



# THE PENVRO



PEMBROKE DOCK  
GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE

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Pembroke Dock Grammar School Hockey Team 1948-49

PHOTO: MANSELL



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## EDITORIAL.

Some explanation, though certainly no apology, may be needed for the raising of the price of the magazine to one shilling. It should be enough to point out that, whereas the price has remained unchanged for at least twenty-five years, printing costs have risen threefold in that period. So—pay your shilling and like it.

Three new names have been added to the staff list this term. Mr. Garlick replaced Miss Gibson at the beginning of term and Mr. Griffith came at the same time to take charge of the Physics. Mr. Humphreys is an extra and very welcome addition to our numbers and is specialising in Physical Training. The ladies are becoming reduced to a small, but certainly select band, and can now luxuriate in the vast spaces of the Mistresses' room, while the men ooze their way into their monkish cell on the mezzanine floor.

We were very sorry to hear that Miss Rees intends to leave at the end of this term, owing to her mother's continued illness. She joined the staff in January, 1945, so has been here longer than any of the other mistresses, as she came a few months before Miss Hughes. Our very best wishes go with her.

For a long time a mysterious Mr. X figured on the time-table. This X, although neither he nor we knew it, was the space reserved for Mr. Griffith. The gap was filled at the beginning of the Spring term by Mr. J. V. Davies, who

was transferred here from a school in Neyland. When he left at half-term Mr. F. G. Thomas, of Haverfordwest, took his place until the end of term. Both these gentlemen fitted in well among us and did excellent service.

This is being written when the unfamiliarly named W.J.E.C. examinations are largely over and when the terminals are about to begin. By the time this is read (if it is) we shall be looking back at the various excursions planned for the end of term. We hope they will have enough success to encourage us to similar efforts next year.

### ALPWEG.

It was hardly a day for the holiday-maker. Snow had been falling ever since the first grey had crept into the morning window, and the wind off the lake was churning bitterly among the magnolia buds. A flagellant wind this, lashing itself from corner to corner in flights of exalted misery and falling of a sudden very quiet when out of sight among the angles of the waterfront. The part was overplayed, and the audience, high in their balconies, were taking it badly. Before long the roofs began an undramatic drip-drip and a sickly sun appeared apologetically over the Burgenstock.

I felt frustrated. This was not even going to demand hardihood. It was just—what was the snow suggesting?—flop? Yes, flop demonstrably degenerating into slop. I went on feeling frustrated. There was nothing else to do. My glance went over to the mirror and came back again, looking as ugly as when it started. The resources of a hotel bedroom were not impressive, either at first sight or second. Perhaps even the mental processes of frustration were more interesting. No, not unless I had a Great New Thought. And that, as my glance, in transports of ugliness, by this time, dashed violently from wardrobe to divan and peered wildly across the parquet, seemed the most unlikely thing of all.

Then came the urge to climb. Nothing distant or impressive, nothing demanding preparation, strength or intelligence. I simply wanted suddenly to creep, like a dragged fly, out of this Saturday washbowl and its unwholesome lunch-time suds. Up beyond the little unequal hillocky pastures reeking only the day before with malodorous drench, up above the last chalet with its neatly-stacked woodpile, up to the first of the three great ridges that are the Rigi's upthrust and the foothill of the world.

My preparations were in keeping with so modest an ambition. I took with me Collingwood's "Autobiography" and a pocketful of chocolates. In that place of unrationing a post-prandial pocketful had a way of sweetening philosophy, particularly if you chose the sort with a species of nut decoration on top and creme fondant centre. Symboli-

cally you cracked the nut of your philosophical problem and lo, it was sweet. An amazing process. Possibly the lives of great philosophers were made pleasant and their thought swift and unerring solely by this means. But no, hardly. Not before the Confiserie Stalder. Plainly this was a case of "avant moi le deluge." Or even "pendant moi," or "autour de moi." What did it matter? I was long since superior to the twitch of the trees and the shamefaced running of all the gutters. And where was Diogenes now?

I do not pretend that these great thoughts came to me all at once. Even Collingwood was a slow starter. When at the end of an hour I had my teeth well into problem No. 19 I was virtually at the top of the winding road that served the precipitous fields and terminated about a throw of thirty stones above the village.

It was at this point that I noticed the Alpweg, a little path jumping bolt upright among the trees to the right and swearing ultimately to clamber up to Rigi-Kaltbad, one of the higher stations of the Rigibahn, by way of Kirchenwald. The receding galleries of firs, piling up like the back of some dim Gothic theatre, and the irregular little steps casting to and fro between monumental lateral boxes, were immensely attractive. At the time, drugged with a philosophical surfeit, I had an idea of turning back after ten minutes or so. But philosophers are rarely practical mortals. I turned to the path, plying to my dream.

The snow was not far away, at first only a white dust on branches or as much in the air as might fall from a white owl's foot. The path jumped up and beckoned, step after scaling step. Occasionally a ravine was spanned by a bridge of tree-trunks. Once a ladder and handrail climbed timorously between two violent rocks. I had some ado to follow.

A black snow-cloud came up quickly from the northwest and between the trees it grew darker. Here and there in an open space the flakes could be seen driving across the spires of the conifers. Gradually the path became more difficult to discern, less because of the new fall than because the old level had risen with the altitude. A vague excitement possessed me. My ten minutes long since up and Collingwood, accepting the better part, gone to ground in a pocket, promise followed promise, each more pusillanimous than the last. I would turn back presently. There was plenty of time. It would be cowardice not to go a little further. Already a cast or two for the path had ended in deep snow. Every gully had to be considered. I was up to the ankles.

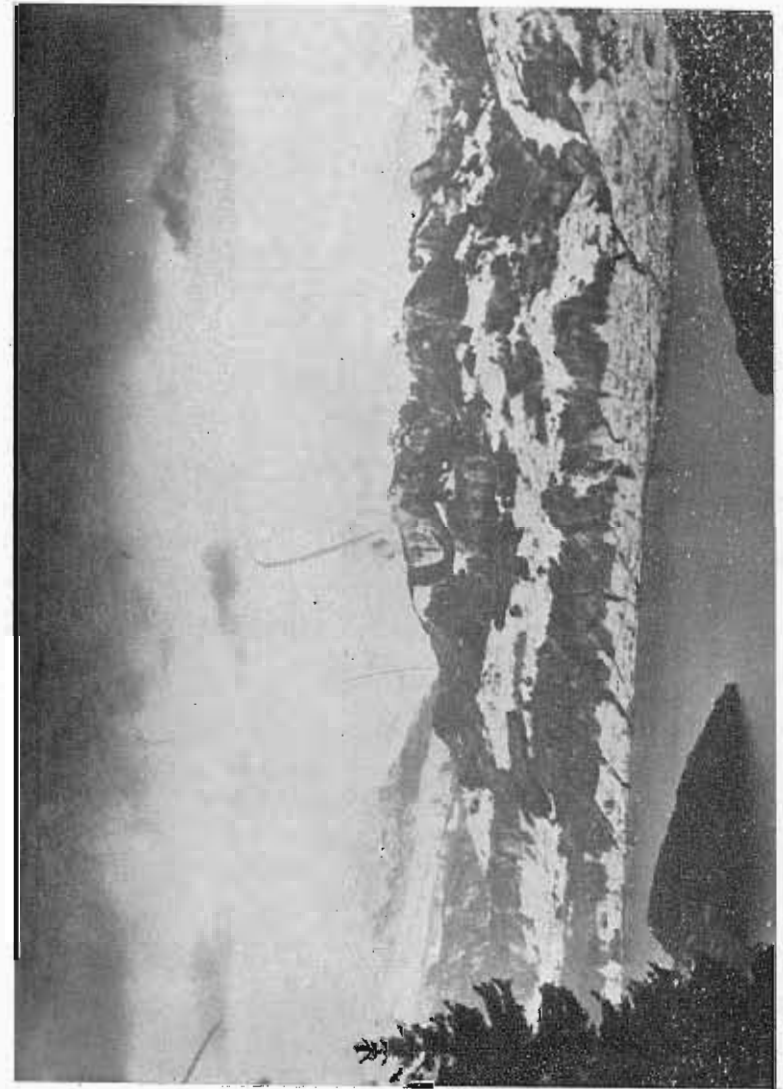
The cloud disappeared as abruptly as it had come. Through a gap in the trees the Burgenstock glanced at me apologetically like an epileptic recovering from a fit, a faint blue against the mouth of the lake. The sudden brightness



infected the air, ran hastily down the trunks and gave a perfunctory dusting to the lower branches. Without surprise in the new victorious light I felt the trees come to an end. In front lay a gate leading into the snow-covered open. I had reached the back of the second great ridge, clumped at intervals with giant firs and sparkling snowily down to the lake's edge. Above, to the left, stood out the stone view-platform of Rigi-Kanzeli, crown and afterthought of the Kurverein, seemingly no more than a thousand feet up on the third and last ridge. At sight of it an entirely new hope was born. I looked at my watch. Four o'clock. On to Rigi-Kaltbad then. Why not? There was a train down to Vitznau on the Rigibahn at three minutes past five, the last that would get me home before dark and the onset of worry. There was no risk about it. I was almost there.

Never was predilection so false. Out in the open it was very deep. Another black cloud came down like hair over the smooth snow forehead. The firs shivered and darkened. A late streak of fire on the lake and the climbers' hut on the slope immediately below me seemed suddenly and sentimentally remote. I picked my way slowly over a hidden stream and began to climb the open mountain diagonally. There was an occasional lumber and gasp in it now, the snow meeting my knees. Presently, using what hand-grips I could, I hauled myself into a new coppice of firs. The going was almost frighteningly hard. Under an overhanging rock was a slab bed, free of snow and dry, arid and safe as Tutankhamen's tomb. Even a sight of this sort had become a comfort now that I had pocketed breath as well as philosophy. On went the struggle from gasp to gasp, no longer faintly amusing, the laughter of excitement choked with snow. Something in me was still objective enough to stand away and wonder at the plunging thing, so calflike in its ignorance of distance and length of leg, rolling and falling, now striking in desperation much further than was needed, now ludicrously short and prostrate. It was a commentary on the human march, indecorous and brutish, proceeding not by wisdom, nor even by experience, but by obstinacy only.

Thought too diminished. Up and up, line upon line of trees almost vertically overhead, the path no longer visible even as a vein under the skin's pallor. I staggered from drift to drift, remote from dignity. Like a child I fell every other step, plunging up to the shoulders, both arms stiffly forward. A signpost appeared to the left, standing off and watching curiously, its only finger pointing derisively the way I had not come. Desperation came upon me. I looked at my watch. A quarter of an hour to go. And after that the last train, the last, that is, that would bring me home in time to prevent all the wires buzzing along the lake and up to the guide huts. Desperation, white, on a level with



Black Snow-cloud Massing.



Weggis and the Lake.

my shoulder, clutching at the watch, muffling time, muffling effort. It was no good. Something stopped. The heart-beat perhaps, the tiny beat in the heart of the immovable world. Halt. All was quiet. Everything. Then my legs disobeyed, beginning to stagger on alone, resentfully, out of time and meaning. Up a diagonal slope, through a belt of trees. Halt. A *mirage*, the dispossessed mind muttered resentfully. You know it's impossible. That's not a roof at all. That's a *mirage*. I know. I know about *mirages*. The contradictory legs lurched on for answer, up a snow bank, down to a ravine, and then, heaven bent, kneeling the crust of snow, marked with new mastery plumb into the tunnelling brook beneath.

Slowly the hut passed. A trodden path of sorts crawled serpentlike into view. One set of footprints, two—and now, oh yes, indeed a path. Round a corner shot a toboggan. The brown-faced boy, gleaming with teeth, gave me no more than a glance. After him came others, shouting, oblivious in their tan. A sign just beyond read "Kinderheim." Scarcely noticing now, the legs lumbered to a sort of trot. Somebody looked at my watch. Two minutes. Round the Post Office. The platform. Yes. There it was. My abysmal German began on its own, jerkily. "Keine zug heute?" a voice asked. It must have been mine, for the old man in the loose blue coat who was the station's only porter eyed me narrowly, experience and courtesy keeping the amusement well back in his face. And then I realised. My sleeves were crusted in snow to the shoulder and my trousers to the thigh. Wherever I had a fair chance I was sweating profusely.

The porter, satiated, turned and pointed. The 5.3 for Vitznau was stepping delicately under the roof at the far end. A few primly-dressed Londoners gave me a passing glance, relegating me at once to a lowly place among the curiosities of the country. Clutching my *fahrkarte*, I sank into the varnished wooden seat and mingled with it. I made no move till the train reached Vitznau and very little thereafter on the boat to Weggis. I had done my bit.

Not much of a bang, perhaps, and a long way after Whymper. But undeniably one of the ways to world's end.

WILLIAM O'TELL.

### BLOSSOMS.

As I sit under the cherry tree,  
I see pink blossoms over me,  
The birds are singing on the lee,  
There are blossoms everywhere.

The apple blossoms, pink and white,  
Lift scented heads up to the light,  
But they will vanish overnight,  
Their blossoms are no more.

There's apple, cherry, plum and pear,  
A gorgeous carpet everywhere  
Lies on the grass as light as air,  
In blossom-time in Spring.

And when the fruit will take its place,  
And windfalls scatter on earth's face,  
Then Summer's taken Spring's old place,  
And blossom-time is o'er.

EILEEN HERVEY, IIF.

## "INTER" SCHOOL MEMORIES, 1895 TO 1900.

On the morning of December 30th last year I was present with a small company of friends at the funeral, at Streatham Crematorium, of Mr. T. R. Dawes, M.A., the first Headmaster of this school. I represented his former pupils, and in particular the old boys of the "Inter" School, Pembroke Dock. I was at the opening in January, 1895, as a Pembroke boy with one of the first county scholarships.

It was an act of sincere and grateful piety to honour the memory of the old Headmaster, and to recall how bravely he lived, and how creatively he functioned in the work of education. Nor was it difficult to remember the first day when with nervous curiosity we wondered what kind of school an Intermediate School would be, especially since it was housed in an old hotel at the foot of the Barrack Hill, and what the new Headmaster would be like who was an M.A. of London and a student of Bonn and Paris.

Most of the boys had attended the ordinary Board Schools, where the discipline was somewhat cruel, the master unquestioned dictator of learning, and the curriculum limited mainly to the subjects required for entrance into the Royal Naval Dockyard. Very few had been to a Grammar School. The new school pleased us—the rooms were large and the desks new and of a pattern we had not known before. The Headmaster was a great success in cap and gown, tall and dark, with a large moustache, and spectacles hooked upon a prominent nose when they were not hanging from a double cord round his neck. He was quick in his movements and speech and gave the impression of energy and vitality.

It did not take us long to discover that Mr. Dawes was devastating in criticism, and had a violent temper. When he came across a careless mistake in our work he would fling our notebooks across the room, and if we began to make excuse by saying "Please sir, I thought—" he would roll his eyes and grind his teeth in fury and almost snarl "Boy, who gave you permission to think!" All most humiliating. Yet he had the trick of teaching and could get the average boy through the necessary examinations.

There were occasions, of course, when we led him on to talk about life in France and Germany and so get through a period without giving him a chance to find out that we were badly prepared.

His out of school interests were valuable. We had expeditions to castles and churches, to ancient camp sites and to the Ogham stone. Certain public lectures were, I fear, marred by a temperamental "Oxygen Lantern." But things were happening and school life humming with activity. For a time we had compulsory games and every boy had to turn out. Dawes was a competent cricketer, a tricky slow bowler and a forcing bat; he was also a useful football coach and our teams were soon ready to play the other schools in the county. The Barrack Hill was a convenient playing field and we had great games against the Army and Navy, as well as against Pembroke and Pembroke Dock town teams. Outstanding were the games played against the officers of the infantry regiments stationed at the "Huts Encampment" near Hobbs Point, and the cricket at Picton Castle. I remember yet the marvellous cricket teas. All this was not readily accepted as educational activity by the Dockyarders who hitherto had fixed the economic, spiritual, and academic standards of the community, and it took them some time to get used to the school activities and to the theories of Mr. Dawes.

It must be said that the young school was fortunate in the assistant masters and mistresses that Mr. Dawes appointed. It was a dual school with a few mixed classes. Miss Perman, the Headmistress, was a great scholar and a sound teacher. She will always be associated with Virgil and Horace, and the Golden Treasury; and Miss May Lewis expounded the mysteries of mathematics. But the men were outstanding too. First, Mr. Nathan John, B.A., a stout and sturdy individual, rather older than the other members of the staff, who was soon appointed the first Headmaster of Brecon County School. His good nature tempted the boys to mischief in his classes. One Fifth of November some boy threw a lighted squib—indeed, more than one, at his feet, when he was writing on the blackboard, and others threw fireworks into the fire and all the expected explosions resulted. I can see him now, red and furious, and shouting condemnation. We all paid the due penalty—and without regrets.

A succession of men from Oxford and Cambridge gave a great deal of satisfaction to the boys who boasted to parents and friends of the scholarly gentlemen now engaged to teach them. Mr. T. G. Lewis taught mathematics and mechanics and took part in school concerts (he had a good singing voice), as well as helping on the games field. We were sorry to lose him when after a comparatively short time he became the Head of Tregaron County School.

Mr. D. E. Williams was another mathematician, neat and dapper in his dress, with some claim to a knowledge of rowing. I remember he suggested that he should take the bigger boys for a "tubbing," a word which shook us until we understood that he meant to take us out in the Head's boat and teach us to row. He later was made Head of Gowerton School.

On the whole we did not attempt to take liberties with teachers of mathematics, but the first science masters did provide a few incidents. There was Mr. Rayner, an Oxford man, a blonde giant with a wonderful accent and a friendly smile. He was very proud of his physical strength and fitness and challenged a group of boys one day at break to pull him down. He was wearing a morning coat and the inevitable result was that one tail was torn off. On another occasion we persuaded a goat which was grazing on the Hill to go into school through the front door. We knew that Mr. Rayner was in the passage, and the goat went for him purposefully, while we looked on and shouted encouragement to both goat and master. It was his boast that students at Oxford could stand fumes in the Lab. without making a fuss, which got some of us into trouble and eventually gained us some privileges. One day an experiment with a chlorine compound went wrong and the classroom was filled with choking fumes. We determined, however, to stick it as long as an Oxford man would, and next day most of the class had sore throats. A puzzled Headmaster at once drew up a new rule to the effect that if there were noxious fumes in the chemistry classroom the boys should be sent out on to the Hill. Some fumes of potency were frequently produced after that. A special effort was the manufacture of a miniature Hell—Howard Williams, Silcox and Sketch were the inventors—a collection of potassium salts and phosphorus and powdered charcoal in a sand tray over a Bunsen gave great results. Our footer that year was particularly good and our chemistry did not really suffer.

Mr. Carey, a Scot, was another science master who provoked us to mischief. He was interested in Geology and the carboniferous rocks of the area were a delight to him. He encouraged us to bring him specimens, and we found various crystals and fossils and sandstones, which he named and described. But we wanted to stump him. So Treweeks and the Pembroke boys shaped a piece of carrot into a weird design, rubbed in mud, stained it with material supplied by Col. Treweeks, the father, who had a chemist shop, and took the rare and wonderful object to the science master. He looked at it, tested it with acid, but when he took out his pocket knife to scratch it we knew the game was up. "Yon's a carrot," he growled, and as he unfortunately soon knew he was called "Carrots" ever after that.

That first generation was happy in the new school. It provided a significant number of graduates, of lawyers, doctors, teachers, engineers, as well as men who were rather better than adequate in business. Some became distinguished in the services. Some laid down their lives in the first Great War.

That first generation were not conscious that the traditions of a new school were being formed in the last great days of Victorian peace. But the old Victoria Hotel which was our first home is a place of sacred memories, and the master who taught us and the boys with whom we shared school life gave not an unworthy fashioning to character and helped us to face the fierce destinies of the twentieth century.

LEWIS G. TUCKER.

## A SUMMER'S DAY.

The days are getting hot and dry, the sun rides high in the sky and the dog-roses drop their petals in the dust.

Come with me in the morning. The early morning air strikes coolly on the cheek, a blackbird flies out from its roosting place in the shrubs, while the cocks crow in the farmyard.

But we will go on out in the countryside and there watch the coming of day. The dew is glistening like diamonds on the grass and shrubs, and rabbits running home across the turf scatter dew-drops like sea-spray. A blackbird breaks into song. There is a great noise of cawing from the trees . . . It is a party of rooks in earnest conversation, and it sounds as if the old birds are lecturing the young ones. They have been camping in the trees all night and are getting ready to leave them for their morning foraging in the fields.

I can hear a scratching noise : it is a squirrel's claws on the bark of one of the trees. If we stand quietly and do not behave in an alarming manner the squirrel comes out on to a branch in order to have a better look at us. It jerks its bushy tail, runs round the tree to vanish for a moment and then re-appear higher up.

Here is a gate into the meadow. I must close it behind me—if I leave it open the cattle may get into the wood and there is a yew-tree over there. The dark green foliage of the yew is poisonous to animals.

At last my favourite spot—the cheerful dancing brook, racing between green-covered stones under the overhanging trees. I am feeling hungry and when I return to the farm I hope breakfast will be ready.

MARGARET EVANS, IVA.



## DALE FORT.

The visit of the VIth Form Biology class to Dale for the study of Seashore Biology lasted from March 12th to 19th. We stayed at Dale Fort, which has now been converted into a hostel for the accommodation of students doing Field Studies at Dale, and has now become one of the most important centres in Wales.

The biology of the seashore was something entirely new for us and proved to be very interesting. Each day we would take a different type of beach, which would be either sheltered, exposed, sandy, rocky or muddy, and collect specimens of every animal and plant we found, from high to low water mark. All these specimens were taken back to the laboratory in the fort and identified.

Some of the specimens we found were the "brittle stars," which had five long tentacles and which looked like ostrich plumes. The razor shell was very plentiful on the sandy beaches buried at very low water mark, and when they sensed danger approaching they would pull themselves down deeper into the sand sending up little fountains of water. In the same zone as the razor shell we found the deep water cockle which was about 2 to 2½ inches in diameter and had very sharp spines covering it for protection. At very low water we were able to see the laminaria beds and some of these seaweeds were over 12 feet in length.

Very few animals were found on the exposed beaches because of the action of the waves. The best example of an exposed beach which we saw was at West Dale, which overlooks Skomer and Skokholm.

We found that there were two different kinds of communities living on the rocky beaches, there was the kind that lived on the rocks and those which lived under. When turning the stones to get specimens we had to be very careful to return the stones to their original position in order that the two communities would not be destroyed.

We spent one day at Dale getting data for a chart which we compiled there, and which now holds an honoured place in the Biology laboratory.

Before the end of our stay we found that boulders covered with wet seaweed were not ideal things to walk on, and the result was that we all came to grief at some time or another.

Students attended this course from all over the country, even as far as the Midlands, which shows how important Dale Fort is becoming for its courses in Field Studies.

MARGARET PROUT, VI.

## THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

Fifteen hundred years after a Roman Emperor had extinguished the Olympic flame on Greek soil, the idea stirred in the mind of a French soldier-student to revive the ancient Games. He, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, had three things in view. He wanted to raise the standards of physique, to make young men and women run better, swim better, play better, and so make them stronger and healthier and happier than they were before. Then he hoped to spread the spirit of the Games around the world. As Baron de Coubertin, founder of the modern Olympic Games, said: "The important thing in the Olympic Games is not to win, but to take part. The important thing in life is not the triumph, but the struggle. The essential thing is not to have conquered, but to have fought well."

On July 14th, 1948, in the stadium where for a thousand years the Games were held, a Greek maiden kindled the Olympic Flame. The flame was carried the two thousand miles from Greece to Britain by a form of relay team. Twelve days later a torch-bearer, tall, handsome and bronzed like a young Greek god, stood for a moment after circling the brick-coloured track to light the flame in a bowl where it burned night and day. The blaze of trumpets, the gaily coloured uniforms of the countries represented, and the seven thousand pigeons let loose, all added to form a moving scene which I shall never forget.

The stadium—even when it rained—was always full. Which was the more beautiful—was it the stadium, or the pool where the swimming events took place? Or was it Henley on the day of the Olympic finals, with water glistening and crews moving in complete rhythm down the course? Or was it Torbay on the day of the yachting finals? "A more glorious day of sport," said the "Times," "can never have gladdened the hearts of men."

Five months before the Games the fifth Winter Games were held at Saint Moritz, Switzerland. The mountains in the background and the snow all around form a beautiful picture. Having no natural facilities, the Great Britain team were somewhat handicapped; therefore it was no surprise when the team's only placings were two "thirds."

The Olympic Games had succeeded beyond all hopes. At the stadium the flag was lowered and given to the Lord Mayor of London for safe-keeping, and the flame extinguished. So ended the 1948 London Olympic Games.

BRIAN JOHN, IVA.

## PROMOTION.

In days gone by on pleasure bent,  
A humble sixpence was well spent,  
If tendered for the "Penvro" mag.,  
To liven us when time did lag.

But now alas !! we're in despair,  
For prefects with a lordly air  
Throw back the tanner in disdain,  
And then with gentle voice explain.

The price of "Penvro" has been raised,  
Bestir yourselves ! don't look amazed !  
Produce your bob, and now look smart,  
Don't take this change so much to heart.

ROY PULESTON, IVC.

## "SECRET OF THE DESERT."

Mrs. Green was very plump and had a chubby, dimpled face. She had a friend in America who always bought the latest make-up for her. It was Easter Monday and Mrs. Green was expecting a parcel containing a jar of skin-food.

Mr. Green was settled in an armchair near the fire, reading the evening paper, with his faithful fox-terrier Bob lying at his feet. A knock came at the door. Mr. Green hurriedly took off his spectacles and bustled to the door. He was greeted with a cheery "Green the name, sir ? Thank you, sir." Mr. Green unpacked the parcel and saw a jar of "Secret of the Desert" skin-food and also an artistic tie. He unscrewed the jar and smelt it, and then he hurried off to the bedroom to view himself in his new tie.

When he returned he found Bob devouring the last of the "Secret of the Desert" skin-food. Mr. Green was very fond of Bob, and he knew that if Mrs. Green found out about this Bob had signed his own death-warrant. So Mr. Green set to work to prepare a mixture similar to the "Secret of the Desert" skin-food. He fetched some flour from the kitchen and mixed it to a stiff paste with water. He added some cochineal to give it a pinky tint, and some hair-cream so that the right odour could be obtained. Then he carefully put the mixture in the jar, screwed on the lid, and draped his tie over it.

About two hours later his wife returned and was overjoyed to find that her skin-food had come. She immediately went to her bedroom and rubbed some of it into her plump face.

A few nights later she was sitting in bed rubbing in the skin-food when she remarked to her husband :  
"There is something in these American creams which

is lacking in the British ones. I can feel it tightening up my pores after only three applications."

"Really ?" said her husband, and turned on his side and fell into a contented slumber.

LILIAN CRESSWELL, IIB.

## STRATFORD-ON-AVON, JUNE, 1949.

On our recent trip to Stratford-on-Avon, we had the never-to-be-forgotten opportunity of attending the performance of two of Shakespeare's plays—"Macbeth" and "Much Ado About Nothing"—a study in contrasts.

When we alighted from the 'bus which had brought us, with other parties, from the Youth Hostel at Alveston, we had our first real opportunity of seeing the Memorial Theatre under peace-time conditions. This building, of classic simplicity, was not particularly impressive at first sight. The best view of it is seen from the river side, when its image reflected in the water gives added beauty. It is set in lovely surroundings, in a beautifully kept park extending to the water's edge.

We hurried into the theatre on our first evening, having just time to buy our programmes and get to our seats before the curtain rose on the three weird witches in "Macbeth." This was my first opportunity of seeing a Shakespeare play presented by such a distinguished company. One of the first things to impress me was the speed with which the scenery was changed. A curtain fell and rose and there was the new setting. "It seemed more like a film than a play," said my friend. But what lives most vividly in my memory is the brilliant performance of Diana Wynyard as Lady Macbeth, especially in the sleep-walking scene. Godfrey Tearle, this season's leading actor at the Festival, gave a very creditable performance as Macbeth, and the two actors were enthusiastically applauded, but in my opinion Diana Wynyard's performance in both plays was outstanding. Yet the production of Macbeth, I thought, was not faultless. I was disappointed in one or two of the supporting actors, in particular Leon Quartermaine, a very distinguished actor, who, nevertheless, did not satisfy me as Banquo. Perhaps the superb acting of the two leading characters made me over critical. The duel scene, too, seemed tame when we remembered the two men were supposed to be fighting for their lives. But the realistic way in which one of the "dead" soldiers rolled off stage, bumping on every step, was ample compensation. Unexpected comic relief came from the Porter's interpretation of "Knock, knock, who's there ?" I think Shakespeare himself would have approved. Anthony Quayle, producer-cum-actor-cum-director is to be complimented on the production.

During the performance there were two intervals of ten minutes each when we forgot to be Shakespearean critics and regaled ourselves with ices or lemonade, as we watched the boating (and the swans) from the balcony. We had to pass through the foyer, where in one corner was a delightful little fountain. Scarcely had we amply refreshed ourselves when the warning bell sounded and we trooped back again into the extremely modern theatre with seating accommodation for 1,200 people.

As we left the theatre on our first evening, we were thrilled to see the picture before us. On the one side, the calm river with its beautiful silvery reflections; on the other, a blaze of colour from the festoons of coloured lights suspended along the avenue of trees.

It is the second night's presentation which will live longest in my memory—that of "Much Ado About Nothing." When we were at Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, in the afternoon, the lady who sold cards and mementoes informed us that "Much Ado" was considered to be the best production of the season. It certainly exceeded all my expectations, but it is not surprising when I tell you that John Gielgud was the producer.

As the curtain went up we saw a bright blaze of colour from the splendid costumes, which, incidentally, are made in the workrooms of the Memorial Theatre. Without knowing the play, you could tell at once this was to be no grim tragedy like "Macbeth" but gay, light-hearted comedy, such as Shakespeare revelled in, in his early days as playwright. I was amused and surprised at the way in which scenery was changed. Four very handsome men in yellow came on to the stage and merely turned the "pillars," and there was a delightful little harbour all ready for us.

That versatile actress, Diana Wynyard, again impressed me with her clever portrayal of Beatrice. I thought the comic inefficiency of rustic Dogberry as Constable of the Watch was delightful. This was "slapstick" comedy such as the groundlings of Shakespeare's day loved, and which made me appreciate even more the caustic wit and backchat of Diana Wynyard and Anthony Quayle as Beatrice and Benedick.

I had not been a great admirer of Shakespeare: in the classroom the genius of Shakespeare is hidden under the many learned references we have to learn, but these two performances convinced me that Shakespeare is our greatest playwright.

I know we all appreciated the opportunity of this visit, and my only regret is that more of us were not able to see the plays. I am sure it is by far the best way of learning to appreciate Shakespeare to the full.

BARBARA DAVIES, Lr. VI.

I do not quite know whether Stratford-on-Avon can properly be called a city or not: the modern and old world seem to meet there, but instead of clashing, they appear to mingle and combine, to add to the quaint attraction of this old town. The Elizabethan houses, the beautiful gardens, the peaceful bank of the river, and the River Avon itself give an air of dignity, beauty and serenity to the place, and yet we often had to wait a few moments on the pavement before being able to cross the road, and then, we had to cross it by means of the pedestrian crossings because of the continuous flow of traffic, and the numerous buses which leave the depot for Birmingham, Gloucester, Coventry and other surrounding districts.

After we arrived triumphantly in Stratford on the Monday afternoon, we only had time to reach the Alveston Youth Hostel, where we were staying, leave our things there, collect our duty cards and sleeping-bags, before returning to Stratford—which is two miles away—to arrive at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre just in time for the play "Macbeth." We explored the Theatre during the two ten-minute intervals and discovered the fountains, gently plashing onto coloured mosaics, where the staircase from the dress-circle descends to the foyer; the long bar and restaurant; and best of all, the balcony outside the french windows of the restaurant, overlooking the Avon, where the white swans seemed to glimmer strangely in the gathering dusk.

On the Tuesday, our one full day in Stratford, we split up into parties and explored the town of Stratford thoroughly during the morning, finding her streets to be like those of some international city with Dutch, Belgians, French, Chinese, Welsh and above all—Americans, wandering around, fully equipped with cameras and startling ties. In the afternoon we all went first of all, to Anne Hathaway's cottage: a quaint old farm cottage with its garden, as always, a blaze of colour and old-world flowers. The cottage was full of original, wonderfully preserved furniture and articles, including Anne's bed with its mattress of plaited mud-rushes, the old coffin stools, the beautifully polished table, held together by wooden pegs instead of nails, as indeed was the whole house.

Back again in Stratford we next visited Shakespeare's birthplace which, however, did not contain very much furniture. I liked Shakespeare's old school desk, standing about three foot six high blackened with age, and carved with innumerable initials, some of which looked suspiciously fresh. I also liked to look at the windows whose tiny diamond-shaped panes were covered with illustrious signatures of the ages such as Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Sir Walter Scott, all scratched on with a diamond. After signing our names in the visitors' book, we went to see the Shakespearean Art Gallery and Museum attached



to the Theatre. A lofty, noble building, containing stage props used by such actors as Garrick and Mrs. Siddons ; marble statues of Shakespeare and later actors and actresses, and in a huge glass-roofed room were hung paintings of the bard himself and scenes from his plays : two of which especially appealed to me were showing scenes from "Macbeth" and "The Tempest." At one end of the room was a beautiful stained-glass window formed of various small panes, each representing the figure of one of Shakespeare's characters, such as Hamlet, Macbeth, Llewellyn, Duke Orsino, Sir Toby Belch, Falstaff, Henry V., Portia and Benedict.

Later that evening we went to the Theatre again to see "Much Ado About Nothing," and for the last time we came out in the deep dusk to see the trees hung with coloured fairy-lights, gleaming like an avenue of Christmas Trees. Of course, it was these plays that gave me the greatest pleasure of the whole trip. I cannot describe in their glory, the actors who made Shakespeare come alive to me for the first time, the marvellous stage scenery and the realistic costumes : no words that I am able to write can express the sight of such plays, which I can see so plainly in my mind now : what can be called the stark drama of "Macbeth" with its wild, strange, barbaric setting, and then, the wit and lively, spontaneous gaiety of "Much Ado About Nothing ;" so entirely different and giving me an experience which I would not have missed for anything in this world, yet which left me with a feeling of envy, the next day as we left for home, for those people who would be crowding the Theatre that night to see their first Shakespearean play.

MINNIE DAVIES, VI.

## GOODBYE TO ALL THIS.

I humbly apologise to the author of this title for my use of it, but it undoubtedly serves the one purpose I have in mind, a farewell message. At last the time has arrived for me to leave school, a time which many have previously encountered, and which many in the future will have to come face to face with.

It only seems like yesterday when I first entered the School, a young, trembling pupil, not fully realising what the future held in store for me. Time progressed, until I reached the Fourths, where my past vivid dreams of playing for the first eleven were coming more to light.

From the moment I first played, my school life took a new turning in comradeship. Here was a life where eleven boys from various parts of the school were drawn together to fight for one common principle—that of the good name of the School. On entering the Sixth Form, this friendship became more interwoven than ever, for the pleasant

times spent in Room I. will ever remain present in my memory. To those of you who have a chance to go into the Sixth, do so, for I can assure you school life there is more of a family life than the parade ground lower down the school.

In closing I would like to share with some of you my greatest thrill in school. It was simply the scoring of a goal from the "spot" against Milford Grammar School two years ago which equalised the score two minutes from the end. The honour of taking this penalty was given to me by perhaps the greatest ever school captain, "Dai" Williams. I don't mind admitting I was scared stiff at the time, but to see that ball soaring into the net made me the proudest boy on the field.

Many other memories will ever be present in my mind, and it is such thoughts which make the departure from school so hard to realise. But P.D.G.S. has a place in my heart which nothing will ever shatter, and to the junior members of the school I simply say, "Work hard, play hard," for only once will you have the chance to do so.

"Good luck, School." I will come back to visit you whenever I get the chance.

J. GRIFFITHS, VI.

## HOLIDAYS.

H olidays are nearly here,  
O ur exams. are drawing near ;  
L ittle thought for any play—  
I n our class we work all day.  
D ay is over much too fast,  
A fternoon is quickly past,  
Y esterday seems far away.  
S oon will come our holiday !

MEGAN G. MORGAN, IIW.

## GENERAL KNOWLEDGE (?).

(Easter, 1949).

- Q. What famous mathematician was born at Tenby ?
- A. Oliver Cromwell.
- Q. What mediaeval writer was born at Manorbier ?
- A. Professor Joad.
- Q. Whom or what do you associate with Assisi ?
- A. A person who acts like a baby.
- Q. What do you understand by badinage ?
- A. Cloth for covering cuts.
- Q. What is or was a Bombay Duck ?
- A. An American tank that could go on land and water.



There have been a number of visiting lecturers during the last two terms. The first lecture was a very interesting account of the Bird Sanctuaries on Skokholm and Grassholm. This was given on January 14th by Mr. John Fursdon, and was accompanied by some excellent films. The only other lecture during the Spring term was one given (with slides) on February 10th by Mr. Arthur Giardelli, on Modern Art. This term there have been, at the moment of writing, three talks, on National Savings on May 17th, by Mr. E. C. Evans, of Cardigan, on May 26th on Nigeria by Mr. E. V. Haig, and on June 9th on "Money's National Role" by Mr. E. A. Robson. Both Mr. Haig and Mr. Robson came from the Central Office of Information.

During the week ending May 6th we had an experimental "Visual Aid" Week, when films, film-strips, models and charts were shown to illustrate "Houses in History." The forms picked out to take part in this gloated noticeably at the beginning of the week, but the other forms were able to gloat in their turn when it was discovered that the privilege of seeing the films, etc., was to be paid for by the writing of essays.

Friday, January 21st saw the introduction of an "activities" period for Forms II., III. and IV. During the last period on Friday afternoon the members of these forms split up into various groups. There are now in existence groups for Dramatics, Debating, Puppet-Making, Stamp-Collecting, Music, Chess and Folk Dancing, as well as a reading circle. The violinists have a lesson during this period.

The School is very grateful to Dr. D. H. Pennant for the gift of a fine cup in memory of his son. Dr. Pennant brought this cup along himself on May 4th. It has been decided to use it as an award to the Victor Ludorum at the annual sports.

We were visited at the end of this term by a number of examiners who conducted practical examinations. They were:—Prof. J. Campbell James for Chemistry on May 13th; Mrs. M. Lloyd for Needlework on May 17th and Cookery on May 18th; Mr. F. G. Skrine for Woodwork on May 19th; the Rev. W. S. Moss for Geography on May 30th; Dr. Marley for German Oral on May 30th; Dr. R. M. Davies for Physics on June 14th; Dr. Annie Owen for French Oral on June 14th and 15th. The Biology candidates went to Milford Haven Grammar School for their Practical examination on June 9th.

On March 12th Mr. Harries took his VIth Form Biology class to Dale Fort for a course in Marine Biology. They stayed until March 19th.

For some months now a number of pupils from Forms II. and III. have held Dr. Barnardo boxes. On June 13th Miss Dilys Morgan, the South Wales organiser for Dr. Barnardo's Homes, opened some ninety collecting boxes and talked to Forms II. and III. in the Hall. The sum realised was £35 6s.

On June 13th, Miss Lewis Davies took eight members of the VIth Form to Stratford-on-Avon to see "Macbeth" and "Much Ado About Nothing."

On Wednesday, June 22nd, the members of Forms II., III. and IV. attended the Singing Festival at Wesley Church.

The Social Service Fund continues to function and at the end of the Spring term the following contributions were made:—£3 3s. each to the Sunshine Fund for Blind Babies and Children, St. Dunstan's, the National Institute for the Blind, and the Friends' Service Council, and £2 2s. to the League of Pity (the Junior Section of the N.S.P.C.C.).

## ST. DAVID'S DAY, 1949.

This year St. David's Day was again celebrated by a school concert and great enthusiasm was shown by all who took part.

The proceedings opened with a pianoforte solo, very ably performed by David Harries. The staff choir aroused great interest, and their items, rendered in Welsh, were greatly appreciated. The speech choir from Form IV. gave "Clychau Cantre'r Gwaelod" and there was more choral speaking by Form III. The VIth Form Girls' enlivened one of their Welsh Folk Songs by executing a modern dance in between the verses.

The VIth Boys—"The Linnets," overcame their habitual bashfulness (?) sufficiently to take an active part in the concert. Forms II. and III. rendered groups of Welsh folk songs which were very pleasing. Individual items were a Welsh recitation by Marilyn Mackeen, a solo by Gillian Davies and a duet by Dorothy Thomas and Margaret Nichols.

The audience was enlivened by the sketch given by the Junior School—"Rest Cure," in which a brother and sister caused great amusement in the roles of husband and wife.

J. O. Francis' "Birds of a Feather" never fails to raise a laugh; all the more so when the parts are ably taken by members of the staff. As always, this item by the staff was the high-light of the programme.

The singing of "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" brought a most enjoyable concert to an end.

## OLD PUPILS' NOTES.

We offer our congratulations to Mr. Edward J. Gibby on the high honour of being appointed the Pembrokeshire representative on the new Welsh Advisory Council.

It was pleasant to hear of the appointment of an old pupil, Miss A. M. K. Sinnett, to the Governing Body of the School. Miss Sinnett was elected in May as a representative of the Borough Council.

Two old boys have completed their B.Sc. degrees at the University College, Swansea, Edwin Pope with a second class in Engineering and Alan Owen with a second class honours in Chemistry. Desmond Roch has passed his final examinations there and hopes to do Honours Physics next year. Norma Shears, who has just completed her first year at Swansea, has passed all her examinations.

Ivy Garlick has obtained a second class in her qualifying examination at Cambridge.

Edwin Lewis, who passed the M.Sc. degree of Birmingham University two years ago, has now obtained the degree of Ph.D. of the same university.

Edward Nevin has completed his degree at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, with First-Class Honours in Economics.

Marion Davies passed the examinations of the R.S.A. at Easter in typewriting and shorthand (100 words per minute).

Pat Davies, of Trevallon, had an interesting experience in May. She has been prominent for some time with the local Young Farmers' Club, and she was selected to propose a vote of thanks, on Wednesday, May 11th, to the Princess Elizabeth at the Annual General Meeting of the National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs, at the Central Hall, Westminster. She has also been selected to represent the National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs at the World Assembly of Youth at Brussels at the beginning of August.

A few months ago Jack Gibby was appointed headmaster of Oriulton C.P. School.

In February Joyce Phillips joined the W.R.N.S. as a writer.

W. A. Thomas has done very well. He has now been made a permanent Civil Servant in the Ministry of Labour. He gained second place out of more than two hundred candidates in the qualifying examination, and is training to be a Regional Controller.

Denzil Cowdry completed a two-year course in teaching at Winchester Training College last July. After teaching for a term he obtained a short service commission in the Navy as an instructor.

Ivor Howells was appointed to the staff of the Coronation School at the beginning of the summer term.

We print an article in this issue by the Rev. Lewis G. Tucker, of Walton-on-Thames, who was one of the original pupils of the School. We are sure that his description of the early days of the school will be read with great interest.

Ricardo Sabido finished his period of National Service some months ago, and is going to the University College, Swansea, next October to do a degree course in Science.

Robert Hamerton was in the town on leave in January. He joined the Royal Corps of Signals as a regular some years before the war and is now a Major. At the time of his leave he was attached to the War Office in London.

Geoffrey Lewis, of Pembroke, has been for some time in the electrical engineering section of the Atomic Research Station at Harwell.

Flt/Lt. Colin Thomas was awarded the M.B.E. in the New Year Honours' List. His brother Kenneth received the same decoration for War Service in 1941. Both brothers joined the R.A.F. from school as apprentices. Colin was eighteen months Squadron Engineer at Eastleigh, Nairobi, and later moved with the squadron to the Gold Coast.

Jean Colley, who is at the Training College of Domestic Arts in Cardiff, returned to school in July for a fortnight's teaching practice.

There was an interesting photograph in the "West Wales Guardian" of July 1st. It represented the Public Speaking team of the South Pembrokeshire Young Farmers' Club with the cup which they won at the recent Rally at Crymmych. What made it interesting was that, among the seven members of the team were five old pupils and one present pupil. They were Pat Davies, Pat Morcombe, Marianne Davies, Anthony Thomas, Patrick Russell and John Russell.

Cliff Gordon is now appearing at the Saville Theatre in London, where he comperes the show, and introduces, among others, Yves Montand, the French singer, who is the star of the show. He has also recently been taking a principal part in the Kentucky Minstrels show on the B.B.C.

George Rees, who entered the Church when he left School some years before the war, was a curate for some time in Yorkshire. He later served as a chaplain at the Central Criminal Court in London. He is now a Probation Officer at Gloucester.

who are interested in hockey, to get in touch with the secretary before the start of next season. Even if boys have only played soccer and cricket in School they will be welcome, and older members of the Club will be delighted to give any coaching that may be required.

The Re-union Dances were held this year on Boxing Day and Easter Tuesday. The Christmas dance was a real success, and many "old faces" were seen doing the "light fantastic." The music was supplied by Charles Oliver and his band from Haverfordwest. The Easter dance was not so well attended as the Christmas one, due to other attractions in the vicinity.

It was with great interest that we read in a national magazine recently that W. F. Grimes, Director of the London Museum, is now exploring the blitz-devastated area north of St. Paul's Cathedral for relics of 2,000 years ago. Grimes, after taking an honour's degree in Latin at Cardiff, was appointed assistant in the Department of Archaeology at the National Museum of Wales in Cardiff. After serving there for ten years he joined the Archaeological Section of the Ordnance Survey, and during the war was seconded for service in the Ancient Monuments department of the Ministry of Works.

We learned recently that Lieut.-Instructor K. G. Carr, B.Sc., R.N., was leaving the Royal Navy, and was returning to Bristol University in September to commence studies for a degree in education. He has been in the Navy for the last three years, on the instructional staff of H. M. S. Collingwood.

Several old pupils have returned to college recently. Walford Davies and W. A. Crowe are at present in Carmarthen College, whilst Tommy Rees is at a college outside Kidderminster.

It was with profound regret that we heard of the death, on February 5th, of Officer/Cadet Kenneth Manning, R.A.F. He was killed in a flying accident in Lincolnshire, a few weeks before taking his commission. He entered the R.A.F. as an apprentice on leaving school in November, 1942. He was one of the outstanding pupils at Halton, and was commended for his ability. He was one of five cadets picked out to go from Halton to Cranwell for training as an officer. To his parents we extend our deepest sympathy in their loss.

Melbourne Phillips has been appointed Head of the Bristol C.I.D., with the rank of Chief Inspector. As Superintendent he was the retiring Chief's right-hand man, assisting in investigations in many notable cases, including the recent Odeon murder and the Knowle Bank murder. He joined the Police Force in 1925, and was transferred to the Detective branch five years later.

## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES.

### DEBATING SOCIETY.

There were two meetings of the Debating Society in the Spring term. At the first, held on February 3rd, the motion "Should the powers and privileges of the prefects be increased?" was defeated by 22 votes to 6, the minority being prefects.

At the second meeting, on March 10th, the motion "Should Cardiff be the capital of Wales?" was carried by a large majority. This subject provoked much animated discussion from the enthusiastic audience.

We wish to thank the members who were present and helped to ensure the success of these meetings.

### DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

There was only one meeting of the Dramatic Society during the Spring term, on February 24th. This was a play performed by the Lower VI. called "Something to talk about." The actors threw themselves into their parts with varied success. It was noticed during the performance that some of the boys who smoked cigars—to make the play more realistic, so they said—turned a pale green.

During this term a new feature has been introduced into school life—Activities. The members of the lower school who belong to the Dramatic Section hope to perform Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" at a later date.

### MUSIC SOCIETY.

During the Spring term only one meeting of the Music Society was held, on February 2nd. This meeting consisted of items by various pupils and a selection of gramophone records. Derek Willington played a piano solo, and Alma Rees and David Harries a piano duet. A delightful rendering of Handel's aria, "Have you not seen my lady?" was given by Derek Davies, while Megan Roach and Valmai Folland sang a duet, and Joan Peters a solo. The gramophone records consisted of Sousa marches, selections from Tchaikowsky's *Casse-Noisette* suite, "Finlandia" by Sibelius, and excerpts from "Figaro." Next term we hope to hold more meetings of the society, and to have a rather better attendance.

### SCIENCE SOCIETY.

Two meetings of the Science Society were held in the Spring term. These were in the form of lectures given by members of the Science Vith.



The first was a very interesting talk by J. Maynard, who explained in a most fascinating way a recent development of qualitative analysis known as chromatography or colour analysis.

The second was an equally interesting talk by F. J. Manning, who described with interest one of the most modern of new chemical industries—plastics. He explained how simple plastics could be formed and the composition of some of the complex molecules in plastic constructions.

It was gratifying to see a fair number of pupils present on both occasions, and we are looking forward to many more interesting talks in the future.

## SCHOOL SPORTS.

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

### RUGBY FOOTBALL.

The Junior XV., with Graham Tregidon as captain, enjoyed a fairly successful season, playing ten games, of which four were won, one drawn, and five lost. They scored 63 points, conceding 58, the top scorer being G. Tregidon, inside-half, with 21 points. J. Griffiths scored fifteen points and Peter Collins six points. The following scored one try each: R. Smith, J. Walters, W. Smith, G. Harper, W. Evans, K. McCallum, J. Davies, G. Tregidon, Peter Collins and Arthur Jones played in the Pembrokeshire Schools' XV. C. Tennent, a junior member of the senior team, also played in the Pembrokeshire Schools' XV. Tregidon, who captained the county team, also played in the Welsh Schoolboys' Trials. He was unsuccessful, however, in winning a cap. But as he will be a junior next season we hope that he will be luckier then.

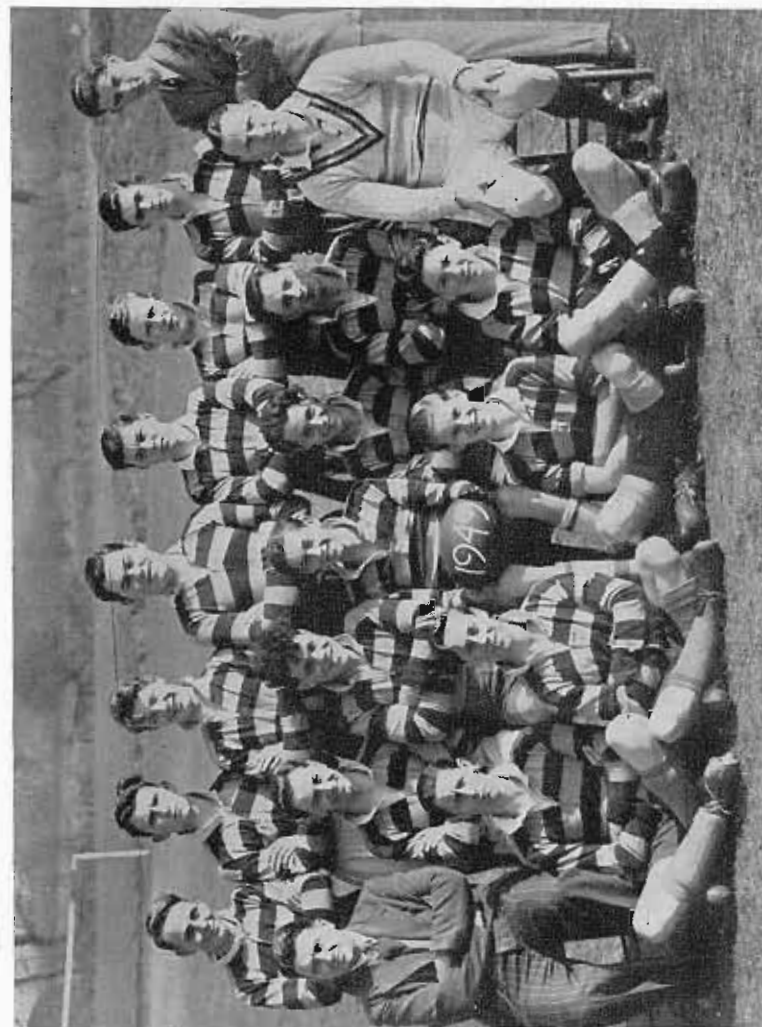
The junior team was selected from the following boys:—G. Tregidon (capt.), P. Collins, K. Catherall, J. Griffiths, R. Smith, J. Walters, K. McCallum, J. Davies, R. Haggart, G. Phillips, G. Lewis, G. Hughes, W. Evans, W. Smith, P. Williams, T. Ridley, K. Edwards, G. Harper, D. Myers, E. Mullins, A. Jones.

R. Smith was awarded colours at the end of the season.

Results:—

Jan. 8th.—Haverfordwest Grammar School (home). Drawn 3-3.  
Jan. 22nd.—Llanelli Grammar School (home). Lost 3-0.  
Jan. 29th.—Whitland Grammar School (away). Lost 12-3.  
Feb. 5th.—Cardigan Grammar School (home). Won 9-6.  
Feb. 12th.—Neyland Boys (home). Won 10-0.  
Feb. 19th.—Llanelli Grammar School (away). Lost 9-5.  
Feb. 26th.—Llandilo Grammar School (away). Won 8-3.  
Mar. 5th.—Whitland Grammar School (home). Lost 3-0.  
Mar. 26th.—Haverfordwest Grammar School (away). Won 23-0.  
Feb. 28th.—Colts XV. v. Tenby School. Won 30-0.

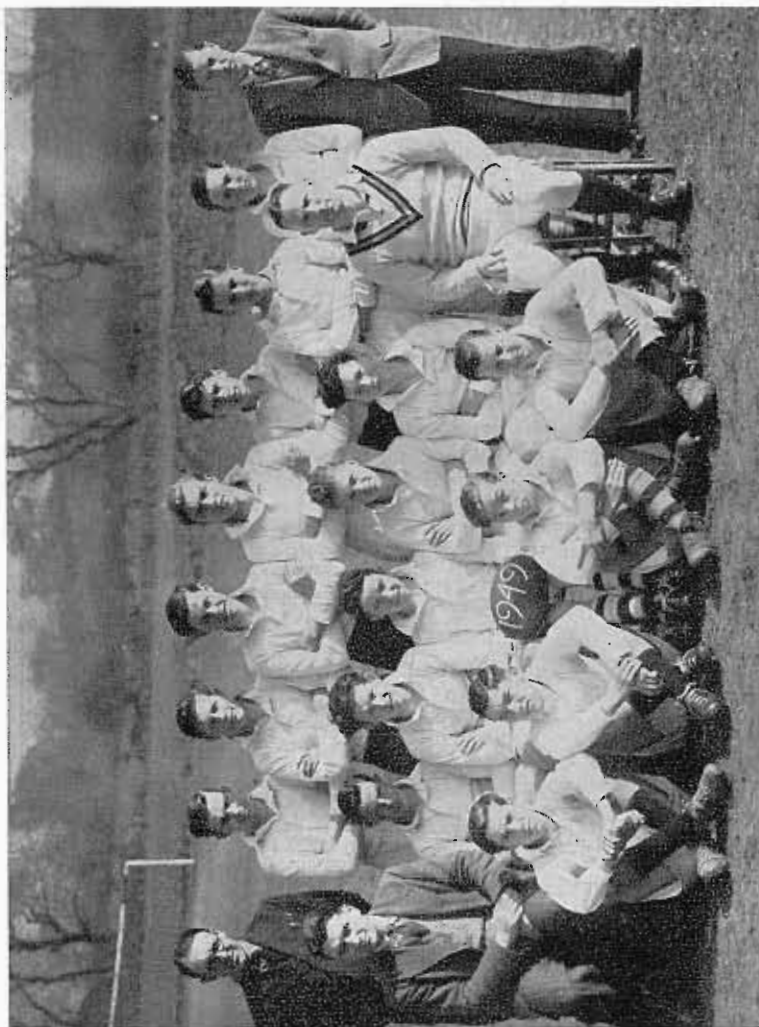
The Colts teams was:—G. Phillips, J. Harper, P. Tucker, J. Griffiths, D. Myers, P. Collins, G. Tregidon (capt.), K. Edwards, G. Thomas, E. Mullins, J. Davies, W. Smith, G. Lewis, D. Perry, R. Smith.



Pembroke Dock Grammar School 1st Rugby Team 1948-49.

PHOTO: MANSELL





Pembroke Dock Grammar School 2nd Rugby Team 1948-49  
 PHOTO: MANSELL

The Senior XV. was not so lucky as the Junior XV. Bad tackling and poor finishing cost the senior team some very hard-fought games. The team improved during the term, however, and by the end of next season we should have two really good school teams.

Of eleven games played, two were won and nine lost. One of those won was the first Old Boys' rugby match, and the School was considerably heartened at this win over a side which contained some hefty County players, especially after so many reverses.

Of the 25 points scored, Hayward, inside-half and captain, scored 22, and Peter Collins 3.

The Senior team was selected from the following:— D. Hayward (capt.), D. Jones (sec.), T. Lewis, N. Smith, F. Manning, C. Palmer, D. Scone, P. Nutting, D. Morgan, G. Brown, E. Griggs, D. Davies, N. Jones, D. Macken, K. Elsdon, A. Skone, A. Richards, W. Evans, G. Hughes, C. Tennent, D. Roach, P. Collins, A. Jones.

Hayward was awarded colours at the end of the season. His is the unique distinction of having been awarded cricket, soccer, and rugby colours in three consecutive terms.

D. Jones played for the Pembrokeshire Youth XV. this season.

We wish to thank Mr. Mathias, Mr. Cleaver, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Harries, and Mr. W. Howells (late of the school staff) for refereeing our home matches. Thanks are especially due to Mr. Cleaver for taking such pains with the training of the school teams.

We also wish to thank the members of the school kitchen staff for providing such excellent hot lunches after our home matches.

Senior XV. results:—

- Jan. 8th.—Haverfordwest Grammar School (home). Lost 20-0.
- Jan. 22nd.—Llanelly Grammar School (home). Lost 36-3.
- Jan 29th.—Whitland Grammar School (away). Lost 19-0.
- Feb. 5th.—Tenby Grammar School (home). Won 11-0.
- Feb. 12th.—Tenby Grammar School (away). Lost 9-0.
- Feb. 19th.—Llanelly Grammar School (away). Lost 22-0.
- Feb. 26th.—Llandovery Grammar School (away). Lost 20-0.
- Mar. 5th.—Whitland Grammar School (home). Lost 6-0.
- Mar. 19th.—Llandovery Grammar School (home). Lost 9-3.
- Mar. 26th.—Haverfordwest Grammar School (away). Lost 24-0.
- Mar. 30th.—Old Boys' XV. Won 8-6.

Tudor won the Senior and Glyndwr the Junior House competition. In the senior competition Tudor won two matches and Picton one; in the junior competition Glyndwr won two and Tudor one.

## HOCKEY.

The Hockey Team was very successful last term, playing six games and only losing one. Results:—

- January 22nd.—Narberth (home). Won 5-0.
- January 29th.—Tenby (home). Won 5-0.
- February 12th.—Milford Grammar (away). Lost 4-1.
- March 5th.—W.R.A.C. (home). Won 10-0.
- March 12th.—Tasker's (away). Won 3-1.
- March 19th.—Milford Central (home). Won 9-0.

The Hockey Team XI was as follows:—T. Sabido\* (captain), M. Phillips\* (vice-captain), G. Davies, M. Birmingham\*, Zina Judd, M. Sutton\*, P. Blake, J. Strachan, D. Shears\*, N. Macken, E. Hodge.

Old Colours\*

## ROUNDERS.

The School rounders team has had quite a successful season so far, winning all of the five matches played. The results were as follows :—

May 7th.—Tenby (away). Won 3½-3.  
May 14th.—Narberth (away). Won 6-5 (declared).  
May 21st.—Milford (home). Won 3½-3.  
June 25th.—Tasker's (home). Won 3½-2.  
July 2nd.—Tenby (home). Won 7½-3.

The team was chosen from the following :—Toni Sabido (capt.), Barbara Davies (sec.), Maureen Bermingham, Pat Blake, Linda Barker, Dorothy Shears, June Strachan, Sheila Turner, Nancy Macken, Coyeta Sabido, Vernice Evans, Nesta Rosen, Gwyneth Macken, Joyce Horn.

## TENNIS.

The School tennis team has only played two matches so far this term. The results are as follows :—

May 21st.—Milford (home). Lost  
June 25th.—Tasker's (home). Lost 43 games to 23.

The team was selected from :—Claire Thomas (capt.), Nancy Willcocks (vice-capt.), Gillian Davies, Marion Jenkins, Mary Phillips, Carolyn Shenton, Zina Judd.

Thanks should be accorded to the mistresses who umpired the matches and also to the kitchen staff who prepared the teas.

## CRICKET.

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

The results are as follows :—

April 30th.—Pedagogues (home). Lost 42, 49-5 (Hayward 16, Hayward 2 for 9).  
May 7th.—Haverfordwest G.S. (home). Won 37-4, 36 (Hayward 5 for 11, Smith 3 for 5).  
May 11th.—Pembroke (away). Won 55-8, 48 (Mr. Devereux 25, Hayward 5 for 10).  
May 14th.—Stackpole (home). Won 76, 62 (Mr. Devereux 19, Richards 14).  
May 28th.—Pedagogues (home). Lost 49, 68 (Robinson 26, Preece 3 for 17).  
June 11th.—Angle (away). Won 38-8, 36 (Griffiths 4 for 4, Preece 3 for 2).  
June 18th.—Milford (home). Lost 12, 27 (Griffiths 4 for 6; Smith 2 for 2).  
June 25th.—Haverfordwest G.S. (away). Lost 36, 133-5 (Skone 3 for 27).  
July 2nd.—Stackpole (away). Lost 68-97 (Mr. Devereux 18, R. Robinson 15 not out; Hayward 6 for 23)

The team was selected from the following :—Mr. Devereux, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Humphries, J. Griffiths\* (capt.), D. Hayward\*, R. Robinson, F. Manning, A. Richards\*, N. Smith\*, W. Rees, J. Maynard, A. Skone, K. Catherall, E. Griggs, H. Mackay, S. Mathias, V. Rossiter, P. Preece, M. Cole, J. Rees.

(\*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.

## THE COUNTY SPORTS.

On May 28th, the third annual County Sports for secondary schools in Pembrokeshire was held in Tenby, on the Grammar School playing field. Following a day of extremely bad weather, we were surprised to see the day break warm and sunny. The field looked a picture, set in beautiful surroundings, with its close-cut grass and white track markings.

We had brought competitors for practically all the events. The pupils had cheerfully and assiduously practised their particular events.

At the end of a good sports day we had the satisfaction of winning a number of events, running a close second in others, and being far from disgraced in the remaining events. The standard of attainment is rising fast in the county although it has still some distance to go to reach the quality of the country. The boys and girls who competed have been spurred on by this competition to still greater things. I have little doubt that in future years we shall see still more taking a leading part in county and country athletics.

I must not let the occasion pass without mentioning our girls. To my intense regret they just failed to win their trophy by the smallest possible margin. The School's congratulations to them and not unjust hopes of achieving the supreme honour next year.

Results :

Senior Boys : 100 yards hurdles.—1, D. Davies; long jump—4, D. Hayward; high jump—1, A. Richards; hop, step and jump—4, D. Hayward; Cricket ball—2, A. Skone; discus—4 W. Rees; javelin—4, W. Rees.

Middle School Boys : 880 yards—4, D. Macken; high jump—2, G. Hughes; cricket ball—4, R. Smith; javelin—3, R. Smith.

Junior Boys : 220 yards—4, G. Tregidon; 100 yards—3, B. John; 75 yards hurdles—1, D. Rendall; high jump—2, G. Tregidon; long jump—1, D. Myers; hop, step and jump—2, D. Myers; javelin—4, R. Brown; discus—3, G. Tregidon; cricket ball—4, R. Brown; relay—2 Tregidon, John, Lewis, Rendall).

Senior Girls : High jump—1, Toni Sabido; hop, step and jump—3, Megan Sutton; discus—1, Toni Sabido; 220 yards—4, Toni Sabido; relay—4 (Maureen Bermingham, Megan Sutton, Gillian Davies, Toni Sabido).

Middle School Girls : High jump—1, Sheila Turner; hop, step and jump—3, Pat Blake; high jump—1, Pat Blake; discus—3, Pat Blake.

Junior Girls : 100 yards—1, Mary Phillips; hop, step and jump—1, Nancy Macken; discus—1, Coyeta Sabido; relay—2 (Mary Phillips, June Palmer, Nancy Macken, Gwyneth Macken).

N. H. GREENWOOD.

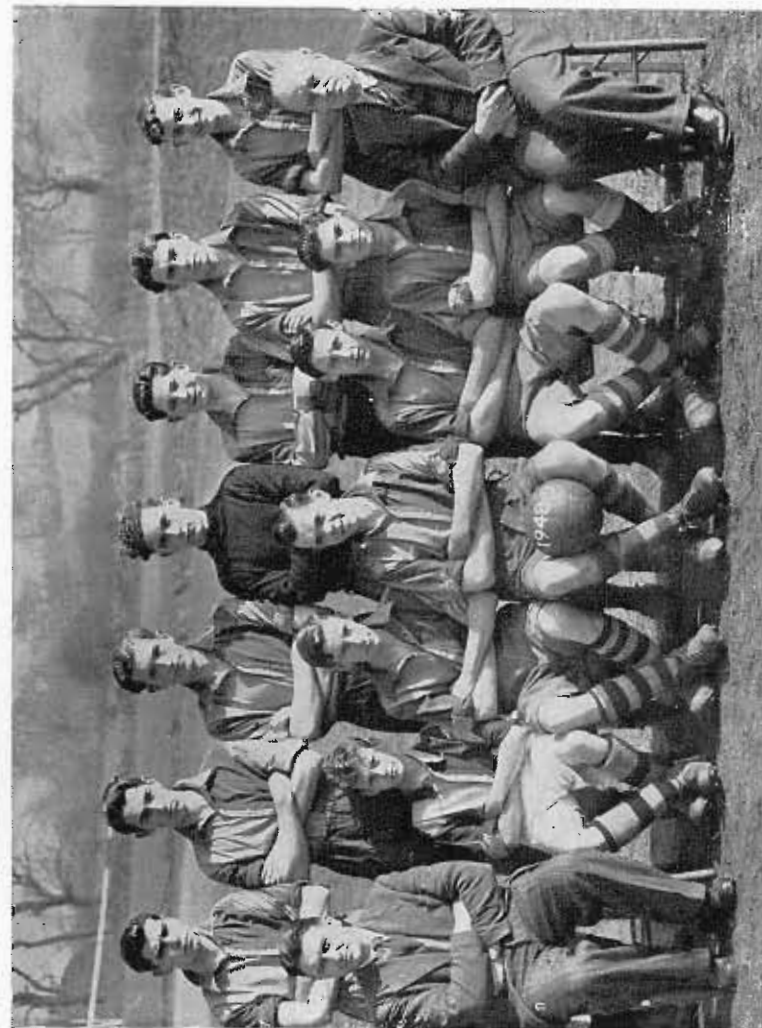
## THE NATIONAL SPORTS.

On June 4th this year the third annual athletic sports of the secondary schools of Wales was held in Carmarthen Park, a natural setting for such an event. Boys from all the counties of Wales competed in what was to me the finest youth sports I have had the privilege of attending. These sports will, in a few years' time, alter the whole complexion of adult athletics in Wales and will, I am sure, produce some future A.A.A. champions. It was grand to see the fitness, keenness, and splendid sportsmanship of all the competitors.

Our school had the honour of supplying a few competitors, who did real justice to themselves, the school, and the county. In the hurdles events we had two competitors, Derek Davies in the senior section who came fourth, and Dennis Rendall in the junior section who gained third place. Dennis Myers jumped 15ft. 8in. in the junior long jump, a splendid jump, and finally Brian John represented us in the Junior team race. This team came second in its heat, and had unfortunately to retire in the final due to the indisposition of one of the boys.

I hope that next year, and in future years, other boys in the school will train early and sincerely, so that they too can represent their county in a wonderful National Sports.

N. H. GREENWOOD.



Pembroke Dock Grammar School Soccer Team 1948-49

PHOTO: MANSELL