

THE PENVRO

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Pembroke Dock Grammar School

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THE PENVRO

The Grammar School, Pembroke Dock

No. 107.

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EDITORIAL

At the end of this term we shall say goodbye, with great regret, to Mr. Nagle, who will then have completed thirty years at the school. There is no room here to enumerate the many ways in which he has served the School, and he will certainly not want us to do so, he who has succeeded more than most in "doing good by stealth"—by extra classes on Saturday mornings, and at other times, by all the "outside activities" of a school which are far removed from the lime-light, and so on, and so on... Indeed, it would be hard to say what we all feel about him without appearing fulsome. Let us then just say—"Thank you and good luck; come and see us whenever you can."

We shall be losing Mrs. Walters also this term. She is going to take up married life full-time instead of part-time. She too has our good wishes, and our thanks for her pioneering work in the Welsh department.

It has been very pleasant having Mlle. Denise Niard with us for the past year, and the VIth Form will be particularly grateful to her for all she has done for them. We hope she will have a happy and successful year at the University of Paris next session.

We shall all miss the cheerful, bustling figure of our School Secretary, Miss Betty Jones, who is leaving at the end of this term to be married. If she brings to married life the enthusiastic efficiency she has shown here, the ménage will be a very happy one.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Humphreys back to School this term after his very strenuous course at Blackpool. Mr. Dennis Williams, who took his place last term, is now teaching at Pennar School.

This year there is to be no exchange visit with Epinal. Many things caused us to decide to substitute for it this year another type of continental journey. That this was a success will be clear from the enthusiastic accounts included in this issue of the Magazine.

Our contemporary, "Dock Leaves," continues to flourish, and the last issue was "bigger and better than ever," and had a much wider circulation. It was interesting to note that this issue contained a poem by an Old Boy of the School, Stephen Pickard, now teaching in a local school.

We record with pleasure the fact that Mr Garlick's first volume of poems, "Poems from the Mountain House," was published on February 1st. We look forward to his next book, which we gather is "in active preparation."

Next term the School Dramatic Society will tackle T. S. Elliot's "Murder in the Cathedral." Mr Garlick is to produce, and he has already made a good start with the necessary preparations.

THE PLOUGHMAN

Early in the morning light
When everything is still,
The ploughman who works late at night
Is walking o'er the hill.

His team of horses, tired and old,
Their work they never shirk.
The ploughman, once so young and bold,
Knows well his round of work.

The daylight soon will disappear,
Once more the earth is still:
And when the darkest hour is near
The ploughman's on the hill.

JEAN RICHARDS, IVB.

CROSS-COUNTRY

On a fine March day the School Houses competed in a race which we were told was a mere triviality, an excellent run to loosen up the limbs and so-called muscles. There we stood in the Park with a master laughingly telling us the number of swamps and bogs we had to cross. I stood happily thinking about the virtues of sport and what an important part it plays in life. All of a sudden I was brought to earth with the order "Get ready."

We all surged away like a pack of maddened fox-hounds scenting blood. On reaching Bush Lodge I felt rather breathless and regretted leaving my school desk. Soon we reached Rocky Park and, after crossing a few fields, arrived at the first bog. Here I descended to cursing all types of athleticism, cross-country running in particular. Pulling my feet from a patch of deep sticky mud I battled my way across a field wondering what the two heavy things hanging from my legs were. After what seemed hours of coursing over pastures another bog grimly broke the monotony.

As I was wading through this horrid mud my gym shoes decided to leave me and I stopped, deeply embedded in the slime. Drawing my feet out with some difficulty I began to search for my missing shoes. My arm went in elbow deep and finally produced two sodden objects which proved to be mine. The thought of algebra at this time was blissful. I bounded up Imble Lane, occasionally running when my legs permitted it.

After a few more minutes' toil my object was in sight and I hurtled down past the waterworks like a three-legged stag. Staggering through the Park I hobbled up alongside the hockey pitch and past the winning post. The other runners stared at me with complete indifference, while a strident female voice shouted "There's Useless."

DEVAN PREECE, V Remove.

GOING FOR A WALK

The thing which gives me greatest pleasure is very odd. Some people would even call it unpleasant. It is going for a walk around the Pools and Broad Haven on a foggy day.

Although I have been on such a walk many times I shall never tire of it. As the Pools are low-lying the fog seems to be thickest there. When I first sight them I can just distinguish the dark outline of the headland between the two pools and the narrow stone bridge stretching across the intervening water, with its railing posts projecting upwards like a row of teeth. This bridge, though in a bad state of repair, is really picturesque, with ivy growing over the parts of its walls which are still standing and grass along the top. The silence here is broken only by the cry of a startled moorhen as it darts from the cover of the reeds, the quick splashes made by its wings before it leaves the water, and the plop of fish rising to take the flies which at such a time are low over the water. The boom of the foghorn and the thundering of the surf on Broad Haven become audible. Overhead the seagulls wheel and cry. The trees have minute beads of water on their branches and leaves. The woods seem to echo every little sound.

To go for such a walk is a thing well worth doing.

JOHN WILLIAMS, V Remove.

THE NIGHTMARE

Once when I went to see my aunts
With all their 'no's' and 'don'ts' and 'can'ts,'
And 'Dont do this' and 'Don't do that'
And 'Please, dear, don't touch the cat.'

I saw my aunts so big and strong
With eyes so big and nose so long—
I was so tiny and so small
I felt I did not count at all.

And my aunt said 'Don't do that, dear':
And my aunt said 'Don't do this, dear':
And they said 'Don't eat too much, dear':
And they said 'Don't go to play dear, dear.'

'Don't! Don't! Don't yourselves' I shouted,
And this so completely routed
Both my aunts that they sat still,
'Hush' they said 'or you'll be ill.'

But still I shrieked and still I shouted,
And in every way I so flouted
Both my aunts that they never spoke—
When all of a sudden I awoke.

JOAN CARR, IIB.

THE HEREFORD WORLD MAP

The Hereford world map, or "Mappa Mundi," can be seen in the Cathedral at Hereford. It is the largest map to have survived for so many years, and to be in good condition.

The map was made by Richard de Haldingham and is over six hundred years old. There is no date on it, but map experts have said that it was probably finished about 1285 to 1295.

When I saw the map, I noticed many interesting features about it. It was divided into three parts, Asia being the largest part and occupying one half of the map. The other two parts were Europe and Africa. Jerusalem was in the centre of the map and around it the Biblical towns and lands. In the east was a small round island which was called Paradise, and in the south-east was the Red Sea, which was painted in red. The Pillars of Hercules were in the west, and not very far away were the British Isles. The drawings of these were remarkably well done, and showed the cities of York, Lincoln, London, Hereford and Dublin.

The guide who showed us the map told us how interesting it was to note how near de Haldingham had placed Ireland to the "abyss" which was Hell. Scotland was a separate island, north of England and the Orkney Islands were in a fiord in Norway.

In the different seas were curious-shaped objects which were supposed to be fish, and in different parts of the land were animals and people of astonishing shape and size, representing the different parts of the country. In "Darkest Africa" was a pygmy squatting on the floor with his leg twisted around his body and his huge foot placed over his head.

MARY JENKINS, IVA.

THE FLAGSHIP

This tall and lofty ship
Carries the Admiral's flag.
Her sails are without a rip
Although they sometirres sag.

Seven tall ships around her,
Together they make up a fleet:
Ten small ships hover near her
Like buzzing bees in the heat.

She is a hundred gunner
Unlike the seven men o'war;
Although one carries a runner
They have only seventy-four.

The ten small buzzing bees
Have only twenty-three guns,
Which sometimes creak and wheeze
But they will kill the Huns.

And so this squadron bold
Will sail out of Dover harbour,
As they did in the days of old
When ships were very macabre.
So now they sail to the seas
To no one knows what fate,
The ten small buzzing bees
And the stalwart squadron of eight.

JAMES PROUSE, IIA.

ST. DAVID'S DAY CONCERT

The School concert on Gwyl Dewi Sant opened with a selection by the School Orchestra, consisting of three Welsh airs. This was followed by "On This Day Our King Was Born," sung by the junior boys, and a violin solo ("Gavotte in D," Bach) by David Harries. Then came a selection from "Hiawatha," sung by the School Choir, and a piano solo by Nesta Phillips. The first part of the programme ended with a play, "The Apple Tree," acted by David John ("Misery"), Wendy Lees ("Scold"), Hazel Newton ("Death"), Kathleen Lockett ("Riches"), Noreen Jones ("Angel"), Jeremy Gordon (A Boy), and produced by Miss Jenkins. The players gave an amusing and polished performance which the audience thoroughly appreciated.

At this juncture the language changed from English to Welsh, to remind us that we were a Welsh Grammar School celebrating the feast of the patron saint of our country. Under the direction of Mrs. Walters, a choir of third form girls sang "Tros y Garreg," "Y Gelynen," and "Merch Megan." It is difficult to overpraise the standard achieved in these contributions, particularly when it is remembered that few, if any, of the singers were naturally Welsh-speaking. Suzanne Brown followed, giving a most spirited and articulate recitation of "Bugail Bach Cymtyle," and Ann Lloyd sang as a solo "Can y Telynon." Together with Margaret McGarry and Joan Lewis, she then sang "Un Fran Ddu." Maureen Morgan and Kathleen Lockett sang as a duet "Merry The Time When The Heart Is Young," and the School Choir followed with a second selection from "Hiawatha." The programme concluded with the staff play, "The Poacher," performed by Miss Jenkins, Mr. George, Mr. Devereux, Mr. Davies, Ruth Cole (a voice off stage), and Mr. Cooper (noises off). After the singing of the National Anthem, "Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau," the School dispersed for a half-holiday.

PEMBROKESHIRE CUSTOMS

The people of Pembrokeshire have always been superstitious, and many strange old customs have survived the passing of time, mainly in country districts. Potatoes are one of the main crops of the county, and early varieties are sometimes spoiled by frost. Pembrokeshire farmers, therefore, leave the

gate of a field open and make a gap in the opposite hedge, or, if the field has two gates, leave them both open. This, they say, creates a draught, and the field will not freeze. It seems rather queer, but many farmers believe in it implicitly.

One custom which must be very old, and which has almost died out, is that of the Elf's supper. A dish of milk, and perhaps a piece of bread, is placed on the doorstep at night for any passing elf. Of course, the elf will reward those who live in the house, and give them good luck. Perhaps the shortage of milk during the war finished this custom, but before the war it was often done.

In the little village of Sardis, between Kilgetty and Saundersfoot, I have seen the women doing something which I have never seen elsewhere. In the yard, or in front of the houses is a flat slab of stone. Every Saturday morning the housewife takes a piece of chalk and draws a circle in each corner of the stone. Then she joins the circles together with a line drawn through them. Sometimes one large circle with drawings inside it is made. The hearth is coated with whitewash, or has designs on it in chalk. On Monday morning it is washed off. This is to keep the evil spirits away, and bring a blessing on the house.

In Pembrokeshire, before going to bed at night, you should, if you are wise, cross the coal shovel and tongs, or else the poker and tongs, in the hearth. This is to make sure that no evil befalls the occupants during the night. I have not seen this done very often.

In Sardis, too, a few years ago, Donkey Weddings were held. This does not mean that donkeys were married, but that all wedding guests were expected to come to the wedding in a donkey cart.

Cattle can sometimes be seen grazing in Pembrokeshire with a collar around their necks, from which large pieces of wood stick out horizontally. This is to prevent the cattle climbing through hedges, and has been done for many years.

I do not know why such old customs have survived. Pembrokeshire people are very superstitious, but these beliefs seem out of place in the twentieth century. Perhaps there is nothing in the more superstitious ideas, but I think there must be for them to have survived so long, although I do not think I should be very worried if our shovel and tongs were not crossed. Visitors to the county cannot understand these customs any more than they can understand Pembrokeshire English, and they seem to regard us as something out of the past.

In the past, Pembrokeshire people must have lived in terror of their lives, if they believed in a large number of superstitious customs. Their lives must have been one long nightmare, trying to remember what one must do to avoid being cursed, or bringing bad luck on the house.

Perhaps at some time in the future everyone in Britain will have strange customs, maybe to placate Atom Gods, or to prevent Martians invading us, but if this happens I am certain that Pembrokeshire will have many more rituals than anywhere else in the British Isles.

I think the war has been responsible for many customs dying out. Everyone's mind was too occupied with world affairs to bother very much about irate elves going without supper, or drawing geometrical designs on stones, and when they found nothing happened, they ceased to continue with their strange customs.

But I think these old customs are very attractive, and I half-believe in some of them, and should be very sorry to see them die out.

MARGARET NICHOLLS, VA.

CASTLES IN PEMBROKESHIRE

Pembrokeshire has been rightly named the "County of Castles." In fact there are no fewer than eighteen castles within the borders of this county. Not all of these are famous, and there is a great variation in their sizes, but each has a beauty and charm of its own which age has enhanced.

If the castles are marked on a blank map of Pembrokeshire, one fact is immediately noticeable. No fewer than fifteen have been built south of a line drawn through Haverfordwest, and the only castles built in the north of the county are Newport, Nevern and Kilgerran. The reason for this is not hard to seek. When the English invaded and finally settled in Wales it was natural that they should settle in the fertile lowlands, and here they built their castles to defend their possessions from the native Welshmen who had been forced to retreat into the mountains and the hills.

Some of these so-called castles are now mere heaps of stones, but even so, when one stands on the sites on which they once so proudly stood, one can see the reason for their having been built there. Not only do they command a strong position in case of an attack, but each commands a splendid view of the magnificent scenery of Pembrokeshire.

Pembroke Castle, standing as it does upon the rock at the head of one of the arms of Milford Haven, commands a magnificent view of a beautiful part of South Pembrokeshire. Carew Castle, nestling at the water's edge, has a beauty and charm of its own. It is a delight to come suddenly upon the ruins of Lawrenny Castle after tramping through the surrounding woodland. Manorbier is probably the most beautifully situated of all, built in a small valley at the water's edge. It was the birth-place of Giraldu Cambrensis.

Pembrokeshire would hardly be Pembrokeshire without its castles. They are a symbol of the language difference between the north and south of the county. Many are the tales they could tell of seige and defence, cowardice and bravery, chivalry and knighthood. Every one of them is steeped in history.

PETER PREECE, IVA Remove.

EASTER IN SWITZERLAND

"An adventure for twenty-five members of Pembroke Dock Grammar School, fifteen days in Belgium, France and Switzerland"—these were the headlines in a local Pembrokeshire newspaper. For me it was the finale of the most enjoyable fifteen days in my life.

Belgium, France and Switzerland; my impressions of Belgium were of flat roads, flanked by flat dull agricultural land, fast American cars and large gaudily-coloured bicycles; of France, war-scarred and dirty towns, a large and widely-advertised circus called "Pinder" and the warm-hearted welcome we received at Epinal.

No! the journey held little interest for me until we crossed the border into Switzerland. As soon as we entered the little hotel in the old majestic city of Basle, I knew that there was something different, something more friendly and something that was lacking in the other countries we had visited.

The morning that I awoke in Basle and saw the dark chain of the Jura mountains in the distance, I knew I was going to enjoy this holiday. There was an exciting and mysterious something about those mountains on the horizon.

As we progressed further into the heart of Switzerland excitement mounted; the scenery was becoming more interesting and as we entered the dark foreboding mountains the excitement and the feeling of adventure just begun became acute. The coach climbed slowly up the central narrow road towards the snowline, fell again and entered the central plain of Switzerland and in the distance could be seen the Alps themselves.

Our arrival at Pension Friedegg, Aeschi was the usual formal affair, an introduction to our bedrooms and a good meal, with a rush afterwards to the large case of unrationed scrumptious chocolate.

That afternoon we decided to climb the nearest mountain we could see. In theory all was well, but in practice things were not quite so easy. We spent the afternoon traversing a deep ravine through which ran a fast sparkling stream of melted snow. We did, however, reach the snowline, but regarded this as poor reward for the toil expended.

When sleep overcame me that night the snow was falling fast and heavily and at dawn when I awoke, the world outside was covered with a deep white blanket of glistening snow. That morning dreams of ski-ing and tobogganing became reality. For the nominal fee of a large block of chocolate equipment was obtained from a small brown-faced Swiss boy. Several hours later we returned, cold, wet and sore in places, but very much wiser in the arts and crafts of winter sports.

In the days that followed the towns, mountains and lakes of Switzerland became ours, ours to keep in memory for ever.

What a relief from the industrial towns of South Wales, from London and the towns of France, were these Swiss towns with their spotlessly clean streets, the shops full of good things and each town with its own charming antiquities. There was Thun with its splendid Teuton type of mediaeval castle, Lucerne the centre of the tourist industry, with its modern



Grindelwald First : the Schreckhorn en face



Group on Leissigen Station

shopping centre and the quaint old wooden bridge crossing the river, Berne the capital with its arcades, modern tram services and magnificent cathedral, which in my opinion rivalled Notre-Dame itself, and, of course, the bearpits. The Swiss towns and cities cannot be rivalled for beauty and peace, and long may they remain so.

The mountains of Switzerland, the Alps, make the country without doubt one of the most beautiful countries in the world. We were fortunate in being able to ascend the Jungfrauoch by the Jungfraubahn. The silent cruel glory of the peaks is a sight I shall never forget. From the Jungfrauoch you have the whole of the magnificent Bernese Oberland at your feet. The Niederhorn and the Grindelwald First were ascended partly on foot and partly by chair-lift, one of man's most pleasant creations. To sit back in the silence of the chair-lift, broken only by the clatter of the passing pylons, and to watch the stark glorious snow-covered mountains gradually fall beneath you is one of the pleasures of the world.

The mountains fall steep down to the wonderful lakes of Switzerland, fed by the melting snows. They are of a deep ice azure colour, a blue that to the layman could not be associated with water. The lakes give you the impression that they are fathomless and that the mountains continue for ever beneath the still waters.

On the fateful day that we left Aeschi and Switzerland and set out en route for Paris and home, I knew that one day I would have to come back to this paradise. I knew that the snow, the mountains and the lakes of Switzerland would be calling me for the rest of my days.

ROY HAGGAR, VA.

The Swiss customs officials in their green peaked caps and voluminous cloaks looked as if they had just stepped from a musical comedy stage, but they passed us over the frontier with great efficiency. At last we were in Switzerland! I had thought that I would never forget the staff dismembering loaves and corned beef as we passed through Belgium, or the beauty of following the Moselle, a silver streak beneath the sun, but these left my mind, jostled from their place by a surge of excitement. We were soon at Basle, where the deep feather-beds, fresh croissants and coffee augured well for Switzerland.

We awoke to look out on to slanting red-tiled roofs which made us feel that we really had arrived. Our short tour of Basle was conducted by a guide who spoke satisfyingly slow French and who showed us Germany across the banks of the Rhine. We saw a wedding party leave the Cathedral while we were admiring it, and were intrigued by the fact that everybody was wearing black and looking most funereal. The news that it was snowing in Spiez drove us on with fresh vigour, up and up into the mountains where the tips of the fir-trees had caught at and held the snow and where we suddenly saw a castle "precipice encurled" backed by green firs. We had just left Spiez when we saw our first peak, rising above the clouds like Swift's floating island, looking entirely disem-

bodied and incomprehensible. The Pension, built entirely of light oak, with green shutters and balconies, made little impression upon us until we had had something to eat, but when we finally reached our feather-beds with several bars of milk chocolate we unanimously decided that this was the place to be.

As the days went by, England and home became more and more remote. It seemed as if the only life I knew was this and my only companions those around me. We never listened to the wireless or read a newspaper—it was complete and delicious isolation. Our first two days were occupied by journeys to Interlaken and to Thun, and it was not until the third day that we obtained our first taste of the mountains. We crossed the lake, by steamer, to Merligen in the early morning. It was a glorious day and the glass-like continuity of the lake was broken only by two fishermen. The "fit" party disembarked at Merligen and we began to climb, shedding clothes as we went. We followed a steep mountain path, clambering over dusty boulders while a waterfall rushed cruelly past us while we longed to drink. Turning, one could see the Niesen, towering in the distance above the blue tranquillity of the lake, and the tail-end of the party slipping and scrambling over the stones. When we had reached the snowline we came out on to a road which wound its perilous way outwards until we were walking directly above the lake and could see Thun cradled in a great arc of mountains. We stopped thankfully at a small café for lemonade, and sat near a little old man who looked just like a dwarf effigy, and sat so still that we were afraid that he had died in his chair. Finally he moved, drank half his beer in one draught, and relapsed into immobility.

Clamped securely into our chairs, and "verboden" to swing, we came to our next experience—the chair-lift. It was slightly awesome at first to find oneself suspended in mid-air and to see the tips of fir-trees, waterfalls and ominous rocks below one. One could sympathise with a fledgling leaving its nest for the first time. On the return journey, however, we felt quite blasé and could look with great disdain on the people who were only walking below us. We walked back to Interlaken down a forest path, which, strangely, was carpeted by fallen leaves and enlivened by small, blue mountain flowers. The wood was pervaded by a russet glow and one could have said that one was walking in England in autumn. Switzerland seems to combine all its seasons in a series of surprises. Revived by a large bottle of lemonade, we boarded the steamer at Interlaken, picking up the "lazy" party, looking very sunburnt, at the next landing-stage. The journey across the lake at sunset was a fitting close to the day—the purple, red and gold of the sun were cast into the lake from behind the mountains while the red-roofed chalets looked down from the smooth green slopes on to the white steamer cutting its way across the lake. I returned to the Pension for my evening race with the plug in the wash-basin as to which would finish first, the water or the washing.

Perhaps the next day was the most restful; certainly it was the most impressive. From Lauterbrunnen we caught a train to Kleine Scheidegg, providing an endless source of amusement to several skiers who occupied the same compartment. Perhaps it was the boot-laces that we had tied the legs of our slacks up with, the bows of which appeared above our boots. At Kleine Scheidegg we amused ourselves while we waited in watching the skiers coming like flies over the mountain. Three fell in quick succession in the same place, to our great delight. The train got hotter and hotter as we went further and further into the tunnel through the Eiger mountain, but it was bitterly cold when we got out to look through



Jungfranjoch : 11,4000 ft. up and the temperature appropriate !

windows cut in the rock from which we could look down on to the snow. Well wrapped in scarves and armed with sun-glasses, we went out on to the Jungfrauoch. Behind us towered the Monch Mountain while we looked down over the endless sweep of snow towards the Rhone glacier. Overhead flapped large, black birds, with a sinister vulture-like appearance, as if they were waiting for someone to fall down some great crevasse. But nobody did, and we were all safe in wind and limb when the man at the entrance of the ice-palace told us that it cost fifty centimes, to be paid when we came out—if we came out. Holding gingerly to the ropes we made our way along the corridors, carved from green feathery crystals

of ice, until we reached the skating-rink with its arched pillars. Fortunately, no one was skating when our party took the ice, with varying success. I established the record of falling down nine times, while the star performance was an elegant waltz executed by Mr. Mathias and Miss Hughes. Coming out considerably wetter than we went in, we took a lift up to the meteorological station on the Sphinx rock. From here we commanded a view of miles of snow-capped peaks, backed by sea-blue clouds. Save for the Monch, Eiger and Jungfrau, we were higher than any other immediate mountains; we were kings to command any of the peoples who lay like flies below us. But in spite of this regal feeling I managed to get left behind when the lift went down, and was forced to wait for the next. This was entirely filled with skiers covered in thick yellow ointment which smelt most unpleasant and looked even worse. A snowball fight out of the train window in which we were hopelessly defeated ended the journey on a characteristically damp note.

We were granted a rest from excitement next day when we visited Tellesplatte and drove along the borders of the lakes. The road ran steeply above the water, overshadowed by hanging rocks, while the brightness of the sun marked the contrast between the deep green of the fir-trees and the blue of the water. We visited Tell's chapel, built on the water's edge to commemorate his jump for freedom from Gessler's boat. On the walls of this chapel three scenes from Tell's life were depicted. The fourth painting showed the signing of the Swiss confederation at Rutli, and as we returned we saw the flag which marked the spot, fluttering across the lake.

But this day of peace was simply a truce, an interim, for the next day we went up to Grindelwald First by chair-lift. A high wind, which suddenly sprang up, occasioned our return by Shanks's pony. We walked, slid and fell down a steep slope covered with snow, except for occasional bare patches which were infinitely worse than the snow itself. By the time we reached the bottom we were soaked through and weak from exertion and laughter. It was there that our walk began. It was there that my energy ended. We plodded through snow, following each other's footsteps with the wind whistling in the fir-trees, making mental resolutions never to join an Artic expedition, and then suddenly we would find ourselves on a pleasant hillside, all the snow having melted and the ground being covered with small purple and white crocuses. We were told that we were making for the village of Lager, so spurred on by the thought of refreshment we quickened our pace, only to find that Lager consisted of about eight huts in which the farmers stored their cattle-food. In Spartan silence we plodded on, passing chalets where Swiss in their Sunday best watched in mild amusement while we drank from their horse-troughs. But we were consoled when we returned to the bus to find that the "lazy" party who had derisively cheered our departure had also had to descend on foot and had become equally wet.

We greeted the next day with mixed feelings of pleasure and regret, pleasure because we were going to Berne, and regret because it was our last day. Berne lived up to our ex-

pectations with its cobbled streets, its colourful statues and its impressive clock. We walked up and up a spiral staircase until we were quite dizzy, in order to reach the top of the Cathedral tower, but it was worth the effort to look over the red-tiled, crazy-looking roofs to the distant view of mountains. The bear-pits were less impressive, but everyone seemed hugely delighted to see bears lumbering around a hard concrete enclosure while the onlookers dropped pieces of carrot on to them which they quite obviously despised. It seemed slightly more cruel than a zoo. But if one could regard this as a



The Church at Aeschi

fault it was the only one I could find during my stay. Switzerland is a most opulent country—workmen in bright blue overalls puff immense cigars but work extremely hard all the same. Everyone works, from the smallest children to the old women whom one could see digging in the gardens, and this work is reflected in the scrupulous cleanliness of the houses and the streets. There is no industrialisation to mar the purity of the air, and no coal to spread dust about the houses. The

people burn only wood which they store outside their houses so neatly that one cannot see it from a distance. It is a reflection on the country as a whole that wherever we went I never saw anyone who looked hungry or dirty.

It would be difficult to say the same of France, which we took at a disadvantage perhaps. I remember France with a shudder or a laugh but seldom with a regretful sigh. There was the never-ending lurid meal in a restaurant at Dijon, at mid-night, when the proprietor looked as if he had escaped from the Chelsea Arts Ball, and kept disappearing into a cupboard to re-appear with plates, coated with the dust of ages; followed by a night in an immense bleak dormitory, in company with the male members of the party, who disappeared into the shadows at the farthest end. Then there was Paris in spring—the city of romance, of colour and of warmth! We sat and shivered in a tent, covered by one blanket, and tried to explain to a troubled man in a beret that we did not have the oil-lamp that he wanted for some ladies without electricity. When we turned off the light the wind made alarming noises on the canvas, and we lay remembering the slogans on the surrounding hoardings—“The Communists threaten a civil war! Who will quell the rebels?” and remarking that to have one’s throat cut was a quick death.

But it really seemed like Paris the next day when we visited Notre Dame and Napoleon’s tomb in the Invalides. We looked down at his marble tomb, surrounded by angels, while above us a glorious golden crucifix was caught by the blue and yellow light that streamed through the windows, lighting up the tombs of Napoleon II, Joseph Napoleon and Foch. In our free hour we strolled along the banks of the Seine, looking at the sun on the water, the old bookstalls on the quays and the quaint pet-shops where one could buy a turtle for five shillings. One could understand then why Napoleon spoke the words engraved above his tomb—“I desire to be buried near the banks of the Seine among the French people whom I have loved so much.”

England greeted us with “I’ll give you ten minutes before lights out!” from the bleak warden at the Highgate Youth Hostel, and piles and piles of washing up. But we had a cup of tea and it was good to be home again.

ZINA JUDD, VI.

It would be unwise to tell all, or indeed to attempt to overhear too much. What Mr. E. B. Davies’s doctor said to Mr. E. B. Davies just before he left, for instance (a very mine of famous last words), or Mr. Cleaver said to and about the camera that he thought he had left behind at Basle, or, ‘Mr. Davies (not E. B.)’ said in the Place at Roubaix after being ‘stood’ champagne—epochs were made and broken by such speeches, mellifluous or devastating, however few had lent their ears for the occasion. But sufficient unto the moment was the delight thereof. It is as unmarketable now as the gloss of other

**FLOREAT IVB
or ACUTE REMARKS ON HISTORY**

Martin Luther was influenced by the Reformation.

o o o o o o

Henry VII quarrelled with the Venetians and moved the stable to Pisa.

o o o o o o

Cabot noticed shawls and shawls of fish in these waters.

o o o o o o

In 1494 the known world was very little, but discoverers were very busy trying to make up for being behind that was the English (that was Ed.).

o o o o o o

Henry VIII was very attractive in the painting by Holbein.

o o o o o o

Henry VIII was the son of Henry VII. He had the advantage of reigning after his father.

o o o o o o

England was an island mostly surrounded by water.

o o o o o o

Henry scundered most of his money and was soon empty in his pockets.

o o o o o o

Prince Henry the Navigator was thinking about trying to get to Prester John, which was a continent in Africa.

o o o o o o

The first Englishman to sail for England was John Cabot.

o o o o o o

Columbus's crew of scruffs would have mutinied if he had not told them false logs.

o o o o o o

(Introducing that eminent sixteenth century figure)...Sir Bastian Cabout.

SCHOOL STORIES

This subject is one which has interested all boys at some time. Great men have studied it, books have been written on the subject, and now to these volumes I will add my own thoughts.

The first school stories I ever read were those telling of the adventures and misadventures of Bob Cherry, Harry Whar-ton, and their friends and acquaintances, including of course the immortal Billy Bunter, all of Greyfriars, and also of the boys of Ringwood, including the fistical four. All these were set in one large volume which had been printed in 1925 and which was resurrected fifteen or sixteen years later.

These stories later seemed to me to be rather foolish in some aspects, thus the language used to indicate extreme discomfort, was not that which I, personally, had encountered in my school life. The refined expletives of Greyfriars, such as "Yarrooh," "Gerrouch," "Leggo" were poles apart from the coarse crudities, of primary and later county school language, and probably as far from the true state of affairs in public schools.

The school stories I read later refrained from using the genteel sayings of Bob Cherry and Co., but of course were, necessarily, greatly differing from school life as I knew it, and still know it.

One great alteration from the school stories of Frank Richards, and those of later writers, was the gradual inception of rigger into these fictional stories. As these stories were still not designed for day school boys, who, in the main played soccer, soccer stories could not be used, and therefore, stories of matches became glorious successions of tries and tackles, with a few scrums interspersed.

The teams seemed not to know of the value of kicking for touch, and off-sides were rarely the causes of scrums.

A point which might have caused much trouble in day schools, was that, in these stories, few, if any, of the fouls were accidental. This might have caused the ostracism of any poor lad who had the misfortune to foul an opponent.

One insidious aspect of school stories is the time spent, in these schools, in japes, riots, mid-night feasts, and other unlawful activities, in contrast to the time spent in class, when of course the main activity is ragging the master. Day school boys might feel tempted to attempt to apply these conditions to their own school lives, with most unfortunate results.

The treatment of malefactors in these fictional schools is such that the master appears in a most malevolent light, and is thus fair game for all practical jokes. This also is a bad influence.

However, despite these draw backs, including a contempt of the scholar, these school stories are useful in that they encourage a healthy spirit, a team spirit, independence, physical courage, and in a few remote cases, even moral courage. School stories have an important place in literature nowadays, but the full implications are not yet realised and therefore not exploited, in this country. Perhaps this is as well, as in this

bureaucratic world the independent spirit of these stories might be quashed, by official orders, if these stories were to be exploited for means of propaganda, even if the original intention was good.

Of late, however, school stories have been written for an adult audience, such stories as "Young Woodley" and "The Guinea Pig." These present school-life stories are from the adult angle, and are on the whole rather more balanced than the juvenile stories.

It can be seen from the above essay that while school stories are inclined to be rather misrepresentations, they have an important function.

T. J. GWYTHER, V.

VIGNETTES

The next day I made my way to the river Isis and sat on the banks to watch the annual boat race between Oxford and Cambridge. . . There was tense excitement all round, cheering and booing people running backwards and forwards, helicopters flying above, and boats with commentators in ready to pursue the two teams. . . I could see the little cox jumping up and down at the end of the boat, filling the crew with encouragement. . . (This is not an extract from The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green).

o o o o o o

(From "The Lost World")

In front of them was a pile of rocks
On which sat a native in red and yellow socks.
The noise was made by a piece of tin
Once part of a Council dustbin.

o o o o o o

Now every night I go to bed
And ponder very hard
If when I wake I'll find
A Flying Saucer in the yard
Suppose I did, what could I do?
I'd like to see a Martian, though.

o o o o o o

For instance, I have nothing against Donald Peers...
The black clouds scudded o'er the sky
And I got up to swot a fly.

o o o o o o

Fathers wear the happiest smiles,
Their eyes rove round for miles and miles.

o o o o o o

Charles Darwin was Mary, Queen of Scots's husband.

o o o o o o

N.C.B.—Note Carefully Beware.

o o o o o o

Mr. Costello is a film star; he acts with Mr. Abbott.

Q. What is electricity?
A. A gas got from coal and water.

o o o o o o

Q. What is Doomsday Book?
A. A book by Oliver Cromwell.

o o o o o o

Q. Who was Isaac Newton?
A. A radio actor.

o o o o o o

Q. What is a Martello Tower?
A. A place where they make blancmanges.

o o o o o o

Q. Name a bird which cannot fly.
A. A seal.

o o o o o o

Q. For what was Galileo noted?
A. For smuggling watches in a car.

o o o o o o

SCHOOL SOCIETIES

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The interests of the Debating Society in the Spring term were concentrated upon the mock general election which was held in School. It was confined to members of the IVth, Vth and VIth Forms, and each party elected its own representative. On February 2nd there was an all-party meeting at which Megan Sutton, Tudor Lewis and Frank Manning put forward the policies of the Liberal, Labour and Conservative parties respectively. The representatives were then questioned by the meeting. The election itself took place on February 10th, with John Maynard as Returning Officer. The ballot box was placed in the library, and votes were recorded in the dinner-hour and after school. When the poll was closed over 90 per cent of the electorate had voted, and the final result was:—Labour 102 votes, Conservative 76, and Liberal 34.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The two meetings of the Dramatic Society took place on January 26th and May 11th.

At the first meeting all the members of Form IVa presented selections from Goldsmith's "She Stoops To Conquer." This was in the nature of an experiment to discover talent in the lower forms. The extracts were performed in modern dress, which seemed a little strange at first, but they were none the less enjoyable, and certainly revealed acting abilities in some of IVa. The producer was Miss Lewis Davies.

At the second meeting members of the Upper VI Arts presented Rostand's "Les Romanesques," with Mr. Devereux in the role of Straforel. Barbara Davies played the young heroine, Sylvette, James Rees her lover, Percinet, and Howell Davies and David Harries their respective parents. The play was greatly appreciated by the audience, a tribute to Mademoiselle Niard's production.

MUSIC SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Music Society was held on Thursday, January 19th. It consisted of a gramophone record recital of extracts from Handel's "Messiah."

The second meeting took place on Wednesday, March 8th, and took the form of a Piano Lecture-Recital given by Miss Elsa Clifford. The pieces played during the recital were: a Chorale and Gigue by Bach, a movement of a Beethoven Sonata, extracts from Schumann's "Carnival," Debussy's "Golliwog's Cake-Walk," "The Donkey" by Grovez, and Chopin's Polonaise in E flat.

SCIENCE SOCIETY.

The one meeting of this Society held during the Spring term took a different form from those previous in the year. A Brains Trust, consisting of members of the Science Sixth, attempted, with quite a large amount of success, to answer questions posed by members of the School. Questions ranging from the future of the geographical poles to the hydrogen bomb were numerous enough to suggest a repetition in the near future.

SCHOOL NOTES

Our total numbers at the beginning of the Summer term were 406, 192 boys and 214 girls.

The present list of prefects is:—

Tudor—Megan Sutton, Carolyn Shenton, Barbara Davies, Christine Copeman, Violet Voyle, J. C. Maynard (senior), G. T. Brown, F. Manning, H. S. Davies.

Picton—Mary Phillips (senior), Zina Judd, Vernice Evans, Olive Scurlock, W. G. Smith, M. P. Nutting, D. J. A. Macken, J. A. Rees.

Glyndwr—Claire Thomas, Marion Jenkins, Gillian Davies, Marjorie Kenniford, W. B. Rees, J. H. T. Lewis, D. J. Harries, T. Gwyther.

We are proud to record the winning of scholarships by two members of the Upper VI. On the result of an examination he sat in the Spring term, John Maynard was awarded the Andrews Open Scholarship in Natural Science, to be held at University College, London. He was also offered places at Jesus College, Oxford, and at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, but would not have been able to go to either of these Colleges until after doing his national service. During April, David Harries sat for an open music scholarship at University College, Aberystwyth, and was awarded the Robert Bryan Music Scholarship.

We congratulate Maureen Bermingham and Marion Phillips, who have both passed the R.S.A. examination in Shorthand at 80 words per minute, Maureen in the Autumn and Marion at Easter. Marion left at the beginning of the Summer term to become a shorthand-typist at Davies's Steel Specialties, one of the new factories on London Road.

In December the School, for the first time, presented a small number of candidates for the Oxford Local Examinations, at the School Certificate stage. Of the eight pupils who sat, Pat Blake, Kathleen Davies and Beryl Richards passed, Pat with two credits and four passes, Kathleen with four credits and three passes, and Beryl with one credit and five passes.

The following pupils have left since the last Penvro was printed:—

December—David G. Jones, Peggy Leslie, Linda Barker (all now in the Civil Service), Mervyn Cole (apprentice carpenter), Leslie Coleman (working on a farm), Glenys James (shop assistant), Margaret C. Thomas (gone to a private school), Pamela Davies, Pat Blake, Pat Macnamara, Marion Wells, Derek Hayward.

January—John Phillips (farm), Jean Hicks (Textile Factory, Pembroke), Mary Maloney (clerk), Alma Rees (clerk), Derek Cousins (transferred to Milford Haven Grammar School), Jean Thomas, Pauline Rees, W. F. Packer, Diana Pannel, Monica Cousens.

February—Peter John Gay (transferred to Andover Grammar School), William Aikman (transferred to a Grammar School in Walthamstow).

March—Sidney Preece, Peter Tucker (both apprentice carpenters), Margaret Vaughan (clerk), Shirley Robinson (moved to Gibraltar), Colin Tennent (transferred to a Grammar School in Bristol), Glyn Hughes (apprentice marine fitter), Wynford Smith (farm), Robert Smith (clerk), Eileen Rossiter.

April—Elizabeth Anne Morris (gone to New Zealand), Edgar Morgan (joined the R.A.F.).

May—Derek Parry (apprentice in the R.A.F.).

June—Mary John (probationer nurse in the Pembroke Cottage Hospital), Barbara Riggs (transferred to Glanmor Secondary School, Swansea).

We had some news about our three latest entrants into the Civil Service in a letter received in May from David G. Jones. He tells us that he has an appointment at the West London County Court, North End Road, near Olympia, as a clerical officer. He is in a hostel about a hundred yards from the Albert Hall, facing Hyde Park. Peggy Leslie is staying half a mile away and works in the Ministry of Agriculture. Linda Barker works in the Post Office Savings Bank, West Kensington.

The following pupils have definitely been accepted at various Colleges, although some of the acceptances depend upon success at the Higher Certificate examination:—Zina Judd and Mary Phillips (University of Bristol), John Maynard (University College, London), Megan Sutton and Howell Davies (University College, Cardiff), David Harries (University College, Aberystwyth), James Rees (University College, Bangor), Glyn Brown (University of Birmingham Medical School), Marjorie Kenniford (Swansea School of Art), Violet Voyle (Fishponds Training College, Bristol), Claire Thomas (Training College of Domestic Arts, Cardiff).

After an absence of some years the cross-country run was re-introduced this year at the end of the Spring term. The race was divided into three age-groups, to correspond with the County Athletic Sports—Junior, Middle and Senior. The race was run on a House basis, points counting as in all recognised cross-country races. The juniors ran approximately half the distance run by the middle and senior groups. The event took place on a lovely spring afternoon, and great enthusiasm was shown by the boys. The races were keenly contested, and good times for the distance was recorded. We congratulate all those who took part, and particularly the winners. It is hoped to hold the event next year and succeeding years, when improvements on winning times can be recorded.

The Junior section was won by Tudor with 48 points, Glyndwr having 52, and Picton 70. D. Willington (T) was first in 17mins. 52secs., E. Evans (T) second, D. Williams (P) third, and R. Halkyard (G) fourth. The course was—through the Park to the top road, then right towards Pembroke, through the Bush Estate to the top road, and back through the Park.

In the Middle section Glyndwr were first with 38 points, Picton having 62, and Tudor 71. The winner was J. Griffiths (P), whose time was 25mins. 32secs. V. Rossiter (G) was second, D. Welby (G) third, and E. Mullins (T) fourth. The course was—through the Park, along the top road to Pembroke, along the public path to Imble Lane, and back through the Park.

Glyndwr won the Senior section with 36 points, Picton having 46, and Tudor 89. The winner was D. Williams (G), in 23mins. 55secs., D. Macken (P) coming second, P. Stanley (P) third, and N. Jones (P) fourth. The course was the same as that for the Middle section.

We are very pleased to congratulate Mr. Frank Sudbury on being appointed a Justice of the Peace at the end of January. Mr. Sudbury was also elected to the Borough Council at the elections in May.

It was with great sorrow that we heard of the death, on January 21st, of Mr. William Roblin. Mr. Roblin, who would have been eighty on February 6th, had been a close friend of the School for very many years, and was always very keenly interested in all features of school life, particularly such events as the annual Eisteddfod. Most pupils will be aware of one of his acts of generosity, in the giving of a prize each year to be awarded to a member of the VIth form. It is probable however, that few know that it was Mr. Roblin who gave us the very beautiful copy of the Bible from which the Lessons are read at prayers in the morning. His name will long be honoured in the School.

We read with great pride in the "Western Mail" of June 21st that our old friend the Rev. Professor D. D. Bartlett had been elected Bishop of St. Asaph. Mr. Bartlett, as we shall probably think of him for a long time yet, was Vicar of Pembroke Dock for fifteen years, and during that time he was a member of the Governing Body of the School, spending one

period as Chairman. But his interest in the School went much further than this, and we all knew him as a frequent visitor to School functions, including one very genial appearance as the principal speaker on Prize Day, and numerous kindly adjudications at School Eisteddfodau. We wish him well in the period of great responsibility that lies ahead of him.

SCHOOL DIARY

- Jan. 10 Spring term began.
- " 16 Lecture by Mr. J. D. R. Howells of Dinas Cross, on Malaya.
- " 25 Gillian Davies spoke in Assembly on Charles James Fox.
- " 30 Barbara Davies spoke in Assembly on Mahatma Gandhi.
- Feb. 3 Fifteen boys, in charge of Mr. Dennis Williams, went to the Tenby Safety-First Exhibition at Jeremy's Garage, Tenby.
- " 10 Frank Manning spoke in Assembly on Lord Lister.
- " 13 The Headmaster spoke in Assembly on Abraham Lincoln.
- " 15 Mrs. Williamson, Careers Advisory Officer of the Ministry of Labour, came to speak to the girls.
- " 17 to 20 Half Term.
- Mar. 1 St. David's Day Concert.
- " 9 Lecture-recital on "The History of British Drama," by Mr. Michael Gardner and Miss Sheila Bain.
- " 13 Howell Davies spoke in Assembly on John Aubrey.
- " 13 to 17 Exhibition of paintings by Arthur Giardelli and Esther Grainger in the School Hall.
- " 13 Lecture in afternoon by Mr. Richard Seddon, B.A., of the C.O.I., on "Home Food Resources."
- " 16 Lecture by Mr. Arthur Giardelli on "The Last Hundred Years of Painting."
- " 21 Cross-country race, held in three sections—Senior, Middle and Junior.
- " 24 Spring Term ended.
- " 31 The School party left by bus for Switzerland.
- Apr. 15 The party arrived back from Switzerland.
- " 18 Summer Term began.
- " 24 Marion Jenkins gave a talk in Assembly on William Wordsworth, and Zina Judd and John Maynard read some of his poems.
- " 27 Woodwork Practical Examination, conducted by Mr. F. G. Skrine.

SCHOOL SPORTS

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

HOCKEY.

On the whole, both the first and second XI's have had successful seasons, the Spring term bringing greater glories than the Winter term. The outstanding player throughout the whole season was Megan Sutton, our bustling centre forward, who was also the top goal scorer. Playing a consistently good game throughout the year, she was an asset to the side and kept the forward line together. At the end of June the School first XI obtained further distinction when Dorothy Shears, the left inner, was awarded her County Hockey Colours.

The teams were chosen from the following:—

1st XI: *Mary Phillips (captain), *Dorothy Shears (vice-captain), *Megan Sutton, *Zina Judd, *Gillian Davies (secretary), *June Strachan, Barbara Davies, Nancy Macken, Coyeta Sabido, Gwyneth Macken, Pamela Rees, Brenda Steptoe.

*Old Colours.

2nd XI: Mary Phillips (captain), Inez Threlfall, Frances Rixon, Mary Thomas, Valmai Folland, Glenda Davies, Mary James, Margaret Vaughan, Joyce Horn, Valerie Heath, Shirley Griffiths, Hilda Thomas.

Results. 1st XI

Jan. 14	Carmarthen Grammar School (home)	...	won	2—1
Jan. 21	Fishguard Grammar School (away)	won	6—1
Jan. 28	Tasker's School (home)	won	5—0
Feb. 4	Milford Grammar School (home)	won	9—0
Feb. 14	W.R.N.S. (home)	won	3—2
Feb. 17	Milford Grammar School (away)	lost	5—1
Mar. 5	W.R.N.S. (away)	drew	2—2
Mar. 18	Narberth Grammar School (home)	won	4—1
Mar. 21	Milford Grammar School (away)	lost	1—0

RUGBY.

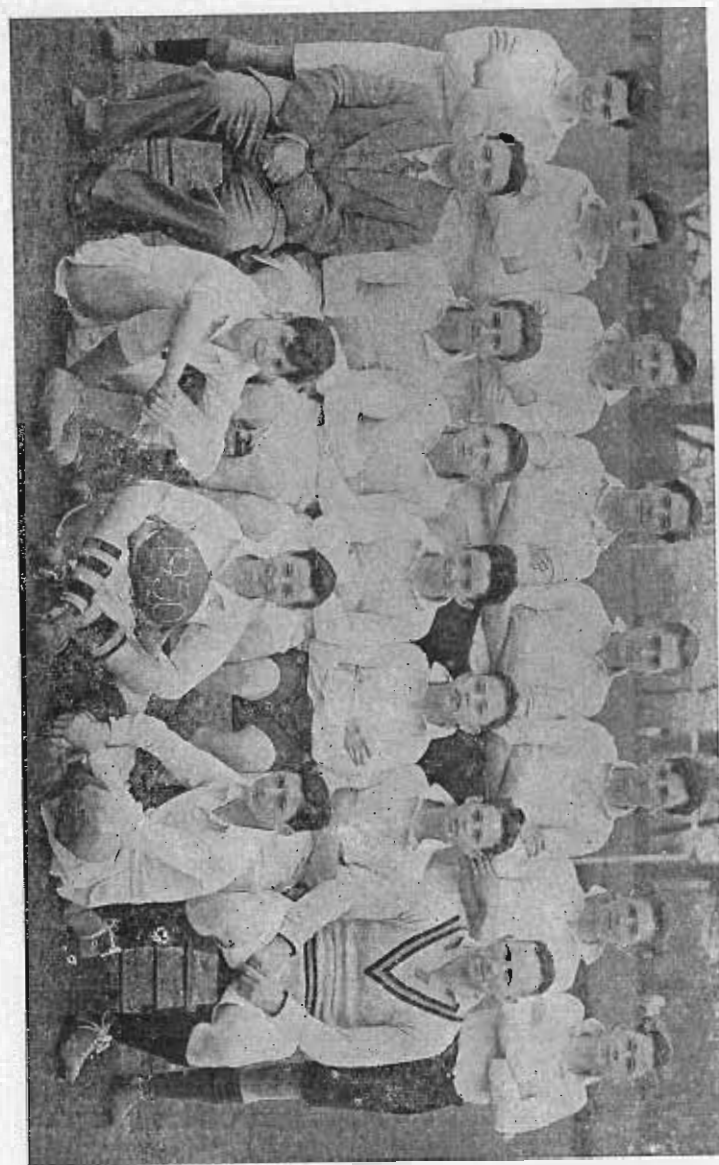
The results of the First and Junior XV rugby games for the season 1949-50 were as follows:—

	P	W	L	D	Pts. for	Pts. agst
First XV	21	4	13	4	87	249
Junior XV	17	11	4	2	174	72

Match results for the Spring term were:—

Jan. 14	1st XV v Tenby Grammar School (home)	won	8—6
	Junior XV v Coronation School (home)	won	6—0
Jan. 21	1st XV v Llanelly Grammar School (home)	lost	8—29
	Junior XV v Llanelly Grammar School (home)	lost	0—3

Junior Rugby XV. 1949 - 50



Feb. 11	1st XV v Whitland Grammar School (away)	lost	3-14
	Junior XV v Whitland Grammar School (away)	drawn	0-0
Feb. 18	1st XV v Pembroke Dock Youth XV (home)	lost	3-6
Feb. 25	1st XV v Llandilo Grammar School (home)	lost	3-8
	Junior XV v Llandilo Grammar School (home)	won	3-0
Mar. 4	1st XV v Pembroke Dock Youth (away)	drawn	3-3
	Junior XV v Coronation School (away)	won	8-0
Mar. 11	1st XV v Carmarthen Grammar School (away)	lost	3-15
	Junior XV v Carmarthen Grammar School (away)	drawn	0-0
Mar. 18	1st XV v Haverfordwest Grammar School (away)	lost	0-17
	Junior XV v Haverfordwest Grammar School (away)	won	11-5
Mar. 22	1st XV v Old Boys (home)	lost	0-6

The following players appeared in one or more games:—

1st XV: F. Manning (captain), J. Griffiths, K. Catherall, G. Hughes, N. Smith, D. Williams, D. Scone, D. Macken, N. Jones, G. Brown, T. Johnson, B. Smith, G. Harper, E. Mullins, M. Green, G. Phillips, D. Evans, D. Davies, J. Davies, J. Walters, P. Williams, T. Gwyther, P. Stanley and T. Lewis.

Full colours were awarded to Derek Scone and half colours to T. Johnson, M. Green and G. Hughes.

Junior XV: G. Tregidon (captain), D. Rendall, D. Willington, E. Ridley, G. Lewis, J. Williams, B. Jancey, K. Edwards, G. Thomas, W. Smith, R. Brown, D. Perry, K. MacCallum, P. Davies, S. Preece, V. Rossiter, D. Howells, D. Phillips, D. Myers, P. Tucker, J. Williams, D. Rees, E. Morgan, E. Evans, P. Preece, J. Lindenburgh and J. Hier.

Colours were awarded at the end of term to D. Perry, Wynford Smith, K. MacCallum, and G. Thomas, Tregidon having obtained his colours during the Winter term.

Tregidon was re-awarded his County Colours for 1949-50 and D. Perry was also awarded his County Colours.

There was some slight improvement in the standard of play by the School 1st XV during the Spring term. Unfortunately the tackling continued to be the weakest feature of the play, with poor team work outside the scrum running it close. Apart from Green, Johnson, Macken and Scone, the remainder of the side made little effort to ground their opponents. Good tackling is essentially an act of aggression, and the tackler must use his momentum to bowl over the man with the ball at the same time as he is pinning his legs together. Hanging on to an opponent is useless if he is allowed to remain standing with his arms free!

1st. Rugby XV. 1949 - 50



The "threes" showed few signs of moving in a line, either in attack or defence, and more often than not the distances between centre and centre, and centres and wings were far too great for sharp accurate passing in attack. Big gaps in the threequarter line mean long passes, and long passes are easily intercepted.

The forwards continued to improve as the season progressed, but their last school game against a strong Haverford-west pack was very feeble. Green was the most consistent line-out forward, with (his uncle!) Johnson a close runner-up. Green has many of the attributes for making a good second-row forward if he perseveres.

The Junior XV had quite a good record on the season's results, but they rarely produced football of a high standard. Most of the criticism levelled at the 1st XV can also be applied here. Tregidon was the outstanding player, as usual, with Perry and MacCallum improving with every game.

Willington showed promise, and he should do well next year if he runs with more determination when playing on the wing. Ridley and Lewis did not utilise their gift of size and speed as they should. Gerald Thomas (hooker) and Wynford Smith played consistently well throughout the season.

Once again the School is indebted to Mr. Rowland Rees, an Old Boy of the School, for his generous gift of six rugby colours caps to the 1st XV. One only was awarded last season, to Derek Scone.

ROUNDERS.

For the first time in two years the 1st rounders team has lost a match. So far we have played four matches. Out of these we have won three and lost one. The first match of the season, against Milford Central, was cancelled owing to bad weather, and the match against Whitland Grammar School on June 10th was also cancelled.

On Friday, June 2nd, the 1st team travelled to Narberth after school to play the match arranged for Saturday, June 3rd. It was on this occasion that we lost.

The 2nd team has so far played only one match, which they lost.

Results:—

May 6 Taskers (home)	won 2—0
2nd team	lost 3—1½
May 13 Milford Grammar (away)	won 4½—2
May 20 Tenby Grammar (home)	won 3—1½
June 2 Narberth Grammar (away)	lost 0—2

The teams were selected from the following:—

1st team: Barbara Davies (captain), Coyeta Sabido, Gwyneth Macken, Vernice Evans, Pamela Rees, Nancy Macken, Joyce Horn, Dorothy Shears, June Strachan, Margaret Hughes, Brenda Steptoe.

2nd team: Christine Copeman, June Palmer, Sheila John, Valmai Folland, Janice Phillips, Mary Phillips, Gwen Evans, Jean Crutchley, Shirley Griffiths, Marilyn Shenton, Glenda Davies.

TENNIS.

The tennis team, so far, has been more successful this year than last. As yet they have played three matches and won two of them. The match against Whitland on June 10th was cancelled.

Results:—

May 6 Taskers (home)	lost 3—2
May 13 Milford Grammar (away)	won 5—4
May 20 Tenby Grammar (home)	won 3—1

The team was selected from the following:—Megan Sutton (captain), Zina Judd, Mary Philips, Marion Jenkins, Gillian Davies, June Strachan, Claire Thomas.

CRICKET.

The School started the season with one Old Colour, N. Smith, and seven or eight boys who had played in the 1st XV last season. It was evident that the great need was for capable batsmen, to replace the three run-getters of last season, Robinson, Hayward and J. Griffiths. Unfortunately the gap has not been filled, and the batting in all matches has been far from reliable, as the low totals indicate.

Maynard and W. Rees have batted well on occasions, but the captain, Manning, has had a most disappointing season. In concentrating on defence he appears to have lost those scoring strokes in front of the wicket which gave him some good scores two seasons ago.

The bowlers, on the other hand, have been more successful, and have often managed to dismiss their opponents for a moderate score, which, however, has usually proved too great a task for our batsmen. M. Davies, a newcomer from Haverford-west, W. Rees and Bowen, all fast-medium, have shared the attack with N. Smith, slow spinner, and Nutting. P. Preece, who bowled so well last season, has failed to find his form this year.

The fielding has not been of the high standard we expect from the School XV, but has shown improvement recently.

Results of the matches:—

May 6 v Narberth (home).	Narberth batted first and scored 59, to which the School replied with 49. Bowling: M. Davies 3 for 6, W. Rees 2 for 0.
May 13 v Carmarthen (home).	Again our opponents were dismissed for a moderate total—37, of which their captain scored 22. The School's batting in reply was woefully weak, the total, 8, being probably the lowest in School history. Bowling: M. Davies 2 for 8, Bowen 4 for 13, W. Rees 2 for 4.
May 27 v Whitland (away).	The School XI were without Manning and Maynard, who were selected for the Pembrokeshire-Carmarthenshire trial at Haverford-west. Batting first, School scored 47. Whitland passed this total for the loss of five wickets. More frequent bowling changes would probably have brought better results. Bowling: W. Rees 4 for 2.

June 3 v Haverfordwest (away). Haverfordwest scored 78. Smith, 4 for 14, bowled well, and his success suggests that earlier and more frequent bowling changes were indicated. The School batsmen could offer little resistance to the fast bowling of M. Bowen of Haverfordwest, on the somewhat dangerous wicket, and were dismissed for 18.

June 10 v Milford (home). The School's first win, Milford Haven 21, M. Davies 4 for 5, Nutting 3 for 4. The School passed Milford's total for the loss of two wickets, but continued batting for a total of 54.

June 17 v Narberth (away). The School, batting first, scored 37. Most of the middle batsmen failed. Narberth won narrowly by one wicket. N. Smith, with some very good bowling, including a hat-trick, almost saved the game for the School. Bowling: M. Davies 3 for 12, P. Nutting 3 for 12, N. Smith 3 for 12.

The following boys have played in the 1st XI this season:

F. Manning (captain), W. Rees (vice-captain), J. Maynard (Secretary), N. Smith (committee), K. Catherall, G. Phillips, M. Davies, G. Tregidon, V. Rossiter, P. Nutting, D. Rendall, M. Cole, P. Preece, B. Bowen, B. Robinson, D. Scone, P. Williams.

OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

President: R. G. Mathias, Esq., M.A., B.Litt.

Chairman: R. G. Rees.

Secretary: E. B. George.

Treasurer: J. C. Blencowe.

Committee:

Mrs. H. Macken, Mrs. D. F. Hordley, Miss Kathleen Rouse.

Magazine Representatives: W. D. Carr and J. H. A. Macken.

Once again it has been a very arduous task to persuade Old Pupils to join the Association. At the close of the first season of the newly-formed Association, only 122 have paid subscriptions. It is hoped that many more will join for the season 1950-51. The subscription—2s. 6d. per annum—is now due, and may be sent to Mr. W. D. Carr, 57, Laws Street, Pembroke Dock.

Many Old Pupils will be sorry to learn that the School will be losing Mr. J. F. Nagle at the end of the Summer term. Mr. Nagle, who is retiring after thirty years with the School, will long be remembered by many for his devotion to duty. He has helped numerous pupils through difficult periods with extra studies for various examinations, and has always been willing to assist anyone at any time. To Mr. Nagle is his retirement we wish the very best of health and happiness.

BADMINTON

Many more matches were played during the second period of the season, and some interesting games were witnessed. The old rivals, St. Patrick's, are still one up, and other matches were played at Neyland, Pembroke and the R.A.F. Station, Pembroke Dock.

A few vacancies exist for the season 1950-51 commencing in September, and any Old Pupil is cordially invited to join.

The officials for the season 1950-51 are:—Chairman: D. F. Hordley; Secretary: Miss Joan Tucker; Treasurer: Mrs. M. Arnold; Club Captain: J. H. A. Macken.

HOCKEY

The second half of the season was not so interesting as the first half. Quite a number of fixtures had to be cancelled owing to inclement weather, and consequently only a few games were completed. Owing to injury we were without the services of E. Orsman and D. Hordley for most of this period.

Results:—

Jan. 14	Saundersfoot (home)	won	2—0
Jan. 21	Keyte (away)	drawn	3—3
Jan. 28	Milford Haven (away)	lost	0—1
Feb. 25	Keyte (home)	lost	2—3
Mar. 4	School (home)	won	10—1
Mar. 11	R.A.F. (away)	lost	1—3
Apl. 1	Haverfordwest (away)	lost	0—3

A team was entered for the six-a-side tournament organised by the R.A.F., Pembroke Dock, on April 15th. The team gave a good account of themselves but were narrowly beaten in Round One.

CRICKET

The Old Boys Cricket Club has started in fine style, and up to going to Press have only lost one match, this being in the Harrison-Allen Knock-Out Bowl against a very strong team from the School of Anti-Aircraft Artillery at Manorbier.

Many Old Boys are rallying round this new venture, and the following have played for the Club: A. W. W. Devereux (Captain), T. Hay (Vice-Captain), A. Brown, I. Howells, P. Collins, C. Walters, D. Carr, S. Roch, D. Williams, J. Griffiths, A. Weale, R. Hordley, G. Macken, J. Ross, D. Hayward and M. Arnold.

Results:—

May 20	Lamphey (away).	Won 88—78 (M. Arnold 54).
May 27	Stackpole (away).	Won by 6 wickets. Stackpole 23, Old Boys 27 for 4.
June 3	Pembroke Dock Nomads (away).	Won 62—46 (T. Hay 8 for 13).
June 14	Carew (away).	Drawn game. Carew 110 for 5, Old Boys 41 for 5 (Devereux 24).
June 17	Trecwn (away).	Won by 2 wickets. Trecwn 70, Old Boys 80 for 8 (Devereux 50 not out).
June 19	S.A.A. Manorbier (away).	Lost. Manorbier 112 for 5, Old Boys 80 for 4 (D. Williams 39 not out). This game was one of 22 overs each.

DRAMATICS

There is very little to report about the Dramatic Society. There is no doubt that the Society's performance of J. B. Priestley's play "The Linden Tree" was very much enjoyed by those who saw it. It is therefore all the more to be regretted that the School Hall was not much more well-filled on both nights.

A start was made soon after Christmas on rehearsals for Oscar Wilde's well-known light comedy "The Importance Of Being Earnest." It was hoped to put this on towards the end of April, but various circumstances made this impossible. So it was decided to postpone the production until the end of September. The probable dates will be—provided the permission of the Governors is obtained—Friday and Saturday, September 29th and 30th, in the School Hall. It is hoped that all Old Pupils will keep this date free, and help to make the play a success.

THE MERCHANT NAVY

In April, 1949, I left school, and since then have travelled almost twice round the world. With nearly nine months in the Merchant Navy I have been to such places as Halifax (Nova Scotia), New York, Baltimore, Long Beach (California), San Francisco, Manila, Hong Kong, Kobe, Yokohama, Singapore, Townsville, Sydney, Adelaide, Fremantle, Penang, Colombo, Port Said, Tangier, Le Havre, Antwerp and Rotterdam. My list of foreign ports so far numbers twenty-nine.

For my first Christmas at sea we were a thousand miles from Fremantle bound for Aden. On Christmas we decorated our room. After helping the stewards decorate the saloon we were allowed to have what decorations were left. By the time we had finished it was nearly mid-night; we then decided to go round the ship carol singing. The first port of call was the Chief Officer's room. After hearing one verse of "Holy Night" he opened the door and said "If you don't stop that awful row I shall have you working before breakfast." At the Engineer's cabin we had a better reception, and it was not long before the choir of four Midshipmen also included the bosun, the carpenter, three engineers and the third mate. It was grand fun waking everybody up!

Christmas Day came. During the afternoon we relieved the sailors at the wheel and look-out so that they could have their Christmas dinner with the other sailors. We had to wait till six o'clock for ours. By that time I had an enormous appetite, because at lunchtime the chef had told me not to eat too much as I should never get through the menu at dinner-time. The saloon was decorated, and on the tables were crackers, fancy hats, nuts and fruit. The meal started with a toast to the King. First on the menu was a grapefruit cocktail, after which there was a choice of either Consommé Royal or Cream Americaine. Following this came Sea Bream Fillets. The next course was the only one I did not have. It was Asparagus Mayonnaise. My next course consisted of lamb cutlets, braised ham and turkey, with boiled and baked potatoes, carrots and peas. By this time I felt my appetite had deserted me. A choice of cold beef, Melton Mowbray pie or cold lamb with either Waldorf or Convent Salad, came next. The plum pudding and lard sauce followed that. Then came some yule log followed by peaches and ice-cream. To finish up there were mince pies and Christmas cake.

What a meal! I can truly say I enjoyed every minute of it, too. I was trying my best to keep up with the other three Midshipmen and I think they were trying to keep up with me. After we had had our dinner we waited on the stewards and even the doctor turned out to help with the washing-up.

We heard the King's speech about nine o'clock and, after having a sing-song in the smoke-room, went to bed. Before going to sleep one Midshipman said "I wonder what they are doing at home now." The answer was "Probably just going to sit down to their Christmas dinner." For once I felt I would rather be in bed than just about to sit down to a big dinner.

ROY EYNON,
M.V. "Telemachus."

NEWS OF OLD PUPILS

News of Old Pupils at the Universities is by no means complete yet. We have, however, heard so far of the following successes. Ivy Garlick has passed the first part of the Geographical Tripos at Cambridge, with a Second Class (Division 1). Nancy Willcocks, who is at the same College—Newnham—has passed her qualifying examination at the end of the first year. At Swansea, Desmond Roch has obtained his B.Sc. degree, but we do not know the details at the moment, and Norma Shears has passed her second year examinations. Marian Davies has passed the Final Examination in French at Aberystwyth.

Bernard J. Garnett (1923-27), who in February returned to Siam, where he is First Secretary at the Embassy, was one of the guests at the wedding of the King of Siam early in the year.

Ricardo Sabido (1939-46) and his brother Celso (1941-46) both entered University College, Swansea, last October.

Ralph S. Davies (1927-34) was here on holidays at Christmas. He has been since 1945 at the William Ellis Grammar School, Highgate, London, where he is now Senior Modern Language Master. He was then contemplating taking up a post under the Home Office which had been offered him. His brother, Grahame (1929-36), has been for some time a District Officer, under the Colonial Office, in Nigeria.

Elmer E. Jenkins (1938-44) arrived home from Malta at the end of February. He was then, as reported in the last *Penvro*, a captain in the Royal Army Education Corps, having completed 2½ years in Egypt and Malta. In March he was passed by the War Office Selection Board as a successful candidate for a permanent commission. Shortly after his marriage on March 18th, he returned to Malta, where he will remain until August as Officer Commanding No. 69 Army Education Centre.

Kenneth G. Carr (1937-43) entered the University of Bristol in October, 1949, to do a four-year course in preparation for the degree of M.A. (Education). Two years of this period are to be spent in full-time service at a Grammar school. He has accepted an appointment as Science Master for next September at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital Grammar School, Bristol, one of the old Bluecoat schools.

Cecil Parry (1941-43), after teaching for the last few years at the Secondary Modern School, Milford Haven, is entering the University of Bristol in October to prepare for the degree of B.A.

Leslie Phillips, Ph.D. (1928-34) left Southampton on the "Queen Mary" on March 15th, en route for Washington, where he is taking up an important appointment under the Ministry of Supply.

Mrs. Rita Howe (nee O'Callaghan, 1937-43) called in school in April. She was then just completing three months' leave with her husband. She went out to Venezuela in July, 1948, to teach in one of the Royal Dutch Caribbean Shell Oil Company's schools outside Maracaibo, and was married in December to Mr. Frank Howe, one of the company's Surveyors.

It was a great surprise and a great pleasure for the older members of the staff to meet in Paris, when we were returning

from Switzerland, Lawford J. Siddall (1920-27). He is teaching at the Buckingham Gate Modern Secondary School, in London, and was in Paris with a party of children from his school. He also had with him his wife and two of his three children. He had recently been put on the L.C.C. promotion list, and was hoping to be appointed to a Headship very soon. He served for six years in the Army during the war, and took part in the Burma campaign.

The Rev. W. George Lewis (1924-28), pastor of Wiston and Goshen Presbyterian Churches for the past four years, received a call recently to Craigmillen United Free Church of Scotland, and was inducted in June. He was the Moderator of the South Pembrokeshire Presbytery.

We had a visit in the middle of June from Lewtas Jenkins (1934-39). He served in the Army during the war, reaching the rank of captain. He has now settled in Jersey, where he has a photographer's business. He is also a professional hypnotist, and has appeared on many occasions in Jersey.

W. J. C. (better known as Bill) Price (1936-41), who is a qualified electrical engineer, is now employed in that capacity with the South Wales Electricity Board at Tenby.

Terence Darlington, who left school a year ago on being transferred to Whitchurch Grammar School, Cardiff, broadcast in the Welsh Home Service on June 9th in a feature programme entitled "Cruelty to Children."

Desmond G. Shanahan (1932-36) visited the School on June 5th for the first time since leaving. After three years in the Navy during the war, he took the Civil Service Reconstruction examination and passed 69th out of some thousands of entries for the Clerical Grade. He soon decided, however, that neither the Civil Service nor any office job would be tolerable for long, and he is now a painter and decorator, living at 11, Lovedean Lane, Lovedean, Portsmouth, to which area his father was transferred in 1936. He has been married for two years.

Margaret Griffiths (1944-48) called on May 11th. She had been working at the Tenby Cottage Hospital. She was then trying to obtain entry to the Royal Infirmary, Cardiff, to qualify as a Nurse.

Roy Eynon, who left at Easter, 1949, to join the Blue Funnel Line, wrote to us in January. The article he sent us, which was just too late for inclusion in the last number of the *Penvro*, is printed in this issue.

James Gaddarn (1935-40) of Neyland, has obtained the degrees of L.T.C.L. and A.R.C.M. He is studying at Trinity College of Music, London.

Sylvia Canton (1937-42) has been teaching since February at Bourne Hall School, Ewell, Surrey.

Phyllis Morgan (1938-45) has been teaching since January at Canton High School for Girls, Cardiff.

Betty Thomas (1932-39) is now Mrs. Greaves, living at 101, Main Street, Pembroke. Her husband, who was with a contractor in Swansea, is now Quantity Surveyor to the County Council. They have a daughter, Carol Susan, born in July, 1947.

Mona Thomas (1938-41) is married—Mrs Groome—living at Poole, Dorset. She has one little boy of eighteen months.

We learn from the "West Wales Guardian" something of an Old Boy of the early days of the School—the Rev. James Griffiths—who is head of St. Barnabas Theological College, Adelaide, Australia. He is a graduate of Wales, London and Oxford.

Dorothy Roblin (1939-44) has been accepted as a student at Redlands Training College, Bristol.

Margaret Perkins, who left last October, has now left the Trawl Office at Milford Haven, and has a post as clerk in the National Farmers' Union office at Haverfordwest.

Arthur Skone, who left last year, called at School in April. He was then on embarkation leave, and was going to Faid, in Egypt. He had been on a clerk's course at Woolwich in the Royal Artillery. He had played rugby for the Ilford R.F.C.

Sheila Turner (1945-49) was in the town on holiday in June. She is now living in Canterbury, and is working in the City Library there. She is studying for the Entrance Examination of the Library Association, which she hopes to sit next Spring.

We are happy to record the following engagements: Elizabeth Catherine Bramwell (Betty) Evans (1940-46) to John Richard Crews, of Harrow, announced in February; Patrick J. Mockler (1939-44) to Rillis Walker, of Rugby, announced in March; Ralph B. Castle (1938-45) to Ivy Scourfield (1942-48), announced in April; Jean Colley (1940-45) to Michael Lewis, of Parkend, Gloucestershire, announced in June.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage:—

- Dec. 22 Rita O'Callaghan to Frank Howe.
- Dec. 31 Peter Davies, M.R.C.V.S. (1934-40) to Mary Kathleen Davies.
- Feb. 25 Gwyneth M. James (1933-40) to Robert W. Wilson, M.A.
- Mar. 18 Elmer E. Jenkins to Patricia Barbara Houghton.
- June 3 Lilian Gwyneth Evans (1936-41) to Alfred Noel Grant.
- June 10 Myrtle Lavinia Ewen (1938-42) to Kenneth Charles Vockins.

We have pleasure in recording the following births:—

- Mar. 23 To Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Ellis (nee Teresa Sutton—1930-36), a son, Keith.
- Mar. 25 To Diana Gray (nee Marendaz—1933-38), a son, Richard.
- May 27 To Peggy, wife of Rowland G. Rees (1926-33), a daughter, Sally Ann Gaddarn.
- May 28 To Mr. and Mrs. J. A. G. Thomas (1927-34), a son, Brian Bernard James.
- May 31 To Lynda, wife of Tom W. Davies (1926-31), a son.
- June 2 To Kathleen, (nee Wright—1934-39), wife of Thomas W. Hay (1928-33), a daughter, Lyndsay Margaret.
- June 11 To Mr and Mrs. W. G. Leadbetter (nee Brenda Phelps—1934-38), a daughter, Anita Beatrice.

We learnt with great regret recently of the death, on March 6th, of Mrs Phyllis Smith (nee Saunders—1922-27), of Pembroke. She had been in ill-health for some years. We offer our sincerest sympathy to her husband and to her family.