (P.); 2, R. Brown (G.);  
3, T. P. Williams (T.). (T—1, G—1).

## ESSAYS.

- VI. (Short Story with a Welsh background).—1, Glenys Preece (T.); 2, Mary Lewis (G.).  
 V. ("In Praise of Wales").—1, J. Maynard (T.); 2, Gillian Davies (G.); 3, Zina Judd (P.). (T—1, G—1).  
 IV. (The Amusing Side of School Life).—1, Barbara Davies (T.); 2, Marjorie Kenniford (G.); 3, A. Tilbury (P.). (G—3).  
 III. (A Day in School 200 years hence). — 1, T. P. Williams (T.); 2, J. Greenwood (G.); 3, Pamela Davies (P.). (T—2, G—2).  
 II. (A Letter from one animal to another).—1, Hilary White-lock (T); 2, Glenda Davies (G.); 3, Pat Morcombe (P.). (T—2, P—1, G—3).

## OTHER LITERARY ITEMS.

- Prepared Speech ("To what extent should Wales be independent?").—1, Glenys Preece (T.); 2, A. Tilbury (P.); 3, Ivy Scourfield (G.). (T—1).  
 Dramatics ("The Dear Departed").—1, Picton; 2, Tudor; 3, Glyndwr.  
 Open (Design for an Eisteddfod Programme).—1, C. A. Roberts (G.); 2, B. C. Arthur (T.); 3, J. Griffiths (P.). (G—1).  
 Open (Head from life).—1, C. A. Roberts (G.); 2, A. G. Moffat (P.) and C. Palmer (P.). (G—3).  
 Open (Group of Flowers, or an Animal Study, or a Local Landscape).—1, C. A. Roberts (G.); 2, C. Palmer (P.); 3, E. Mullins (T.). (T—1, P—1, G—1).  
 Junior (Illustration of a Nursery Rhyme).—1, P. Preece (G.); 2, P. Abrahams (P.); 3, E. Mullins (T.). (T—1, P—1, G—2).  
 Junior (Design for a Portfolio for Drawings). — No award. Commended—R. Brabon.

## CRAFTS.

- Open (Floral Table Decoration).—1, Ethel Thomas (P.); 2, D. Field (G.). (G—1).  
 Open (Soft Toy).—1, Marion Phillips (P.); 2, Joan Smallbone (G.). (P—1).  
 Open (Knitted Garment).—1, Claire Thomas (G.); 2, Nancy Willcocks (T); 3, Mary Phillips (P.). (T—1, G—1).  
 Open (Embroidered Article).—1, Antonia Sabido (T.); 2, Marion John (P.); 3, Phyllis John (G.). (T—1, P—1).  
 Open (Model in Wood, Cardboard, Metal, or a Combination).—1, G. Griffiths (P.). (P—2).

## ADJUDICATORS.

- As we had been forced to postpone the Eisteddfod because of the heavy snow, a number of the adjudicators were unable to come on the day. The following ladies and gentlemen adjudicated:—  
 Music—Mr. Arthur David.  
 Essays—Rev. Herbert Jones, Rev. Garfield Davies, Mrs. Norah Davies, Rev. A. Page.  
 Recitations—Miss A. R. Lewis Davies.  
 Poems—Miss Morwyth Rees.  
 Welsh Recitation—Rev. D. H. Evans.  
 Crafts—Mr. Arthur David.  
 Needlework—Mrs. E. Griffith.  
 Art—Mr. G. Davies.  
 Drama and Prepared Speech—Mr. N. G. Cottrell.