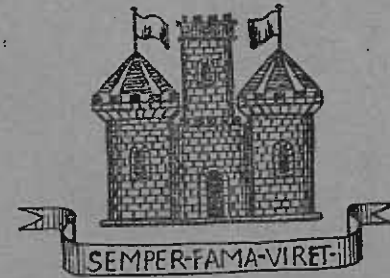


THE PENVRO



PEMBROKE DOCK
"WEST WALES GUARDIAN"
BUSH STREET

PEMBROKE DOCK
GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE

GRAMMAR SCHOOL, PEMBROKE DOCK.

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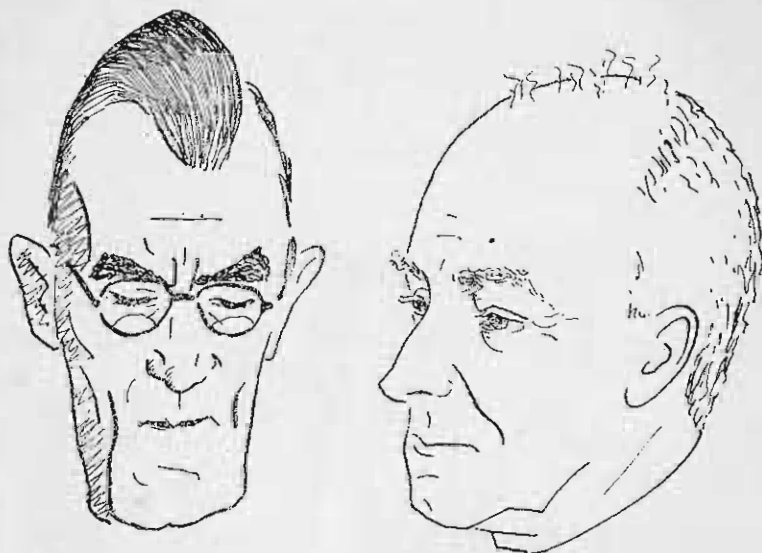
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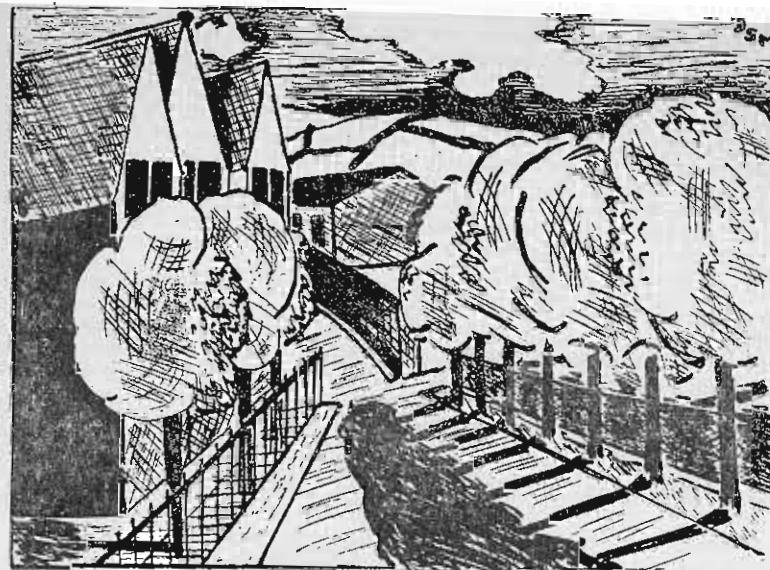
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Elwyn Davies



No. 103.

JULY.

1948.

EDITORIAL.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." I unfortunately belong to the last category, for the honour of writing this editorial was thrust upon me by Mr. Davies, our acting Headmaster, even more suddenly and overwhelmingly than greatness was thrown upon our old friend, the madly-used Malvolio. But this is no joke, and I, in my branched vel—I mean red gown, am taking my duties very seriously. As Editorials are not meant to be read, far less digested, I dalled with the idea of copying a page of Twaddle-dee from "Alice in Wonderland" to do duty as an editorial, but I was afraid some of the eagle eyes in the school would spot the plagiarism, so I gave up the idea. I had visions even of all the school rising up in wrath at such obvious shirking of one's duties, and giving me a report.

There have been some changes on the staff since we last went to press. We bade farewell to Mr. Cottrell, our then Headmaster, at Christmas, and were expecting the new Headmaster at the beginning of this term. But the gods willed otherwise. Mr. Davies, our Senior Master, stepped into the breach and has been acting-Headmaster since January. Under his efficient and wise guidance, the school has pursued the noiseless tenour of its way without any major catastrophe. We hope to welcome our new Headmaster, Mr. Roland Mathias, M.A., B.Litt., next term. Mr. Mathias is at present Senior History Master at St. Clement Dane's Grammar School, London. He has published two volumes of poetry, has been a W.E.A. lecturer in English Literature and is associated with Literary and Dramatic Societies as Actor and Producer. During the interregnum, we were fortunate in securing the services of

Mrs. Douglas Evans, a former member of staff, for the Spring Term, and of Mrs. Nora Davies, for this term. In her triple capacity of teacher, governor and parent, Mrs. Davies has had an interesting term. We regret to report that both our P.T. instructors are leaving us at the end of term—Mr. Howells to take up more congenial work in Tenby, while Miss Eynon is getting married in August to Mr. J. Jones, Midland Bank, Bargoed. We wish both her and Mr. Jones every happiness in the future. We hope Miss Eynon will not entirely forget her Caesar and Virgil in the more arduous duties of house-keeping and queueing. Miss Merle Cooper is also leaving this term, to be nearer her home. Miss Pennington, a graduate of the University of Wales (Aberystwyth), has been appointed to fill her place.

As we like to keep abreast of the times, we have given the "Penfro" a "New Look." We hope that you like the new cover. This seemed an opportune time to get a little change, as we were altering the name of the school. When you all know and speak the good old Celtic tongue, we shall give you one of the old Welsh Triads as a motto, instead of the Latin.

It is the duty of Editors to be brief, and so, my gentle readers, without any more clichés, circumlocutions, euphemisms, or what you will, we end this maiden editorial, confessing modestly that it is a poor thing, but our own.

A. R. LEWIS DAVIES.

THE SEA'S SECRETS.

Oh! sea, so calm, so free,
What secret riches do you hide
In your smooth, untroubled breast?
What treasures there are hoarded
That man must ever seek,
Yet never find?
Relentlessly you lure them on
To seek your hidden secrets,
Then silently ensnare them;
Smiling always your secret
And mysterious smile.
They feel your waves engulf them;
Shut out are worldly things,
All life, all love.
You cradle them to your breast,
Gently murmuring, tenderly caressing.
How beautiful their fate!
There, close in thy sweet embrace,
They find thy hidden treasures,
Too late, too late

MARIAN DAVIES, VI.

MEMORIES OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

This journalistic effort of mine is mainly for the benefit of the junior members of the school; the senior ones will soon experience what happened to me. I suppose that "Parky" and "Willy" of VA. are saying now, "There's Tank throwing his weight about again and giving us advice!" However, that is one of the pleasant memories of the C.S.P.D.

Many of you first and second year boys and girls will think of school as a nuisance and teachers as petty tyrants, but all too soon will come the day when you have to leave; it is then that you will find as I have found, just what C.S.P.D. means. You will realise as I already have, that "my old school" is something that will never be forgotten; it has a little corner of my heart reserved all to itself.

Although one day you will have to leave school, you too will have memories of the first part of your life and memories will always connect you with "the old school."

"The schoolboy spot

We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot."

I have my memories of six, happy, glorious years, some pleasant and others unpleasant, but they are mostly of the former kind. My really most pleasant memories are of the last few years in school when I was really someone. The few months I spent in the sixth form are amongst the happiest I have ever known. The care-free jollity (even near examination time) of Dai, Pete, Hank, Reg and Dick and that comradeship that exists between the boys and the girls. I remember R———'s birthday when I was in VR. and the "present" we gave him! "Julius Caesar" was another activity which brings back a flood of memories (not all of them pleasant)!

I like to remember the school sports, the end of term socials (especially the one at which I was technically knocked out), the games of football and cricket and all the thousand and one activities which used to constitute my academic life. Of course we have such happenings at my new school, but they have not the same zest in them (or perhaps it is N. G. Long?).

My memories of the staff are many, not ALL of them pleasant, but as you juniors go higher in the school you will find that they are your friends and that they really are very human.

I hope to visit "my old school" very soon and revive memories, which are only six months old. I will close this contribution to the school "mag." with my only really unpleasant memory and that is the marking of IIB's report books on a Friday morning!

NEVILLE LONG.

SPORTS DAY.

This year we departed from all tradition and held the sports early in the summer term—on Friday, May 21st—on Bush Camp.

The reason for this departure from custom was that the Inter-School Sports were to be held at Milford on May 29th, and we wanted to pick our best competitors for this event.

The weather was good, as it was the tail-end of the Whitsun heat wave, and it was a very successful day, although the number of spectators was disappointing.

Unfortunately for Tudor and Glyndwr, the result was a runaway victory for Picton, the final scores being:—Picton 118, Tudor 64, Glyndwr 59.

DETAILS.

80 yards Junior Boys.—1, B. John (P.); 2, G. Tregidon (G.); 3, V. Fretwell (P.).

80 yards, Junior Girls.—1, Mary Phillips (T.); 2, Nancy Macken (P.); 3, Elvira Hodge (G.).

220 yards, Senior Boys.—1, C. Palmer (P.); 2, R. Palmer (P.); 3, D. Davies (T.).

660 yards Walk, Junior Boys.—1, D. Myers (G.); 2, P. Williams (T.); 3, V. Fretwell (P.).

100 yards, Middle School Girls.—1, Dorothy Lewis (T.); 2, Pat Blake (T.); 3, Pamela Davies (P.).

100 yards, Senior Boys.—1, R. Palmer (P.); 2, C. Palmer (P.); 3, R. Eynon (T.).

100 yards, Senior Girls.—1, Toni Sabido (T.); 2, Norma Shears (P.); 3, Ivy Garlick (P.).

880 yards Walk, Senior Boys.—1, D. Lovering (P.); 2, A. Tilbury (P.); 3, K. Gwyther (G.).

220 yards, Junior Boys.—1, V. Fretwell (P.); 2, G. Tregidon (G.); 3, B. John (P.).

440 yards, Senior Boys.—1, R. Palmer (P.); 2, D. Davies (T.); 3, A. Smith (P.).

880 yards, Senior Boys.—1, D. Macken (P.); 2, D. Lovering (P.); 3, D. Jones (T.).

One Mile, Senior Boys.—1, D. Macken (P.); 2, D. Lovering (P.); 3, J. Rees (T.).

Relay, Junior Boys.—1, Picton; 2, Tudor; 3, Glyndwr.

Relay, Junior Girls.—1, Picton; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Tudor.

Relay, Middle School Girls.—1, Tudor; 2, Picton; 3, Glyndwr.

Relay, Senior Girls.—1, Picton; 2, Tudor; 3, Glyndwr.

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

High Jump, Senior Boys.—1, A. Richards (G.); 2, A. Skone (G.); 3, W. Rees (G.).

High Jump, Middle School Girls.—1, Rav Thomas (G.); 2, Mary Phillips (P.); 3, Sheila Turner (G.).

Long Jump, Junior Boys.—1, J. Phillips (T.); 2, B. John (P.); 3, D. Myers (G.).

Hop, Step and Jump, Junior Girls.—1, Christine Copeman (T.); 2, Nancy Macken (P.); 3, Diana Jones (G.).

High Jump, Junior Boys.—1, John Phillips (T.); 2, G. Hughes (T.); 3, J. Griffiths (P.).

High Jump, Junior Girls.—1, Christine Copeman (T.); 2, Nancy Macken (P.), and Janice Phillips (P.).

Hop, Step and Jump, Senior Girls.—1, Norma Shears (P.); 2, Ivy Garlick (P.); 3, Toni Sabido (T.).

Hop, Step and Jump, Senior Boys.—1, C. Palmer (P.); 2, A. Skone (G.); 3, R. Eynon (T.).

Hop, Step and Jump, Junior Boys.—1, D. Rendall (G.); 2, J. Griffiths (P.); 3, V. Fretwell (P.).

Long Jump, Senior Boys.—1, C. Palmer (P.); 2, R. Palmer (P.); 3, A. Skone (G.).

High Jump, Senior Girls.—1, Toni Sabido (T.); 2, Ivy Garlick (P.); 3, Gillian Davies (G.).

Hop, Step and Jump, Middle School Girls.—1, Pat Blake (T.); 2, Dorothy Shears (P.); 3, Ray Thomas (G.).

Discus, Senior Girls.—1, Toni Sabido (T.); 2, Ivy Scourfield (G.); 3, Ivy Garlick (P.).

Javelin, Senior Boys.—1, R. Palmer (P.); 2, W. Rees (G.); 3, N. Sheppard (P.).

Cricket Ball, Junior Boys.—1, K. MacCallum (P.); 2, D. Rendall (G.); 3, N. Lumsden (G.).

Cricket Ball, Senior Boys.—1, A. Skone (G.); 2, A. Richards (G.); 3, R. Palmer (P.).

Discus, Middle School Girls.—1, Ivy Flavell (P.); 2, Ray Thomas (G.); 3, Pat Blake (T.).

Discus, Junior Girls.—1, Joyce Thomas (T.); 2, Pamela Rees (P.); 3, Nancy Macken (P.).

Javelin, Junior Boys.—1, K. Doidge (T.); 2, P. Collins (P.); 3, J. Griffiths (P.).

Weight, Senior Boys.—1, C. Palmer (P.); 2, W. Rees (G.); 3, P. Nutting (P.).

Discus, Junior Boys.—1, R. Haggard (T.); 2, P. Collins (P.); 3, J. Phillips (T.).

Discus, Senior Boys.—1, A. Skone (G.); 2, R. Palmer (P.); 3, W. Rees (G.).

Weight, Junior Boys.—1, P. Collins (P.); 2, N. Lumsden (G.); 3, G. Tregidon (G.).

A WISH.

I wish someone would give me
An aeroplane, and skill
To steer it through the silver skies,
'O'er mountain, dale and hill.

And three long years to travel,
To countries far and near;
From Greenland's icy mountains,
To lands of Southern Star.

Sound sleep to soothe my nights,
Real joy to crown my days;
Free from all tests and text-books,
And school's hard-working ways.

Then homeward I fly rejoicing,
Knowing that I shall be
Rewarded by my masters,
With certificate, C.W.B.

T. P. WILLIAMS, IV.S.

MEMORIES OF LONDON.

Things are seldom what they seem and I must confess that the somewhat gloomy aspect of Paddington Station when I arrived there held out little promise of the many and varied delights that I was to experience before I left some days later.

First among my memories I rank standing on the pavement opposite St. Paul's and seeing three very famous people pass by. First, Mr. Churchill, complete with cigar, and then Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, on their way to the Mansion House. On the previous Sunday my mother had persuaded me to wait unwillingly outside Buckingham Palace for half-an-hour in order to see the Princess. All we saw, however, was Queen Mary's green saloon car and the royal standard on the Princess' car. We also joined a large crowd outside 10, Downing Street, but on asking a policeman we found that it had gathered from mere sheep instincts, a cabinet meeting being in progress that might have lasted five hours.

One of my funniest experiences was in Madame Tussauds. We were admiring the lifelike appearance of the figures on the stairs and one in particular attracted our attention. We kept saying "Isn't it marvellous, you'd think he was human!" and suddenly he turned and said "This way, madame." We felt really silly, but could not help laughing.

We visited Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's and I preferred the latter. When we went into Westminster Abbey there was a service in progress and the unseen choir, whose voices seemed to pour from the roof, was really marvellous. In the crypt of St. Paul's we saw the huge monument under which Nelson was buried. In order that his coffin should be inserted one of the stones was slid away. Wellington's tomb was a little further on and near it was his funeral coach made from gun carriages. The altar was particularly beautiful, being hung with scarlet draperies, inside which the concealed lighting made them glow like flame.

Of the shows I saw the ones I most enjoyed were very different in style—the ballet and Oklahoma. The guest artist in the ballet was Anton Dolin, who gave a modern interpretation of Satan. His dance was most spectacular, ending in a fall down twenty steps. It was enhanced by the fact that he was covered in green

phosphorus grease-paint which looked most uncanny. Oklahoma was an extreme contrast, being a really rousing American show, full of laughs and catchy tunes. I came out feeling that I could see it again and again.

But duty called and I was forced to leave London all too soon, bringing with me many happy memories.

ZINA JUDD, Lower VI. Arts.

SCHOOL SPORTS.

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

Hockey.

The hockey team had a fairly successful season, winning four games and losing two.

At the end of term a match was played against the staff, the latter winning by three goals to two.

Colours were awarded to Ivy Scourfield and Mary Phillips.

Jan. 17th.—Milford Grammar (away). Lost 5—2.
Jan. 31st.—Carmarthen Grammar (home). Won 3—2.
Feb. 28th.—Fishguard Grammar (home). Won 1—0.
Mar. 6th.—Narberth Grammar (home). Won 7—0.
Mar. 13th.—Carmarthen Grammar (home). Won 6—0.
Mar. 20th.—Milford Central (away). Lost 3—1.

The team was chosen from the following:—Tonia Sabido* (capt.), Norma Shears* (vice-capt.), Marion Davies* (sec.), Hilda Hughes*, Ivy Scourfield*, Mary Phillips*, Maureen Birmingham, Pauline Tucker, Betty Griffiths, Zina Judd, Dorothy Shears, Megan Sutton, June Strachan.

Old Colours *

Football.

After the last issue of the "Penfro" in the Christmas Term, the School Football XI, played thirteen games, of which five were won, five drawn, and three lost. The School 2nd XI. played three matches, winning two and drawing one.

The results are as follows:—

1st XI. RESULTS.

Nov. 29th.—Milford G.S. (home). Drew 3—3.
Dec. 6th.—Milford G.S. (home). Won 6—0.
Dec. 13th.—Narberth G.S. (home). Drew 2—2.
Dec. 18th.—Old Boys (home). Won 6—1.
Jan. 10th.—Milford G.S. (home). Lost 0—2.
Jan. 24th.—Narberth G.S. (home). Won 3—2.
Feb. 13th.—Milford G.S. (away). Lost 0—7.
Feb. 28th.—Tenby G.S. (home). Won 3—1.
Mar. 4th.—Pedagogues (home). Drew 2—2.
Mar. 6th.—Whitland G.S. (home). Won 3—1.
Mar. 13th.—Borough Juniors (home). Lost 1—4.
Mar. 29th.—Narberth G.S. (away). Drew 3—3.
Mar. 25th.—Old Boys (home). Drew 3—3.

2nd XI. RESULTS.

Jan. 22nd.—Coronation School (home). Drew 2—2.
Feb. 10th.—Coronation School (home). Won 4—1.
Feb. 24th.—Coronation School (home). Won 5—0.

At the end of the Spring Term, Junior and Senior House matches were played. In the Junior matches, Picton won two games, and Glyndwr one, while each Senior team won one game.

The School team was selected from:—

D. Williams* (capt.), J. Griffiths*, P. Maynard*, D. Hayward, R. Palmer, R. Robinson, G. Lovering, P. Collins, W. Rees, A. Skone, D. Jenkins, A. Smith, A. Richards, N. Smith, D. Rendall.

(* Old Colours).

At the end of the season, colours were awarded to D. Hayward, R. Palmer and R. Robinson.

Mrs. Gay and the Kitchen Staff should be thanked for providing the teas, and also the masters who refereed the matches.

Rounders.

The School Rounders team have had a very successful season this year, not having lost one match and having only half a rounder scored against them. The results were as follows:—

May 8th.—Tasker's (home). Won 1—0.
May 22nd.—Tenby (home). Drawn 0—0.
June 5th.—Milford Central (away). Won 7½—½.
June 12th.—Whitland (away). Won 3½—0.
June 19th.—Tenby (away). Won 3½—0.
July 3rd.—Milford (home). Won 1—0.

The team was chosen from the following:—Ivy Garlick (capt.), Tonia Sabido (vice-capt.), Betty Griffiths (sec.), Josie Yates, Mary Phillips, Barbara Davies, Margaret Smith, Pat Blake, Ivy Flavell, Ivy Scourfield, Hilda Hughes, Zina Judd.

Tennis.

The School Tennis team have had a fairly successful season this term, winning three out of the four matches played. The results were as follows:—

June 12th.—Tasker's (away). Won 47 games—34.
June 16th.—Tenby Red Cross Cadets (home). Won 8 Sets—3.
June 26th.—Tasker's (home). Lost 41 games—31.
July 3rd.—Milford (home). Won 7 sets—3.

The team was chosen from the following:—Ivy Garlick (capt.), Nancy Willcocks, Ivy Scourfield, Norma Shears, Betty Griffiths (sec.), Mary Phillips, Tonia Sabido, Megan Sutton.

Cricket.

The School XI. has so far had a moderately successful season, considering the stiff opposition which has been encountered. Ten matches have been played, of which the School has won four and lost six.

The results are as follows:—

May 1st.—Burton U.C.C. (away). Won 57—32.
(Richards 4 for 10, Smith 1 for 1).
May 8th.—Pedagogues (home). Lost 58—52.
(Richards 2 for 1, Williams 18).

May 15th.—Carmarthen G.S. (home). Won 47—42.
(Smith 5 for 15, Griffiths 22).
May 19th.—Pembroke C.C. (home). Lost 103 for 8—52
(Hayward 15).
May 22nd.—Angle C.C. (away). Won 50—18.
(Richards 4 for 4, Hayward 6 for 3).
June 12th.—Milford G.S. (away). Lost 44—16
(Richards 4 for 12, Smith 4 for 1).
June 24th.—Burton C.C. (home). Lost 62 for 6—61
(Mathias 23, Smith 4 for 3).
June 26th.—Angle C.C. (home). Won 43—20.
(Richards 6 for 9, Hayward 3 for 7).
June 30th.—Pembroke C.C. (away). Lost 81—48
(A. W. Devereux 20, Griffiths 3 for 2).
July 3rd.—Stackpole C.C. (away). Lost 18—17
(Richards 3 for 1, Smith 4 for 1).

The team was selected from the following :—

A. W. Devereux, D. Williams* (capt), D. Hayward, P. Maynard, J. Griffiths*, J. Maynard, S. Mathias, H. Mackay, G. Lovering, P. Collins, A. Richards, N. Smith, F. Manning, A. Skone, D. Rendall, A. Evans, E. Griggs.

(* Old Colours).

A word of thanks should be accorded to the masters who have umpired the games and also the Kitchen Staff who prepared the teas.

FAREWELL

Memories crowd in upon memories, each striving to come out on top, so that each flashes by in a never-ending race. Into five-and-a-half years have been crowded the happiest and (I am sure) the best years of my life. Wherever I have been, I do not think that I have spent such a pleasant time, and among such likeable and helpful people. Unlike Wordsworth, "five years have passed, with the length of five long winters," the five years have passed so quickly, that it doesn't seem that long since I first entered your portals. Then, like my "fellowmen," I was weak and quaking at the knees, and the newness seemed to stand out a mile. Confused and wandering, we began to settle down and gradually we found our way about, along corridors and into classrooms and over ground that is now so familiar that sleep-walking there would be easy.

Every day has been well filled, and with so much to do, the time has never seemed to drag. Sports, "Eisteddfodau," examinations, concerts and parties have all added their part and made a break in the daily ritual of school life. Then, in this way, the school has been thrown into a greater light in the view of the general public, the greatest of all critics. How many times have we been told to keep up the School's good name—all part of a rigorous training, which will well be remembered when battling with the trials of life and the world in general.

I do not think that anywhere or in any other school, I should be as happy as I have been here. Looking back over these few years, the happy events crowd out the little trivial events that seemed so momentous at the time. It was a red-letter day when I entered school for the first time and I shall always look forward to coming back and seeing you all.

JILL FIELD. V.m.

INTELLIGENCE TEST.

Translate the following French sentences into English in one minute :—

1. Pas de lieu Rhone que nous.
2. Gui n'a beau dit, qui sabot dit, nid a beau dit elle.

A WEEK-END CYCLING TOUR.

Pentrecwrt? Where is that? My geography of South Wales not being very good, these were the first questions I asked when I had permission to accompany Mr. Cooper and a party from school on a cycling trip to the Youth Hostel at Pentrecwrt. I was soon told that it was in Cardiganshire—about 15 miles from Carmarthen town. That sunny Saturday morning I felt as if I could cycle to London, and a mere forty-five miles seemed a trifle.

The journey there was very thrilling, as at every turn of the pedal, we were seeing something new and interesting. Llawhaden Castle turned out to be little more than two walls, and I felt like Kinglake when he arrived at Paphos—very disappointed. Hearing that it was threepence to enter the battlements, we decided to stay outside and eat grape-fruit; eventually my friend Mary and I found another way in and felt pleased at having saved this small fortune.

We enjoyed our tea at the top of the Precelly Mountains—at least, the more energetic ones did. Glenys, Mary and I decided to rest half-way, and I jumped fairly out of my skin to see Glenys in hysterics. My first thought was that she had seen pink elephants, but they turned out to be a large, yellowy creature rather like a frog. We have since had great difficulty in convincing people that we were not dreaming, but I touched it and know that I was quite sane.

The hot sun was most trying, especially when we were cycling over a Roman Road. How I pitied the Roman legions, as bare rock and stones is a fairly accurate description of this relic! The Welsh people's remarks and their stares at us foreigners were not very encouraging, and when we saw our headmistress riding along in a furniture-van with lots of men, we felt quite weak. This mystery has now been explained away—Miss Davies was moving house.

We were greatly attracted by some playful rapids near Newcastle Emlyn and the abundant pine-trees were so carefully tended, they were like a regiment of tin soldiers.

Reaching the hostel, we were welcomed by Miss Hughes and Miss Cooper, who had walked from Carmarthen—the tremendous distance of fifteen miles—and were gracefully suffering the after-effects. We can thank them for cleaning the potatoes for the very enjoyable hot meal we had soon after our arrival. The hostel was a novelty in itself—a converted mill with an obliging warden, and open to all who reach there under their own power. We were all up before 7 o'clock next morning and a little exploring was done before breakfast, when we saw a man gaffing salmon on the Teifi, and we explored a wool mill.

In the meantime Mr. Cooper's bicycle had come to grief and it was not until eleven o'clock that we left for home. The stretch down-hill to Carmarthen gave me a lovely sensation—the feeling one gets when one knocks one's funny-bone. We were not so tired going home as we were on the day before—a fact which sounds wrong, but we were greatly cheered by the continual buying of lemonade and ice-cream.

The landscape soon became familiar and it was quite an anticlimax to cross again in the Alumchine. However, it was good to be home.

MEGAN SUTTON Lr.vi. Arts.

CALL IT A DAY.

Every lesson we have, we wait eagerly for the end. Two minutes to go now, it's almost over. How I hate this history lesson! Ah, the bell, the blessed bell! Give its ringer a medal. I say to myself, "Shove our books in our desks, and make a dive for the door"—"but wait," says some authoritative voice from the region of the teacher's desk, "You have homework, I think?" Oh, what a life! I'd forgotten all about the old stuff, but no getting out of it now. There it is written on the board, in black and white you might say. "Learn a map, page so-and-so." Learn a map! "How can anyone learn a map," I ask myself?

At last I get home, my bag piled with books of various kinds I have my tea with a poetry book open in front of me. What did Miss Davies say it was called? Something about some Eve, I think it was, or was it now? Oh, I'll learn this one; it's about some girl who upon "St. Agnes' Eve" went to bed supperless and dreamed about her lover.

That's done at last! I think I know the poem, I hope. Now history. "Draw a map." No, did he say draw the map or learn it. Well, I learn it—to draw it would take too much time, and besides I want to go out to-night. So I sit down again to learn my history map. Were there ever such things as maps? Can't they be satisfied to know that this or that town is in China or Japan or wherever it is, without drawing it. Oh, well, I'm not going to bother about it. It has already taken ten minutes of my time, so let's hope we won't be asked any questions about it.

Now, last of my pile, comes a fairly big writing book. Yes, you have guessed rightly. It IS a Geometry book. I had forty or forty-three per cent. in my last examination, nearly the highest mark in maths. I have ever had. What has five sides? Do YOU know? I don't. Is it an octo something? Oh, I don't know. I will leave that question. Now, here comes a problem. All maths. are problems to me. "Find angle o b x." Oh, I suppose it's 30 degrees. If not, well, I'm afraid it's just too bad. For me, I mean.

Well, now, I'm tired, and I have at last finished my homework. The clock says two minutes to seven. I believe I'll make it yet. Yes, I must hurry my last few lines of this compo and rush off to the club.

PAULINE PHILLIPS, IV. Arts.

OUR TOWN CLOCK.

In Pembroke Dock there stands a clock,
In the tower of St. John;
Sometimes it tells the proper time,
But mostly it is wrong.

After leaving home in such a flurry,
We feel that there's no need to hurry;
When the town clock says it's half-past eight,
No fear at all that we'll be late!

Arriving at the school at last,
We find that prayers are almost past;
And standing just inside the gate,
A prefect scowls and says, "You're late."

Out of satchels with gloomy looks,
We sadly pull our Report books.
And get them signed with sorry face,
For being late we're in disgrace.

Our punishment at last is done,
Indeed, we haven't had much fun,
And hurrying home glare at the clock,
Which sweetly ticks and does us mock.

JOAN GODFREY.

SCHOOLS 200 YEARS HENCE.

During the last 200 years, great changes have taken place in our schools. To get some idea of what our schools may be like in 200 years' time, we can perhaps take as our guide the changes that have taken place during the last 200 years.

Children in 1748 A.D. were compelled to pay school fees. Now all education is free. It is reasonable to expect that if this rate of progress is kept up, the children of 2148 A.D. will be paid handsome salaries to attend school.

Discipline has changed. We imagine that the masters in olden days, like Mr. Squeers, had great faith in corporal punishment. To-day, the cane is kept mercifully in the background. Perhaps in the future, the tables will be completely turned, and masters will be doing periods of penance imposed by the pupil.

The real drudgery of school life is still with us: the struggle to learn subjects we don't like. Perhaps science will come to the rescue. Masters will, by means of a machine, broadcast educational waves. These waves will store knowledge in the minds of a child, who will be able to give a recording whenever it is required.

School meals have come to stay. The school restaurant will one day be a place of real charm with its small tables, easy chairs, and vases of flowers. Morning coffee and flavoured ice-cream will be added to our menus.

Changes in the weather will not be dreaded when each pupil has his own electric fan in summer and his own electric heater in the winter. The hard old-fashioned desks will be replaced by easy chairs. Fresh air, delicately perfumed, will pass through classrooms, without causing draughts.

Pens and ink blots will soon be things of the past. Automatic type-writers will one day answer to the will of the pupil and do all the necessary written work.

Children have the wonderful gift of thinking. This gift must be trained. We want to be happy in work and play. The school will help us. We must realise that there is no royal road to learning and that pupils, even in 2148 A.D., will get out of school only what they themselves are prepared to put in.

T. P. WILLIAMS, IV.S.

SCHOOL NOTES.

At the beginning of this term there were 387 pupils in school, 214 girls and 173 boys. There was in addition one student teacher, David Rogers.

The prefects are:—

Tudor—Glenys Preece (senior), Nancy Willcocks, Josie Yates, P. F. Maynard, J. C. Maynard, G. T. Brown.

Picton—Ivy Garlick, Norma Shears, Vilma Phillips, F. G. Lovering, J. H. Griffiths, R. J. Palmer.

Glyndwr—Ivy Scourfield, Marian Davies, Jeannette Greenwood, D. E. J. Williams (senior), D. S. Morgan, A. T. Richards.

We offer our very heartiest congratulations to Ivy Garlick and Glenys Preece. Ivy, on the result of an examination she sat in February, won an open scholarship to Newnham College, Cambridge, and will be going up to the University in October to study for a degree in geography. Glenys sat a similar examination in March for St. Hugh's College, Oxford, and qualified for entrance. Her work was good enough for an exhibition, but there was not one available. These successes, following on their achievement in winning County Major Scholarships on the result of the Higher Certificate examination last July, do great honour to the school.

We are also glad to congratulate Elwyn Hughes and Derek Davies. Hughes passed the Clerical Classes examination of the Civil Service in the Winter Term, and has gone to Bath to become a clerk in the Admiralty. Derek Davies passed the entrance examination to H.M.S. Conway in June, and will be going there in September. He will qualify there for service as an officer in the Navy or the Merchant Service.

All the members of the VIth Form who have applied for admission to various colleges have been accepted. For those who are going to universities, the acceptances naturally depend on their passing the Higher Certificate. Nancy Willocks and Peter Maynard hope to go to Exeter, Marian Davies and David Williams to Aberystwyth, Ivy Scourfield to Cardiff, Norma Shears to Swansea, Josie Yates to Homerton Training College, Jeanette Greenwood to Swansea Training College, and Mary Williams to the Domestic Science College at Cardiff.

There are a number of events to report since the last number of the "Penfro" was published. The earliest in date is the visit of the Cadbury Film Unit on December 5th. The operator, Mr. Morris, showed us three films—a Mickey Mouse cartoon (the sugar on the pill?), a film dealing with bird life in Canada, and "Gold Coast Journey," which can be described briefly as the story of the Cocoa bean. Near the end of the Winter Term came the usual Christmas parties, which were, as usual, thoroughly enjoyed.

On Christmas Eve the usual small party of VIth formers and Old Pupils sang carols and collected money for the Meyrick Hospital. They acquired the really splendid sum of £3 9s. 3d.

We were delighted to have a return visit, on February 16th, of the Compass Players. This year they gave us a delightful dramatized version of Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale!" We were again delighted and amazed by their versatility not only in acting but in staging and lighting. All who are familiar with the very limited capabilities of our stage will realise what feats of ingenuity were performed by the company.

Earlier in the term, on January 26th, Mr. Howells showed us some very interesting films on athletics, and a little later we had a lecture, with lantern slides, by Mr. Gabriel, on Wool, its Scientific Aspects.

For various reasons we did not hold our usual eisteddfod on St. David's Day this year. We did, however, observe the festival of our patron saint by holding an informal concert in the afternoon. This consisted of solos, choral singing and speaking, in both Welsh and English, and a one-act play—J. O. Francis's "The Bakehouse," which was very well performed by members of VI.N. and V.M. The Rev. Alun Page was kind enough to come along and give us a short talk on St. David's Day and its significance.

On March 8th and 9th Dr. Mary Jenkins and Dr. Whitelaw carried out a medical inspection of all the pupils.

On May 24th Capt. Curtis gave a most useful talk, illustrated with a film, to the senior boys, on life in the army.

The usual practical examinations were held in the Summer Term, Cookery on May 3rd (Mrs. Lloyd), Needlework on May 4th (Mrs. Lloyd), French Oral on May 28th (Prof. Morgan Watkin), Geography on June 4th (Mr. Farmer), Physics on June 9th (Dr. R. M. Davies), and Woodwork on June 11th (Mr. F. G. Skrine). The Biology and Chemistry practical examinations were held in Milford Haven on June 1st and June 2nd.

On May 7th the entrance examination was held at the school. There were 138 candidates.

On May 25th Mr. Cooper took his art class to St. David's to study the architecture of the cathedral.

The Pembroke Arts Club organised an exhibition of arts and crafts at the end of May. The school sent in a number of exhibits—Drawings, puppets, woodwork—all of which earned high praise from the organisers.

The Annual Music Festival of the Free Churches was held at the Methodist Church on Wednesday, June 23rd. All the members of Forms II., III. and IV. attended and did much to make the festival a success.

The School did not do as well this year as last in the Inter-School Sports at Milford Haven. Out of the nine schools taking part we were fifth in the sports as a whole, and the girls were third in their section. These are the details:—

GIRLS' EVENTS.

Hop, step and jump (senior).—1, Norma Shears. Discus (senior); 1, Toni Sabido. Relay (senior).—2nd, Discus (Middle School); 2, Ivy Flavell. Relay (Middle).—2nd, Hop, step and jump (junior); 2, Christine Copeman. Discus (junior).—2, Joyce Thomas.

BOYS' EVENTS.

440 yards (senior).—2, R. J. Palmer. Long Jump (senior).—2, Colin Palmer. Weight (senior).—2, Colin Palmer. Discus (senior).—2, A. Skone. High Jump (senior).—2, A. Richards. Javelin (senior).—2, R. Palmer. Cricket Ball, senior.—2, A. Skone. High Jump (Middle School).—3, W. Rees. Discus (Middle School).—2, W. Rees. Hop, step and jump (Middle School).—3, R. Eynon. Discus (junior).—3, R. Haggard. Weight (junior).—2, W. Collings. Relay (junior).—3rd.

A number of juniors competed in the sports organised by the County Youth Organisation, held on Bush Camp Ground on June 16th. These are the results:—

GIRLS' EVENTS.

Netball Shooting (13-15).—2, Jean Macken. 110 yards (13-15).—1, Mary Phillips; 2, Dorothy Lewis.

BOYS' EVENTS.

High Jump (13-15).—2, Glyn Hughes. 110 yards (13-15).—3, Brian John. 880 yards (13-15).—2, Arthur Jones. Cricket Ball (11-13).—1, T. Ridley. High Jump (11-13).—2, W. Collings. Long Jump (11-13).—2, P. Brabon. Long Jump (13-15).—1, Brian John.

This year again we are expecting a party from Epinal, but at the moment of writing these notes we have not received full details. We do know, however, that this year the party will consist of girls as well as boys and that they hope to arrive towards the end of term in charge of Mlle Le Fur, who accompanied the party last year. We hope they will enjoy their visit, and that our pupils will enjoy their trip to Epinal as much as last year's party did.

We hope that no one will have any difficulty in recognising our scientists and mathematicians, so cleverly portrayed by Mr. Cooper's predecessor, Mr. Elwyn Davies. It did not seem necessary to name them.

OLD PUPILS' NOTES.

We congratulate Phyllis Morgan and Ralph Castle on their success at the University. Phyllis has just obtained a Second Class Honours (Division I.) in French at Cardiff. Castle, who got his B.Sc. in Horticulture at Reading last year, has just successfully completed a year's post-graduate work by obtaining the Diploma in Horticulture.

Congratulations also to Mary Lewis and Desmond Roch. Mary has passed her first year examinations at Cardiff, and Roch has passed the second year examinations at Swansea.

Eric Manning is making good progress with his medical studies at Bart's. He passed his Second M.B. in March.

Pat Mockler is another old pupil who is doing well. He has passed the Intermediate B.Sc. examination of London University in Electrical Engineering, and is sitting the Final Examination this summer.

We were very pleased to hear recently that Brian Arthur, who left last July, has been accepted as a student at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. He will probably complete his military service before going to the University.

Some very interesting news reached us the other day. David Russell served with the Intelligence Corps in Burma during the war. He obviously did very good work there, for he was recently informed that he had been awarded the B.E.M. for Distinguished Service there.

Edwin Lewis, who holds the degree of M.Sc. (Birmingham) was in January appointed Lecturer in Electrical Engineering at Smethwick Technical College.

W. A. Thomas left the R.A.F. about two years ago, after reaching the rank of Wing-Commander. On demobilisation he found an appointment under the Ministry of Labour. Early this year, however, he left the Civil Service to take up a very interesting job with the Berlitz School of Languages. They have opened a new department "to encourage the cultural and educational interests of the public," and Thomas was given the job of launching this.

Rita O'Callaghan called in school during Whitsun week. Since getting her teacher's certificate three years ago, she has been teaching in a village school in Bedfordshire. She has now decided to see a bit more of the world, and at the end of July she leaves for Venezuela, where she is to teach in a school at the oil wells.

Ethel Thomas, who passed the Clerical Classes examination of the Civil Service in the autumn, is now employed at the Rocket Experimental Station at Pendine.

We received a very interesting letter from C. Wynne Parry the other day in which he gives news of himself and other Old Pupils. He himself has translated Plantus's comedy "Trinuminus" into heroic couplets and hopes to publish it soon. He recently met Peter Crocker in Birmingham. Crocker returned to Insurance in Birmingham when he was demobilised, but has since completed a course of training in an Emergency Training College, and has begun teaching in a Junior School in Hall Green, Birmingham. Parry also tells us that Tom Edwards was married last August at Peterborough to a young lady from that city. Edwards is still teaching in Wolverhampton.

We have not yet received much news of our old pupils who are just completing their training at college, but we are glad to report that Margaret Cunningham, after her two years at Swansea Training College, has obtained an appointment at a school in Cornwall.

We had some interesting news the other day of Mary Davies, who was evacuated here from Gillingham in 1939, and returned there after passing her School Certificate in 1941. For some time after this she acted as secretary of the Chatham County Technical School for Boys. In September, 1945, she entered Goldsmiths' College, University of London, where she has just sat her degree examination. We understand she has been appointed Geography Mistress at a London school, where she will start work next September.

W. A. Crowe, who served in the Tank Corps during the war, has just completed his first year at Carmarthen Training College.

The school is very grateful for another very generous gift from an old boy who is one of the school's best friends—Rowland Rees. He has just presented us with a set of twelve cricket caps for the use of the School 1st XI. This is something the team has been wanting for some time.

We congratulate these old pupils on their marriage :—

August 19th.—Tom Edwards to Barbara Hewell.

December 29th.—Edward Nevin to Elizabeth Richards.

December 31st.—Kathleen Aileen Davies to Rev. G. Tegfryn Williams.

January 3rd.—Edgar Owen to Nancy Reynolds.

March 29th.—Howard Williams to Dilys Hughes.

March 29th.—Patricia Guest to William J. T. Scourfield.

March 29th.—Marion Hall to Lawrence Dale.

April 10th.—Patricia Morris to Glyn Merriman (both old pupils).

April 10th.—Evelyn Phillips to David Gibson Mann.

July 10th.—Moreen English to Leslie Carey.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

One summer's day a lad did go
For showers and did come to woe ;
He undressed swiftly and ran in,
Causing quite a lot of din.

He then rushed out and dried himself,
Put on his trousers from the shelf ;
His shoes and socks he then put on,
But no shirt could he find to don.

No shirt he found to his dismay,
And very slowly he moved away ;
His friends did laugh and mock at that,
Would he like to borrow a hat ?

He then his journey home began,
Everyone laughed and home he ran ;
His coat he buttoned to the neck,
Muttering softly to himself, " O heck ! "

In school next day to his delight,
The master said it was all right,
Another boy had taken his shirt,
Exchange's no robbery, and no one was hurt.

ELVIRA HODGE IV.A.

A MAD DIARY.

MONDAY, 6th MAY.—Another exciting day. On the way to school on my bike, I ran over a cat and was fined 10/- by the owner. Arrived late at school and told to stand on my head for the rest of that hour. Rescued a pupil in the afternoon from having a report by using a most enchanting smile. On the way home, my bike and I crashed into an elephant, which was on its way to a circus.

TUESDAY, 7th MAY.—To-day was not too exciting. Teacher was going to strike me for not doing my homework, so after a desperate struggle, I managed to hit her over the head with the poker: she fell dead as a doornail. A boy saw me do it, so I finished him off by shooting him. Nobody found out who did it.

WEDNESDAY, 8th MAY.—To-day I came to school an hour too early; the church clock was wrong. Went for a walk. When I came back again I was late; for punishment I had to catch ten rabbits for the masters' dinner. When playing blind-man's buff at break, I hit my head against a stone wall and came round an hour later in the property cupboard.

THURSDAY, 9th MAY.—Arrived in school just in time, after borrowing a car, so as not to be late. Police came to school; I was identified and had to pay a fine of £5. Got home after an interview with a robber, who wanted to know where the school safe was kept. That night I dreamt of riding on clouds.

FRIDAY, 10th MAY.—Got bored with school, so with the aid of a few class mates, we managed to lock the teachers in the store-room, and then we set the school on fire. We all went home quite happy with the thought that there would be no school again for quite a while, as the equipment to build a new school was impossible to get.

EUNICE THOMAS IV.A.

"OUR DAILY PATROL."

When our daily lunch is o'er,
Off to town we gaily go;
Back alleys, Smiths and Woolworth's store,
We shouldn't, but we do, you know.

We pass Hire's Cafe looking in,
We do this every other day;
We see A Mistress tucking in,
So then we quickly turn away.

It's not our fault the Raf boys whistle,
It can only be our school girl charm.
On our return we're read an epistle,
But we never come to any harm.

Chips and ice-cream we devour
After our scanty mid-day meal.
They say we're never on the hour,
It must be school has no appeal.

After our trip to the Headmaster's room,
Now around the Park we stroll,
Our faces mirror deepest gloom,
The sad end of our Daily Patrol!

F. F. N. (Five Future Nurses).

A VISIT TO CALDEY ISLAND.

It was Whit-Monday, and we had an invitation to go and see Father Francis at Caldey Island. Luckily, it was fine. We went down to try to catch a bus, but when we got down to the bus-stop we found that there was not a bus till eleven o'clock.

We arrived at Tenby at half-past twelve, and went down to see if there was a boat that was able to take us over to Caldey Island. There was, and as there were seven of us, three other people came to fill the boat up. The sea was rough and I was glad to feel some firm ground under me when we got to Caldey in half-an-hour's time.

We ate some sandwiches on the Priory Beach and then proceeded up some steps, where we met our friend. We went with him to the Guest House to see Father Francis. On the way we passed the village pond and saw a pink water-lily and some gold-fish.

We proceeded up the hill and saw a figure in a grey cloak edged with black down the front and a black hood, and belt. It was Father Francis. He spoke to us very slowly but in good English. Our friend told us that he was French. Father Francis brought us to the Guest House gate, and inside on the way up to the house we saw a small gold-fish pond in a garden. Our friend said that it was the Abbot's Garden, and we saw green figs on a fig tree.

We were shown into the drawing room where near a window was a table laid for tea. Father Francis said that the big chest in the corner and the two tables were from Pembroke Dock. The walls were panelled, and there were small statues of Christians.

When we had finished our tea, we saw some of the robes that the priests wore, and which had been spun by the monks in a monastery in Yorkshire. We then saw the dining room and the Private Chapel and Father Francis said he was sorry that he could not show us round the monastery because women are not allowed there. He then said goodbye and we went down the hill.

Our friend showed us the Village Church and the Church of Our Lady of Peace, in both of which there was incense burning. He said that there were twenty monks there. We then went down to the boat which was waiting to go back to Tenby, and so ended a very enjoyable visit to Caldey Island.

VALERIE HEATH, IIIa.

LESSONS

I never can do Latin,
No matter how I try,
And when it comes to Science
It nearly makes me cry.

Maths I never can do right,
The teacher thinks I'm dull,
Of noughts and crosses everywhere,
My books are always full.

My Welsh verbs, they are awful,
Worse even than my Maths.,
There's nothing worse than History,
Unless, of course, it's Graphs.

At cookery I try my best,
'Cos if I'm quick and neat,
Before the lesson's over,
There'll be something to eat.

Now games I really do enjoy,
It would be best for me,
If all the other subjects
Were thrown into the sea.

MARY PHILLIPS IIIa.

A VISIT TO CHEDDAR.

Cheddar is a village about eight miles outside of Bristol. It is an old village and is famous for its caves and its gorge.

When I arrived at Cheddar with my friends we first started to walk through the village. We passed several shops until we came to a big and wide well which was full of water, and looking into it we saw coins which people had dropped into it.

Walking further up the village we saw a café which was called "Jacob's Ladder" and we saw some steps which led up to a building which looked like a windmill. We went up the steps and counted over three hundred. We went up the windmill and looked out; we were told by the owner that on a clear day you could see the Bristol Channel. We went down after looking around.

We walked further up the village till we came to the "Goves Caves." We went in and we were told by our guide that we were walking on a dried up river bed. The inside of the cave was very cold and the things that we were shown were very interesting.

After coming out of the cave we went further up the road until we came to the beginning of the gorge. The gorge was as wide as the road and on each side there were very high banks. It stretched for about two miles and it was once a river bed but the water had all dried up.

After walking along the road for a few minutes we decided to return home because it was late.

COYETA SABIDO IIIB.

NEW BOOKS IN FORM IVC. LIBRARY.

"THE BROKEN WINDOW"	...	Eva Brick.
"THE INK STAIN"	...	Dot Splash.
"RADIO SPICE"	...	Avago Pickles.
"ARITHMETIC WITHOUT TEARS"	...	Count Dashandotte.
"BLACK MURDER"	...	Hugh Dunnett.
"PUPILS OF TO-DAY"	...	Kane Burchemall.
"THE AMERICAN SOLDIER"	...	G. I. Bride.

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