

THE PENVRO



JULY 1952

PEMBROKE DOCK GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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The Grammar School, Pembroke Dock

No. III

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Editorial

The most outstanding event in the past six months was undoubtedly the death of H.M. King George VI on February 6th. The unexpectedness of this news made the shock all the more severe, and our sincere sympathy went out to the Royal Family in their sorrow. We sometimes fail to realise that those in such high places are subject to the same human feelings and sorrows as ourselves.

We sympathise very deeply with Mr. R. Phillips, the School groundsman, on the death of his wife on Friday, June 6th. Although Mrs. Phillips had been in rather poor health for some time, we understand that her death came suddenly. We can do no more than assure Mr. Phillips and his son and daughter of our sincerest sympathy.

We read with interest that the Rev. Herbert Jones, who was a member of the Governing Body until he left the district last summer, was inducted on January 4th to the pastorate of Llandaff North Congregational Church, Cardiff. Our good wishes go with him.

It has been a pleasure to welcome two new members of staff, Mr. D. M. Ellis Williams came in January to replace Miss Pennington, and did valiant service (we hear) with the girls' games until the arrival of Miss M. M. Ebsworth at the beginning of the summer term took this burden off his shoulders. Some feel that he relinquished his official connection with the athletic side of school life with a certain measure of reluctance.

We must say good-bye this term to Mr. Raymond Evans, who is going to another post at Chelmsford in Essex. We hope he will be happy there; no doubt Mrs. Evans will be pleased at the move, as she will now be much nearer her home in Kent.

It was very pleasant to read in the "West Wales Guardian" of March 4th that Miss Morwyth Rees had won the Julia Cairns Trophy for Poetry in the 1952 Literary Festival of the Society of Women Writers and Journalists. Apparently competitors from all over the English-speaking world entered for the Trophy, so Miss Rees is to be heartily congratulated. It certainly is a real pleasure to hear of the success of such a good friend of the School as Miss Rees.

If the Governors' list on the cover looks incomplete the reason is a very simple one—it is incomplete. At the time of going to press there are still three vacancies to fill.

A noteworthy event this term has been the publication of Mr. Mathias's new volume of poems, "The Roses of Tretower." Those familiar with the author's work will see in it the same very individual mastery of vocabulary and imagery which has marked his other poems. Copies of the book, which is published by the Dock Leaves Press at 4/6, may be obtained at school.

Haven

My haven is the foaming tide,
The playful wind, the restless sand,
The purple cliffs, the seagull's glide,
The salty smell of sea-splashed land.

My haven is the crystal pool,
The weeded rock, the silent deep,
The pureness of the water cool
Where mottled crab and shellfish sleep.

My haven is the weary stream
That slowly sobs its way to sea,
Where trout and sand-eel pensive dream
In dark and sombre mystery.

When I am sad and sore of mind
My haven takes my woe from me,
And in my thoughts I always find
Perpetual tranquility.

DEVAN PREECE, V R.

Six Months in an Artist-Craftsman's Workshop

When it was finally decided that I could have six months leave of absence to enter the workshop of Edward Barnsley, C.B.E., at Petersfield, in Hampshire, my attention was focalised on finding temporary living quarters for my wife and myself. Pessimistically I advertised in the weekly local paper of the district, and to our great surprise had the immediate offer of a cottage situated in the junction of the pincers formed by the North and South Downs, and within the South Down National Park area. On our arrival we were thrilled at the sight of a delightful eighteenth century cottage set in surroundings of indescribable beauty, and we were overjoyed to realize that this was to be our home for the summer months. The cottage was about two miles away from the workshop, which was on the other side of the hill, and the daily walk to and from it was, as I found subsequently, a great joy.

Immediately on leaving the cottage on my way to the workshop there was a stiff climb through two fields for about half a mile, rising from two hundred to six hundred feet above sea level. From this vantage point, on most mornings, was to be had a clear view for about twenty miles around, embracing the villages of Hawkley, Greatham, and Gilbert White's Selborne, with Hindhead far away behind them. For the next quarter of a mile or so walking was easier, with, on the right and falling steeply away, a densely wooded hanger (so called because the trees and underwood hang in some sort of way to the ground instead of standing on it) covered with beech, ash, whitebeam, and yew, with scattered maples which turned into flame in Autumn. On the left, but not now rising so steeply, was a portion of the hill which Lord Horder has dedicated to the memory of Edward Thomas, the Anglo-Welsh poet and writer who was killed in the first world war. Thomas lived in the neighbourhood, and the house which was built specially for him of red hand-made bricks and tiles, with oaken doors and eighteen inch oak floorboards, stands, now mellowed and beautiful, next to Mr. Barnsley's workshop.

It was on this level stretch of walk that I saw most of the wild animal life of the neighbourhood. Rarely did I pass this way without a glimpse of a fox on some trail or other, or a vixen with her cubs basking in the warm sunshine. Once I saw a badger burrowing furiously and leaving a cascade of snow white earth, for such was the chalky nature of the soil in the district. Hares were frequent during the first month or so until the undergrowth got too thick for me to observe them. There were scores of grey squirrels about, and these, after successfully exterminating their brown brothers, were continuing their policy of destruction by debarking the trees in the woods.

Leaving the hanger to continue its horseshoe course, I then cut diagonally across another long field, stepped over a stile and walked the remaining distance along a rough country lane which was invariably wet and muddy and sunless on account of the archway of overhanging branches.

After the first week or so I found myself arriving at the workshop progressively later and later. I now lingered longer at the top of the first climb to contemplate more fully the scene while I regained my breath, while I slackened my pace over the second lap, and sometimes went a little out of my way to pick up a new plant or flower, or to get a clearer view of the vixen and her cubs, or the better to observe the habits of the squirrels. Having mentioned flowers and plants, perhaps I ought to describe briefly the varieties which grew profusely around, most of them, I regret to confess, entirely new to me. The ground was, in season, a carpet of wild strawberries, thyme and marjoram, several varieties of orchis, rock rose, many coloured milk-wort and indeed every sort of delicate chalk loving plant that gave the place a warm aromatic scent in the sun which mingled with the background of spices from the yew trees and the sharpness of the thyme and marjoram. Taking everything into consideration I must agree that Cobbett did not exaggerate in the least when he wrote about the "matchless beauties of the scenery."

The workshop too was situated in the most beautiful surroundings, and from a long way off, when approaching it from any direction, the pleasant smell of seasoning wood, especially cedar, wafted towards one. Nearly all the work carried out there is of British timbers such as oak, ash, walnut, cherry, cedar, chestnut, yew and laburnum, all of which are seasoned for a minimum period of from five to ten years in the open sheds adjoining the workshop. This does not mean that foreign hard woods are not used, because some commissioned work like that for the Melbourne Art Gallery is executed in Australian blackbean or Queensland walnut. However, the main woods used are British oak and walnut which remain, I believe, the furniture woods 'par excellence.' Oak, if correctly cut and seasoned and then lightly waxed when finished, suggests strength, solidity and long service; walnut—now unfortunately getting rare—is, on the other hand, an exceedingly beautiful wood, its colour varying from a light coloured grey to dark grey with brown to black streaks, and frequently with a fine figure. Walnut gives an air of richness, elegance, smoothness, refinement and superiority to a piece of furniture.

The environment around, and the atmosphere within the workshop creates in one a strong desire to make beautiful things, and that is precisely what is done. Not a single machine, except for a small treadle circular saw, is used by these superb craftsmen in producing work which bears comparison with the best work produced in this country during any period in our history. It is as perfect in workmanship as it is possible

for human hands to make it, with all joints close fitting and all moving parts sliding smoothly. The work is essentially traditional. Up to the seventeenth century most of the woodwork was made as well as designed by the same man. With the Victorian era the last lingering traditions in English craftsmanship and design were almost dead and a period of chaos set in. It was William Morris, the great artist, craftsman, poet and social reformer who first took practical measures to halt the decline, and his efforts were continued by his friends and admirers, notably Ernest Gimson and the brothers Ernest and Sidney Barnsley, whose purpose was to rehabilitate a pride in workmanship, and to hand down the golden chain of the arts to some greater period that they themselves would never see. Edward Barnsley (Sidney's son) is now consolidating this aim and developing new ideas along traditional lines so that his work today, while recognising its indebtedness to the past, is also in tune with the present—as any great artist's sensibilities must be—so that he has now established himself as the greatest living artist-craftsman in wood.

If I were asked to say what impressed me most about his work, I would say that it was the absolute integrity of workmanship and materials. Shoddy work was unknown there, and I can well imagine (although I saw no evidence of it) any part of the work not quite up to standard being repeated, no matter what the cost. Edward Barnsley once told me that he would never see his work at its best because it took three generations to mature and further, that he would not be ashamed to face it in a hundred years time.

Such work is naturally very expensive and consequently outside the means of most people. This is most regrettable, but unavoidable. The work of the artist-craftsman postulates thought, trouble, time, technical skill and experiment. It cannot be done to date; and after all, what difference does it make whether a piece of work takes two or three days or two or three months or longer to produce if it can be made to last two or three hundred years? Every piece produced is of solid wood and unique. No two pieces are alike, for the personality of the craftsman manifests itself in some form or other in the work. It may be only in the choice of material, or some little mannerism in design or some favourite form or ornament. And while on the matter of ornament, it is as well to understand that the best contemporary work is very sparing of ornament. The beauty of the material often is sufficient ornament in itself. Modern furniture is severely plain, and the plainer and simpler the form of anything the more careful and exact must be its proportions, the more perfect and pleasing its surfaces, and the more workmanlike its construction. When Mr. Barnsley uses ornament it is always simple, traditional, and most sensitively detailed. Perhaps a delicate inlay line or scratch bead; a chamfer or ovolo moulding, for rarely does he use anything else nowadays.

Who then buys this expensive furniture? Most of it is commissioned, but a few individual patrons remain. Changed economic and social conditions have reduced considerably their numbers, and their place has been taken by various ministries, public bodies, museums and art galleries. Even so the demand is diminishing because purchase tax—recently imposed—in addition to the existing high prices, have made it almost impossible for individuals to purchase substantial works. This is unfortunate, because it is imperative that standards in craftsmanship be kept alive. Without standards, whether in craftwork, morals or life there is nothing to guide us, and eventually all will be lost.

In the workshop I was given a free hand to do as I wished. This meant that I was able to walk around and take a personal interest in all the work under construction. All the craftsmen from the foreman to the youngest apprentice I found courteous, helpful and friendly, ready and willing at all times to make my stay among them happy and profitable. Words fail to express the kindness and consideration shown towards me and I was frequently reminded of the words of the late L. P. Jacks, the educationist who said “. . . every rise in the quality of the work men do is followed, swiftly and inevitably, by a rise in the quality of the men who do it.”

Some of my time was spent at the bench, and I treasure the few pieces which I possess to remind me of it. Another part of it was spent in long and interesting discussions with Mr. Barnsley, and the remainder was spent in visits to view promising trees for sawing and seasoning, or to see rooms where commissioned work was to be placed, or to meetings of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society where I was privileged to meet most of the great men and women in contemporary arts and crafts. One week we spent together touring the country, looking at buildings and woodwork of interest and ending up in Cheltenham at an exhibition of the furniture of Ernest Gimson, Sidney Barnsley, Peter Waals and Edward Barnsley. This was indeed a unique occasion. Pieces of furniture from all over England had been brought together for the first time and it is hardly likely to be repeated. Those names I have just mentioned are still little known today, but I will be bold and venture a prophecy, and it is to say that these names eventually will be added by posterity to the half dozen or so great names in English furniture-making which have been handed down to us.

Yes, mine was a rich experience indeed, and every moment of it enjoyable. Now that a precedent has been created, I hope that other education authorities will be as generous as mine has been, so that others may share in the pleasures and privileges of meeting a great artist, and working with a happy band of craftsmen to whom the riches of life are to be found in the occupation of a job well done. I.G.C.

The Month of March

Whispering, whispering through the branches,
Down the hollow and over the hill,
Chuckling and laughing at the hedgerows,
Parting the petals of pale daffodils—
As gentle as lambs skipping on the grey moor
The March winds blow stealthily, silently, sure.
Rustling, rustling in the treetops,
Disturbing the wrens as they build their nest,
Caressing the buds on the bare boughs and bushes,
Travelling ceaselessly, without rest,
Rippling the surface of puddles and ponds,
Unfurling the woodlands' sweet ferny fronds,
Blustering, blustering round the black smoke-stack,
Tossing stout vessels on storm-ridden seas,
Trundling a bowler hat down darkened roadways,
Clutching at hands fumbling for cold door-keys—
One moment boisterous, the next sudden calm,
Mad March is a mixture of lion and lamb.

SUZANNE BROWN, IVa.

Treasure-Trove

It was one of those delightful days when the world seems blithe and devoid of care. The shadowy blue sea under the red Cornish cliffs was sweeping in along the gleaming sand, breaking with hollow echoes; an adventurous wind swept gustily down the sandy valley beyond the beach. There was no other sound than the haunting music of the waves and the cry of a gull high up in the wind-swept, September sky.

Suddenly the stillness was shattered. A Red-Indian war cry echoed up from the cliffs, and a small boy with dark, curly hair and mischievous eyes tore up over the cliffs after a startled rabbit. Behind him was a young girl who was evidently the twin sister to this young "rabbit stalker"; she was shouting after him and waving a ragged piece of paper in her hand.

"Peter, look what I've found," she panted excitedly, "it's a map of the village and beach, showing where some treasure is buried. Do you think we could find it?"

Peter forgot about the rabbits. And the twins sat down to study the ragged map. At the sound of a long blast on a distant car-horn they jumped up and ran inland along the path that skirted the old-walled wood.

Peter and Jennifer, with their family, had recently come to live in the village and were spending the remains of their holiday exploring the countryside around them. That night when they should have been in bed, Peter and Jennifer were studying their map and making plans for the morrow in stage whispers. They spent the next morning scrambling over the slippery, weed-covered rocks at the far end of the beach in search of the cave where the treasure was hidden. Although the tide was coming in the twins were able to penetrate the cliffs a good way, through the subterranean passage that connected a long string of caves. They groped their way through the dim, wet tunnels where the atmosphere was as cold as a November day, and the drops of moisture from the roof of the tunnel made Jennifer shiver as they splashed on her bare back.

"Hooray," shouted Peter suddenly, "the 'treasure cave' is just at the end of this tunnel according to this map. Come on, Jenny, you're not scared, are you?"

"Of course not," was the indignant reply, "but we can't go on because of that beastly pool there."

"Pooh! I'm not afraid to get my feet wet, I'm going in."

Jennifer made a vain grab at her brother, but he had already stepped into the murky water. Suddenly he lost his balance, shrieked, and disappeared. He soon scrambled out, shivering with fright more than with coldness, whilst the sand seemed to slide away from under his feet.

"Gosh!" said a weak voice, "the water doesn't half get deep quickly, it was above my head there in the middle."

"I told you not to try," was his sister's comment, "come on, let's get out; something always happens when you try to be brave."

The next day, by the light of a torch, they were able to squeeze their way round this death-trap of a pool. In his excitement Peter rushed on, forgetting that the rocks were slippery and the roof low, until he sprawled on the shingle, dropping the map. When he saw Jennifer emerge into daylight and heard her disappointed cry, he got up again. The tunnel opened out into a horse-shoe cove, and the sea was rushing

in through the narrow opening and swirling around the rocks on which they stood. Across the cove, just above the level of the tide, was the mouth of the cave that the map called the "treasure-cave"; a narrow strip of deep water separated the twins from their goal. Once again they returned to the beach disappointed. As Peter saw his father coming across the beach he whispered to Jennifer, "Hide the torch and map behind that rock."

"Okay, hand over the map and I will," she replied.

"You've got it."

"Of course I haven't. I suppose you lost it in the caves—well, you had better go and find it; now, if you had let me carry it . . ."

But Peter was already scrambling towards the caves, so Jennifer walked across the beach and sat down beside the old fisherman, who was preparing to tell her father some of his old yarns. When Peter re-appeared on the rocks waving frantically she leapt up, her eyes twinkling as she ran across the sand.

"Have you got it?" she shouted, "oh goody," as she scrambled over the rocks to her brother. "What do you think? The fisherman has been telling me about the cave where our treasure is hidden; he said that we can get there on certain days in the spring and autumn when there is an equinox—yes, I think that's what he called it—and we could go on Friday at eight o'clock, or on Sunday about nine o'clock in the morning. He said there are lovely coloured things like icicles, white, blue and orange, those that hang down are called stalagmites and those that grow up are called stalactites—no, that's wrong—stalactites hang down . . ."

"Oh, never mind about your old satellites, or whatever you call them," interrupted Peter. "Let's go home now and make our plans. Do you think we will capture any smugglers or be rewarded by the police?"

At five o'clock on Friday morning Peter stirred uneasily, yawned, and suddenly shot out of bed to the window. It was not very light. Sharp rain was beating defiantly against the window-pane, and the wind was moaning in the little wood, whilst the cliffs were asleep under a thick blanket of mist. In utter disgust Peter craned his neck out of the window, searching for a break in the clouds, but the skies were one grey sullen mass. Peter knew there was no hope. There were only three hours left. Just before breakfast Peter ran out into the garden to scan the sky. His father was just splashing up the muddy path.

"I'm afraid we're in for a day of it," was his comment.

Saturday morning the sun woke Peter. It was shining on his face (a good omen, he thought). After a gobbled breakfast, Jennifer and Peter rushed down to the beach with two bundles of bathing clothes hiding the maps, a torch, a broken spade, and a spanner (if would be handy for opening the box of treasure, Peter suggested). Peter rushed on ahead over the rocks, leaving Jennifer to carry the torch. When she caught him up he was waiting impatiently beside the murky pool.

"Hurry up," he yelled, "it's as black as pitch," and he snatched away the torch and crawled on. Suddenly the beam of the torch flickered and went out. They were left in darkness. Peter tapped the torch. It gave a feeble glimmer and then went out. He thumped it. Nothing happened.

"Ooh! it's terribly dark," whispered Jennifer, "won't the torch go?"

"No! of course not, haven't you heard me shaking it?" was Peter's reply. "Didn't you put a new battery in the other day?"

"Yes, Peter."

"Then it can't be worn out already."

"It is."

"How?"

"I—I don't—I didn't mean . . ."

"What have you done? Hurry up and say something."

"I'm awfully sorry, but I used it to read in bed last night. I had that book that the fisherman lent me."

"Oh you stupid! Girls always spoil things. Because of you we shall never yet the treasure. We can't come to-morrow because it's Sunday. Monday will be too late. Oh, shut up. Crying won't help."

Peter turned back and scrambled off in disgust. He ran on to the beach and up over the cliffs back to the house. But by the time Jennifer had crawled out and Peter was coming back with another battery the tide had come in almost to the entrance of the caves. Luckily, at that moment, Peter spied his new friend and next-door neighbour, Alan, walking along the cliff, so he ran off, leaving his sister without saying another word. Jennifer slowly made her way home, kicking at the stones and flowers on the path, her eyes fixed on the ground. A footstep startled her and she looked up to find Alan's sister Margaret walking towards her.

"Hullo, what's the matter?" said Margaret cheerfully.

"Oh nothing," replied Jennifer bluntly.

"Tell me about it," pleaded Margaret.

Margaret was several years older than Jennifer, but the two were the best of friends, so Jennifer made Margaret her confidante and poured out all her troubles. When she finished she was silent. Then suddenly Margaret burst out laughing. Jennifer turned away with tears in her eyes. There was no sympathy, not even from Margaret.

"I'm not making fun of you, Jenny, listen and I will tell you the joke," and Margaret explained to Jennifer how one evening, instead of staying home to finish some holiday prep, she had gone out on to the beach, and taken her work with her. She had to write an English composition with a local setting. When she got home she found part of the composition was missing from her pocket—it must have dropped out when she took off her blazer to sit on it. This piece of paper, containing the map and the explanation of the hidden treasure, that Jennifer had found on the cliff, was the missing sheet of Margaret's composition! Jennifer was rather disappointed that their adventure had been for a treasure that was not even there, but consoled herself philosophically that she had not really spoilt the adventure at all.

When Jennifer had explained all about their adventure, and their mysterious behaviour in the past few days, to the family around the dinner table, she laughed as much as anyone else. For the rest of the holiday the twins harnessed their imaginations, and only played such mundane games with their next-door neighbours as hide-and-seek in the garden, or "French-cricket" on the beach.

CHRISTINE COPEMAN VI.

The Month of March

A lion came bounding over the plain,
A snarling and roaring creature he came:
The birds, beasts and flowers all cowered in fear—
That the lion was dangerous to them it was clear.
'O come, people all!' cried the lion in glee,
'Come, celebrate this festive season with me!'
His voice came in gusts that shook earth and sky
And the trees bowed their heads as the lion passed by.
But soon the soft voice of the quiet lamb was heard
And the lion was stilled to a mumbling word;
The noise and the bluster died slowly away,
And the lion of March was the young lamb at play.

JEANNE PULESTON, IVa.

Fog

It was a glorious afternoon in late summer; the towering purple cliffs which enclosed the beautiful little cove of Stackpole Quay were bathed in beautiful sunshine. Hardly a ripple disturbed the surface of the shimmering sea, a sea of a hue which the fortunate beholder can view if he chooses to linger in August around the rugged coast of Pembroke-shire. High up in the sky drifted lazily white fleecy balls of cloud, and around the sturdy walls of the man-made quay the placid waters lapped idly.

Old Alfred was preparing to "go out." This meant that Alfred had decided to take a look at his lobster pots, the marker floats of which came into view now and then as they lifted and fell on the almost imperceptible swell. Alfred himself, although he worked on a neighbouring farm in winter, was a born fisherman, and years of experience and shrewd observation of the ways of the sea had taught him much. This knowledge he was ready to impart, and he was never happier than when surrounded by a crowd of children, to whom he must have seemed surely the wisest and best fisherman in all Pembroke-shire.

The grating of the boat's keel on the shingle echoed sharply in the narrow cove. Hopping nimbly aboard as the boat reached the water Alfred sculled his craft from the shelter of the walls of the pier out to the open sea, where he settled to row steadily southwards. Rounding the jutting point his frail craft heaved slightly as it encountered the deeper rolling of the Channel swell. With an easy rhythm born of long practice Alfred rowed outwards to the farthest pot. Here he set to work with his customary efficiency, and soon was engrossed in his daily task. He did not hurry—he had no need to, and having examined the last of his tier of pots, he took out his pipe and tobacco tin and settled back for a comfortable smoke. Lulled by the soft rocking of the boat and the warmth of the sun upon his back, his head dropped lower and lower upon his chest, and soon Alfred was dozing.

How long he slept he did not know, but when he awoke with a start the warmth was gone and a cold clammy stillness had taken its place. Gradually as Alfred had slept, the mist had rolled over the sea, enveloping everything in its cold white arms and blotting out every landmark on the coast with which Alfred was familiar. Still he was not afraid—why should he be? He knew this coast like the back of his

hand, and he began to pull in the direction in which he thought his home lay. Spurred onwards by the thought of his cosy warm cottage nestling at the water's edge, he rowed with vigour and determination. Occasionally he stopped, endeavouring to pierce the mist for the sight of land, but the great white wall blanketed everything. "I should be pretty nigh 'ome by now," he said to himself, and again picked up his oars. By now darkness was falling and Alfred was beginning to become worried. "I must be rowing in the wrong direction," he said aloud, the sound of his voice in that fearful stillness almost frightening him, and he changed course. Still he pulled on steadily, listening for some sound which would guide him to the shore, but the lapping of the waves against the hull of his frail and tiny craft was the only sound that greeted his ears.

Through the long terrifying hours of darkness Alfred pulled and rested, pulled and listened, pulled and shouted, heedless of his blistered palms, till at last he resigned himself to the fact that he was hopelessly lost. "God," he thought, "am I to die like this? For all I know I might be well out in the Bristol Channel. Where shall I finish up?" His terrified imagination kept him awake through the endless hours. A school of porpoises amusing themselves around his boat seemed to take on the proportions of a crowd of monsters. Rest was far from Alfred that night, and no one ever greeted the first early streaks of dawn more gladly than he did.

When the last wreaths of the swirling vapour had been dispelled by the rising sun Alfred discovered where he was, and no lost explorer ever welcomed his rescuers with more fervour than he when he hailed the crew of the local life-boat, who had been called out to search for him. Hot coffee and rum restored life to his chilled frame and a long sleep in his own cottage did the rest.

Now Alfred has another tale to tell his young admirers as they cluster around his boat and beg him to take them out sometime.

PETER PREECE, VI.

Hospital Morning

My sweet dream was interrupted by a strident voice saying, "Come on, time to wake up," accompanied by a hand pulling my nose I grunted from beneath the bed-clothes, and half opened my eyes. I would have closed them again had not another twitch disturbed me. I opened my mouth to protest and it proved my undoing.

"Temperature," snapped the nurse, ramming a thermometer between my teeth. My hand, reaching to take it out and collect the scattered teeth, was clamped upon and my pulse taken. Then I fell asleep again.

Crash!

"Wash!" said the imperative voice, as the owner of it let the pan and contents fall on to the table. I again peered out and suddenly saw the time was half-past five! Unbelievable! Looking up, I saw the nurse's eagle eye fixed upon me and gingerly endeavoured to splash more water on my face than on to the sheets. Then with a sigh I lay back.

"Here you! You haven't cleaned your teeth."

"Do I"

"Yes!"

That finished, I once again attempted to sleep the sleep of the just. But not for long.

"Tea," came the same strident voice. By this time I was fed up, so, glaring at my persecutor, I swallowed the tea at one gulp. Letting forth an agonised yell, I grabbed the water jug and emptied the contents down my sizzling throat. The tea was nearly boiling! The nurse flung a contemptuous glance at me and I cowered under the bed-clothes and once more fell asleep.

Have you ever had the bed-clothes ripped suddenly from your bed, leaving you exposed to all the little cold draughts? Neither had I, till then.

Whoosh! The blankets were suddenly thrown over the back of the bed; two uniformed females grabbed the sheets, shook them, and pushed me all over the bed; my pillows suddenly vanished; I fell back and knocked my head; I was hauled up and the pillows replaced; I was knocked down again by the blankets on their homeward flight; and the females departed, leaving me tied up in blankets like an Egyptian mummy. All this was in three seconds flat.

I slept once more.

Crash!

Another noisy clatter sent me half-way to the ceiling in fright.

"Breakfast," said a pleasant voice, and when I saw what it consisted of, my tiredness was forgotten. Of course, how stupid of me, I had forgotten the pleasant side of hospital life. You have breakfast in bed!

KARL LEES, VI.

General Knowledge Gems

- Q. What is the meaning of RIDING as in West Riding? A.—A place where there are a lot of horses or sweeping planes.
- Q. Supply the missing member in each pair.
(a) Romulus and — (A.—Julius).
(b) Rosencrantz and — (A.—Landauer).
- Q. What is a joystick? A.—The same as chopsticks with which the Chinese eat.
- Q. What is the Green-eyed Monster? A.—Divorce.
- Q. Identify by a different name "The Hammer of the Scots." A.—The caber.
- Q. Marry in haste and what follows? A.—Divorce and rows.
- Q. What does M.C.C. stand for? A.—Member of the County Council.
- Q. What famous pianist became Prime Minister of a European state?—A.—Mr. Churchill of Paccinini.

Autobiography of a Penny

Residing safely in a glass case, I can look back over a long and varied life. But before I tell you of some events in my career, you will, I suppose, want to know where I am. I am in a light, airy room of the British Museum, with the sun gleaming in and a few birds singing away outside.

I was minted in 1800 when Britain was regarding with uneasy eyes Napoleon's conquests across the Channel. As I was issued to a sailor on one of Nelson's ships at the battle of Copenhagen, I was an eye-witness of the fight, from a place on the deck where I had fallen.

I stayed with a sailor for some time after that, and by a strange chance was with a lieutenant in the 'Victory' as the two columns of British ships bore down on a great fleet that lay between them and the low dark headland of Trafalgar.

I heard the story of that famous battle later, but I could feel the excitement through the side of the leather purse in which I lay.

The lieutenant who owned me went home soon, but alas, I was lost in a dusty, dark attic for many years.

Oh! those long wasted years with but one venturesome sunbeam battling with the coating of dust in the window to lighten the gloom of endless books and broken furniture!

At last, however, I was rescued by a little boy, who took me downstairs and put me in his pocket, but, as might be expected, I was soon replaced by a bag of sweets.

As I was lying in the till of the shop where this most desirable exchange had been brought about, I heard that the year was 1814. This means that seven long years had elapsed since I was last in touch with the world. While I was wondering what had taken place in that time I found myself being given to a soldier.

I travelled about with this man for some months, even when he was called abroad, where I passed from one hand to another. Hands! sticky, comforting, clutching, grabbing, gentle, rough, soft, smooth. How well I knew them!

It is with a shudder that I remember the icy fear that gripped me when I was hurled into the water from a boat in the West Indies, only to be chased through the crystal clear depths and caught triumphantly by a grinning brown native.

After this memorable incident I somehow found myself back in England, where I was lost for the second time. I do not recollect how it happened, but I can well remember the years that I stayed in the clutch of the warm brown earth, and the day that I was found by a farmer and sent to my present place, the Museum.

I still hear many interesting things from the latest arrivals which come to our collection. By one near neighbour I was told that you will probably never find a penny with 1864 on it. The story was that they were all withdrawn because they had gold in them, but the true reason is that there were enough pennies in circulation, so very few were minted.

"If you are hoping to make a full collection of pennies dated, say, from 1900 onwards," said a knowing old penny, "you are doomed to disappointment, because there were none minted in 1923-25 or in 1941-43."

Did you know that only six were minted in 1933? I certainly did not until told by the only one of that small number that is in the Museum.

Though I am made of copper (hence my name), all pennies from 1860 onwards are made of bronze. So few pennies were in circulation in 1918 and 1919 that the Royal Mint could not cope with the demand and two other firms had to help it out. That is why there might be a tiny H. or K.N. on a penny of either of those years, the initials of the two firms.

How proudly gleam the silver pennies on their velvet beds! One, made in the reign of William II, told me that he was lucky not to have been cut into halves and quarters to make halfpennies and farthings, but another, made in the reign of Henry I, entertained no such harrowing fears, for it was in Henry's reign that halfpennies and farthings were first made round.

I sometimes crave for the warmth and shelter of a hand just once again, but I am really quite happy here now with memories of a life that is past, and listening to the idle gossip and serious discussions that go on around me.

DAVID THOMAS, IIA.

The Eisteddfod

This year's Eisteddfod, held on Wednesday, March 5th, was in some respects rather better than last year's, and many of the platform items were distinctly good. There was a definite improvement on last year in the number of entries for some events, but this feature was uneven, there being an excellent show in the preliminaries of some of the platform items, while in others, fortunately a small number, there was a rather poor effort.

It was a pity that the committee had selected, long before the death of King George VI, one of Laurence Housman's plays dealing with the announcement to Queen Victoria of her accession to the throne. As it would obviously have been in bad taste to present this, and there was no time to select another play, it was decided to hold a separate "drama festival" on March 26th, at which each House would perform a one-act play of its selection. This was a greater success than we had hoped, when it is remembered that the staff had no part whatever in the presentation of the plays. Major R. G. Hervey judged the plays, and gave a most helpful and interesting adjudication.

MUSIC

Piano Solo, Junior ("The Mountain Ash" by John Farrell)—1, Mary Phillips (P); 2, Sheila Smith (T); 3, David Gwyther (G).

Piano Solo, Senior (Scherzo in B Flat by Schubert)—1, Diana Jones (G); 2, Christine Copeman (T); 3, Pauline Francis (G).

Violin Solo, Open (Contredanse by Rameau)—1, Ralph Davies (G); 2, George McLean (H).

Unison Song, Junior Boys ("Sea Roads" by Martin Shaw)—1, Hywel; 2, Tudor; 3, Picton.

Solo, Junior Boys ("The Spanish Main" by Arthur Baynon)—1, Malcolm Davies (T); 2, Tony Harvey (H); 3, Patrick O'Brien (G).

Unison Song, Junior Girls ("When fairies do their shopping" by Harold Greenhill)—1, Tudor; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Picton; 4, Hywel.

Solo, Junior Girls ("Good-morrow to you Springtime" by H. S. Robertson)—1, Vicki Fogwill (T); 2, Janet Nicholas (P); 3, Sheila Smith (T); 4, Ann Campodonic (T).

Solo, Senior Girls ("The Violet" by Mozart)—1, Kathleen Lockett (G); 2, Margaret Hughes (P); 3 (divided), Margaret Nicholls (T) and Brenda Steptoe (H).

Duet, Senior Girls ("Here amid the shady wood" by Handel)—1, Margaret Hughes and Julie Nicholas (P); 2, Kathleen Lockett and Mary Jenkins (G); 3, Joyce Horn and Marie Bearne (G); 4, Morfwyn Henry and Pauline Francis (G).

Solo, Senior Boys ("A Sea Song" by Hugh Seal)—1, John Gilder (H); 2, David John (P); 3 (divided), Peter Nutting (P) and Peter Williams (T).

Duet, Senior Boys ("Come to the Fair" by Easthope Martin)—1, Peter Nutting and Brian John (P); 2, Roy Haggard and Graham Harper (H); 3, Richard Brown and Derik Welby (G).

Quartette, Open ("Think on Me" arranged J. M. Diack)—1, Tudor; 2 (divided), Picton and Hywel.

Welsh Solo, Junior ("Y Bore Glas" by Cainc Werin)—1, Margaret McGarry (G); 2, John Lewis (T); 3, Sylvia Williams (H).

Welsh Solo, Senior ("Hun Gwenllian" by Caine Werin)—1, Margaret Nicholls (T); 2, Mary Jenkins (G); 3, Annette Williams (G)
 Choral ("When Spring with its Joy" by Mozart)—1, Glyndwr, conducted by Kathleen Lockett; 2, Hywel, conducted by Roy Haggar; 3, Tudor, conducted by Valmai Folland; 4, Picton, conducted by Margaret Hughes.

RECITATIONS

Junior Boys ("Morning Express" by Siegfried Sassoon)—1, David Thomas (P); 2 (divided), Stephen Brown (H) and Christopher Law (G).
 Junior Girls ("Snow in the Suburbs" by Thomas Hardy)—1, Gillian Richards (T); 2, Norma Evans (H); 3 (divided), Jennifer Gordon (P) and Margaret McGarry (G).

Senior Boys ("Journey of the Magi" by T. S. Elliot)—1, David John (P); 2, Eric Morgan (G); 3, John Gilder (H).

Senior Girls ("London Snow" by Robert Bridges)—1, Mary Phillips (T); 2, Mary Jenkins (G).

Welsh, Junior ("Deio bach Ty Nesa" by T. Gwyn Jones, and "Llongan Madog" by Ceiriog)—1, Janet Nicholas (P); 2, Eiliona Henry (G); 3, Joan Lewis (T).

Welsh, Senior ("Guto Benfelyn" by I. D. Hooson)—1, Gwen Evans (T); 2, Margaret Nicholls (T); 3, Annette Williams (G); 4, Megan Morgan (P).

Choral Speech ("The Daniel Jazz" by Vachel Lindsay)—1, Tudor Seniors; 2, Picton Juniors; 3, Tudor Juniors.

ESSAYS, ETC.

II ((Autobiography of a Penny)—1, David Thomas (P); 2, Robert Jones (P); 3, Jennifer Jones (G).

III (Marooned)—1, John Gilder (H); 2, Pauline Armitage (T); 3, Yvonne Richards (H).

IV (A Defence of Cinema-going)—1, Gillian Jones (H); 2, Adrienne Thomas (T); 3, Jennifer Gordon (P).

V (Brain versus Brawn)—1, Devan Preece (T); 2, Sheila Randell (H); 3, Ann David (P).

VI (Education)—1, Janice Phillips (P); 2, Megan Harries (G); 3, George Lewis (T); 4, Brian John (P).

Short Story, Open—1, Christine Copeman (T); 2, Peter Preece (G); 3, Karl Lees (H).

Prepared Speech (Do the Arts contribute more to Human Happiness than Science?)—1, Roy Haggar (H); 2, John Greenwood (G); 3, Peter Nutting (P).

Welsh Translation, Open—2, Joan Lewis (T).

French Translation, Open—1, Mary Griffith (P); 2, Sheila Randell (H); 3, Graham Harper (H).

POEMS

II (A Rainy Night)—1, Jennifer Jones (G); 2, Geoffrey Bettison (P); 3, Rosemary Michael (H).

III (Trees in Winter)—1, John Gilder (H); 2 (divided), Sybil Jones (T) and Pat Kavanagh (P); 3, Vicki Fogwill (T).

IV (The Month of March)—1, Suzanne Brown (G); 2, Jeanne Puleston (P); 3 (divided), Jennifer Gordon (P), Tony Thomas (G), and Mary Jones (G).

V (The Haven)—1, Devan Preece (T); 2 (divided), Noreen Jones (G) and David Phillips (G); 3, Ann David (P).

VI (A School Song)—No award.

ART

Junior (Conkers, or Prehistoric Men)—1, Vicki Fogwill (T); 2 (divided), David Horn (G) and Pauline Armitage (T); 3 (divided), Veronica Kingdom (H) and Rowland Smith (P).

Senior (The Farmyard in Winter, or Street Scene—Evening after Rain)—1, Patrick McClooghrie (H); 2, George Lewis (T); 3 (divided), Margaret Uphill (P) and Stephen James (P).

Open (Any Drawing or Painting of a Local Scene)—1, Michael Davies (G); 2, Ann David (P); 3, Fred Utting (T).

Pen-Lettering, Open (Poem learnt in School, with one large illuminated capital letter)—1 (divided), Joan Peters (T) and Alan Bermingham (P); 2, Sheila Randall (H).

Lino-Printing, Open (A multi-coloured design for fabric or greetings card)—1 (divided), (Stephen James (P) and Gerard Thomas (H).

NEEDLEWORK

Junior (Toilet Bag)—1, Rosemary Michael (H); 2 (divided), Rhona Gassner (T) and Linda Devote (T); 3, Ann Campodonic (T).

Middle and Senior (Pinnette)—1, Margaret Hughes (P); 2, Joyce Phillips (P); 3, Valerie Heath (T).

Embroidery, Open (Tea-Cosy)—1, Margaret Hughes (P); 2, Jean Devote (T).

Embroidery, Open (Writing-Case)—1, Barbara Thomas (G); 2, Kathleen Hughes (G); 3, Margaret Thomas (T).

Embroidery, Open (Case for "Radio Times")—1, Janice Picton (P); 2, Dorothy Thomas (G).

Knitting, Junior (Tea Cosy)—1, Millicent Lewis (G); 2, Ann Campodonic (T).

Knitting, Junior (Baby's Bonnet)—1, Gillian Richards (T); 2 (divided), Ann Roberts (P) and Suzanne Brown (G); 3 (divided), Gillian Sylvester (H) and Vivienne Paine (P).

Knitting, Middle and Senior (Tennis Socks)—1, Megan Harries (G); 2, Eileen Hervey (H); 3, Pamela Rees (P).

Knitting, Middle and Senior (Fair Isle Gloves)—1, Megan Harries (G); 2, Margaret Morgan (H); 3 (divided), Joan Pritchard (H) and Marjorie Williams (T).

COOKERY

Junior (Rock Cakes)—1, Janet Nicholas (P); 2, Yvonne Richards (H); 3, Joan Morgan (G).

Junior (Welsh Cakes)—1, Rhona Gassner (T); 2, Phyllis Shepherd (P); 3, Vivian Blackmore (T).

Middle (Sandwich Cake)—1 (divided), Marilyn Gwynne (H) and Nanette Brickle (T); 2, Ann Phillips (P); 3, Elizabeth Wilson (T).

Middle (Sausage Rolls)—1, Pamela Griffiths (G); 2, Margaret Uphill (P).

Senior (Swiss Roll)—1, Margaret Morgan (H); 2, Dorothy Thomas (G); 3, Joyce Phillips (P).

Senior (Cherry Cake)—1, Shirley English (P); 2, Shirley Griffiths (G); 3, Norma Kellaway (T).

WOODWORK

Junior (Any Useful Article in Hard or Soft Wood)—1, Stephen Brown (H); 2, Colin Lifton (P); 3, William Scone (G).

Senior (Any Piece of Cabinet Work in a Hardwood)—1, John Davies (P); 2, David Phillips (P); 3, Graham Tregidon (G).

CRAFTWORK

Table Decoration, Open—1, Pamela Hay (T); 2, Ann Phillips (P); 3, Marion Weatherall (P).

Knitted Toy, Open—1, Jennifer Jones (G); 2, Valerie Roch (G); 3, Shirley Griffiths (G).

Bookbinding, Open—1, Joan Lewis (T); 2, William Tucker (P); 3, Graham Phillips (H).

MISCELLANEOUS

Nature Study, Senior (Collection of Plants)—1, Patrick McCloghrie (H); 2, Eric Bowen (H).

Photography, Open (Contact Print)—1, Alan Bermingham (P); 2, David Thorne (H); 3, George McLean (H).

Photography, Open (Enlargement)—2, Michael Willis (T).

Geography, Junior (Jig-saw Puzzle of the Counties of England and Wales)—1, Michael Willis (T); 2, John Rees (G); 3, Davina Evans (G).

Geography, Senior (Set of Photographs depicting the Occupations of Pembrokeshire)—1, Megan Harries (G); 2, Graham Tregidon (G); 3, Shirwen Tucker (P).

Stamp-Collecting, Junior (British Colonials)—1, David Thomas (P); 2, David Horn (G); 3 (divided), Sheila Smith (T) and Paul Laing (H).

Stamp-Collecting, Senior (Commemorative Stamps)—1, Eileen Hervey (H); 2, George McLean (H); 3, Janice Phillips (P).

DRAMA COMPETITION

1, Picton ("The Master of the House," by Stanley Houghton)—72%; 2, Glyndwr ("Five Birds in a Cage," by Gertrude Jennings)—70%; 3, Hywel ("A Collection will be made," by Arthur Eckersley)—62%; 4, Tudor ("The Grand Cham's Diamond," by Allan Monkhouse)—46%. The final result was:—Glyndwr 478, Picton 449, Tudor 427, Hywel 363.

Adjudicators:—Music—Mr. Wilfred Harrison; Recitations, Choral and Prepared Speech—Mrs. Nora Davies, Mrs. Olwen Rees, Mr. B. J. Griffiths, Mr. Wynford Davies; Poetry and Short Story—Miss Morwyth Rees; Essays—Miss Ethel Young, Mrs. Nora Davies, Mrs. Sarah Thomas, Mrs. Gwen Anderssohn, Rev. D. Tegwyn Francis; Verse Translation—Mrs. Olwen Rees, Miss Ethel Young, Mr. Henry Birkhead; Craftwork—Mr. Norman Nash; Art—Mr. J. M. Carradice; Needlework and Cookery—Mrs. E. Griffiths; Photography and Geography—Mr. A. Coleman; Nature Study—Miss Morwyth Rees; Stamp Collection—Mr. J. H. A. Macken; Drama Competition—Major R. G. Hervey.

Cross-Country

This race was held on the afternoon of March 24, when conditions were very pleasant. The race was run over the same courses, and divided into three sections: Seniors, over 16; Middle, 14 to 16; and Juniors, under 14. The latter ran a shortened course. Keen competition was shown, and good times were made. For the first time a new House, Hywel, competed, and showed good spirit by finally finishing second in the competition. Six members who scored least points counted for each House in each division. Glyndwr were easy winners in each division, though they only provided the individual winner in the Junior Competition.

Results:—

Juniors—1, R. Kenniford (G); 2, B. Griffiths (T); 3, P. O'Brien (G).

Middle—1, R. Willington (T); 2, D. Cousins (T); 3, E. Evans (T). Senior—1, V. Rossiter (H); 2, D. Welby (G); 3, P. Williams (T).

The grand total of points finished in this order—1, Glyndwr, 191; 2, Hywel, 324; 3, Tudor, 382; 4, Picton, 428.

N.H.G.

County Sports

The County Sports were held at Bush Camp on May 24th, for the second consecutive year, a tribute to their success on the previous occasion. It was a delightful day, the sports ran smoothly, records were broken, and everyone enjoyed the occasion.

The School narrowly missed winning three cups in the following divisions: Middle School Boys, Senior Boys, Senior Girls. A little more keenness on the part of some in the School would materially alter the state of affairs of coming second. These sports are team events, and every point counts; one person by not doing his or her best can spoil the total efforts of all the rest. I hope certain ears burn when this is read and that the moral is learnt for future occasions.

As a result of these sports competitors were chosen to represent Pembrokeshire in a triangular contest with Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire schools to be held on Bush Camp on June 28th. The School has the honour of being host school in the second of these sports, which I believe will be among the best this county has witnessed for many years. Ten competitors from this school were chosen for sixteen events. Their performances will be recorded in the "Penvro" later.

Results:—

Junior Boys—Hurdles: 3, Gordon Rickard; Hop, Step and Jump: 3, Gordon Rickard; Pole Vault: 2, Roger Lloyd; Discus: 3, Gerald Thomas.

Middle Boys—220 yards: 1, Stephen Griffiths; Pole Vault: 1, Eric Morgan (record); High Jump: 1, Eric Morgan; 440 yards: 2, Eric Morgan; Hop, Step and Jump: 3, Evan Evans; Javelin: 1, Raymond Willington; Discus: 1, David Williams; 880 yards: 2, Derek Cousins. Our team (Eric Morgan, Stephen Griffiths, Ralph Davies, Raymond Willington) came second in the Relay.

Senior Boys—100 yards: 1, Brian John; Long Jump: 1, Brian John; Mile: 1, Vivian Rossiter; Discus: 2, Edward Ridley; Pole Vault:

3, Graham Tregidon; Hop, Step and Jump: 1, Brian Bowen; Javelin: 3, Brian Bowen. The Relay team (Brian Bowen, Graham Tregidon, Brian John, Graham Harper) was third.

Junior Girls—Hop, Step and Jump: 2, Awena Jones; High Jump: 3, Sylvia Green.

Senior Girls—100 yards: 2, Janice Phillips; 220 yards: 2, Nancy Macken; Hop, Step and Jump: 3, Brenda Steptoe; Discus: 2, Joyce Horn. The Relay team (Janice Phillips, Nancy Macken, Joyce Horn, Brenda Steptoe) came second.

At Bridge Meadow on June 1st Pembrokeshire held its first sports for adults under A.A.A. rules. Three of our boys performed creditably in adult competition. Brian Bowen won the Long Jump with a jump of 19ft. 6ins., Raymond Willington was second in the three-mile event, and Vivian Rossiter was third in the mile race. Each of these three can do well in athletics in the future if they persevere.

In conclusion we wish the new association every success in the future.

N.H.G.

School Diary

- Jan. 8. Spring Term begins.
 Jan. 10. The Compass Players presented "Time's Fool" by Holberg. This was very well acted, and much appreciated by the School.
 Jan. 24. Visit of Mr. Langford and Mr. Lockyer of the Ministry of Labour to talk to the Seniors on Careers.
 Jan. 30. A party of approximately 30 went with Miss Hughes and Mr. S. A. Evans to see the Tasker's School production of "Dido and Aeneas."
 Feb. 6. Death of H.M. King George VI.
 Feb. 8. The entire School marched across to Albion Square at 11.45 a.m. to hear the Proclamation at noon of the new Queen, Elizabeth II.
 Feb. 14. Short memorial service to H.M. King George VI held in the afternoon.
 Feb. 15 to 18. Half-term.
 Feb. 26. Peter Williams spoke in Assembly on Copernicus.
 Feb. 27. Mr. E. R. Williams of the C.C.P.R.E. was at School all day coaching Rugby.
 Mar. 5. Eisteddfod.
 Mar. 20. Lecture with colour-film by G. H. J. Fursdon, Esq., on "France."
 Mar. 24. Cross-country race.
 Mar. 26. John Davies spoke in Assembly on William Morris. House Drama Competition.
 Mar. 28. Spring Term ends.
 April 22. Summer Term begins.
 April 23. Brian Bowen spoke in Assembly on Leonhard Euler, the Swiss mathematician.
 May 5. A lecture on Music by J. Forrest Whiteley. Thereminist. A most amusing performance, much enjoyed.
 May 8. Entrance Examination.

- May 12. Mr. Cooper took his Vth Form Architecture class to St. David's Cathedral.
 May 13. Patrick McCloghrie spoke in Assembly on Carl Linnaeus. Mr. Langford and Mrs. Williamson, Careers Officers of the Ministry of Labour, were at School all day interviewing pupils. Miss Jones, B.A., spoke to those interested in nursing.
 May 15. Mary Jenkins and John Williams spoke in Assembly on Leonardi da Vinci. Practical Needlework Examination—Mrs. Palmer Morgan. Practical Physics Examination—Mr. D. A. Richards.
 May 19. French Oral Examination—Mrs. S. D. W. Davies.
 May 20. Practical Music Examination—Mr. W. M. Lewis.
 May 20. Practical Chemistry Examination—Prof. Campbell James.
 May 21. Practical Geography Examination at Haverfordwest Grammar School.
 May 22. Practical Woodwork Examination—Mr. Scrine. Practical Cookery Examination—Miss M. Daniels.
 May 24. County Secondary School Sports at Bush Camp.
 May 27. Mr. George and Mr. Garlick took a party of 24 pupils to Skomer Island.
 May 28. District Music Festival at the Garrison Theatre.
 May 30 to June 3. Half-term.
 June 9. Welsh Oral Examination—Mr. Islwyn Griffiths.
 June 10. W.J.E.C. Examinations began.
 June 17. Three Nigerians, two of whom had been teachers, all of them studying Local Government in Pembrokeshire, spoke to IIIA on Nigeria.
 July 4. School Sports.
 July 7 to 10. The Stratford trip, with Mr. Garlick. The North Wales trip, with Mr. S. Griffith, Mr. Islwyn Griffiths, Miss Hughes and Miss Bevan.
 July 8 to 11. The Hereford trip, with Mr. Mathias, Mr. Cooper, Miss Lewis and Mlle. Bourdon.
 July 9 to 12. The London trip, with Mr. Rees, Mr. Cleaver and Miss Bishop.
 July 17. Summer Term ends.

School Notes

Our total numbers at the beginning of this term were 436, 216 boys and 230 girls.

The prefects are:—

Tudor—Christine Copeman (Head Prefect), *Valmai Folland, *Margaret Nicholls, Peter Williams, *Nigel Albury, Brinley Thomas. Picton—Margaret Hughes, *Janice Phillips, *Shirley English, *Nancy Macken, Peter Nutting (Head Prefect), Kenneth Catherall, *Brian John, *John Davies.

Glyndwr—Joyce Horn, * Mary Jenkins, *Megan Harries, Brian Bowen, John Greenwood, *Graham Tregidon.

Hywel—Margaret Evans, *Frances Rixon, *Betty Morgan, Graham Harper, *John Williams, Roy Hagar.

* Sub-prefects.

Kenneth MacCallum left at the end of December to join the Merchant Navy. He is one of four apprentices on the crude oil tanker British Advocate, of 12,000 tons, belonging to the British Tanker Company. When he called at School at the beginning of March he had just completed his first voyage, of six to seven weeks, to Hamburg and Tripoli. At the latter place crude oil was pumped on board at 2,000 tons an hour. Unfortunately there was no shore leave. At Hamburg he was ashore a number of times, but did not find the attitude of the Germans there friendly. Luxury goods were cheap (e.g., a 10-pound tin of ham could be had for about 10/-), but there was a great scarcity of coffee, tea, cigarettes, etc. The work of an apprentice is to "do" for the officers; he lives separately from the crew, and in intervals of "chores" he receives some tuition from the First Mate, who is responsible for seeing that he learns all the ropes—more particularly since the company believe in putting apprentices on watch with the officers after one year, and graduating them as Third Mate after two. MacCallum was very seasick and homesick at first, but now likes the life, and finds the other apprentices a decent lot.

Of the others who have left since December, three are now in the Services, Dennis Myers in the R.A.F., and Derek Swift at the Army Apprentices School at Chepstow, while Derik Welby has signed on for three years in the Army, and left to join his unit at the end of June.

Richard Brown left at the beginning of May to become an articled pupil with the Wales Gas Board, and Dennis Rendall is now an articled pupil with the Borough Surveyor.

Other "leavers" who are known to have found jobs are:—Edward Smith, John Pendell, Terence Berry, Desmond James, Peter Davies, Graham Thomas, John Willcocks, Barbara Nicholas, Kathleen Street, Phyllis Callender, Nesta Phillips, Joan Peters, Pamela Rees, Beryl Wilcox and Jean Paterson.

Sandra Jones, Janice Garwood and James Prouse have been transferred to other schools.

Mr. V. Ll. Davies, of University College, Aberystwyth, spent three weeks teaching practice here during the Spring Term.

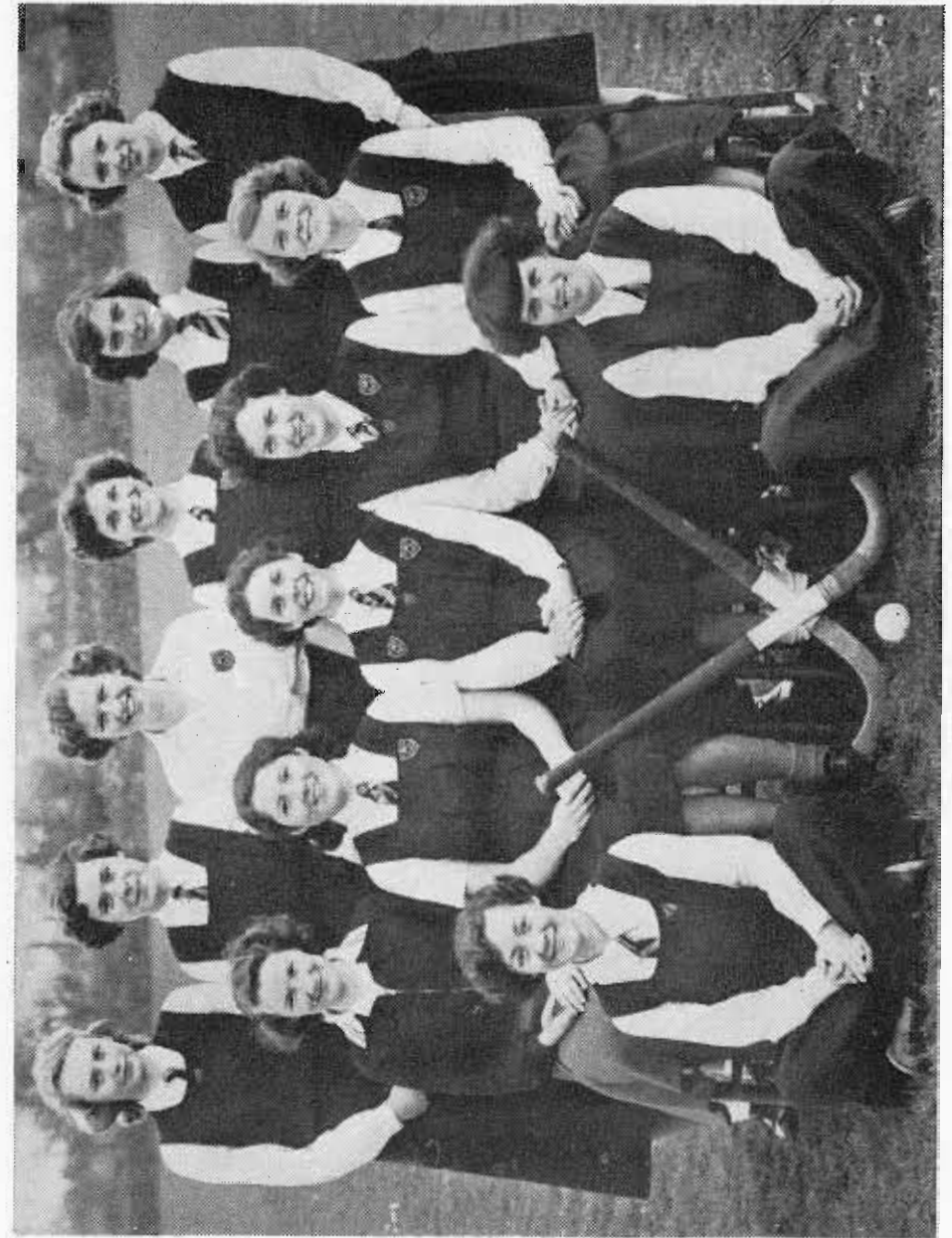
A paragraph in the "Western Telegraph" of June 12 tells how Mr. W. I. Harries, who is now Headmaster of Dinas School in the north of the county, recently discovered a Stone Age implement at Cwm-yr-Eglwys. It is described as having "a pointed butt and a broad edge," and was probably used as an axe. The substance of which it is made, according to the paper, is probably chert, which is "silicified sandstone."

Mrs. Gwen Anderssohn, formerly English mistress here, has won an essay competition organised by the Women's Institute on a county basis. She won the contest by a handsome margin, and the adjudicator said that her essay had a good chance of winning the national competition. We certainly hope that his prognostication is correct.

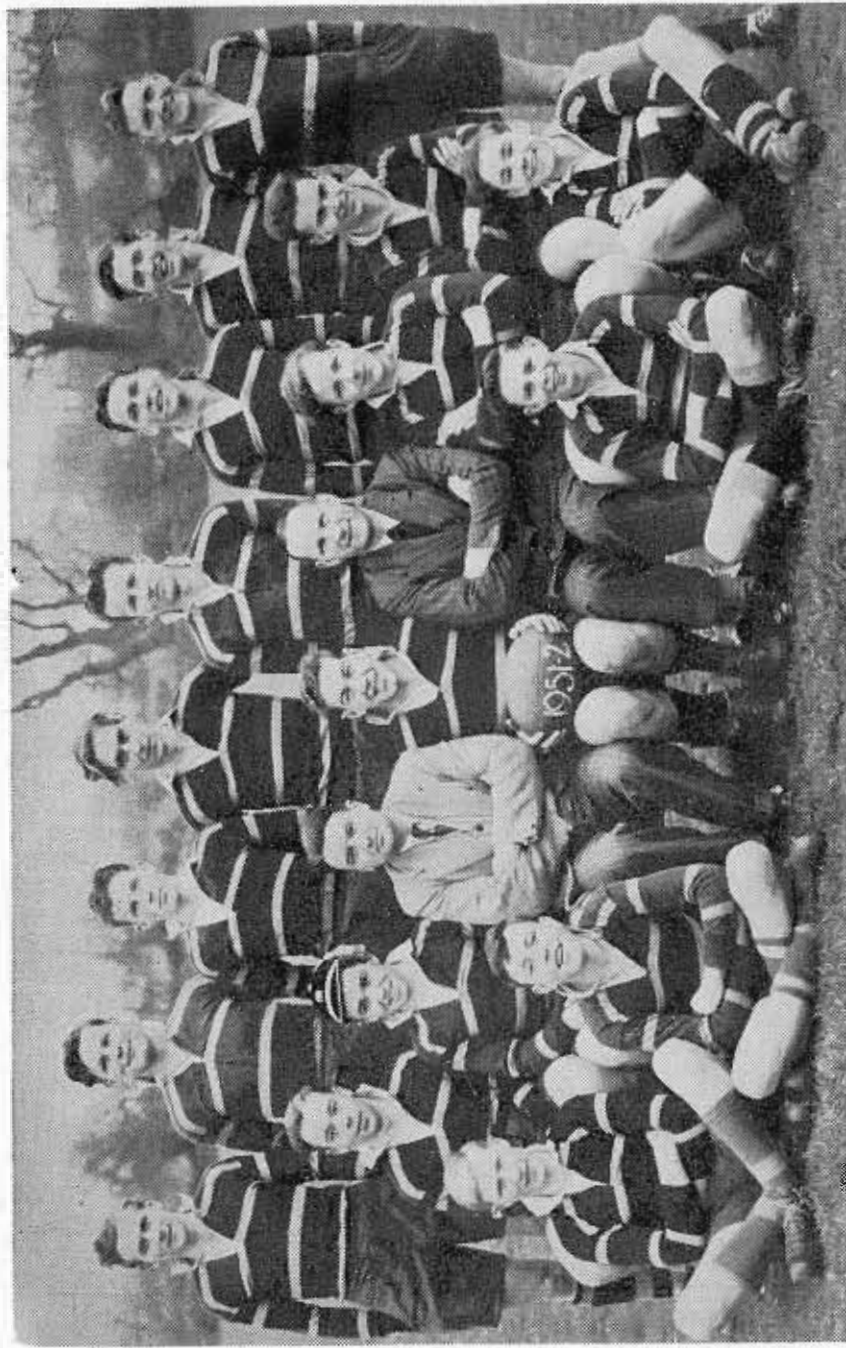
The following quotation from an answer in a IIB History test needs no comment—"Richard II was a very good king, but had moods, and when these moods were on he chewed the mats and done silly things."

Tudor House

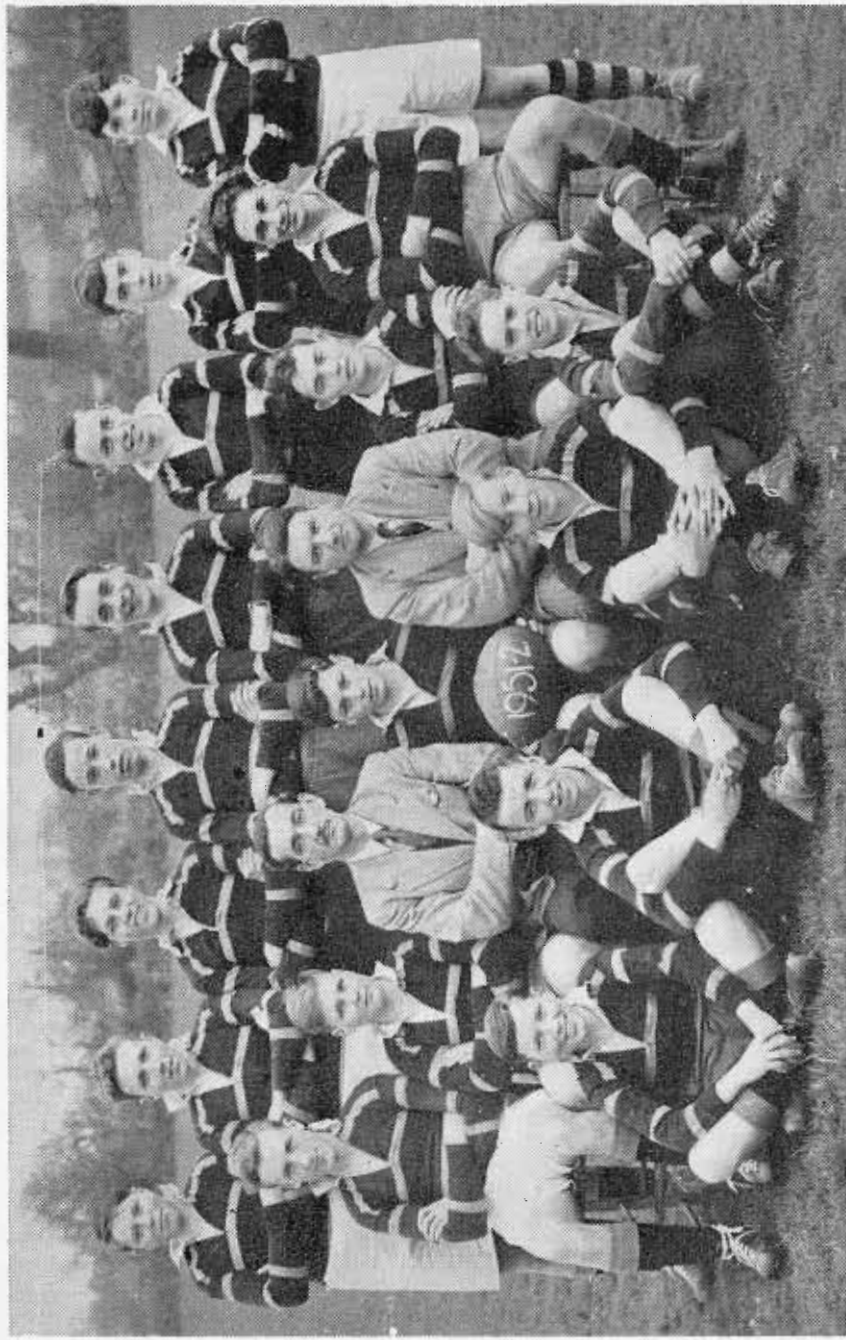
House Master: Mr. H. Rees. House Mistress: Miss H. Hughes.
Staff: Mr. D. E. Lloyd, Mr. R. M. Humphreys, Mr. I. Griffiths.
Prefects: Christine Copeman, Margaret Nicholls, Valmai Folland,
Peter Williams, Nigel Albury, Brinley Thomas



FIRST HOCKEY XI 1951-52



FIRST RUGBY XV 1951-52



JUNIOR RUGBY XV 1951-52

The House is steadily settling down after the loss of many "Old" members to the new House—Hywel. The standard of conduct and sportsmanship is on the whole good, but too many find their way into the detention room, whilst many could and should make a greater effort as House members in School annual events, such as the Eisteddfod and the Sports.

The Prefects served their House well at the Eisteddfod, both as organisers and "point-scorers." On the music side, Christine Copeman and Valmai Folland gave valuable service to competitors as accompanists, and were always ready to assist at practices both individual and choral. Margaret Nicholls worked well with the Welsh element—the pride of Mr. Islwyn Griffiths—and so added considerably to our score. There were outstanding individual efforts, but they were too few: the combined efforts were rather weak, with the exception of the Choral Speaking parties, and though the House was well represented on the platform, we cannot be surprised that its final position was only third. It only emphasises the fact that too many did not try, especially among the Juniors. Among the individual competitors to whom the House was grateful were Christine Copeman (whom we shall miss next year), Valmai Folland, Mary Phillips, Joan Lewis, Sheila Smith, Vicki Fogwill, Ann Campodonic, and Peter Williams. The play practices were not taken seriously enough, and it seems that some members of the cast wasted the time of the producer.

The Hockey and Rugby teams were on the whole quite successful, and here much enthusiasm and team spirit were shown.

Now we are looking forward to the Sports. We shall expect to find eagerness and keenness on the part of the House members, especially the Juniors, to take an active part.

Picton House

House Master: Mr. E. B. George. House Mistress: Miss M. J. Bevan.
Staff: Mr. I. G. Cleaver, Mr. J. L. Williams, Mr. G. S. Shaw.
Prefects: Margaret Hughes, Shirley English, Janice Phillips, Nancy Macken, Peter Nutting, Kenneth Catherall, Brian John, John Davies.

This year has been a fairly successful one for Picton House, and enthusiasm throughout the House has been of a reasonably high standard. The start of the year did not seem promising, with the Senior Boys losing all their rugger matches, but the Junior Boys put up a fairly good performance to show that there is hope for the Senior team of the future. Our first success came on the hockey field, where the girls did extremely well by winning all three of their matches. A special word of praise should be given to their captain, Nancy Macken, for her excellent captaincy.

This was a good omen for the Eisteddfod, and it was here that the House made a really good effort. We took the lead early in the day, and held it until the last few hours. The Juniors deserve special praise for their very good efforts. Several people are worthy of individual praise; they are—Mary Phillips, Jennifer Gordon, Margaret Hughes, Joyce Mackeen, Janice Phillips, David Thomas and Jeremy Gordon. Everyone else who took part should be congratulated, not only those who reached the final day, but all those who gained standards and attended practices enthusiastically.

The final competition was the Dramatics section. The House performed the play "The Master of the House," which might well have been called "The Master of the Houses." The cast did well to win against keen competition, and particular praise should be offered to Julie Nicholas and David John. Indeed, the co-operation of the entire cast made production easier and pleasant. One should not forget the hard work done by those off stage, particularly Janice Phillips and John Davies, and especially by the producer, Peter Nutting.

If this spirit prevails throughout the House in future, Picton House is bound once more to become the leaders and set the example to the other Houses.

Mention must also be made of the very good behaviour of the House members. It is noticeable that the House with the least number of hours' detention is Picton. Well done! Let us try hard to surpass this effort next year.

Glyndwr House

Housemaster: Mr. Devereux. Housemistress: Miss Lewis.
Staff: Mr. Greenwood, Mr. Garlick, Mr. Moses.
Prefects: Joyce Horn, Mary Jenkins, Megan Harries, Brian Bowen, John Greenwood, Graham Tregidon.

The year 1951-2 has been a most successful one for Glyndwr House, and we can feel well satisfied with our achievements. That this satisfactory result has not depended on the efforts of individuals or even groups is shown by the varied nature of our successes.

In Rugby Football Glyndwr won both Senior and Junior Cups without losing a game, and though the Junior XV were overcome by size and weight when opposed by the Rest, the Senior XV, weakened by Tregidon's absence, nevertheless had a good win over the Rest XV. Whilst the winning of both these championships was the result of excellent team-work, special credit must be given to Tregidon of the Seniors and to Horn and Weale of the Juniors for their efforts. Tregidon has also brought great honour to the House by being selected as Reserve for the Welsh Secondary Schools XV, while Peter Preece was awarded a Pembroke County Junior XV cap.

In Hockey the girls were not as successful, winning one game and losing two. Joyce Horn, Shirley Griffiths, Marie Bearne and Mary Griffiths have played regularly in the School 1st XI.

Glyndwr created what is probably a record in the School Cross-Country Championships, as they won all three, Junior, Middle and Senior, by comfortable margins. The Glyndwr runners "packed" splendidly in all three races. We must congratulate Kenniford (Junior), our only individual winner.

The School competition which creates most interest and needs most preparation, is the Eisteddfod, and success in this demands a whole-hearted effort from the great majority of the House. We must confess that we did not face the Eisteddfod this year with any great confidence, but once again team-work was the deciding factor, and thanks to the efforts of most members, from the "greenest" Junior to the veteran Sixth-former, Glyndwr were able to record a magnificent win. Our score at the end of the Eisteddfod session proper was almost decisive, but to make doubly sure our Dramatic Party came in a very close second in the Drama Competition. Congratulations to all who helped the House, and especially to the Prefects, to Kathleen Lockett (Choir

and Dramatics), and to Diana Jones, Pauline Francis, and Annette Williams (Music). Special mention must be made of Megan Harries, who entered for almost every competition and gained more points for her House than any other individual in the School.

Two of our members have distinguished themselves in cricket. Peter Preece, who is this year's School Cricket captain, played for a combined Pembrokeshire and Carmarthenshire XI against Glamorgan on June 21, and both he and Tregidon played for Pembrokeshire against Carmarthenshire on June 7.

The Summer Term competitions have yet to be decided, but we hope to be able to record in the next issue of the "Penfro" that Glyndwr rounded off a splendid year by winning the School Sports. If we fail, it will not be for want of trying.

During the session several useful house-members, particularly among the Senior Boys, have left School. We wish them all success in their chosen careers, and particularly Rendall, Myers and Brown, all stalwarts of the House Rugby XV.

In spite of these losses we can look forward to next year with confidence. We have the material in the House to fill all gaps made by leavers, and what we have done this year we can do again. Good luck, Glyndwr!

Hywel House

House Master: Mr. S. A. Evans. House Mistress: Miss J. Bishop.
Staff: Mr. K. A. Cooper, Mr. R. Evans, Miss M. Ebsworth.
Prefects: Graham Harper, Roy Haggar, John Williams, Margaret Evans, Frances Rixon, Betty Morgan.

This term, we had the pleasure of welcoming Miss Ebsworth to the staff of Hywel House. We shall appreciate her help in organising the new House, and hope that she will be happy with us.

On the whole, the first year of the existence of our new House has shown that, in spite of the fact that the members were transferred from other Houses, it has begun to settle down. At first a few disliked the transference, but after some adjustments, all now appears well.

We should like to make a few comments on the various activities of the House.

Eisteddfod: In the Art section there were numerous entries—more than in the other Houses, but the quality was not so good. It appeared to be a hurried effort rather than a best effort. However, McCloghrie's work deserves special praise. We were represented in nearly all the Literary and Music items. John Gilder did exceptionally well for the House in scoring top points. Hervey and Haggar did creditably well, too, and Nesta Phillips served as a reliable accompanist. The dramatic performance was particularly encouraging, and we worked as a team. Although there were certain weaknesses, it was an evenly-balanced production. Our prefects, Haggar, Harper and Margaret Evans (producer), worked very hard, and our gratitude is extended to them.

Hockey: Unfortunately, owing to the paucity of Senior players, Juniors had to fill the gap; consequently, we were not a match for the others. However, we hope in the future to make up for this deficiency.

Football: we were able to field both Junior and Senior teams, and excellent games were played. Although we did not get on top, considerable talent was shown.

Sports: The preliminaries have been held. In the Cross-country Rossiter ran home well ahead of the other competitors.

We would like to thank the members of the Staff, prefects and pupils for their co-operation during the year. Let us continue to do our best, and remember that every entry for a competition may mean a "standard" point for the House. By so doing, you will increase the enthusiasm and especially that team spirit which has already been shown on several occasions.

School Sports

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

HOCKEY

The hockey season this year showed that there is a deplorable lack of enthusiasm among the pupils for the game. Many pupils were guilty of letting down the side at crucial moments, and the conscientious members of the teams were forced to carry hastily selected passengers. Mediocre results would be more tolerable if it were clear that all the members of the teams readily and conscientiously shouldered the responsibilities that are placed upon them. Unfortunately this cannot be said.

Out of thirteen games played, seven were won, four lost and two drawn. Four matches were cancelled during the Spring Term. These cancellations were due in the main to adverse weather conditions.

Seven members of the first XI were selected to play in the hockey trials for the county team at Haverfordwest. These were:—Pamela Rees, Nancy Macken, Brenda Steptoe, Shirley Griffiths, Joyce Horn, Coyeta Sabido and Frances Rixon. Three of these were chosen to play for the county team, namely, Pamela Rees (goal), Nancy Macken (centre-half), Brenda Steptoe (left inner). It is with great pleasure that congratulations are extended to these stalwarts of the First XI.

At the close of the Winter Term colours were awarded to the following:—Shirley Griffiths, Brenda Steptoe, Pamela Rees, Frances Rixon, Joyce Horn.

The performance of the Junior XI has been most encouraging. To a certain extent this may also be said of the Second XI. This inspires hope for substantial hockey successes in the future.

Members of the First XI were chosen from the following:—Pamela Rees, Elizabeth Griffiths, *Coyeta Sabido, Marie Bearne, *Nancy Macken, Pearl Mends, Frances Rixon, Shirley Griffiths, Hazel Newton, Gwen Evans, Nesta, Phillips, Suzanne Brown, Brenda Steptoe, Joyce Horn.

* Old Colours.

Spring Term Results:—

Jan. 19.	Milford Haven Secondary Modern School.	Home.	Won	11—0
Feb. 2.	Milford Haven Grammar School.	Away.	Lost	3—7
Feb. 23.	Llandoverly Grammar School.	Away.	Drew	2—2
Mar. 15.	Tasker's Grammar School.	Away.	Won	6—1

SENIOR RUGBY

The School First XV continued the improved form shown during the first term of the season, and finished off with the most successful season so far. This success was due mainly to the half-backs, John Davies and Graham Tregidon, who served the side admirably throughout the season. Tregidon improved immensely as the season progressed and we congratulate him on being chosen as reserve back for the W.S.S.R.U. teams against both France, and the Welsh Youth XV. He must, however, learn to look oftener for the half openings, and accelerate himself through them. It is indeed fortunate for the school team that this pair of halves will be back next term. The forwards played consistently well throughout the season, and although mostly outweighed, they got more than a fair share of the ball from the set scrums. The line-out work, however, was weak, and did not improve. Possession of the ball from the line-out is equally as important as possession from the set and loose scrums, but this was not realised. The threequarter line was the weakest link in the team. It lacked thrust and determination, and on occasions the tackling was very disappointing. Brian Bowen, a most improved right wing, was the best, and he obtained a number of very good tries. The full-back position remained a problem throughout the season, and finally it was necessary to bring in S. Griffiths from the Junior XV for the last few matches. Rossiter possesses many of the qualities for making a good full-back, but he continues to show a great reluctance to go in to a tackle or stop a forward rush. His fielding and kicking are, however, excellent.

An analysis of the points scored shows that there were 34 tries, eight conversions, five penalty goals and two dropped goals, making a total of 139 points. Of these, the threequarters scored 55 points, the half-backs 51 points, and the forwards 33 points. Most of the threequarter tries were scored by quick, clean passing along the line to get the overlap, leaving the wing threequarter to do the running. The conversions, eight out of 34 attempts, emphasise the need for more intensive practice in goal kicking early next term.

The following represented the 1st XV during the season: * Peter Williams (capt.), G. Tregidon (vice-capt.), D. Rendall, * K. Catherall, B. Bowen, R. Willington, J. W. Davies, J. Walters, P. Nutting, R. Haggard, P. Preece, G. Lewis, K. MacCallum, G. Thomas, M. Davies, T. Ridley, V. Rossiter, J. Williams, R. Brown, G. Harper, A. de Candia, D. Myers, D. Welby, E. Morgan, O. James, N. Albury, K. Edwards, J. Lindenburg, S. Griffiths, J. Gilder, D. Howell. (31).

* Half colours previously awarded.

Full colours were awarded to G. Tregidon, and half colours to K. MacCallum, M. Davies, P. Nutting, B. Bowen, G. Lewis, R. Haggard and J. W. Davies.

G. Tregidon, G. Lewis, M. Davies and J. W. Davies (reserve) represented the Pembrokeshire Grammar Schools' XV against the Grammar and Public Schools' XV of Cornwall at Redruth on March 22nd.

The results of the matches played during the season were as follows:—

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Pts. for	Pts. Agst.
	23	11	6	6	139	74
1952						
Jan. 12th—Whitland Grammar School (Home)		Won			20—0	
Jan. 19th—Haverfordwest Grammar School (Away)		Won			3—0	

Feb. 23rd.—Llanelly Grammar School (Away)	Lost	0—25
Mar. 1st—Llandilo Grammar School (Away)	Drawn	3—3
Mar. 8th—Cardigan Grammar School (Home)	Won	3—0
Mar. 15th—Carmarthen Grammar School (Away)	Lost	0—6
Mar. 27th—Old Boys (Home)	Drawn	6—6
Mar. 29th—Tenby Grammar School (Home)	Drawn	0—0

Second XV

It is a great disappointment that no suitable opposition is to be found locally for our Second XV, and as a consequence, only one game was played during the Spring term, against Haverfordwest Grammar School, which was lost by 8 points to nil.

The results for the three games, played during the season, were as follows:—

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Pts. for	Pts. Agst.
3	1	2	0	26	59

House Rugby

This season saw Hywel House enter the inter-House competition, and they made a most promising start. Glyndwr House contained most of the Rugger 'stars' and won the Senior and Junior cups fairly easily. The Glyndwr Senior XV also beat the Rest of the School XV.

The results are as follows:—

Senior House Table

House	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Pts. for	Pts. agst.	Pts.
Glyndwr	3	3	0	0	73	3	6
Tudor	3	2	1	0	48	11	4
Hywel	3	1	2	0	6	35	4
Picton	3	0	3	0	0	78	0

Junior House Table

House	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Pts. for	Pts. agst.	Pts.
Glyndwr	3	3	0	0	31	3	6
Picton	3	2	1	0	40	11	4
Tudor	3	1	2	0	19	23	2
Hywel	3	0	3	0	3	56	0

JUNIOR RUGBY

As reported in the last issue of The Penvro, the Junior XV commenced the season with high hopes of a record performance, and, despite one or two setbacks in the middle of the season, these hopes were certainly fulfilled.

Of the sixteen matches played, twelve were won and four lost, whilst the team scored 205 points to 81 against.

Results:—

Sept. 20 (H) v. Pembroke County Junior XV	Won	8—0
Sept. 22 (A) v. Ardwyn	Won	14—0
Sept. 29 (H) v. Ardwyn	Won	22—3
Oct. 13 (H) v. Coronation	Lost	6—3
Oct. 20 (A) v. Tenby C.P.	Lost	6—3
Oct. 27 (A) v. Whitland	Won	14—0
Nov. 17 (H) v. Llanelly	Lost	10—0
Nov. 24 (H) v. Carmarthen	Lost	19—0
Dec. 1 (A) v. Coronation	Won	14—8

Dec. 8 (H) v. Gwendraeth	Won 11—5
Dec. 15 (H) v. Tenby C.P.	Won 31—0
Jan. 19 (H) v. Haverfordwest	Won 28—3
Feb. 16 (A) v. Coronation	Won 10—0
Feb. 23 (A) v. Llanelly	Lost 21—12
Mar. 8 (H) v. Cardigan	Won 20—0
Mar. 29 (H) v. Tenby G.S.	Won 12—6

The following have played during the season—P. Davies (capt.), M. Joy, S. Griffiths, J. Cornwell, J. Thomas, E. Evans, R. Davies, D. Cousins, D. Davies, J. Prouse, D. Blake, J. Gilder, J. Thomas (IVc), D. Weale, P. Astles, T. Thomas, J. Ebsworth, D. Phillips, Newton Thomas, M. Griffiths, G. Rickard, G. Reynolds, D. Pascoe, D. Horn, D. Stewart, G. Jones, D. Evans, D. Picton and R. Smith.

Of the above, the following have represented the County Junior XV: M. Joy (capt.), P. Davies, S. Griffiths, J. Thomas, E. Evans, D. Cousins, D. Davies, D. Blake, J. Gilder, P. Astles and T. Thomas.

It is only fair to point out, on behalf of those players who did not obtain county recognition, that this season's meritorious record has been achieved despite the heavy calls made upon the team by the county. There have been occasions when ten members of the XV were on duty for the county, and it speaks highly of the reserve talent of the school that adequate substitution was always available.

An analysis of the 205 points scored during the season reveals that 142 points were scored by the backs, 21 points by the half-backs and 42 were contributed by the forwards. Despite the modern tendency to emulate "Springbok" technique, it is pleasing to record a maintenance of classic play in that the 142 points scored by the backs are made up as follows along the threequarter line—36, 30, 33 and 33—the remaining 10 coming from the full-back position.

In all, 50 tries were scored, 14 of these being converted and the remaining points coming from 9 penalty goals.

The following have been awarded County caps—M. Joy, P. Davies and J. Gilder.

The following have been awarded School Colours: P. Davies (capt.), M. Joy, D. Cousins, E. Evans, S. Griffiths, D. Blake, J. Gilder, D. Davies and T. Thomas.

CRICKET

Owing to cancellations only five matches have been played to date. In an attempt to build a balanced side there have been frequent changes, and several younger boys have been given a trial with the 1st XI, with varying success. As usual, the bowling is stronger than the batting, and unfortunately several of last years' XI, of whom much was expected, have failed to find their form this season. The demands of Athletic Sports and Representative Matches have weakened the team on several occasions, and this probably accounts for the two defeats by other schools.

P. Preece played in the combined Pems.—Carms. XI against Glamorgan at Neath on June 21, and Preece, Tregidon and Rossiter played for Pembrokeshire against Carmarthen on June 7.

Results:

May 17. v. Haverfordwest G.S.	Home.	Won.
	School 47; Haverfordwest 34 (Preece 6—13).	
May 24. v. Carmarthen G.S.	Away.	Lost.
	School 35 (Joy 13, Rendall 10); Carmarthen 97—3.	

June 7. v. Narberth G.S.	Home.	Lost.
	School 32 (J. Davies 10); Narberth 39 (Beynon 4—6).	
June 14. v. Milford Haven G.S.	Home.	Won.
	School 77 (Ridley 21, M. Davies 10, Cousins 15); Milford 35 (Preece 7—13).	
June 21. v. Penvro Old Boys.	Home.	Lost.
	School 49 (M. Davies 14); Penvro 50 (M. Davies 5—16).	

The following have played in the XV this season:— P. Preece (capt.), *M. B. Davies (vice-capt.), *G. Tregidon, J. Davies (sec.), V. Rossiter, T. Ridley, *K. Catherall, M. Joy, D. Beynon, P. Nutting, P. Williams, D. Bowen, D. Cousins, J. Cornwell, D. Lewis, E. Brown, S. Griffiths, E. Evans, T. Panton, D. Rendall, K. Wainwright, R. Brown, E. Brown, S. Griffiths, E. Evans.

* Old Colours.

OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

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News of Old Pupils

Miss Nelly Rees retired at the end of December. She had been Headmistress of East End Girls' School for 21 years. She was trained at Fishponds College, Bristol, which she entered in September, 1910, and spent her first six years teaching at Evesham and Chippenham. She was then appointed assistant at Pennar Girls' School, being promoted eleven years later to the headship of East End Girls' School.

Gwyneth M. Evans (1922-26), daughter of the Rev. W. S. Evans, formerly of Neyland, was in January appointed Headmistress of the Banners Gate County Primary School, Sutton Coldfield. She has been teaching at Sutton Coldfield since 1934, and in 1938 was made deputy Head-teacher at Boldmere Junior School, later becoming Headmistress of Walmley Primary School. Banners Gate School is a new school which will accommodate about 700 children.

Marian Davies (1941-48) has now completed her first year at the Collège de Jeunes Filles, Laval, France, where she appears to have been very happy, and where she has certainly improved her knowledge of French. In February she passed an examination at the University of Rennes, on the result of which she was awarded a diploma. At the written examination, which was quite searching, she was placed first out of the six candidates, and was congratulated by the examiner on her written French. The written examination was followed by a very difficult oral examination, at which she also did very well.

Edward T. Nevin (1936-41) has added to his academic honours by being awarded the degree of Ph.D. He has been appointed Lecturer in Economics at University College, Aberystwyth.

Geoffrey Baines (1939-40), on leaving school, joined the staff of British Movietone News, where he remained for two years before enlisting in the R.A.F. When demobilised he took up a position with the Colonial Film Unit, and was subsequently appointed Film Editor with other technicians who were interviewed by the Colonial Secretary, and proceeded by air to Nairobi in February, 1949, with the object of making educational films for the Central Office of Information, and to teach the natives to run their own film industry. On account of the economic crisis prevailing at the time he, with other members of the unit, returned to London, and rejoined the Colonial Film Unit. On completion of another twelve months' service he was awarded the post of Film Editor and Investigator to the Nigerian Government, and sailed for Lagos early in 1951. In the course of his duties he has covered vast areas of Nigeria, and he has recently been appointed Film Director to the Cocoa Marketing Board.

Both Sylvia Pain (1942-49) and David J. Rogers (1943-47) who completed a two-year teachers' training course last year, have found posts locally; Sylvia is at Llanion School, and Rogers at Prendergast, Haverfordwest.

Norma Shears (1942-48) has just completed her training year at University College, Swansea, and has been appointed to the staff of Chelmsford High School for Girls, Essex.

Glyn T. Brown (1943-50) has passed his 2nd M.B. at the Medical School, University of Birmingham.

Margaret Evans (1941-45) passed her S.R.N. examination at Morrision Hospital in March.

Lawford J. Siddall (1920-27) is now Headmaster of a L.C.C. school at Gipsy Hill in South London.

Eric Manning (1936-40) opened a medical practice in Pembroke Dock in May.

W. Fletcher Morris (1932-37) has been appointed Highway Superintendent under the Swindon Council.

Violet Voyle (1943-50) who has just completed her course at Fishponds Training College, Bristol, has been appointed to teach Physical Training and Gardening at Walton Road Junior Mixed School, Wednesbury, Staffs.

Arthur T. Richards (1942-49) entered Trinity College, Carmarthen, last September, and is sharing a room there with Arthur Skone (1943-49).

Mrs. Louisa Morgan (née Evans, 1925-31) who is married to the Rev. W. G. Morgan (1926-31) is teaching French at the Catholic Girls' High School near Westminster Cathedral, London. She took a party of her pupils to Paris at Easter.

Peter Stanley (1945-51) became articled to a firm of accountants in London on leaving school. He had hoped to become a pilot in the R.A.F., but was not quite up to the medical standard required. He is now doing his National Service at the Royal Army Pay Corps Centre at Devizes.

Gwynne Davies (1942-45) was commissioned early in the year into the South Wales Borderers from the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

Capt. Robert Hamerton (1926-31) of the Royal Signals, was home on leave in April. He has now been posted to France and is stationed in Paris. His wife was formerly Miss Margaret Rees (1929-34).

Idwal Nicholls (1924-27) was a successful candidate in the last municipal elections at Gosport, Hants., being second in a five-sided contest. He was formerly a member of the staff of the West Wales Guardian, but is now teaching at a large school in Gosport.

Clifford Polhill (1943-47) is stationed at Aden with his unit.

Mr. John Warham, whose wife was formerly Audrey Sabids (1932-36) published some six months ago a book entitled 'Bird Watchers' Delight.' He is an expert ornithologist, and the book contains sixty fine photographs taken by the author.

Shirley Robinson (1949-50) who is now living in Gibraltar, passed the School Certificate in early December in all the subjects she sat, gaining distinction in English Language, French and Geography, and credit in English Literature, History and Mathematics. Early this year she sent us a long letter with an interesting account of her life in Gibraltar, part of which we print in this issue.

In a letter from James A. Rees (1943-50) dated February 23rd he told us that he was working in the Cost Department of the Standard

Motor Company in Coventry. He had then just completed one year with the firm, and found his work hard but very interesting.

Marion Phillips (1944-50) left Davies's Steel Specialities Ltd. in February for a post in Lloyds Bank, Pembroke Dock.

Sidney W. Evans (1920-26) was at Trinity College, Carmarthen, from 1926 to 1928. He taught at Chelmsford in Essex from 1928 until 1932. From 1932 until now he has held various teaching posts at Chingford in Essex.

Neville Smith (1944-51) was home on leave in March preparatory to going with his unit to the B.A.O.R. at Munster in Germany.

Roma Davies (1936-43) who is teaching at Lamphey School, is a very good badminton player, and is the secretary of the St. Patrick's Badminton Club. At the County Badminton Championships held in February at the R.A.F. Station, Pembroke Dock, she won three of the finals—the women's singles, the women's doubles, and the mixed doubles.

Roy Hordley (1931-36) was dedicated deacon at the United Congregational Church on Sunday, February 3rd. At the same ceremony Mrs. Dew, of Laws Street, who is also an old pupil, was also made a deacon.

William B. Rees (1943-50) will enter Trinity College, Carmarthen, in September, on the completion of his National Service with the R.A.F.

Eric V. Webb, B.Sc. (1917-25) is Headmaster of Boston Spa Secondary Modern School, near Leeds.

Alec J. Carpenter (1939-44) is now at the H.Q. of the English troops at Khartoum in the Sudan. In the last letter received, dated April 1st, he was expecting to be posted soon. He was able to witness the total eclipse of the sun there on February 26th.

Billy Lewis (1943-51) is stationed at St. Athan in the R.A.F.

Noel Jones (1943-51) has now left Melksham in Wiltshire for Bassingbourne in Cambridgeshire. He too is serving in the R.A.F.

Edgar Thomas (1929-36) is an Instructor of Personnel in the Ministry of Labour in Cardiff, and various old pupils have been in his charge.

Alan de Candia (1950-51) took a clerk's course after joining the Army, and in the early part of April became one of the very small number of men who enter a Household Regiment. He was posted to the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, which consists of only 200 men in all, and is stationed in St. John's Wood, London, N.W.

Claire Thomas (1942-50) has just completed her second year at the Domestic Science College, Cardiff. She is taking an Advanced Course in Needlework also. She has been playing hockey for the College.

Phyllis Morgan (1938-45) has been teaching French at Walthamstow High School for about eighteen months. Her brother Edgar (1945-50) was demobilised from the R.A.F. in February, and is now seeking admission to a Training College.

Roy Puleston (1948-50) who is in the R.A.F., left for Germany in May. He has trained as an electrician.

Derrick Williams (1945-51) has been for about eighteen months in Egypt, and was last stationed at Deversoir on the Sweet Water Canal.

Tony Johnson (1944-50) is in Germany, somewhere in the Hamburg region, serving with the R.A.F.

Margaret Griffiths (1944-48) is at Llanelly General Hospital. She passed out first of the school in the Preliminary Examination.

Margaret Beynon (1946-50) is at the same hospital. She is following the Pre-Nursing course until October. As she lost a month because of illness she will not take the first examination until January.

Inez Threlfall (1946-51) who is at the School of Occupational Therapy at Liverpool, has sat the Preliminary Examination and did practical work at Aintree Sanatorium for a week previous to coming on holiday in June.

At the finals of the Tennis Tournaments held in Pembroke Dock on Saturday, June 14th, Old Pupils were very prominent, figuring in all the finals. In the Ladies' Singles the runner-up was Mrs. Beryl Bevans (née May, 1927-33); the Ladies' Doubles was won by Miss Lily Thomas and Miss Joan Tucker (1927-34), the runners-up being Mrs. Edna Rickard (née Williams, 1924-28) and Mrs. Eileen Macken (née May, 1925-28). In the Men's Singles Mr. J. H. A. Macken (1920-27) was beaten by Mr. W. Bevans (husband of Mrs. Beryl Bevans); the Men's Doubles was won by Mr. J. H. A. Macken and Mr. W. Bevans; and in the Mixed Doubles Mr. J. H. A. Macken and Miss Lily Thomas beat Mr. and Mrs. W. Bevans. Many other Old Pupils figured in earlier rounds.

Major Neville Phelps (1928-33) had a long and serious illness early in the year; but as the result of a major operation some weeks ago he seems to be much improved in health. He is on convalescent leave at the moment, and has every hope of being passed fit for duty at the end of it.

Glyn Hughes (1945-50) has been playing regularly for the Pembroke Rugby XV. He is too, according to the West Wales Guardian, "one of the most talked-of forwards in the Pembrokeshire Youth XV." His brother Elwyn (1942-45) who has just returned from the Army has been accepted for admission in October, 1952, to the Royal Agricultural College for a two years' course in Agricultural Science.

P.O. Writer Steve Johnson (1933-37) was home on leave early in May from H.M.S. Vanguard after a voyage to Malta. He is to complete his service this month.

Three old pupils were home in April on the occasion of the death of their father, Mr. W. G. Morgan, of Water Street. Mrs. Doris Gardner (née Morgan, 1919-24) is now living at Brentwood in Essex, the Rev. W. G. Morgan, M.A. (1926-31) is a Chaplain to H.M. Prison Commissioners in London, and Albert R. Morgan, M.Sc., A.R.I.C. (1926-34) is a manager of the Division of Atomic Energy under the Ministry of Supply.

M. Lloyd Jones (1920-28) Headmaster of East End Boys' School, who is President of the South Pembrokeshire branch of the N.U.T., gave the address at a special meeting of the branch at the Coronation School in March.

J. Edward Gibby, J.P. (1919-1923) is becoming more and more prominent in farming circles in South Wales. He was the first agricultural representative of the Advisory Council for Wales, and is Chairman of its agricultural panel. He is a past chairman of the Pembrokeshire branch of the N.F.U. and was a war-time member of the County Agricultural Executive Committee. He farms over 600 acres and milks about 60 cows. On leaving school he went to University College, Aberystwyth, where he obtained the N.D.A.

Peter and Tony Brabon (1947-50) left in May for Tuxford Army School. Peter was on the staff of the Pembroke Dock Post Office, and Tony was serving his apprenticeship with W. L. Silcox and Son.

Roy Hollands (1939-41) who is leaving college this month, has been appointed assistant master at Altrincham Grammar School.

The death occurred recently of Gilbert Arthur Thomas (1921-24) who was a chemist in Plymouth. He was a popular boy at school and was of a very genial and friendly disposition. His contemporaries will regret to learn of his passing.

We are glad to learn that Cecil Parry (1941-43) has passed his second-year examinations at Bristol University. He hopes to complete his degree next year.

Mervyn Averill (1938-41) has qualified for the degree of B.Sc. (Engineering) at University College, Cardiff.

Vincent A. Fretwell (1946-48) who is now at St. Bernadine's College, Bucks., was Victor Ludorum at the annual sports there recently. He was first in the 7½ miles, 100 yards, 220 yards, 440 yards, long jump, and cricket ball, and second in the high jump.

We congratulate these Old Pupils on their engagement:—

Patricia English (1942-43) to Ronald Ennever, of Bromley, Kent (December).

Haydn Cole (1944-48) to Hazel Diana Owens, of Pembroke (January).

Joan Welby (1945-47) to John Arthur Webber, of Porth, Glam. (February).

Phyllis John (1945-49) to Brian Skyrme, of Pembroke (April).

Alan Smith (1944-48) to Jean Fussey, of Scunthorpe (May).

We congratulate these Old Pupils on their marriage:—

Dec. 22—Elizabeth Pamela Prout (1939-42) to Albert Haydn Jones, of Llangeinor, near Bridgend.

Dec. 22—Derek Arthur Huddleston (1940-42) to Monica Dorothea Doncaster, of Haverfordwest.

Dec. 26—Glenys James (1939-43) to Cpl. Dennis Headley, of Braunston, Leicester.

Dec. 27—Yvonne Jacob (1940-43) to Ernest Edward Gordon Harding, of Milford Haven.

Jan. 5—Elaine Eleanor Preece (1944-47) to Philip James Hogg, of Leeds.

Jan. 5—Harold Griffiths (1932-37) to Miss B. I. Britton, of Llandyssul.

Feb. 16—Vincent Martin (1940-43) to Lilian Vinnie, W.R.A.F., of the R.A.F. Station, Benson.

Feb. 16—Catherine Gwendoline Day (1940-45) to John Borrill, of Jersey, Channel Islands.

Feb. 16—Megan Picton Roberts (1937-40) to John Bernard Allen Harries, of Pentlepoir, Saundersfoot.

Feb. 26—Marjorie George (1933-39) to Stanley Nash, of Cardiff.

Feb. 26—David George Russell (1932-39) to Margaret Priscilla Williams, of Letterston.

Mar. 5—Pauline Elizabeth Tucker (1943-48) to Donald Thomas Street, of Pembroke Dock.

Mar. 8—Reginald Arthur Gough (1938-42) to Barbara May Rixon, of Monkton.

Mar. 15—Stanley James Roch (1936-41) to Beryl Davcy (1937-42).

Mar. 22—Iris Marjorie Thomas (1941-45) to Colin Robert McInnes, of Liverpool.

Mar. 29—David Jeffrey Rees (1942-46) to Marion John (1941-46).

Mar. 29—Patrick J. Mockler, B.Sc. (1939-44) to Rillis Walker, of Rugby.

Apr. 17—Eric Manning (1936-40) to Margarete Hewett Jones, of Cardiff.

May 20—Dennis Carr (1935-40) to Olwyn John (1934-37).

May 24—Sheila Elinor John (1938-42) to Richard Scott Forrester, of Richmond, Surrey.

June 18—Megan V. Roach (1948-50) to Sgt. Thomas N. O'Carroll, R.A.F.

June 21—Audrey James (1940-45) to James Jones, of Ashford, Kent.

We have pleasure in recording the following births:—

Dec. 14—To Evelyn (née Phillips, 1933-39) wife of David Gibson Mann, a daughter, Bridget Jennifer.

Feb. 9—To Patricia (née Morris, 1939-44) wife of Glyn Merriman (1941-44) a son.

Apr. 1—To Terry (née John, 1940-45) wife of Charles Roderick Judd, a daughter, Katherine.

June 4—To Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Nutt (née Dilys James, 1938-43) a son.

June 17—To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allen (née Rosa Bray, 1928-32) a daughter, Rosemary Frances.

Re-union Dinner

The annual Re-union Dinner was held at the Assembly Rooms, Pembroke, on Wednesday, April 16th, 1952. After the first Dinner, held at Easter, 1951, many thought that future re-unions of this kind should take the form of a dinner and dance, as this would be more attractive to the younger Old Pupils.

Although numbers were larger this year, there is still room for more active support for an event which, judging by the very favourable comments of those who attended, is likely in time to vie very closely with the Christmas Dance in popularity.

The Chairman of the Association, Mr. J. H. A. Macken, proposed the toast to the Queen, followed by the toast to the Guest of Honour, Dr. W. F. Grimes, Director of the London Museum, who was accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Grimes.

In reply Dr. Grimes, himself an Old Pupil, thanked the chairman for the honour of being asked to attend the Dinner as Guest of Honour. Referring to a remark of the chairman's about his high scholastic honours, Dr. Grimes observed that the only claim he could make to having left any marked and lasting impression on Pembroke Dock was when some years ago he and the motor-cycle he was riding parted company at Bethany Corner, with some resulting disfigurement to the wall surrounding the chapel.

The toast to the School was given by Mr. Grahame Davies, whose humorous account of certain social and educational aspects of West Africa, particularly with reference to examinations for Police 'Boys,' formed an interesting background to his recollections of his own schooldays here.

In reply Mr. R. G. Mathias thanked Mr. Davies and spoke generally of the work of the school. He felt that, in addition to providing a scholastic foundation, it was essential that the School should provide facilities for the pupils to participate in various cultural and recreative activities. He was gratified to learn that these additional accomplishments were enabling former pupils now at universities or other colleges to obtain the fullest value from their present environments.

The toast to the Guests was given by Mr. D. F. Hordley. In reply the Mayor of the Borough, Alderman J. R. Williams, mentioned how pleased both he and Mrs. Williams were to be with the Old Pupils of the Grammar School at their Re-union Dinner. Alderman Williams spoke of his connections with the school life of the borough and his interest in modern educational trends. In a brief appraisal of the nature of an Old Pupils' organisation, Alderman Williams said that the Penvro Old Pupils' Association forged bands between the past and present members of the School, uniting them in a common fellowship.

After the dinner a dance was held, in which Mr. D. F. Hordley ably carried out the duties of M.C., and also frustrated an attempt on the part of the amplifier to sabotage the evening, by providing music on his piano-accordion.

French Wanderings

Three weeks liberty in France may seem unbounded luxury to the unwary traveller who is led on to that shimmering horizon of the Côte d'Azur: to Marseille and Provence where the sun-bleached beaches are refreshed and washed by the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean. These pleasures, however, were but fleeting moments for me as I toiled by, wrestling with a heavy rucksack, and steaming on through the broiling sun of a Provençal August.

Eight hundred miles lay behind me: miles of English dampness to Southampton, and then the fainting roads of the North of France as I journeyed on towards Marseille. Le Havre, Rouen, Paris, Orleans, all were memories of what seemed like a different land when I approached the heart of Provence. The towns of the North, battered by the war, were springing up under the skilful hands of the French, who laboured unceasingly from dawn till well after sunset. At four o'clock in the morning I saw the farmers in their fields and the labourers beginning their work in the towns; all took advantage of every moment of daylight. They took a pride in their work and lacked a love of hooters, tea-intervals, or discussions about sport, though they did often show a genuine interest in Welsh life and affairs.

On though the centre of France: along the hedgeless roads to Bourges and Moulins, then gently simmering in the cab of a lorry as it struggled bravely up the mountain roads to Lyons. I never could find time to stop a while and rest in the rich shade of the tree-lined roads. The smell of oil fumes and dusty roads mingled sweetly with the scent of the barns, through the open doors of which I could sometimes catch a glimpse of fruit sorters with their stacks of apples and peaches before them, gently laying the ripe fruit in crates. The roads south of Lyons were bordered by terraced vineyards which climbed thriftily and verdantly the sunny slopes of that hilly countryside.

For about sixty hours I did not pause after leaving Orléans, except for a few brief meals snatched at some of the small Gares-Routières with a lorry driver, until I reached Avignon; I had arrived then in Provence where the last threads of Mediaeval France still survive, and where little seems to have changed since Daudet immortalised its life in "Lettres de Mon Moulin."

The ancient walls of Avignon were still chilled by the dying gasps of a sudden mistral wind which had swept the district some days before. I walked outside the walls, under the famous Pont Saint-

Bénézet which stops abruptly in the middle of the Rhone—the ruined remnant of a France which danced in some far-off, carefree days. The Palace of the Popes dominates this corner of Avignon, and it has been the scene of some intriguing events relating to the Papacy. In 1305 Pope Clement V decided to live in Avignon, and not at Rome, a state of affairs which lasted until about 1370, when Gregory XI returned to Rome—with disastrous results. At his death eight years later two Popes were elected, and the schism continued until 1415. These were years of strife and bitter rivalry quite opposed to the dream-like pattern of chivalry in Mediaeval Europe which lives in the pages of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur."

The melons and the grapes—which were still very bitter—were just beginning to ripen along the roadsides. In September these roads to Nimes and to Arles would be a busy scene as the harvesters gathered in the grapes which would later flow into the bottles as the famous, sweet-scented, sparkling wine, known as the Chateau-neuf-du-pape.

It was on the way to Nimes that I met Franke, a strange, so-called Dutch existentialist who seemed quite incapable of explaining his views on and the theory of existentialism. He stressed the value of freedom in all things—which the free growth of his hair loosely floating about his shoulders probably typified, and he was very proud of his vagabondish life. What I did learn from him was that Existentialism is not really a philosophy of life, but an attitude towards life; it recognizes that there is in man something which is outside the range of reason. Franke boasted that he could speak six languages, and that he learnt a song in the language of every country he visited: his very unfortunate choice of Welsh culture was "Mae bys Meri Ann wedi brifo" in the rendering of which he liberally sprinkled "sospan" without regard for sense or rhythm!

The walk was enlivened on the road to Nimes by the deafening chirp of the Cigales, which look rather like large grasshoppers, and which swarmed in the trees, in bushes, and rustled in the parched grass. Thus I left the Mediaeval atmosphere of Avignon for the Roman towns of Nimes and Arles, in both of which towns the old arenas are the main attractions for tourists. In the arena at Nimes a screen had been erected, and a Roman cinema superseded the Greek theatre; an English film—"Gone to Earth"—replaced the recitation by the old Chorus.

Throughout France, on the banks of the Seine, the Loire, or the Rhone, at whatever time of day I passed, fishermen dozed quietly and hopefully over their lines, until I began to wonder if perhaps this was not a secondary industry in France. Others played "boules" which, though it bears some relation to the picturesque game of bowls on the English green, is rather more violent and strenuous. The heavy balls are thrown, not rolled, and the players have to strike attitudes which would shame all those who attempt to "put the weight" on Sports Day.

The streets of Arles were in some places but narrow, winding lanes, with their ancient cobblestones shining after the rain showers: such cobbled streets are a feature of many villages and small towns of France, and are really very difficult to walk over when you have walked perhaps some thirty odd miles already that day, and slept under a hedge the previous night. The town crier, with his drum slung over his bicycle, was announcing the arrangements for a fête, and disturbed the silence of these strangely quiet and thoughtful streets.

Marseille was so modern and so lively after the old-world atmosphere in which I had existed for several days, that I was rushed about

through back streets, about the port and the town in buses and trams. until I was left with a confused memory of colour and haste which was apparently unceasing. The street hawkers who could teach the English spiv many a lesson in the art of bargaining: I succeeded in persuading one to lower the price of a leather wallet from 1,100 francs (about £1 2s. 6d.) to 80 francs, and then infuriated him by refusing to buy it. There were the crates of grapes and vegetables piled up outside the Bassin de la Place de la Joliette, the centre of the port for lorry drivers who take their loads to Paris. Those who know the more obscure spots in Tiger Bay, a part of Cardiff's dockland, have sampled some of the mysterious elements which I encountered as I wandered alone around the back streets of the port (my money and any other valuable articles being safely deposited with the Aubergiste of the Youth Hostel). A strange and vast maze of life-filled streets, an almost unintelligible French which sounded every syllable and often left the sentences half finished. I was advised to go to the "Place de la Joliette parc-e que c'est là qu'arrivent tous les camionneurs qui vont." I had to guess the rest.

Once again I had to face a long trek to England: for a few more days I could stop and sip Citron Pressé at a pavement café, and reflect on the "France qui travaille." But I was leaving behind me a friendly, vivacious people of the South; a South which is vitally alive yet often strangely tranquil, exuberant but mellow—almost philosophic. Now I reflect on a ghost-like past which slipped by in three weeks: exhausting, strenuous weeks when I saw and sampled to the full the real, intimate details of French life, devoid of its text-book artificiality, and free, too, from those moral references which are far too frequent at present.

WILLIAM G. SMITH,
Coleg y Brifysgol, Bangor.

Gibraltar

We arrived in Gibraltar in early April, at the beginning of the bull-fighting season, and went to our first bull-fight in Spain on Easter Monday. As it was holiday time the matadors were three well-known ones. Each matador had two fights. Personally I was not impressed, owing to the cruelty the bull has to bear before confronting the matador. A man, known as the picador, entered the ring on a padded horse, armed with a long pole at the end of which is a spike. It is the work of the picador to poke the bull's back with the pole until blood runs freely. Next comes the turn of the tortorillos. These are three men each having two 'darts' about eighteen inches long, which must be stuck in the wound on the bull's back. This, in my opinion, is the cleverest part of the whole show, for the men are completely unarmed apart from the 'darts,' which, if the bull did turn on the men, would be of little use. Finally the matador begins his work. He plays with the cape, and makes various passes. Eventually he draws his sword and plunges it into the bull, killing him at this one blow if he is a good matador. We were horrified to see one matador plunge his sword six times before the unfortunate bull was killed.

A few days later we were introduced to one of the official guides of St. Michael's Cave, the largest known natural cave in the 'Rock.' We eagerly accepted the invitation to explore 'Mickey's Cave' as it is

generally known. Some really strenuous climbing was before us before seeing the actual cave. When we did eventually reach the cave, however, all our troubles were well worth while.

The biggest attraction of Gibraltar to me is the long summer. Even now, in late March, the English people have begun swimming. The Gibraltarians wait for the really hot weather before they will venture in the water, but they, unlike the English, realise how changeable the weather can be at this time.

Throughout the summer various trips are made to Spain or over to Tangier. Tangier is very intriguing. The Moorish quarter is a maze of narrow and winding streets, while the American and French quarters, as a complete contrast, are luxuriant avenues of impressive buildings, flanking wide sweeping roads along which only the most modern of cars pass.

Altogether our stay here in Gibraltar has been wonderfully interesting, and now, having had two years here, we wait to see some fresh green grass, or drink cow's milk instead of tinned milk.

SHIRLEY ROBINSON.

Dramatic Society

Our chief piece of up-to-date news is, unfortunately, bad news. We have recently, only very temporarily we hope, lost our secretary Mr. Mervyn Thomas, whom the Ministry of Labour has very unkindly—"for a minimum period of three months"—transferred to Lancashire.

To turn to more cheerful items, we were very glad to welcome back to the society Mrs. Joan Sudbury and Mrs. Lola James, who both acquitted themselves very well in our production of Christopher Fry's "Venus Observed." We were also very lucky to acquire three new members all from the School Staff, Mr. Glyn Moses, Mr. Stuart Shaw, and Mr. Dewi Elis Williams, who all took parts in this play. We are very grateful also to three other members of the staff, Mr. Sidney Evans, Mr. Stephen Griffith, and Mr. Emyln Lloyd, who did much valuable and arduous work behind the scenes. Just how valuable and arduous this work was will be appreciated by all who saw the play.

It was a serious blow to the company that Mrs. Hancock had to withdraw from the cast owing to a family bereavement. We look forward to her help next time.

We are indebted to Mr. R. G. Mathias for the appended account of the play.

On January 18th, 1950, Christopher Fry's play "Venus Observed" was first produced at the St. James's Theatre, London, with Sir Laurence Olivier as the Duke of Altair. In April, 1952, the Penfro Players, taking courage in both hands, produced it in Pembroke Dock. Remarkable for the shortness of the interval? Perhaps, but by no means unique. Several West End successes of the popular type have been transferred to amateur stages in Pembrokehire within a shorter time. What is remarkable is that a work of Christopher Fry's, a play *in poetry*, should be so transferred—a play for professionals, if ever there was one, bristling with production difficulties and certain to be labelled "highbrow" by those who shy from anything more serious than a detective thriller. All honour to the Penfro Players, then, and if the inhabitants of Pembroke Dock did not appear in *large* numbers at the performances at the Grammar School

on Friday and Saturday, April 25th and 26th, the more worthy of chasitism they. Too many timorous souls in Pembroke Borough—shall this be said? Before audiences here get what is good they will have to show themselves worthy of it.

In the result there was much enjoyment. One member of the audience, not noted as a highbrow, was heard to mutter that the production was "not half bad," which, judging its source, I took to be high praise.

The curtain went up on a bedroom turned observatory. The décor by Kenneth Cooper was well in keeping with the decadence of Stellmere Park, where "the spiders are larger, the jackdaws ruder, the servants more eccentric." My own complaint was that the window facing the eclipse was from the left-hand part of the hall obviously blocked, and this may have been a reason why the heavens, *Sol Salome* and *Baptist Moon*, did not seem to me to get their due. In the later scene in the Temple of Virtues the front wing exits were very difficult to negotiate, especially with bow and arrow in hand. But the stage is small. The play was difficult. The measure of all-round success was high. Any criticisms I make must be set firmly in place against my admiration for the measure of success achieved. Whatever may have happened to the Sun, the players are not in danger of eclipse.

Perhaps the main regret I have is for the note of apprehension, almost apology, which I thought I detected in the approach to the poetry. Perpetua was inclined to hurry whenever she had a long speech, the Duke to declaim too flatly, as much as to emphasise both long-windedness and wit, rather than the philosopher savouring experience, "scavenging through the night for knowledge." After all, "the seven seas, and the milky way, and morning, and evening, and hi-cockaforum are in it," and I rather missed the first two. The Duke is an intractable part, of course: egoism and inconsistency are its makings: there is no one course that the Duke sails across the path of Dominic's ethical star. I am not sure that in this respect Mr. Fry has tied up his characters neatly. There is, I suppose, no reason why he should. But this being so, the Duke must savour his words—and by the heavens, the man must have a memory for this!—as the best of himself, hanging on them, letting them go reluctantly. There must be no apology for the astronomy or any other experience in the making of man. Windsor Devereux was both personable and audible in the part, but very much better as a wit than an astronomer. An immense part—Olivier's after all: and if we sometimes wished for more variety of pace in the ducal poetry, and the intensity which would see the man examining, knowing and yet approving his surprising self, it was nevertheless, a very good performance, holding and binding the others like the thread of destiny.

Stuart Shaw as Edgar had a part well within his compass. The growth from the fruit-presenting postscript to his father was nicely observed. I do not remember seeing Kenneth Cooper quite so well cast before. As Dominic—but this is surely a tribute to his acting—his cold, unhappy "conscience-nudging" presence was just right, and his last exit particularly well done. Only once, with Perpetua mourning out of the Temple "umber, bronze and brass, oxblood, damson" to the yellowing Park did I detect him ill at ease with hand and posture. Evan Davies's Herbert Reedbeck, somewhat moootonous in gesture in the first act, once Dominicked and fired into a sleepy *senility*, was admirable. This actor should sing more often. He was as much at home at Pooh in the vain!

My congratulations to Glyn Moses on his appearance. No ex-lion-

tamer ever looked less ex-! Had he been always comprehensible to the extent of his visibility, he would have been a gem. Unfortunately the part tails off (no fault of the actor's): and the hoarse Irish voice, of which I missed little, apparently caused grave difficulty for some of the audience, possibly because it was delivered overmuch to the wings. Nevertheless, always a welcome interlude, Captain Fox Reddeman! Dewi Elis-Williams started with the disadvantage, as Bates, of *not* looking like an ex-cat-burglar, and his Cockney often took a wide sweep to the north-west; but he was a good foil for Reddeman and audible even when half through the window in his shirt. He will be good when better cast.

Of the ladies, whom I apologise for leaving to the last, Lola James as Jessie Dill adapted herself best to her rôle. Throughout she pricked the Duke's balloons most pleasantly, and rarely fumbled. A very good performance. Joan Sudbury as the intense Rosabel Fleming introduced what variety she could into a "perpetual emotion" part, but she must beware of a blurring of the voice which happens too frequently. Her capacity is plainly considerable. Of Dorothy Woodhouse as Hilda Taylor-Snell it is sufficient to say that, as always, her poise and clarity held the stage, though my feeling on this occasion was that she played *too* straight. Hilda should surely have been more *County*, to differentiate her from Rosabel and Jessie. There is no doubt that Mildred Thomas as Perpetua could point her key speeches—"No one is separate from another: how difficult that is," for instance—with the pathos of experience; she looked charming, and yet was neither at ease nor always audible. There was a certain unreadiness to enter the Duke's world, not so much of apples and bedrooms and night-skies, as of incandescent imagery. And Perpetua should be the Duke's foil, as no one else. Much that Mildred Thomas did was pleasant, but she was afraid of the poetry of it and drew back when she should have gone on. The powers are there, and more: only the heart's full entry is needed. I hope that does not sound unkind. I have always regarded this actress as excellent in her own right, and to see her below par, however slightly, is perhaps a disproportionate disappointment.

Obstacles were many. The fire, for instance! How was this to be managed? Complete success would be too much to claim, but the electrician, stage-manager and producer deserve every credit for a brave attempt. I think Raymond Garlick can feel well pleased that he took the citizens of Pembroke Borough star-gazing. The pity of it is that too few of them were born under his planet to make the play an astronomical success (and yet Venus should be prolific of numbers!). I hope, however, that he and the company will continue to look determinedly through the narrow end of the telescope. They have earned the right to tell us more.

Badminton

The club flourished during the 1951-2 season and some very keen games were enjoyed. Matches were played with St. Patrick's and St. Mary's, which were exciting and enjoyable.

The club extended its activities to Square Dancing, which began as an experiment and developed into a regular meeting. It is hoped that this most enjoyable form of entertainment will be continued next season.

The officials are: Chairman: Mr. D. F. Hordley; Secretary and Treasurer: Mrs. B. Arnold; Match Secretary: Mrs. E. Macken.

Hockey

The second half of the season is usually the worse from the point of view of weather, but this season only four matches had to be cancelled, one of these for the death of the King. The club was again fortunate to be able to use the hard pitch at Llanion on several occasions, with a consequent improvement in the standard of the hockey. A. F. Morgan made a welcome return to the side in several matches and played as well as ever. Bernard Nevin at centre-forward had an excellent season, scoring no fewer than 27 goals. Undoubtedly the club's best performance was the defeat of the hitherto unbeaten Trinity College side by 7-1 at Llanion, when Nevin netted five goals. In the six-a-side tournament at Llanion in April Penvro lost on a technical point in the semi-final, there being no score and the ball being in the Penvro half at the final whistle.

E. A. Orsman, A. F. Morgan, B. Nevin and S. F. Broom played for Pembrokeshire in the inter-county match with Glamorgan, and the last named played for South Wales in the International Trial against North Wales at Wrexham. The club suffered a severe loss at the end of the season when S. F. Broom left the district. He has been a tower of strength at full-back for two seasons and has proved a very loyal member whom it will be very difficult to replace.

An appeal is again made to anyone in the district interested in hockey to get in touch with the Hon. Secretary at the School.

Results :—

Jan. 5—Haverfordwest	Home	Lost	2-6
Jan. 12—Milford Haven	Away	Won	5-1
Jan. 19—139 Battery, R.A.	Away	Lost	2-4
Feb. 2—139 Battery, R.A.	Away	Drew	2-2
Feb. 23—R.A.F.	Away	Won	3-1
Mar. 1—Milford Haven	Home	Won	2-1
Mar. 15—Haverfordwest Youth Club	Away	Won	3-1
Mar. 22—Trinity College, Carmarthen	Home	Won	7-1

Cricket

Due to very bad weather at the beginning of the season many of the matches were unfortunately cancelled, and to date only two have been played. The first game, against Cosheston, ended in a win for the country side; the second, against the School, proved a very lucky win for the Old Boys.

The club suffered a great loss in the tragic death of Mr. Arthur Weale, who had been a staunch member since the foundation of the club. The club has also suffered a loss due to the illness of Roy Hordley our captain, and we all wish him a speedy recovery and hope to see him with us again soon.

The officials this year are: President, Mr. R. G. Mathias; Chairman, Mr. A. W. W. Devereux; Secretary, Mr. G. Macken; Treasurer, Mr. R. Lawrence; Captain, Mr. R. Hordley; Vice-Captain, Mr. P. Collins.